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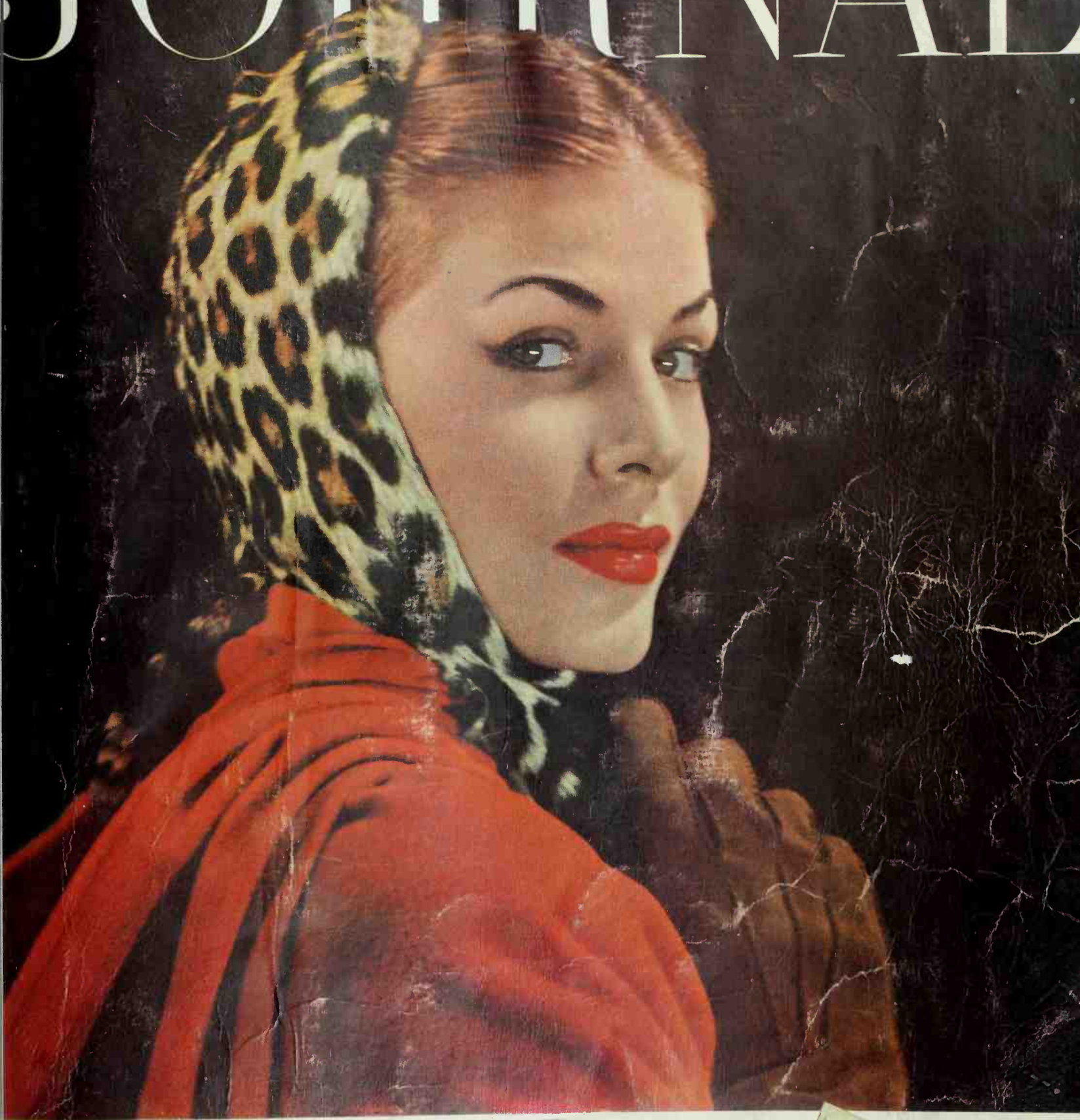
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Ladies' Home

The Magazine Women Believe In • January, 1948 • 25¢

JOURNAL



TIME OF PERIL *Revealing, in excerpts from the wartime biography of* EX-SECRETARY OF WAR HENRY L. STIMSON, *the grand design of how we won the war.*

S BY

Faith Ba… …spy

Jessamyn West • Joan T… …Gauss

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edition? Five-year-old Amanda and three-year-old "Bobo" are dressed warm enough And beeause, like every model, Frances knows the importance of a sparkling smile, less eareful in protecting her ehildren's teeth and gums. Sensitive gums, among adults, often herald their warning with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist right away.* Let *him* decide whether yours is a ease for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle gum massage."

w would you type this Model Mother?



Photographers see Frances Nalle's natural charm, sparkling smile, call her the ideal "Young Mother"

NEW YORK'S modeling circles know Mrs. Frances Nalle Crider as the perfect "Young Mother" type of model. And she is: she has two adorable youngsters of her own. She has the dazzling smile that's so important to *any* kind of modeling job . . . *naturally.*

"odel" mother that she is, lovely, green- Mrs. Crider has taught Amanda and o" to safeguard *their* smiles by following own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.*

Frances, like so many successful models, s it her business to know what thousands ools a tists stress—that healthy gums sparkling teeth and a radiant

le of Beauty



"Bobo" does all the work and Frances and Amanda have all the fun, judging by those two big smiles. Two big *model* smiles, for the Criders use Ipana—the tooth paste dentists recommend and use 2 to 1 over any other, as shown by a recently completed nationwide survey.



Products of Bristol-Myers

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1,000 dentists helped design it!

DOCTORS PROVE

the Palmolive Plan brings 2 out of 3 women

Lovelier Skin in 14 days!





"My complexion had me *behind the 8-ball!*" says Cecelia Brooks of Chicago. "It was so dreadfully oily, so coarse-looking—so downright *dull!* Then out of the blue came a chance to try the Palmolive Plan, under a doctor's supervision.



"Knowing my skin, *I was skeptical*—but I decided to make the test anyway. My group reported to a leading Chicago skin specialist. We were all ages, from 15 to 50. Some had dry skins; some oily; some just so-so. After a careful examination, the doctor gave us the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.



"Here's all you do: Wash your face with Palmolive Soap. Then, for 60 seconds, massage with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings you Palmolive's full beautifying effect. After 14 days, my doctor agreed my complexion was less oily, smoother—brighter, too! See what the Palmolive Plan can do for you!"



DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

You, too, may look for these Skin improvements in only 14 days!

Regardless of your Age . . . Type of Skin or what Beauty Care you've used before!



Less oily—clearer

"My skin became less oily," reports Esther Matthews of Houston, Texas. Excessive oiliness often leaves skin blotchy-looking—robs it of that clear, lovely look. The Palmolive Plan brought definite gains to 89% of the women who had oily skin. See if it won't help *your* skin become less oily—clearer.



Less coarse-looking—smoother

"Skin less coarse-looking in just 14 days!" says Catharine Johnson of Atlanta, Georgia. The 36 doctors reported almost two-thirds of all the women tested had smoother—actually finer looking skin. Reason enough for every woman who longs for a younger looking complexion to start the Palmolive Plan today!



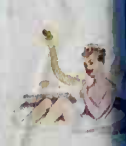
Fewer tiny blemishes

Tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads, often caused by improper cleansing, respond in most cases to the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. "My skin improved a lot," says Maudie Sheets of Brownstown, [illegible] The doctors found finer looking, clear[illegible] in more than half the cases teste[illegible] Palmolive can do for you!



Fresher, brighter color

"Skin brighter, actually less sallow!" Dorothy Creighton of Jamaica, N.Y., testing the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. T examining doctors report this same tant improvement for 2 skins out of 3 the 1285 women. See if this Plan bring *you* fresher skin—and in only 14

P.S. For Tub  For Shower  get the New, [illegible]hrifty  Bath Size Palmolive! 

MORTON HARVEY



Rutherford Montgomery

"Being the biographer of wild animals is easier than writing about dissatisfied human beings," says Mr. Montgomery. "Animals behave sensibly." The supporting character in *The Voice of Jerome Kildee* is a frivolous alcoholic raccoon. He is almost human. Mr. Montgomery, who once thought he'd be satisfied to publish one book, has published thirty. But he isn't satisfied. "If costs keep going up," he says, "I'll have to write a book the first of every month."

VANDAMM



David Davidson

Mr. Davidson wrote the article on Rabbi Liebman with the help of his wife, Hilde Abel. David's first novel, *The Steeper Cliff*, was published last July. He was formerly a newspaperman, and Hilde a painter. Neither became a creative writer until after their marriage, and then they worked on separate projects apart from each other. Mr. Davidson says, "Except for our seven-year-old daughter, the Liebman article is our first collaboration. Now we want to do more."

K. CHESTER



Roger Butterfield

Politically speaking, Mr. Butterfield is not buttered on either side, but he was born in New York State and knows the background of Republican Governor Tom Dewey. (See *Possible Presidents*, first of a series.) Mr. Butterfield recently published a pictorial history called *The American Past*. During his magazine career he has written about political celebrities, folk singers, night-club comics, juvenile delinquents, water wheels and cats. He thinks they are all different.

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly . . . Column No. 102

The greatest star of the screen!

Ah! There's good news . . . GOOD NEWS for 1948!

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M gives America a youthful, tuneful, joyous shot in the arm in the form of the gayest, fastest-paced film ever brightened by Technicolor magic.

★ ★ ★ ★

And if ever a picture was perfectly titled, it's "GOOD NEWS"!

★ ★ ★ ★

The motion picture version is far better than the original Broadway musical hit, a really bang-up job.

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll like the way they do "The Best Things In Life Are Free", "Varsity Drag", "My Blue Heaven" and the title song.



June Allyson gives an acting, singing and dancing performance which makes us remember how she first caught the public eye.

★ ★ ★ ★

Peter Lawford, teaming with her, fulfills his promise as the most personable romantic lead on the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

With them are a group of lively young Broadway personalities from musical comedy hits who justify their invitation to Hollywood, including Patricia Marshall, a new find; Joan McCracken of "Oklahoma" fame who is, in a word, great; and Mel Torme, the newest croonsmith.



Patricia Marshall



Joan McCracken



Mel Torme

★ ★ ★ ★

The direction by Charles Walters has breakneck pace. The producer is Arthur Freed, who will be remembered for "Meet Me In St. Louis".

★ ★ ★ ★

Betty Comden and Adolph Green have handled the script in a way that keeps you feeling young and gay and wanting to live your love all over again.

★ ★ ★ ★

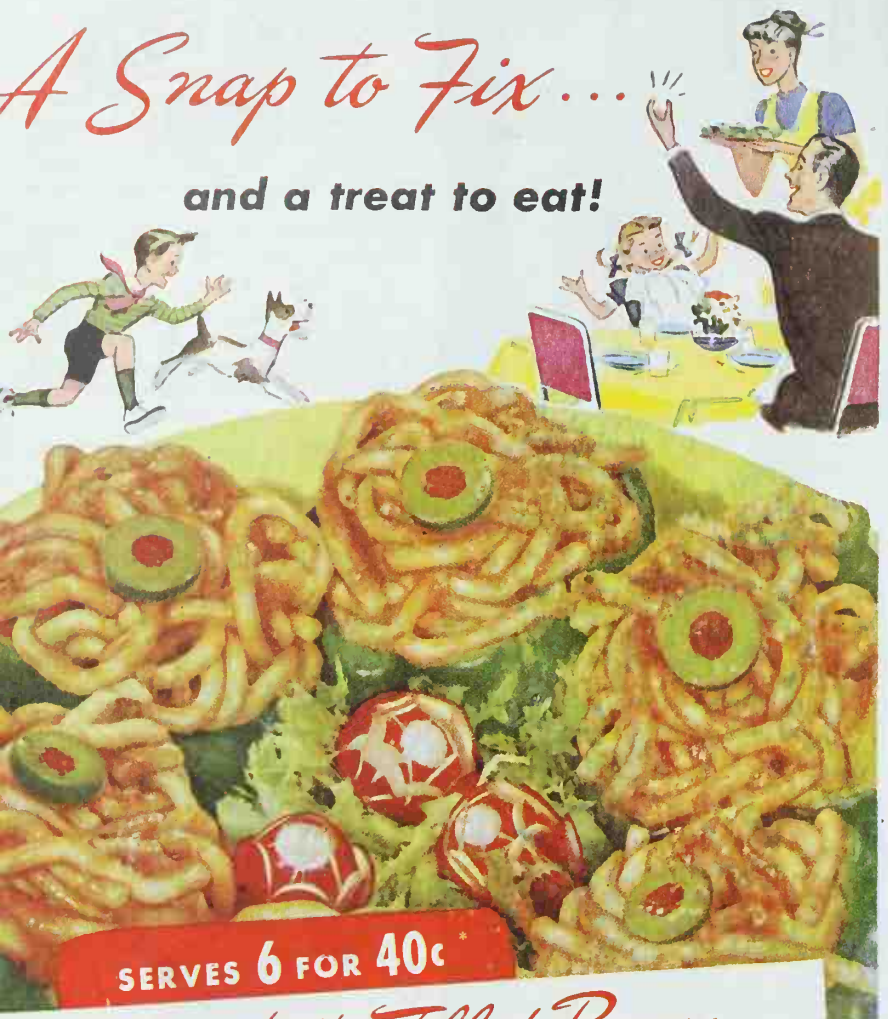
Yes, you're bound to agree that "GOOD NEWS" is just that!



—*Leo*

A Snap to Fix . . .

and a treat to eat!



SERVES 6 FOR 40¢*

Spaghetti Filled Peppers

ready in a twinkling with Ann Page Prepared Spaghetti

3 medium-sized green peppers
1 cup sliced onions
1 tablespoon fat
1 can Ann Page Spaghetti
Olive slices

Wash peppers, cut in half lengthwise, remove seeds. Boil in salted water 5 minutes. Sauté onions in fat, add spaghetti, fill pepper halves. Add olive slices. Place peppers in shallow baking dish with small amount of water on the bottom of the pan. Bake in moderate oven, 375°F., for 25 minutes. Six servings.

Easy, isn't it? And when you snuggle that tomato-spiked Ann Page Spaghetti into gleaming green pepper shells, you get real tanginess to brag about. It's even *less* work to serve tender-cooked Ann Page Spaghetti alone in its own zippy sauce. Try it . . . you'll really go for it!

**Recipe cost based on average prices of ingredients in A&P Super Markets at press time.*



ANN PAGE

33 Fine Foods

A&P

HOW TO EAT BETTER FOR LESS!

The secret? Ann Page Foods . . . produced to A&P's high standards of quality under rigid supervision and exacting laboratory control. They're economical in price, because many unnecessary marketing expenses are eliminated and you share in the savings.

AMONG THE 33 FAMOUS ANN PAGE FOODS ARE SUCH FAVORITES AS MACARONI, SPAGHETTI, NOODLES, SALAD DRESSING, PRESERVES, BEANS, PEANUT BUTTER, ETC.

Our Readers Write Us

Cheap at the Price

Davis, California.

Dear Editors: The other day a group of women in my home were attracted to an extra-large copy of the JOURNAL, and one remarked, "Where but in America could you buy anything like that for twenty-five cents?"

Later I sat down with my JOURNAL and figured what I alone would have to pay for that much entertainment, adult instruction and pertinent information if I footed the bill.

Very gratefully yours,
MARGARET CONN RHOADS.

If reader Rhoads had to pay actual production and distribution costs for the JOURNAL, minus advertisements, it would cost her 33 cents per copy, on the average. With the advertisements, 58 cents. A full-page advertisement to Mrs. Rhoads costs the advertiser one third of a cent. ED.

Wants 24 Journals Yearly

Pelotas, R. Grande do Sul, Brazil.

Dear Editors: May I say about the JOURNAL that I wish the year had twice the number of months.

Keep up your program of expansion—there's never one page too many.

Sincerely,
MRS. R. K. PATRICK.

The Journal Defense

Santurce, Puerto Rico.

Gentlemen: I *do* know what I *do* like! I've taken your magazine for years and will continue to do so for these reasons:

1. I like it heavy. That means I can't finish it in just one evening.
2. The paper doesn't bother *my* eyes. In fact, I had never noticed that it's shiny.
3. The print suits me fine. It is the same as that of an average book.
4. Phooey for Name-Withheld-By-Request.

Sincerely,
BETTY L. RODRIGUEZ.

P.S. Ann Batchelder says she never heard of anyone eating apple pie for breakfast. My grandfather, a New Englander, often ate apple pie for breakfast—and it's one of *my* favorites too.

A Teacher Looks at Education

San Jose, California.

Dear Sir: The most shameful thing that has ever happened in any system of education is the crusade of the past several years. Namely: Don't teach the child anything. Concentrate only on making him happy.

At San Jose State College, 702 out of 996 freshmen failed their entrance test in English.

A junior-high-school principal told his teachers: "You will be more popular if you don't try to teach the children anything. You might as well be popular."

The fourth grade I taught in 1942—in Kern County, noted for "educational reforms"—was the first under the county rule of "no failures." By a standard test, *only 2 per cent were ready for the fourth grade.* Of necessity I placed the pupils where they could do the work.

During the year the lowest 25 per cent read eight first readers, six second readers and three third readers, and did other work in like proportion. They were ready for the fourth grade. I begged the supervisor to let me give the children grades commensurate with their real progress and yet not make them eligible for promotion. She said, "No!"

We have a child now in the second grade. He didn't learn anything last year! He isn't learning anything this year! When will we wake up?

LUCY E. WOODIN.

Gallup Poll on Spanking

New York City.

Dear Editor: According to the Gallup Poll, over 70 per cent of American parents believe junior needs bigger and better spankings. The average healthy youngster will not be harmed by even a severe application of the strap across the fanny and upper thighs. The harder you punish, the fewer whippings there will be. As long as the child acts unreasonably, he should face the consequences, be he six or sixteen. If parents are sensible disciplinarians as well as real pals, they will be able to put away the switch sooner than a sob-sister mother can discontinue her more harmful nagging and pleading.

Respectfully yours,
(Name withheld by request.)

As a Band Leader Sees You

New York City.

Dear Mrs. Gould: After years of watching women on the dance floor from the vantage point of a band leader, I've found several answers to the age-old complaint of women that their males won't dance. The following are just some of the little things that annoy us and make us reluctant to apply the shoe leather to the dance floor, be it waltz, fox trot or Lindy.

First of all, the little women are inclined to wear their tightest-fitting skirts—and



Why Doesn't She . . .

when the man takes his male-sized step, either his partner misses or takes the step and splits the skirt. If she has a corsage, why doesn't she forget etiquette for the dance, and change the flowers to the right shoulder? Then, too, four-inch heels make for instability and cause the male to wind up as a leaning post.

When the band launches into a rumba, the women go Rio with exaggeration. Some femmes evidently look upon the rumba as a reducing exercise for their hips, the way they swing them around. In connection with this, why is it the more beautiful sex always know a different step and can't rest until they play teacher? We men like to learn new dance steps, but *not* on the dance floor! The band plays a fox trot, and the girl leads—into a slow Lindy. We may not be too sure of our rhythmic prancing as it is, and the Lindy throws us all off.

"I'll be seeing you . . ." and the humming, half-vocalizing starts. The band vocalist has rehearsed the number for hours, then has to contend with competition. What's worse is that most of the hummingbirds can't carry a tune—and to top it off, most of the time they don't know all the words, and make with "dum-dee-mmmmm."

The "giggle girl" is one of the worst offenders. She bursts into hilarious giggles, and gives forth with no explanation. The sensitive male immediately wonders what he has done now. So to all girls who must giggle, please let your partner in on the laugh—just so he knows you're not laughing at *him*.

Then there's the sentimentalist who says, "Mr. Prima, would you play Indian Summer?" I nod my head in assent, and as they dance away I hear her say, "That reminds me so much of the time Dick and I ——" and she launches into a tale of her tragic past love. The memories should be confined to the man of the dance.

(Continued on Page 6)



SUGARED DOUGHNUTS

(Yield: 24)

Proper frying with Crisco makes 'em as digestible as they are mouth-melting good!

1 yeast cake	¼ cup sugar
1 cup milk	1 teaspaan salt
3½ cups sifted flour	1 egg
¼ cup Crisco	Crisca for deep-frying

All Measurements Level: Dissolve yeast in luke-warm milk. Add 1½ eups of the flour and beat until smooth. Cover, let rise in a warm place (80°-85°F.) until double in bulk (about 2 hrs.) Combine Crisco, sugar, salt and egg and stir into the yeast sponge. Add remaining flour and beat thoroughly. Rub top with Crisco; let rise in a bowl rubbed with Crisco until double in bulk (about 2 hours). Roll ½" thick, eut with doughnut cutter. Allow to rise about 45 min. Fry until brown in deep hot Crisco (365°F.) or hot enough to brown an inch eube of bread in 60 see. (*And there's no unpleasant smoke or smell when you fry at proper temperature with Crisco.*) Roll warm doughnuts in sugar. (*Let the youngsters eat plenty—doughnuts properly fried in Criseo are digestible!*)

THE CRISCO COOK BOOK gives you 64 pages of tested "Recipes for Good Eating," yours for 10¢ in coin and a Crisco label (any size) mailed to Crisco, Dept. HJ, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Offer good in the United States, including Hawaii.

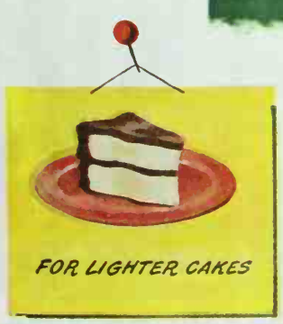


"You should have seen my family put a hole in these doughnuts!"

"Yummy, yummy—those fluffy, puffy, golden Crisco doughnuts! Every crisp, tender mouthful was a sweet treat. And, best of all, those doughnuts turned out to be as *digestible* as they were delicious!

"And why not! Crisco is pure, Crisco is all-vegetable. 9 out of 10 doctors, you know, say it's easy to digest. In fact, foods fried light and tender with new, improved Crisco are so digestible that young and old can eat them, and love them! And goodness knows, it's e as can be to fry foods light and tender with Crisc

"Believe me, from now on my family will have they want of crisp, digestible foods fried in that su Crisco . . . the same pure, creamy Crisco I alw depended on for cloud-light cakes and tender, fl pastry. Three cheers for Crisco, say I—and Crisco all 3—cakes, pastry and fried foods!"







use CRISCO

It's digestible!



Be thrifty—buy the 3-lb. economy size!

You Don't cream shortening

YOU DON'T BEAT EGGS!

Yet amazing Betty Crocker Double-Quick Way gives you more delicious cakes than any other method, any other flour!*

Use only 1 bowl . . . Mix in 4 minutes.

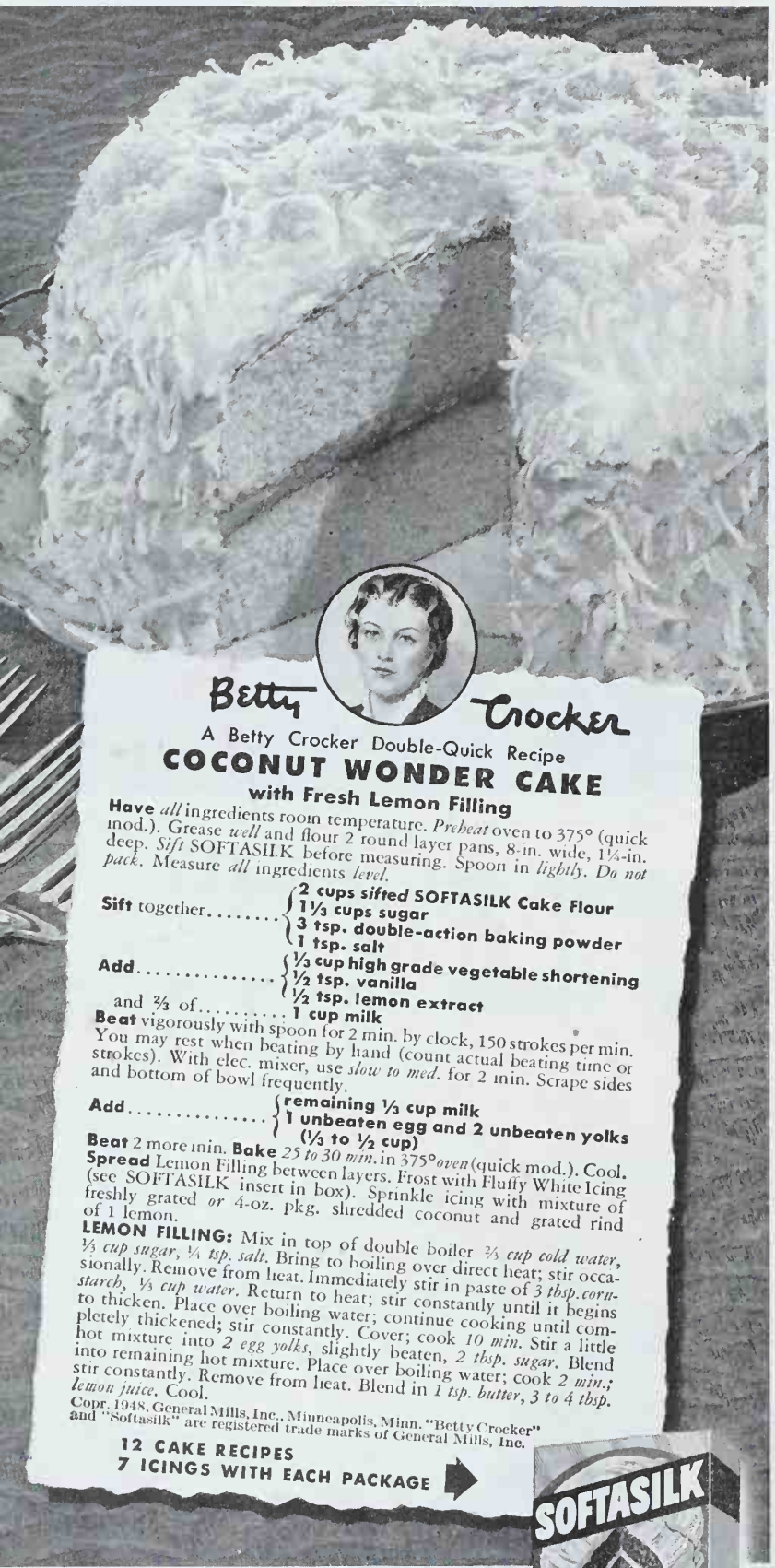
So sure, it makes any cake a Party Cake.

You see, Softasilk gives you 4 Party Cake Success Secrets. It mixes faster, it blends better, it rises higher, it bakes lighter than any ordinary flour.

Even one-egg cakes take on Party Cake lightness, texture, delicacy when made with Softasilk.

- Get Softasilk, the only cake flour Betty Crocker recommends. Softasilk and Betty Crocker Double-Quick Recipes give you Party Cake results every time.

*See Guarantee on Package.



Betty Crocker

A Betty Crocker Double-Quick Recipe

COCONUT WONDER CAKE

with Fresh Lemon Filling

Have *all* ingredients room temperature. *Preheat* oven to 375° (quick mod.). Grease *well* and flour 2 round layer pans, 8-in. wide, 1¼-in. deep. *Sift* SOFTASILK before measuring. Spoon in *lightly. Do not pack.* Measure *all* ingredients *level.*

Sift together..... **2 cups *sifted* SOFTASILK Cake Flour, 1⅓ cups sugar, 3 tsp. double-action baking powder, 1 tsp. salt**

Add..... **⅓ cup high grade vegetable shortening, ½ tsp. vanilla, ½ tsp. lemon extract**

and ⅔ of..... **1 cup milk**

Beat vigorously with spoon for 2 min. by clock, 150 strokes per min. You may rest when beating by hand (count actual beating time or strokes). With elec. mixer, use *slow to med.* for 2 min. Scrape sides and bottom of bowl frequently.

Add..... **remaining ⅓ cup milk, 1 unbeaten egg and 2 unbeaten yolks (⅓ to ½ cup)**

Beat 2 more min. **Bake** *25 to 30 min.* in 375° *oven* (quick mod.). Cool. **Spread** Lemon Filling between layers. Frost with Fluffy White Icing (see SOFTASILK insert in box). Sprinkle icing with mixture of freshly grated *or* 4-oz. pkg. shredded coconut and grated rind of 1 lemon.

LEMON FILLING: Mix in top of double boiler *⅔ cup cold water, ⅓ cup sugar, ¼ tsp. salt.* Bring to boiling over direct heat; stir occasionally. Remove from heat. Immediately stir in paste of *3 tbsp. cornstarch, ⅓ cup water.* Return to heat; stir constantly until it begins to thicken. Place over boiling water; continue cooking until completely thickened; stir constantly. Cover; cook *10 min.* Stir a little hot mixture into *2 egg yolks,* slightly beaten, *2 tbsp. sugar.* Blend into remaining hot mixture. Place over boiling water; cook *2 min.;* stir constantly. Remove from heat. Blend in *1 tsp. butter, 3 to 4 tbsp. lemon juice.* Cool.

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12 CAKE RECIPES
7 ICINGS WITH EACH PACKAGE

Remember Any Cake is a Party Cake Made with Betty Crocker Softasilk Cake Flour

SOFTASILK Cake Flour

A Product of General Mills

(Continued from Page 4)

Why is it that the croon songs invariably give the glamour sex the signal to emote emotionalism? All romanticists, sentimentalists and emotionalists go limp and dewy-eyed the first two bars of the song. They cuddle just a little closer; they go into a strangle hold; they get "gooey."

I guess that's about all for now. I really sounded off; but please don't think *all* women are guilty, for I've had some very pleasant dance partners, and I've seen some perfect dance-etiquette women.

Sincerely,
LOUIS PRIMA.

On with the dance, but let joy be a little more refined. ED.

The South American Way

Orrville, Ohio.

Dear Editors: While on an educational commission in Santiago, imagine my amazement at seeing the Al Parker mother-and-daughter cover theme (December, 1945) appear as "window dressing" for MARGARITA, one of Chile's most popular women's magazines.



Chilean Window Dressing

Gone was the "JOURNAL" in holly leaves and "Merry Christmas to you all!" The davenport had been dyed, but the rest was unchanged. It reminded me of the saying, "Imitation is the sincerest flattery." Very truly yours,
DR. IVAN GEROULD GRIMSHAW.

South American periodicals pirate from United States periodicals as blithely as once we did from English magazines in our expanding 1800's. Someday South Americans will not do this any more. As they say in New England, a man gets on, gets honor, gets honest. ED.

Life in the Old Girl Yet

Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Dear Editors: I enjoy 50 YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL, but I wish it could be longer.

Recently I acquired six JOURNALS dated from 1889 to 1894 which show how America has advanced and what a stride the JOURNAL has made. The JOURNAL was then—just as it is now—the Magazine Women Believe In. Sincerely,
VIRGINIA EDMONDS.

Back in 1889 now-famous Edward W. Bok was just becoming the editor of the booming JOURNAL, then, as now, the leading women's magazine by all accepted standards. But the JOURNAL's first editor, 1883-89, was no slouch. Louisa Knapp Curtis turned over to Editor Bok in 1889 a JOURNAL with a circulation of 400,000, all acquired since 1883 when she started as editor, with no subscribers at all. ED.

Her Understanding of Catholic Tenets

Port Washington, New York.

Dear Editor: I was pleased to read a "Catholic Mother's Letter to Joan" and thought it was a very fair editorial policy to open your columns to the Roman Catholic attitude.

(Continued on Page 8)

Something New in your frying pan!



FREE RECIPES

Just pour this spicy sauce over hamburgers, chops, etc., turn on the heat...turn out a BARBECUE.

FOR TANGY BARBECUE RECIPES Write: Glaser, Crandell Co., Chicago 8, Dept. B-1

Derby BARBECUE SAUCE

FIRST AID FOR CLEVER COOKS

Also Derby Steak Sauce • Derby Hot Sauce • Derby Worcestershire

U-ALL-NO Richardson's PRODUCTS

The Happy Ending of a Perfect Dinner



U-ALL-NO Richardson's AFTER DINNER **MINT**

Pure CANE Sugar plus Natural MINT for Flavor



10¢

Thos. D. Richardson Co., Philadelphia 34, U.S.A.

Jell-O again!



Six delicious flavors



JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK— THE PROPERTY OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION



★ REMEMBER "I MARRIED AN ANGEL"? Who could forget! Zorina *danced* like an angel . . . her Pacquins-cherished hands an ode to enchantment! Soft, exquisite hands of cameo perfection. "Any follower of the Ballet knows how eloquent a part the hands play in expressing the mood," declares the fabulous Zorina. "So I . . . just as any other Ballet star . . . must keep my hands *groomed* for their roles. *I* groom with Pacquins!"

VERA ZORINA says . . .

"*You cream your face to loveliness— then CREAM your hands too*"



PACQUINS hand cream is preferred by the enchanting Ballerina, Zorina

★ And Pacquins is the hand cream preferred by more women than any other hand cream in the world!

But . . . try Pacquins and see for yourself! See if it doesn't smooth *your* hands into a creamy loveliness you have never matched with any other method. Try a 12-second massage with snowy-white, quick-vanishing Pacquins tonight . . . and tomorrow morning. You'll be enchanted! Never sticky or greasy, Pacquins will smooth your hands to a wonderful *new beauty!* It is *proved protection* against work and weather.



CATHERINE HART, R. N., says: "Nurses and doctors scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. It takes a cream like Pacquins to protect *our* hands. And Pacquins was originally formulated for us."

for "dream" hands—cream your hands with *Pacquins* HAND CREAM



Never Sticky or Greasy!

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE.

(Continued from Page 6)

But I was dumfounded at the explosive and vindictive reaction of Reverend Paul Scales, who brandishes the threat of the eternal anger "of an avenging Creator" as if the Reverend Father were himself the temporal and self-appointed distributor of everlasting chastisements. While it is true that the laws of God are never violated in the long run without punishment, my Catholic training has also taught that God reserves unto Himself the right to scrutinize intentions and to pass ultimate judgment on human actions.

Sincerely yours,

ANOTHER CATHOLIC MOTHER.

The Happy British Housewife?

The Duke's Cottage,
Rudgwick, England.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: Our next 20 clothing coupons have just become valid. Some say they must last us seven months—some say a year. There is always a nice hazard about these things—an uncertainty that is exciting. Many of us are lying awake nights, wrestling with our awful problem. Shall we be warm and plump for that winter coat (18 coupons)? It will mean all we can buy for the rest of the span is *one pair of stockings.* It is a terrible decision to make for I know (though you don't!) the state most of Britain's underwear is in. Amazing scenes of wreckage are revealed in Court Dressmakers today.

Or shall we choose the wool dress our soul covets (11 coupons) and have a few left over—for handkerchiefs, and so forth, if we get winter colds!

Then comes that domestic bone of contention. Whose coupons are going in sadly needed home replacements? Sheets (8 coupons a pair); towels (2 coupons each). My effort to make a coupon collection for home necessities has been a crashing failure. People hum a little tune and walk away!

I am most sorry for the young ones—just growing up and their passion for pretty things all unrequited, or rewarded by Utility. I know one at least who intends this year to risk pneumonia and go barelegged through what blizzards there may be to own the pretty dance frock she has never had. Already—a hopeful gleam in the eye—people say perhaps the winter won't be so bad. Maybe it will be quite mild! Perhaps we shan't, after all, need thick woollies at all. How galling if we wasted coupons on what we can do without.

The long or short skirt problem bothers us little. Ours is the Skirt Problem. Never mind about the length. Most of us are digging in like folks preparing for a siege—as indeed we are. Conversation is of how many cans of fruit, how many pots of jam the thrifty have laid by. The envied woman is not she who has a Paris hat, but she who hisses triumphantly "I have ten loads of firewood."

Later. A great many people have sent me, via the JOURNAL, parcels of clothing. It began to get to be almost a whole-time job, so now I have gone into partnership on this side with the doctor's wife. If there is one person in a village from whom no secrets are hid, it is the doctor. He knows what we can never know, the people who need help and would rather die than ask for it. So I would like all the kind people who have sent stuff to me, to know that all of it goes where it will be appreciated.

After the bacon ration was cut to two ounces a fortnight—that is one small slice a week—I came to a brave decision, and am keeping a pig! You have to fill in forms, and hand in your bacon ration for six months, and then you get a permit to keep and fatten one porker, and slay same after four months, and they give you some food for it also. Not much, but it helps. You need an awful lot of hope to get you through a week these days, but the amazing thing is, how often it works!

The thought of that pig, fattening up (we hope), is a great consolation! And by a cunning arrangement on the part of Mr. Wingate, who copes with my cow, she will calve in February, always a dud month, and the one, so I am told on good authority, in which our next supercrisis is due.

Love to you all—I'm going to book a passage, anyway, just in case!

DOROTHY BLACK.

Colgate's New Deodorant

Veto

Safe for Skin!
Safe for Clothes!

Doubly Safe!



Only VETO, No Other Deodorant, Contains Exclusive New Safety Ingredient—DURATEX

To guard your loveliness, protect your charm—use VETO! Colgate's amazing new antiseptic deodorant checks perspiration, stops odor, yet is *doubly* safe! Safe for any normal skin! Safe for clothes! Only Veto contains *Duratex*, exclusive new safety ingredient—it's different from any deodorant you've used before. Use Colgate's Veto regularly to check perspiration, stop underarm odor *safely*. 10¢ and larger sizes. Drug, cosmetic counters.

VETO IS PREFERRED ALMOST 2 TO 1 BY REGISTERED NURSES WHO HAVE TRIED IT, ACCORDING TO A NATION-WIDE SURVEY!

APPROVED SAFE FOR FABRICS
Better Fabrics Bureau

TESTED

STAYS MOIST IN JAR! NEVER GRITTY OR GRAINY!

"Good-bye, Jim . . .
we could have had a wonderful life together."

SHE had made herself go to Jim's wedding! "What will people say . . . what will they think . . . if I don't go?" she had asked herself grimly. So . . . she had gone. She had struggled to keep the tears back. She had watched the man she loved slip the ring on another girl's finger. She had forced herself to say the conventional things that were expected of her . . . "What a lovely bride! What a lucky man! What a beautiful wedding!" At least no one could point her out as the disappointed, heartbroken girl who had expected to be Jim's bride, herself.

But now the ordeal was over. Now she was home again, alone, with nothing to do except to read . . . and destroy . . . Jim's letters. Ah, here was the first letter he'd ever written her . . . after that wonderful day in the country! And here was another . . . after the dance. And other letters from far away Rio . . . warm and tender, full of his plans and hopes for the future . . . full of hints that maybe someday . . . ? One by one, she went through them, trying vainly to find some reason that would explain his later change in attitude.

The day he stepped off the plane from Rio, he had been so *ardent*, so glad to see her. But only a few short hours later he seemed to have changed . . . unbelievably. There was a strange indifference about him . . . his tenderness became merely formal courtesy . . . and at each meeting after that, the gulf seemed to widen, finally becoming an abyss. What had happened to change his feeling for her? She didn't know . . . and she never would know.

Slowly she put the letters into the fire, sadly watching them turn to ashes.

"Good-bye, Jim," she whispered. "We could have had a wonderful life together!"

You can understand why a case of halitosis (bad breath) can cause a rift in a promising romance. And halitosis, unfortunately, can happen to anyone . . . even to you. So be extra careful about offending this way. And by being extra careful we mean rinsing the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, *and before every date when you want to be at your best.*

Although sometimes systemic in origin, most cases of halitosis, according to some authorities, are caused by fermentation of food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, and overcomes the odor it causes. So many fastidious people never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Before every date let

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

look after your breath



Have you tasted that eye-opening mint flavor of the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste? NEW formula contains 25% more Lusterfoam

When does your Beauty Career begin?

ANSWERS BY COVER GIRL GEORGIA LANGE (AND IVORY, TOO, OF COURSE!)



In the Nursery?

"Well," says lovely Georgia Lange, "*my* beauty career began in the nursery! Mother says the very first time I was dunked in water there was a bar of pure, mild Ivory floating in the tub. And Ivory has been my beauty soap ever since, because your skin never outgrows Ivory!" How right, Georgia! More doctors, you know, advise Ivory for baby's tender skin than all other brands put together.



In your Teens?

"When I was in my teens," says Cover Girl Georgia Lange, "I was planning to be a model and I knew my complexion had to be better than good. So I used the most famous soap in the world—the soap that's famous for purity and mildness. That's Ivory, of course!" (Psst! folks—improved Ivory makes more pure, mild suds faster than ever!)



When you "Make the Covers"?

Well, in one sense, yes! Your beauty career really begins whenever you get *That Ivory Look*—a fresher, lovelier, younger-looking complexion! Georgia Lange has it—and she's a leading model, famous for her natural beauty. You can have *That Ivory Look* yourself—in just one week, if you'll follow this simple routine: (1) Stop being careless about your complexion, (2) Use pure, mild Ivory Soap regularly. Could anything be simpler? Well, then, start using Ivory right away. It has a beauty record no soap can equal—and you can be next—for *That Ivory Look!*

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

99 44/100% PURE—IT FLOATS

Tune in Lowell Thomas—America's best-known newscaster—every evening Monday through Friday—Columbia Broadcasting System.

LADIES' HOME Journal

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What is "Democracy"?

"DEMOCRACY" means many things to many people, even in the United States. The American Institute of Public Opinion and Gallup associates questioned a sampling of people in nine countries—the United States, Great Britain, Australia, Canada, France, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden and Denmark. In answer to the question "What does the term 'democracy' mean to you?" three phases of the democratic concept were mentioned:

1. The largest number said democracy means "government by the people," or the right of people to say who shall govern them, including the right of opposition parties to free expression and political activity.
2. Second most popular definition (ranking first in the United States, Great Britain and France) was freedom, especially freedom of speech and assembly.
3. A third-ranking definition was equality—the absence of discrimination between classes, groups and individuals.

Freedom of speech and press is one example of democracy in action, guaranteed in principle by our Bill of Rights. In the United States, where the press is wholly free from governmental control, a third of our people who were questioned doubt that complete freedom of speech and press is a good thing. Thirty-one per cent said they had never heard of our Bill of Rights (or weren't sure whether they had or not).

"In peacetime, do you think members of the Communist party in this country should be allowed to speak on the radio?" people were asked. Of the two thirds who said they believed in free speech, only a little more than half would permit communists to have their say on the radio. Only among the college-educated were the answers to this question markedly consistent with the belief of free speech in principle.

Democracy must be defined in practice to have any real meaning.

TO PROTECT CIVIL LIBERTIES

By Dorothy Thompson

THE controversies that have developed over hearings before the Congressional Committee on un-American Activities in Washington and that became most vehement during the investigation into Hollywood have shed more heat than light. They have failed to answer what has already proved to be the life-and-death question of other civilizations: How can a libertarian state deal with internal enemies using the instruments of civil liberties to accomplish the overthrow of that state?

Indiscriminating defenders of civil rights answer that the only way to insure civil liberty is never to restrict it for any organized group of citizens, whatever their known or hypothetical aims. Civil liberties, they argue, will, of themselves, take care of the libertarian state. They can quote Jefferson:

"If there be any amongst us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand, undisturbed, as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."

This is the position most compatible with American tradition and American feeling. But though the French Jacobins had been making much propaganda in America (to Jefferson's eventual disgust and protest), Jefferson never had to deal with anything like the integrated, disciplined, conspiratorially organized international Communist party. And Jefferson's advice has not survived the tests of very recent history in democratic states of similar structure to our own. The classic case is Germany.

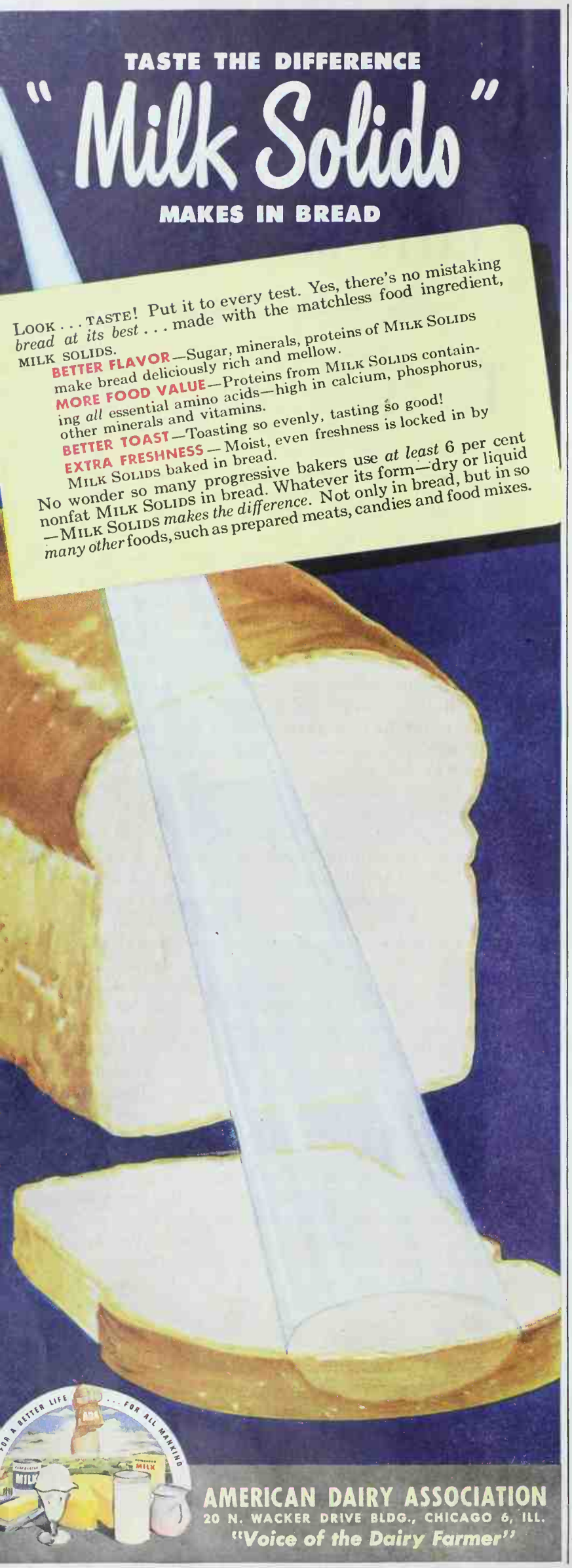
Germany from 1919 to 1933 was a democratic, libertarian state. All parties were permitted, from the communists to the extreme nationalists, who eventually merged forces under the leadership of Hitler, in the Nazi Party.

For the first nine years of the German Republic, the great majority of the German people gave their allegiance to the constitutional parties. These included conservatives, middle-of-the-roaders leaning somewhat right or somewhat left, and constitution-supporting socialists.

Of the parties opposed to the constitutional order, the communists were initially far and away the stronger. Immediately after the war they had even captured by force the government of one of the German states, Bavaria, from which they were in turn ousted by force. Their existence, as a legal party, continued, however, to be tolerated.

They were never thereafter in any state of the German Republic, or in the federal government itself, able to obtain decisive power. They were, however, able to establish cells within many institutions—trade unions, intellectual and professional bodies, noncommunist political movements, and even to some extent within the army.

Like communists everywhere, they were organized, not at all like a normal political party, but rather like an army,



or a semisecret religious order. The broad lines of policy were dictated to the top leaders through liaison officers with Moscow. All decisions were taken by a handful of men, many of them personally unknown to the rank and file of the movement, and were carried out implicitly by the followers. The party "discipline"—in fact a party inquisition—punished deviation from the established policy. This punishment took many forms. Since communism is, for persons who, whether because of skepticism, unhappy experience or personal neurosis, embrace it, a form of ersatz religion accompanied by extreme fanaticism, various degrees of excommunication were usually sufficient to bring recalcitrants into line, with reconversion accomplished through confession and penances. Where, however, rebellion could not thus be quelled, more severe punishments were meted out.

Active Communist membership involves, for many members, extralegal activities, such as passport forgery, false registrations, perjury, illegal traffic in currency, and so on.

In many cases, recalcitrant members guilty of such misdemeanors were threatened with being handed over to the courts and in some cases actually were, communists denouncing to the civil authorities other communists who had become "renegades." Since in all illegal activity the links are carefully covered, the order for an illegal act invariably coming from men with assumed names or only numbers, the accomplices of the denounced member could be protected, while the member went to jail. Within the Communist Party itself there is *no* civil liberty. Its members even relinquish to it liberties they may hold under law.

The first strategy of such a rigidly organized, strictly disciplined minority is to ferret out every center of discontent in the society. Communists estimate that among any group there are 10 per cent of malcontents—people who feel they have been cheated, or escaped the recognition they deserve, or suffer from belonging to an unpopular racial group. The reasonableness of the discontent is immaterial; all such persons are susceptible to communist influence. A schoolteacher, for instance, may fail of promotion because he or she is mediocre or incompetent. This recognition is a hard pill to swallow. How much pleasanter to believe that one is really superior to the rest and the victim of "the system"!

The tactic of such a close minority movement is *to make it impossible for the constitutional state to maintain order and govern.*

In all realms the movement works to break down tradition, decorum and faith in established patterns. Those who fall under its influence decry Christianity as an exploded myth, history as a lie, national heroes as scoundrels, patriots as bigots, good manners as hypocrisy. The criminal is defended as a victim, parental influence is called despotism, established principles of art are old-fashioned, classical education is reactionism, order is tyranny. On the other hand, all that is vulgar, outré, tawdry, cheap, ill-mannered, loud; all that flouts convention in any field, they hail as "genius."

Thus, they further all the *disintegrating* forces in the society under attack, and in this stage they drive libertarianism into libertinism as a means of undermining "bourgeois" values.

Wherever there is struggle they intervene to exacerbate it. If there is a strike they seek to widen its area, prevent its settlement and lead it toward violence, anticipating and hoping for violence in return, at which point they organize mass meetings to protest the brutality of the police. They organize "fronts," of which they are the scheming disciplined center, and "defense" organizations of a paramilitary kind.

All this they did in Germany, as they do everywhere where they are in a minority, and the constitutional order was unable to deal with them within the framework of civil liberties.

Now, there is a law of politics which is inexorable. Every action creates its counteraction. Where a constitutional state proves unable to deal in law with menaces to order, with insults to tradition, and with threats to the lives and property of vast numbers of people, citizens will take law into their own hands.

That is the origin of Fascism in Italy. It was the origin of Nazism in Germany. The constitutional libertarian state proved itself unable to maintain constitutional order, or any stable society at all, or to deal with a progressive condition of anarchy, or to guarantee safety against organized gangs, so it was finally crushed between gang wreckers from the left and the right opposing each other—for both of whom constitutional liberties had furnished the instrument for the overthrow of the state.

It is therefore demonstrably true—and example after example can be taken from ancient or modern history—that constitutional liberties for the citizens are *not*, of themselves, guaranties of continued constitutional liberty.

Civil liberties exist only within certain forms of constitutional order. If that order goes, civil liberties go with it. The preservation of civil liberties therefore inexorably demands the protection of the constitutional order against its enemies. Since the basic premise is that civil liberties can and do exist only within certain forms of constitutional order, all enemies of a libertarian constitutional order are, by the very nature of their aims, *outlaw* from the privileges of that order.

Live with men as if God saw you, and talk to God as if men were listening.
—ATHENODORUS.

The United States Congress is charged to protect the constitutional order and to legislate within its framework. Its various committees hold public hearings for the purpose of ascertaining facts as a basis for legislation. This is a reasonable, legitimate and necessary function of the elected representatives of the American people.

These hearings are not a court. They have no power to judge or to punish. But revelations that come out in such hearings can and do punish by their power to bring persons or groups into public obloquy. No fault can be found with bringing persons into public obloquy if their behavior evokes it. Public mores, public opinion regarding what is or is not tolerable to the vast majority, is a powerful factor in conserving society. It is not merely laws that govern human behavior. It is the judgment of the people regarding their neighbors.

Our communists admit that to believe in communism is so hostile to American convictions that when they are, even correctly, named as communists, they shout that they are being "smeared."

Since the object of such hearings is to bring facts to legislators' knowledge, they obviously cannot be conducted under the same rules as courts of law. They should not, however, for that reason, be exempted of *all* rules. For if they are—if, for instance, men are prejudiced before the public on mere hearsay—the committees fall into public contempt. For the people have a natural instinct for justice and fair play. The creation of a pattern of procedure including legitimacy of evidence, for such committees, is therefore urgently necessary.

But the claim, advanced by some defenders of civil liberties, that the Government has no prerogative to investigate and take evidence on any and all activities that may be prejudicial or dangerous to the constitutional order, is simply to deprive constitutional government of the means to defend that order, and through it to defend civil liberties. There is no liberty except liberty under law, and the presumption of all law is that those who call upon it for protection are themselves its protectors. No one can claim rights entirely devoid of obligations.

THE END

Honey-Glazed Ham Slice

A slice of Swift's Premium Ham, with its matchless mellow flavor from Swift's Brown Sugar Cure, makes a de luxe main dish with no special fixing whatsoever. But when you want to be extra glamorous, try this: Get a 1½″ thick center slice of Swift's Premium Ham. (To be sure it *is* Swift's Premium—the ham America prefers so far above all others—look for the name SWIFT on the slice.) Cut gashes in fat; sprinkle with ¼ cup brown sugar. Mix together another ¼ cup brown sugar and ½ cup juice drained from canned pears. Slowly pour over ham. Bake in a slow oven (325° F.) about 1½ hours, basting every half hour. Garnish with pear halves filled with cranberry sauce, and serve with *perfect confidence*. For you can count on unvarying quality when you buy *Swift's Premium* Ham—America's traditional favorite. You *know* every slice will be delicious, right down to the last nourishing bite!

Your family, too, will prefer
America's traditional favorite....
mild, matchless
Swift's Premium Ham



2 STYLES! For easy cooking at home, look for the Swift's Premium *Blue Label*. The Red Label brings you ham that's fully cooked —all ready to eat. Both kinds are Brown-Sugar-Cured and smoked Swift's special way over genuine hardwood fires.

ATE and NUT ROLL

hill and serve—no cooking!

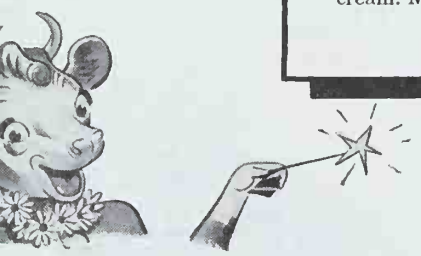


ke it the day before!



magic dessert made with

GLE BRAND!



DATE and NUT ROLL

- ½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 2 cups (½ pound) vanilla wafer crumbs
- 1 cup finely chopped dates
- ½ cup chopped nut meats
- Confectioners' sugar

Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and lemon juice. Add vanilla wafer crumbs. Mix well. Mix dates and nut meats. Sprinkle flat surface with confectioners' sugar. Lightly roll or pat crumb mixture on sugar into 8 by 10-inch rectangle. Spread with date mixture. Roll as for jelly roll. Wrap in waxed paper. Chill 6 to 8 hours. Slice; serve with hard sauce or whipped cream. Makes 8 servings.



uick and easy to make exciting desserts! ou know they'll always come out just when you use Eagle Brand, the *original* ned Condensed Milk! A smooth, *ready*-blend of creamy-rich whole milk and Made to Borden's high standard of .

! 70 luscious, foolproof recipes for cook-ddings, frostings, ice creams in the Book e Brand Magic Recipes. Send penny post Borden's, Dept. L-148, P. O. Box 175, ork 8, N. Y.

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"And if there is anything that hasn't gone up since yesterday, I'll take two cans of that too."

UNDER-COVER STUFF

BY BERNARDINE KIELTY

WHAT with soaring prices and food conservation, we're reminded of the man in the Philadelphia boarding-house whose landlady always cried out shrilly when he picked up the cream pitcher: "Be careful! That's cream!"

In proof of the fact that the Marie Antoinettes (Let them eat cake!) still live, and still think their rigid naive thoughts, we report a remark made by a wealthy Frenchman now residing in luxury in this country. In the face of a starving Europe to which we Americans are sending all the food that we possibly can, this man said:

"But the French are healthier now than they ever were! They always overate. Now they eat less—which is good for anyone!"

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT: HIS BOYHOOD LETTERS makes highly diverting reading, but in justice to our late President this volume should quickly be followed by another of his later letters, because, fascinating as all intimate letters are in disclosing personality, those of the boy can scarcely be the measure of the man. In fact, the most significant thing about these letters is their very commonplaceness. They are not keen or witty or original. They show no particular understanding of people, no special observation, almost no interest in polities, the arts or learning. But how many boys' letters home do show these characteristics?

The first letter was written in 1887, when he was five, and the last ones see

(Continued on Page 16)

Even at 8, F. D. R. kept his eye on the target.

PRESS ASSN.



Finest way to be the *Queen of Hearts* at Holiday Time



Finest Recipe for Holiday Fruit Tarts

Easy Way to Make Tarts: Bake 15 tart shells, using packaged pastry mix. Fill with prepared vanilla pudding or custard. Add your choice of luscious, lustrous fruits . . . peaches, cherries, apricots, pears, pineapple or cranberry sauce . . . all Stokely's *Finest*, of course.

To Make Glaze: Blend 3 tablesp. cornstarch and 3 tablesp. cold water. Slowly add 1½ cups syrup drained from fruits. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add ¾ teasp. vanilla extract. While warm, pour over fruit in tarts. Makes enough to glaze 15 tarts . . . a happy ending for any holiday feast. All of these handsome, sun-bright fruits are fit for a queen's taste. For they're nourished and nurtured in rich soil of the choicest orchards in the land. Then, these mellow, deep-flavored fruits are picked and packed at once, to capture all the full, rich, fresh-tasting fruit goodness in *nothing but the finest*. . . Stokely's *Finest*.

Always Delicious



Also enjoy



OVER 115 *FINEST* FRUITS AND VEGETABLES . . . PRODUCTS OF STOKELY—VAN CAM



EET YOUR NEIGHBORS, EXCHANGE IDEAS AND ECEIVE $1500.00 IN CASH PRIZES EACH MONTH

service to the women of America by the Pepsi-Cola Company

Here are the five top prize-inning suggestions in the fourth of this monthly series of "Good Neighbors Club" contests:



00 paid to Mrs. James A. Goetsch, Naperville, Ill., for this idea:

e to share with others the good neighbor hat defeated the housing shortage for a of us here in Naperville. We organized y-six veterans and their families, and er we've built twenty-six homes, doing work ourselves, even though none of us ad any previous building experience. proud of the homes we've built, and of the cooperative spirit of our com-y that makes us all better neighbors.

.00 paid to Mrs. Dexter W. Phillips of Tampa, Fla., for this idea:



Last summer we couldn't send our three boys away to camp. So instead we brought camp to them with a regular six-hour-a-day camp program, including Outdoor Work, Individual and Group Projects, Rest, heir friends joined in and our "camp at " summer was so successful we plan to it next year.

* * *

ddition to the above winners, each of llowing contestants was awarded a $10

. Allen, Elinor Burdo, Mrs. Charles L. bell, Mrs. W. T. DeVane, Mrs. William ynes, Mrs. Carol Elder, Margaret F. , Mrs. J. H. Frishette, John E. Geisel-Mrs. E. W. Giebel, Mrs. W. A. Goerss, Ray Harbour, Mrs. M. M. Herbert,

$125.00 paid to Mrs. William Bodamer of Lakewood, Ohio, for this idea:



Buying all the new phonograph record albums we wanted was too expensive. So several of us started a record exchange plan, buying albums we all agreed upon and then exchanging them among ourselves. As our group grew, our "library" grew too. Now we hold regular meetings and music discussions, forming another strong neighborhood bond.

$75.00 paid to Mrs. Gerald Winters of Los Angeles, Calif., for this idea:



Your imagination can suggest many simple, practical ways to bring out the real charm and personality of your home. For example, after we redecorated a bedroom recently, the small bed with no headboard or foot just didn't look right. So we *painted* a matching headboard on the wall behind the bed, making the whole room more "finished" and attractive.

$50.00 paid to Mrs. Charles Elsmar, of Vero Beach, Fla., for this idea:



Youngsters should play a definite part in making the home. So we turn the sun porch over to them at regular intervals for decorating experiments. The results, such as a South Seas theme or an authentic Gay Nineties background, are always fun while the creative effort and research involved are wonderful for the children. The cost? Surprisingly low.

* * *

Juanita L. Johnson, Mrs. Harold Jousma.

Mrs. M. H. Krieger, Ruth G. Monohon, Mrs. Charles R. Otto, Mrs. Neal Owens, Mrs. H. H. Peck, Mrs. M. Jay Ream, Mrs. Doris Richardson, Miss Josephine Ringrose, Muriel Scholz, Mrs. O. J. Schulz.

Mrs. R. W. Slyker, Mrs. Henry D. Smith, Mrs. Jerrold Spangler, Mrs. E. E. Steinbrecker, Mrs. J. K. Willis.

Send in your entries now . . . read these simple rules

ese contests are being offered *every* as a public service of Pepsi-Cola Co., of help to women in their daily lives.

re's all you do: Write out in 50 words or he best idea you have which will help neighbor. Then write your reasons for ing the idea you did. Ideas can deal ny subject of interest to women.

bmit your entries in your own words . . . ry style will not count. The originality ptness of the subject matter, and your ns for selecting it, are the things for prizes will be awarded. You may enter contests as many times as you wish. each entry on a separate sheet with name and address on each.

il your entries to Pepsi-Cola Com-Dept. L, Good Neighbors Club, Box 230, Long Island City 1, N. Y. ntries that are received during January, will be judged in the January contest and similarly in the February contest.

5. Every month, 35 cash prizes will be given totaling $1500.00, in order of excellence as follows: 1st Prize: $700.00; 2nd Prize: $250.00; 3rd Prize: $125.00; 4th Prize: $75.00; 5th Prize: $50.00; plus *30 prizes* of $10.00 each.

6. Checks will be mailed to prize winners in the Jan. contest not later than Feb. 29, 1948.

7. Pepsi-Cola Company shall have the right to publish all prize-winning entries in any form desired, with or without editing, and including names and addresses of winners, and also pictures of the five top prize winners. Do not send any pictures with entries.

8. Judges will be a nationally-known judging organization. Their decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries returned.

(Continued from Page 14)

him through Harvard and married (March 17, 1905). The greater number were written when he was at Groton, and they represent the regulation point of view of the Groton boy—distinctly out of the top drawer, wealthy, socially secure and unquestioning. In Harvard young Franklin's friends remained the boys he had known at Groton; he lived in the most exclusive houses, and played with the same crowd. In the light of later events it is most interesting to see how he accepted all the amenities of a stiff and formal society. He did his social duty as he saw it:

"*Today I have been paying calls all afternoon, saying goodbye, and I lunched at the Bradley's.*" "*Last night I dined at the Parkman's, and then went on to the Bachelors' Ball.*" "*This morning I got rid of some of my correspondence and lunched in town at the Davis', then paid half a dozen calls I owed.*" "*I dined at the Lord's on Tuesday evening. I shall call on the Porters tonight. . . . Tomorrow I am going with Moseley to spend Sunday at Newburyport where his place is and we are to shoot ducks.*"

While still in college he became engaged to his Cousin Eleanor, but on one occasion could not go to see her because there was no chaperon: "*I have just heard from E. that Mr. and Mrs. Parish have gone away and I couldn't see her.*"

The chief interest outside his immediate personal affairs was his work on the Crimson, of which he was president for a half year. That was a big job and meant writing all the editorials. The work he put into it gives the only foretaste of the tremendous endurance and will to work of his later years. But his politics, whatever they may have been, didn't separate him from his immediate group: "*Last night there was a grand torchlight Republican Parade of Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. We wore red caps and gowns and marched by classes into Boston and through all the principal streets.*" *(October 31, 1900.)*

It was at this time that he made the Crimson board by getting a scoop on how President Eliot was going to vote (Republican). One of his rare political comments occurs in a letter of October 26, 1902, when he criticizes President Teddy Roosevelt for his intervention in labor-management disputes in the case of the anthracite miners' strike:

"*In spite of his success in settling the trouble, I think that the President made a serious mistake in interfering—politically at least. His tendency to make the executive power stronger than the Houses of Congress is bound to be a bad thing.*"

The book is remarkably well edited, with notes about the personalities and the social relationships of persons included, and with considerable of the history of Groton and Harvard. His later letters, which will surely reflect the impact of practical affairs on the carefully protected lad, should provide a highly dramatic story and an absorbing psychological study.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO



Juliana, Bernhard and daughters.

What we hear about ***Queen Wilhelmina*** and ***Juliana,*** now Regent of the Netherlands, underlines the good

(Continued on Page 18)

MAN THINKING



about that distinctive tangy flavor of **CHEEZ-IT** crackers!



America's largest selling cheese cracker!

A Quality Product of Sunshine Biscuits, INC.



buy FIRST STATE MUSHROOMS

You'll revel in their delicate, mouth-watering flavor, and tender meaty goodness. Try these superb mushrooms —on steaks, chops, in omelettes, casseroles. They turn a plain dish into a gourmet's delight.



Hot House Grown for added Tenderness and Flavor

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

FIRST STATE MUSHROOMS

This man-dazzler shows you why

more women buy Swans Down than all other packaged cake flours put together!

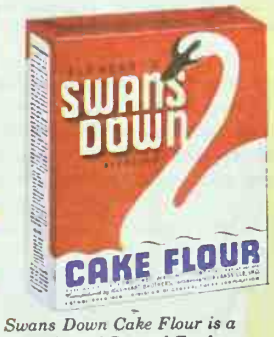


Brides and not-so-newlyweds! Bowl him over with this frosty, fluffy gold-and-white dream cake!

And bowl *yourself* over with the perfection of it—the expert fineness—the prize-winning tenderness!

Then you'll know why smart wives bake cakes instead of buying them. And why they insist on using Swans Down Cake Flour in a dependable, guaranteed Swans Down Mix-Easy recipe!

No creaming! **Beating cut in half!**
Fewer dishes to wash!
Richer taste! **Keeps fresh longer!**



Swans Down Cake Flour is a product of General Foods

Bake a better cake with Swans Down

Swans Down "Mix-Easy" Ambrosia Cake

Preparations. Have the shortening at room temperature. Line bottoms of two deep 9-inch layer pans with paper; grease. Start oven for moderate heat (350°F.). Sift flour once before measuring.

Measure into sifter:

2½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
(And be sure it's Swans Down!)
3 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
1¼ cups sugar

Measure into mixing bowl:

⅔ cup shortening

Measure into cup:

1 cup milk
1½ teaspoons vanilla

Have ready:

5 egg whites, beaten to meringue* with ½ cup sugar
1 cup Baker's Shredded Coconut

*For meringue, beat 5 egg whites with rotary egg beater (or at high speed of electric mixer) until foamy; add ½ cup sugar gradually, beating only until meringue will hold up in soft peaks.

Now—Swans Down's "Mix-Easy" Part!

(Mix by hand or at a low speed of electric mixer.) Stir shortening just to soften. *No creaming!* Sift in dry ingredients. Add milk and mix until all flour is dampened. Then *beat 2 minutes.* Add meringue mixture and *beat 1 minute* longer. *Beating cut in half! And fewer dishes to wash!* (Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow about 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often.)

Baking. Turn batter into pans. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 35 minutes. Spread Orange Filling (recipe below) between layers and seven-minute frosting on top and sides of cake. Sprinkle top with coconut and decorate with fresh orange sections.

Orange Filling. Heat 1 cup orange juice and ⅓ cup sugar in saucepan and stir until sugar is dissolved. Blend 3 tablespoons cornstarch with ¼ cup water; add to hot mixture and cook until clear, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add ⅓ cup sugar, dash of salt, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, and ¼ teaspoon grated orange rind; blend. Cool before spreading between layers.

(*All measurements are level.*)



One Permanent Cost $15
...the Toni only $2

leep luxurious waves. So soft, so nat-
oking. You'll say your Toni Home
nent is every bit as lovely as an ex-
e salon wave. But before trying Toni,
want the answers to these questions:

ONI work on my hair?
oni waves any kind of hair that will
permanent, including gray, dyed,
ed or baby-fine hair.

do it myself?
Every day thousands of women give
elves Toni Home Permanents. It's
s rolling your hair up on curlers.

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ely. The actual waving time is only
hours. And during that time you are
do whatever you want.

ong will my TONI wave last?
Toni wave is guaranteed to last just
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r money back.

s TONI a creme?
se Toni Creme Waving Lotion waves
ir gently—leaves it soft as silk with
ziness, no dried-out brittleness even
first day.

How much will I save with TONI?
The Toni Home Permanent Kit with re-usable plastic curlers costs only $2 . . . with handy fiber curlers only $1.25. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is just $1. (All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada).

Which is the TONI Twin?
Lovely Jewel Bubniek of Miami Beach, says, "My sister had an expensive beauty shop wave. I gave myself a Toni permanent—at home. And even our dates couldn't tell our permanents apart." (Jewel, the twin with the Toni, is on the left).

Where can I buy TONI?
At all leading drug, notions or cosmetic counters. Try Toni today.



(Continued from Page 16)

sense of modern democracies. Apparently the Queen has always gone about freely, with no ostentation and practically no protection, even to skating with the crowds on the canals in winter. Now Juliana is sending her children, not to one of the conventional schools for the rich, but to a progressive school run by Kees Bouke, a skilled educator noted for his hatred of war and authoritarianism. The faculty of the school was naturally delighted when it heard of the matriculation, but felt obliged to explain that as the main building of the school was ruined during the war, the only provisions they could offer would be of the most frugal. This Juliana understood perfectly. And when they told her that every child without exception had to do her share of the menial work involved in a co-operative community life, she is reported to have said, "That's exactly what I want for my children."

• • •

Think a minute before you tell anyone you have a cold in your head. It seems there is such a thing as "psychic nose" that the doctors have turned up, and it comes, not from a germ, but from an unhappy marriage, a scrap with the butcher or a scene with the cleaning woman. According to the report from a group of New York physicians and psychiatrists, the "psychic nose" is marked by swelling, redness, obstruction, and excessive secretions, practically indistinguishable from the common cold. And the same goes for certain sinus cases and even asthma. They start when the emotional conflict comes up, and stop when the problem is solved. Apparently there is only one type of stress that brings this condition on: when

Side Glances ***By Galbraith***



"I'll be back on the job tomorrow with the cold licked if I can avoid a nervous breakdown from worrying about what's happening to three families on the radio!"

the patient builds up a defensive attitude, when he is stymied somewhere, comes the swelling and the redness. Other kinds of emotional experience, like fear and sadness, bring about shrinkage of the nose membranes and enlargement of the air passages. These emotions, though equally strong, involve little conflict. One patient reported on, a shop girl, always got a cold after a quarrel with her boy friend.

• • •

Women have three years to hope in;
The fourth, they leap into the open,
And hence, by masculine acclaim,
Leap year gets its name and fame,
Although, with subtle skill in mating,
They pull some fast ones, too, while waiting.

(Continued on Page 21)

Martha Manning Dresses



WHO IS THIS YOUNGER, SLIMMER YOU?

You in Martha Manning's polka dot rayon crepe, simple in line and detail . . . a perfect "first touch of spring" for your wardrobe! Style No. 442 in "Illusion" Half Sizes 16½ to 22½. Under $11.00.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

For the name of the exclusive Martha Manning store in your city, write Martha Manning, 1641 Washington Ave., St. Louis 3, Mo.



FRIENDS WONDERED . . . when John—a confirmed baehelor—first dated Irene. She might have been pretty—except for her dull, stringy, unmanageable hair. But at a theatre party, he asked her easually, "How about dinner tomorrow night?"

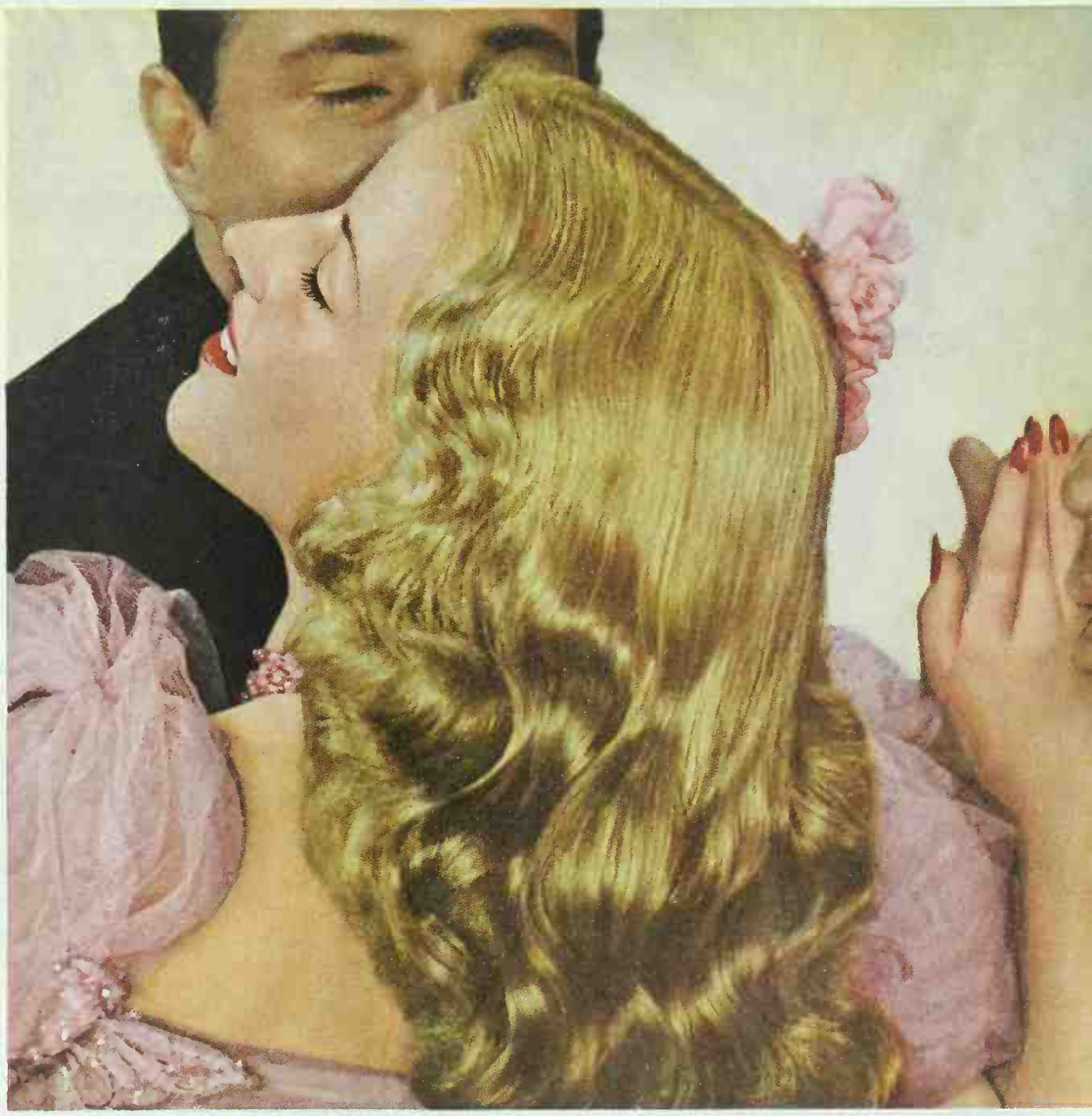


IRENE GETS BUSY . . . Next afternoon she consulted a famous hairdresser. "Let me give you a Lustre-Creme shampoo," he said, "to bring out your long-abused hair-loveliness. Lustre-Creme is *not* a soap . . . *not* a liquid . . . but a dainty new *cream* shampoo that lathers luxuriously. Kay Daumit's way to glamorize dull, unruly hair, give it new *three-way* loveliness."



"USE IT AT HOME" . . . the hairdresser urged. "Lust Creme Shampoo gives hair this three-way loveliness: Makes it fragrantly clean . . . free of all dust and loose da druff; (2) highlights every hair strand with a lovely glisten sheen; (3) leaves your entire head of hair soft, pliable, ea to-manage. Its instant, billowy lather is a rare blend of see ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the natural oils i healthy sealp."

Confirmed Bachelor finds his DREAM GIRL a lovely "LUSTRE-CREME" GIRL



THAT NIGHT . . . John met a new lovelier, dazzling Irene . . . her hair gleaming, *alluring*. His eyes dra in its soft, burnished beauty; he thrilled to its very touch as they danced. The "confirmed bachelor" fina found his "Dream Girl". . . in a "Lustre-Creme" girl! (And he discovered, too . . . through Irene's praises Lustre-Creme Shampoo . . . the way to keep *his own hair* clean, sleek and well groomed.)

WEDDING BELLS . . . at long last rang out for the elusive John! His friends were astonished—but Irene knew the answer! Lustre-Creme Shampoo, with its rare blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin, had changed the dull, drab appearance of her hair to soft, shimmering loveliness. The wise hairdresser got a wedding invitation with a special card from the happy bride, reading, "Thanks to you, Dan Cupid, and Lustre-Creme Shampoo."

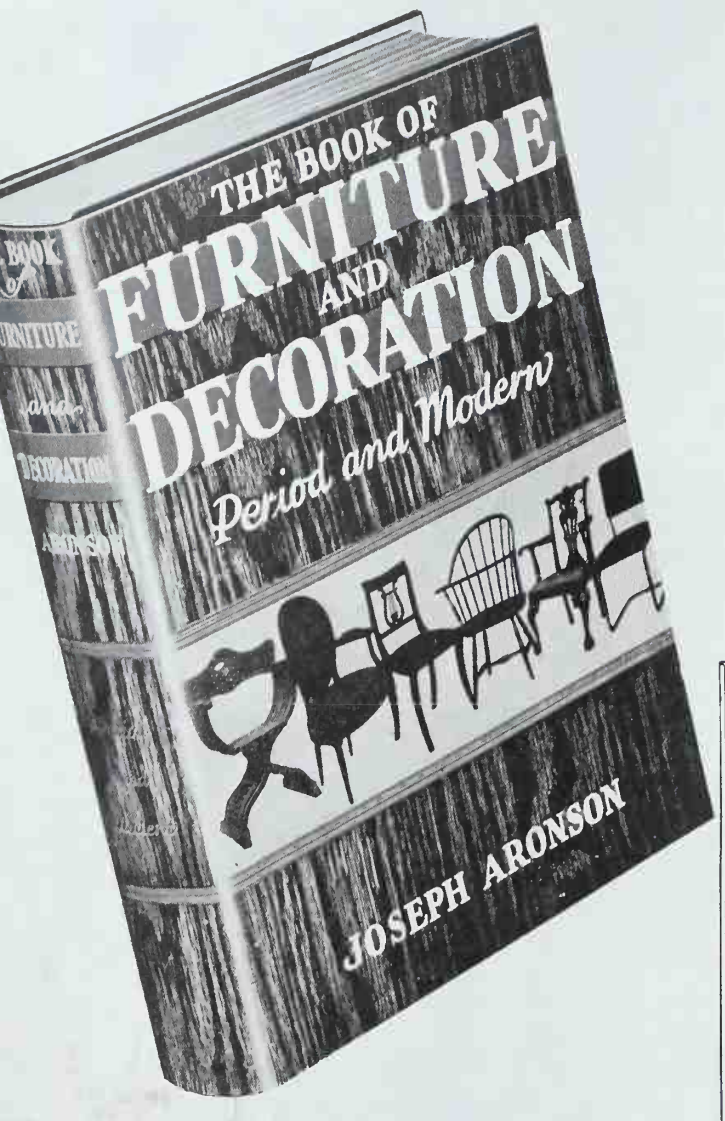


YOU, TOO . . . can have soft, glamorous "Dream Girl" hair with this new, magical Lust Creme Shampoo. So easy to use at home. Lathers lavishly, instantly, in hard or soft wat (*No special rinse needed.*) Just a single Lustre-Creme shampoo will amaze you with its "thr way loveliness" results. Your hair is sweetly clean . . . gorgeous in its sheen . . . so soft, easy to manage and lovely to caress. Try it! 4 ounce jar $1.00. Also 30¢ and 55¢ sizes, at eosmetie counters.

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor), 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago



A book that can bring new loveliness into your home!



BY A MERE LISTING IN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NEWS WE DISCOVERED AN ENORMOUS DEMAND AMONG OUR MEMBERS FOR THIS USEFUL BOOK . . . THAT IS THE REASON FOR THIS OFFER

A *Free* COPY . . . TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

The Book of

FURNITURE & DECORATION

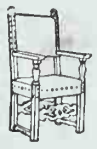
Period and Modern

PREPARED BY JOSEPH ARONSON, WITH MORE THAN 200 MAGNIFICENT FULL-PAGE PHOTOGRAPHS AND NUMEROUS DRAWINGS

ONE of America's leading decorators tells you, in this large and useful book, the things you wish to know in order to enhance the loveliness of your home. Since our first listing of this book among the "recommended books" in the Book-of-the-Month Club *News*, many thousands of members have asked us to obtain copies for them. Among the scores of books listed over the past year none has been in more persistent demand. That is why it is now being offered—to new members—who may also want to beautify and add to the attractiveness of their homes.

This book mentions literally hundreds of useful, practical and economical hints and suggestions. Period and modern furniture are expertly described, and you are shown how to *identify* and *use* all of them. Dozens of clear sketches and full-page photographs also illustrate the latest ideas on furniture and decoration of the great experts of today. There is basic information, too, about mixing paints, matching colors, selecting fabrics, wall and floor coverings, and many other subjects.

A Partial List of Subjects Covered



The source of each classic and contemporary furniture design, from early Renaissance to the Modern schools.

How to *identify* and use the furniture of each Period.

The factors to consider in deciding upon a decorating treatment for your home.

The *materials* used in decoration, and how to choose them. Furniture woods and wood finishes. The use of *other* furniture materials, including wicker, fibre, plastic, glass, metal, etc.



The selection of plain and figured fabrics, leathers, etc.

How to choose and display decorative objects, pictures, sculpture, screens, musical instruments, living plants, etc.

How to plan your color schemes room by room; how to combine colors properly.



How to handle the lighting problem, from practical and artistic standpoints.

How to decorate windows; arrangement of draperies, window boxes, etc.

The function of every room in your house, and how to fit your decorative pattern to an over-all plan.

How to plan in advance for changes in decor.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc., A161
385 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive, free, THE BOOK OF FURNITURE AND DECORATION with the purchase of my first book indicated below, and thereafter for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month—or special members' editions—from the Club each full year I am a member, and I may cancel my subscription any time after purchasing four such books from the Club.

AS MY FIRST SELECTION PLEASE SEND ME:

- ☐ INSIDE U. S. A. by John Gunther *($3.50)*
- ☐ GUS THE GREAT by Thomas W. Duncan *($3.25)*
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Book prices are slightly higher in Canada but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

You buy many books-of-the-month ANYWAY—why not get those you want from the Club, often PAY LESS, and share in the Club's book-dividends

YOU do not pay any fixed yearly sum as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club. *You simply pay for the particular books you decide to take,* and you have a very wide choice among the important books published each year.

Not only do the Club's five judges, every month, choose an outstanding book (sometimes a double selection) as the book-of-the-month; in addition, the Club makes available "special members' editions" of many widely-discussed books—*making a total of fifty to sixty books* each year from which you may choose.

If you buy as few as *four of these books in any twelve-month period,* you get the full privileges of Club membership, and since there are sure to be, among so many good books, *at least four that you would buy anyway,* the saving to you is extraordinary.

You pay the regular retail price—frequently less—for the book-of-the-month, whenever you decide to take it. (A small charge is added to cover postage and other mailing expenses.) Then, with every two books you buy (from among the books-of-the-month and "special members' editions" made available) you receive—*free*—one of the Club's valuable book-dividends.

These are beautiful library volumes, sometimes highly popular best-sellers. Last year the retail value of the free books Club members received was in excess of $16,000,000—books given to members, not sold! This year it will be more. Why not share in this distribution, *particularly since you need never take any book you do not want,* and actually pay less for many books.

Also, as a member, you are kept thoroughly informed about all the important new books, and insure yourself against missing the ones you are particularly anxious to read. These, briefly, are the sensible reasons why hundreds of thousands of book-reading families now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club.

"You can't get laughs when you've got ACID INDIGESTION so Tums for me!"

Says WILLIAM BENDIX
Famous Screen and Radio Star



"On the air or before the camera," says Bill, "I always have a roll of Tums handy in my pocket—ready to relieve acid indigestion fast. Believe me, you can't get laughs if you've got acid upset!"

When *you* want relief from acid indigestion, there's nothing *faster*—nothing *surer*—nothing *handier* than Tums. Just slip one or two Tums in your mouth, as you would candy mints. Tums not only neutralize excess acid almost instantly—Tums also coat the stomach with protective medication, so relief is more prolonged. Tums sweeten sour stomach, relieve gas, heartburn and that bloated feeling. No soda in Tums. No raw, harsh alkali to irritate your delicate stomach. And when acid upset comes at bedtime, don't count sheep—count on Tums for a refreshing night's rest. Get Tums today—then, *never* overalkalize, always *neutralize* excess acidity with Tums for the tummy!

Night and day, at home or away, always carry Tums!

10¢
Handy Roll



3-roll package, a quarter—everywhere

FAMOUS QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION

● Listen to Tums' "DATE WITH JUDY" NBC Network every Tuesday night

(Continued from Page 18)

This is one of the scribblings in ***Samuel Hoffenstein's*** latest book of verse, PENCIL IN THE AIR, his first book in seventeen years. Twenty years ago his POEMS IN PRAISE OF PRACTICALLY NOTHING was quoted here, there and everywhere. It was followed by YEAR IN, YOU'RE OUT. Sad to relate, this merry rhymester died suddenly just two days before the publication of Pencil in the Air. He was a perfectionist, and—like so many funny men—worked long and hard at the little poems that came out so deliciously light and frothy.

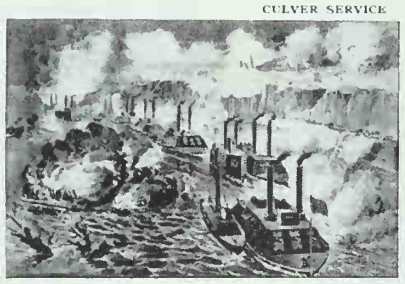
• • •

Uncle Sam, we hear, is going to take a wife. The International Institute of Artists and Photographers has decided that from now on Aunt Martha will appear in all cartoons with tall, thin, white-bearded Uncle Sam—who obviously married late in life. She is to be a composite of ***Loretta Young, Jane Greer*** *and* ***Linda Darnell,*** *combining the best features of each.*

• • •

THE AMERICAN ILIAD, by ***Otto Eisenschiml*** and ***Ralph Newman,*** is the story of the War Between the States told by persons alive during those terrible years, a great many of them being eyewitnesses. It is history in the terms of human reactions—letters from the front to people back home, rationalizing reports of generals who made mistakes and the angry criticism of those who saw the mistakes, newspaper accounts as battles raged, and proclamations and posters stirring the people to arms. Events are taken up chronologically from President Buchanan's dilemma in 1860 to Lee's touching letter to his army after the final surrender. The authors have supplied a running explanation, and there are maps and diagrams and pictures of the men who fought. We wind up with a full history of the war, and what a way it is to study history! How much more

CULVER SERVICE



Admiral Porter's fleet running the rebel blockade of the Mississippi at Vicksburg, April 16th, 1863

understanding we'd all be, not only of what that war meant to the country, but of what war is in terms of people, if we'd had textbooks like this!

Mr. Eisenschiml is a thoroughgoing researcher. He tramped the battlefields of the war from state to state, talked with old-timers, and tried to identify old landmarks. Starting off from Chattanooga on foot in search of Brown's Ferry, he once asked the way of three tall, lank Tennesseans whom he found sitting on a church step. The three stared at him, then shrugged their shoulders and allowed they didn't know about Brown's Ferry. As he walked away one said, "If it's hooch you're lookin' fer, I c'n tell you a better place than Brown's Ferry." Sure enough, when he did reach Brown's Ferry, there was a still.

He found Grant's headquarters by talking to an old man who had sat on it by mistake. The old man's daughter, it seems, had made her father walk around the square three times every morning before breakfast to aid his digestive processes. Once he was too tired to make it, flopped down on the grass, and got stuck on two spikes. These proved to be markers of Grant's headquarters, the plaque being well buried in the earth.

what an idea for a picture!



it's about an out-of-this-world guy with a worldly touch



THE pictures you really cherish in your memory have wonderful ideas behind them. Just such a picture was Samuel Goldwyn's "The Best Years of Our Lives." And just such a picture is his latest—"The Bishop's Wife."

Your heart will warm to the way Cary Grant plays an out-of-this-world guy with a worldly touch—that does wonderful things for some wonderful people (including Loretta Young, David Niven and Monty Woolley).

Look for "The Bishop's Wife" . . . it will touch you, too!

THE BISHOP'S WIFE

How 19 Million Mothers Now Relieve Distress of Children's Colds!



Even while your little one sleeps, VapoRub keeps working to bring relief.



Do This At Bedtime—It Works To Bring Relief While Child Sleeps

Yes, Mother . . . let the happy experience of more than 19 million modern mothers be your home-proved guide when anyone in your family catches cold.

At bedtime rub throat, chest and back with warming, comforting Vicks VapoRub.

Even while you rub it on, VapoRub's wonderfully soothing action starts to work to relieve distress . . . *2 ways at once!*



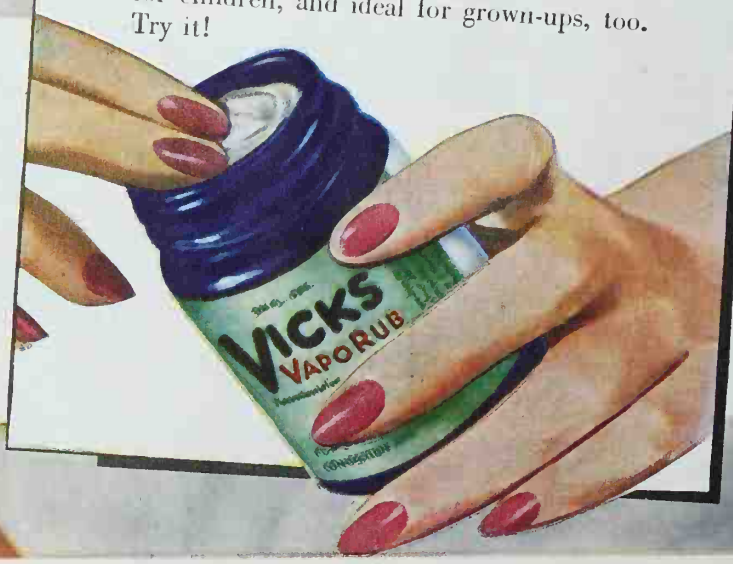
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to upper bronchial tubes with its special medicinal vapors.



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chest and back surfaces like a nice comforting poultice.

This combined Penetrating-Stimulating action of VapoRub keeps working for hours to bring relief in the night . . . even while you sleep. Often by morning the worst miseries of the cold are gone!

Remember . . . only VapoRub gives you this special Penetrating-Stimulating action. So be sure you get the one and only home-proved, time-tested Vicks VapoRub. It's fine for children, and ideal for grown-ups, too. Try it!



• Today, for millions of mothers, the common cold is no longer such a worrisome problem. They know that one dependable medication you can always use to relieve distress is Vicks VapoRub. Time after time they've seen how effectively VapoRub soothes discomfort . . . relieves miseries of colds during the night. Yes . . . most mothers today *know* — from their own experience — that *the best-known home remedy you can use to relieve distress of colds is warming, comforting, dependable . . .*

VICKS VAPORUB

FORGOTTEN CHILDREN . . . The Miracle of Pilot Knob

TO RESCUE THEM FROM NEGLECT

by MARGARET HICKEY

AMERICA still has many forgotten children. You'll find them huddled together in classrooms where sometimes one teacher must handle as many as 60 children in one room. In some mountain areas these schools have no toilets and no chemically tested wells. The classroom may be dark because the nearest electric power is miles away. Sometimes a roof leaks and a floor is full of cracks. Often there are only homemade desks, benches for seats. Children lack the advantages of dental service, eye examination and immunization against contagious diseases. With no means of transportation over the rugged mountain roads and paths, they must walk miles from home to school and back again.

In one Southern state, the Department of Public Welfare in October, 1946, reported that at least $67 per month was required to meet the minimum health and decency level of living for families receiving Aid to Dependent Children benefits. Yet in June, 1947, when living costs were much higher, the average monthly grant to families receiving this aid was only $35.44. A study of six of the poorer counties in this state indicated the average grant per child per month to be $9.82. Since no allowance is made for the mother or foster parent, the average grant per person in the family was less than 25 cents a day. Some states provide even lower grants per family, and in many families there are five, six or more children.

To help needy youngsters in remote rural areas, a unique organization, Save the Children Federation, was founded in 1932. Today it helps 50,000 children and their parents in hundreds of disadvantaged American communities in Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, West Virginia, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas and Arizona. As the United States member of Save the Children International Union, the Federation also reaches with food, clothing and other necessities, millions of child war sufferers abroad.

In the United States the Federation serves principally in areas where tax funds are inadequate for basic education, nutrition and health programs. Its object is always to *help communities to do something for themselves.* It seeks out the needs, then introduces ways and means for the people themselves to improve local conditions by their own efforts. In other words, it helps communities over the most difficult hurdle—getting started.

The schools furnish a logical starting point. The Save the Children Federation helps isolated communities repair or rebuild neglected schools. Desks are installed; books, blackboards, maps and other study and teaching aids added. American flags have been supplied. School grounds have been leveled and landscaped. Wells have been dug. Kitchens have been constructed, school gardens planted, hot lunches served. Because of the clothing program, more parents have been able to stretch their limited clothing dollars so that children are warmly clad and presentable at school. These may seem like little things to children who take so much for granted. But they are important where necessities are rarities and luxuries absolutely unknown.

During the past year thousands of teachers and their pupils in the more privileged public schools of the nation participated in "bundle days" that yielded well over a million pounds of clothing. Nurseries and seed companies furnished thousands of pounds of vegetable seeds; the food produced in school gardens up to last July had an estimated value in excess of $123,000.

Co-operating with Save the Children Federation are many organizations that find through it an opportunity for service. They include Parent-Teacher Associations, the American Legion and American Legion Auxiliary, Y.W.C.A., Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, the Salvation Army, W.C.T.U., Garden Clubs, Kings' Daughters, Junior Music Clubs, Future Homemakers of America, the Eastern Star, Rotary and other service groups. Working with these organizations are over 1000 volunteers who give regularly and generously of their time to save America's forgotten children. THE END

THE fading light of the stars still shines on the snow these winter mornings when Bernice and her sister Beulah May leave home at six-thirty to walk to school. No road leads to their parents' remote farm in Tennessee's Cumberland Plateau, where they have no telephone or electricity or plumbing, no car and no horse. To get to school, they walk three miles over a steep mountain trail. Sometimes, when they sink to their knees in snow or the mountainside is slippery with ice, it takes as long as two hours to make the trip. At four o'clock they start homeward, making it just by dark.

"Sometimes they jest about give out," says their mother, a sturdy bright-faced woman who walks a round trip of seven miles to the store whenever she needs anything she can't make or grow. "But you cain't keep 'em from school."

Bernice, a thin, wiry girl of twelve, walks the three miles to school in a pair of open-toed high heels which belonged to her aunt. She is very proud of these shoes—the only pair she owns. Like most of their mountaineer neighbors,

PHOTOS BY DON CRAVENS



At weekly sewing-class meetings mothers transform tobacco sacks into warm quilts, and corn shucks into door mats. Sales of articles supplement school income, help buy needed supplies.



With clothes to wear, books, materials and supplies to work with, Pilot Knob children have returned to once-locked single-room schoolhouse, now bright with curtains of yellow-dyed feed sacks.

Only Morgan-Jones makes the cherished "Imperial Hobnail"



On fine bedspreads like the "Imperial Hobnail" and charming "Tuftwick" (below) ... on drapes, colorful scatter rugs, bath sets, dish cloths and kitchen towels ... the Morgan-Jones label says, "Yours for a lovely home." In stores coast-to-coast.

MORGAN-JONES, INC
58 WORTH ST., NEW YORK 13

the Lewises can afford about $10 a year for clothes. How many winter coats, mittens, shoes and underwear could you buy a family of five on $10?

With more children receiving public aid in Tennessee than in any other state, it is not surprising that about half of all rural children there quit school after the fourth grade, many of them because they have no clothes in which to venture out in bitter weather. Of the children enrolled in Tennessee's rural primary schools, one in five is absent every day of the year.

Bernice, who is twelve, is ashamed to admit that she is only in the third grade—"through no fault of her own," says her mother. School lies across the Caney Fork River, and for several years the Lewises had no way of crossing over after a high wind blew down the 160-foot-long swinging bridge, hung together with a couple of cables and old planks. Then for a whole year the schoolhouse closed down at Pilot Knob, when attendance fell below fifteen pupils. How this school was reopened to America's forgotten children like Bernice and Beulah May is the story we want to tell here.

Pilot Knob is a community of about sixteen families living along a narrow, rutty road in the wild and beautiful Cumberlands, about a hundred miles each way from Knoxville and Nashville. The mountaineers who live here are direct descendants of men who won land grants for their services in the Revolutionary War. Names like Lewis, Dodson, Underwood, Crawford testify to their pure Anglo-Saxon heritage. Once these people were lumbermen and coal miners; now the timber is stripped, the mines deserted; families of eight and ten till the impoverished mountain soil in the same manner as their great-grandfathers. They seldom see more than $200 cash a year, largely made from livestock which they sell rather than eat.

> **I don't know who my grandfather was; I am much more concerned to know what his grandson will be.**
> —ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Four fatherless families get dependent-children's aid which amounts to about $17 a month per child. Three elderly couples and one old man receive old-age benefits of about $23 a month a person. This means that half of the families at Pilot Knob get some sort of public relief.

It wrings your heart to see children three years old the size of a normal year-old infant; girls of eight weighing about forty pounds; teen-agers who have already lost their front teeth from decay. A group of about fifteen Pilot Knob school children were asked how many had been to a dentist. Three hands went up.

DR. ROBERT METCALFE—formerly of Mayo Clinic, now practicing among these mountaineers—believes that the so-called "mountaineer type"—long, skinny and tall like the Esquire cartoons—is not a type at all but a dietary problem. Although these people have surprisingly little TB, practically no venereal disease, dietary disorders are widespread. Little Lonnie May, with the bright red pigtails, rubs her eyes and squints painfully into the sun. "The doctor says 't warn't nuthin' wrong with my eyes. He says fer me to eat more carrots."

There are no telephones at Pilot Knob. When the rains come the roads become a sea of red mud, cutting the residents off from the outside world for weeks at a time. Mail is delivered on horseback. There is one general store at Pilot Knob which sells patent medicines, feed, groceries and notions.

A wisp of a young woman weighing about ninety pounds comes trudging across the fields to the store with a twenty-five-pound toddler in her arms. She has carried the child for three miles across the mountain and will carry him home again, along with the big sack of supplies she buys. This young mother has not been to a town which has a movie or railroad or row of shops for three years.

Last summer a Congregational missionary came to teach the children Bible school. "Jesus and His disciples left Galilee," he told them, "and where do you suppose they were going?" There was a thoughtful silence, and then one little boy piped up with the most foreign place he knew. "Arkansas?"

There is no visiting nurse at Pilot Knob, but there is a little two-room clinic, built by the men of the community in the early thirties. A doctor from Uplands Sanatorium—seven miles away—comes there twice a month, charging "from nothing to a dollar" for treatments. This clinic is right next to the schoolhouse—when the school closed for lack of pupils in 1944, the doctor found he had lost most of his patients, since no one came near there any more. In fact, all community life died when the doors of the school closed—there was no place left for church, Sunday-school meetings, 4-H clubs, or "sings."

THE one-room schoolhouse, with a small kitchen attached, had been built in 1934, "on a quilt and a prayer," according to school-ma'am Mrs. John Tucker, for forty years a teacher in Cumberland rural schools. By selling chances on a quilt, the community raised $24, and with some county aid, but mostly the sweat of Pilot Knob fathers, the school was put up in a couple of months.

Ten years later, when it closed, it was in shocking shape. The schoolyard, which had been part of a woods, was partly cleared, but jagged stumps remained, together with brush and briers and manure from the ever-present pigs, sheep and cows. The girls' outdoor privy had been turned over; the boys' seats torn out. The well was unusable, so that water had to be hauled in buckets from a house down the road. Windows were knocked out, letting in hundreds of flies; in winter, the fat black stove leaked smoke and gas. There were no lamps for dark days. Nine of the school desks were forty years old, and so carved up with knives it was impossible to write on them. The teacher, "Ma" Tucker, lacked even the simplest of teaching supplies: books and bookcases, maps, charts, paper, pencils and crayons.

When their school closed, the people of Pilot Knob didn't have the money to put into repairs themselves to reopen it; nor could they get funds from the county. So, as in the case of almost a thousand other rural schools in this country, they turned to a unique organization for help—the Save the Children Federation.

It was "Ma" Tucker, sixty-five-year-old soft-spoken schoolma'am of Pilot Knob, who brought the Save the Children Federation to the rescue of her school. It was she who filled out an application and rustled up a list of parents who promised to make the repairs if the material were available. A few weeks later, when she heard that Pilot Knob would become a sponsored school, she called a town meeting in the dilapidated schoolhouse to see what should be done first.

Lon Watley stood up, a sunburned hulk of a man who went into the coal mines at the age of ten, earning 40 cents a day. For twenty-four years he never saw the light of day except on Sundays. Lon's a farmer now; the soil so poor on his place he doesn't dare plow more than two rows of corn lest the topsoil vanish completely.

"First we need a fence around the school," Lon suggested. "It's high time we was fencin' in our kids from the hogs." He was remembering the time when a sow grabbed a sandwich a little girl was holding and badly mangled her arm.

"We need a hot lunch at school," said Ma Tucker. "We can do it if we grow a garden and the women put up the vegetables."

"Mebbe if the men would clear off the yard," began a *(Continued on Page 110)*



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MAKING *Marriage* WORK

Is it you or your marriage that gets out of hand? Check here and you'll soon find out. ★ ***By Clifford R. Adams,***
Ph.D., The Pennsylvania State College
Department of Psychology

FACING YOUR NEEDS

Success in making friends or holding a job largely depends on a well-adjusted personality. So does happiness in marriage. And the first step toward a well-adjusted personality is to face your needs, then make an honest effort to satisfy them.

Our physical needs are obvious; if we lack air, water, food or shelter, we perish. Our psychological needs are just as vital. When they are not satisfied, emotional suffering follows—even suicide.

Alice Rand is an unhappy woman, and she and her husband Bill have a thoroughly unhappy marriage. He compensates for unsatisfactory home life by putting all his energies into his job and getting ahead. Alice just stays at home, complaining that her two children keep her tied down.

Alice is not facing her needs; instead, at 31, she is filled with self-pity. Though she tells everybody she never has a spare minute, she finds plenty of time for soap operas, confession magazines and games of solitaire. And her widowed mother would gladly stay with the children so she could get out more.

She tells her husband that nobody is friendly, and that she is miserable. But has she returned calls that were made when they moved into the neighborhood? Does she go to church, or to club meetings? Has she learned to play bridge, a game Bill enjoys? She's done none of these things.

Perhaps Alice can be shown what is wrong. To attain the happiness she longs for, she must face her needs and try to satisfy them. If she can accept this idea, she will begin to enjoy life—and so will her husband.

Alice is not unique. A wife who mopes, cries or has temper tantrums has not adjusted to her environment. In order to become adjusted, she must recognize and meet her needs.

What are these major motives or needs? Here are five essentials to mental fitness:

Social approval. Every human being needs the feeling of being accepted, welcomed and respected. Without the appreciation and praise of friends, your achievements seem empty, your life is lonely. But to win the approval of others, you must reward them in kind. Unless you are friendly and appreciative yourself, your friends will be few.

Belongingness. You feel secure only when you know that you *belong* to some group, that you are an integral part of your community. To be part of your community, you must take part in its affairs. Church membership, community activities, simple neighborliness, all are ways of belonging.

Mastery is an important motive because it brings a sense of fulfillment. If this need be thwarted, the individual feels that he is falling short, and becomes surly, resentful and quarrelsome. Everyone has opportunities to satisfy this motive. Managing a home, heading a committee, directing helpers, all are acceptable ways of satisfying the need for mastery, for all are means of expressing your own will, of accepting and discharging adult responsibilities.

The need for love and affection begins, but does not end, in infancy; throughout life the adult nature continues to need the assurance of love. But love is an obligation as well as a reward. To receive love and affection, you must give them without stint.

Sexual satisfaction. Although this complex need has a physiological basis, its development is psychological. Playing with other children, dating, youthful flirtations, all are natural steps toward satisfying this need. Marriage, the ideal basis of the sex relationship, is also the avenue to a full and well-balanced life. For marriage offers the one best way of meeting most of our needs.

You are starting a new year. List these five needs, and any others of importance to you. Then list the ways you are satisfying them. If something is lacking, see what you can do to correct the situation. These hints may help you:

- Plan your life. Budget your time and make provision for ample social activities.
- When a problem arises, get the facts. See what can be done—and *do* it.
- Learn to laugh at yourself; encourage a sense of humor.
- Talk over your problems with a close friend, preferably your husband if you are married.
- If you're dissatisfied, restless, bored, don't waste time feeling sorry for yourself. Join a club, cultivate new acquaintances, develop a hobby. It's up to you to do something to change your routine.
- Mental and physical health go hand in hand, and both are priceless. Guard them closely!

MAKING MARRIAGE SECURE

Women, single or married, are less secure than men. Women have led more sheltered lives, have had fewer opportunities to acquire independence. Consciously or not, women seek security in marriage. A man thinks of marriage first as a partnership, and of his wife as a companion. But to a woman, a husband means a home and children and the inner security she craves.

There can be little happiness in a marriage without emotional security; it is a factor in at least four out of five unhappy marriages discussed with me. And in two thirds of these, the problem is directly related to financial difficulties.

That is why the wise married couple, seeking happiness in marriage, consider money management not merely as an end in itself, but as a step toward the satisfying relationship they desire.

It is the *management* of money, not the amount, that causes trouble or prevents it. How the money is spent, and for what, is far more important than how much there is, although either too much or too little can cause trouble.

Once actual living expenses are assured, how can your family's income be managed to provide maximum security?

- First on the list is health insurance. Too often families make no provision for the expense of illness, and are crippled when it strikes.
- Next comes life insurance. A husband's insurance should not be less than the total required to support the family for a year. In addition, enough should be provided to cover funeral expenses for each member of the family.
- A savings account of $500 should be built up for emergency situations. Double that amount is better, with some of it in Government bonds.
- Then might follow additional home furnishings, conveniences and comforts. Before buying a car, remember that the minimum cost of depreciation, running expenses and repairs is a dollar a day—more than 10 per cent of the average family's income. Unless your income is greater than average, you cannot afford a car without sacrificing many other comforts or even eliminating savings. Better postpone it, unless a car is essential and will partly or wholly earn its own way.
- Home ownership is a common goal. Though it probably costs a little more to own than to rent, it is worth it to most families for the sense of belongingness and security that a home of your own brings. How much should be spent for a home? Never more than three times, better still only twice the average annual income. Rent (or mortgage payments) per month should not exceed a week's salary.
- Whatever plan you adopt, you and your husband should agree on it jointly. The management of money, like any other family problem, is a responsibility for husband and wife to share.

DO YOU AGREE?

My fiancé is rapidly becoming an alcoholic. We have postponed our marriage because of his drinking. Is there any way he can be helped?

Not until he wants to be. Does he honestly want to *stop* drinking? Can he be persuaded to join Alcoholics Anonymous? Will he consult a psychiatrist? If so, there is hope. Psychotherapy and some of the recent medical approaches (insulin, for one) may help. Don't marry until a year has passed since his last drink. Marriage never reformed an alcoholic—or any other escapist.

ASK YOURSELF: *"Is My Marriage Happy?"*

Perhaps your marriage is happier than you think. Study each question before answering *Yes* or *No*.

1. Does either have habits to which the other objects?
2. Is anything in your marriage especially unsatisfactory to you?
3. Do you ever wish you had never married?
4. Would you change your mate's disposition if you could?
5. Has your husband ever talked of separation (or divorce)?
6. Is your present housing reasonably satisfactory?
7. Do you *rarely* have misunderstandings about money matters?
8. Are you two about equally loving and affectionate?
9. Is your love deeper now than when first married?
10. Are both of you free from jealousy or distrust?
11. Do you live without interference from in-laws?
12. Are you two well-adjusted sexually?
13. Do you have much the same ideas about children?
14. Are occasional quarrels made up the same day?
15. Do both enjoy much the same social activities?
16. Can you freely talk things over without reservations?
17. Do you two have many mutual friends?
18. Are you free from debt and financial stress?
19. Is love *mainly* why you live with your mate?
20. Do you believe your marriage to be successful?

The first 5 questions should be answered *no*, and the last 15, *yes*. Fifteen or more correct answers almost prove your marriage is happy. A score of 11 to 13 is average. If you scored less than 10, analyze your answers with your husband to see how conditions can be improved.



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Just reach for Del Monte Fruit Cocktail. Whisk it open and there you are!

Glowing summer color—enough to take anybody's mind off winter for awhile.

Rich, sunny flavor—and plenty of it. Five fruits, the very kind of ripe, juicy ones *you'd* pick out if you could raid our sun-drenched orchards, vineyards and plantations yourself!

And women tell us we've hit on a flavor balance that goes over just as big in salads and desserts as it does in a first course.

All of which explains why so many of you keep Del Monte Brand Fruit Cocktail handy all the time. And why it pays to look for Del Monte first, when you buy.

GARLAND SALAD, SNOWFLAKE DRESSING

Drain a **No. 2½ can of Del Monte Fruit Cocktail**, reserving syrup. In saucepan, blend **4 tsps. sugar, ¾ tsp. salt** and **2 tsps. cornstarch.** Add **⅔ cup of the fruit cocktail syrup** and cook till thick and clear, about 5 minutes. Remove from heat; stir in **3 to 4 tbsps. vinegar.** Whip **⅔ cup thick sour cream (or ⅔ cup whipping cream)** till smooth but not grainy. Fold into cooked mixture. Arrange **salad greens** on fruit. Toss with dressing just before serving. Serves 6.

Del Monte FRUIT COCKTAIL

the brand that always puts flavor first



So You Won't Talk!

IT'S an old story, but a sad one. A few months ago, just after school got under way, a romantic boy-meets-girl drama began to unfold. Miss G., the heroine of our piece, happened to be looking exceptionally radiant one day in a gray wool dress with a wide belt, white rabbit's-wool socks and brown moccasins. Mr. B. (short for "boy"—just anyone who looks tall, dark and handy can play the part) was sauntering past the drugstore on his way home from football practice when he decided to stop in for a quick fizz-water pickup. Through a mutual friend, a character who was busy mixing malteds behind the soda fountain, he was introduced to Miss G., made a quick reverse play and walked *her* home instead. They found out then that they had much in common, such as a third-period English class, a pair of fourth cousins who had gone to college together, and a penchant for collecting dreamy Vic Damone recordings. It was fate.

Just three weeks later, they had begun to average two dates a week, one after-school stop-off for a chocolate soda, two notes passed back and forth during English class and nine solid hours of dreaming time per night. Mr. B. even made a gallant offer of his class ring, but Miss G. demurely turned it down, murmuring, "We're too young to get serious."

Everything went as smoothly as a Guy Madison movie until "that" happened. "That" was the first misunderstanding. It seems that one Friday night Miss G. and Mr. B. had mutually decided to stay home to study for a history exam, but at the last minute his cousin had asked him to go to a movie and his father said, "Go ahead—you've got the whole week end to study," and he went, and one of her girl friends saw him in the lower balcony and called her at quarter past ten at night to spill the news. And the next night, which was Saturday and date night, Miss G. wouldn't talk to him at all and wouldn't tell him what was the matter till he begged and begged; then she told him about the girl friend's seeing him at the movie, and he explained and apologized, and she still wouldn't talk for another fourteen and a half minutes, and then he said he was sorry four times in a row and it would never happen again, and she answered generously, "All right." And that was the first misunderstanding.

And there was the next time, when he smiled at an old girl friend who happened to dance by. And the time he promised to call at seven o'clock and didn't call till seven-fifteen. And the time he went bowling with the boys when she wanted to go to a movie. And the time he wore that bright-red bow tie after she had told him expressly she didn't like it. And the time he forgot it was her birthday and remembered just in time to buy her a small gardenia after a two-hour sulk. And then there was the *big* time (and the last time) when he had a date with someone else and Miss G. sat home all alone on a Friday night, and on Saturday night, and the next night too. Why? Because the boy-girl drama was all over. Mr. B. had a new girl, one with a pleasant expression on her face—love isn't *that* blind!

CRY, BABY, CRY What is it that makes you go into these long, silent sulks when something goes wrong between you and your boy friend? (And why do so many things seem to go wrong?) It could be his fault and, if you have the same emotional ups and downs that most teen-aged girls go through, it could be yours. Presumably this friendship is a big thing in your life, a strange new experience of liking someone so well that you want four fifths of his attention and all his affection. You aren't quite sure of him, so you turn envious if he seems too interested in another girl. You like him so much yourself that you are selfish enough to want him to spend all his time with you. Or maybe you've discovered that it makes you happy, in an upside-down kind of way, when you can "pretend to be mad" and have him on the phone six times a night trying to apologize for nothing. You still want him for your boy friend, but you know that little arguments (the "you wouldn't say that if you *really* liked me" kind) get you more attention, more affection and a feeling of having this Peter Lawford, j.g., right under your thumb.

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS And what about the ever-lovin' joe involved? Do you ever wonder what he feels—and thinks—when you go into a king-sized fit of temperament, refuse to talk, refuse to listen to explanations and refuse to accept apologies, if they're due? The first time a girl friend "gets mad," a fellow is usually sorry, hurt and eager to make amends. The second time, it's not so easy, because you're not real friends any more. You don't get along well; you don't understand each other. Maybe you'll make up, but it's only "until the next time." And if there is a next time, it may be the last time—because your boy friend will suddenly see his dream girl as she is, without pink wings and halo, but just a touchy, hard-to-get-along-with girl who wants her own way. And then—you've lost him! You can weep and wait or tell your diary, best girl friend or the moon and the stars plaintively that it was all a misunderstanding, but if you're honest, you'll realize that you've lost him because you liked to quarrel. And if you're smart, you won't let it happen with the next man in your life!

HERE'S HOW Everyone gets blue days or glum days once in a while. Every date you have with a boy won't be perfect—so make allowances if a fellow is worried about exams, excited about a football game or puzzling over how he can earn enough money for a new suit or a school dance, and don't nag for attention.

If your current dating favorite does something that hurts your feelings, try to understand the chances are ten to one that the mistake was unintentional, thoughtless—and maybe your pride is hurt more than your feelings.

If you feel an argument coming on, stop quickly to think it over before making with the sulks and the harsh words. *Why* are you angry? Because of the issue at hand, because you want more attention, or because you're just bored with the boy and should call the whole thing off anyway?

If disagreements do come up, *talk them out.* Don't sit in silence until the barrier is so high between you that things will never be the same again, no matter how many apologies are made. Don't demand that he always make the first move toward friendship.

If you and your joe spend most of your time arguing, then you can decide right now that you just don't go together "like milk 'n' honey, like ham 'n' eggs," and now's the time to call things off. Even the most casual steady dating is fundamental preparation for a more permanent home-and-hearthside relationship later on. And it is so important that you and the man in your life get along well together. After all, just what will your future home life be like if mommy keeps daddy locked up in the mop closet all the time?

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Smooths on with a PUFF. *No watery sponge! No greasy fingertips!*

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Luscious as VELVET on your skin! *Softer, more natural than cake make-up. And* NOT DRYING!

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Booklet Review

JANUARY is the time of the year when good intentions are at their best . . . when you look ahead and see all the things you would like to do during the coming year. Maybe you have plans for new slip covers or your own flower garden. Perhaps a sagging chin or an uninteresting hair style is at the top of your "needed-improvements" list. Whatever it is, why not resolve to do something about it? Let the JOURNAL booklets listed below help you solve your problems. Make 1948 a year of results!

GARDENING

1605. BULBS BEFORE TULIPS. Specific information on preparing the beds and planting the bulbs. 5c.

1662. YOUR GARDEN OF ANNUAL FLOWERS. The secret of growing annual flowers successfully can also be yours. A list of popular varieties is included. 5c.

1663. HOW TO PREPARE YOUR GARDEN SOIL. Analyze your soil. Learn how to improve it to insure best gardening results. 5c.

1664. YOUR GARDEN OF PERENNIALS. Directions for preparing the beds, planting the seeds and caring for the growing plants. Also a list of favorite varieties. 5c.

1665. YOUR INDOOR GARDEN. Pointers on growing and caring for house plants. Make your selection from the list included. 5c.

1666. SHRUBS AND TREES FOR THE GARDEN. Directions on proper methods of planting; information on where and when to plant as well as a list of better-known varieties. 5c.

1667. PLANNING AND BUILDING THE GARDEN. How to lay paths; build steps, a wall or lily pond. Hints on building fences, planting hedges and selecting the correct garden furniture for your particular garden. 10c.

2099. GERANIUMS AS A HOBBY. History and description of popular varieties included as well as information on soil, watering, fertilizing, summer salvage and pests. 10c.

2209. AFRICAN VIOLETS AS A HOBBY. An expert gives you hints on temperature, watering, humidity, potting, feeding, pests and diseases, propagation and flowering. 10c.

HOMEMAKING

139. THE BRIDE EQUIPS HER KITCHEN. What every bride needs to know about equipping her kitchen. Pointers on how and what to choose. 5c.

1347. MOUNT VERNON ROOMS. If you plan to redecorate in the Colonial manner, make sure your selections are authentic. Sketches and descriptions of Mount Vernon rooms included. 25c.

1348. SPOTS AND STAINS. Booklet includes instructions for removing over fifty different types of stains. 5c.

1502. HANDBOOK OF SLIP COVERS. Make your own slip covers. Diagrams for cutting and fitting the material are included, as well as different trimming ideas. 10c.

1753. A PLAN FOR HOUSEWORK. Work according to schedule and have leisure time for yourself. Instructions given for ironing, washing and other household tasks. 5c.

1810. DIRECTIONS FOR BLEACHING FURNITURE WOODS. Excellent for transforming old mission oak into modern-style furniture. 5c.

FOODS

1152. SANDWICHES FOR ALL OCCASIONS. New fillings, fancy shapes and hearty sandwiches for schoolboy appetites. 5c.

1781. ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT VITAMINS. Food sources, properties and effects given for all the vitamins. 10c.

1785. DAILY FOOD GUIDE. Your family's health is largely dependent on what they eat. Be sure you know how to plan meals correctly, what foods are necessary and how to prepare these foods most advantageously. Use this booklet as a guide. 10c.

BEAUTY

1230. PORE PROBLEMS. If blackheads, whiteheads or coarse skin troubles you, learn how to correct these problems with effective home treatment. 5c.

1234. HAND CARE AND CHARACTER. Complete instructions for home manicuring. An interesting character analysis of various types of hands is included. 5c.

1240. INVITATION TO YOUTH. A special booklet for those past 35. Little tricks to help you stay young. Daily and weekly treatments are outlined to keep your hair, face and figure at their best. 5c.

1262. BANISHING BULGES. Extra pounds aren't flattering to anyone. Simple exercises to keep your figure trim and young. Now is the time to begin your better-figure program. 5c.

1295. ABOUT YOUR MOUTH. Good grooming habits for your mouth and teeth. Hints to keep you at your best inside and out. Character-reading secrets included. 5c.

1536. LOOK ALIVE! HOW TO CULTIVATE YOUR OWN GOOD LOOKS. Choose and apply your make-up for your particular type; wear your hair to emphasize your best features. Beauty secrets to improve your skin; exercise and diet suggestions for your figure. 10c.

2274. DOUBLE DIETS. One diet is outlined to give vitality; the other is designed to help you reduce. Food lists are included for variations. 5c.

ENTERTAINING

1168. FORTUNE TELLING. When there is a lull in the party, add some interest with fortunes. Learn how to read tea leaves, cards and palms. Complete details and sketches are given. 10c.

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1512. THE BRIDE. Helpful etiquette rules for the bride, groom and entire wedding party. Includes correct forms for invitations and announcements; hints for all types of weddings—also the reception. 15c.

1531. SHOWERS. Whether it's for the bride-to-be or a new baby, you will find helpful suggestions on planning the complete party. 5c.

1670. BREAKING THE NEWS. Announcing an engagement is the time for a party. If you want something different perhaps one of these novel party plans will interest you. 5c.

1783. THE HOSPITALITY OF YOUR HOME. Etiquette rules for entertaining. Covers introductions, invitations, place settings, maid service and table arrangements. Suggestions included for receptions, teas, dinners, buffets, etc. 15c.

2210. LET'S HAVE A PARTY. Give a party that's different. Here are nine novel plans, complete with ideas for theme, menu and entertainment. 5c.

2271. BANQUETS TO GIVE. Complete plans for twelve banquets, including a mother-daughter, father-son, candlelight, junior-senior and football theme. Decorating and menu suggestions are given. 10c.

OTHER FEATURES

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2076. THINGS-TO-WEAR PATTERNS. Aprons, blouses, accessories.

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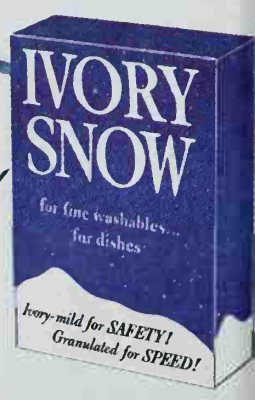
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FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL



IN January, 1898, Gibson-girl skirts and When You Were Sweet Sixteen were popular, just as today; but you could rent a 10-room New York house for $16 a month. The battleship Maine sailed for Cuba to "protect Americans," President William McKinley celebrated his 55th birthday, and in Philadelphia a woman was arrested for wearing bloomers.

Three quarters of a million JOURNALS *were printed in January, 1898. Writes Editor Bok in this issue: "If we want our churches to be comfortable, well lighted, with good music and singing, we must begin by ruling out the penny offering and substituting the five-cent piece."*

Hair-do's: "The thick, tightly curled, heavy bang no longer obtains, but there is a decided tendency toward a few loose curls on the forehead."

Cooking expert Mrs. Rorer tells how to reduce: "Cut off one meal a day, and all sweets. Grapes are excellent. Do not eat oranges or lemons while on a meat diet."

Entertaining on a small income: "It is possible upon an income of say $1000 a year to entertain one's friends in such a manner that one's invitations will be sought and appreciated."

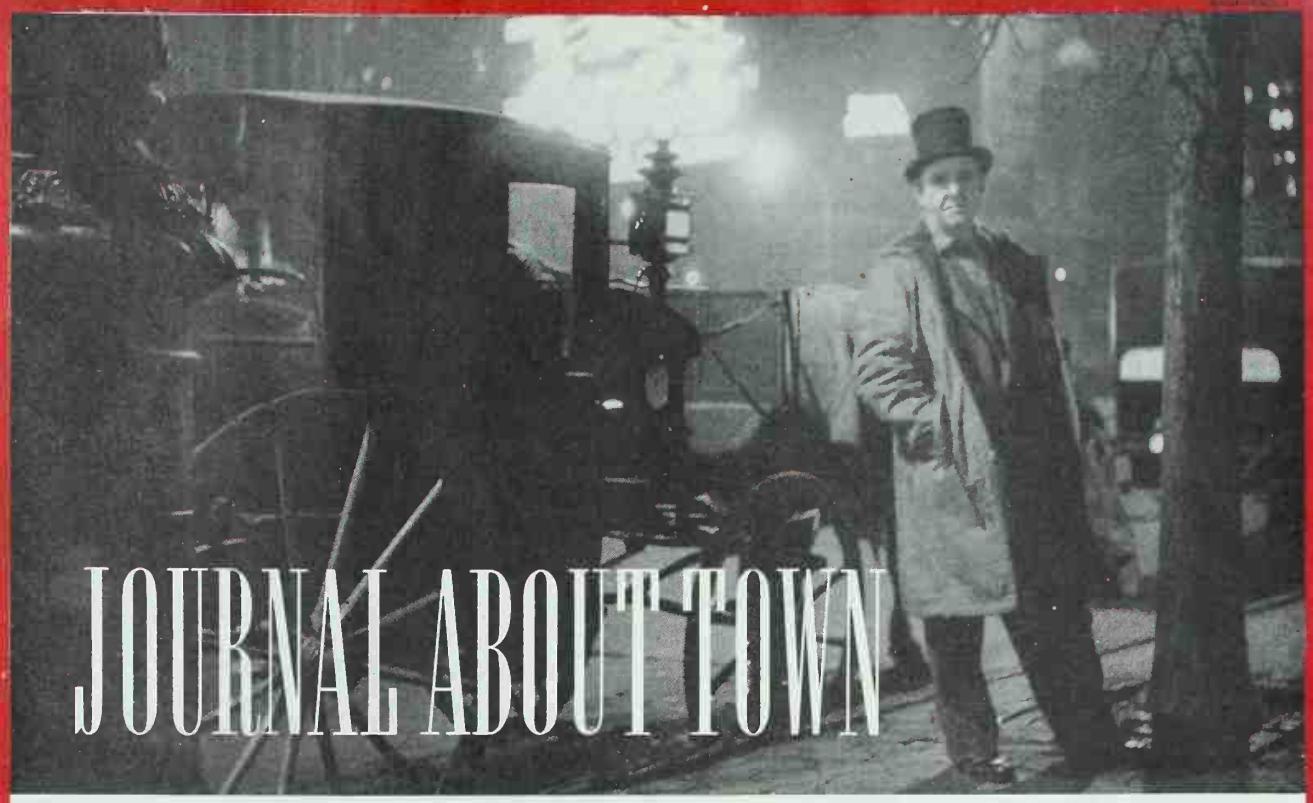
"Perplexed: Corn meal is a good cosmetic for winter. It makes the finest sort of cleanser for the skin and scours it as effectively as sand scours a table."

"Hostess: In your guest room have a small, prettily framed slate with the household hours written on it: First morning bell, 8 A.M.; breakfast, 9; luncheon, 1; afternoon tea, 4:30; dinner, 7; supper, 11."

"Among the best wafers to serve with tea are butter thins, Roquefort biscuits, five o'clock teas, cutting biscuits and fairy wafers."

"The fashionable collar for men this winter is the all-round turned-down. It is about three inches high, and absolutely round at the corners."





JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

For those with romance—and the romantic past—in their hearts: the horse-drawn cabs of Central Park.

ON New Year's Eve you may be sure that here in New York as many nostalgic people as possibly can will patronize the horse-drawn cabs which cluster the lower fringes of Central Park. The cabbies, of course, are devotees, in toto, of the days gone by; and they fully expect riding parties on this coming occasion to break all records for the number of hansoms and victorias still in circulation. Only 114 now, according to the Hack Bureau at City Hall. But the cabby who told us he'd been driving for forty years said you ought to have seen how many there were in the days when he used to pick up *Lillian Russell* and *Diamond Jim Brady* at Delmonico's. Now his customers include *Bing Crosby, Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor* and *Gene Tierney;* but mostly, he said, he carried young couples in love. "See that pair coming, holding hands?" He touched his topper. The boy and girl hesitated, stopped, whispered . . . got in, and off they went. The driver waved his whip to us. "Happy New Year!" he called.

When we heard that ***General MacArthur*** had a passion for Allegretti chocolates (remember those bittersweet chocolate-covered creams?), we asked the Council on Candy if they could give us any other famous sweet-

EUROPEAN



MacArthur—he likes bittersweets.

tooth preferences. They could: ***Bette Davis,*** caramels; ***Bob Hope,*** chocolate bars; ***Fred Allen,*** chewy chocolates; ***Bing Crosby,*** any chewy kind with nuts; ***Lily Pons,*** glazed fruit. Another celebrated military man, ***Gen. J. H. Doolittle,*** isn't so choosy. He says quite simply, "I like *all* kinds of candy."

Americans are great talkers: the people of the U. S. held 42,000,000,000 telephone conversations in 1946—an average of 301 for each inhabitant. The U. S. has one phone for every 4 persons; Russia has one for every 140. . . . In the U. S. a girl of seven has a greater life expectancy than a newborn baby boy. Woman's life expectancy at birth is 69 years; man's, 64 years and six months. . . . New York is now the jewelry Mecca of the world, due mainly to France's economic plight, which has resulted in a drastic shortage of material. . . . For more skill in dishwashing: washing dishes from left to right is more tiring; less time is consumed in a right-to-left approach. . . . Many streets in New York City have feminine names because when they were once part of farms, the farmers honored their wives by naming lanes after them . . . Only 6 per cent of the average reader's time is spent in reading—the rest is taken up in pauses for the eye and mind to assimilate the reading matter.

Having begun to notice a kind of Botticelli look on feminine faces, and having traced it to the new way lipstick is being worn, we asked the beauty department for some historical data on lip make-up fashions. Well, it seems the first definite style after women started wearing lipstick was the bee-sting look made famous by *Mae Murray,* early in the twenties. Then came the Cupid's bow (remember?), of which *Clara Bow* was the most notable exponent. The *Joan Crawford* style followed—quite a change of pace—very heavy and exaggerated. After that the *Hepburn,* less heavy, more precise, with a downward cast at the corners. And now it's fifteenth-century Italian—far, far away from Hollywood.

*To say the least, **Alice Blinn, Margaret Davidson** and **Donald Stuart** were somewhat concerned when they arrived recently at a Long Island kitchen, which they were to fix up and photograph for the magazine, to find that the florist from whom they had ordered camellias for decoration had sent instead, by mistake, what were obviously somebody's bridal bouquets. Concerned, that is, for the bridal party, more than for our kitchen pictures, which they managed very nicely. The mix-up remained a mystery until the following day, when walking down Fifth Avenue, Miss Davidson spied a wedding setup in the Tailored Woman show window. And what were the manikins carrying? Our camellias, of course!*

The leopard hood she designed for the JOURNAL'S cover this month reminded *Lilly Daché* of the blizzardy winter a dozen years ago when she made herself a leopard vest. Came in so handy, and kept her so warm, she looked upon it as a good-luck piece, and ever since has had at least one leopard accessory in her wardrobe—now this hood. Who's wearing it? *Dorothy Willett,* a model of unusual versatility—dancer, pianist, painter, poet—who not only models herself, but runs her own new model agency!

When ***Maureen Daly*** was in Hollywood recently she went with ***Bud Abbott*** and ***Lou Costello*** to see the half-million-dollar Youth Foundation these two comedians have built on

PHOTO BY BOB LANDRY



No "8 ball" for these kids.

their own and have dedicated to Lou's year-old son who was drowned in an unsupervised swimming pool. Three acres of baseball diamond, football field, tennis courts, swimming pool—all floodlighted for night play; barbecue setup; every kind of indoor game, music, reading, handicraft and hobby shops, and one whole special clinic wing, in the low, big, brand-new building; all completely staffed with instructors, supervisors, nurses—just in case you care to know how far two successful rough-and-tumble comedians can go when they remember that they were once underprivileged children themselves. Bud told Maureen they've counted children of twenty-one different nationalities all playing together, including a score of teen-age local gang leaders who before the Foundation opened had threatened to "wreck the joint." Maureen asked the two famous funmakers how they happened to turn philanthropists. "We like things to be funny," Lou told her, "and there's nothing funny about a kid with no place to play."

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.

"You're in the maternity ward,"
the beautiful girl remarked.
"Gad," said Hector dreamily.

JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR

She had the right prescription.

By Hilda Cole Espy

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

HECTOR opened his eyes. A woman in a white dress, wearing a white-gauze hat, put a nursing bottle on the table by his bed. Puzzled, he closed his eyes. When he opened them again, the nursing bottle was still there. He became aware of a mewing, wailing sound and woozily saw that the woman in the white-gauze hat was trundling in a tiny crib on wheels.

"Not *here*," a girl's voice said. "That's for three-nineteen."

There were gales of giggles. The girl in the white-gauze hat came to take the bottle away. She looked down on Hector, her face contorted in an anguish of amusement.

"What," said Hector loudly, "goes on here?"

"Take it easy," said a new voice, a very musical contralto.

Hector slowly turned his head and carefully focused his eyes on the foot of the bed. There in the dimness stood the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She had brown eyes, lovely longish blond hair and a sweet, friendly smile.

"Where am I?" Hector demanded.

The girl walked around the bed and took his hand. He closed his eyes and gulped. He opened them and saw that she was leaning over his pillow.

"You had an appendix that was a very bad actor," she said gently. "Remember your tummy-ache?"

"Yes," said Hector, staring up into her face and feeling suffused with a delightful warmth.

"Well, your friends tried several hospitals in a hurry and couldn't find any space. So they brought you here. You're in the maternity ward."

"Gad," said Hector dreamily.

"Don't let it get you down," she smiled. She was withdrawing her hand, but Hector held on.

"Don't go away," he said.

"Oh, but I must," she replied.

"You're very, very beautiful," he said.

"People who are coming out of ether," she said gently, "ought to have their vocal cords cut."

He heard the door close. A moment later a spindly, brisk personage entered the room. She wore a striped dress, cap and apron. Her nose was sharp and her glasses glittered. She stuck a thermometer in his mouth and held his pulse, looking down at him with the most impersonal expression imaginable. Hector felt terribly let down.

"Who was that?" he asked her as she glanced at the thermometer. "That girl who was just in here?"

"You mean Doctor Wyatt?" she said coolly. "She took out your appendix."

"Was it a boy or a girl?" he asked.

"Relax," said the nurse. "We don't get a man in here very often, but when we do, we know how to handle 'em."

(Continued on Page 113)

ORDERED

. . but the wrong patient.

Time of Peril

PRESS ASSN.



STIMSON

THIS book contains the record of the years of my public service—my actions, motives, and estimates of results—from my point of view. The writing of the book has been the work of Mr. McGeorge Bundy. Its style and composition are his; but, where he writes of what I have thought and felt, he does so after we have worked together for eighteen months in an earnest effort to make an accurate and balanced account. We have aimed to present not only my past experience but my present opinions as clearly and as honestly as we can. The result is a record which I believe fully reflects my best judgment of what my public life has been. I am profoundly grateful to him for having made possible this record upon questions which are vital to me and on which I have spent most of my active life.

Inasmuch as I did not enter into public office until I was over thirty-eight years old and kept no diaries of my previous life, and as the reader may have some interest in the sources from which I came and the formative conditions which developed and influenced me during my early life, it has seemed well that I should add to this foreword a few pages bearing on those factors. It will be necessarily a little longer and I trust a little more illuminating than a transcription of "Who's Who" and will be wholly dependent upon my own memory. When a man reaches my age, there are—for better or worse—few who can either corroborate or contradict him.

My forebears on both sides of my family were nearly all of New England stock, products of the Massachusetts migration during the first half of the seventeenth century. They were sturdy, middle-class people, religious, thrifty, energetic, and long lived. Almost the only non-English strain was composed of the French Huguenot Boudinots, represented in my great-grandmother, whose stories to me of her childhood talks with George Washington, coupled with the fact that I possessed for some years not only all my grandparents but in addition no less than four great-grandparents, convinced me that man's normal term of life on this earth was at least a hundred years. Soon after the Revolution, both sides of the family moved from Massachusetts and took up land in New York, my Stimson ancestor, who had been a soldier in the Continental Army throughout the war, becoming the first settler of Windham in the Catskills, and the ancestors of my mother settling on the Delaware River near Delhi. Both lines contained enough clergymen and deacons to keep up fairly well the moral standards of the stock. From these agrarian surroundings of up-State New York my father's father and my mother's mother years later, attracted by the great city which was developing at the mouth of the Hudson, moved down to New York to try to find a more interesting and varied life.

I was born in New York City on September 21, 1867. Less than nine years thereafter my young mother died leaving her two children motherless, but the doors of my grandparents' home immediately opened and took us in to the loving care of the large family within. From then until I was thirteen years old I lived the life of a New York City boy. During the *(Continued on Page 84)*

Beginning excerpts from the wartime biography, ON ACTIVE SERVICE, by ex-Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson and McGeorge Bundy, junior fellow, Society of Fellows, Harvard University, to be published in April by Harper & Brothers.

THE ARMY AND GRAND STRATEGY

From Pearl Harbor to North Africa. Immediately after Pearl Harbor it became necessary for the United States and Britain to concert their strategy. In the week before Christmas, 1941, Winston Churchill and his principal military advisers arrived in Washington for the first of the great wartime meetings with the President and American advisers.

The most important single accomplishment of this meeting was that it laid the groundwork for the establishment of an effectively unified Allied High Command. The Combined Chiefs of Staff, set up in Washington in early 1942, rapidly became a fully developed instrument for the coordination of land, sea and air warfare in a world-wide war. Its seven members, four Americans and three Britons, gradually developed an authority and influence exceeded only by the decisive meetings between the President and the Prime Minister. For their success there were several causes, but in Secretary Stimson's mind these could in the main be reduced to two. One was the inflexible determination of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill to fight the war as a unified team. The other was the organizing genius and diplomatic skill of Gen. George Marshall. It was Marshall as our Chief of Staff who insisted that the Combined Chiefs should in fact be chiefs, and not merely elders of the council; the British members were the direct representatives of the military chiefs of the British armed forces, while the American members were themselves the responsible leaders of the services which they represented. It was Marshall, too, who guided the development of the staff work of the Combined Chiefs, insisting on a continuous record of consideration and decision and directive. Finally, it was Marshall, with the particular assistance and support of an equally disinterested and farsighted soldier-statesman, British Field Marshal Sir John Dill, who made it possible for the Combined Chiefs to act not as a mere collecting point for the inevitable rivalries between services and nations, but as an executive committee for the prosecution of a global war.

Marshall was also the primary agent in the establishment and operation of the strictly American counterpart to the Combined Chiefs. In

Roosevelt Surprise

"I WAS called up by the President, who offered me the position of Secretary of War. He told me that Frank Knox had already agreed to accept the position of Secretary of the Navy. The President said he was very anxious to have me accept because everybody was running around at loose ends in Washington and he thought I would be a stabilizing factor in whom both the Army and the public would have confidence." (Diary, entry of June 25, 1940.) To say that Stimson was surprised would be putting it mildly. Like everyone else, he knew that Secretary of War Woodring was at odds with the President and large parts of the Army; also that the Assistant Secretary, Johnson, had been a center of conflict. He did not suspect, however, that these troubles might affect him. Some weeks before, he had heard from Grenville Clark that his name had been suggested for the job. Clark had coupled it with that of Judge Robert P. Patterson as Assistant Secretary. He knew, too, that this suggestion had reached the President. But that the President should have listened to it, and acted on it, was astonishing.

Copyright, 1947, by Henry L. Stimson



CHURCHILL

It was Stimson's considered opinion that ith the single exception of Franklin Roosevelt o man in any country had been a greater fae- or than Mr. Churchill in the construction of he grand alliance that destroyed the Nazis; no an had been quicker to leap the gulf of mu- ual suspicion and strike fellowship with ussia; none had more steadfastly sustained he allies of his nation while remaining frankly nd explicitly "the King's first minister"; with o man at times had Stimson had sharper ifferences and for none had he higher ad- iration.



MARSHALL

"General Marshall's leadership takes its authority directly from his great strength of character. I have never known a man who seemed so surely to breathe the democratic American spirit. He is a soldier, and yet he has a profound distaste for anything that savors of militarism. He believes that every able-bodied citizen has a personal responsibility for the nation's security and should be prepared to assume that responsibility whenever an emergency arises. . . . His devotion to the nation he serves is a vital quality which infuses everything he does."

"I have seen a great many soldiers in my lifetime and you, sir, are the finest soldier I have ever known." (Tribute to General Marshall, V-E Day, 1945.)



ROOSEVELT

Stimson was certain that the Army had never had a finer Commander in Chief. He never wavered in his admiration for Mr. Roosevelt's great qualities, and his affection for the man who carried his burdens with such buoyant courage constantly increased. "His clarity of foresight and his unfailing grasp of the essential strategic factors of a world-wide struggle were clear to all. But only those who have been his personal lieutenants . . . can fully appreciate the courage and determination he has shown in time of threatened disaster." (Speech at Harvard, June 11, 1942.) "His vision over the broad reaches of events during the crises of the war has always been vigorous and quick and clear and guided by a very strong faith in the future of our country and of freedom, democracy and humanitarianism throughout the world." (Diary, April 15, 1945.)

pite of the urging of Stimson and others, the President for some time esitated to approve of an executive agency of this type for co-ordinating he American military effort; he was particularly doubtful about the isdom of appointing any officer as Chief of Staff to himself. Marshall ombined his advocacy of such an appointment with a refusal to accept it or himself, arguing that it would be acceptable to the Navy only if an dmiral received the appointment. The Joint Chiefs of Staff, when finally rganized, included four officers: the President's Chief of Staff and the enior officers of the Army, Navy, and Army Air Forces; these were the me men who served as American members of the Combined Chiefs, and ey exercised direct supervision over the American share of the Allied ilitary effort. The Joint Chiefs became the President's direct military dvisers.

As it became gradually more effective, this formal organization of the taffs had, in Stimson's view, a most salutary effect on the President's eakness for snap decisions; it thus offset a characteristic which might therwise have been a serious handicap to his basically sound strategic nstincts. Both in the December meeting of 1941 and in the following June he President made suggestions to the Prime Minister which if seriously ursued must have disrupted the American military effort. Mr. Roosevelt was fond of "trial balloons," and perhaps Stimson's ear of this technique was partly due largely to its omplete dissimilarity from his own method of thought, ut he nevertheless felt certain that both Mr. Roosevelt nd Mr. Churchill were men whose great talents required he balancing restraint of carefully organized staff advice.

Stimson, as Secretary of War, was neither a professional soldier nor the finally responsible political leader, nd the organization which made the Chiefs of Staff irectly responsible to the President left him with no ormal responsibility in matters of military strategy. his arrangement might have disturbed him seriously if e had not continued to enjoy a relationship of comlete mutual confidence with the President and with enerals Marshall and Arnold. He continued to be alled in, as the advocate of the War Department and s a constitutionally recognized adviser to the President, nd he thus became an active participant in the two ears of Anglo-American discussion over the grand trategy of their European campaigns.

The detailed discussions in the meetings of December, 941, were largely devoted to the problems of the acific, where the situation was immediately critical, ut even in the face of the Japanese advance there was o deviation from the principle already accepted by both ides before Pearl Harbor—only the European theater was decisive. In the language of a memorandum prepared by Stimson and used by the President as the agenda for the first general meeting of the conference, "Our joint war plans have recognized the North Atlantic as our principal theatre of operations should America become involved in the war. Therefore it should now be given primary consideration and carefully reviewed in order to see whether our position there is safe." The first essential was "the preservation of our communications across the North Atlantic with our fortress in the British Isles covering the British Fleet." (Memorandum to the President, December 20, 1941.) It was accordingly decided that an immediate beginning should be made in the establishment of an American force in Great Britain.

By itself the decision of December was not definitive, since the general agreement on the central importance of Great Britain did not include any strategic plan for the use of that fortress as a base for offensive operations. In the middle of February Stimson began to feel that the absence of such a plan was a serious weakness; without it there was no firm commitment that could prevent a series of diversionary shipments of troops and supplies to other areas more immediately threatened. In March his fears were strikingly confirmed by the arrival in Washington of a gloomy message from Mr. Churchill, suggesting increased American commitments in non-European areas of the globe, to meet the Axis threat developing in Africa, Southeastern Europe, and the Far East. At a White House meeting Stimson argued that the proper policy was that of avoiding such diversion, and instead "sending an overwhelming force to the British Isles and threatening an attack on the Germans in France; that this was the proper and orthodox line of our help in the war as it had always been recognized and that it would now have the effect of giving Hitler two fronts to fight on if it could be done in time while the Russians were still in. It would also heavily stimulate British sagging morale." (Diary, March 5, 1942.) Stimson found on the following

(Continued on Page 87)

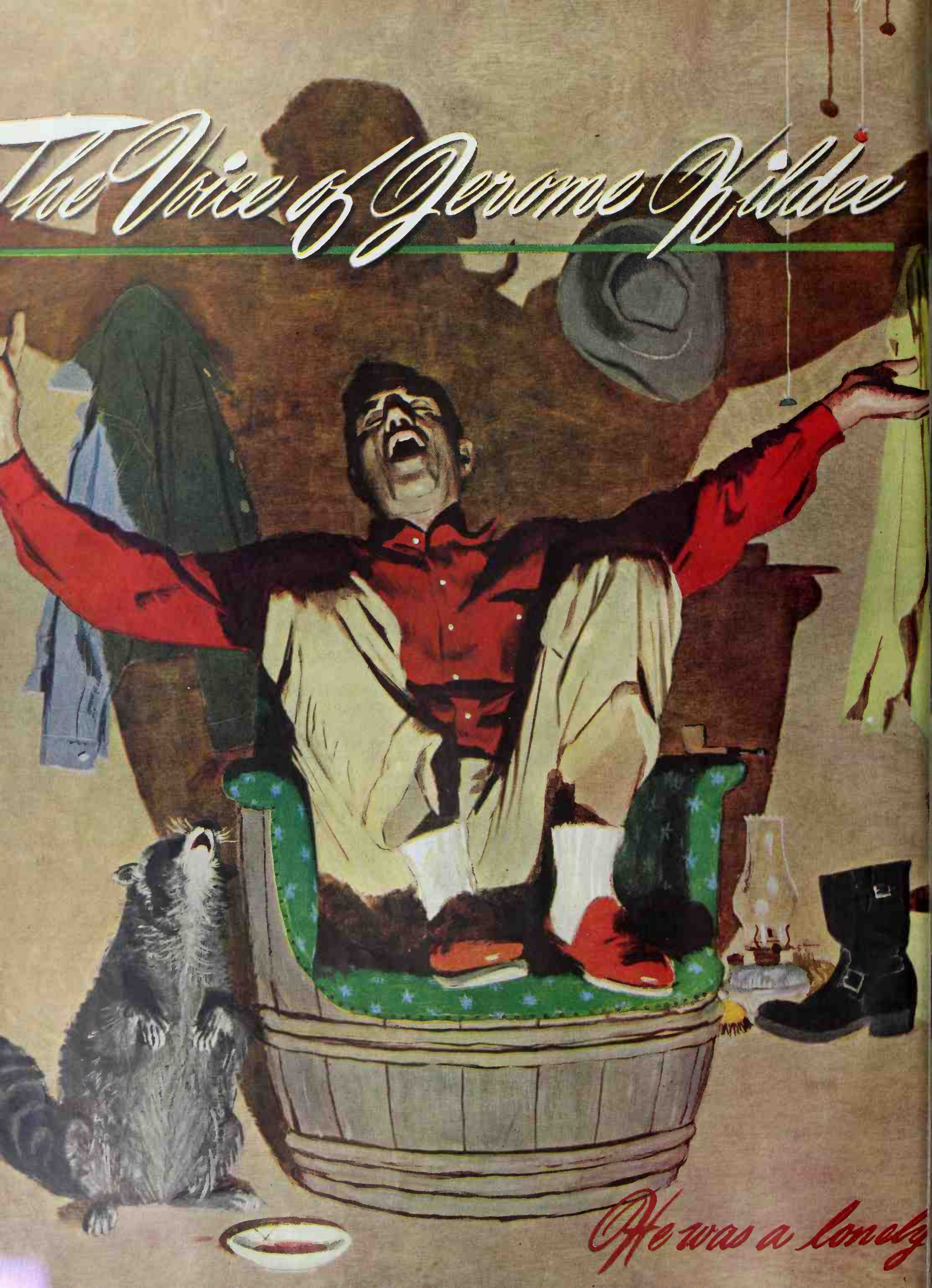
Hopkins a Godsend

STIMSON believed that the President listened too much to men who were not his direct Constitutional advisers. Fortunately, the principal adviser of this kind was Harry Hopkins, a man for whom Secretary Stimson quickly developed the greatest respect, and with whom he established a relation of such close mutual confidence that he was often able to present the position of the War Department more effectively through Hopkins than he could in direct conversation with the President. Hopkins was an extraordinary figure; he possessed a mind of unusual quickness and flexibility, and a sure judgment of both men and affairs; his special value to the President lay in his combination of complete loyalty with a sensitive understanding of Mr. Roosevelt's complex nature. During Stimson's years in Washington, the great influence of Hopkins was time and again exerted on behalf of the War Department. "The more I think of it, the more I think it is a godsend that he should be at the White House." (Diary, March 5, 1941.)

F. D. R. vs. T. R.

STIMSON could not avoid a comparison between Franklin D. Roosevelt and his distinguished cousin Theodore. From what he knew of both men, he was forced to believe that in the crisis of 1941 T.R. would have done a better and more clean-cut job than was actually done. Equally with his cousin he would have appreciated the true meaning of the Nazi threat, and there can be no higher praise, for no statesman in the world saw and described the Nazi menace more truly than Franklin Roosevelt. T. R.'s advantage would have been in his natural boldness, his firm conviction that where he led, men would follow. He would, Stimson felt sure, have been able to brush aside the contemptible little group of men who wailed of "warmongers," and in the blunt strokes of a poster painter he would have demonstrated the duty of Americans. Franklin Roosevelt was not made that way. With unequaled political skill he could pave the way for any given specific step, but in so doing he was likely to tie his own hands for the future, using honeyed and consoling words that would return to plague him later.

The Voice of Jerome Kibbee



He was a lonely

BY RUTHERFORD MONTGOMERY

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

JEROME KILDEE built a eabin under the giant redwood on Windy Point. Sinee the days of Julius Caesar, creatures had been building homes at the foot of the redwood or in its branehes. At the time Jerome built his eabin, wise folks did not build on bold knobs high on the side of a mountain, even the round-topped, wooded mountains of the Coast Range.

What the neighbors said or what they thought was of no coneern to Jerome. The day he walked out on Windy Point, and looked up at the giant redwood towering into the sky, and stood savoring the deep silence, he knew he was going to stay. When he turned from the great tree, and gazed down over the green ridges, the smoky valleys, into the gray-white haze whieh hid the Paeifie, he smiled. This was a land of silenee, the place for a silent man.

The eabin Jerome built was not so wide as the redwood; to have built it so big would have been a waste of space, beeause Jerome did not need that mueh room. He toted the biggest window he eould buy up to the eabin and set it in the wall whieh faeed the panorama of ridges and valleys. The window was as high as the wall; it was one wall as far aeross as the door; it had been rolled out as a plate-glass window for a store. The baek wall was the redwood trunk. It made an odd house, one wall eurved inward, and finished with shaggy redwood bark. Jeromc rented a horse and paeked Monterey stone up for a fireplace. The fireplaee was a thing of beauty; it filled one end of the room. The cream-eolored Monterey stone, traeed through with threads of red, was earefully fitted and matehed for grain, the

(Continued on Page 75)

Jerome tried an experimental note, and failed to notice Mrs. Soak's rapid trip back to the oven.

man until the night he met himself.

Possible President

BY ROGER BUTTERFIELD

FIRST IN A SERIES OF POLITICAL PROFILES



"I THOUGHT in 1944 that the voters had elected me to the position of senior statesman," said Governor Dewey. "I was all ready to go back to practicing law and support my family in a style to which they were not accustomed. I went to the Gridiron Club dinner in Washington and told them I was proud to belong to the grand old Republican Party with its great and honorable tradition—and that part of the tradition, as I understood it, was that it never made the same mistake twice!"

Dewey's round brown eyes gleamed with a certain amount of mischief as he said this. He did not look like a crushed or beaten man, though the memory of his wartime defeat for the Presidency was obviously still with him. He looked eager and aggressive—and even a bit amused by the workings of the political fates.

We were sitting in the governor's suite at the Hotel Roosevelt in mid-city New York, discussing a number of things, including the presidential prospects for 1948. Dewey leaned back easily in a large chair covered with flowered chintz and crossed one sharply creased gray trouser leg over the other. On a table at his elbow stood a glass of water, in the exact center of a square of fresh, white towel.

"I didn't want very much to run for governor of New York again last year," he said. "I was very surprised to be asked, as a matter of fact. But I was nominated by the party, and I became the first defeated candidate for President who ever came back and was elected governor of the state.

"That's exactly my situation with regard to the Presidency in 1948. I'm not running for the nomination and I won't lift a finger for it. I did that once, in 1940, and I decided I had enough of that. But if I'm nominated I'll take it, and run as hard as I can."

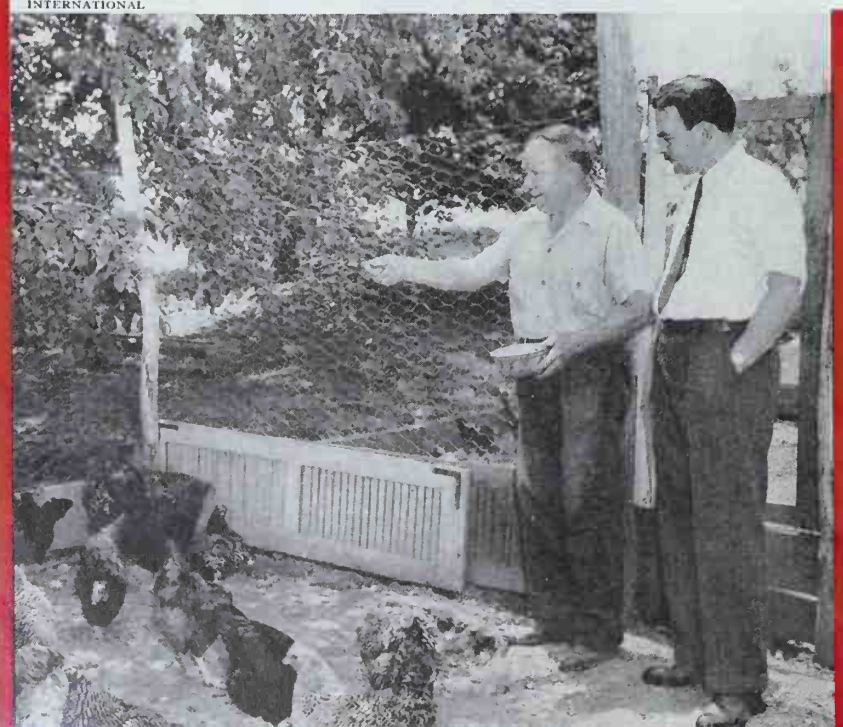
Governor Dewey is well aware, of course, that he is the current No. 1 favorite of the Republican rank and file for the nomination. Even if he did not read the papers and study the public-opinion polls—which he does—he has an alert and able staff which keeps track of every trend and tremor in the political landscape. On his recent "vacation" trip through the Middle West and Rocky Mountain states, Dewey talked to so many Republican leaders and received so many public pledges of delegate support at the convention in June that the nation's press reported the campaign was already on.

But Thomas Edmund Dewey, at the ripe young age of 45, is not counting any White House chickens just yet. He is a different man today from the cocky crime buster who burst into the national limelight in the middle 1930's. In the last ten years he has been through six grueling political campaigns—and has lost three of them—and has come back after each defeat to win again. He has put in five hard-working years as the chief executive of the busiest, richest and most populous state of the Union. He has become a seasoned veteran of public affairs, and of the great American roller coaster called politics.

His sense of his own importance has diminished slightly in the process—or at least it has become less obvious. During his 1946

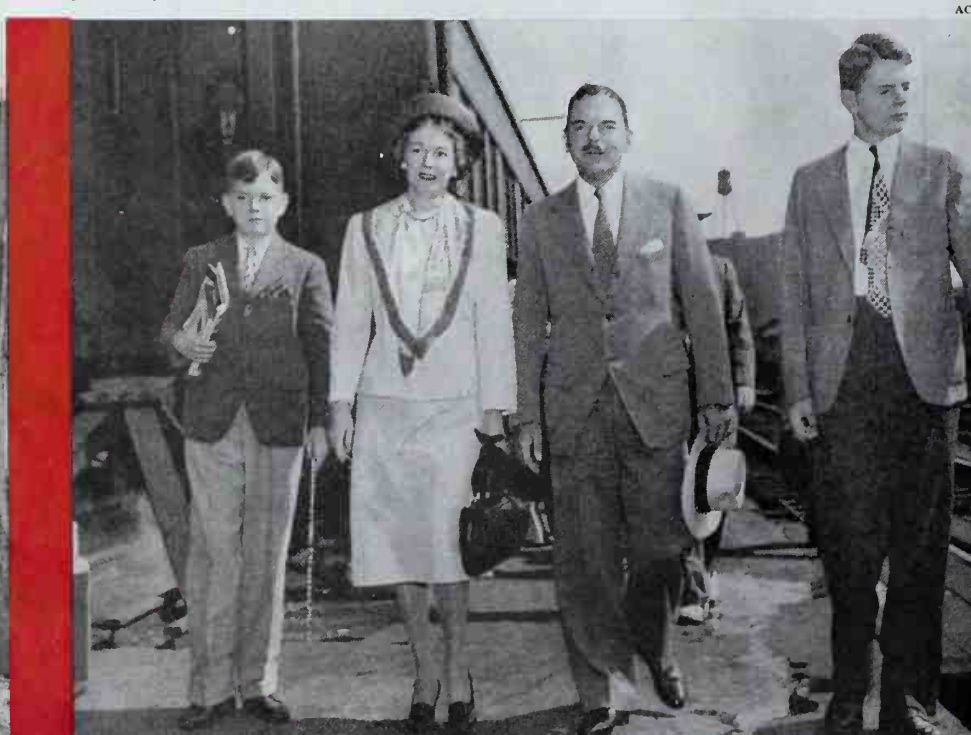
The governor refuses to pose for phony barnyard photos. A gentleman farmer, he watches with his hands in pockets while overseer feeds chickens.

INTERNATIONAL



After his summer tour the Dewey family leaves the train at Albany. His wife w formerly Frances Eileen Hutt. The boys are Johnny, age 11, and Tom, Jr., 1

A



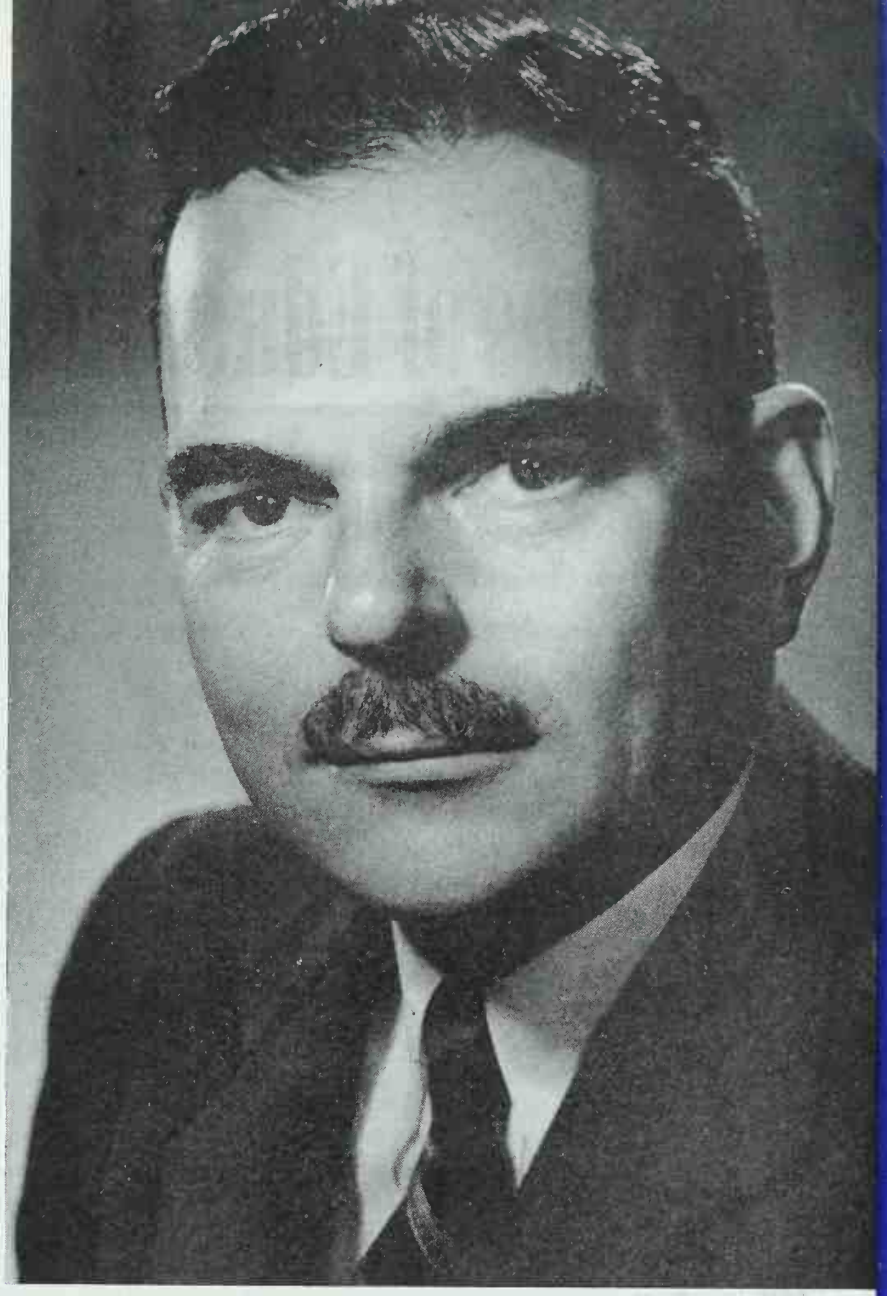
THOMAS EDMUND DEWEY

campaign for governor of New York an incident occurred which indicated that Dewey might even be growing mellow. He was speaking in Elmira, and was in the midst of some semihumorous remarks about how many happy babies would be born in a near-by state housing project for veterans, when a small boy near the speaker's stand ruined the effect by shouting "Hey, you!" at the top of his lungs.

"Little boy, do you want to make a speeeh?" asked Dewey. The boy did, and continued to chatter and shout. Dewey leaned over and impaled him with a benign but insistent stare. "I mean you," he said, and the boy subsided. "If you want to make a speech, come up here and do so," Dewey continued. "But wait until I am finished. I am making the speech now."

The Dewey of the 1940 or 1944 presidential campaign would have been furious at such an interruption, and would have shown his fury, and the crowd's sympathy would have gone to the boy. But the 1946 Dewey handled the situation with just the right suggestion of firm but kindly parenthood. The audienee, mostly parents themselves, sided with him and shushed the boy.

The Man Dewey. The Dewey who faces the crueial year of 1948 is still very sure of himself, but not so arrogantly sure. He has gained in patienee, in tact and in experience. In appearance he has changed very little. He still has the dark little Dewey mustache, the same grin which diseloses his slightly parted front teeth, the wavy dark brown hair which is never *(Continued on Page 134)*

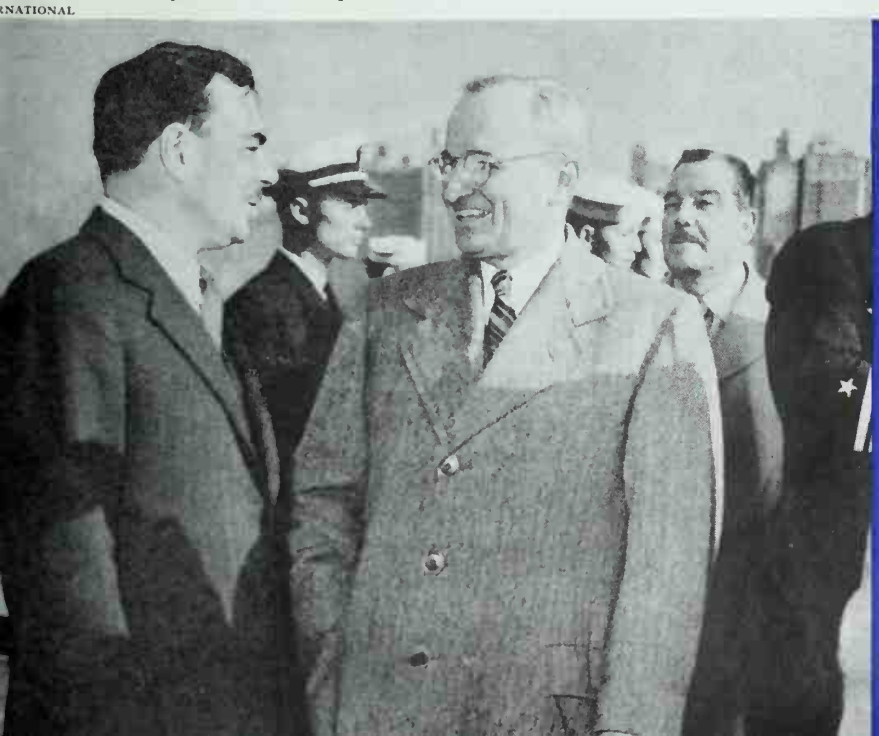


HALSMAN

Governor of the state of New York, with its 47 electoral votes, the man who might have sung in the Metropolitan Opera may get the Republican nod for the Presidency. He says he is "not running for the nomination and won't lift a finger for it," but adds: "If I'm nominated, I'll take it, and run as hard as I can." Many believe this time he will make it.

ring Navy Day ceremonies in New York, President Truman chats with the state's ernor who may be his Republican rival in the presidential election.

RNATIONAL



At a reception celebrating his election as governor, Dewey smiles fondly while his wife adds final touches. She gave up a stage career to marry him.

INTERNATIONAL



The Aims of Education

THE OBJECTIVE IS TO BUILD BETTER HUMAN BEINGS IN A BETTER WORLD. MERELY LEARNED PEOPLE ARE OFTEN THE GREATEST BORES ON EARTH ★ BY CHRISTIAN GAUSS

IF you ask the average American, not a teacher, what are the aims of education, he will probably tell you, "Thank God, that is none of my business." In this he is very much mistaken. If, for instance, you are a parent it is fairly safe to say you have deep convictions on this subject. You have often discussed it earnestly, even if you didn't realize that was what you were talking about. Parents go down to the very heart of this problem when they ask themselves what they would like to have their children become twenty or thirty years from now.

I interrupted such a discussion recently among four young parents. Only after I reminded them that I, too, was interested and that they were discussing the aims of education were they willing to continue. They finally reached this unanimous conclusion: the aims of education are to make it possible for the child—1—to get the best out of life for himself; and—2—to make the greatest contribution within his power to his country and his time.

The principle these parents accepted is even the one laid down by one of the greatest and most learned authorities on education, Thomas Aquinas. He, too, held that the aims of education were the same as those of life. Certainly the first wish of nearly all parents is that their children should realize in fullest measure the aims of life.

This conclusion of ordinary parents, oddly enough, is perhaps sounder than that of many university professors. If you put this same question to scholars absorbed in their research, most of them will tell you that the aim of education is *knowledge*. We must, they say, "pursue learning for its own sake"; we must increase "the sum of knowledge." It is little wonder, with this opinion in high circles, that too many Americans believe that education is a "good thing" in itself; that, like virtue, it is its own reward. That is why we have been satisfied to measure it in terms of quantity; the number of pupils in the schools, the number of years of schooling we give them.

This is a false assumption. The aim of education is not to add to the sum of knowledge. Its purpose is to open the mind and not to fill it, as we would an ash can or even a golden bowl. Education does not exist in and for itself. It is not a good thing as such. It is only an instrument, a tool, which may be used for good or evil. The aim is to use it as a tool for *good*.

To help us to keep our feet on solid ground, let us suppose that you are the parent of two children, John, age nine, and Susan, age seven, both of them in school. It is quite safe to predict that you are not entirely satisfied. If you happen to be one of the few parents who are, the chances may even be that you are satisfied for the wrong reasons. Johnny may already be astonishing you with facts he has learned at school, which you never knew, or have long since forgotten—the exports of Korea or the exact dates when Franklin Pierce was President. You are proud to think that he has the makings of a good quiz kid. Contests of factual information excite us. We like to hear the lady who gets up to and answers the $64 question. Perhaps that is what you would like to have Susan able to do later. Yet if the lady who carries off the prize is slovenly in dress, arrogant in manner, rude to other contestants or otherwise maladjusted in her personal relations, something is still wrong with her education. She has not learned to respond to the challenges which life and not a quiz master puts up to her In a different form, Johnny's education may likewise be defective.

But let us assume that you are not satisfied. Johnny is not a quiz kid. He is blatant and noisy and refuses to settle down *(Continued on Page 155)*

MARY CASSATT 1845–1926

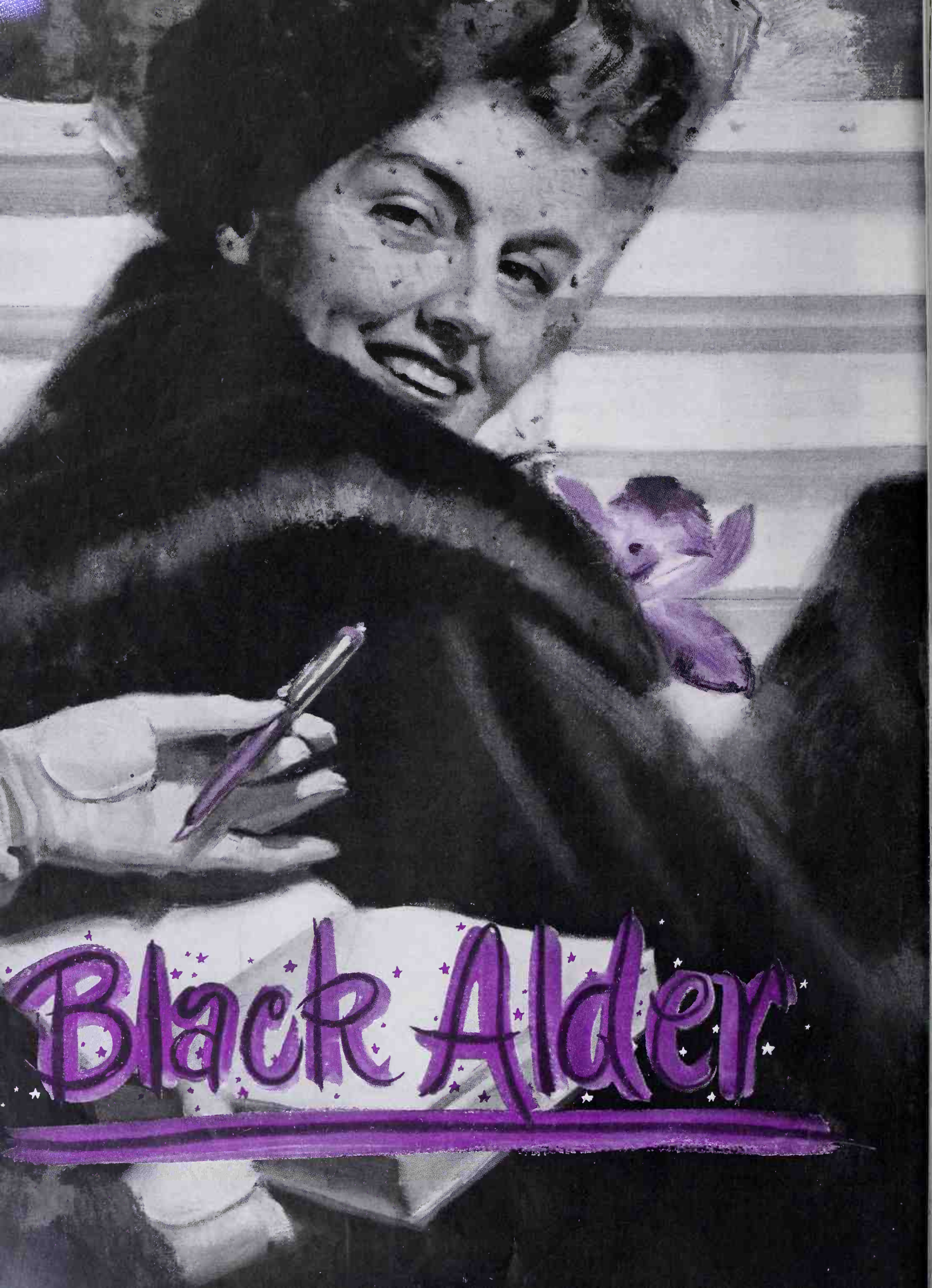
How great a sacrifice should a woman make to become an artist? The life of Mary Cassatt poses this question. The daughter of wealthy parents, she renounced conventional existence in America for a lifetime of study in Europe and a career of painting. In Paris she was early fascinated by the work of Degas, which she saw in the window of a picture dealer. "I used to go," she wrote a friend, "and flatten my nose against the window and absorb all I could of his art. It changed my life." It spurred her to tireless self-discipline, especially in drawing. On seeing some of her work, Degas once said that he would not have believed a woman could draw so well. As for the use she made of her perfected technique, no one since the Renaissance has painted the relation of mother and child with such tender inventiveness. In pictures like the one reproduced, Miss Cassatt has brought a new interpretation to a traditional theme. She avoids the sentimental; she sees the mother as busy, proud of her child, but very matter-of-fact. This, and many similar canvases, will assure Miss Cassatt a high place in the history of painting. And yet after those long hours of physical labor at the easel, after the strain and the fight for recognition for her own work and the work of her friends the Impressionists, was the sacrifice she made worth while? She ended her life a lonely woman, living in self-imposed exile, surrounded in her château by beautiful works of art which blindness, the lot of so many painters, prevented her from seeing. Miss Cassatt has left us the suggestion of an answer to the question of why maternity is the subject which recurs most frequently in her work. "After all," she said to a friend, "a woman's vocation in life is to bear children."

—JOHN WALKER, *Chief Curator, National Gallery*



REPRODUCED COURTESY CHESTER DALE COLLECTION, NATIONAL GALLERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mother and Child, Painted by Mary Cassatt about 1905


Black Alder

There are times when any woman will lie about her age—even to herself. By Faith Baldwin

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

HER hostess, and most of the luncheon committee, escorted Susan to the morning train. They formed a fat, furred circle around her at the station, and those who had yesterday forgotten to bring books for her signature thrust them at her now, and the high babel of their voices rose, fell and echoed. Travelers, going past with babies, redcaps, boy friends and anxious mothers, stopped a moment to look curiously at the group, and a few who had seen the papers and recognized Susan from her rather gruesome pictures—of course the posed portrait was not bad, but newspapers preferred on-the-spot candid studies—asked one another, "Isn't that Susan Foster?"

Susan heard. She was turning on the charm with an extra awareness of effort that morning. It was appallingly early to be charming, and breakfast in Mrs. Dawson's handsome suburban dining room, breakfast partaken at an incredible hour, and fully dressed, had been a strain. Mrs. Dawson had a bewildered husband, good Chippendale, maids who had been with her fifteen years, and three teen-age children.

Susan said, "Thank you *so* much"; she said, "You flatter me." She smiled and cried, "I can't tell you how wonderful this has been!" and looked rather piteously at the waiting redcap. She thought, *I will never accept house invitations again. I'd so much rather go to a hotel where I can collapse alone at intervals. Even if it does cut into the profits!*

The scented ladies, snuggled in mink, surged forward in a furry wave, clasped hands and said how marvelous it had been, such a *privilege*. They filled their eyes with Susan. . . . Her mink was darker than all save Mrs. Dawson's, and had the new full sleeves. Her orchids were fresh. Her mink toque was tilted over one pretty eye and glamorously veiled. What a wonderful life she led, they thought, free as air, rushing all over the country, flying to Europe, coming home to lecture on the state of the world and to write books about it; books which weren't too deep to understand, books enlivened with glimpses of the Great whom Susan called by their given names.

She had, they understood, a gorgeous home in New York, a fascinating farm in New Hampshire, a devoted son—she looked too young to have a married son and grandchildren—and a fabulous income. . . . Whatever had happened to Mr. Foster?

Susan thought, scurrying down the platform, that sling shoes were hard on hurrying feet; she thought, *I'm bone tired;* she thought, *Thank God, that's over. Heaven be praised for a drawing room.*

Then she was in the drawing room; the porter, solicitous, had brought extra hangers, a pillow and a footstool. And she asked, smiling, "How far is the diner?" When Susan smiled the lights went on.

"Six cars forward, miss," said the porter, and Susan shuddered. She mourned, "I'll never make it." She added, "Could I possibly get something back here before we reach New York?"

The porter thought so. "When?" he inquired.

She fished for a bill in the alligator handbag and transferred it to the pink palm. "About twelve-thirty?" she suggested.

The train was pulling out, running through gray, dreary streets, shabbily hedged with leaning houses. It was raining now, a desultory spattering of autumn rain, streaking against the windows, gathering its energy to settle into a downpour. Susan's bones ached a little.

THE committee had met her night before last, headed by the triumphant Mrs. D., and there had been a country-club dinner, just a few of Mrs. Dawson's dearest friends—not more than forty. The next day, breakfast in bed, with Mrs. Dawson popping in with her own tray, "as it was cozier." And after that the drive to town, the reception, the press, the big luncheon. The only other woman speaker was much younger but less well known, and the rest were, luckily, men. After the luncheon, handshaking, the book signing and the curious glow, the candle lit to the ego, which, as usual, had warmed, and carried her through. Then back to the red-brick Georgian house in the suburbs and the little tea which one of the committee, a Dawson neighbor, was giving her—a nice little tea, about eighty women, all talking at once. Then the family dinner at Dawson's, twelve around the glittering board.

I don't know why I do it, thought Susan, kicking off her shoes, disposing of her hat.

She didn't, really, need the money. Sam was grown, and self-supporting. Her investments had prospered. She thought of Bill Foster, far away and long ago. . . . Sam was eight when Bill died, and there wasn't much money, so Susan went back to newspaper work, and out of that had grown her exacting job and her legend.

She took out the little notebook and jotted down expenses. Of course with the Dawson hospitality they were low, this trip. But she'd rather pay through the nose than be continually on parade.

She took out a sheaf of press clippings from the handbag. Her mouth curved upward. Eyewash, of course, but amusing. The women reporters spoke of her clothes—as well they might; they'd cost a fortune—of her charm and beauty and extreme youthfulness. The men were equally pleasant, and one or two even mentioned her solid grasp of national and international situations.

Now it was raining hard and they were running through open country. Susan looked out. The fields were gray and brown, the houses forlorn, the woods were bare and bleak, and the rain might any moment tire and turn softly to snow.

But, against stone walls, or blazing from a swamp or wood, she saw, time after time, the defiant beauty *(Continued on Page 79)*

The newspaper cameramen asked each other, "Isn't that Susan Foster?"

If You Ask Me

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Truman says, "Eat cheaper cuts of meat." What are the people who have had to eat cheaper cuts of meat to do, and who is to get the better grades; or is this going down the European rathole? It seems that every time someone "in the know" takes a trip to Europe, they come back with a story about our so-called commitments, new obligations made without our knowledge. How long must this continue? Don't you think we can dispense with a lot of that corn?

Your question is couched in language which is so evidently prejudiced that it makes it somewhat difficult for me to think that any reasonable answer will carry any weight with you.

It is not tremendously important what cuts of meat you eat. The important thing is that wherever we have been eating more meat than is essential to good health, we should cut down.

I do not know what commitments or new obligations have been undertaken by our Government representatives which are not already known. They have all been published after each meeting, and so far as I know there are none that are not known to both Congress and the Administration as well as to the people if they take the trouble to read.

I do not know what you mean by your last two sentences. How long must what continue? Aid to people who are in need of aid? Quite obviously the answer is until they are back on their feet; not only because you and I cannot bear to think of suffering in the rest of the world without doing something about it, but because we are extremely grateful that bombs did not fall on us. In addition, if we expect to have markets for our goods and to keep up our high rate of employment we will have to help other nations to get back to a point where they can buy our goods.

In your last sentence—I do not know what you mean by "corn." If you mean a surplus in our country of corn, I am sure we can give it where it will be of great value. If you are using the word with the implication that you do not believe reports which come to you, of the need for aid in Europe or Asia or wherever it may be, then I would advise you to take a job somewhere in Europe or any other war-torn country and see how you like it over there. I am sure you would find it enlightening.

Walter Winchell is of the opinion that Soviet Russia is preparing for a sneak attack on the United States. Do you agree with him?

No, I do not agree with Mr. Winchell. I am not surprised, however, that he is bitter against the Soviet Union, because they attacked him unjustifiably. Nevertheless, I think we have no proof that the Soviets would or could prepare an attack against us now. I think we have a great deal of proof that the people and the government at present are anxious for peace. They have much rehabilitation to do in their country. They have plans to carry out for the well-being of their people which could hardly be carried out if another war was contemplated or was actually going on. I think at the moment there is no more danger of an attack from Russia on us than there is of an attack by us on Russia. In both countries the fear of such an attack exists, but I do not think that fear is very realistic.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the Ladies' Home Journal. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* Journal.

In a group of public-spirited women recently, I heard this remark: "When the grain situation gets critical enough that our own Government curtails the use of it in so evil a thing as liquor, then my family will co-operate to the fullest, but not until then." Don't you believe this is the general feeling everywhere, especially among church people?

I do not know. I have not discussed it with anyone, but the distillers are co-operating and have closed down. Some liquor is essential and much grain alcohol is used in industry.

Not all church people are believers in complete prohibition. I myself do not believe in prohibition, but in temperance and self-imposed temperance and not a prohibition law.

REPRINTED COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"I wonder if you'd mind making it a simple 'yes or no,' Estelle—I promised mother I'd be home by twelve-thirty."

Do you think that the saying is true, "A son is a son until he gets a wife, but a daughter is a daughter all her life"? Most people, I find, do; but I think a son can never be as close to a mother as a daughter. I don't feel his marriage has anything to do with it.

I think this is a question of individuals entirely. I have known many sons who were devoted to their parents and who remained close and as devoted after they were married as they had been before. Naturally a man has to give more time to supporting and living with his family when he has one, and he will not be quite as free, perhaps, to be with his parents, but closeness does not imply constant association. A daughter when she is married is in exactly the same position as a son: she has a family of her own which she has to look after; but again I have known many daughters to stay close to their parents.

The real answer, of course, is the quality of the relationship that exists between parents and children, and it may exist with either a son or a daughter, or it may exist with both sons and daughters in a family, and marriage does not have to change it.

I have three children, the youngest 17 years old. She has graduated from high school, works as a stenographer in the daytime, and attends college three times a week. She is pretty and well dressed. In spite of these qualities, she has no friends—boys or girls. When she meets a girl, she goes out with her once or twice and then is left alone again. This has gone on ever since she went to high school. I have asked her repeatedly what the trouble is, but according to her, the other girl is always to blame. Now, I, even though her mother, believe there is something wrong. Our home is always open to her friends. Any time she brought them in, I tried very hard to please them. Do you think I should ask one of these girls why they suddenly stopped seeing my daughter? My husband says this would not be the right thing to do.

No, I hardly think it would be right to ask someone else why they no longer were friendly with your daughter. Perhaps if you study her carefully yourself, you will be able to find out. There must be something in her character or in her temperament which alienates the people she is with for any length of time, and certainly you, who know her better than anyone else, should be able to find out what it is.

You are working with the U. N. and have contacts with the Russians. What do you think of them?

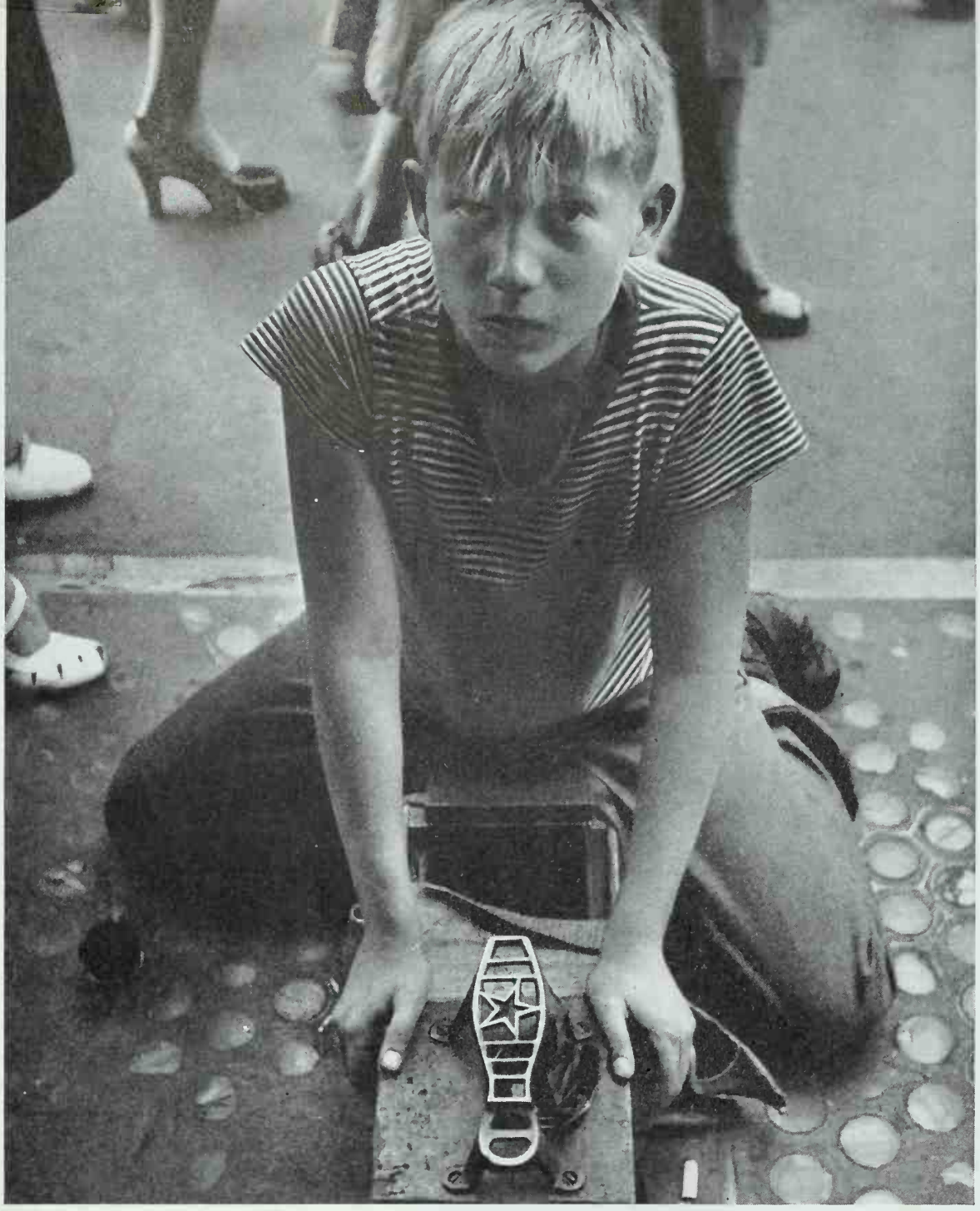
As individuals I like them very much. As representatives of their government, I find them at times irritating and at times difficult to work with. They are tied by directions given them by their government and they are allowed very little, if any, individual flexibility, which makes compromise and co-operation very difficult.

They were cut off for a long time by the action of other peoples and now, when they could mix freely with people and learn about others and make friends, they are seemingly unwilling to do so, or perhaps just too shy and suspicious to do so. Therefore they still live, even in this country, very largely to themselves, with only rather formal contacts. Fundamentally I think they are very like ourselves; they love children and will always show with pride the photographs of their children which they carry around in exactly the same way we do ourselves.

They are well disciplined and extremely well trained, and with an energy and an enthusiasm for their own country and its beliefs, born of the advantages which have come to them in the past twenty-five years and of the fact that they have great hopes for the future. They are enjoying, for the first time, a feeling of success which is extremely exhilarating.

Can you not say something about the sex question? The more we talk and read about sex, the more we are liable to go to extremes. Do you agree with me that our writers have sex on the brain?

I had not really given this question very much thought. I will agree that in some of the novels, of which I read very few nowadays, I have thought that the authors were prone to dwell too much on the sex question. I think it is a question which we all know exists, and our young people should receive certain instructions to safeguard them as they grow up. After that, the least said about it the better, I think.



"Once I made $3 in one day. I try to get a shine I can see myself in," he says. His average day's take is about $1.

SHOESHINE BOY

City-born, city-bred, he whiles away his early years the best he can, against the day when he becomes a man.

by JOAN YOUNGER

ON the cold rock island of Manhattan where the southern tip of New York City bulges into the East River, hundreds upon thousands of families live crowded upward into stone houses scarred with iron fire escapes and battered by wind and rain and sleet and snow. To walk through one of these streets is to walk in a valley of dirty stone and mortar, neon and merchandise; to peer into it is to peer into a poor man's chasm of noise and empty echo; to play in it is at once joy and torture, danger and delight.

In one of these streets, just off First Avenue, lives Frederick Peter Wagner. He was thirteen last summer; he is a member of the Boys' Club and the Boy Scouts, and every Sunday morning without fail he goes to Mass at 9 A.M. His hair is the color and texture of tired straw; he brushes it back out of his eyes with his hand. One of his front teeth is broken from a game of street stickball. His eyes are a bright blue and his grin is wide and engaging. He is a master at just waiting and watching; he can stand on the stoop for hours, slouched, loose, but not restless. His body is expressive; he may shrug instead of talking, twist his shoulders to show disdain, tense with interest. He would like more than anything else to be a flier, but his closest connection with flying is the kite flying he does from the roof. He has decided it is the better part of wisdom to concentrate on becoming a carpenter, and he has already made one small chair for his younger sister, Dottie, borrowing the superintendent's tools. Next year he will attend classes in carpentry at school. This year he is in the seventh grade and "too young."

He describes school as "all right," thinks history is the "best" subject, and got a half year behind his age group following a transfer from parochial school to public school recently. Last summer he spent two weeks at camp. He likes to read comic books and some of the fiction provided at school,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MORRIS ENGEL



is is Tenth Street on New York's lower East Side. The nearest grass is two blocks away, but you n't walk on it; the nearest park, four blocks. The horse-drawn merry-go-round costs a nickel go; has a real calliope, and wee horses to ride. Fred, second child from left, is too big.



"It's illegal to be a child in New York," an educator once said.

especially Robin Hood stories. The second youngest of a family of five girls, two boys, he is said by his neighbors, friends and family to be a "good boy"; he says his prayers "most nights," and his worst fault at home appears to be minor destructiveness: recently he was spanked by his mother because he broke his sister's glasses accidentally. His older sister, Helen, gives him 70 cents a week allowance, which he spends on sodas, candy, comics, Scout dues; he also keeps the $1 to $2 he makes shoeshining on Saturdays; most of this he spends on kites or small boyish treasures, on Sunday outings to Coney Island, or a movie now and again. He sees little of his



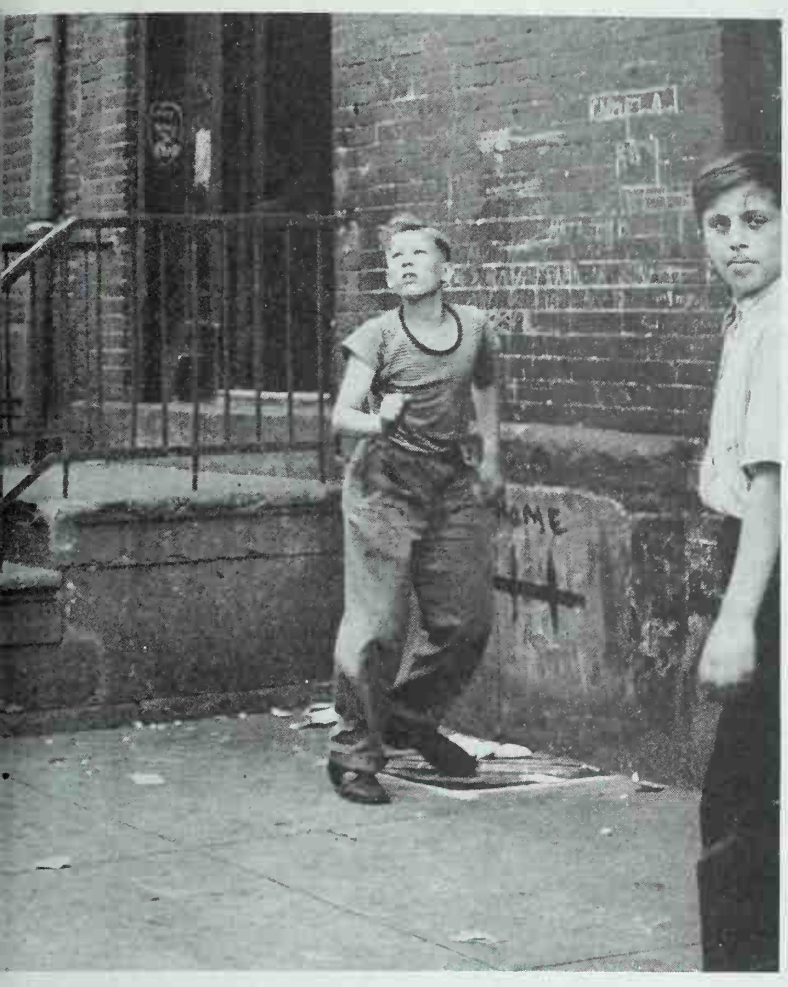
. Wagner never recovered from the depression. He sees little his children, leaves their upbringing to their mother. This typical East Side tenement kitchen. The curtains are yellow.



Mrs. Wagner works from 5:30 to 11:30 each evening scrubbing in a skyscraper. It's the only job she could find that made it possible for her also to take care of the children during the day.



The baby of the family, Dottie, is seven and goes parochial school. Fred often puts her to bed. Bo say their prayers regularly, attend Mass faithfull



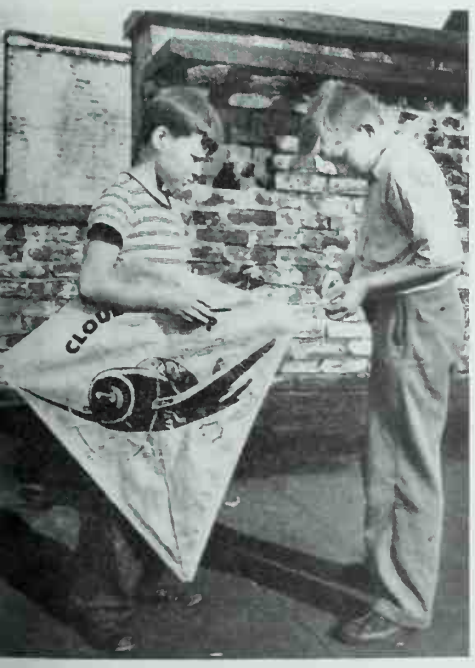
"The outlets natural to children are forbidden in the city."

father, cares nothing whatsoever for girls, has a "best friend" and several "pals," enjoys his sisters and admires Peter, his brother, an ex-Marine. He shares a room with his brother in the three-bedroom railroad flat, four flights up, that houses him and the six Wagners who are home, and the most important thing in his world is his mother.

She is a sturdy but work-weary woman with a warm smile into which depression slowly is eating. She was born in Poland forty-seven years ago. Her parents died, and an aunt and uncle brought her to America. She was nine years old and helpful in the summer hotel and *(Continued on Page 112)*



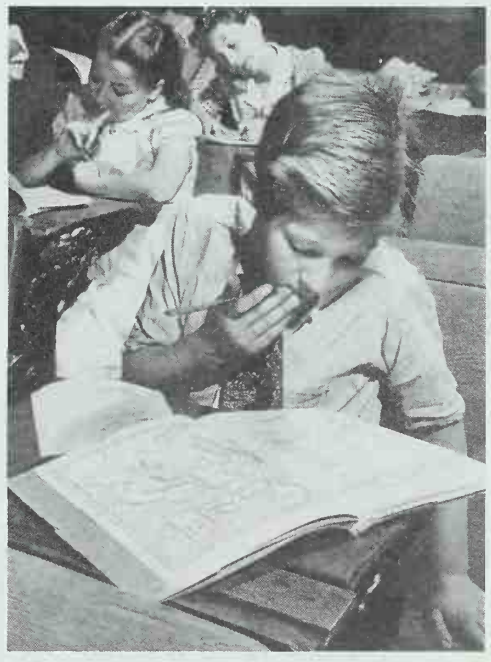
Shoeshine boys under sixteen are lawbreakers, but police rarely run them in except on school days. Here a policeman tells Fred to move along; he has done his duty if he can't see him. Fred thinks police "okay" except when they interrupt him in a shine. This picture was done by mirrors.



Fred has smart hands, plans to be a carpenter, makes some of his own kites. He knows every street game but can't swim, ride, hunt or shoot.



Coney Island attracts 1,000,000 New Yorkers on summer Sundays—including Fred and his pal, Wally. It costs a nickel for the subway ride, a quarter for pop and hot dog, and comes under the heading of fun. The water is crowded too.



Fred says school is "all right," gets fair grades, likes history. A teacher told the boys there was no need for them to study, they'd all land in jail.

She was his girl; she wore his high-school ring on a black silk cord around her neck; she never dated anyone else.



Periord

UNTIL THE FRENCHMAN'S ARRIVAL, BYRON MUSICK THOUGHT BYRON MUSICK WAS THE WITTIEST, MOST BRILLIANT MAN HE HAD EVER KNOWN. ★ BY JESSAMYN WEST



BYRON MUSICK had developed the faculty, not usual in an eighteen-year-old, of levitation. He could lift himself above a group and, looking down, see all who composed it. Sitting or standing, silent or talking, framed by a room, the season of the year, the day's particular weather, he could see them all. He would do this and say to himself, *Remember.* He had the sad idea that memories should be stored like stereoscopic slides, to be taken out in barren moments for reanimation. It was strange that at eighteen, in the midst of friendship and talk, the afternoon sun still shining, he should think of barren moments. Still, he did so. He was afraid the luck he had had would not last forever; and going up a little higher, he looked down upon the three of them (including himself) in a memorializing way. *Remember,* he told himself, and arranged a slide to be entitled, A Happy Afternoon Spent With Betty Jean Alford and Her Brother Charlie.

From the height at which he was viewing the room, Byron watched the three of them: Charlie, just home for the week end from Cal Tech, unpacking his effects in the center of the Alford living room, tossing dirty socks and shirts into one pile, books, papers, a binder, a tennis racket into another; Betty Jean, in a dusty pink dress, on the sofa watching her brother; Byron, himself, most clearly visible of the three to himself, sitting, one leg thrown over the arm of the upholstered chair, his brown-and-white-striped T shirt showing up with just the proper degree of Saturday-afternoon nonchalance from under his brown sport coat, very easy, very happy, very relaxed.

If someone were to come to the door, he thought, *someone who didn't know any of us from Adam, he'd be just as likely to take me for an Alford as Charlie or Betty Jean.*

"Charlie," he said, "do you take your stuff to school in that sack?"

"Sack," said Charlie, sending a pair of plaid shorts in a graceful arc onto the laundry pile. "That's no sack. That's my duffel bag."

"Duffel bag!" exclaimed Byron. It was obviously the Alfords' laundry bag. It had "6792" steneiled on it, and under that in block print, "Puritan Laundry. We wash clothes in a running stream."

"Looks like a laundry bag to me."

"Duffel bag," insisted Charlie. "I pack my duffel bag, lash it to the whiffletree and I'm off."

Betty Jean Alford laughed. "You're off all right, Charlie. Isn't he, By?"

Looking at Betty Jean, Byron wanted to say something clever and important. She was his girl; she wore his high-school ring on a black silk cord around her neck; she never dated anyone else. Still, it was not a knowledge he had ever been able to rest in. He had to prove it to himself time and again by being the brightest, wittiest, most commanding person in the crowd, the obvious choice of a girl like Betty Jean Alford. Since he was actually the brightest, wittiest, most commanding person Tenant had seen in some time, this was usually quite easy. But once in a while, as now, all cleverness left him. The afternoon sunlight pouring through the west windows of the Alford living room, like glass through glass, white and sharp, all rosiness leached from it by the heavy palm trees in front of the house, frosted Betty Jean, made her look like a delectable Christmas-tree ornament, put sparkles in her funny, olive-colored eyes. Looking at her, Byron remembered how her face, wide at the forehead, narrow at the chin, felt cupped in his hands: like a soft, soft triangle.

"If Charlie isn't crazy, we are," he answered, cleverness lost in memories.

To offset the mediocrity of this he sprang from his chair, put a toe under the now empty bag—duffel or laundry—and with a sharp kick lifted it high into the air. The bag fell on the bridge lamp by the piano. The lamp teetered precariously for a second or two, then, finally, without falling over, righted itself.

Byron sat down at once, no longer with leg over the arm of the chair, not even slouching.

"I didn't know I was putting quite so much into that," he apologized.

Betty Jean took the bag off the lamp and began to put Charlie's laundry into it.

(Continued on Page 140)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

Collecting old Glass

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

Collecting Early American glass can be everybody's hobby. Its quantity was so vast and its distribution so general that there is a chance of discovering good pieces almost anywhere. With elusive mystery, old glass still hides out in the most surprising places. Mold pitchers turn up on a country table, a rare flask comes to light when a cellar is cleaned out, and the goblet to complete your prize set may be awaiting discovery in an isolated shop across the street from where your car is being serviced.

Begin by buying a good book on glass, with plenty of illustrations, then read it thoroughly. This won't make you an expert, for you never cease learning, but it frames the whole glorious picture, and opens *(Continued on Page 121)*



With the exception of the three-mold blown-glass pitcher which holds the flowers, all pieces are fine specimens of clear pressed glass of the type collectors are always seeking.

A good group of blown and pressed glass for those who like to make practical use of their treasures. Old glass was made for service, yet beautiful, and still highly functional.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD FOWLER



The reward of the persevering collector is to be able to set a whole table of early thumbprint, or other matched pieces.



Colored overlay lamps are real finds. Opaque pieces such as the spoon holder, sugar bowl and opalescent salts are gems.



Top collectors' items with superimposed lily-pad decoration. Sugar-bowl knop and finial contain silver half-dimes, 1829–35.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE S. MCKEARIN

For full beauty allow light to shine through your glass. This corner window is appropriate for living or dining room. Pieces identified on page 121.



Desirable patterns in both blown and pressed glass, showing a variety of fine blues and a choice amber saucedish.



Collecting glass for color is exciting. Here is a distinguished group of both blown and pressed glass including a pig whimsey.

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY CORY WHITMORE

IV

COURTNEY had not realized how fatigued he was until he got on the ship. The Atlantic was quiet, and he slept a good deal in his stateroom or on deck in his chair. He made no acquaintances on the voyage, and the few people he knew he avoided. But England dejected him from the start.

"Why come to us?" their London agent said as they lunched at Boulestin's. "We're looking to you for material. There's nothing here."

It seemed incredible. The country which had produced Wells, Swinnerton, Maugham, Galsworthy and dozens of others had no new writers, and few of the old ones were producing.

"What's happened?"

"What's happened all over the world?"

He left England with little to show for his trip. Nor was France any better. He took time out to see some of the battlefields, but he could not orient himself among them. Nature had put a protective covering of green over most of them, and the towns he remembered as rubble had been rebuilt. Only the vast cemeteries remained. But after fourteen years, Paris had not regained its prewar gaiety. The people looked sober and anxious.

He had not intended to go to Germany, but so far his errand had brought in very little. At the end of a week he took a plane and flew to Berlin.

Rudolph Hauck, their German representative, met him at the airfield. Hauck took him to the Adlon, but he was not optimistic about manuscripts. He lowered his voice so the cabdriver could not hear.

"What can you expect?" he said. "We are muzzled here, all of us. It is not safe to think, even less safe to write. And our writers have no martyr blood in them." He waved a hand out the window. "Great Berlin! The third largest city in the world, the publishing center of Europe; and a year from now not even the bravest of us will be able to say what he thinks."

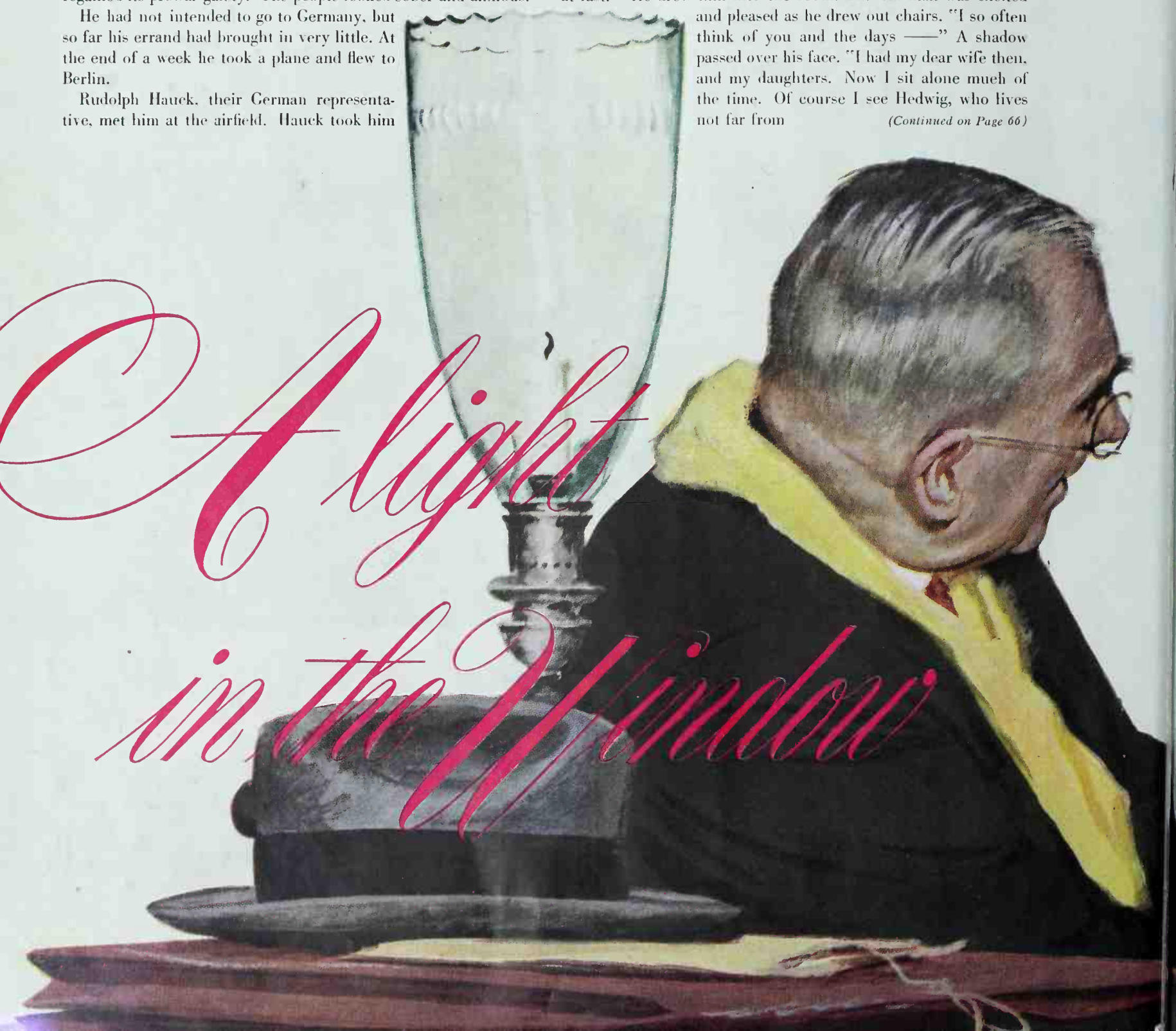
"There have been a few good German novels in the last ten years."

"Most of them by people who have left the country," Hauck said bitterly.

It was largely boredom that led Courtney to call on Professor von Wagner a day or so later. It was a shabby house, reconverted into flats. The professor lived on the fourth floor. He was definitely an old man now, his beard white and his hair thin. He peered nearsightedly from the door of what was both living room and bedroom. Then he held out both hands.

"Captain!" he said. "Captain Wayne! So you come to see me at last." He drew him into the room. The old man was excited and pleased as he drew out chairs. "I so often think of you and the days ——" A shadow passed over his face. "I had my dear wife then, and my daughters. Now I sit alone much of the time. Of course I see Hedwig, who lives not far from

(Continued on Page 66)





"Like it, grandfather?"
peggy asked. he noticed that
she looked more
like her mother every day.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HER..



print of a perennial fashion: Lady Lewis
e gabardine suit, at work on the guest wing.



Lady Lewis at home. She will wear her black satin portrait dress many times this winter, with satin gloves, a long rope of pearls, black tulle around her shoulders.



y Lewis leaves for a luncheon in her favorite gray suit, velveteen beret; brown leather bag and silver foxes.

Her five-year-old dinner dress with infallible, simple lines—again with long pearls.



A PERSONAL STYLE

Lady Lewis has the kind of style that rides out change, and makes change itself seem trivial. Born in Texas, she has lived most of her life in Washington, in the pivotal center of its official circles. She is the wife of Sir Willmott Lewis; she is the mother of three sons, and has six grandchildren.

She has enormous vitality, strong loyalties, the hobbies of a man, the graces of a woman. She remodeled her 150-year-old Georgetown house when times were most difficult. She has collected the building material for a guesthouse wing—old brick and floor boards and fine old iron. She takes all her holidays with her family, duck shooting at Sycamore Landing on the Potomac.

Her favorite party is "dinner for eight," with people who know how to talk—politics preferred. She'll dress for it in twenty minutes and always look lovely. Clothes never take too much of her time, never put her in a quandary. She hates to shop, and with perfect logic makes a beeline for the dress or suit that will last a long time.

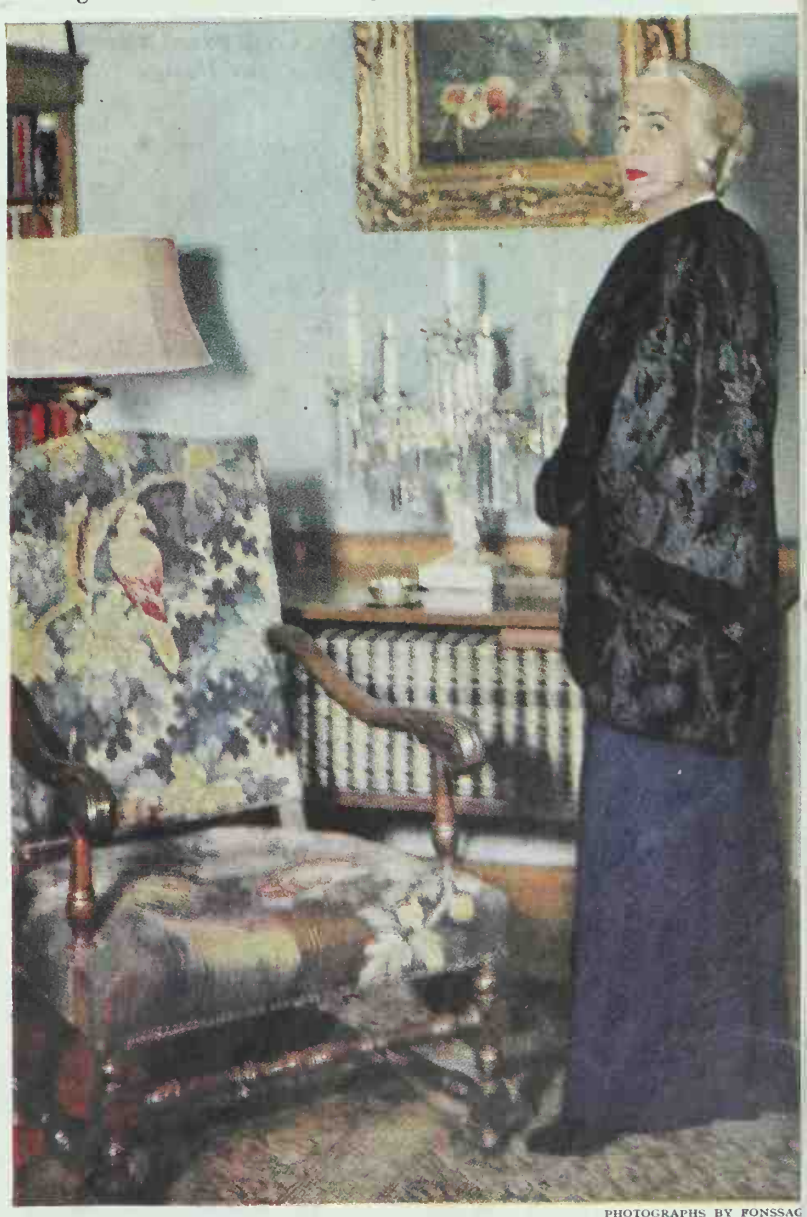
"When in doubt, wear a stand-by," Lady Lewis says, and no woman of any age could have a better rule. Her best-loved dinner dress is a navy-blue crepe, five years old, which she has worn at least forty times. The black or navy-blue strategy is one she learned years ago. This year she will have a black velvet suit and a black satin evening dress, which she will wear with long pearls.

Her gray flannel and blue gabardine suits are never out of season. She gives them her own distinction with simple silk or satin blouses, furs, dashing hats or soft berets. Like most women who love to ride and hunt, she adores fine leather—in bags, gloves, shoes. She knows her kind of fashion is impervious to "eyeles." We have photographed her in today's clothes. They might be yesterday's, or tomorrow's.

By Wilhela Cushman
Fashion Editor of the Journal



For Late Afternoon, dinner: a black velvet suit, fastidi white gloves, a sealskin fez with jet tassels, and her husband's decorat



PHOTOGRAPHS BY FONSSAG

Slim and Distinguished—black broadtail coat with ing sleeves, cut in a length that can be worn for daytime and even

MODEL WAYS . . . of making clothes



e cape makes one suit serve as ogue Design No. 5810, 12-18.



Crisp tucked white Irish-linen blouse, Vogue Design No. 6286, 12 to 20.



Carol loves the slim, sleek lines of her worsted suit. Vogue Design No. 6262, 12 to 20.



Year-round favorite—cotton plaid skirt and stole. Carol gets border effect with sequins. Vogue Design No. 6278, 24 to 32 waist.

© VOGUE

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, postage prepaid, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 21 Dundas Square, Toronto, Ont.



Pretty wool dress with an expensive look. Tucks make small waist look smaller. Vogue Design No. 6267, 12 to 20.



A young, glamorous evening fashion . . . satin coat; wear with long or short dress. Vogue Design No. 6063, 12 to 20.

"NO matter how much money I have, I always want to sew," says Carol McCallson, pretty California model. She has a passion for beautiful fabrics, and gets such a kick out of seeing them transformed into something to wear. People are always so amazed when Carol says, "I made it myself," because she gives her clothes such a professional finish.

When Carol first gets a piece of material, she stands in front of a mirror and drapes it in every way she can think of. This decides the line she thinks most becoming; then she looks for a pattern which is similar. She designs and combines as she goes along. Sometimes she uses the bodice of one pattern with the skirt of another. She has a dressmaker's dummy ma[illegible]e for fitting purposes, but because she is [illegible] is constantly trying thin[illegible] three months befor[illegible] into the future is [illegible] helps her to be

This typic[illegible] and wears fr[illegible] skirt she al[illegible] blouse. He[illegible] inch waistl[illegible] and finds [illegible] She is m[illegible] will be h[illegible] another t[illegible] to wear we. *Make it* with seq*von: about $4.75.* wardrobe, *25¢.* to a glam[illegible]

ghtgown, Empire style, with beading; in white batiste or chiffon. 'l. Medium, Large, 25¢.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIMONE



Carol's suède skirt cost only $20 to make; ready-made, they cost up to $85. Flannel shirt, Vogue Design 6280, 12 to 40.

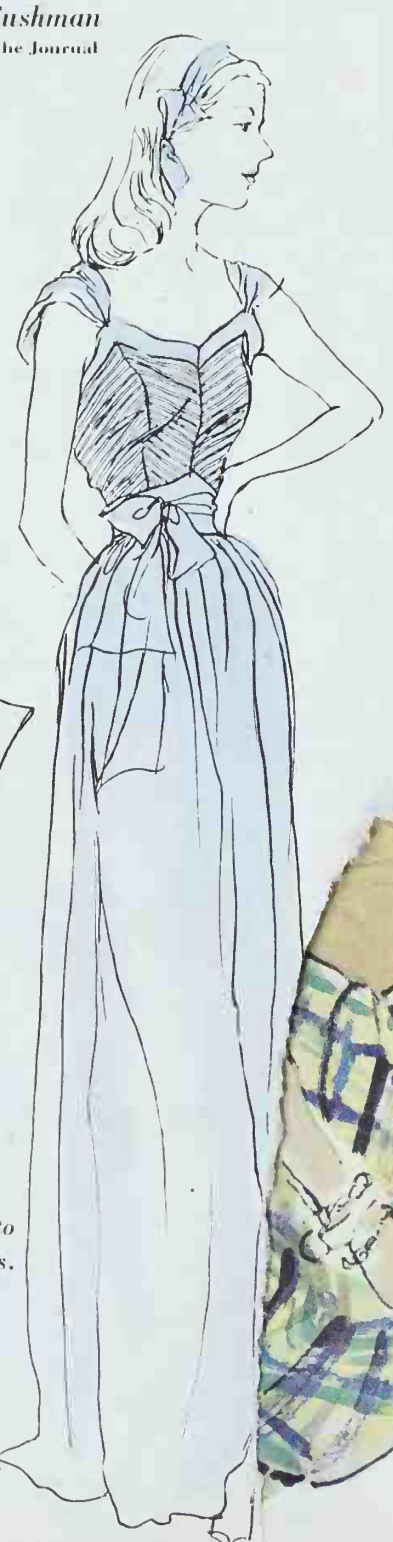
Journal Originals . . . make your own dreamy lingerie

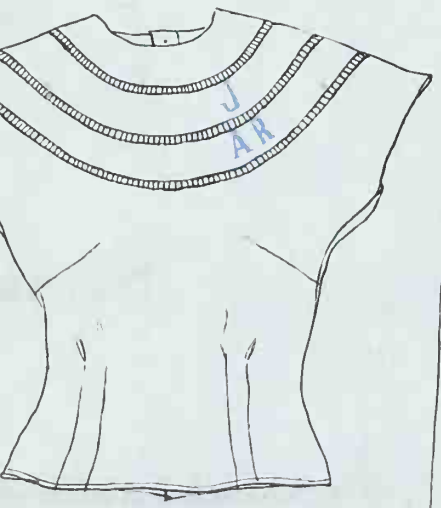
If you can sew a fine seam, you can make a treasure chest of lovely lingerie . . . for yourself, for a special gift, for a spring trousseau. A beautiful nightgown or blouse that might have come from e Rue de la Paix, a lace-trimmed slip, a lovely negligee, selling on Fifth Avenue for from $50 to $200. You can make them for the cost of materials only. If you do fastidious handwork you have a fortune in your hands! Many these can also be done entirely or partly on your sewing machine. ★ *By Wilhela Cushman*

Fashion Editor of the Journal

PHOTOGRAPH BY FONSSAGRI







fagoted blouse, a fashion for . White or pastel rayon crepe; le design; pattern 2410, sizes 12 to 35¢, including two different alphabets.

ghtgown from Paris for you to copy. ls of fine tucking in the top, fullness skirt, soft sash around the waist. sizes Small, Medium, Large; 25¢.

rinted sheer, pretty enough for a brid nall, Medium, Large; 35¢. It 5½ yards. Matching nightgown, dium, Large; 25¢.

Carol loves sted suit. V

Year-round favorite—cotton plaid skirt and stole. Ca der effect with sequins. Vogue Design No. 6278, 24

Turn to page 134 for directions for ordering these Journal patterns from the Reference Library. Size must be included in your order!

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada f

leart sachet; 50¢ will buy the affeta, net and ribbon. Same pattern as the pillow, 2414, 25¢.

French slip to make, 2418, 12 to 20, and 40; 25¢. In pure silk with French lace, about $14.00; in rayon satin, around $8.50.



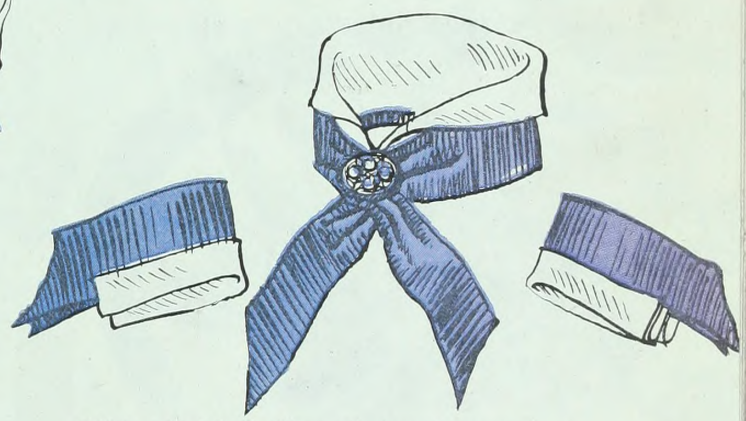
ué collar and cuffs for a navy-blue dress, Ida Kraines; pattern 2415, 25¢. Half ard of piqué, about 50¢. Silk scarf tie.



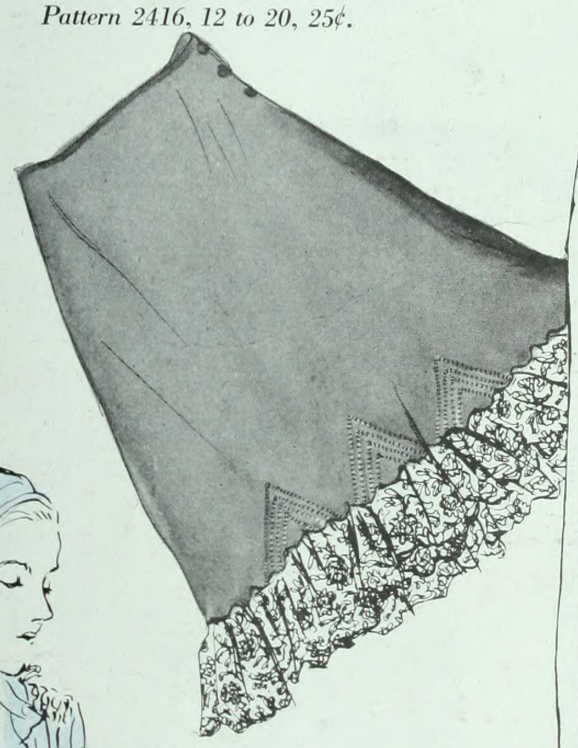
Distinguished white crepe blouse by Nicole, 2420, 12 to 20, 25¢. Make in rayon crepe for $3.75.



Very French sheer black petticoat and bra to make of chiffon and lace. Pattern 2416, 12 to 20, 25¢.



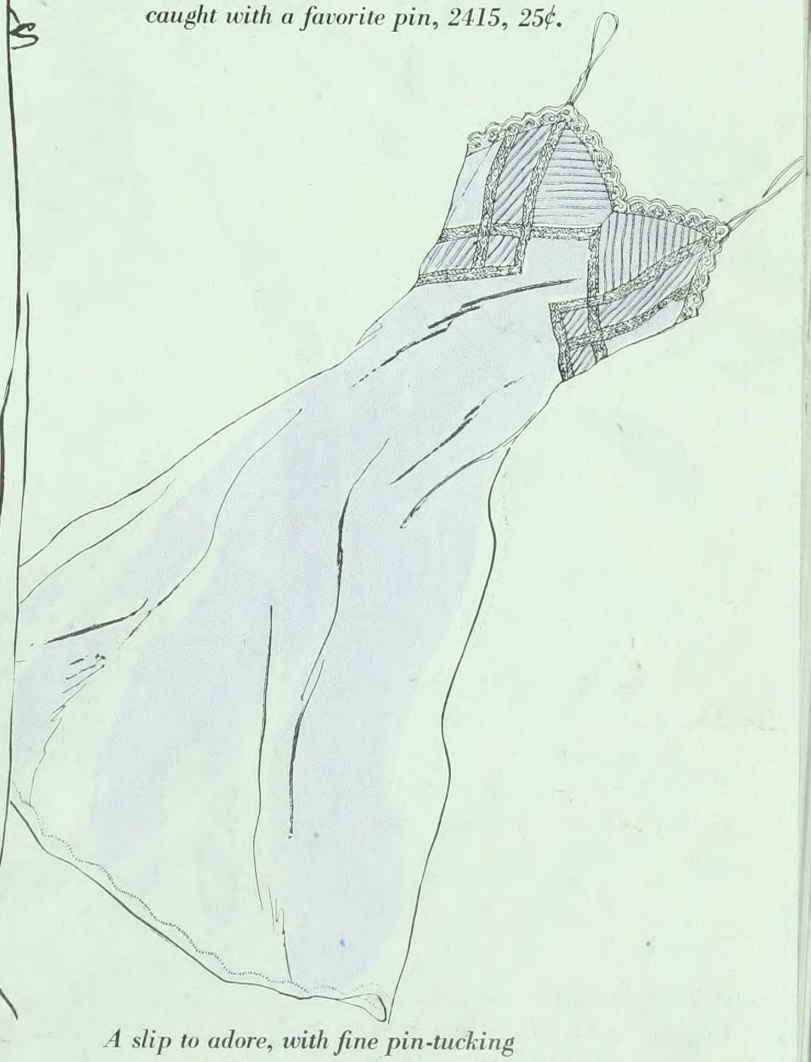
High-collar look. To make in white linen or piqué with grosgrain ribbon, caught with a favorite pin, 2415, 25¢.





Pretty bed jacket with a ruffle. Make it in pastel rayon satin and chiffon; about $4.75. 2417, Small, Medium, Large, 25¢.

Dreamy nightgown, Empire style, with ribbon and beading; in white batiste or chiffon. 2419, Small, Medium, Large, 25¢.



A slip to adore, with fine pin-tucking and lace. For a bride—or any woman who prizes lovely lingerie; 2421, 12 to 20, 25¢.



★ ★ *Menu* ★ ★

Ring-Mold Appetizer Spreads

Creamed Chicken

Holiday Rice

Baked Oysters

Jellied Avocado-and-Tomato Salad

Chilled Chime Cake

Coffee

(Serves 8 to 10 People)



Auld Lang Syne

BY ANN BATCHELDER

IT used to be the custom—maybe still is—to make calls on New Year's Day. I remember those days well. It was quite a day. First the well-aged fruitcakes were taken out to have a final going over; the eggnog had to be prepared. That was a tradition. Every family had its own, its secret, its treasured receipt. Handed down from generation to generation, it was no less than treason to lengthen or shorten by jot or tittle the ingredients of that kingly concoction. It was inviolable. It was tradition. Folks didn't stay at home and look out at the winter landscape. There was a continual swapping of callers, and the punch bowl and the fruitcakes were continually renewed. It was a great day. It was New Year's Day.

So to this day. So to this day, the start of a new year, we make a gesture of welcome and record our wishes. Maybe of our resolutions we should say as little as possible. They drift like clouds around us, and like clouds are lost in the bright sun of reality. Wishes are different. You can wish and wish and you never know. It's *possible*. They may—or, anyway, some of them may—come true. One cannot tell. That's half the charm of wishing.

(Continued on Page 150)

PHOTO BY STUART-FOWLER

LINE A DAY

By Ann Batchelder

1 Former Secretary of State James F. Byrnes has written a book: SPEAKING FRANKLY. Lest that's ringing all the sleigh bells on the string, let me advise you not to get too excited. He tells quite a lot, but not all. But read it. Brother Byrnes has a few good right swings. And once in a while he leads with his chin. And this makes it good reading for all the customers.

2 Have you or have you not made a corn pudding in which folks come across pieces of crisp bacon? If not, get out a can of corn or a package of frozen corn before six tonight and make this lovely dish.

3 *Lebkuchen,* full of fruits and nuts and made from a dream dreamed up over four hundred years ago in a *Lebkuchen* lovers' corner of Europe, may now be had as would have been made yesterday. A rare treat. In tins. . . . Pastry sticks filled with chocolate cream are ready for the tea table. In tins to keep—if keep you're able.

4 When you have a baked ham, that perennial favorite and one that lasts and lasts and winds up in a split-pea soup—well, when you have such, garnish it with (or serve alongside) steamed and cooled apples in cider jelly. Lemon jelly will do if cider isn't around.

5 Can you bear a double-header? Here it is, in answer to a number of would-be deviled-crab makers. Take one and a half cups of flaked crab meat. Sprinkle with the juice of half a lemon. Melt two tablespoons of butter or margarine and make a smooth paste with two tablespoons of flour and a good teaspoon of prepared mustard.

6 Now for the second inning. Add a cup of cream—or very rich milk—to the flour mixture and cook in the double boiler until smooth and rich. Stir every minute. Put in the crab meat, season with salt and pepper. Fill crab shells or ramekins, scatter over fine crumbs with a lavish abandon, dot with butter or you know what and bake.

7 Tiny chopped-clam "fish balls" are delicious, and so are those made from *very* finely chopped lobster meat, seasoned with salt, pepper and a little lemon juice. Remember, whatever you make your fish balls of, big or little ones, the fish and potatoes *must* be drained dry. Don't have any water chugging around there.

8 No need to pick lead out of the meat and feathers out of the gravy. I speak of pheasant. If this is your dish, you may order them, in pairs, without these drawbacks. Yes, you *do* have to cook them. And don't forget that old Southern spoon bread.

9 Not content with letting an olive be an olive, hard as it has tried, you get them now with a curry flavor, a garlic taste, celery enters the game, and they've also smoked the poor dears with a hickory log. So far no olive has been consulted and none has rebelled.

10 For a vegetable plate you needn't stick to carrots and peas. French some string beans and cook them until tender. Mix them with butter or margarine and a little cream and grated cheese, season with salt and pepper, sprinkle the top with cheese and brown in the oven. Not a whole vegetable plate, but a nice one-spot on one.

11 Creamed hard-boiled eggs with little onions are a wonderful filling for a spinach ring. Cut the eggs in two, lengthwise. Have plenty of highly seasoned sauce. Garnish with sautéed green peppers and red pimientos, and with a liberal number of crisp bacon curls. You can really *like* spinach this way. I may dream up a way with carrots!

12 *One delicacy for many things:* Thin, transparent shreds of preserved ginger fixed in beauty and temptation in a clear, translucent lemon jelly. On toast, on buttered muffins, on ice cream or a simple pudding, it's perfect.

13 *Herb Note:* As the buckwheat to the cake, so is sage to any stuffable pork. Sage, often maligned and warned against, is, to my mind, the king of the herbs. A sausage without sage might as well retire and be an éclair.

14 *First Installment:* A corn soufflé, really a glorified corn pudding, becomes something everybody's looking for—the receipt, I mean. It's just a can of good Maine corn, seasoned with salt and pepper and a teaspoon of minced onion. Beat in a tablespoon of chopped sautéed green pepper and two teaspoons of pimiento. That all clear?

15 *Second Installment:* Now beat up two eggs, sort of easily, add half a cup of cream and stir it in the corn. Bake it in a greased soufflé dish, and it will puff and brown and act just lovely. It's one of the top-drawer receipts.

16 One of the nicest things with creamed or fried chicken is a generous mound of hot, rather finely chopped roasted walnuts. And roasted walnuts, which you do like almonds, in the oven, in a brown Betty make you wonder why you never raved about that girl Betty. Lots do, now.

17 Chicken soup may not always sound terribly exciting—but a way to get what it takes into chicken soup is to add a little curry. And with it pass a plate of elegant little whole-wheat-cracker sandwiches spread with mayonnaise and chutney. Good enough for royalty.

18 This is the time of year when the hot appetizer appears on all occasions. Small shrimp fried in batter are pretty popular. And they get a special hand when there's a bowl of mayonnaise into which some caviar has been eased. Do your own dipping. Very epicurean, this.

19 Of course an oyster purée is an oyster purée. But it has some uses besides being in a soup tureen. Purée some of the oysters the next time you are getting scalloped oysters ready—use the purée instead of just oyster liquor. You'll be surprised.

20 Then there's another little trick to play with the oyster purée. Mix it well with some well-seasoned cream cheese and use it for a hors d'oeuvre spread, on hot toast or toasted crackers.

BELINDA SPEAKS

Belinda, Belinda, so they tell,
It is warm on the earth's warm breast.
Never a hint of the sentinel
Winter to break your rest.

Never a hint of the passing storm,
Or the wakefulness of spring;
What is there keeping you safe and warm
In the earth's late blossoming?

"Asphodel blooms forever and ever
In sweet green pastures, fading never."

21 I imagine this is old hat, but it's so good I'll take a chance. Drain a can of very large pitted cherries, mask them in batter flavored with almond and fry them in deep fat. Dust with fine powdered sugar—and serve as fritters. Make a sauce of the sirup, also perfumed with almond. Cherry fritters are one of my favorites.

22 *From an old cookbook:* "We have lately been told that the disgusting habit of eating snails has reached these shores and our kitchens. I beg of you to eschew this pernicious habit. No earthly good can come of eating such creatures." Well, we can eat the garlic butter—can't we?

23 I went up to Vermont in October—my annual foliage-viewing trip. It conditioned me for another winter. When I came home a farmer who knows me well put a big box in the back of the car. Said, "Guess *that'll* see you through till spring." I give you three guesses as to the contents of that box. It was *carrots!* Last me many a winter and into innumerable springs.

24 When you look over the jam closet, I'll bet there's *one* item you hesitate about. It's gooseberry. Wonderful with meat and chicken. More wonderful still made into deep little tarts and served decorated with not-too-sweet whipped cream. Serve hot as blazes.

25 A dessert that won't keep you on your toes very long is done so: Fill halves of drained canned pears with shredded toasted walnuts or almonds. Cover them with canned or frozen raspberries, heap high with sweetened and flavored whipped cream and serve cold. Slivers of preserved ginger in the cream add much. Ginger sirup will make your whipped cream divine.

26 Scrambling for scrapple is an old, old winter game. Sliced and fried and served with an omelet or (another scramble) eggs. You'll be real popular when the mercury is shifting down and one can't see out for the frost. Little crisp sausages and bacon curls are dandy on the scrapple platter.

27 Good thick slices of toast fitted into Welsh-rarebit casseroles, spread with butter or margarine and then with chutney, and covered to a thickness with a real Welsh rarebit, heated again until it bubbles—well, if I haven't told you in this piece how to keep warm, you let me know.

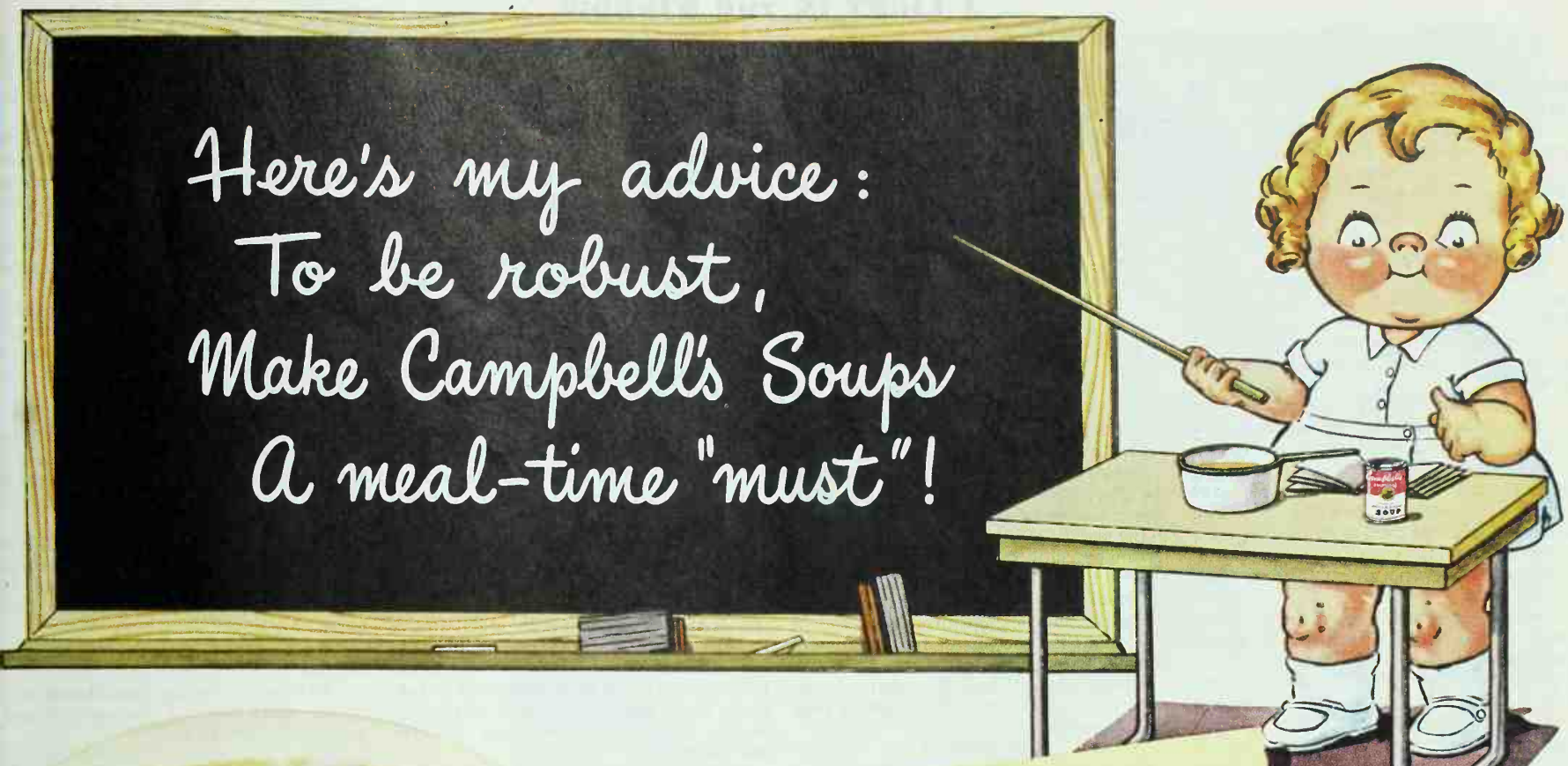
28 Oddments of turkey and ham, or ham and turkey, set in a well-seasoned jelly, are a fine thing for holiday buffets. And here and there in its fine outside a roasted almond or filbert may be carefully inserted, much to the edification of all. Serve it sliced, cold.

29 The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine, probably no finer than the upper and nether stones at that little mill in Vermont where they turn out corn meal, buckwheat, wheat cereals and muffin meal. I guess the quantities are limited, but the goodness isn't. Oh, there's popcorn too. And it's the kind that really pops.

30 Orange sandwiches for the inevitable tea table may be something new. Take two tablespoons of orange juice and the grated rind of an orange and mix with one half cup of sugar and a little cinnamon. Spread on hot buttered toast and brown in the oven. But not too brown; about like an oak leaf.

31 So once more it's "Happy New Year." I trust you are all set for parties and pastimes, sleigh rides and sillabubs. Enjoy yourselves while the mood is here—this is the end of this chapter. Selah.

DRAWING BY R. C. ATHERTON





Take tender hothouse mushrooms . . . and extra-heavy sweet cream. Blend them, with all Campbell's "know-how", adding gentle seasoning, and you have Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup—as nourishing as it is delightful. Ideal for mid-winter appetites—all around the table.

Campbell's CREAM of MUSHROOM SOUP



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Made with plenty of chicken! A broth is slow-simmered of fine chickens for Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. You get lots of golden egg noodles, too, and tender pieces of chicken in every gleaming, chicken-rich bowlful. Have you had this popular favorite lately?

Campbell's CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP





This delicate purée of fine black beans makes a smooth and full-bodied soup. No wonder black bean enjoys an honored place on the menus of America's most famous eating places! Serve Campbell's Black Bean Soup to favored guests. Let the family enjoy it at lunch.

Campbell's BLACK BEAN SOUP

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW

(Continued from Page 54)

ere. She does my marketing for me. But lsa ——"

"I was wondering about Elsa," Court aid. "You wrote she was in Munich."

"Yes. Perhaps it is as well she is not here. ime does strange things to us, captain. Her usband is a Nazi. You know about them, of ourse. And she herself is of the party. She eldom sees me any more. I tell her of the . S. men and the Storm Troops, that they re wicked and cruel, but she thinks I am a ool."

Court listened incredulously. "It doesn't ound like her. She was a quiet girl, very entle."

"A wife grows like her husband, always."

The professor insisted on making him a up of coffee on a small gas stove. He exlained that it was not Mocha, but at least it as hot and stimulating. He was excited hen Court offered him an American garette. He was even more pleased when ourt gave him the rest of the package. And ver the cigarette he reverted to the Nazis nd to Elsa.

"She has a son," he said. "How old is tto? Let me think. He must be twelve ears now. It is a shameful thing to say, but am afraid to speak what I think before him. do not trust him," he added, with the first ouch of bitterness he had shown. "A fine, ll, good-looking boy, but he alarms me. It what they teach him, at home and in the hools. Wait a moment; I have here a picure of him with his mother."

He rummaged in a drawer and brought ut a photograph. Courtney carried it to a indow. Mother and son were standing toether, Elsa in a white dress, the boy beside er. She had not greatly changed, Court aw. But when he looked at the child, he lmost dropped the picture. Except for the othes and the hair, it was Jeff who looked ut at him: the eyes, the mouth, the small quare chin.

He never remembered how he left that ay. He got out somehow, and went down he stairs. So distracted was he that he umped against a heavy-set woman wearing pectacles in the lower hall and made her rop the basket she was carrying. Not until e had gathered up and replaced her packges did he recognize her.

"Why, Hedwig!" he managed. "You aven't forgotten me, have you?"

She regarded him unsmilingly. "I am urprised you come here, Herr Captain."

"I'm not a captain now. And why the urprise, Hedwig?"

"If you do not know I shall not tell you. ut I think you do know." There was anagonism in every line of her face. She went n, coldly and inexorably: "You could have one something. She was alone and helpless. he even had no money."

"I didn't know, Hedwig. I swear I never new until just now. I saw his picture."

She had put down her basket. Now she tooped and picked it up. "She had to marry t once, to marry a man she disliked. Can ou imagine that, too, Herr Captain? He hinks the boy is his. And so he is, Elsa's and is. You cannot take him away. He is a Nazi now. How do you like that?"

She did not wait for an answer. She limbed the stairs, a typical German Hausrau. He turned and went out into the street.

BACK at the hotel, he went into the bar and ook a drink. It steadied him somewhat, but n his room again he fell to pacing the floor. There was nothing he could do for his German son, or for Elsa. The secret had been vell kept. Nevertheless, he was in a wretched rame of mind. There was a saying that old ins left long shadows. He knew now that hey did.

But he could not stay in Germany. He vanted to go home, to the security and peace of his marriage, to Ricky and his hildren; his other children, he thought, and elt faintly sick.

He got a ship at Bremerhaven a day or wo later. It was a fast ship, but the voyage seemed endless. He felt as though he had not drawn a full breath until he saw Ricky on the pier. She looked exhausted, but she gave him a radiant smile. It was over, he thought. All over. In the taxi he took her in his arms and held her close.

Now and then Ricky had a letter from Sheila. They were ecstatic; almost exalted. Walter was wonderful. Her life was wonderful. She had even gone out one night in the boat with him, and they had been chased. It was fun, but Walter would not let her do it again.

"He was terribly scared for me," she wrote. "And for heaven's sake, don't tell mother. She would lose her mind, or think I'd lost mine."

But there was nothing in the letters about the long nights when she waited alone while Walter was away, either in his boat or to see to the loading of his trucks in a small cove a few miles south along a deserted beach, or even to take a truck himself. Of the agony of watching the clock hour after hour, and of seeing the sun come up without any sign of him. And then the almost hysterical relief of his footsteps in the hall.

That was how it had been until one cold night in December when the telephone rang by Courtney's bed.

"Hello," he said. "Who is it?"

Ricky was sitting up in bed, her face frozen. She had never got over the feeling that a long-distance call meant trouble. And this time it did. Sheila was on the phone.

"It's Sheila, Court. Can you come at once? Walter's been hurt."

"Hurt? How?"

"They tried to hijack a job. He was on the truck. I'm afraid ——" Her voice broke. "It looks bad, Court. I—I can't take it alone."

"Where is he?"

"In the hospital at Hartford. I'm calling from there."

He would not let Ricky go with him. He had no car, and a hasty call to Grand Central told him there was no train at that time. In the end he hired a car and drove through the night, reaching Hartford at dawn. Even then he was too late. Walter had died just before he got there. And a gray-faced Sheila was standing at the window, staring out.

She did not cry then or later. There was something of Roberta's bitter acceptance in her attitude. Only one thing seemed to touch her. And that was the announcement in the local paper: "BOOTLEGGER KILLED BY HIJACKERS." Merely another man dead, and a lawbreaker at that.

She went back to New York to find that Walter had left her comfortably well off. Her former occupation was gone, for there had been no decorating business since the panic. There was no place for her anywhere, and no life. One day she went to see her mother.

"I'm going to England," Sheila said. "I have to start life again somewhere. It might as well be there."

"You've been away a long time."

"What does it matter?"

Roberta did not argue, and one day she stood on a wind-swept pier and saw Sheila off. If she felt she had nothing left to live for, Roberta never said so. She went back to her lonely apartment, to cook her own meals, to have a cup of tea in midafternoon, to help Ricky two or three times a week, and to take Sunday lunch now and then with Matthew and Elizabeth.

She did not like the way Elizabeth looked that winter. Her skin showed a waxy color, and she spent a good bit of time on the couch in the living room. She scorned the idea of a doctor, however, and both Courtney and his father were too absorbed to notice her failing energy. For business was still bad.

In all his worries that fall Matthew found his real relaxation with Courtney's children. Quite often he would drop in at the house on his way home in the evenings. He had his own whistle for the children, and they would come tumbling down the stairs to him. They would hang around him, both talking at once.

Peggy was a tall slip of a girl now. She had put her dolls away and lived a secret life of her own, in books and at Saturday movies.



"Goodness! Suppose my husband doesn't compel me to return it?"

"How's my girl? Going to be a young lady before we know it, isn't she?"

She was older for her years than Jeff, less headstrong and difficult to manage. Over her books and in the movies she already dreamed romantic dreams, and Ricky, watching her, was often worried.

"I wish she'd be more practical," she said to Hilda. "She has her head in the clouds most of the time."

Yet Ricky was happier than she had been for a long time. There had been a change in Courtney since his return from Europe. He was more gentle with the children, more tender with her.

Elizabeth was still not well by the following summer. Matthew suggested she go to Bar Harbor, but she refused. "Let me alone, Matt," she said pettishly. "I'm only tired. Don't bother about me."

She seemed a little better that fall. When Ricky went to see her she was often up and dressed, although her color was still bad. But there was nothing wrong with Elizabeth's mind, or with her sharp eyes.

"What's happened to Court?" she asked one day.

"To Court? Nothing that I know of."

"He seems quiet. I suppose he's had a hard time. They all have."

RICKY considered that on her way home. Perhaps life was being too dull for him. It was a long time since they had gone anywhere but the movies, and he often slept through them. But he only laughed when she asked him about it.

"I'm getting on, Ricky. That's all. I'm almost forty. Remember?"

There was, however, a small break in her rather monotonous life that winter. Jay had found Pete and was bringing him to New York.

"I need to consult you," he wrote. "The boy has had a bad time, and he is still suspicious of me. Of everybody, I imagine. I had thought of a good school, perhaps a military one. He needs discipline."

She met them at the train. Jay looked much the same, and his face brightened when he saw her.

"Didn't expect you," he said. "We'll go to a hotel, of course."

"Nonsense. You're both coming home with me."

She looked at the boy. He was neatly dressed, and he was more than ever Dave's boy. He looked sullen, however, and barely greeted her. Jay took advantage of a moment when the crowd separated them to caution her.

"Don't ask him any questions, Ricky. I'll tell you later."

She took them to the house, and while Jay paid the taxi she put a hand on the boy's arm. "Come on in, Pete. Jeff's at school, but he'll be home later. He'll be crazy to see you."

He shook himself loose. "You can have me arrested if you want to. I don't care."

"Why on earth should I have you arrested?"

"We took your money, didn't we?"

But here a new and authoritative Jay took the situation in hand. "Go in there and behave yourself," he said sternly. "This is your father's sister. Act like a gentleman, Pete."

She sent them up to the guest room to clean up, but when Jay came down he was alone.

"He found some of those toy planes of Jeff's," he said. "He's still pretty young, Ricky, and he's had a rotten time."

Jay refused to tell Pete's story until that night when the children had gone to bed. Then he told it briefly.

"His mother died of tuberculosis last summer. I gather he didn't care for her, but he tried to look after her. I suppose somebody buried her; the welfare authorities probably. But after that he was on his own."

(Continued on Page 68)

A woman's face is her Passport to the world

See a woman like Penelope Dudley Ward, and you thrill to a little electric shock of pure pleasure. Her face so echoes the warmth and beauty of her inner self, the world takes her to its heart on sight.

Your face can be a magnet—drawing others close to the real You within. There is nothing so revealing of *You* as this face you show the world. And nothing about you has more lovable possibilities—if you will but realize them.

Save out of each day the few minutes your face needs to keep it beautifully cared for—so your skin will speak for you with that limpid, *so* clean look that seems almost luminous. Hard to achieve? Not one bit—if you practice beauty's self-disciplines faithfully. For *real* beauty cleanness the "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's is one you'll take positive pleasure in doing, because your face emerges prettier, rosier, gloriously refreshed.

You try it! You'll see!



PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD—her lovely face, so *lighted* from within, stirs you, warms you. She is a daughter of two of England's famous families—Dudley and Ward.

New "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

ACTS ON BOTH SIDES OF YOUR SKIN

LL that is *You* is in your face—for all the world see. That's why it means so much to make this e of yours say lovely things about the inner you, ngs that people will want to remember.

A New Face Treatment

e a window—your skin has two sides and to care one side only is *not enough*. Pond's, consulting h distinguished dermatologists, has studied the eds of facial skin and brings you a special new Outside-Inside" Face Treatment that acts on both es of your skin *at once*.

From the Outside the perfectly blended oils of Pond's d Cream cleanse thoroughly as you massage—carry off face dirt, make-up, dried skin particles—throw a protting veil of softness over your skin.

From the Inside every step of this Pond's face treatment nulates healthy circulation—speeds up tiny blood ves- in their work of bringing in skin-cell food, carrying skin-cell waste. Your face looks rose tinted, *alive*.

Twice each day—better still three times—give your skin this stimulating new Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment—*this is the way:*

Hot Water Stimulation

press face cloth, comfortably hot and wet, against face—to stimulate blood flow to skin.

Two Creamings—to "condition" skin

1) Cleanse . . . work Pond's Cold Cream thickly over warm, damp face and throat. Circle briskly. This demulcent Pond's treatment sweeps dirt from pore openings. Tissue off.

2) Rinse . . . with *more* Pond's Cold Cream massage briskly to rinse off last traces of dirt. Tissue off.

Cold Freshener Stimulation

A cold water splash, then pat on the tonic astringence of Pond's Freshener.

Now—see the lovely difference in your face. It has new *cleanness*—new *softness*—new *color!* You'll find this new Pond's face treatment most rewarding. Here at last is a beauty routine you'll practically *never* skip—because it *works!*

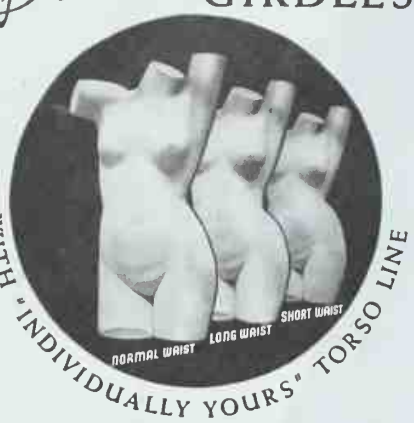
Always, always remember . . . the YOU that others see first is in your face

To develop the beauty of your own face is not vanity. Every effort you make to improve your physical self gives a lift to your spirit, bolsters your confidence, makes you a more interesting, more lovable person—someone others feel happy to be with.



Pond's 3 basics for your "Outside-Inside" Face Treatments

Dutchess GIRDLES



WITH "INDIVIDUALLY YOURS" TORSO LINE



Venus had her variations . . . and so does the American woman! You may have a normal waist, a long waist, or a short waist. Your torso may be normal, short, or long. But regardless of your figure type, Dutchess has created for you, new, torso-proportioned Girdles and Panty-Girdles with "Individually Yours" torso line . . . individually proportioned to give you that made-to-order feel. Smooth, sleek nylon leno with gleaming satin panel and resilient jersey crotch. Buy them by your hip size . . . in the torso length made especially for you!

At Leading Stores. Dutchess Underwear Corp., Empire State Bldg., New York 1

Manufacturers of Lingerie, Sleepwear, Girdles, and Panty-girdles.

Dutchess GIRDLES

(Continued from Page 66)

"How did you find him?" Courtney asked.

"Well, that's a queer thing," Jay said. "I was in Columbus on business, and there were a lot of young hoodlums about that night. One of them jumped on the running board of my car and asked for a cigarette. I thought he had a knife in his hand. He hadn't, of course. Anyhow it was Pete, and when he reached in I grabbed him. We pretty nearly had a knockdown fight before I got him in the car. Thought I was taking him to the police."

"Poor boy," Ricky said. "No wonder he's afraid of me."

"He's afraid of everybody, in a way. When I found him he was sleeping in a flophouse if he had a quarter. If not—well, I nearly had to disinfect him before a hotel would take him in." That had been two weeks before. "He's not a bad kid, but he's still pretty wild," Jay said. "I thought if you agreed I'd put him in a military school. One thing about him—he's honest. He doesn't steal and he won't lie. His mother took your money. I got that much out of him."

It seemed a good idea, the military school. Certainly Pete needed control. He was not vicious, but he was wildly restless. Surprisingly enough, he did well at school. Jay sent reports now and then, and Ricky studied them. But any effort on her part or Courtney's to help with the expenses was promptly negatived.

"I'm doing pretty well," Jay wrote. "And the boy gives me an interest I needed. Let me have my fun, and let me pay for it, please."

By the fall of 1935 Courtney decided that it was time to send Jeff and Peggy away to school. Shortly before they were to leave, Ricky took them to see Elizabeth. They had kissed her as she lay on the couch and then wandered out to Katie for the cakes and cookies she always kept on hand.

In the living room, while Ricky sat beside the couch, Elizabeth could hear their voices, young and vibrant with life. She stirred uneasily on her pillows.

"I've been thinking, Ricky," she said. "There's something I want to say. I can't talk to Matt. He gets excited. But I'm not young. If anything happens to me, I've left the Bar Harbor place to you. It's about all I have left."

"I wish you wouldn't talk about that."

"I'm sixty-six," Elizabeth said uncompromisingly. "That's getting on. The place in Maine will be valuable someday. I'd like to think if you sold it the money would go to educate the children. I've made a will. Don't look like that. Everybody makes a will, and it's really for the children." She hesitated, as though unwilling to go on. "There's something else I want to say. You've been a good wife to Court, my dear. I'm grateful to you. And you're still a beautiful person. I've always envied you your looks, you know. My poor old face ——"

She let that go. She knew her face had gone again, and there were still those faint scars behind the hairline. Not that it mattered now. Only the one thing mattered: the small nagging pain which kept her awake at night while Matthew slept, and which she never mentioned for fear of a surgeon's knife.

When the children came in again Elizabeth did not keep them long. She lay back, after kissing them good-by, and closed her eyes.

"Have a good time at school," she said. "And learn things. You have to be smart in this world to get along."

Once young Jean C. came to me after a month of diligent investigation on a difficult assignment. He wore a forlorn expression. Without a word he handed me a slip of official paper. I read it in surprise. It was his resignation.

"Here, Jean!" I cried. "What is the meaning of this?"

"I have failed, M. Brillon," he muttered. "A month's work gone to the devil. I have been on the wrong track. It is a disgrace."

"Jean, my friend," said I solemnly, "this for your resignation." Wherewith I tore it to bits before his astonished eyes. "Go now," I admonished him, "and begin from the beginning. For remember always the maxim: He who would know right must first know wrong."

—AUGUSTE BRILLON:
Reminiscences of o Prefect:
quoted in The Roman Hat Mystery,
by Ellery Queen.

Ricky was uneasy on the way home and made a sudden resolution; she sent Jeff and Peggy on and took a taxi to the office. Matthew was alone. He looked surprised when he saw her at the door.

"Come in," he said. "Come in and sit down, my dear. What is it? Got some bills you can't pay?"

She found herself short of breath. "Do you know Elizabeth has made a will?"

"A will? Lizzie? Why on earth a will? She's all right, isn't she? Maybe tired a bit. That's all."

"I don t think that's quite all, dad."

"You mean she's really sick? She won't see a doctor. She's stubborn as a mule, of course. You know her."

"Perhaps she's afraid to see one. It might be a matter for operation. I thought she was having some sort of pain today."

"Pain? She's never mentioned pain."

Ricky got up. "I hated to come. But it wouldn't hurt to find out, would it? She may be worrying about something that isn't there. And it's never up to a patient to decide whether he needs a doctor or not. It's up to the family."

Matthew rose stiffly. "I guess you know how I feel," he said heavily. "In a way she's all I have. We've been together a long time. She's been foolish at times. Who hasn't? I . . . don't know how I'd manage without her."

He was going to have to manage without her, nevertheless. Over her wild protests came doctors, to consult gravely, to examine her and meet Matt outside in the small drawing room and to talk with lowered voices. They told Matthew carefully, seeing his drawn face and shaky hands.

"Always best to look into these things, Mr. Wayne. An exploratory is not necessarily serious."

But Matt was not fooled. He watched their faces as they met him after the operation. As regarded Elizabeth he was almost psychic. "How long?" he asked, after they had told him.

"No one can tell. A year or so. She needn't suffer, you know. The operation will help, of course. She may have longer."

He had twenty-four hours before he saw her. He spent most of it walking the streets, and Court finally started out in search of him. He found him on a bench in Central Park.

"Better come back, dad," he said gently. "She'll be needing you."

They went back together to the hospital, to find Elizabeth conscious and watching for them.

"Well, here I am," she said faintly. "I can't boss either of you any more. It's your turn, Matt."

"You can count on me, Lizzie," he said humbly. "Always on me, my dear."

"And you won't let me suffer too long?" she asked.

"I promise that, before God," said Matt, his voice husky.

They brought her home from the hospital after a month. Now she lay in her bed in the apartment, bitterly resentful of what had happened to her. She blamed the operation for everything.

"I was better off the way I was," she would say. "Why not have let me die quickly and decently? This is horrible."

She hated her body: the small opening into her flat abdomen, the gauze and charcoal to absorb the odors, the humiliation of the dressings. She would close her eyes when the nurses changed them, her neat fastidious mouth set in a tight line. Now she kept an atomizer of cologne beside the bed.

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"I didn't know it would be so filthy. Raise the windows, somebody. I can't stand it."

They kept her comfortable, or at least as comfortable as possible. Matthew, hanging around outside her door, saw to that. And at night after she had had her final hypodermic he would read to her, lowering his voice as she began to doze off. Once or twice she asked him to read from the Bible.

One night he read: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." When he went to bed after that he always prayed, although he felt it was too late. Still there it was, a definite promise. But Elizabeth only gave a sardonic smile when she heard it.

"Ask and it shall be given!" she said. "It doesn't work out, Matt. What have I got?"

"You've got me," he said sturdily.

She made hardly a rise under the silk cover of her bed, but her vitality was incredible. When the children came to see her during their Christmas vacation she insisted on her best nightgown, and on having the window shades drawn so that the only light came from the rose-shaded lamp beside the bed. She insisted, too, on some lipstick for her colorless lips and a touch of rouge on her withered cheeks.

"No use letting me scare them into fits," she had said, undaunted. "I'm bad enough, heaven knows."

They stood by the bed, uncomfortable and not a little alarmed. "We're awfully sorry you're sick, grandmother."

"Who told you that? I'm taking a rest. That's all," she said, with a faint return of her old sharpness. "I hear you've been playing football, Jeff."

"I'm trying."

"Well, don't let them break your nose. It's a nice one. Let me see you, Peggy. Getting a figure at last, aren't you?"

Not very inspired, perhaps, for a last talk. Elizabeth the worldly had not changed.

She did not live long after the children went back to school. The time had come for Matt to fulfill his promise. The hypodermics were not enough any more. They only allayed the pain for a time; then it was back, like an enemy which did not know when it was beaten and kept on charging.

Roberta knew it. She was staying at the apartment now. She watched Matthew, but there was nothing she could do for him.

"Can't you eat anything, Matt?"

"I'm not hungry, Bertie."

But she did not know of the cache he had accumulated, tablet by tablet, from the nurses' supplies. Or of the nights when he walked the streets trying to gain the courage to fulfill his promise. Or of the prayers he said, that God would step in and save him from this last terrible step.

It was Elizabeth herself who determined the issue. The nurse was out, and he was sitting by the bed, holding her thin hand. She opened her eyes and looked at him.

"I think it's time," she whispered. "You promised, Matt."

"I know, Lizzie. It's bad, is it?"

She nodded. "I can't take any more, Matt. I want to go to sleep and not wake up."

He shivered, but who was he to give her a week or even a month more of torture? He felt cold and stiff as he got up, but he too had reached the breaking point. He had promised, so he was ready. He sat down beside her bed with the hypo in his hand, and for a minute he buried his head on the pillow beside hers. Then he sat up, a sturdy undistinguished figure of a man who had loved one woman all his adult life.

"I guess maybe I won't be long after you, Lizzie."

"I'll be waiting, Matt."

All she ever said was a "thank you" as he plunged the needle. He was still holding her thin hand when she stopped breathing.

So long had Elizabeth been shut away that her passing changed very little, except to Matthew. He had no sense of guilt, but now when he went to the office he had no desire to leave it. There was nothing to go home to. True, Roberta was doing her best, but there had been a long gap in their relationship while she had lived in England. He wondered, too, sometimes if she suspected how he had eased Elizabeth out of life.

Since Elizabeth's death he had aged perceptibly. Courtney, struggling with taxes, with warehouse strikes, sometimes even with his own staff, kept all possible anxieties away from him. But the strain was telling on him.

Courtney was in his forties now, and, outside of his mother's death, his life had settled into a pattern, more or less comfortable. The house was too big for them, with the children gone, but he was still proud of it.

Other Views, Prices and Sizes of Vogue Patterns on pages 58 and 59

Vogue Design No. 5810. Capelet with hood. One size (12–18), 40c.
Vogue Design No. 6286. Blouse with cluster tucks front and back. 12 to 20; 30 to 38, 40c.
Vogue Design No. 6262. Suit with straight box jacket and three-piece skirt. 12 to 20; 30 to 38, 75c.
Vogue Design No. 6267. One-piece dress with six-gored skirt. 12 to 20; 30 to 38, 75c.
Vogue Design No. 6278. Three-piece skirt and stole. 24 to 32 waist measure, 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6063. Short flared-back coat. 12 to 20; 30 to 38, 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6206. Long four-piece skirt (shown with pink satin coat). 24 to 32 waist measure, 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6280. Mannish-cut shirt with long sleeves. 12 to 20; 30 to 40, 40c.



5810 6280 6063



6262 6267 6286 6278 6206

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- ☐ *Circus porty*
- ☐ *Colo ond hamburgers*

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For that Romantic Look, should you—

- ☐ *Appeor pole ond longuid*
- ☐ *Take a tip from great-grandma*
- ☐ *Affect false eye-lashes*

Waltz into the romantic picture wearing dream stuff, a la great-grandma. Such as a fragile little shawl . . . a 3-strand pearl choker centered with an old family brooch. You're so poised, at trying times—with the comfort of *new* Kotex. For there's never been a napkin like this! With *downy* softness that *holds its shape.* Made to *stay* soft while you wear it. And your Kotex Sanitary Belt doesn't bind: it's adjustable, all-elastic!



She'll cut more ice with *him*, if she—

- ☐ *Grooms those goms*
- ☐ *Goes in for hockey*
- ☐ *Ploys oh-so-helpless*

On a skate date, can your pegs take a close-up? Are they fuzzless . . . shapely? To slim them, do this at home, twice daily: Lying on left side, raise right leg as high as possible, touching ankle with right hand. Repeat ten times with each leg. Helps whittle 'em down to glamour size. On problem days, the proper size of *napkin* aids your self-assurance. Choose from the *3 sizes* of Kotex . . . there's one that's perfect for your own special needs!



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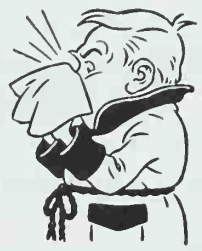
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He was proud of Ricky, too, still lovely with her short skirts and soft short hair. He was enormously proud of his children: of Jeff, hoping to go to Harvard next year; and of Peggy, home for the holidays and one minute a little girl wandering unself-consciously in her pajamas or lying on the floor on her stomach, reading with the radio going full blast, and the next a young lady, with a curious dignity all her own.

It was hard to tell whether business was better or not by 1937. Nevertheless, Wayne and Company was doing fairly well. Courtney bought a small car, and Adele George, bringing Courtney the morning orders, would look cheerful. One morning, however, she looked puzzled as she carried in his letters. On top was a photograph of a boy. She put it down in front of him.

"You'd think it was Mr. Jeffrey, wouldn't you?" she said. "There's a note with it. I'm sorry I opened it."

Courtney stared down at it. It was a picture of a tall boy in Luftwaffe uniform and flying helmet. He was standing very stiffly, with his chin up and his eyes cool and level, as though he dared the camera to do less than its best. He turned it over automatically. On the back was written "Otto Reiff, 1937." The letter that accompanied it was brief and cold.

My father died a month ago. As you know, his political opinions were not popular. I enclose photograph which you should have.
HEDWIG.

As though it were of no importance, he shoved the picture into a drawer of his desk and took up the other mail. But he was profoundly shaken, not only by the photograph but by the implication of Hedwig's note. So those devils had killed the old professor, perhaps by torture. There were rumors of torture by the Gestapo. Perhaps Otto, his own grandson, had reported him. The professor had said he did not trust him.

Probably he would have destroyed it, or at least hidden it in his private file. But Mather brought in a manuscript just then.

"Thought you might like to read this," Mather said. "Out of our line, but the fellow knows his stuff. It's about airpower in the next war."

"What next war?"

"Ours," Mather told him. "Yours and mine, my boy. You don't think we can keep out, do you?"

"Why not?" Court said. "Let those fellows over there settle their own troubles this time."

COURTNEY took the manuscript home that night. The author made planes, and he was a flier himself. He made a good argument, and Court sat up late to read it. He went to bed, to lie awake until almost morning, but the next day he told Mather they would publish the book.

"I think he's an alarmist," he said. "Still, if it's a matter of defending ourselves, we'd better do our two bits' worth."

The book was called War in the Air. It had a moderate success, and one day that fall Court had a visit from Eric Graham. He breezed into the office, a brisk, good-looking man about Court's own age who walked as though he were on springs.

"Name's Graham," he said. "You've done a book of mine on fighters. Remember?"

"Certainly I remember." Courtney got up and shook hands. "It's a darn good book too. Sorry it didn't have a better sale."

There was something attractive about Graham, as of wide-open spaces and windswept air. Court asked him to dinner that night. He accepted cheerfully, but Court was not prepared for his expression when he saw Ricky.

"So it's you again! Who says there's no such thing as coincidence? Remember me, Mrs. Wayne? Out in Ohio?"

"Of course I do. I read your book. You're Buddy Graham."

He grinned at her. "It's a long time since anyone called me that."

But the evening was hardly a success. War was brewing in Europe, and America could not keep out. Ricky was pale when she excused herself and left the two men to talk. Hours later Court found her in bed. She was holding a copy of Housman, and she had evidently been crying. When he picked up the book he saw she had marked a verse:

Oh stay at home, my lad, and plough
The earth and not the sea.
And leave the soldiers at the drill
And all about the idle hill
Shepherd your sheep with me.

He sat down on the bed beside her and took her in his arms. He was beginning to feel the terrible dependence of a man on a woman after years of marriage. And—like Matthew—the occasional helplessness.

"He'll be all right, my darling. Jeff will be all right. After all, this talk of war doesn't mean we'll be in it."

She went to sleep finally, with his arms still about her.

Probably he would have destroyed the photograph the next day, but something intervened, and when he next looked for it, it was gone.

THE children were growing up. What Elizabeth had called Peggy's figure was fairly definite now, and she had apparently exchanged her movie heroes for a series of pimply boys. And Jeff's voice had changed. When he came home he retorted to an exasperated Hilda in a masculine tenor.

"What on earth happened to your clothes?" she would demand. "Where's your dinner jacket?"

"No idea. Some other fellow borrowed it, probably."

"Why on earth don't you lock your door?"

"What's the use? There's a transom."

He was constantly on the go. Ricky complained she saw him only now and then. She was very happy while the children were at home. There was a sort of radiance about her, like a second blooming.

Now and then they saw young Pete Stafford. He was a good-looking, tough-fibered youth of twenty or so. School had improved him. Now he was at a small Eastern college, and highly discontented.

"Know what he wants to be, dad?" Jeff said. "A test pilot."

Pete grinned. "Sure. Everything's going up in the air. People, freight, the whole works."

"I see," said Courtney. "You'd do away with the railroads, I gather?"

"They'll carry the heavy stuff, like coal and iron. For a few years anyhow."

He and Jeff got along well together. Jeff expected to go to Harvard the next fall. He was as tall as Courtney now, a big handsome boy who smoked a pipe around the house and seemed to receive incredible numbers of letters from girls. Apparently he never answered them, however, or even his invitations for the holiday dances and dinners. Ricky took this over finally, using the telephone.

"I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. Babcock. I just found your card. You know how it is. They're simply swamped with parties, and the time's so short."

And Jeff would turn up at the party, or not turn up, as it fitted into his personal plans.

Peggy was less trouble. When she went to dances now she wore long dresses.

"Getting to look like your mother," Matthew said. "What do you want for Christmas? Don't push the old man too hard."

It was always a dress. She would show herself to him, wearing it. "Like it, grandfather?"

"Kind of low in the neck, isn't it? You're pretty young, you know."

"Low! You ought to see the other girls."

Before they all left that winter of 1937 Ricky gave a small supper dance at the house. The drawing-room carpet was lifted, and she rented a juke box for music. It seemed to be a great success. The youngsters ate enormously, drank her mild punch, and danced zestfully to the new, rowdy, blaring music.



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Pete was a huge success that night. He d no dinner jacket, and Ricky had told n it did not matter. Nevertheless, he had ne downstairs properly attired.

'Borrowed it from a waiter," he said oudly. "Cost me two bucks. He threw in e spots for nothing."

Hilda managed to clean him up somewhat fore the crowd came, but he danced all ening in a gentle aura of gasoline.

When the party was over, Ricky and urt stood together in their wrecked house. f and Peggy had gone on somewhere for ambled eggs and sausages, and they were ne. Court was scowling.

'Who put the gin in the punch?" he said. Vas it Jeff?"

'I don't think so. I locked the liquor set. Court, were we ever as young as at?"

'Young! Some of those kids knew the ts of life before they were weaned."

'Not Jeff! Not Peggy, Court?"

'I wouldn't like to bet on it," he said ly, and began putting out the lights.

At four in the morning Pete brought Jeff ne. Courtney heard them and climbed the irs. He found Jeff on his bed, and Pete ing to get him out of his clothes. Jeff did t move. He had passed out completely. te looked up apologetically.

'Guess he's not used to much liquor," he d. "I'm sorry, Mr. Wayne. He'll be all ht tomorrow."

Pete had been drinking, too, but he was t drunk. He took off his rented coat and ng it carefully over the back of a chair ile Courtney stared down at his son.

'I don't want his mother to know about s, Pete. Where did he get it?"

'Well, the crowd sort of moved around er we left here. I didn't notice him much."

'Think you can handle him?"

'Sure. Don't worry. He'll be all right."

Courtney turned and went out. He felt her sick. He had seen plenty of drunkenss, had drunk too much himself more nes than he liked to remember. But Jeff s only eighteen. For the first time he ndered about Peggy. Peggy was tucked ay in her bed, however, sleeping sweetly. Jeff was a sick boy the next morning, and very sheepish one. Courtney said nothing him until evening when he appeared in e study.

'I guess I made a fool of myself last night, d. Does mother know?"

'I haven't told her, but she has eyes to ."

"She hasn't said anything, has she?"

"Not to me."

Jeff lit a cigarette—apparently a pipe was too much for him—and wandered about the room. His father watched him, trying to think what to say. This thing of raising a boy was a problem. He remembered an incident in his own youth, and what Matthew had said at the time.

"A gentleman drinks like a gentleman," he had said. "He doesn't make a hog of himself."

He told Jeff the story, and the boy gave him a faint grin. "I'll bet no hog ever felt the way I did this morning," he said.

Later that night Courtney had a talk with Pete. Pete disclaimed any credit. He had had as much to drink as Jeff, but he could carry his liquor better. Anyhow, he had done nothing but bring Jeff home. Yet the incident was to have repercussions of some importance. It developed that Pete was fed up with college and with having Jay support him.

"I'm not the college type," he said. "And Burton's not doing so well. Law business in a small town doesn't pay much."

"What do you want to do, Pete?"

"I'd like to get into an airplane factory."

He put up a number of arguments, and Courtney suspected he was right. The boy had his father's charm, but he was tough and in deadly earnest. After he had gone to bed Courtney called Jay on the long-distance phone. It required some argument. In the end, however, Jay agreed, with the result that by the first of the year Eric Graham received a visit from a tall blond youth at a factory on Long Island.

"So you want to learn this business?" he said.

Pete eyed him. Eric was wearing overalls and his face was streaked with grease. "I'd like to, sir. Of course I don't know anything about it."

"Well, thank God for that much," said Eric, and put him on the pay roll as the equivalent of a day laborer.

Pete did not mind. He managed to live on what he earned, did his menial jobs cheerfully, and kept his eyes open. Eric Graham watched him with interest. One day, about to take up a new ship, he told him to hop in. The boy was crowded in the small cockpit, but there was something in his face which impressed Graham.

"Like it?" he said, when they came down.

"It's wonderful, sir."

"You know your size is against you, Pete."

If You're the Best, Don't be Ashamed to Admit It

BY JOHN WERNER

AFTER two days of driving through Oklahoma and Texas rain and mud, which the sun of New Mexico and Arizona hardened to a concrete-like overcoat, our car, as we pulled into Las Vegas, was the worst-looking vehicle on the road. Our first concern, after securing accommodations for the night, was to find a service station with car-wash facilities.

An hour or two later our car was returned, shining from bumper to bumper—even the tires had been washed and painted with preservative compound. It looked newer than the day—lo, these many moons ago—it left the factory.

The car-wash "boy" himself delivered it, and we complimented him on his work. A grin creased his face, and a look of pride came into his eyes.

"I'se the best car washer in town," he told us—and we believed him. "Ah loves to wash cars."

There was no boastfulness in his claim—his second statement explained it.

And it was good to hear someone admit to being the best at something—and to see him prove it. Too often a spirit of self-deprecation, which prevents a man's acknowledging his supremacy even to himself, let alone before others, inhibits his development and retards him in his progress. True, the Bible warns us against boasting—but the Bible speaks of "false gifts" and "great riches" and other "vain things" in connection with these warnings.

"Know thyself" was a favorite adjuration of the ancient Greek philosophers, and we would do well to heed them. If we're good at anything, let's admit it to ourselves, and not hide our belief under a bushel; and when others praise us for our accomplishments, accept their compliments as gracefully as the car-wash boy did.

But he had something more to say. "I'se the best car washer in town," he repeated as he drove away, and added: "And Ah aims to stay the best."

And that ended the sermon for that day. If you're good at anything, don't be too proud to admit it—and keep as your guiding star "Ah aims to stay the best."

PNEUMONIA IS BEING CONQUERED

WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING



1. Before 1930, pneumonia stood among the first three causes of death. Once the disease struck, careful nursing and the use of oxygen were about the only ways of fighting it. The death rate was about 83 per 100,000.



2. From 1930 to 1938, *serum treatment* for the most common forms of pneumonia was started and developed. This involved, first, laboratory analysis to determine the particular type of the disease and, second, administering a serum known to combat the disease if it were one of certain types. Pneumonia's death rate dropped, and in 1938 was about 67 per 100,000.



3. From 1938 on, modern medical science has scored one of its most dramatic successes. First the sulfa drugs, then penicillin and streptomycin have proved effective in combating many types of pneumonia. While the death rate from pneumonia had been reduced to less than 40 per 100,000 in 1946, this disease is still a frequent cause of death.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

1. Try to avoid catching a cold. If you keep your general level of health high, especially during the "pneumonia months" of January, February, and March, you won't be as susceptible to colds or pneumonia. Be careful to dress warmly when you go out, and try to avoid people who cough or sneeze carelessly. It is estimated that 9 out of 10 pneumonia cases start with a cold.

2. If you get a cold—take care of it! You will protect yourself from possible pneumonia, and you'll protect others from your infection. Stay home and rest if you can. If you must go out, keep warm and dry. Eat lightly, and drink plenty of fruit juices and other liquids. When your children have colds, keep them at home to protect their health and that of their classmates.

3. If your cold hangs on, or if your temperature goes up, or if any other unusual symptoms appear, go to bed and *call your doctor at once!* It may be only a severe cold, but if it should be pneumonia, or influenza, or some other illness that starts like a cold, your best chance for rapid recovery comes from prompt diagnosis and immediate medical and nursing care.

To learn more about how you can guard against colds, pneumonia, and influenza, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, J-18, "Respiratory Diseases."

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

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Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
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1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

Our Love began in Rio



At luncheon overlooking Sugar Loaf and fabulous Rio Bay. We'd been sightseeing. "*Cigarette?*" he said. Our fingers touched—and then he was holding my hand. So this is why I'd kept my hands so smooth and soft, always. For this one lovely moment. But...



Not long after, at a dance at Hotel Quitandinha, "*It's for always*", he said. And my heart sang. For me, it's "for always" too. And—with Jergens Lotion—I'll keep my hands soft and smooth for all our lovely moments. We'll certainly have Jergens Lotion at our house.

The loveliest women in the world care for their hands with Jergens Lotion. Hollywood Stars, for instance, use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.

Today your hands are even softer, deliciously smoother with Jergens.

Recent research makes today's Jergens Lotion finer than ever. More protective, too. Two skin-care ingredients many doctors use are both in your Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). No oiliness; never sticky.



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"For a fighter. Not for a bomber, sir."

So that was the way the wind blew. Eric went back to his office, to his desk littered with blueprints, to a typewriter clattering in the next room. After a while he picked up the telephone and called Ricky.

"This nephew of yours wants to learn to be a pilot. It's up to you, of course. I don't run a school, but he can learn a bit here. After that ——"

He heard the hesitation in her voice. "It's really up to Jay Burton," she said. "I do wish our boys would keep out of the air, Eric. It frightens me."

"It scares me to cross Times Square."

In the end Pete got his way. From the beginning it was evident that he was a born pilot. There was a dash of reckless courage in him, but he was careful too. He left the factory and enlisted in the Army Air Corps that year, a force now beginning slowly to expand. He sent his picture in his uniform to Ricky, and she kept it on her dressing table.

Now and then she stopped to look at it. *I couldn't help it, Dave,* she thought. *He's your boy, and you were a fighter too.*

Roberta was very lonely after Elizabeth's death. Matthew hardly seemed to know she was there, as though the dead Elizabeth were more real to him in the apartment than she was. She rarely heard from Sheila, who had taken a job in the Admiralty and was very busy.

One day in the spring of 1938 Ricky came home to find Roberta seated on the drawing-room couch. "I came to ask you something," Roberta said, without preamble. "If I go back to England, would you take Matt here? I can't leave him alone."

"If you go back to England?" Ricky was astonished. "But why, Roberta? Is it Sheila?"

Roberta shook her head. "Sheila's all right. She likes to live her own life. But I think I may be useful again, Ricky. I'm not too old. They'll need all the help they can get before long. And Matt doesn't need me."

Ricky looked at her. "So you think there will be a war, after all?"

"After all what?" Roberta demanded. "After we've let the Germans get ready to conquer the world! Of course there will be a war, sooner or later. Don't you read the papers?"

"And England will be in it?"

"Everybody will be in it." She got up, pulling on her gloves. "Then you would take Matt?"

"We'd love to have him. You know that."

Courtney tried to dissuade Roberta. She was firm, however.

They all saw her off, loading her stateroom with flowers and fruit and the latest Wayne books. As the ship moved out it was easy to see her tall, thin figure in its eternal black. Ricky turned to see tears in Matthew's eyes.

"Got a lot of spunk, Roberta," he said huskily. "She's going into trouble, and she knows it."

ADELE GEORGE was proud of her position in the firm. She liked standing by Courtney's elbow and blotting checks as he signed them. In the mornings she dusted his office and filled his inkwell, and now and then when he was out she cleaned the drawers of his desk.

She had not much time, however, for business was good that winter of 1938–39. They had published a book the fall before, called Before the Drums Beat. It was a warning against the country's being dragged into the coming war. Both Matthew and George Mather had been in favor of it. Courtney had been uncertain.

"How much of your feeling about it is because you have a son, George?"

"Well, I have a son. So have you. So have millions of other people."

The pacifists had welcomed the book, but much of the country resented it. Courtney, finding himself classed with the isolationist crowd, was indignant and short-tempered. He would snap at Adele.

"Where is that jacket sketch? It was here yesterday."

"I think the art department has it."

She knew he needed her, but that often he was scarcely aware of her. She would sit patiently, her book on her knee, while he looked at her and through her, as if she were not there.

She was surprised one Saturday in January when Emmy Baldwin called her on the telephone. "Hello, kid," she said. "Boss working you to death as usual?"

She had always admired Emmy. When she called one day and said she had taken a job in Washington, Adele felt that something exciting had gone out of her life. Now Emmy was on the phone again.

"I'm in town for the week end," she said. "How about lunch at the Ritz, and a movie later?"

ADELE could hardly speak for excitement. "I'd love to. It's Saturday and we close early. I'm hardly dressed for ——"

"Don't be silly. You always look smart. One o'clock all right?"

Of course it was all right. It was wonderful. Adele had never been inside the Ritz, but there was Emmy, smiling and brassier than ever. She even kissed her.

"Glad you could make it," she said. "Let's have a cocktail before we go in."

Adele found her timidity going with the drink, and with the second one she was talking a mile a minute. She was not used to cocktails. She apologized, but Emmy smiled.

"Go ahead. I like to hear about the old place, even if they did fire me."

"You had a dirty deal," said Adele hotly. "They've never had as good a reader since you left."

"They seem to manage," Emmy said. "How's your boss?"

"He works too hard, Mrs. Baldwin. His father hardly does anything now."

The lunch was very good. Adele became more and more expansive. The office gossip flowed out. But always somehow the talk veered back to Courtney.

"I think he liked the Germans," said Adele. "Some of them anyhow." She bit daintily into her French pastry. "He's got a photograph from Germany too. That's a funny thing, you know. I opened it, and if I hadn't seen the uniform, I'd have said it was Jeffrey Wayne. It looked awfully like him. Maybe he's a cousin or something."

"Very likely," said Emmy indifferently. "What did he do with it? The picture, I mean. I'd like to see a German uniform. Down in Washington they say they're pretty snappy."

"It's still in his desk. I saw it there the other day. What heavenly coffee!"

It was quite late when they got to the movie. They wandered down Madison, Emmy window-shopping and Adele entirely happy. When she saw a bag she admired, Emmy went in and bought it for her. It was that sort of day. And when Emmy suggested she would like to see the office, Adele agreed joyously.

"We've got another floor now. I'd like you to see that one too."

No one disputed their entrance to the building. Adele had her own key, and Emmy duly admired everything, including the photograph.

"It does look like young Jeff, doesn't it?" she said. "So that's the German air uniform. It looks practical. Could I have a glass of water, kid? Martinis always make me thirsty."

When Adele came back with the paper cup, Emmy was closing the desk drawer and picking up her bag.

"Well, I'd better be moving on," she said. "I need a fresh wave if I can get one. I'm out to dinner tonight."

Courtney did not miss the picture, nor did Emmy use it. She was content to know she had it. She remembered when Court came back from the occupation. She had asked him once if there hadn't been a little German Fräulein over there, and he had flushed painfully. But she was having a good time in Washington. It was filled with men, officers and civilians, and more were crowding in.

For now there was no question of Hitler's plans. In the fall he had taken the Sudeten-

and. In March of 1939 his fleet moved into he harbor at Memel, and Courtney offset he bad effect of the pacifist book with others, presenting the opposite side. But he isolationist label stuck. In the club at unch some men avoided him, while others undertook to argue with him.

"Get this through your thick heads," he would explode. "I'm not a pacifist. Have you read only one book? Publishers don't necessarily take sides. They try to inform their readers."

By late spring, however, he had taken a beating. Ricky, watching him anxiously, suggested going to the Bar Harbor house that summer, and he finally agreed. The decision pleased Matthew, although he refused to go with them. The place had too many memories for him.

The change did Courtney good. It was his first real holiday in years. He would play thirty-six holes of golf, come back, take a shower, and look ten years younger.

They were still in Maine when on the first of September Hitler's forces rumbled up from ships in the harbor at Danzig. He found a partially evacuated city in which to fire the first shots of the Second World War. Nevertheless, Poland was doomed, and the British, pledged to its protection, found themselves at last at war.

Roberta was alone when she heard it. She had stayed only a month or two in Sheila's flat. She took a small one of her own. She was there when Sheila came in the night war was declared. Sheila looked exhausted, but she had come with a purpose.

"It's the beginning of the end, mother. I want you to go back to New York."

"I'm staying here, Sheila."

"Suppose they bomb us?"

"I'm still staying," said Roberta.

Poland was only the beginning, of course. And at last America was aroused. Lend-Lease now, with fifty old destroyers to Churchill, now Prime Minister in England. Norway, Denmark, Holland and Belgium gone.

"Again and again I say ——"

"It's a world war," Courtney told Matthew. "We can't keep out. Sooner or later—unless we're too late, dad."

At night Courtney would find Ricky unched over the radio, or with an atlas in er lap, studying a map. Then one day he came home to find her in her room, with a letter in her hand.

"It's from Jeff," she said tonelessly. "He thinks we'll go in. If we do, he wants our permission to enlist!"

He took the letter from her and read it. "He's nineteen, Ricky. Pretty soon he won't need our permission."

She stared at him. "I think men are crazy. They want wars. They like them."

"I didn't want this war. It's here."

"But you'd go if you could. You'll let Jeff go."

"Let's wait until it happens, darling."

Roberta was still in London when in 1940 the Germans attacked it from the air. Two hundred German planes were shot down, and in September began what was to be a three months' siege.

Sheila was bombed out. She appeared at Roberta's one night, tired but unruffled. "My place is gone. If you don't mind putting me up, mother ——"

It was a long time since Sheila had needed her. Now her girl had come back. Roberta made tea, fixed a bed, and when at last Sheila was tucked away—in one of her own long-sleeved nightgowns—she stooped awkwardly and kissed her.

"I'm glad you weren't home."

"It's a mess, isn't it? I haven't a thing but what I had on."

But in the morning when Sheila wakened, her mother was gone. Only later did she learn of Roberta's activities during that interval of hell; of her moving about from one stricken spot to the other, carrying her old leather case and looking like nothing on earth.

"I have morphia here, if you need it."

"Need it! I'll say we do."

One night a surgeon, looking up from the broken body on the ground, glanced at her sharply. "I've seen you before, haven't I?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Roberta. "Have you?"

"Well, thanks anyhow, Mrs. ——"

"Truesdale, Lady Truesdale. I hope the morphia is all right. I've had it for years."

"Truesdale?" he repeated. "There was a woman in the early days of the last war named Truesdale. I ought to remember. She brought some morphia to a first-aid post when we were out of the stuff. Never knew how she got there."

"She walked when she had to," Roberta said dryly, and moved away.

Matthew was horrified by the whole situation. Roberta did not even reply to his cables demanding her return. All she ever said was that she was well and busy, as indeed she was.

Ricky and Courtney spent that summer again in Bar Harbor. When they finally persuaded Matthew to go for a rest, he went unwillingly. He had not been there since the summer the children were lost in the fog and he had had pneumonia. He missed Elizabeth, and he found the town greatly changed.

Both the summer colony and the town were quiet. At the club the children had taken over the pool—the children and the older people, for many of the young men had already enlisted. Even the golf course looked deserted, and Jeff was sulky and impatient.

"Pete's in it already, dad. I feel like a slacker."

"Pete's older than you."

"What do you want me to do? Sit around and chew my fingernails?"

The problem solved itself that fall. Jeff was still sulky and at a loose end when he went back to college. He had been there only a few days when the Selective Service Act was put

(Continued on Page 75)



"What's so dishonest about saying I'm only 25? After all it's not as if I never was!"

Be wide awake

about your slumber clothes

Do you like your sleep styles trim, or prim, or wispy sheer? No matter! You'll always wake up to loveliness if you keep delicate washables away from strong soaps and rough handling.

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SHADOW-SHEER nighties like this lovely yellow one just beg for Ivory Flakes care! 99 44/100% pure, Ivory Flakes is *one* soap that fabric experts recommend for *all* fine washables.



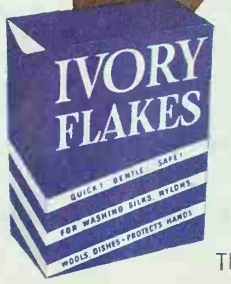
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Hostess coat by Emma A. Maloof



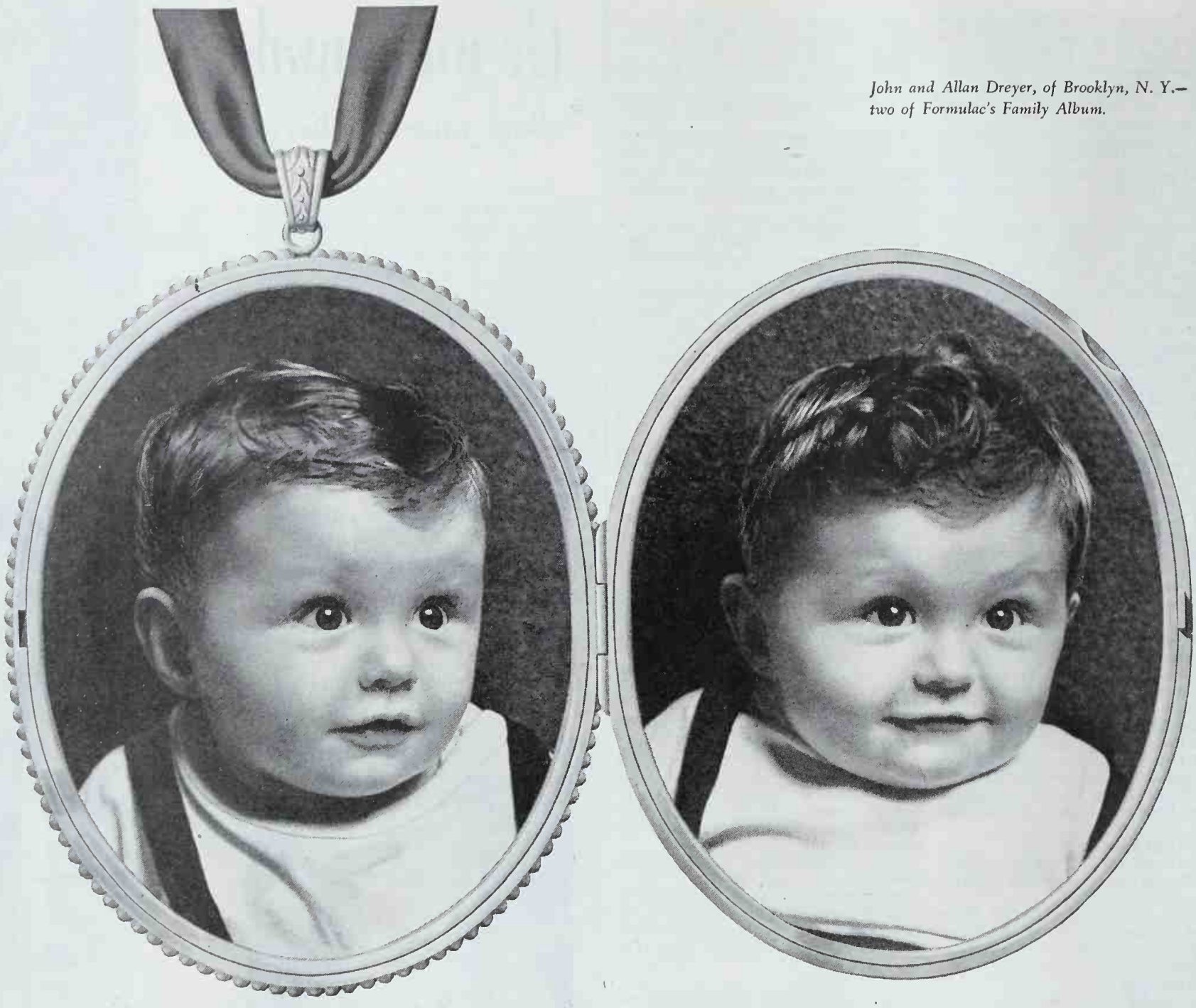
GIVE GAY COTTONS like this pajama pair Ivory Flakes care, and they'll keep their bright color and trim fit washing after washing!



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John and Allan Dreyer, of Brooklyn, N. Y.— two of Formulac's Family Album.

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(Continued from Page 73)

into effect, and a day or so later Courtney arrived at his office to find him there. Jeff looked defiant.

"Well, here I am," he said. "What are you going to do about it?"

Courtney said nothing until he had shed his hat and overcoat. He sat down behind his desk and eyed his son. "I think I'd suggest a bath. You look as if you needed it."

"I sat up all night in the train. No berths."

"I suppose this is a more or less polite way of saying you've left college?"

"I'm not going to be dragged into the service by the neck. Anyhow, they've kicked me out. Call up the dean if you don't believe it."

"What have you done?"

"The charge was drunk and disorderly. I sure was disorderly." There was the faint sign of a grin on his face. "I broke a few windows and knocked down a policeman. I spent night before last in the hoosegow. Yesterday they expelled me."

Courtney lit a cigarette. He did not offer Jeff one. He blew out the smoke deliberately. "So it was an act," he said. "Why didn't you come home and talk it over with me? It all sounds a bit drastic, Jeff. I suppose you hadn't been drinking?"

"No. Just enough to smell of liquor."

Courtney got up. "You'd better go home. It will hurt your mother, so go easy with her. Tell her I'm flying to Cambridge this morning. I'll be home tonight."

Jeff looked startled. "To Cambridge? Why?"

Courtney jammed his hat on his head. His face was stiff. "I've seen you through a lot of things, Jeff, but I dislike being pushed around by my own son. If you're out, you're out. I had about decided to let you enlist. But I'm no easy mark, and this whole thing stinks."

There was nothing much to do in Cambridge when he got there. The dean was polite but firm. Jeff had not stood well scholastically for the past year or so, and this last escapade had finished him.

"Deliberate or not, Mr. Wayne, he's lucky to get off as he has. I gather he wants to get into the service. Many of our boys do."

There were no tapes to sew on Jeff's clothes this time when he went away. The Army attended to that. And Ricky held her head proudly when she said good-by. She even managed to smile.

"Just come back, darling," she said. "We'll be waiting."

The house was quiet after he had gone. It had a new and rather dreadful stillness. Now and then Jeff wrote brief enthusiastic letters. He was having to unlearn all he had known about the air, to start with. But it was great. The men were wonderful. Everything was wonderful.

Courtney found himself restless that winter. It was not the sight of Jeff, resplendent in his new uniform, dashing in and out during his brief holiday. It was the thought that men older than himself were in the new growing Army. He took to making trips to Washington, flying down and back, but the results were always the same. He would sit for hours in a waiting room, to be at last ushered into an office where a man, sometimes in uniform, sometimes not, would look up patiently from a crowded desk.

"My name is Wayne. I've been hoping in case war came I could be useful somewhere."

"Sit down, Mr. Wayne. Of course we hope there will be no war, but who can tell?"

He would inquire into Court's record. Inevitably he asked what he was doing now. Court grew to know what the answer to that would be.

"I see. Books. Well, of course we will need books. We need them now in the camps. Aside from that, we want an informed public. Not propaganda, you understand. Understanding."

One and all they took his name, and one and all they promptly forgot it. It was the brush-off, and he knew it.

One day in the summer of 1941 he met Emmy on the street. The strong Washington sunlight was beating down on her pitilessly, and in the heat her usual make-up had disappeared. He was shocked at her appearance. She looked older than he would have believed possible. But she had the same gamin smile.

"Well, for crying out loud!" she said. "If it isn't Court Wayne!"

"Hello, Emmy," he said awkwardly. "How are you?"

"About the way I look, I expect. This heat is killing me. How about coming to my place for a drink? I've got an apartment."

"I only have until six. What about the Willard? It's near by."

She agreed, and at the hotel sat down across from him. "How's the book business managing without me?" she inquired.

"How am I to answer that? If I say it's good ——" She laughed, and he relaxed somewhat. "How do you get along?" he asked her curiously. "No night clubs and only a few bars. Must be quite a change for you."

"I manage," she said dryly. "Where's the family? How did you get away? You're still pretty domestic, aren't you?"

If this annoyed him he ignored it. "Jeff's in the Air Corps. He seems to like it."

"And that old harridan of an aunt of yours? Lady Truesdale?"

"She's in England. So is Sheila. I wish they were here."

The mention of Lady Truesdale, however, had cost Emmy her good humor. So too, perhaps, had Courtney's cool detachment. She sat back and surveyed him with a mocking smile.

"I met an officer a few days ago who was with you in the occupation," she said, inventing rapidly. "You must have been a bit of a lad over there, from his account. His name was Boyle. He was a lieutenant. He's back in the service now. Got a desk job."

"We were all pretty cheery in those days," he said cautiously. "I don't remember anyone named Boyle. What did he tell you?"

She smiled. "It seems you had a little affair with a German girl. He didn't remember her name. Said it was all good clean fun." She was watching him with shrewd malicious eyes, and to his fury he felt his color rising.

"That's a long time to remember."

She was enjoying herself. She had taken the photograph from his desk purely on impulse. Now she almost told him she had it. She did not, however. "Of course you remember. Was she pretty, Court? Some of them are."

"Forget it, Emmy. It was kid stuff. She's been married for years."

"Oh! So you kept track of her!"

"Her father was a friend of mine. He wrote at intervals. The Nazis got him finally. I'd rather not talk about it."

Some of the amused interest died out of her face. She looked what she was, a woman in her forties, no longer thrilled by the man across the table, or indeed by any man. She seemed slightly deflated when he glanced at his watch and said he had to go.

"Well, good luck, Court."

"The same to you, Emmy."

Nevertheless, he was uncomfortable on the way home. He was not afraid of Emmy. What could she know? But to be on the safe side, he determined to get rid of Otto's picture.

He looked for it in his desk the next morning, but could not find it. He was puzzled rather than worried when he buzzed for Adele.

"I had a photograph here in the desk," he said. "A boy in uniform. I can't seem to find it."

She stared at him; she had gone very pale. "It's been gone a long time, Mr. Wayne. I thought you took it."

"You didn't throw it out?"

"Oh, no. I would never do that."

He watched her go out of the office. Something had upset her, but he had no idea what it was.

(To be Concluded)

For Robert, Conversing

By Marjorie Lederer Lee

I know it isn't Arabic
When Robert tries to speak;
It's not as rich as Russian,
Nor as classical as Greek.
  It's the soft sound, the little sound
  Made by little things:
  The chuckle of a cricket,
  And the flip of sparrow wings;
  The sneezes of a honeybee
  With pollen up his nose,
  Or the footsteps of a beetlebug
  Who's walking on his toes. . . .
And how am I to study it
By adjective and noun
When with all the books on languages
They've never put it down?
And how am I to understand
This Lilliputian lore—
I, who's over twenty-six
And five feet four?

THE VOICE OF JEROME KILDEE

(Continued from Page 39)

hearth was wide, and the mantel was inlaid with chipped abalone shell. It was the last piece of stonework Jerome planned to make, and he made it a masterpiece. In a recess back of the last piece of stone he tucked away the tools of his trade and sealed them into the wall. Jerome Kildee, maker of fine monuments, was no more. There remained only Jerome Kildee, philosopher, a silent little man, seeking to become a part of the silent mountain.

Jerome Kildee did not work. He owned the hundred acres of woods and hillside around him, but he did not clear any of it. He bought all his food, and he had stove and fireplace wood hauled up and stacked near his cabin door. Jerome had hired a truck to bring the wood to the bottom of his hill, then he had hired a farmer to haul it up the hill with his tractor because there was only a winding path up from his mailbox. The owner of the tractor laughed and made quite a bit of it. Jerome had hundreds of cords of oak and madroña close to his cabin. The farmer and his sons would have cut and sawed it for a tenth of what it had cost Jerome to buy wood and have it hauled.

Jerome had no near neighbors, nor would he ever have any, because he had built in the exact center of his hundred acres. He had gone through life silent, unable to talk to people, expecting them to leave him to his own thoughts. But Jerome soon found that he wasn't friendless. He had a host of friends, and he didn't have to talk to them to keep their friendship; in fact, his silence helped make them friendly. They were all interested in him—a new experience for Jerome—and he was interested in them. Jerome discovered that they were not unlike the people he had known back where he had operated his monument shop. They were willing to take advantage of him, they were selfish and some of them were thieves, like the trade rats, who packed off anything they



BROWN VELVET
Chocolate Cake

Dinner ends happily when its climax is brown velvet chocolate cake, and for delicious brown velvet cake here's a tested recipe:

Measure 1½ cups sifted cake flour . . . Sift with 1 teaspoon of Arm & Hammer Brand or Cow Brand Baking Soda, and ¼ teaspoon salt . . . Dissolve 1 cup sugar in 1 cup sour milk or buttermilk.★. . . Add 1 well-beaten egg . . . Blend in 2 squares melted unsweetened chocolate, and 2 tablespoons melted butter . . . Add dry ingredients . . . Beat after each addition . . . Last, add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Turn into buttered 8 by 8 loaf pan . . . Bake 35 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.).

• • •

★ If neither sour milk nor buttermilk is available, a substitute may be made by placing 1 tablespoon of lemon juice or vinegar in a measure and filling to the 1-cup mark with sweet milk—mix well.

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could carry, regardless of whether they could use it or not. He learned that none of the raccoons could be trusted inside the cabin. They unscrewed the caps off catchup bottles as easily as he could do it; they unlatched cupboard doors or opened them if there was a knob on them.

One old raccoon unscrewed the cap off a bottle of port and got tight. After that Jerome always set out a jigger of port for the raccoon every time he had a glass himself, which was every evening. The raccoon got to be the neighborhood soak, and made a spectacle of himself every Saturday night, which was the night Jerome got tight himself. Getting tight on Saturday night was another thing Jerome had never done in the past; it was a part of his new philosophical life.

The pair of spotted skunks that set up housekeeping under his floor were folks of a different sort from the raccoons. They were not dull-witted stinkers of the sort Jerome had known in his boyhood, dumb fellows who had for ages been depending upon poison gas instead of their wits for protection. They carried guns, but seldom used them. The little spotted skunks were as smart as the raccoons, and about as curious. They had a real sense of humor, and were always playing pranks on the raccoons. With them around, Jerome always had to get down on his hands and knees and explore the chimney of his fireplace before he built a fire. The spotted skunks liked the chimney, and would gladly have traded for it their nest under the floor. They were not big stinkers like the swamp skunks, so Jerome could always fish them out of the chimney with his broom.

Jerome would probably have been crowded out of his house by the assortment of mice that found the cabin and the fine bark wall of the redwood to their liking, if it had not been for the little spotted skunks. They had large appetites, and they kept the mouse population on an even keel. The two big wood mice lived in a bark nest back of a knot in the tree trunk. They furnished dinners for the spotted skunks with a regularity which should have become monotonous. How they could go on having big families, nursing them to a size for them to go out into the world only to have them gobbled up one at a time as they left the nest, was more than Jerome could understand.

There was another pair that lived under his bunk in a box of old letters, which they made good use of, without snooping into the contents, or trying to figure out why Jerome had tied them in bundles. They chewed up all the letters, except those written in indelible pencil. This removed from Jerome's life any temptation to brood over the past. The ladies of his day had never written letters in indelible pencil. The spotted skunks could not get into the box. The mice went in through a knothole in the end. But their families suffered the same fate as those of the big wood mice. And with the same determination they went on having big families.

Jerome's wooded acres harbored many blacktail deer, and many gray foxes and possums. The foxes never made friends, and the possums ignored him because he didn't keep chickens. They had no bump of curiosity to draw them to his house. He saw them often and had a nodding acquaintance with them, so to speak. The blacktails visited his garbage pit regularly; the does often brought their fawns into his yard. But they did not bother much with him because he did not raise a garden or set out young fruit trees. He was about like any other dweller of the wooded slopes: he just lived there.

It was during the second year that Old Soak turned the head of a teen-age raccoon. She was just sixteen months old, and like many another lass before her, she fell for a good-for-nothing. Old Soak brought her to his nest in the redwood tree. It was high up in the tree where a burl formed a deep pocket. Old Soak had learned that a redwood tree was a safe haven. When coon dogs chased him, followed by yelling humans, all he had to do was shinny up the giant redwood. The hunters couldn't shake him out, nor could they climb the tree. Of course after Jerome came, the coon dogs stayed away. Seeing Old Soak win the prize beauty of the hilltop stirred up a few cluttered memories for Jerome, but no bitterness. He could chuckle, now, over such female foolishness.

Old Soak brought his bride home in January, during the heavy rains. In April she presented him with a family. Like many another tavern bum, Old Soak failed to help provide for the family, though he did share quarters with them, taking the dry side of the nest, and grabbing any of the food his bride rustled which appealed to him. Jerome couldn't climb the redwood to look into the nest, but he heard the babies and listened to the family chitchat over them.

Old Soak stirred mild irritation in Jerome. He was smug and fat, always eager to share a noggin of port with Jerome, but never thanking his host for it. Any friendly advance was met with a surly snarl or a snapping of white fangs. He was a disagreeable fellow, but Jerome admired his way with the ladies. His wife was of a different disposition: she was friendly, and thankful for bits of food Jerome gave her. She visited the cabin while he was in it, something Old Soak refused to do; she would have taken over his larder if he had allowed it. Her willingness to shoulder Old Soak's responsibilities off on Jerome presented a problem. He was forced to devise new catches for his cupboard door, to invent catches for his pull drawers.

The results of Jerome's inventing might have been far-reaching if he had passed them on to a gadget-hungry world. Outwitting the slim little bride was no easy trick. With typical feminine wile she made up to Jerome, permitting him to stroke her head and scratch around her ears, smiling coyly up at him as he sat in his padded chair, but raiding his cupboard as sure as he went for a walk. Jerome devised inside catches for the doors, operated by wires which went up through the inside of the cupboard, and were pulled by strings dangling from the ceiling well out of reach of a raccoon. The pull drawers became pop-out drawers opened by springs released by wires with strings attached to them. Jerome's house was well decorated with strings hanging from the ceiling. A large button dangled at the end of each string.

When Jerome wanted an egg for breakfast, he pulled a string, and open popped a drawer, exposing the egg carton; then Jerome always had to take out two eggs, because the moment the drawer catch clicked, in popped Mrs. Old Soak, and Jerome had to split fifty-fifty with her. A simple remedy would have been to bar the door, but then he would have had to sit by the big window eating his egg with Mrs. Old Soak's furry bangs pressed against the plate glass, her bright eyes watching every bite he took.

The rains were very persistent that spring, extending into May. Mrs. Old Soak stood the quarters her old man had provided for her as long as she could. The babies were growing and taking up more room, the roof leaked, and Old Soak always crowded into the dry side. When the wind blew from the north there might as well have been no roof at all. One afternoon, while Jerome was tramping in the woods, snug in oilskins and rubber boots, she moved her family into the cabin. Helping herself liberally to the stuffing in his mattress, she made a nest in the oven. She had long ago learned how to open the oven door. The smell of the oven pleased her; it held a faint food fragrance which was elegant. She could feed her babies and lick the oven walls, nibbling bits of burned meat as she came to them.

Jerome discovered the family at once, because the oven door was open. He overlooked the hole in his mattress when the mother proudly displayed her brood of four small, silky little raccoons. But he was hungry and this was Saturday afternoon. Jerome always fixed a beef roast for Saturday supper. Once a week the mailman left the meat in his box down at the road. He got a box and put it in a corner, then he moved the family. Mrs. Old Soak was miffed, and accepted the situation with mental reservations and proper feminine deceptiveness. Later she would put her family back into the oven.

Old Soak reacted in a typically male way. He stamped up on the little porch and seated himself in the open door. He cussed his wife out in proper style, he glared at Jerome and tossed a few nasty cracks at him. Between remarks he kept sniffing the roast cooking in the oven, and shaking his fur to get the rain off it. With a final warning to his wife he turned about, climbed the redwood and got into his nest. The wind was from the north and his wife wasn't there to shield him from the rain, or to warm his back. He stuck it for a half hour, then climbed back down the tree, and walked to the door. Jerome grinned at him. He had just set out the port bottle. He poured himself a glass. Old Soak sniffed deeply and wrinkled his nose. Jerome poured some into a cracked saucer. He set the saucer on the floor beside his table.

Old Soak looked at the saucer and wavered. This was dangerous business—entering a cabin was like walking into a box trap—but he was wet and cold, his wife had betrayed him, he sure needed a drink. Ruffling his neck scruff, he marched into the cabin. He paused before the saucer, thrust his nose forward and took a sip of port.

Mrs. Old Soak scurried across the floor to see what he was eating. When she smelled the port she wrinkled her nose and turned away. She marched back to her family with slow dignity.

Old Soak was fairly tight by the time Jerome got the table set, and the roast out of the oven. He and Jerome had had another small shot. Jerome was feeling a warm glow himself. Jerome always sat at his table so he could look out through the big window. It was like eating out in the open. He sliced the roast and placed a generous portion on the floor. Mrs. Old Soak scampered across the boards. She sat up, holding the cut of roast in her small hands, nibbling in a very ladylike manner. Old Soak looked at her, he growled, then ambled toward her in what he thought was a lordly manner, but which was more of a stagger. She let him sniff the roast. He sniffed the meat, then, like a true alcoholic, turned his nose up at the solid food. He returned to his saucer, then walked to the door and sat there.

Jerome ate his supper with relish. When he had finished, he scraped all the crumbs into the meat platter and set it on the floor. Mrs. Old Soak picked out the crumbs and bits of meat, then polished the platter with her red tongue.

Jerome leaned back in his chair. He lighted his pipe and gave himself over to his new problem. If he closed the door, Mrs. Old Soak would not like it; she might cause quite a stir. But the night air was growing chilly; the wind was blowing into the room, damp and raw. Old Soak could get out and stay out, but his wife had a family in the corner; Jerome couldn't put the babies out in the rain. He got to his feet. Old Soak faded out into the fast-gathering dusk. Jerome

(Continued on Page 78)

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

THERE is a period in the life of a boy when he does not dare to be too conspicuously clean.

Today's nest egg is soon hatched.

Time: the one thing you take with you.

A woman in shorts leaves nothing to figure out.

If you do all the thinking for a child, eventually he will not be sure how much butter to spread on a piece of bread.

Children are like little bottles of French dressing: an occasional shakedown keeps the oil and other ingredients mixed.

The mother who tries too hard to make a swan out of her daughter may end with only a first-class goose.

A little girl who had watched the wrapping of many a birthday present saw some pigs for the first time. "Does someone," she asked, "curl their tails with a knife?"

The ritual of parenthood might be worded: To have and to mold.

Description: A day so soft you could wrap a baby in it.

Some children are given a persistent diet of negatives until they respond like the little girl who, when asked her name, replied "It's Anna don't."

When our ginkgo tree steps out of her leaves all at once, in the way of ginkgoes, the children liken the ring of yellow to the pool of melted butter in Little Black Sambo.

The high I.Q. will never mean much to the individual with the equally high I Quit.

My most unglamorous Christmas present—a skillet.

Can summer be far behind—for teachers—when the mail contains circulars from loan companies?

Whenever my family seems to be going at too rapid a pace for me, I remind them a fleet always sets speed by its slowest ship.

Apologizing to a guest is like placing a pillow at the wrong spot on his back.

Friendly advice: the kind never given to a friend.

And they call these exciting times! From an old book: The train is not modest for street wear because it must be caught up in one hand, and in so doing the side of the dress is lifted, often above the ankle in a way really immodest—which makes the wearer liable to insults, possibly arrest.

Keeping the wolf from the door isn't the only problem today; it's what happens after daughter invites him in.

Just plain wholesome family life, with a few pets thrown in, teaches children in a matter-of-fact way that sex is life—and never that life is sex.

To give a little girl a doll that is not to be used any more than the old-fashioned parlor was used is to violate every principle of fair dealing in childhood.

The trek of teachers from their profession into other jobs belies the old idea that a teacher is capable of only teaching.

A home will lose its air of free use the moment that its furnishings are above the level of its income.

never been able to sing a note. During all the thousand times he had sat in church, alone in his pew, he had never been able to so much as open his mouth when the congregation was singing.

"I have cheated myself of much," he said.

"Whoo-oo-oo," Old Soak sang, his head swaying.

Jerome shook his head sadly as he refilled the saucer and his glass. He held the glass to the light of the fire. It gleamed deep red like heart blood.

"Whoo-oo-oo," Old Soak trilled.

From the oven door came an answering trill. His wife had never heard Old Soak put so much tenderness, so much romance into his song. It touched her deeply, so deeply she closed her eyes and sang back to him.

Jerome lifted his glass higher. "To the lost past," he said solemnly.

They both drank deeply. Jerome half turned to catch the high soprano coming from the oven door. He noticed that the little door was bobbing back and forth. He fixed his attention on it. A small head with black, shoe-button eyes appeared. The head moved into the room, followed by a slim body. A moment later another slim body slipped through the door. Two tall white plumes lifted. The little spotted skunks had come visiting. Papa waved his plume and stamped his forefeet, mamma waved her plume and stamped her forefeet. Like a good host, Jerome arose from his chair. Instantly the two little skunks vanished through the door. Jerome filled a saucer with condensed milk and set it near the door, then he went back to the fireplace.

Almost at once the little door opened and the two little skunks stepped into the room. They sat down and began lapping eagerly. When Mrs. Old Soak hopped off the oven door and started over to join them, papa elevated his plume and stamped his forefeet. He rushed at her, did an expert handstand, flipped his hind feet down, and stamped some more. Mrs. Old Soak knew what that meant, as did every other living thing in the woods. She hastily retreated to the oven door. Papa went back to the dish of milk. Jerome leaned back in his chair. Old Soak was in full voice now; his *whoo-oo-oo* was deep and bell-like. Jerome took a deep drink, then he tried an experimental note. He was amazed at its quality; it was a baritone note, with feeling and depth in it. But it sent Mrs. Old Soak scrambling back into the oven. Papa and mamma left without pausing to stamp their feet. But Old Soak caught the flavor of it, the timbre. He joined in with his fine tremolo.

Jerome smiled broadly. "Not bad," he said, then he poured two more drinks.

They took time out for their drinks, then Jerome tried a few more notes. Mrs. Old Soak stayed in the oven, the two little spotted skunks stayed under the floor, a passing gray fox paused and cocked an ear, then howled mournfully into the rainy sky. Jerome tried a few of the old hymns he could remember. Old Soak had only one song, but he chimed in with that. Jerome split the last of the bottle with his friend. Old Soak lapped up his share, then rolled over on his back with his feet straight up, a faint gurgling trill coming from his open mouth. Jerome drank his port, lighted his pipe and lay back.

Funny how, after a lifetime of silence, he should discover he had a knack for talking, that he had a good voice, suited for hymn singing. He sighed deeply. A great sense of contentment filled him. Here among friends he would talk about some of the things he had always wanted to talk about, and he would sing when he felt like it.

BLACK ALDER

(Continued from Page 45)

of the black alder. Leafless it stood, and the deep red berries were like a bonfire.

Where they curved close to the coast the water was gray-green and sullen, eating at the deserted beaches, white on the sodden sand.

Susan shivered, and closed her eyes. She never slept well out of her own bed—although the Dawson bed had been comfortable enough.

The porter knocked. He said, "I'm sending the dining-car waiter back; it's nearly half past twelve, Mrs. Foster."

He knew her name now—having read it on the luggage tags, on the case he'd kept outside. It was nice when people knew your name.

The dining-car waiter came in. And Susan said, "I'm sorry to ask you to come all this way."

"That's my job," he said cheerfully. "That's what I'm here for. I've a mother and two little children in the next car to look after too."

She ordered: tea, strong, with lemon, dry toast. The tea would pick her up, and the toast could not menace her excellent figure.

When the order came she was half asleep. The table was up, the tea sloshed around in the pot and the waiter said, "I'll bring the check back, ma'am, in half an hour."

Susan ate and drank, looking from the windows. She thought of all she must do in the coming week.

Why?

She could live on her income, of course, but the time was not yet; the income wouldn't provide penthouses or the staffed farm or a new mink when she tired of the old one. In another five years, she thought, or ten.

Sam had said once, "I don't know why you bother with two homes, mom; you're seldom in 'em."

The check came: forty-five cents. Susan fished for the change, and for a dollar for the waiter; and looked at the check again.

Written on it, in pencil: "No charge. Elderly person."

She thought wildly, with an indignation so enormous that it shook her, *But that isn't possible.*

Rallying, she thought, *Perhaps he isn't allowed to serve people in the Pullmans, unless they're invalids or antediluvian and incapable of going to the diner.*

But, he'd said, "That's what I'm here for."

She thought, *He wanted to save me a service charge, so reported to the steward that his passenger in Drawing Room A was ninety, with two broken legs.*

She smiled at the waiter; he took up the things and thanked her and left. The door closed. She was alone in a little box that moved.

Her heart shook, and her hands. Fifty wasn't elderly. Well, even fifty-three. Only people over seventy were elderly. . . . Horrid word, disgusting word, as unpleasant as "stout," or "obese."

The wheels sang and clattered "elderly person, elderly person, *elderly* person."

I don't look it, she said stubbornly to herself.

But she did—under the little face she so carefully made for herself, every morning, every evening.

I don't feel it.

Didn't she?

Her head ached, and her bones; she was so tired she could cry. But she didn't cry. She laughed instead.

Outside, the black alders were as flame. Spring had vanished with the tulip, summer with the rose, and winter was very close. The snow would come, and against the white the scarlet berries would burn along the dark branch and twig, defiant to the last.

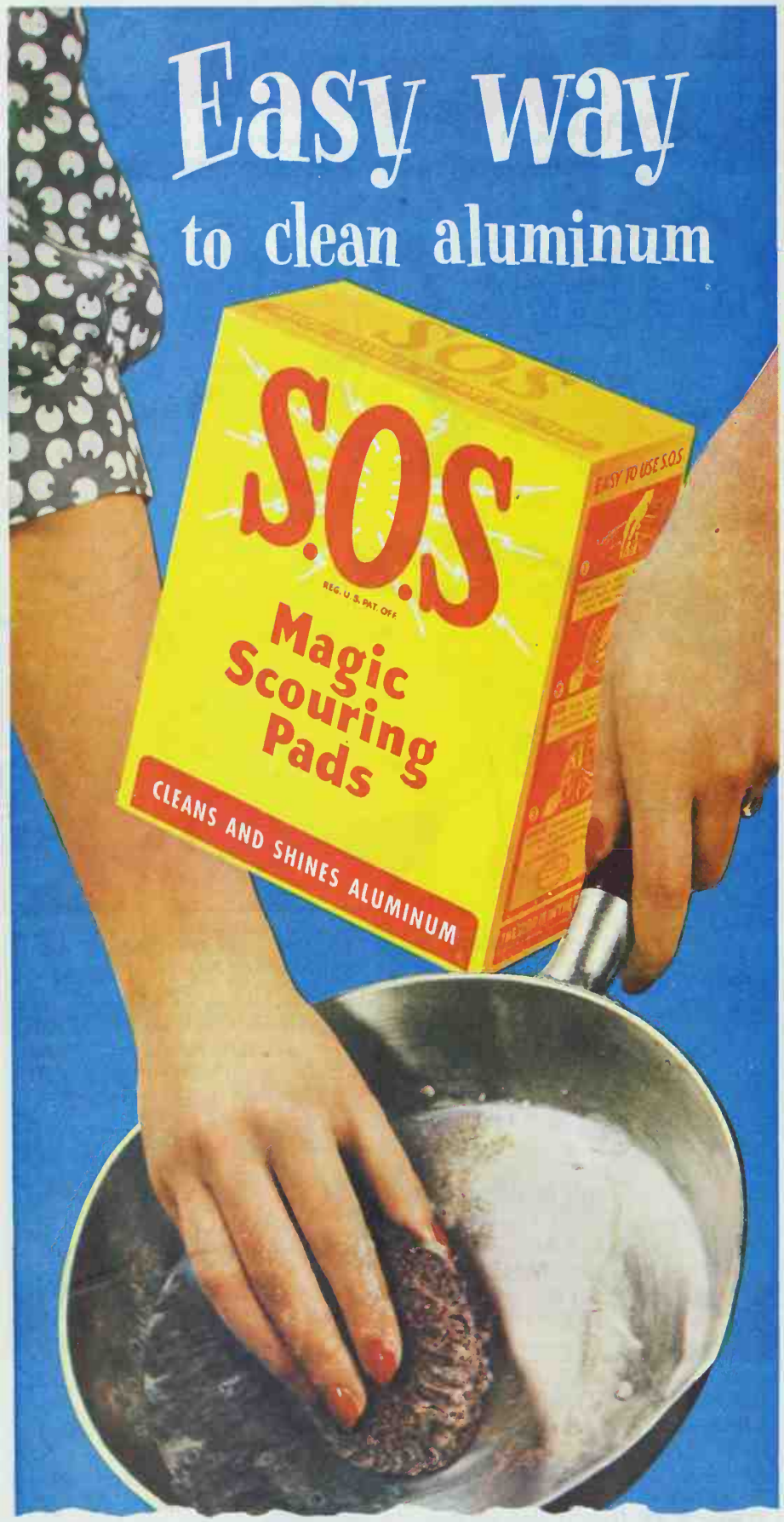
Susan thought of her next scheduled trip. She opened her notebook, scribbled, "black alder"—and thought, *It will make a very amusing story.*

Her lecture audience would adore it; they would look at her brilliant little face, soft-focused under the veiling; they would laugh with, and not at, her. And they wouldn't believe it.

Neither would she! THE END



Easy way to clean aluminum





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dip the edge of an S.O.S. pad in water. Now for your blackest pot or pan.

rub briskly where food sticks—then polish gently. Soap's in the pad.

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S. O. S. shines { aluminum, "Pyrex"-ware, linoleum, rusted tools, golf clubs, auto bumpers, scores of other uses, too!

Report to

A new automatic leveling device takes the wiggle-wobble out of furniture legs most successfully. One unit is placed under each leg; they may be used to correct for sagging floors, uneven legs or one-leg-on, one-leg-off a rug. One of the elements is a silicon product, a sort of "bouncing putty."



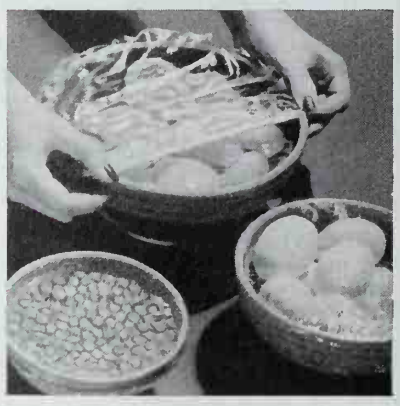
Newest of sun lamps, designed to be attached to a bedrail, swung down and folded away beneath the bed when not in use. The long flexible gooseneck makes adjustment to any angle possible; a built-in automatic timer shuts electricity off when enough time in the "sun" has passed.



One alone, for both mixing and pouring. A new two-quart bowl (or should it properly be called a pitcher?) has a well-designed handle and a pouring lip. All it needs to make it complete is plenty of good pancake batter to dispense on these frosty, hungry January mornings!



New top-o'-the-range way to bake a single potato, for a potato-loving live-aloner or a child's lunch. The potato is impaled on a center spit, edges of the aluminum baking shell are locked. Then an hour or so over medium heat, depending on the size, and it's ready for salt and butter!



Visibility excellent, with new bowl covers of crystal-clear plastic, whose transparency should prove to be a big help to in-a-hurry cooks or refrigerator raiders. (Except in refrigerators that specialize in high humidity, many foods should be snugly covered.) Seven covers in each set.

●

Speaking of keeping foods, do you know that eggs, too, need to be refrigerated? Wise homemakers ask for refrigerated eggs at market. Grade-A eggs, kept cool and covered, stay high-score, but have been found to drop quickly to grade C when left very long in kitchen cupboards.

the Housewife

BY JUDY BARRY



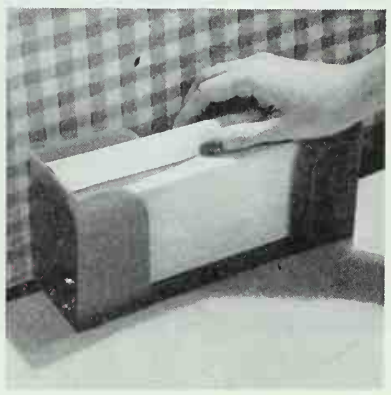
"Around and around she goes," this useful little revolving rack for nails, tacks, paper clips or any such small helpers. Attached to the wall of a porch, kitchen or utility room, it's especially handy because its contents are plainly visible. One spin, and the wanted jar is easily removed.



Introducing two favorite newcomers to our Workshop: first our paper-thin spatula, obligingly flexible, yet firm enough, if need be, to hold a ten-pound roast; with it, a coffee-flavored quick bread, made with strong leftover coffee as the liquid and flavoring. It's really good!

Coffee is such a universally well-liked flavor, why not use it for more than just a breakfast bracer? Have you ever tried cold coffee as the liquid in gingerbread mix or frosting? Or in place of part of the milk in blanc-mange or tapioca pudding, or custard? Coffee jelly, of course!

If you're buying sheets in the January White Sales, remember to choose a size that will leave plenty of sheet for tuck-in. Tugging will age them long before their time. For the average bed, 108" long is best. They should be about 20" wider (after allowing from 2" to 6" for shrinkage) than the mattress.



Convenient, attractive new accessory for kitchen or bath: a bright plastic box containing folded paper towels. The towels are thirsty, soft, yet husky enough for washing dishes, scouring or mopping up. Boxes come in eight colors, may be attached to a wall or placed on a handy shelf.

PHOTOS BY STUART



Hands that touch pots or pans hot off the griddle are well protected by new hand-shaped pads, made of a cushiony rubberlike material that doesn't scorch or stain, grips firmly even when wet. Aren't they gay and modern-looking? White with bright accents, and easily sponge-offable.

Land sakes! Orchids from my daughter-in-law!



ISN'T SHE sweet? You see, my Bill and his wife Sally are with me for a few days, and it all started when Sally came in as I was getting breakfast the first morning.



"CAN I HELP?" Sally asked. Then, when she saw me making Borden's Instant Coffee, "Goodness, what's that?" "Excellent coffee," I said, "*All* coffee, not a mixture. And no pot, no grounds, no waste!"



SALLY BLUSHED and gulped, "I know I shouldn't be telling *you* how to cook, Mother Brown, but the instant coffees I've tried, we didn't like a bit. *Could* we have old-fashioned ground coffee just this once?"



I JUST SAID, "There's an item about your visit in today's Gazette. Don't you want to see it?" She was deep in the paper when I handed her a cup of Borden's, "Mmmm . . . this is GOOD!" she said. "This is *real* coffee!" "So it is," I told her. "It's Borden's!" "For goodness' sake," she laughed, "I thought I knew all about instant coffee . . . *but I didn't know Borden's!*" (Sally calls the flowers her bread-and-butter-and-*coffee* present!)

Money back if BORDEN'S doesn't beat your favorite coffee!*

AMERICA'S FASTEST SELLING PURE INSTANT COFFEE

* Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tastes better than any coffee you ever used, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



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More Mexican than Italian, this meat-ball specialty is a meal in itself.

Dinner in a Dish

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

A WELL-FILLED casserole makes a well-rounded meal. And fillings needn't be costly to be of good taste. That's the joy of casserole concocting. The bigger the casserole, the better, if you're going out to buy one. A whole meal in one dish is what you're after. You want plenty of room for vegetables to cook along with the meat; spare room for a flavory sauce so it won't bubble out into the oven; room, too, to hold second helpings if your family has second-helping appetites.

Nothing goes to waste if there's a casserole in the kitchen. As a leftover collector and transformer, it is unsurpassed. A few magical passes with seasonings and you can produce a spur-of-the-moment dish that will be so good you'll wish you'd written down just exactly what you put into it.

Here are some casserole dishes that start from scratch. If they are as popular at your house as they were here in the JOURNAL Workshop, there won't *be* a scrap left.

Rice-and-Meat-Ball Casserole

To 1 pound ground beef add 1 tablespoon finely minced onion, ½ cup raw rice, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon basil, ⅓ cup grated Italian cheese, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ¾ cup milk. Mix thoroughly with hands to blend all ingredients. Shape into small balls, a little smaller than a golf ball. The mixture will be quite soft. Don't worry if you can't make them perfectly round. Fry a few at a time in about 2 tablespoons shortening or salad oil. Put into casserole. To 2 cans condensed tomato soup add 2⅓ cups water. Add ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and ½ cup chopped green pepper. Bake, uncovered, in hot oven, 400°F., for 35 minutes. Mix in ½ cup cooked peas and 3 or 4 carrots, sliced and cooked. Cover and bake 35 minutes more. Serves 6.

Beef-and-Sauerkraut Casserole

Cut 3 pounds short ribs of beef or brisket of beef into serving pieces. Season pieces of meat with 2 teaspoons salt, sprinkle with pepper and paprika. Brown well on all sides in 2 tablespoons hot shortening or salad oil. Transfer

eat to large casserole. Sauté 3 onions, inced, in the pan drippings. Add 1½ nds bulk or 1 large can sauerkraut l 1 cup hot water. Bring to boiling nt. Add a 6½-ounce can tomato ice. Season with salt and pepper. ur sauerkraut and tomato sauce into serole over the meat. Cover and bake moderate oven, 350° F., about 1½ urs, or until meat is tender when reed with a fork. Serves 6–8.

Veal-and-Noodle Casserole

t 1 pound thinly sliced leg of veal o serving pieces. Mix 2 tablespoons ur with ½ teaspoon salt and a pinch pepper. Dredge the veal in the sea- ned flour. Brown well in 2 table- oons shortening or salad oil along with ablespoons chopped onion. Cook ½ ckage wide noodles in boiling salted ter until tender. Drain. In a casse- e, alternate layers of veal and noo- s. Heat 1 can condensed mushroom up with ⅔ cup water. Add ½ cup sour eam and ½ teaspoon paprika. Pour e sauce over the veal and noodles. ver and bake in moderately slow oven, 5° F., 1 hour, or until tender. Cook covered in last half hour and skim any excess fat. Serves 4. Double for 8.

Cheese-and-Tomato Macaroni Soufflé

ok ½ cup elbow macaroni in boiling lted water until tender. Drain and d 1½ tablespoons butter or mar- rine. Make a thick cream sauce with tablespoons butter or margarine, 2 blespoons flour, ½ cup milk, ¼ tea- oon salt and a little pepper. To the uce add 1 cup drained canned to- atoes or condensed tomato soup, 1 p grated cheese, ½ teaspoon salt, a sh of pepper and paprika. Add the acaroni and heat all together for a inute or two. Cool slightly. Separate eggs. Beat yolks until thick and mon-colored. Fold into macaroni ixture. Beat the whites until stiff but t dry. Fold in last. Pour into a eased casserole. Set in pan of hot ater. Bake 1 hour in moderate oven, 0° F. Serve at once. Serves 6–8.

Spanish Codfish

t 1¼ pounds cod fillets into serving eces. Season on both sides with salt d pepper. Fry 1 medium onion, ced, and 1 clove garlic, minced, in 1 blespoon shortening or salad oil until lden brown. Slice 2 small potatoes d enough stuffed olives to make ½ p. Measure ½ cup fresh, frozen or nned peas. In a shallow casserole range alternate layers of fish, po- toes, olives, peas and the fried onion d garlic. Pour over this the following uce: To 1 small 8-ounce can tomato uce add ⅛ teaspoon cinnamon, ⅛ aspoon pepper, ¼ teaspoon salt and dash of cayenne. Add 1 cup hot water d pour the sauce over the fish and getables. Cover and bake 45 minutes in moderate oven, 350° F. Uncover and bake 15 minutes more or until potatoes are done. Serves 6.

Kidney-Bean Casserole

Fry 6 slices bacon crisp. Drain. In 2 tablespoons of the fat cook 1 onion, minced, ¼ cup chopped green pepper. Drain juice off 2 cans kidney beans. Combine the beans with green pepper and onion. Add 1 teaspoon chili powder, 1 teaspoon salt and ¾ teaspoon dry mustard mixed with 3 tablespoons molasses. Drain 1 No. 2½ can tomatoes. Save this liquid and the bean liquid for soups. Add 2 cups of the solid part of tomatoes to the bean mixture. Crumble the crisp bacon and stir into the bean-and-tomato mixture. Pour into casserole. Bake in hot oven, 400° F., 1 hour (or until bubbly). Serves 6–8.

Shrimparoni

Cook a 9-ounce package elbow macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Rinse with boiling water and drain again. Make a cream sauce of 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons flour and 2 cups milk—half cream makes it better. Season with 1 tablespoon chopped onion, ½ tablespoon curry powder and ¾ teaspoon salt. Combine sauce with macaroni. Add 1 cup grated cheese and 1 pound shrimp (the frozen cooked ones are good, or use fresh cooked shrimp that have been shelled and cleaned). Mix everything together. Pour into a casserole and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., until bubbly and brown on top. Serves 8.

For tunaroni: Use 2 cans tuna fish, drained and flaked into pieces, instead of the shrimp. Both are good combinations.

Baked Chicken and Vegetables

Cut up a roasting chicken just as you would for fricassee or frying. Season well with salt and pepper. Roll the pieces in flour. Cut ¼ pound salt pork or bacon into small pieces. Fry until crisp. Either bacon or salt pork would do, but the salt pork adds just the right flavor to this dish. Skim out the crisp bits of pork or bacon and brown the floured chicken, a few pieces at a time, in the fat. Place the chicken in a large casserole. Sprinkle with ¼ teaspoon thyme and a pinch of marjoram. Prepare 1½ cups raw sliced carrots, 1⅓ cups raw peeled small white onions and 1½ cups diced raw potatoes. Mix with 1 small can mushrooms and put in casserole on top of the chicken. To 1½ cups boiling water add ½ bay leaf, crushed, 1 sprig parsley, 1 clove garlic, minced, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and the crisp bacon or salt pork. Pour over the vegetables. Cover casserole and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 1¼ to 1½ hours, or until chicken is tender. Serves 6.

THE END

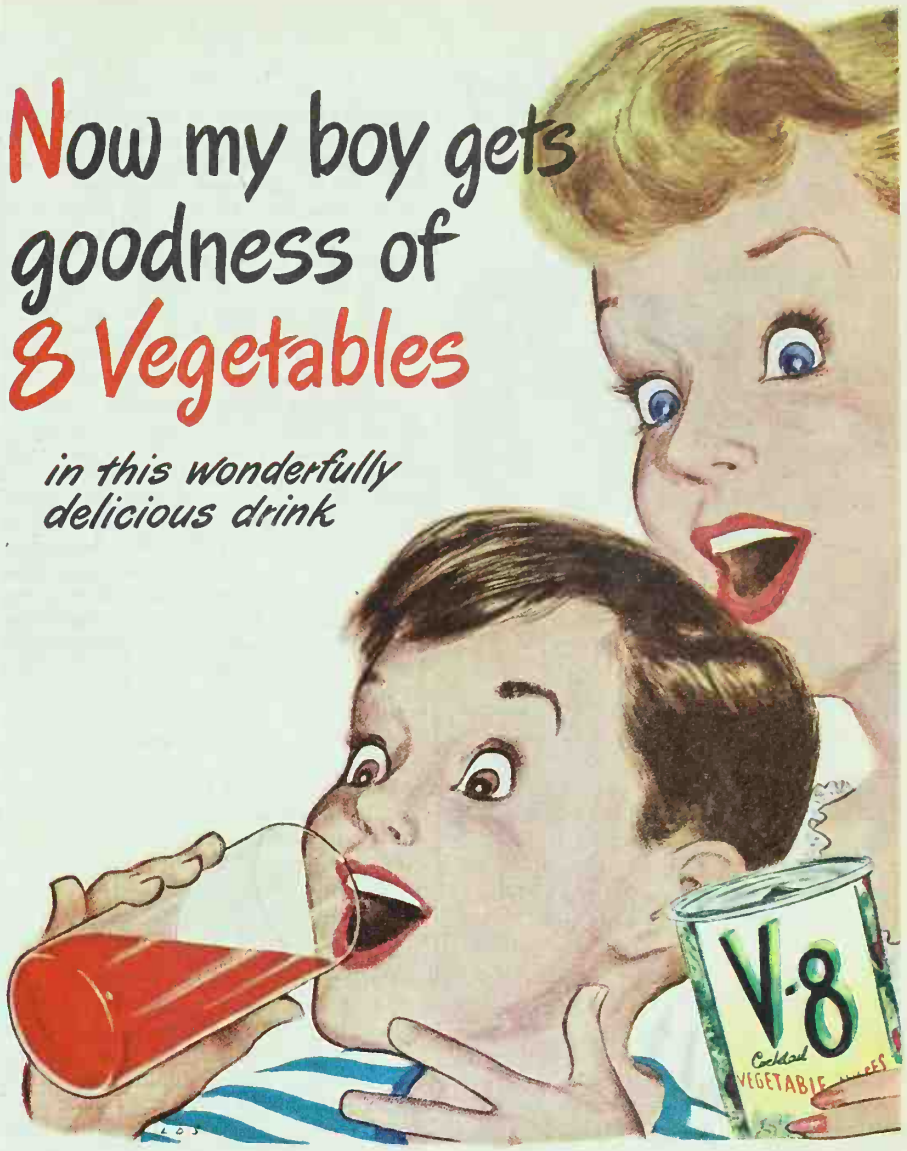
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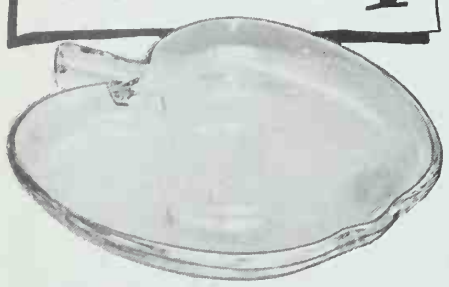
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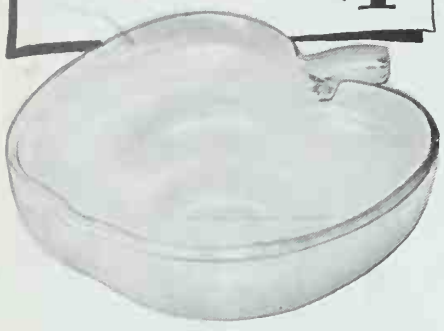
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STIMSON

(Continued from Page 36)

morning I attended New York schools whose curricula were so unsatisfactory that for two years my hard-working father took me entirely out of school and himself gave to me the only teaching of that period which stood by me in later years. During the afternoon I had no outdoor place wherein to play except the cobbled streets of the city. There were then in New York no recreation grounds in or out of the schools, and the grassy meadows of Central Park were strictly foreclosed against trespassing. Nor were there any rapid-transit systems by which to reach the outside country.

But at thirteen there came a great change. My mental and physical horizons broadened before me. My father, dissatisfied with the conditions in New York, placed me in Phillips Academy of Andover, Massachusetts. I was much younger than any other boy in the school, but the new surroundings were like heaven to a boy who craved escape from city life. I have heard the discipline of Phillips Academy of those old days described by an alumnus as "perfect freedom tempered by expulsion." Of the outdoor life of the students that was a fair description. There was football, baseball, skating, bobsledding, and walking over the hills and woodlands of Northern Massachusetts within generous limits, quite untrammeled by authority.

But once we entered the classroom it was quite a different matter. Andover fitted a boy for college and it fitted him well. The courses taught were fewer than they are today, but they were taught with extreme thoroughness. And the numbers of each class being large, the mere experience of standing up before a good-sized audience and answering tough problems before a rapid-firing instructor was in itself a stiff discipline to the average boy. To me it opened a new world of effort and competition. It also opened to me a new world of democracy and of companionship with boys from all portions of the United States. At that time Phillips Academy contained about two hundred and fifty students, many coming from rural New England, but the remainder from nearly every other state in the Union. A large percentage of them were working their own way in whole or in part.

School life was extremely simple and inexpensive. The cost of tuition was sixty dollars a year. The school possessed no dormitories except the Latin and English Commons, in which nearly one third of the students lived. These consisted of two rows of very cheaply built three-story wooden houses, each house containing rooms for six students. The rental for each student was three dollars a term. There was no sanitation or water except from a single outdoor pump from which each student carried his own requirements and no heat except that which came from each student's stove. And as the two rows of Commons stood on the northwestern slope of Andover Hill, facing the distant New Hampshire hills on the horizon, winter life there was neither soft nor enervating. Some of the remaining students roomed in the houses of instructors but most of them in boardinghouses approved by the faculty in the town of Andover.

The result for me was association with a very different group of young men from those I had met in New York; they were representatives of homes of many varieties scattered all over the United States—most of them simple homes—but in general the boys were drawn to Andover by the desire to get the teaching given by a school which was known to have represented for over a hundred years the ideals of character and education believed in by the founders of our country.

I was too young to appreciate the full advantages of these new associations at first, but as the years of my course rolled by they were brought home to me, and I can never be sufficiently grateful to the school for the revolution it worked in my own character. In 1905 I was elected a Trustee of the school and subsequently the President of the Board of Trustees, a position I held until my resignation in 1947. During these forty-two years the development of the school—its ideals as well as its buildings and surroundings—has been one of the great interests of my life.

I graduated from Andover in 1883 in the Classical Department—a year too young to be admitted to Yale; and spent the intervening year in special tutoring in New York, returning to Andover during the spring term of 1884 and taking up special scientific courses.

In the autumn of 1884 I entered the Class of '88 at Yale. That college had not yet fully embarked upon its career as a university. The elective system had only begun. The courses of the freshman and sophomore classes were still prescribed and consisted largely of Latin, Greek, and mathematics taught rather less effectively than at Andover. Even in junior and senior years, with the exception of "Billy" Sumner's economics and some of the courses in English and history, there was much time lost. There was little opportunity for individual thinking as distinguished from reciting things taught. The chief fruits of my four years at Yale came from the potent democratic class spirit then existing on the Yale campus; and that experience was most important to my life, both in the character developed and the friendships formed.

Morale

THERE is terror in the very name of war, and the responsibilities of wartime leadership are wearing beyond the knowledge of those who have not carried them. But in righteous war there is also strength for the spirit, and it comes mainly from the front lines backward. In the needs of the men who were fighting, the undying challenge of their death, and the constant proof of their quality as men and soldiers, there was an ever-growing source of inspiration for all at home. To the degree that Secretary Stimson was closer to the Army, more directly aware of its work and accountable for its support, this inspiration was greater for Stimson than for the ordinary citizen.

When, after my graduation in 1888, I went for two years to the Harvard Law School, I found an atmosphere both inside the halls of the university and outside in its yard which was remarkably different from that in New Haven. In the classrooms of the Law School there was a spirit of independent thinking, unlike anything I had met before. It was highly competitive and provocative of individual reasoning. To one who had been accustomed to enter a classroom for the purpose of reciting from memory lessons previously learned from higher authority, there was a sharp surprise. In the Law School classrooms one was obliged to form his own opinions and rules of law by induction from legal decisions stated without comment, and to do it on the floor. The whole atmosphere was electric with the sparks of competitive argument. On the other hand, among the students of the university at large, there was little of the corporate class spirit and democratic energy which was so visible on the Yale campus. The Harvard student, even if he was an undergraduate, seemed to think less in terms of his class and college and more in those of the outside world, than his opposite number at Yale. There was also broader and more individualistic thinking open to him. For example, in philosophy the classrooms were available to him of three great teachers—George M. Palmer, William James and Josiah Royce, and these were available whether he were an undergraduate or in a professional school.

In the retrospect of years it is hard, if not impossible, to balance fairly the benefits to their students accruing sixty years ago from the corporate energy and democratic spirit of Yale as against the courageous individualism and broader philosophy of Harvard. I can only say that I am glad to have had a vision of both of these great institutions, and further that the teachings of the Harvard Law School created a greater revolution in my power of thinking than any teaching that I got from Yale, while the faith in mankind that I learned on the campus at New Haven was greater and stronger than any such faith I achieved at Harvard.

In 1885, at the close of my freshman year at Yale, there came to me an unexpected and exceptional opportunity to become acquainted with another very democratic side of American life. My pioneer ancestors had given me a sound body and a love of the outdoors, together with a deep yearning for the loneliness of the wilderness. By a stroke of good fortune I received in 1885 a chance to visit a portion of the Western United States while it was still a frontier, with Indians still restive and wild animals still abundant. The effect on my future life was profound. For over twenty years thereafter I spent a portion of nearly every year in the mountains and forests of the Western Rockies or Canada, exploring, hunting, and traveling by horse, foot or canoe. I came into contact with the simple rough men of the wilderness, both red and white. I witnessed an Indian outbreak in 1887. I came to know the Blackfeet and hunted and climbed with their young men. I became a fair rifleman and canoeman; was at home in forest, prairie or mountains; could pack my own horses, kill my own game, make my own camp and cook my own meals. There were no guides in those days in the places I visited. With George Bird Grinnell I explored and mapped that portion of Montana now comprised in the Glacier National Park, and one of the mountains there still bears my name. When I married I obtained a devoted helpmeet who also loved the wilderness and was willing to endure its discomforts and hardships, so our trips were continued until well into middle life.

Looking back, I find it hard to exaggerate the effect of these experiences on my later life. That effect, physical, mental and moral, was great. Not only is self-confidence gained by such a life, but ethical principles tend to become simpler by the impact of the wilderness and by contact with the men who live in it. Moral problems are divested of confusion and complications which civilization throws around them. Selfishness cannot be easily concealed, and the importance of courage, truthfulness and frankness is increased. To a certain extent the effect is similar to the code of honor learned by the soldier in the field.

After the termination of my work at the Harvard Law School in 1890, I lived for three years with my father in New York City. He was the man who of all others had the greatest influence upon the ideals and purposes of my adolescent life. He had been a soldier in the Civil War and had well-nigh paid for that experience with his life. At the close of the war he became a banker and broker in the firm of his father in New York. He married in 1866 and some five years afterward, when my mother's failing health drove the family to Europe, he gave up his business in Wall Street, to which he had never given his heart, and began the study of medicine in Zurich and Paris under Pasteur, completing his course and taking his medical degree on his return at the Bellevue Hospital Medical College. My mother's death was a crushing blow to him and he never remarried, but devoted himself with such effort to his profession that he advanced with unusual speed to eminence in the branch of his choice—surgery. He be-

(Continued on Page 86)



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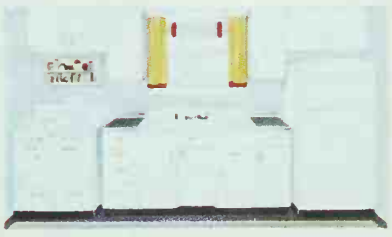
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(Continued from Page 84)

came Professor of Surgery in the New York University Medical School, and subsequently in the Cornell Medical College from its establishment until the date of his death. He became Attending Surgeon at the Presbyterian and Bellevue Hospitals and finally at the New York Hospital, where he remained for twenty-two years until his retirement, carrying in addition to his service at the hospital full responsibility for the heavy service at their emergency branch, the House of Relief in Hudson Street. He was never particularly interested in the development of a lucrative private practice. His heart was in his hospital work. I remember his quoting to me some famous French surgeon who had said that he much preferred the poor for his patients, for God was their paymaster. While I was with him he lived frugally, mainly on his salary as a professor and the income from the slender savings of his early years as a young banker. In spite of the bent for mathematics and science which underlay his success in his profession, he throughout his life maintained his love of the Classics and of Classical and European history, remembering his Latin poetry long after my own memory of it was sadly dimmed. The influence of such a character upon his children was their greatest lodestone and guide. My sister never married and lived with him in a wonderful companionship until his death. My own three years in his house, in close and affectionate contact with him while working my way in the practice of the law downtown, was a period of dominant importance in the shaping of my future life.

On July 6, 1893, I married Miss Mabel Wellington White, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. White, of New Haven, Connecticut. That marriage has now lasted for over 54 years, during which she has ever been my devoted companion and the greatest happiness in my life.

He who fears to suffer, suffers from fear.—FRENCH PROVERB.

I was admitted to the Bar in New York County in June, 1891. Five months afterward I became a clerk in the office of Root & Clarke, and on January 1, 1893, I was admitted to the firm. Mr. Bronson Winthrop, who became my lifelong partner, was admitted to the firm on the same day. On Mr. Clarke's retirement in 1897 the firm's name became Root, Howard, Winthrop & Stimson, and after Mr. Root became Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President McKinley the firm name became Winthrop & Stimson. It so continued until 1927 when it was changed to Winthrop, Stimson, Putnam & Roberts, the name it holds today, when the partners number thirteen and the law clerks in its office forty-two more. The firm received its character from its original founder, Elihu Root, who was our exemplar of what a high-minded counselor should be, and the memory of whose rectitude, wisdom and constructive sagacity ever remained before us. Winthrop and I did our utmost to carry on the traditions of the firm which Mr. Root left. The character of the young men who thereafter came into the firm has been a source of high satisfaction in my life. Even now when I am no longer an active member of the firm, I find my association with its members one of my greatest comforts.

During my various excursions into public life I always felt that I remained a lawyer with a law firm waiting as a home behind me, to which I could return on the completion of my public task and where I would always find awaiting me congenial friends and collaborators in the law. This feeling gave me a confidence in the performance of my public duties which was of inestimable encouragement.

The early '90's were times of seething political activity in New York. I came of a Republican family, but when President Cleveland raised the issue of reducing the tariff I followed him and voted for him in 1892. But the government of the State and City of New York, at that time under the influence of Tammany Hall, was of such a character as to make the path of a young Democrat difficult to follow. And when Mr. Cleveland's own party rejected his policies; when the membership of the Court of Appeals was sullied by the appointment by Governor Flower to that Court of Isaac Maynard in 1893, as a reward for political services; and finally when in 1894 the Lexow investigation revealed a sink of corruption in the New York Police Department, I enrolled myself and worked as a Republican.

The local Republican Party in some portions of New York City was not much above Tammany in political righteousness, being more eager to get sops of patronage by trading with the dominant Democrats than to follow Republican principles. But in the center of Manhattan were several Assembly districts where the situation was different and where a Republican ticket with proper effort could be elected. In one of these, the 27th Assembly District, I lived and worked as a Republican. I became the captain of an Election District and learned the constant effort which was required to persuade the ordinary American citizen in a great city to take the trouble to exercise his duties as a voter. I eventually became the President of my Assembly District Club and a member of the Republican County Committee of New York County. We ardent young men had a hard fight, for the Republican organization of the county, as I have just pointed out, was far below in character that which we younger men believed it should be. It seemed to us of little beneficial effect to laboriously bring out voters on Election Day to vote for a candidate who had been selected and nominated by a corrupt county leader. The primaries in those days were very imperfect. They had no basis in law, but were created simply by rules of the Republican organization. We saw ourselves habitually outvoted at conventions by the fraudulent use of this defective machinery. So finally we staged a revolt and in 1897, when we were thus outvoted in a convention in which we believed that we really held the majority of votes, we retired from the room, nominated two well-qualified gentlemen as independent candidates for membership in the State Assembly and in the city Board of Aldermen, and successfully carried that ticket to victory at the subsequent election over both the candidates of the Republican machine and of the Democratic party. By that demonstration of power we brought the Republican county machine to its knees and the following winter a Primary Election Law, drawn by ourselves, was by the force of public opinion carried through the legislature. That law put an end to the flagrant methods of the preceding years and I believe has been in effect ever since, governing the conduct of primaries and party elections in a way which makes it more possible than before for honest voters, if they are willing to work hard enough, to succeed in preventing machine control.

By those early years of hard political work I gained a foothold in my knowledge of the elements of American citizenship. I could talk the language of the trade and meet the professionals in politics on a fair basis.

It was during these years that I met Theodore Roosevelt, who had been a notable and picturesque figure in New York public life ever since the early '80's. His vigorous efforts for a cleanup in our local political life had already made him a marked leader among all the young men who, like myself, had been similarly interested. Our friendship, which began in 1894, lasted until his death in 1919.

In 1898 came the Spanish War; it caught me napping. Until then the United States had passed through a period of profound peace ever since the end of the Civil War. Not only had we been free from strife ourselves, barring occasional small affrays with Indians on our western frontier, but during that time there had been no wars in the out-



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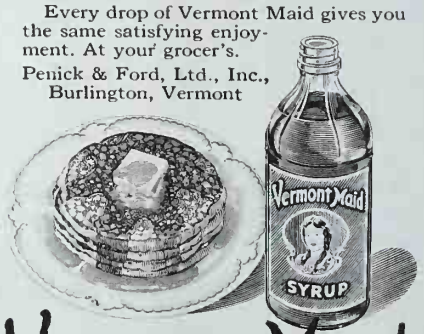
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side world of enough importance to attract much popular attention. The century was apparently closing with a growing extension of democracy, freedom and peace throughout the world. I can remember that that was my feeling. The thought of preparing oneself for possible military service hardly entered my head. So in April, 1898, when the United States declared war upon Spain, I found myself over thirty years of age and entirely untrained and unprepared for military service. I enlisted in Squadron A of the National Guard, one of the troops of which participated in the Puerto Rican campaign. My own troop was not selected and I was relegated to the task of training myself for a possible spread of the war or the coming of some new war, a duty which until then I had wholly failed to recognize. The Spanish War was terminated by armistice in August of the same year. I remained in the Squadron for nine years, rising from a private to a first lieutenant. It was a fine organization. They took their work seriously and, there being no state police in New York in those days, the Squadron participated in not infrequent field service, including the maneuvers at Manassas with the Regular Army in 1904. The main result of it, however, was that my attention was turned to possibilities and duties to which my mind had before been closed.

My close friendship with Mr. Root also brought me near to the Army and the War Department. I followed with great interest his work in reorganizing our military establishment, creating for the first time a General Staff and War College, and laying the foundation for the government of the Philippine Islands. In this way I was unconsciously building up a background of preparation for opportunities which many years later unexpectedly came my way in 1911, 1917, 1928 and 1940.

The foregoing pages give a brief sketch of my origin, education and formative experiences. My main occupation of course was my work as a young and active lawyer in New York City. Mr. Root being a great advocate and trial lawyer, my own attention and experience had been drawn predominantly in that direction. I had assisted him in many cases, but had not alone tried many of great importance, and it was consequently a great surprise when in February, 1906, I was offered by Theodore Roosevelt, who was then President, the position of United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York.

HENRY L. STIMSON

TIME OF PERIL

(Continued from Page 37)

day that his view was fully confirmed by the detailed military analysis of the War Plans Division under Brigadier General Eisenhower, and the same general position was taken by all the President's advisers, the Navy accepting primary responsibility for the necessary labors in the Pacific. On March 8 the President replied to the Prime Minister proposing as a general rule that the British alone should assume the responsibility for the Middle East and the Americans the responsibility for the Pacific, while both nations jointly should operate in the critical Atlantic theater. At the same time it was decided that the American planners should prepare in detail a plan for invading Europe across the English Channel.

On March 25, "At one o'clock we lunched with the President in the Cabinet room. Secretary Knox, Admiral King, Harry Hopkins and Generals Arnold, Marshall and I were there. The subject of discussion was the Joint Planners' report. The President started out and disappointed, and at first staggered, me by a resumé of what he thought the situation was, in which he looked like he was going off on the wildest kind of dispersion debauch; but, after he had toyed a while with the Middle East and the Mediterranean basin, which last he seemed to be quite charmed with, Marshall and I edged the discussion over into the Atlantic and held him there. Marshall made a very fine presentation. . . . Toward the end of the meeting when the President suggested that the subject be now turned over to the Combined Chiefs of Staff organization (British and American), Hopkins took up the ball and made a strong plea that it should not go to that organization at all where it would simply be pulled to pieces and emasculated; but, as soon as the Joint American Army and Navy Chiefs of Staff had perfected it, some one (and he meant Marshall as he had told me before) should take it directly over to Churchill, First Sea Lord Pound, Air Marshal Portal, and General Brooke, who are the highest British authorities, and get it through them directly. This stopped the President's suggestion and we came away with his mandate to put this in shape if possible over this weekend." (Diary, March 25, 1942.)

Stimson's own strong distaste for the charming Mediterranean basin no doubt contributed to his alarm at the President's interest in it. In any case, this meeting made it clear that although Mr. Roosevelt had agreed to support the idea of a trans-Channel attack against Germany, the concept was not yet his own. Two days later, with the warm approval of Hopkins and Marshall, Stimson wrote the President a letter designed to persuade him to take a firm and final position:

March 27, 1942.

CONFIDENTIAL

Dear Mr. President: John Sherman said in 1877, "The only way to resume specie payments is to resume." Similarly, the only way to get the initiative in this war is to take it.

My advice is: As soon as your Chiefs of Staff have completed the plans for the northern offensive [Normandy Invasion] to your satisfaction, you should send them by a most trusted messenger and advocate to Churchill and his War Council as the American plan which you propose and intend to go ahead with if accepted by Britain. You should not submit it to the secondary British Chiefs of Staff here for amendment. They know about it and, if they have comment, they can send their comment independently to Great Britain.

And then having done that, you should lean with all your strength on the ruthless rearrangement of shipping allotments and the preparation of landing gear for the ultimate invasion. That latter work is now going on at a rather dilettante pace. It should be pushed with the fever of war action, aimed at a definite date of completion not later than September. The rate of construction of a number of landing barges should not be allowed to lose the crisis of the World War. And yet that is the only objection to the offensive that, after talks with British critics here, I have heard made.

If such decisive action is once taken by you, further successful dispersion of our strength will automatically be terminated. We shall have an affirmative answer against which to measure all such demands; while, on the other hand, so long as we remain without our own plan of offensive, our forces will inevitably be dispersed and wasted.

Faithfully yours,
HENRY L. STIMSON
Secretary of War

The President,
Hyde Park, New York

The plan for which Stimson and Marshall were arguing went under the code name of BOLERO. It contemplated a maximum build-up of American strength in Great Britain, looking toward a full-scale invasion in the spring of 1943, with fifty divisions, 60% of them American, on the continent of Europe by the end of that summer. In the event of a desperate crisis on the Russian front in 1942, it also included the alterna-

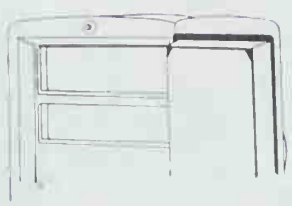
(Continued on Page 89)



Gibson double feature

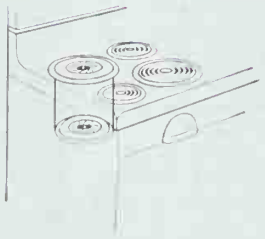


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GIBSON REFRIGERATOR COMPANY

GREENVILLE, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 87)

tive possibility of a much smaller beachhead invasion in the autumn of that year, but this alternative—known as SLEDGEHAMMER—was conceded to be less desirable. Concern over the plan SLEDGEHAMMER was in the end the cause of the abandonment of BOLERO; to Stimson it never seemed of major importance. His objective was to secure a decision to invade Europe from the British base at the earliest practicable moment; only developing events could show whether that moment would be in 1942 or 1943.

On April 1 the President accepted the BOLERO plan and dispatched Hopkins and Marshall to London to secure the approval of the British. The emissaries were in the main successful and returned to Washington with an agreement to proceed on the basis of BOLERO. Stimson was delighted. But the agreement held for less than two months.

BOLERO was the brain child of the U. S. Army; the President and the Prime Minister had accepted it, but neither of the two had been fully and finally persuaded. Stimson never knew which of them was responsible for the Washington meetings in June at which the whole question was reopened. The initiative for the meeting came from Mr. Churchill, but he might well have acted on the basis of an indication that the President was not completely certain about the wisdom of BOLERO. Mr. Roosevelt continued to lean toward an operation in North Africa, known in this period as GYMNAST, and on June 17 he reopened the subject with his advisers. "The President sprung on us a proposition which worried me very much. It looked as if he was going to jump the traces [after] all that we have been doing in regard to BOLERO and to imperil really our strategy of the whole situation. He wants to take up the case of GYMNAST again, thinking that he can bring additional pressure to save Russia. The only hope I have about it at all is that I think he may be doing it in his foxy way to forestall trouble that is now on the ocean coming towards us in the shape of a new British visitor. But he met with a rather robust opposition for the GYMNAST proposition. Marshall had a paper already prepared against it for he had a premonition of what was coming. I spoke very vigorously against it." The Navy was noncommittal but not nearly so vigorous in opposition as Stimson would have liked. "Altogether it was a disappointing afternoon." (Diary, June 17, 1942.)

In the following two days Stimson prepared his brief in defense of BOLERO. The Prime Minister and his team had arrived, and it was evident that they were discussing new diversions. All of Stimson's experience as an advocate, and all of his conviction that the war would be won only by a cross-Channel campaign went into a letter written on June 19, and dispatched to the President with the unanimous endorsement of General Marshall and his staff.

June 19, 1942.

PERSONAL AND SECRET

Dear Mr. President: While your military advisers are working out the logistics of the problem which you presented to us on Wednesday, may I very briefly recall to your memory the sequence of events which led to and the background which surrounds this problem. I hope it may be helpful to you.

1. Up to the time when America entered the war, the British Empire had, by force of circumstances, been fighting a series of uphill defensive campaigns with insufficient resources and almost hopeless logistics. The entry of Japan into the war and the naval disasters at Pearl Harbor and the Malay Peninsula imposed new defensive campaigns in the theatres of the Far East.

2. After the discussions with Mr. Churchill's party here last December the need for a carefully planned offensive became very evident. Russia had successfully fought off the entire German Army for six months. Winter had begun and the shaken and battered German Army would be helpless to renew its offensive for nearly six months more. The one thing Hitler rightly dreaded was a second front. In establishing such a front lay the best hope of keeping the Russian Army in the War and thus ultimately defeating Hitler. To apply the rapidly developing manpower and industrial strength of America promptly to the opening of such a front was manifestly the only way it could be accomplished.

3. But the effective application of America's strength required prompt, rapid and safe transportation overseas. The allied naval power controlled the seas by only a narrow margin. With one exception the Axis Powers controlled every feasible landing spot in Europe. By fortunate coincidence one of the shortest routes to Europe from America led through the only safe base not yet controlled by our enemies, the British Isles.

4. Out of these factors originated the BOLERO plan. The British Isles constituted the one spot

(a) where we could safely and easily land our ground forces without the aid of carrier-based air cover.

(b) through which we could without the aid of ships fly both bomber and fighting planes from America to Europe.

(c) where we could safely and without interruption develop an adequate base for invading armies of great strength. Any other base in western Europe or northwest Africa could be obtained only by a risky attack and the long delay of development and fortification.

(d) where we could safely develop air superiority over our chief enemy in northern France and force him either to fight us on equal terms or leave a bridgehead to France undefended.

Every minute you are angry you lose sixty seconds of happiness. —ANON.

5. The psychological advantages of BOLERO also were manifest. The menace of the establishment of American military power in the British Isles would be immediately evident to Hitler. It at once tended to remove the possibility of a successful invasion of Britain, Hitler's chief and last weapon. It awoke in every German mind the recollections of 1917 and 1918.

6. A steady, rapid, and unrelenting prosecution of the BOLERO plan was thus manifestly the surest road, first to the shaking of Hitler's anti-Russian campaign of '42, and second, to the ultimate defeat of his armies and the victorious termination of the war. Geographically and historically BOLERO was the easiest road to the center of our chief enemy's heart. The base was sure. The water barrier of the Channel under the support of Britain-based air power is far easier than either the Mediterranean or the Atlantic. The subsequent over-land route into Germany is easier than any alternate. Over the Low Countries has run the historic path of armies between Germany and France.

7. Since the BOLERO plan was adopted, subsequent events have tended to facilitate our position and justify its wisdom.

a. The greatest danger to America's prosecution of the BOLERO plan lay in the Pacific from Japan where our then inferiority in aircraft carriers subjected us to the dangers of enemy raids which might seriously cripple the vital airplane production upon which a prompt BOLERO offensive primarily rests. The recent victory in the mid-Pacific has greatly alleviated that danger. Our rear in the west is now at least temporarily safe.

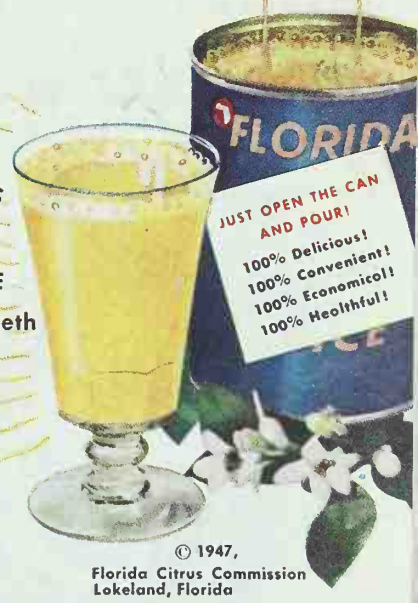
b. The psychological pressure of our preparation for BOLERO is already becoming manifest. There are unmistakable signs of uneasiness in Germany as well as increasing unrest in the subject populations of France, Holland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Poland and Norway. This restlessness patently is encouraged by the growing American threat to Germany.

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8. Under these circumstances an immense burden of proof rests upon any proposition which may impose the slightest risk of weakening BOLERO. Every day brings us further evidence of the great importance of unremittingly pressing forward that plan. When one is engaged in a tug of war, it is highly risky to spit on one's hands even for the purpose of getting a better grip. No new plan should even be whispered to friend or enemy unless it was so sure of immediate success and so manifestly helpful to BOLERO that it could not possibly be taken as evidence of doubt or vacillation in the prosecution of BOLERO. Enemies would be prompt to jump at one or the other of these conclusions.

9. While I have no intention of intruding on any discussion of logistics by the staff, one or two possible contingencies have occurred to me which would bear upon the wisdom of now embarking upon another trans-Atlantic expedition such as GYMNAST.

a. Assume the worst contingency possible. Assume a prompt victory over Russia which left a large German force free for other enterprises. It is conceivable that Germany might then make a surprise attempt at the invasion of Britain. She would have the force to attempt it. She may well have available the equipment for both air-borne and water-borne invasion. One of our most reliable military attachés believes emphatically that this is her plan—a surprise air-borne invasion from beyond the German boundaries producing a confusion in Britain which would be immediately followed up by an invasion by sea. Our observers in Britain have frequently advised us of their concern as to the inadequacy of British defenses against such an attempt.

Obviously in case of such an attempt it would be imperative for us to push our forces into Britain at top speed and by means of shipping additional to that already allocated to the project. In case a large percentage of allied commercial shipping had been tied up with an expedition to GYMNAST, such additional reinforcement of Britain would be impossible.

b. On the other hand, if German invasion of Russia is prolonged, even if it is slowly successful, the increasing involvement of Germany in the east tends to make increasingly easy an allied invasion into France and the acquisition of safe bases therein against Germany.

c. Thus German success against Russia, whether fast or slow, would seem to make requisite not a diversion from BOLERO but an increase in BOLERO as rapidly as possible.

d. Furthermore, BOLERO is one overseas project which brings no further strain upon our aircraft carrier forces. GYMNAST would necessarily bring such a strain and risk. It could not fail to diminish the superiority over Japan which we now precariously hold in the Pacific.

10. To my mind BOLERO in inception and in its present development is an essentially American project, brought into this war as the vitalizing contribution of our fresh and unwearied leaders and forces. My own view is that it would be a mistake to hazard it by any additional expeditionary proposal as yet brought to my attention.

Faithfully yours,
HENRY L. STIMSON
Secretary of War

The President,
The White House.

On June 21 there was "a good deal of a powwow and a rumpus up at the White House." Stimson was not there, but he got a full report from Marshall. It appeared that the Prime Minister, who had never really liked BOLERO, was particularly disturbed by some casual remarks the President had made to Lord Louis Mountbatten some time earlier about the possibility of having to make a "sacrifice" cross-Channel landing in 1942 to help the Russians. "According to Marshall, Churchill started out with a terrific attack on BOLERO as we had expected. . . . The President, however, stood pretty firm. I found out afterwards through Harry Hopkins that he [the President] showed my letter, with which Harry said he had been much pleased, to the Prime Minister. I had not anticipated that because I said some very plain things in it about the British. Finally, with the aid of Marshall who came into the conversation as a reserve after lunch, the storm was broken and, according to Harry Hopkins, Marshall made a very powerful argument for BOLERO, disposing of all the clouds that had been woven about it by the Mountbatten incident. At any rate towards the end it was agreed that we should go ahead full blast on BOLERO until the first of September. At that time the Prime Minister wanted to have a résumé of the situation to see whether a real attack could be made [in 1942] without the danger of disaster. If not, why then we could reconsider the rest of the field. At any rate that seems to have been the substance so far." (Diary, June 21, 1942.) This was still the decision when the Prime Minister returned in haste to Great Britain as a result of unexpected British reverses in the Near East, where the fall of Tobruk on June 21 had shifted the attention of the Washington meeting from grand strategy to immediate repair work.

On July 10, "Marshall told me of a new and rather staggering crisis that is coming up in our war strategy. A telegram has come from Great Britain indicating that the British war cabinet are weakening and going back on BOLERO and are seeking to revive GYMNAST—in other words, they are seeking now to reverse the decision which was so laboriously accomplished when Mr. Churchill was here a short time ago. This would be simply another way of diverting our strength into a channel in which we cannot effectively use it, namely the Middle East. I found Marshall very stirred up and emphatic over it. He is very naturally tired of these constant decisions which do not stay made. This is the third time this question will have been brought up by the persistent British and he proposed a showdown which I cordially endorsed. As the British won't go through with what they agreed to, we will turn our backs on them and take up the war with Japan." (Diary, July 10, 1942.)

Although this drastic threat was designed mainly as a plan to bring the British into agreement with BOLERO, Stimson in retrospect was not altogether pleased with his part in it; he thought it a rather hasty proposal which showed how sorely the patience of the Americans had been tried by constant appeals for reconsideration. Although the bluff was supported by the British Chiefs of Staff in Washington, who had been converted to BOLERO, it did not appeal to the President. "The President asserted that he himself was absolutely sound on BOLERO which must go ahead unremittingly, but he did not like the manner of the memorandum [a further paper from Marshall. King and Arnold] in regard to the Pacific, saying that was a little like 'taking up your dishes and going away.' I told him that I appreciated the truth in that but it was absolutely essential to use it as a threat of our sincerity in regard to BOLERO if we expected to get through the hides of the British and he agreed to that." (Diary, July 15, 1942.)

But Mr. Roosevelt was not really persuaded, and the bluff was never tried; it would not have worked in any case, for there was no real intention of carrying it out, and Stimson supposed that the British knew this as well as he did. Furthermore, Stimson knew that the President had a lingering predilection for the Mediterranean, and the Prime Minister had shown on his last visit that he, too, knew the President's feeling; back on June 21 he "had taken up GYMNAST, knowing full well I am sure that it was the President's great secret baby." In spite of Mr. Roosevelt's renewed assurances of his support for BOLERO, therefore, it was with considerable concern that Stimson watched Hopkins, Marshall and King leave for London to undertake a final series of discussions on Anglo-American strategy for 1942. He was not surprised—although very deeply disappointed—when these discussions resulted in a decision to launch a North Af-

rican attack in the autumn. GYMNAST, rebaptized TORCH, replaced BOLERO.

The TORCH decision was the result of two absolutely definite and final rulings, one by the British, and the other by the President. Mr. Churchill and his advisers categorically refused to accept the notion of a cross-Channel invasion in 1942. Mr. Roosevelt categorically insisted that there must be *some* operation in 1942. The only operation that satisfied both of these conditions was TORCH. Stimson admitted that there was considerable force in both of these rulings. His own interest in BOLERO had never blinded him to the dangers of SLEDGEHAMMER, the 1942 version of that operation. On the other hand, he could understand that for many reasons it was important that American troops should come to grips with the German enemy somewhere, as soon as possible.

But in July, 1942, neither of these considerations seemed to him as important as the fact that TORCH would obviously force an indefinite postponement of effective action in the only decisive theater outside Russia, and he pushed his disagreement with the President to the limits prescribed by loyalty. Again and again he emphasized the unwelcome fact that TORCH destroyed BOLERO even for 1943. The July agreement paid lip service to the build-up in Britain, but an operation in execution will always take priority over one merely in contemplation, especially when the one in contemplation is not viewed with a friendly eye by one half of the team.

There is more to life than increasing its speed. —GANDHI.

Stimson's disapproval of TORCH was fully shared by the War Department staff, but after a final protest to the President on July 24, during which the two men offered to bet each other about the wisdom of the operation, Stimson limited himself to extracting a promise from Marshall that he would make a stand against the final execution of the operation if at any time "it seemed clearly headed for disaster." (Diary, August 10, 1942.) This time never came, for with his usual skill and energy Marshall organized the Army's part of the operation to a point at which he was himself prepared to endorse it. TORCH had what BOLERO had never had—the enthusiastic support of the highest authorities—and it was therefore possible to give it priorities and exclusive rights with the kind of ruthlessness that Stimson had so ardently and fruitlessly urged for BOLERO.

Confessing his doubts only to Marshall, Stimson too gave his full support to the prosecution of TORCH. "We are embarked on a risky undertaking but it is not at all hopeless and, the Commander-in-Chief having made the decision, we must do our best to make it a success." (Diary, September 17, 1942.)

He was particularly delighted with the selection of his old friend George Patton to command the Casablanca landing force; Patton's realistic appreciation of the dangers ahead was matched by his burning determination to overcome them. The work of the General Staff in preparation Stimson considered admirable; so far as possible the dangers he foresaw were minimized. But, as he had feared, the necessary shipping and air support for TORCH were obtained at the expense of the BOLERO build-up in Great Britain.

In October and November there occurred two great and unforeseen events which still further reduced the dangers of TORCH. One was the successful Russian stand at Stalingrad. The shift of the Russians from the defense to a massive counterattack, in the following weeks, finally banished the specter of a German victory in Russia, which had haunted the council table of the Western Allies for a year and a half. At the same time, in the battle of Alamein, the British Eighth Army achieved a definitive victory over the Afrika Korps. To these two major areas Hitler was forced to give new attention, and the prospect of a counterattack through Spain against TORCH was diminished. Stimson nevertheless continued to be greatly concerned with the dangers of such a riposte to the North African attack, and through the early weeks of the invasion he lent his weight to the provision of adequate protective forces opposite Gibraltar. But the attack through Spain did not develop. Providential and unexpected good weather at Casablanca speeded that critical landing, and the heavy submarine and air losses which had been anticipated did not occur. Stimson always considered TORCH the luckiest Allied operation of the war, but he was prepared to admit that those who had advocated the operation could not be expected to see it in that light; the President had won his bet.

The tactical success of TORCH does not of itself dispose of the broader questions of strategy which lay behind the difference between the War Department and the President. The great commitment in North Africa led inexorably to later operations in the Mediterranean theater which were certainly a great contribution to victory; equally certainly these operations were unimportant in comparison with the land and air offensive finally launched from Great Britain. If Stimson or Marshall had been Commander-in-Chief, the invasion of France would in all probability have been launched in 1943, one year earlier than it actually occurred. Would the war have been ended sooner? This is a problem in a dozen unknowns. No certain answer is possible, and the matter is here left open. All that Stimson could say was that if he were faced with the problems of 1942, he would argue again as he had then.

The Great Decision

As the North African campaign progressed, the joint operation of the British and American forces led to increasing daily cooperation and understanding in the higher echelons, but the basic differences in strategy remained. At Casablanca in January, 1943, the British again refused to go ahead with any cross-Channel operation in the coming year, and it was therefore agreed that the next great move would be to Sicily, in a campaign whose name was HUSKY. In May, at Washington, there was made the first of three binding decisions to launch a cross-Channel invasion in 1944. For the first time the President himself took the stand for which Stimson had argued a year before—he insisted that the first problem was to plan the landing in Northern France; when that had been done, it would be possible to see what supplies and troops were available for other operations. The Prime Minister finally accepted this position, although part of his price was that General Marshall should be assigned to him for a tour of North Africa—ruefully Marshall remarked that he seemed to be merely a piece of baggage useful as a trading point. Stimson suspected that his wily English friend, knowing that in Marshall he faced the most powerful single advocate of the Channel attack, was hoping to convert him to the Mediterranean, but he knew that the Prime Minister was also indulging his great respect and affection for General Marshall. And he was not surprised to find that Marshall returned safe, and unconverted, to the Pentagon.

Thus in midsummer, 1943, it was understood that there should be a cross-Channel attack in 1944. A staff was at work in London planning this attack, which was to have a British Supreme Commander. Meanwhile the invasion of Sicily had begun on July 10, and the question of further Mediterranean operations was still under debate. This was the situation when Stimson arrived in England, on the first of his three wartime visits to the European theater. What happened there is best described in his report of August 4, 1943, to the President. This report records Stimson's side of a prolonged debate with Mr. Churchill, from which he returned to Washington with more definite ideas than ever about the necessity of fighting hard for

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a cross-Channel invasion in 1944. The term used at the time by Stimson for this invasion was ROUNDHAMMER. (Its official name had become OVERLORD, but Stimson preferred not to mention this new name in his reports. OVERLORD was the final name for the invasion when executed.) The report to Mr. Roosevelt was outspoken, and it must be remembered that this paper, like all of Stimson's comments in this period, was predicated on the assumption that differences with the British were differences between friends.

"My principal objective had been to visit troops. But when I reached London the P.M. virtually took possession of my movements for the first week and I found myself launched in the discussion of subjects and with people which I had not expected. These unexpected subjects were so important that I devoted the bulk of my time to their consideration and altered my trip accordingly.

"Although I have known the P.M. for many years and had talked freely with him, I have never had such a series of important and confidential discussions as this time. He was extremely kind and, although we discussed subjects on which we differed with extreme frankness, I think the result was to achieve a relation between us of greater mutual respect and friendship than ever before. I know that was the case on my side. Although I differed with him with the utmost freedom and outspokenness, he never took offense and seemed to respect my position. At the end I felt that I had achieved a better understanding with him than ever before. . . .

"I told him that the American people did not hate the Italians but took them rather as a joke as fighters; that only by an intellectual effort had they been convinced that Germany was their most dangerous enemy and should be disposed of before Japan; that the enemy whom the American people really hated, if they hated anyone, was Japan, which had dealt them a foul blow. After setting out all the details upon which my conclusion was predicated, I asserted that it was my considered opinion that, if we allow ourselves to become so entangled with matters of the Balkans, Greece, and the Middle East that we could not fulfill our purpose of ROUNDHAMMER in 1944, that situation would be a serious blow to the prestige of the President's war policy and therefore to the interests of the United States.

"The P.M. apparently had not had that matter presented to him in that light before. He had no answer to it except that any such blow could be cured by victories. I answered that that would not be so if the victories were such that the people were not interested in and could not see any really strategic importance for them. Towards the end he confined his position to favoring a march on Rome with its prestige and the possibility of knocking Italy out of the war. Eden on the other hand continued to contend for carrying the war into the Balkans and Greece. At the end the P.M. reaffirmed his fidelity to the pledge of ROUNDHAMMER 'unless his military advisers could present him with some better opportunity' not yet disclosed. . . .

"On Thursday, July 15, I called at the office which had been set up to prepare plans for ROUNDHAMMER under Lt. Gen. Morgan of the British Army as Chief of Staff and Maj. Gen. Ray W. Barker of the U.S.A. as his deputy. . . . I was much impressed with General Morgan's directness and sincerity. He gave us his mature opinion on the operation, with carefully stated provisos, to the effect that he believed that with the present allocated forces it could be successfully accomplished. He was very frank, however, in stating his fear of delays which might be caused by getting too deep into commitments in the Mediterranean. . . . Barker, who explained the details of the plan to us, shared the same fear. In other words, they both felt that the plan was sound and safe but there might be a subsequent yielding to temptation to undertake new activities which would interfere with the long stage of preparation in the false hope that such interference could be atoned for by subsequent speeding up.

"During the fortnight that I spent in England I found the same fear pervaded our own officers who were engaged in ROUNDHAMMER preparations. . . . They were all confident that the plan was feasible. On one particular danger which the P.M. had frequently urged upon me, namely the fear of a successful German counterattack after the landing had been made, the air men were confident that they could by their overwhelming superiority in the air block the advances of the German re-enforcements and thus defeat the counterattack. The matter had been carefully studied by them. They told me that their confidence was shared by the officers of the RAF. . . .

"I saw the P.M. again at a dinner given by General Devers on Wednesday where I sat beside him, and again on Saturday I was with him nearly all day when he took me to Dover with a smaller family party in his special train. . . . During the trip back he brought me with evident delight a telegram which he had just received from the Combined Chiefs of Staff in Washington, telling him that General Marshall had proposed that a study be made of the operation known as AVALANCHE. [This was the landing executed in the following September at Salerno on the west coast of Italy near Naples.] He took this as an endorsement by Marshall of his whole Italian policy and was greatly delighted. I pointed out to him that it probably meant that Marshall had proposed this as a shortcut intended to hasten the completion of the Italian adventure so that there would be no danger of clashing with the preparations for ROUNDHAMMER. . . .

> He is great whose failings can be numbered.
> —HEBREW PROVERB.

"On Monday, July 19, I talked over the new telephone with Marshall and found that my assumption of Marshall's position was correct and that he had only suggested AVALANCHE so as to leave more time for ROUNDHAMMER and to obviate the danger of a long slow progress 'up the leg' [of Italy] which might eliminate ROUNDHAMMER altogether. I told him also of my talks with the P.M. and with the other military men, including particularly Morgan, and at the close of my statement he suggested to me that I should go as promptly as possible to Africa to see Eisenhower, where I should be able to round out what I had gotten in London with the views of the people in Africa. He said, 'Then you will have all sides and I think it is very important for you to go and to go quickly.' Information which I subsequently received from the P.M. as to his proposed early visit to America caused me to understand why Marshall urged haste. . . . .

"I told the P.M. of my talk with Marshall and his confirmation of my interpretation of his support of AVALANCHE, namely that he favored it only for the purpose of expediting the march up the peninsula and that he was still as firmly in favor of ROUNDHAMMER as ever. I pointed out to the P.M. that Marshall's view as to ROUNDHAMMER had always been supported by the whole Operations Division of the American General Staff. I also told him of my talk with Generals Morgan and Barker and of their full support of the ROUNDHAMMER proposition.

"He at once broke out into a new attack upon ROUNDHAMMER. The check received by the British attack at Catania, Sicily, during the past few days had evidently alarmed him. He referred to it and praised the superlative fighting ability of the Germans. He said that if he had fifty thousand men ashore on the French Channel coast, he would not have an easy moment because he would feel that the Germans could rush up sufficient forces to drive them back into the sea. He repeated assertions he had made to me in previous conversations as to the disastrous effect of having the Chan-

(Continued on Page 94)

*** PINEAPPLE**
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Cold outside? Tuck these *inside* the family tonight at dinnertime! To make 'em, just arrange Dole Pineapple Chunks in buttered-and-brown-sugared muffin pans. Then drop in balls of sweet yeast dough. Bake and serve Chunk-side up — warm, they're wonderful!



Pineapple – hot 'n hearty —

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**By Patricia Collier,* DOLE HOME ECONOMIST

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THE GAS RANGE YOU WANT

(Continued from Page 92)

nel full of corpses of defeated allies. This stirred me up and for a few minutes we had it hammer and tongs. I directly charged him that he was not in favor of the ROUNDHAMMER operation and that such statements as he made were 'like hitting us in the eye' in respect to a project which we had all deliberately adopted and in which we were comrades. . . . On this he said that, while he admitted that if he was C-in-C he would not set up the ROUNDHAMMER operation, yet having made his pledge he would go through with it loyally. I then told him that, while I did not at all question the sincerity of his promise to go with us, I was afraid he did not make sufficient allowance for the necessary long-distance planning and I feared that fatal curtailments might be made impulsively in the vain hope that those curtailments could be later repaid. I stressed the dangers of too great entanglement in an Italian expedition and the loss of time to ROUNDHAMMER which it would involve. He then told me that he was not insisting on going further than Rome unless we should by good luck obtain a complete Italian capitulation throwing open the whole of Italy as far as the north boundary. He asserted that he was not in favor of entering the Balkans with troops but merely wished to supply them with munitions and supplies. He told me that they were now doing magnificently when only being supplied ten tons a month. (*Note:* In these limitations he thus took a more conservative position than Eden had taken at the dinner on July 12.)

"When I parted with him, I felt that, if pressed by us, he would sincerely go ahead with the ROUNDHAMMER commitment but that he was looking so constantly and vigorously for an easy way of ending the war without a trans-Channel assault that, if we expected to be ready for a ROUNDHAMMER which would be early enough in 1944 to avoid the dangers of bad weather, we must be constantly on the lookout against Mediterranean diversions. I think it was at this meeting that he told me of his intention of coming to America and that he expected to come in the first half of August. I then understood what Marshall had meant in his telephone message as to the promptness on my part and I thereafter aimed my movements so as to be able to return to America in time to report to the President before such meeting."

From England Stimson flew to Africa to consult General Eisenhower, so as to have a clear understanding of the present potentialities of the Mediterranean Theater. There he found that Eisenhower, in agreement with American officers in London and Washington, was in favor of a limited attack on Italy, having for its main object the capture of air bases in the Foggia area which were vitally needed for the prosecution of the air offensive against Germany; the air forces based in Great Britain were finding themselves severely limited by their distance from southeastern Germany and by the adverse weather conditions of the British Isles. In Stimson's report on this view he concluded:

"Such a project if feasible would not only not impair ROUNDHAMMER but it would greatly aid and facilitate it and would have the maximum advantage in effect upon Germany both psychologically and materially.

"This conception of the American staff of an Italian operation is entirely different from the conception put forward at times to me by the P. M. and Eden and also made by certain others, notably General Smuts in a letter to the P. M. This last, which for brevity I will call the British conception, is not put forward as an aid to ROUNDHAMMER but as a substitute to supplant it. It contemplates an invasion from the south—in the direction of the Balkans and Greece or possibly towards Southern France though this last suggestion has not been pressed. Such a southern invasion and the ROUNDHAMMER invasion cannot be both maintained. On the contrary, if they are both held in contemplation, they will be in constant interference and will tend to neutralize each other. For example, under the American conception it is absolutely essential to have a speedy daring operation which will not draw upon or interfere with the mounting of ROUNDHAMMER. A slow progressive infiltration of the Italian boot from the bottom, time-consuming and costly, would be sure to make ROUNDHAMMER impossible.

"The main thing therefore to keep constantly in mind is that the Italian effort must be strictly confined to the objective of securing bases for an air attack, and there must be no further diversions of forces or materiel which will interfere with coincident mounting of the ROUNDHAMMER project."

This memorandum of August 4 was sent to Harry Hopkins for delivery to the President at Shangri-La, Mr. Roosevelt's place of escape from Washington. Stimson went to his home at Highhold for three days of rest. The President sent him a message that he had read the memorandum and "would see me as soon as he returned to Washington." Back at the Pentagon, Stimson received word "that he would see me tomorrow, Tuesday, at lunch. In order to prepare for my talk with him I invited Harry Hopkins over to lunch and talked over with him my memorandum, which he had read, and also my conclusions. . . . I was very much interested to find, as I went over with Harry Hopkins the suggestions in my own mind, that he agreed with every step and with my final conclusion." (Diary, August 9, 1943.)

> **The future is no more uncertain than the present.**
> —WALT WHITMAN.

The diary entry for the next day begins as follows:

"Last night was the hottest night that I can ever recall in Woodley and I did not sleep very well as a consequence, particularly as I was tired with the hard day.

"Nevertheless I got up and dictated immediately after breakfast a proposed report of my conclusions on the events stated in the memorandum which I had already sent to the President. I decided that it would be better to present them to the President in writing. The decisions that I have recommended are among the most serious that I have had to make since I have been in this Department and I have found that a good written report gets further and lasts longer than a verbal conference with the President. It was hard work grinding my mind down to the summary of such important matters when I was feeling as tired as I was this morning. Nevertheless I managed to do it."

Later in the morning, when these recommendations had been typed as a letter to the President: "I read them over and signed it. Then I called in Marshall and let him read them, telling him that that was going to be my report to the President and I wanted him to know what I was going to say in case he had any serious objections to it. He said he had none but he did not want to have it appear that I had consulted him about it. I told him that for that very reason I had signed the paper before I showed it to him or anyone else and that I proposed to send it in unless there was some vital objection which I had been unable to conjure up myself. . . .

"Then at one o'clock I went to the White House and had one of the most satisfactory conferences I have ever had with the President. He was very cordial and insisted on hearing about my trip. Then we plunged into the ROUNDHAMMER matter and, after recalling to his memory some of the matters which were in my memorandum and which as a whole he had very thoroughly in his mind, I produced my letter of conclusions and handed it over to him and told him that I thought that was better than my trying to explain verbally.

"August 10, 1943.

"*Dear Mr. President:* In my memorandum of last week, which was intended to be as factual as possible, I did not include certain conclusions to which I was driven by the experiences of my

(Continued on Page 96)



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as well as dining charm—is this cheerful, modern Daystrom furniture! You'll whistle while you work on the satin-smooth plastic top—for it cleans in a jiffy with the swish of a damp cloth! Doesn't stain, chip, or mar, either. In famous decorator designs—to give the cook's workshop a light-hearted air. You can wash the rich plasticized upholstery, too. See the latest in kitchen furniture by Daystrom—first name in fine chrome.



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AN ASSOCIATE

(Continued from Page 94)

trip. For a year and a half they have been looming more and more clearly through the fog of our successive conferences with the British. The personal contacts, talks, and observations of my visit made them very distinct.

"First: We cannot now rationally hope to be able to cross the Channel and come to grips with our German enemy under a British commander. His Prime Minister and his Chief of the Imperial Staff are frankly at variance with such a proposal. The shadows of Passchendaele and Dunkerque still hang too heavily over the imagination of these leaders of his government. Though they have rendered lip service to the operation, their hearts are not in it and it will require more independence, more faith, and more vigor than it is reasonable to expect we can find in any British commander to overcome the natural difficulties of such an operation carried on in such an atmosphere of his government. There are too many natural obstacles to be overcome, too many possible side avenues of diversion which are capable of stalling and thus thwarting such an operation.

"Second: The difference between us is a vital difference of faith. The American staff believes that only by massing the immense vigor and power of the American and British nations under the overwhelming mastery of the air, which they already exercise far into the north of France and which can be made to cover our subsequent advance in France just as it has in Tunis and Sicily, can Germany be really defeated and the war brought to a real victory.

"On the other side, the British theory (which cropped out again and again in unguarded sentences of the British leaders with whom I have just been talking) is that Germany can be beaten by a series of attritions in northern Italy, in the eastern Mediterranean, in Greece, in the Balkans, in Rumania and other satellite countries.

> **It is easier to produce ten volumes of philosophical writing than to put one principle into practice.**
>
> —ANDRÉ MAUROIS: The Art of Living. (Harper & Brothers.)

"To me, in the light of the post-war problems which we shall face, that attitude seems terribly dangerous. We are pledged quite as clearly as Great Britain to the opening of a real second front. None of these methods of pinprick warfare can be counted on by us to fool Stalin into the belief that we have kept that pledge.

"Third: I believe therefore that the time has come for you to decide that your government must assume the responsibility of leadership in this great final movement of the European war which is now confronting us. We cannot afford to confer again and close with a lip tribute to BOLERO which we have tried twice and failed to carry out. We cannot afford to begin the most dangerous operation of the war under half-hearted leadership which will invite failure or at least disappointing results. Nearly two years ago the British offered us this command. I think that now it should be accepted—if necessary, insisted on.

"We are facing a difficult year at home with timid and hostile heads ready to seize and exploit any wavering on the part of our war leadership. A firm resolute leadership, on the other hand, will go far to silence such voices. The American people showed this in the terrible year of 1864, when the firm unfaltering tactics of the Virginia campaign were endorsed by the people of the United States in spite of the hideous losses of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor.

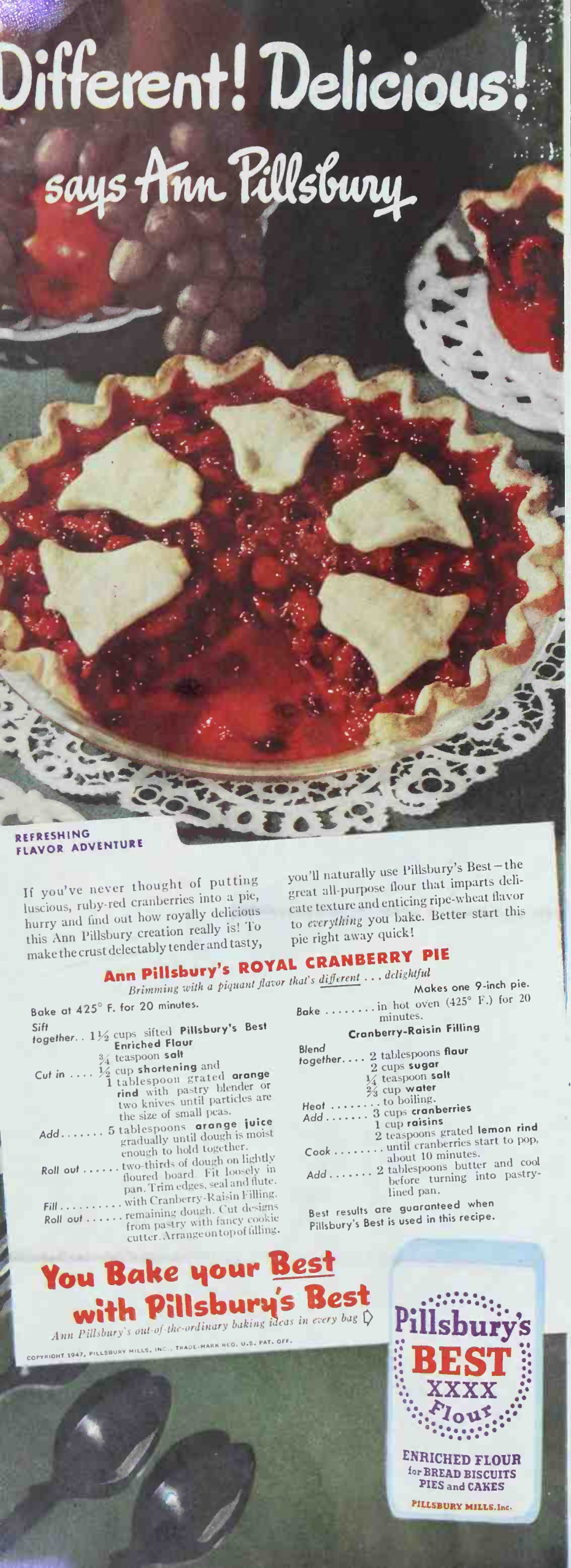
"Finally, I believe that the time has come when we must put our most commanding soldier in charge of this critical operation at this critical time. You are far more fortunate than was Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Wilson in the ease with which that selection can be made. Mr. Lincoln had to fumble through a process of trial and error with dreadful losses until he was able to discover the right choice. Mr. Wilson had to choose a man who was virtually unknown to the American people and to the foreign armies with which he was to serve. General Marshall already has a towering eminence of reputation as a tried soldier and as a broad-minded and skillful administrator. This was shown by the suggestion of him on the part of the British for this very post a year and a half ago. I believe that he is the man who most surely can now by his character and skill furnish the military leadership which is necessary to bring our two nations together in confident joint action in this great operation. No one knows better than I the loss in the problems of organization and worldwide strategy centered in Washington which such a solution would cause, but I see no other alternative to which we can turn in the great effort which confronts us.

Faithfully yours,
HENRY L. STIMSON,
Secretary of War.

The President,
The White House."

The President "read it through with very apparent interest, approving each step after step and saying finally that I had announced the conclusions which he had just come to himself. We discussed the matter on its many aspects and then passed on to" other matters, among them current negotiations about the atomic bomb. By the time these matters were disposed of, "the time had come for a conference which he was going to have with the Joint Chiefs of Staff and he invited me to stay and sit in on the conference. Generals Marshall and Arnold and Admirals King and Leahy then came in together with Colonel Deane. We then had a very interesting conference on the subject of the coming conference with the Prime Minister and with the British Chiefs of Staff. The President went the whole hog on the subject of ROUNDHAMMER. He was more clear and definite than I have ever seen him since we have been in this war and he took the policy that the American staff have been fighting for fully. He was for going no further into Italy than Rome and then for the purpose of establishing bases. He was for setting up, as rapidly as possible a larger force in Great Britain for the purpose of ROUNDHAMMER so that as soon as possible and before the actual time of landing we should have more soldiers in Britain dedicated to that purpose than the British. It then became evident what the purpose was and he announced it. He said he wanted to have an American commander and he thought that would make it easier if we had more men in the expedition at the beginning. I could see that the military and naval conferees were astonished and delighted at his definiteness. . . . It was very interesting and satisfactory to me to find him going over with the Joint Chiefs of Staff the very matters which I had taken up with him and announcing his own support of the various positions which I had urged, and I came away with a very much lighter heart on the subject of our military policy than I have had for a long time. If he can only hold it through in the conferences which he is going to have with the Prime Minister, it will greatly clear up the situation."

The President held it through. The cross-Channel attack had at last become wholly his own, and it developed at Quebec two weeks later that the Prime Minister too was preparing to face the inevitable. Winston Churchill was as magnanimous in reconciliation as he was stubborn and eloquent in opposition, and when Stimson was called to Quebec from his vacation on August 22, he found that the President's scheme for moving troops to England had proved unnecessary. "He told me that Churchill had voluntarily come to him and offered to accept Marshall for the OVERLORD operation." In a later conversation Mr. Churchill "said he had done this in spite of the fact that he had previously promised the position to [Field Marshal] Brooke and that this would embarrass him somewhat, but he showed no



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Bake at 425° F. for 20 minutes.

Sift together.. 1½ cups sifted **Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour**
¾ teaspoon **salt**

Cut in .... ½ cup **shortening** and
1 tablespoon grated **orange rind** with pastry blender or two knives until particles are the size of small peas.

Add..... 5 tablespoons **orange juice** gradually until dough is moist enough to hold together.

Roll out ..... two-thirds of dough on lightly floured board. Fit loosely in pan. Trim edges, seal and flute.

Fill..... with Cranberry-Raisin Filling.

Roll out ..... remaining dough. Cut designs from pastry with fancy cookie cutter. Arrange on top of filling.

Bake ..... in hot oven (425° F.) for 20 minutes.

Cranberry-Raisin Filling

Blend together.... 2 tablespoons **flour**
2 cups **sugar**
¼ teaspoon **salt**
⅔ cup **water**

Heat ..... to boiling.

Add..... 3 cups **cranberries**
1 cup **raisins**
2 teaspoons grated **lemon rind**

Cook ..... until cranberries start to pop, about 10 minutes.

Add..... 2 tablespoons butter and cool before turning into pastry-lined pan.

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evidence of retreating from his suggestion to the President. I was of course greatly cheered up. . . ." (Diary notes on vacation trip, August, 1943.)

The decisions of Quebec were not quite final, but from this time onward OVERLORD held the inside track. There were further alarms from the Prime Minister during the Moscow Conference of Foreign Ministers in October, and in November at Teheran he made a last great effort to urge the importance of operations in the Eastern Mediterranean, even at the cost of delay in OVERLORD. But at Teheran the President was reinforced by the blunt firmness of Marshal Stalin, whose comments on the doubts and diversionary suggestions of Mr. Churchill Stimson followed in the minutes of the meetings with great interest. OVERLORD became at last a settled commitment, and in his press conference on December 9 Stimson allowed himself the following comment:

"The principal event of the past week has been the conference at Teheran. I have received and carefully studied the minutes of the military discussions and the records of the decisions at that conference. While, of course, the nature and details of those decisions cannot be made public, I can say that the presence of Premier Stalin and of his companion at the conference, Marshal Voroshilov, has contributed mightily to the success of the conference. Marshal Stalin's power of lucid analysis and the fairness of his attitude contributed strongly to the solution of several long-standing problems."

It was after Teheran, at Cairo, that the question of the Supreme Commander for OVERLORD was finally settled. It had been understood since Quebec that this commander should be an American, but objections had arisen in the United States to the selection of General Marshall. The news of his prospective appointment leaked to the press and persons eager to discredit the Administration claimed that it was a British plot to remove his influence from the central direction of the war. Others dared to suggest that he was being sent away from Washington so that the President could replace him with General Somervell and ensure the use of Army contracts to support his campaign for re-election. To this suggestion, an outrageous libel against all concerned, Stimson promptly gave a stern denial, but it was not so easy to quiet those who sincerely felt that Marshall was indispensable as Chief of Staff. None of this questioning would have been important if it had arisen *after* a definite announcement of Marshall's new position, for the enormous significance of his duties as Supreme Commander would then have been concrete and self-evident, not merely potential. But, as it was, Stimson could see that the President was disturbed.

Nor was the matter made easier by Marshall's own attitude. His sensitive personal integrity kept him completely silent about the question. Except on one occasion when Stimson drove him to a reluctant admission that 'any soldier would prefer a field command,' he firmly refused to discuss the matter and the President was therefore cut off from the counsel of the man whose advice he had learned to accept without hesitation on all major Army appointments. Feeling himself at least in part the originator of the move to make Marshall supreme commander, Stimson did what he could to help the President to a final conclusion. He even urged that Mr. Roosevelt might persuade the British to accept Marshall as commander of both the European and Mediterranean theaters; but the British, like the Americans, had public opinion to deal with, and this plan proved impracticable. Furthermore Marshall's appointment would involve complex readjustments of the command in other theaters and there remained the difficult problem of selecting a man to act in his place as Chief of Staff. When the President departed for Teheran, the matter was still unsettled.

Marshal Stalin emphatically stated at Teheran that he could not consider the OVERLORD promise definite until a supreme commander had been appointed, and under this spur the President reached his decision in a meeting with Marshall at Cairo. Stimson learned from the cables what the President finally decided, but he did not hear the full story until Mr. Roosevelt returned to Washington. On December 18 he had lunch with the President and received a detailed account of the matter.

"He described his luncheon with Marshall after the conference was over and they had returned to Cairo. He let drop the fact, which I had supposed to be true, that Churchill wanted Marshall for the Commander and had assumed that it was settled as, in fact, it had been agreed on in Quebec. The President described, however, how he reopened this matter with Marshall at their solitary luncheon together and tried to get Marshall to tell him whether he preferred to hold the command of OVERLORD (now that a General Supreme Commander was not feasible) or whether he preferred to remain as Chief of Staff. He was very explicit in telling me that he urged Marshall to tell him which one of the two he personally preferred, intimating that he would be very glad to give him the one that he did. He said that Marshall stubbornly refused, saying that it was for the President to decide and that he, Marshall, would do with equal cheerfulness whichever one he was selected for. The President said that he got the impression that Marshall was not only impartial between the two but perhaps really preferred to remain as Chief of Staff. Finally, having been unable to get him to tell his preference, the President said that he decided on a mathematical basis that if Marshall took OVERLORD it would mean that Eisenhower would become Chief of Staff but, while Eisenhower was a very good soldier and familiar with the European Theater, he was unfamiliar with what had been going on in the Pacific and he also would be far less able than Marshall to handle the Congress; that, therefore, he, the President, decided that he would be more comfortable if he kept Marshall at his elbow in Washington and turned over OVERLORD to Eisenhower. I thanked him for his frank narration of the facts. I said that frankly I was staggered when I heard of the change for I thought that the other arrangement was thoroughly settled at Quebec. I said that I had chosen to recommend Marshall in my letter to the President last summer for two reasons: first, because I was confident that he was our best man for OVERLORD and he would be able to push through the operation in spite of the obstacles and delays which I felt certain it would meet in Great Britain on account of the attitude of the Prime Minister and the British Staff; but, secondly, I said that I knew that in the bottom of his heart it was Marshall's secret desire above all things to command this invasion force into Europe; that I had had very hard work to wring out of Marshall that this was so, but I had done so finally beyond the possibility of misunderstanding, and I said, laughingly, to the President: 'I wish I had been along with you in Cairo. I could have made that point clear.' And I told the President that, like him, I had had great difficulty in getting Marshall to speak on such a subject of his personal preference, but that I had finally accomplished it and that when he was on the point of leaving for this Teheran conference I had begged him not to sacrifice what I considered the interests of the country to the undue sensitiveness of his own conscience in seeming to seek a post." (Diary, December 18, 1943.)

The appointment of Eisenhower was a disappointment to Stimson, but only in that it was not the appointment of Marshall. This feeling he promptly explained in a letter to the new Supreme Commander in order that there might be no shadow of misunderstanding; he assured Eisenhower of his confident and wholehearted support and received a reply of disarming sincerity:

"I have always agreed with you that General Marshall was the logical choice to do the OVERLORD job, but as long as it has been assigned to me you need have no fear but that I will do my best. It is heartening indeed to have your expression of confidence."

As for Marshall himself, never by any sign did he show that he was not wholly

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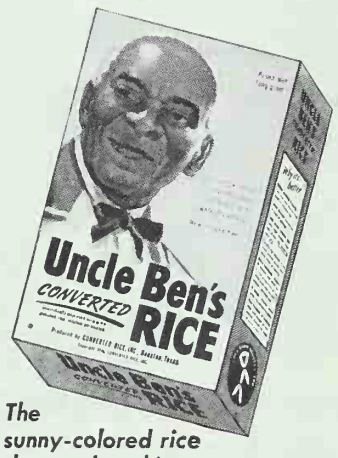
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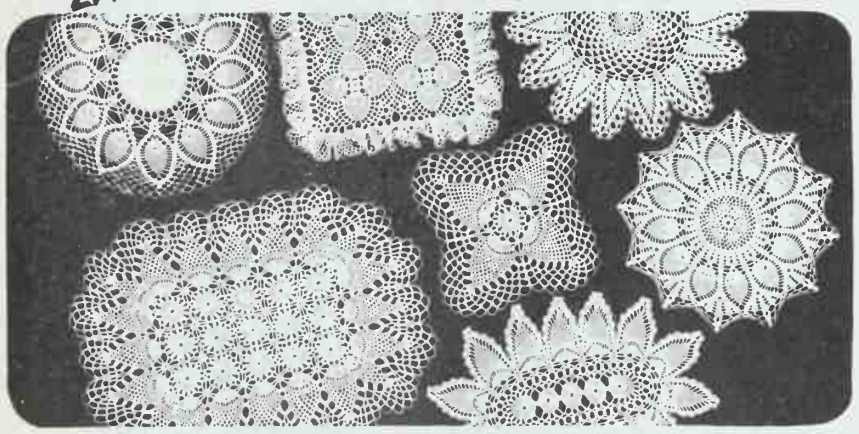
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satisfied with the President's decision. It seemed indeed quite possible that Marshall had himself independently concluded that whatever his desires, his duty lay in Washington, and that he had refused to say so to the President or to Stimson because any such claim would have seemed immodest—it would have been as unlike Marshall as the contrary course of seeking field command. Many times in the war Stimson had cause to wonder at the quality of this American, but perhaps no other incident showed more clearly his utter selflessness. As Stimson had remarked in speaking of him a year before, the proverb truly applied: "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

Events confirmed the President's judgment. General Eisenhower fully justified the confidence placed in him, and General Marshall continued to serve in Washington as only he could do. By the middle of June, 1944, Stimson was happy to acknowledge in his diary that the two men were in the right places after all.

The decisions of Cairo and Teheran ended two years of discussion. At their meeting of December 18, the President had remarked to Stimson, "I have thus brought OVERLORD back to you safe and sound on the ways for accomplishment," and so it proved. Occasionally during the months that followed Stimson felt concern lest continued British caution might adversely affect the operation, but events belied his fears. When the time came in the following summer to mount the supporting invasion of Southern France, there was one further contest with British advocates of a Balkan operation, but in this Stimson was only a satisfied observer of the firmness of the President and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. His major part in operation OVERLORD had come to its victorious ending six months before the English Channel was crossed.

Through those six months the men in the War Department waited with a growing sense of tense anticipation. As the anxiety of the last days before the landing gave way to cautious satisfaction at its first successes, and to full confidence after the first great victory at Cherbourg, Stimson realized that OVERLORD was destined to succeed, and he gave himself the satisfaction of going over to see it for himself. In a flying visit to England and Normandy in mid-July, he saw in action the magnificent forces of General Eisenhower and stood in wonder, like any private soldier, at the colossal scope of the undertaking, with its vast beaches in Great Britain, its great fleets and beehive beaches on the other side, its overwhelming air support, its first-rate fighting troops, and above all its calm and supremely competent field leadership. At General Bradley's headquarters he heard the plans that later exploded the American Third Army through the enemy lines to clear the way for the liberation of all France, and in the troops and equipment which packed the narrow Cotentin Peninsula he saw that Bradley had what he needed for the execution of this bold and brilliant plan. The brief visit with its sharply etched impressions was a clear demonstration to Stimson that in his unwearied assertion of the powers of the fresh and vigorous American Army he had, if anything, understated his case. It was not often that a man could see so clearly as a triumphant fact what he had argued as a theory not many months before.

In England Stimson exchanged congratulations with his friend and former adversary, the Prime Minister. 'It is wonderful, a great triumph,' said the P. M., and Stimson did not see any need to quarrel when Mr. Churchill added, 'But we could never have done it last year.'

The foregoing account represents with complete frankness Stimson's part in the long deliberations which reached their climax in the final decisions of Cairo, and their fruition in the year of victories which began on the following sixth of June in Normandy. As an important part of Stimson's life this account has been a necessary chapter of our book and it has seemed proper not to curb or moderate the story by any retrospective comment until it should be fully told. It is a story of persistent and long-continued differences between partners in a great undertaking. Of Stimson's own share in it he found no reason later to be ashamed. If any advocacy of his had been helpful in securing the adoption of the Operation OVERLORD he was proud.

But this accomplishment would become unimportant, and it would be far better that it should not have been discussed, if the reader should conclude from the foregoing that Stimson considered these differences to be indicative of any basic cleavage between the British and the American leaders and peoples. Still less would it be his wish that any small-minded conclusions should be drawn about the character or purposes of the greathearted and brilliant Englishman who was the leader in opposing the final decision. The great fact is not the differences but their settlement, and in the execution of OVERLORD after Cairo there was no one more energetic or more determined than the Prime Minister and no one more delighted by its success.

The reluctance of British leaders to accept a cross-Channel operation seemed far less remarkable to Stimson than the courage with which they finally supported it. To the British the Channel had been for centuries a barrier of special import, and if it had protected them so long, might it not now protect their enemies? Beyond the Channel lay France, where a generation before the British people had paid a ghastly price of youth and strength in years of massive stalemate. From World War II there were the further painful memories of Dunkirk and Dieppe. The British Prime Minister had himself been a farsighted and incisive opponent of the bloody futility of the Western Front in 1915 and afterward; it was wholly natural that he should be fearful lest there be a repetition of that slaughter. If the Americans had suffered similar losses in the first World War or faced similar succeeding dangers, would they have felt differently? There was here no need for criticism. Americans could rest content with the fact that in their freshness and their vast material strength they naturally argued for the bold and forceful course, and in action justified their argument.

After the war some writers plentifully endowed with misinformation chose to make capital out of "revelations" of disagreement between America and Great Britain; these men demonstrated only their own special purposes. In America some of these writings took the shape of personal attacks on Mr. Churchill. These could well be left to Mr. Churchill himself, for that doughty warrior had never yet required help in defending his policies. But this much it seemed proper for Stimson to say: It was his considered opinion that with the single exception of Franklin Roosevelt no man in any country had been a greater factor than Mr. Churchill in the construction of the grand alliance that destroyed the Nazis; no man had been quicker to leap the gulf of mutual suspicion and strike fellowship with Russia; none had more steadfastly sustained the allies of his nation while remaining frankly and explicitly "the King's first minister"; with no man at times had Stimson had sharper differences and for none had he higher admiration.

One of the postwar conclusions reached by some American writers was that the British opposition to OVERLORD was mainly guided by a desire to block Soviet Russia by an invasion farther East. This view seemed to Stimson wholly erroneous. Never in any of his long and frank discussions with the British leaders was any such argument advanced, and he saw no need whatever to assume any such grounds for the British position. In addition to many reasons repeatedly and forcefully expressed by the British themselves, Mr. Churchill had been for nearly thirty years a believer in what he called the "right hook." In 1943 he retained all his long-held strategic convictions, combined with a natural British concern for the Mediterranean Theater, and in Stimson's view that was all there was to it.

Far more serious than any personal vilification, even of so great a man as Mr. Churchill, was the possibility that Americans of good will might be unduly affected by postwar discussion of differences and disagreements between their leaders and the leaders of Great Britain. Naturally and inevitably British and American interests had frequently diverged in specific areas of the world, and disputes on these matters had frequently become warm. To draw broad and bitter conclusions from such disagreements would be mean and self-righteous folly.

Stimson's disagreement with Mr. Churchill over the cross-Channel invasion was not his only difference with British leaders during the war. Sometimes he took issue with the British Government and sometimes with individual Englishmen, and such differences of opinion were not new to him. As Secretary of State he had faced similar difficulties and as a private observer throughout his life he found points in British policy of which he could not approve. It would have been remarkable if it had been otherwise. But all of these differences were trivial compared to his underlying conviction that the final interests of both the United States and Great Britain required the two nations to live together in constantly closer association. The re-establishment of such cordial relations had been his first object as Secretary of State in 1929, and in World War II it was only on the basis of the solid mutual confidence established under the pressure of a common emergency that he was able to be bluntly frank in his disagreements with the British.

In the relationship between the British and American peoples Stimson found no place for pettiness. The true purposes and convictions of the two nations made it inevitable that they should be friends. On the basis of such friendship they might often frankly disagree, for it would be as unbecoming to avoid necessary disagreements as it would be foolish to rejoice in them. But in casting back through his thirty years of close relationship with the British nation it seemed to Stimson that the courage and honor of the Highland Division in 1918, the outstretched hand of Ramsay MacDonald in 1929, the invincible spirit of the whole nation under Churchill in World War II, and a score of other personal memories of Great Britain as a land of hope and glory and friendship—these things, and not specific disagreements, were of final importance.

The real lesson of World War II therefore was not to be found in any revelations of disagreement. Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill established and sustained a wartime collaboration which grew ever stronger in the settlement of successive differences. When all the arguments have been forgotten, this central fact will remain. The two nations fought a single war, and their quarrels were the quarrels of brothers.

> **We should not only praise, but hasten to praise.**
>
> —HORACE WALPOLE.

THE ARMY AND THE GRAND ALLIANCE

Basic Purposes

World War II was the first major experience of the United States in the political complexities of coalition warfare. In 1917 and 1918 the vast strength of America remained mainly potential. There was great importance in Pershing's stand for a united American Army, and there were lessons for naval officers in the relations between Sims and the British Admiralty, but neither of these experiences was adequate preparation for the extraordinary variety of problems presented to the Washington Government in the years after Pearl Harbor—problems created by the simple fact that among all the nations fighting against the Axis the United States possessed incomparably the largest amount of flexible military and economic strength. The military power of the U.S.S.R. was necessarily committed almost wholly to the vast Eastern Front; the persistent and skillful effort of the British was by 1941 pinned down in major part to Northwest Europe and Africa. Only the Americans had a free hand.

To Stimson the record achieved by his country in the resolution of the problems thus created seemed on the whole magnificent. The greatest single set of decisions were those leading to the Normandy landing. But the OVERLORD decision was in the main one of military strategy, although in securing its adoption there was much political negotiation. Several other problems presented more clearly the ticklish interrelation of military and political aspects which is so difficult for the ordinary democratic statesman to grasp and act upon. The great flair here shown by Franklin Roosevelt seemed to Stimson a very lucky thing for the American people; by 1940 the President had already shown his deep comprehension of the menace of Nazism, but only under the test of actual war was his talent as a war leader revealed.

His success was triumphant, and it was substantially his own. In this chapter we shall deal with certain problems with which for one reason or another Stimson came into direct contact; in these cases he at times held views widely differing from those of the President—and indeed feared that the President was acting unwisely. But it would be wholly wrong to take these differences as illustrative of any basic disagreement over the political strategy of the war. Stimson was a loyal and sometimes surprised admirer of the force and skill with which Mr. Roosevelt—almost by himself, for this was his nature—laid out his course and led his countrymen along it.

The central political decision of World War II was that it must be fought in alliance as close as possible with Great Britain and Soviet Russia. Not once during the war was this decision questioned or any modification of it seriously considered by Stimson or by any man whose views he knew among the leaders of the Administration. The three nations, in American eyes, formed the indispensable team for victory over Germany. Together, with or without welcome and helpful accessions of strength from smaller nations, they could not lose. Apart, or at cross-purposes, or with any one of them defeated, they could hardly win. It was thus the constant purpose of the American government to do all that would achieve and cherish a cordial unity of action—and so to reinforce its two great allies, from the vast American reservoir of material wealth, that each would press on with increasing power to a final combined victory.

There was of course a marked distinction in the degree of genuine understanding aimed at and achieved by Americans in dealing with their two major allies. Stimson's own contacts with the British and the Russians were illustrative of the distinction. With the British, from the first, he established the kind of close and wholly confident connection that he had maintained ten years before with Ramsay MacDonald. The vehemence and heat with which he fought against British opposition to the Channel invasion was understandable only in the light of his complete confidence that between such fast friends there could be no final falling out. Stimson argued with Mr. Churchill more bluntly than he ever did with Mr. Roosevelt; he could cut loose at the Englishman as he never felt free to do with his Chief. And he talked with English officers as easily as with his own Army leaders—sometimes to get their advice, and sometimes to give them his, in fairly vigorous terms.

The Russian question was different. Stimson's direct contact with Russian matters was very slight until near the end of the war. In the earlier years, when the main American object was simply to help the Russians, his role was inconsiderable. In diplomatic negotiations he had no part; in Lend-Lease transactions he sometimes found himself the advocate of the Army's needs against those of Russians or British; this was the necessary result of his duty to equip the Army, and


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implied no disagreement whatever with policy of aid to Russia. Of course, Russian visitors came to his office; ordinarily these were merely formal calls, but occasionally Stimson had a chance to put in a word—as in the following discussion of July 29, 1941: "At 11:18 I saw the Soviet Ambassador, Mr. Oumansky, a rather slick and unscrupulous gentleman I have been told, who used to belong to the OGPU—the secret police of Russia—and had had a rather brutal record. He came to pay his respects but, as I knew he would, brought in at the end a request for arms. He told me how important the battle in Russia was, and what great service the Russians were doing for the rest of the world. I told him I had no doubt that was so but I said, 'Mr. Ambassador, I have no eyes to see the things that you tell me. You have taken away my eyes and until I get my eyes back, I cannot take the responsibility of recommending giving away our weapons.' He said, 'You mean your Attaché should be allowed to go to the front?' I said, 'I mean just that.' That gave him a poser. . . ."

Such posers were more verbal than practical, however. Whatever the American annoyance at Russian secretiveness, it was not U. S. policy to squabble over details, and Oumansky and his successors got more than they gave. With this policy of one-sided generosity Stimson had little to do, but during the first years its objectionable features were quite obscured by the supreme importance of saving the Russians from defeat.

The real questions of American policy toward Russia went much deeper than such trivia. The great present goal was to help the Russians kill Germans. As they continued to fight effectively long beyond the most optimistic early estimates of most American intelligence officers, and as gradually a narrow but significant bridge of co-operation was constructed, it became clear that in their own strange way the Russians were magnificent allies. They fought as they promised, and they made no separate peace.

In 1943 and 1944 Stimson's concern for a proper Second Front led him to a certain sympathy with Russian suspicion of Western motives; not to open a prompt and strong Western Front in France, he felt, would be to leave the real fighting to Russia. During the discussions at Washington, in May, 1943, Stimson told the President "that the argument on the other side reminded me of the story of Lincoln with regard to General Franz Sigel who Lincoln said was a pretty poor General who, although he couldn't skin the deer could at least hold a leg. [Those who oppose] invasion are trying to arrange this matter so that Britain and America hold the leg for Stalin to skin the deer and I think that will be dangerous business for us at the end of the war. Stalin won't have much of an opinion of people who have done that and we will not be able to share much of the postwar world with him." (Diary, May 17, 1943.)

But this fear was not realized; the alliance held together with each partner bearing a full load, and it was only in early 1945 that a cloud began to appear on the Russian horizon, as Stimson saw it. Nothing that happened in this later period seemed to him to bear against the wisdom and foresight of Mr. Roosevelt's decision to behave with complete friendliness and good will toward the Russians, while the Allies were at war.

Thus on the central political issue of the war—alliance with Britain and Russia—Stimson was a wholehearted supporter of the President, without having any major part in the execution of policy. His principal activity in the field of wartime international policy, beyond the question of the Channel invasion—fell in two lesser fields into which he was brought by his Army responsibilities and by his special interest: China and France. In none of these cases did he have a continuous or determinant part, but his experience in each was illustrative of his own attitudes and of some of the difficulties faced by a necessarily inexperienced and unnecessarily personalized administration.

Stilwell and China

In Anglo-American grand strategy the war against Germany came first. Second came the great triphibious movement across the Pacific toward the Japanese island empire. The China-Burma-India theater was a poor third. Yet in its strategic and political significance this part of the world was of enormous importance; in a situation of extraordinary complexity it constantly offered the possibility of striking military and political success at a remarkably low cost. For nearly three years Stimson and Marshall were leaders in an effort to achieve this success, and although their greatest hopes were not realized, the effort was not wholly barren, and both in its achievements and its failures it was extremely instructive.

Strategically, the object of American policy in this area was to keep China in the war, and so to strengthen her that she might exact a constantly growing price from the Japanese invader. The reinforcement of China depended on the maintenance of a line of supply through Burma, if necessary by air, if possible by land. But Burma was a part of the British Empire, and it was especially important to the British as the last buffer between India and Japanese aggression. There were thus three major allied nations whose respective interests came to a common point in Burma, and although all three were presumably agreed on the vital necessity of winning the Japanese war, only the United States, of the three, framed its policy in that area with military victory as its single object. And it was the peculiar difficulty of the American policy that it was dependent upon a British base and Chinese manpower. The situation was still further complicated by the traditional mutual distaste of the British and the Chinese, to both of whom any failure of the other was a source of racial satisfaction.

Long before Pearl Harbor the American government established in Chungking a military mission. With American entry into the war, and the beginning of a Japanese campaign against Burma, it became evident that the American interest required in this theater a military representative of preeminent quality. Because of his intense interest in the Chinese situation, Stimson played a conspicuous part in the selection of this representative, and of few things was he more proud than of his share in the eventual choice of General Joseph W. Stilwell.

Stilwell's name was not the first suggested. The post was indeed offered, in January, 1942, to one of the Army's most senior generals. But after getting into a row with General Marshall, the officer under consideration submitted a memorandum of requirements which indicated a predominant interest in his own and not the national advantage.

The response of the Secretary of War was definite.

"He had brought me a paper which he had drawn in which he virtually took the position that he did not think the role in China which I had offered him was big enough for his capabilities. The paper said a good deal more than that but that was what it boiled down to. I told him how much disappointed I was at the attitude that he had taken; that I myself had planned out the position that he was to take and that it seemed to me that it would lead to most important work for his country; that its sphere depended a good deal on his own abilities but that I had had confidence that he would be able to seize the opportunity to expand the importance of the place into a very important sphere. I showed him that he would have had the full support not only of myself but of Marshall and the General Staff. I told him I could not help contrasting the position he was taking with what I considered my own duty when I was offered a position in the Far East which I did not desire and which I felt constrained to accept even in the nonemergent times of peace, because my government had selected me for it. I then closed the interview." (Diary, January 13, 1942.)

Although the General took it all back the next day and said, "He would do anything I wanted him to do," his mistake was not one which Stimson could readily forgive. The job in China and Burma would require a man who believed in it. And fortunately on the same evening Stimson found such a man.



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"In the evening, on my request, General tilwell came to see me. . . . Marshall had ıggested that I had better see him with a iew to China, and I had a long talk with im over the fire in my library about the hinese situation. I was very favorably im- ressed with him. He is a very quick-witted nd alert-minded man. He knows China ıoroughly and for more than two years ampaigned with the Chinese armies against apan in 1937-8-9. In half an hour he gave ıe a better firsthand picture of the valor of ıe Chinese armies than I had ever received efore. Of this valor he had a very high pinion. He said that practically the whole uccess of my Chinese proposition would de- end on whether or not Chiang Kai-shek ould, as T. V. Soong has promised, give ommand of any of his troops to an Amer- an. This he has always refused hitherto. Vith that permission Stilwell said that the ossibilities of the Chinese proposition were nbounded and he was very enthusiastic bout it. . . . So I went to bed with a ather relieved feeling that I had discovered man who will be very useful." (Diary, anuary 14, 1942.)

After checking his opinion with General rank R. McCoy and of course with Mar- hall, Stimson determined that Stilwell was the ıan for China and cleared his appointment ith the President. Within three weeks Stil- ell was on his way to what Stimson later udged as the most difficult task assigned to ny American in the entire war.

Stimson and Marshall did what they could o get Stilwell off to a good start. In ne- otiations with Chiang Kai-shek it was greed that Stilwell should be Chiang's chief f staff, and the harmony of feeling and pur- ose which appeared to esult from this agreement vas heartening to the War Department's leaders in a ime largely barren of en- ouragement.

Tolerance is the generosity of intelligent people.

On February 3, 1942, Stimson went before the House Foreign Affairs Committee in execu- ive session to speak in favor of a $500,000,- 00 loan to China. It was a time for advocacy, nd the advocacy came easily to Stimson, or the Chinese venture was one in which he leeply believed.

"I worked pretty carefully over what I hould say to the Committee and it went off, think, better than almost any hearing I ave ever had in Congress. I outlined the difficult situation we were in in the South- vestern Pacific, outnumbered in the air and ea and on the ground, and with immensely ong lines of communication. I pointed out China's strategic position towards that area, ncluding Indo-China, Thailand, Malaya, nd Burma. I gave them a picture of the ighting character of the Chinese troops as it ad been given me by General Stilwell. I old of China's unique relations with us and ier unique attitude and confidence towards our government as demonstrated in many ways as I had observed it in the Philippines. described the onslaught which was now eing made by the Japanese to pull down Chiang Kai-shek upon whose character and nfluence rested the Chinese defense, and hen I told what we were doing recently in our negotiations with Chiang and how he ad promised to make our nominee chief of is staff. I told them that, while nobody ould prophesy events in war, this repre- ented to me a unique opportunity to play or the highest stakes for the Far East and hat the success or failure of the war might depend upon this Act; and in the light of the billions we had spent for less favorable op- portunities, I thought that if America refused o take this chance, she would not deserve to win the war. The Committee listened at- entively throughout and, when I closed, here was a dead silence. No one asked me a question. The chairman turned to me and said that the Committee was paying me the highest compliment it could pay, not even asking a single question on my report." (Diary, February 3, 1942.)

If this statement had eloquence—and the response from those present indicated that it did—it was because this was a subject on which Stimson felt very strongly. The great tradition of American friendship with the people of China was one in which his personal part had not been small, and, as he faced the challenge of the Japanese warmakers, he saw that tradition as a basis from which a great military triumph might be created—and of course in such a triumph the tradition itself would be still further strengthened for service to both nations and the world after victory. Nothing that happened in the war was more disheartening to him than the gradual shrinking of these hopes.

This book is unfortunately not the place for a detailed study of the history of the China-Burma-India Theater. To Stimson that history unfolded principally as the saga of Joe Stilwell, fighting heroically against overwhelming odds. Stilwell's central military objective was to strengthen the Chinese armies and bring their force to bear on the Japanese in Asia. His enemies were of four kinds—Japanese, Chinese, British, and American.

The Japanese took Burma in early 1942, cutting off the only land route to China. The recapture of Northern Burma thus became to Stilwell the goal of first priority. Without a road into China for the shipment of arms and supplies, the vast potential strength of the Chinese armies could never be developed into reality. But the recapture of Burma was not a primary goal of the Chinese and the British.

The Chinese Government of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek defies any brief analysis. Of its firm opposition to the Japanese there was never any doubt, and the Administration in Washington was fully sensitive to the extraordinary sufferings which the Chinese had endured in five years of war before 1942. But even Stimson, who had studied as Secretary of State the twisted and personalized operations of Chinese nationalist politics, was astonished at the number of obstacles placed by Chinese leaders in the path of General Stilwell. Some of the obstacles were those typical of all personal government; others were rooted in the complexities of Kuomintang policy.

Stilwell, commanding Chinese troops in the first Burma campaign, found that his Chinese subordinates constantly received tactical instructions from the distant autocrat in Chungking, and Chiang's tactical skill was in Stilwell's view almost nonexistent. After the retreat from Burma, when he turned his energies to the creation of an effective Chinese force, Stilwell found his work constantly delayed or blocked by Chiang's inability to understand the meaning of modern training. Even after Stilwell had made a success of his training center for Chinese troops in Ramgahr, India, he found the Chinese slow to co-operate in extending the new training methods to China proper. The entire Chinese war establishment was riddled with graft and personal power politics; these factors limited what Chiang could do if he would, and his intense preoccupation with the perpetuation of his own power was a still further limitation. To Stilwell the Chinese war ministry was "medieval" and the adjective was accurately used; balancing and rebalancing the semi-subordinate war lords, blind to the meaning of training and supply, innocent of any concern for its enlisted soldiers, squeezing and squeezed in the worst Chinese tradition, the war ministry, and Chiang Kai-shek, too, adopted the attitude that China had already done her part. They passed their days and nights in pleading for clouds of airplanes and swarms of tanks, constantly insisting to the Western World that 'America must help her faithful ally.' But they would not help themselves.

The position and purpose of the British was very different, but its effect on Stilwell's work was much the same. The initial failure of British forces in Malaya and Burma was a shocking blow to the prestige of the Empire; the repair of this damaged prestige at once became a primary objective of British pol-

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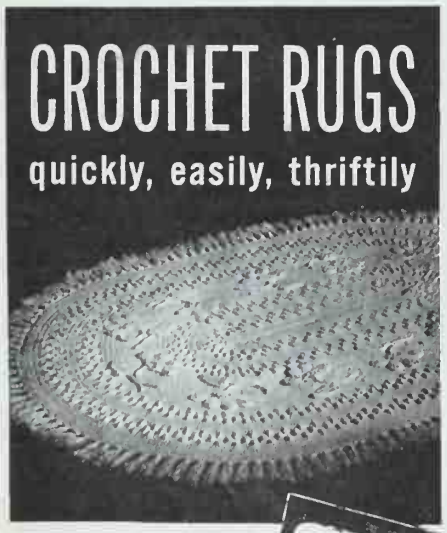
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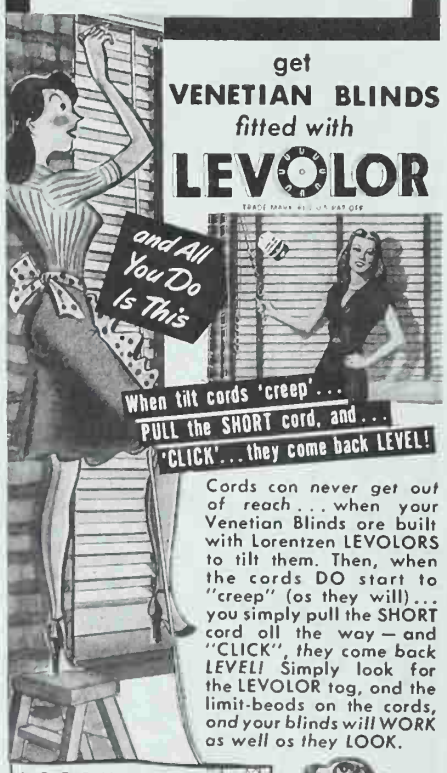
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icy. But unfortunately the British were not agreed among themselves as to the best cause for attaining this objective; few of them shared the conviction of such officers as Major General Orde C. Wingate that the way to serve the British interest was to show first-class fighting quality against the Japanese, and do it quickly. The caution and defeatism which had led to the original debacle were never fully dissipated; even so gallant and dashing an officer as Lord Mountbatten, dispatched by Mr. Churchill with the specific purpose of putting in "some new punch to it," (Diary on conversation with Churchill, May 22, 1943) was not able to reverse this attitude entirely. Nor did the British agree with Stilwell on the importance of reopening the Burma Road, which after all led to a China they mistrusted, and not to Singapore. Stilwell's persistent faith in the potentialities of the Chinese soldier was not shared by most Englishmen in India.

But to Stimson the most trying of all Stilwell's problems was the constant undercutting to which he was subjected by Americans. Although the degree of their difficulty had not been correctly estimated, the British and Chinese obstacles to his mission had been foreseen when Stilwell was first sent out. Stimson could not share the disillusioned rancor of many Americans who faced these problems for the first time and reached hasty conclusions about the wickedness of their allies. The Chinese in China and the British in India were dealing with a situation whose complexity was far beyond anything in American experience, and while Stimson believed that both groups were false to their own interests in much of their opposition to Stilwell, he was prepared to face their failures without bitterness. Toward the Americans who hampered Stilwell he was less charitable.

American opposition to Stilwell was partly tactical and partly personal. Tactically, opposition came mainly from the Air Forces, whose commander in China was Major General Claire Chennault. It was the view of Chennault and his many American supporters that Stilwell's insistence on a first priority for the Burma campaign was not correct. They argued that the bulk of the supplies carried by air across the Hump into China should be used not for Stilwell's ground-force training center in Yunnan, but rather for the operations of Chennault's 14th Air Force. To Stilwell, Marshall, and Stimson this view appeared wholly wrong. They feared that much activity from unprotected air bases would merely stimulate a heavy Japanese land campaign against Chennault's airfields. But this possibility did not disturb the airmen; Chennault even argued that his aircraft would be able to repel any such attack. In spite of all opposition Chennault's view was approved by the Washington Conference of May, 1943. Stilwell himself was called to this conference to state his case, but his advocacy was unsuccessful. His build-up of Chinese land forces was once more delayed, this time by the decision of Franklin Roosevelt.

Tactical disagreements are inevitable in war. Stimson was to find his dire prophecies fully confirmed in the Japanese attack of 1944, which overran seven of the principal bases of the 14th Air Force, but the tactical mistake of the Washington Conference was a minor matter compared to the political errors and personal activities which came before and after it.

More than any other American Theater Commander in the war, Stilwell required the constant and vigorous political support of his own government, and less than any other commander did he get it. Engaged as he was in a great effort to make China strong almost against her will, he was bound to find himself frequently in the disagreeable position of telling unpleasant truths to an autocrat. Americans like Chennault and some of his political-minded associates, on the other hand, were in the position of advocating tactics which suited the politics and strategic concepts of the Generalissimo; Chiang was happy to accept serenely the view that American air power would defeat the Japanese. Still other Americans, preoccupied with the intense poverty and economic weakness of China, tended to think largely in terms of loans and civilian supplies, and this, too, was a language which the Generalissimo understood and approved. What to Stimson seemed unforgivable was that many of these Americans allowed their differences with Stilwell over tactics or purpose so to weight their loyalty that they joined in and even encouraged the efforts of Chiang Kai-shek to undermine Stilwell's authority and weaken his support from Washington. And to Stimson it was not surprising, although terribly disappointing, that all this intrigue was in the end effective in the mind of President Roosevelt, although in defense of Stilwell General Marshall acted with even more than his usual wisdom and energy.

Stilwell, unfortunately, never really "made his number" with the President. Although Mr. Roosevelt was by no means blind to the weaknesses of the Chinese government, he was unschooled in the details on which Stilwell's tactical and political position was founded, and he was tied by personal sympathy to the support of Chennault. For his information on China he often depended on "personal representatives" who were usually easy dupes of the wonderfully charming circle around the throne at Chungking. He thus never gave to Stilwell the freedom of action and automatic backing which he so courageously accorded to his commanders in other theaters. Stilwell to him remained a somewhat testy, if obviously loyal, soldier who had some strange attraction for the War Department. It seemed doubtful to Stimson whether the President ever realized how much his own personal emissaries and his willingness to hear attacks on Stilwell contributed to the latter's difficulties. The only "emissary" to China throughout the war whose work seemed to Stimson truly helpful was Somervell, who happened on the scene in October, 1943, during one of Chiang's most violent outbreaks against Stilwell. With the aid of Mme. Chiang and some of her remarkable family, Somervell pulled the Generalissimo round. Most of the other visitors, sometimes in ignorance, sometimes on the basis of definite personal instructions from a President playing by ear, only made matters worse. Stilwell thus never was able to speak as the voice of the United States war effort in Asia; he was only one side of it.

The last act in Stilwell's mission was played in October, 1944. By that time Stilwell had fully justified his insistence on a Burma campaign by his brilliant advance in North Burma, culminating in the capture of Myitkyina—this was one of the great and insufficiently noticed military epics of the war. But none of this satisfied Chiang, who had grown to hate Stilwell—even as Stilwell had grown to hate him.

On October 3 Stimson summarized the matter as he saw it: "After the daily conference with the Operations and Intelligence Staff, the morning was spent in preparing myself for my luncheon with the President; also in discussing with General Marshall the crisis in China. This last is rapidly growing more and more serious. The Japanese are advancing and have already made it necessary for us to evacuate two of our advance bases for our airplanes. By this they have already pushed us out of range of some of our important targets in Japan. The Chinese government of Chiang Kai-shek is getting more and more difficult to deal with. Not only has he failed to back Stilwell up but he has now again requested that we relieve him. Marshall and the Staff had prepared a sharp rejoinder for the President to send declining to do so, but the President has declined so far to send it. Stilwell has been the one successful element of the three forces that have been supposed to co-operate in Burma. The British dragged their feet, and Mountbatten last spring almost as soon as he got there sent us word that he wanted to have the campaign go over until after the monsoon. If we had accepted that, we would not yet have begun. On the other hand, Chiang Kai-shek has several times interfered with the Yunnan forces of Chinese whom he had promised to send and did send as far as the Salween River. In between these two hesitating and halting forces, Stilwell with his three Amer-

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ican-trained Chinese divisions coming down the Ledo Road, and Wingate and Merrill with their air troops and raiders flying in to help, have brought victory out of hesitation and defeat. The British, stung by their example, have at last thrown the Japanese out of Imphal and our troops are well down near the Irrawaddy River. Stilwell has taken Myitkyina, and North Burma is virtually free of the Japanese. This campaign in all the difficulties of the monsoon has been a triumphant vindication of Stilwell's courage and sagacity. He had been pecked at from both sides, carped at by the British from India, and hamstrung at every moment by Chiang Kai-shek. Now the Japanese in China, stung by these defeats in Burma, have called their main forces into action in China and are closing in against the regular Chinese armies. If Chiang Kai-shek had supported Stilwell, we should have had a well-trained nucleus of these Chinese troops to meet them. As it is, they are still impotent Chinese, untrained and badly led. Incidentally, this result on both sides has shown the wisdom of Stilwell's diagnosis a year and a half or two years ago when he insisted that we must have ground bases and ground troops in China, well-trained, to defeat just such an attack of Japanese; and on the other hand, at the same time Chennault was insisting that he could beat and drive off the Japanese attack by the use of air alone. Chennault has been given almost twice as much in the way of equipment over the Hump as he asked for and yet he is now failing abjectly to stop the Japanese. On the other hand, Stilwell, fighting against all these obstacles, British incompetence and sluggishness, Chinese disloyalty, and the lack of supplies over the Hump line which Chennault's demands made necessary, has proved the only success in the whole horizon.

"One of our difficulties throughout has been the attitude of the President. He has insisted on sending his own people there . . . and (except Pat Hurley whom we suggested to him) they have all been disloyal to Stilwell and have all joined hands with his detractors. They have all joined in supporting Chennault's views and insisting that he be given a chance to save China in the air. Several times the President suggested that Stilwell should be relieved. Marshall and I have fought for him steadily and hard throughout. Now the issue is up again and the President again is siding against Stilwell. Marshall today said that if we had to remove Stilwell he would not allow another American general to be placed in the position of Chief of Staff and Commander of the Chinese armies, for it was so evident that no American would be loyally supported. I am inclined to go further. The amount of effort which we have put into the 'Over the Hump' airline has been bleeding us white in transport airplanes—it has consumed so many. Today we are hamstrung in Holland and the mouth of the Scheldt River for lack of transport planes necessary to make new airborne flights in that neighborhood. The same lack is crippling us in Northern Italy. This effort over the mountains of Burma bids fair to cost us an extra winter in the main theater of the war. And, in spite of it all, we have been unable to save China from the present Japanese attack owing to the failure to support Stilwell in training adequate Chinese ground forces to protect Kunming."

All this was a summary of what Stimson was prepared to say to the President. He never said it, for Mr. Roosevelt was not well that day, and in a two-hour conference Stimson had quite enough to do in discussing eight other matters, of which one was pressingly important. This seemed an illustration in specific terms of the losses incurred through Mr. Roosevelt's constant effort to keep all the threads in his own hands. One man simply could not do it all, and Franklin Roosevelt killed himself trying.

And by this time, too, the President's relation to Stilwell was water under the bridge. Chiang Kai-shek was prepared to insist on Stilwell's recall as a point of personal privilege, and to this position there could now be no answer. Mr. Roosevelt indeed felt more kindly to Stilwell at this time than he had ever felt previously, but it was too late. Greater than any single man or policy toward China was the basic necessity for maintaining the wartime alliance with China, and it no longer seemed possible to keep both Stilwell and friendship with Chiang. Two weeks later Stilwell was recalled by Marshall, and Stimson surrendered for good his bright hopes for a real rejuvenation of the Chinese forces. China became to him a definitely limited commitment; in the later operations of General Wedemeyer, he had no important part.

In assessing the Stimson-Marshall-Stilwell policy, it was not easy for Stimson to be dispassionate. It seemed clear that if Chinese and British leaders had shared the American view, the result could only have been to the advantage of all three nations. Had Chiang Kai-shek permitted Stilwell to carry out his training program on the scale and in the manner that Stilwell originally planned, he must surely have found himself, at the end of the war, with a vastly stronger army, of whose military reputation there could have been no doubt. Such support for Stilwell would have required a vigorous purge of the incompetent and the dishonest in Chiang's military entourage, but there were able younger officers to take the place of those removed. It would also have required a shift in Chiang's whole attitude, which remained throughout the war what Stilwell had described in 1942 as that of an ignorant, suspicious, feudal autocrat with a profound but misconceived devotion to the integrity of China and to himself as her savior. But his failure to make this shift was stupid, for the strength of nationalist China could be measured in direct proportion to her escape from the fetters of a corrupted feudalism.

Many have too much, but none has enough.
—PROVERB.

As for the British, there was no real profit for them in a policy of constant delay and inaction, as many Englishmen clearly understood. Stimson would have liked to see his friend Churchill as theater commander in India; that rugged old champion of Empire would hardly have countenanced the passive and Fabian attitudes that hung like a pall over his subordinates in the Far East. Mr. Churchill might not have shared Stimson's view that it was blind folly for the British to act as if China, Burma and India had not changed since 1800, but he would never have permitted the imperial tradition to be tarnished by a stolid insistence that action was impossible.

Washington's failure to support Stilwell was to Stimson a clear example of badly coordinated policy, but he was forced to admit that for that failure Stilwell's own vigorous distaste for diplomacy was partly responsible.

Stilwell's mission was to train Chinese and fight Japan. For this function he was equipped as was no other general in any allied army. On the other hand, he was no diplomat. It seemed to Stimson unsound to assume that "Vinegar Joe's" bluntness was the cause of his differences with Chiang and Chennault and the British; the differences were deeper than manners. Yet Stilwell could have done much to moderate feeling against him, if he had possessed the endless patience and self-control of Marshall. And if he had been a careful and persuasive advocate, rather than a brilliant soldier with a passionate but inarticulate loyalty to his job, he would perhaps not have failed at Washington in May, 1943, in his greatest single chance to win the President's personal backing. But this was asking a great deal, and if Stimson had any regret about his support of Stilwell it was that his own work in explaining and defending the general to the President was not good enough.

And if, in the larger sense, Stilwell's mission was a failure, there were yet in it many redeeming points of success. China under Chiang *did* stay in the war; Stilwell *did*

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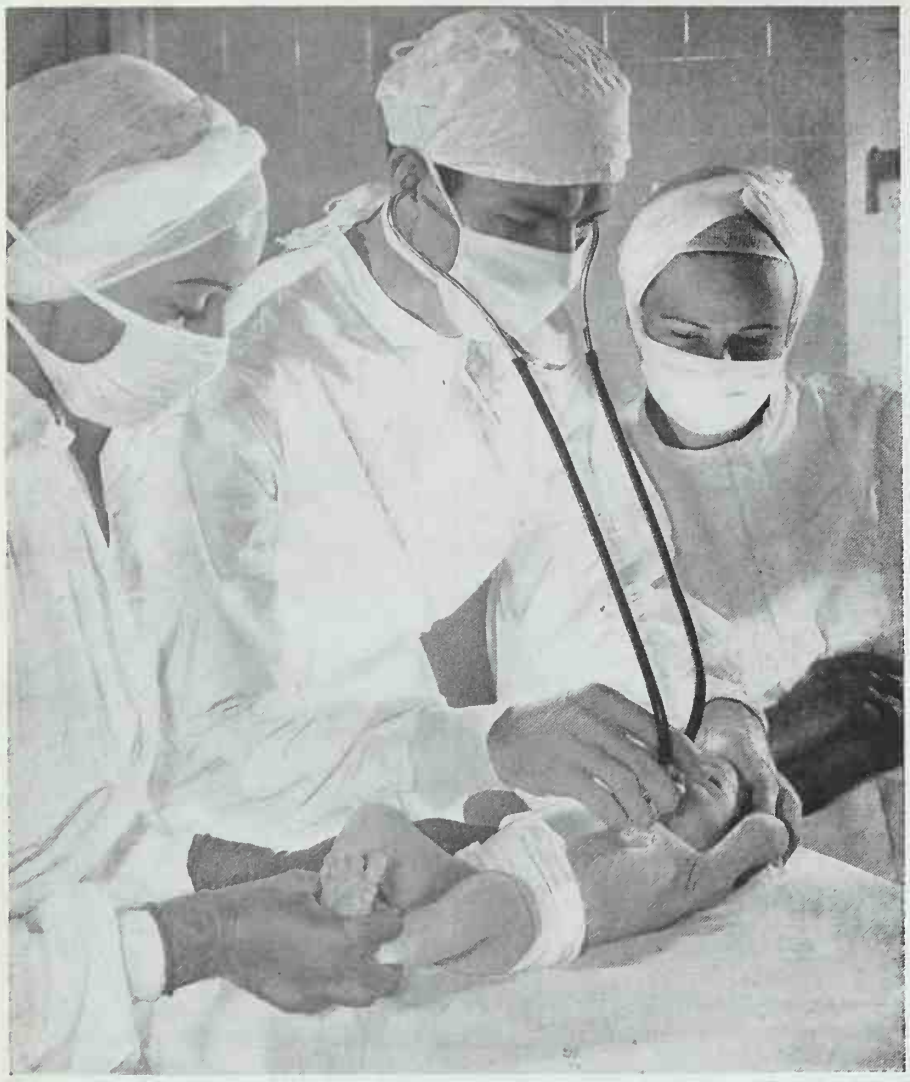
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prove that Chinese troops well-trained and led could match the valor of soldiers anywhere; he *did* clear the Ledo Road to China (rightly renamed the Stilwell Road); most of all, he left to the American Army a matchless record of devotion to duty and professional skill.

To Stimson the relief of Stilwell was a "terribly sad ending" to a great effort. His admiration and personal affection for Stilwell had constantly increased through nearly three years. Knowing the Secretary's personal interest in his mission, Stilwell had written to Stimson a series of letters—some of them in longhand—which gave the full measure of the man—his insight and understanding of the Orient, his imaginative grasp of warmaking, his modesty, and what General Marshall called his "amazing vigor." This was a man who could refer to his extraordinary retreat from Burma in 1942 with the single laconic sentence, "I then picked up my headquarters group and brought them out." This man's personal vision created a new army almost in spite of its own government, in the face of the skepticism and obstructionism of most Englishmen and many Americans, yet to him jungle fighting was "a heavenly relief" from planning and politics. Certainly, whatever else it was, Stilwell's record in Asia was the record of a great American soldier. On February 10, 1945, Stimson decorated Stilwell with the Legion of Merit and an Oak Leaf Cluster to the Distinguished Service Medal. "I was particularly happy to lay this encomium on Stilwell's hard and terrific work in Burma and in China and so I read the two citations myself and made a few comments to Stilwell which I think he appreciated. I said that I thought he had had the toughest job of any of our generals and that I had never conveyed one of these medals with such pleasure as I had in doing this." (Diary, February 10, 1945.)

France—Defeat, Darlan, De Gaulle, and Deliverance

The fall of France, in June, 1940, was to Stimson the most shocking single event of the war, and during the five years that followed, dealing with French affairs as they stood after this catastrophe, he was constantly aware of the essentially tragic character of the whole experience of a great and proud nation in defeat. Very little of his connection with the French in this period was wholly pleasant; in almost every problem there stood forth a painful choice of evils.

France after the Armistice in 1940 became at once a battleground of wills, centering around the Vichy government of Marshal Pétain. The names and actions of the Frenchmen who were most conspicuous at Vichy were profoundly disappointing to Stimson. The apparent treachery of Pierre Laval astonished and deeply pained him—this was not what he would have expected from the practical and direct young Frenchman he had known nine years before. The position of Pétain he viewed with more sympathy; whatever his errors of policy and whatever his failings from simple senility, Pétain in Stimson's view was an honest servant of France. But Pétain became in 1940 the center of a two-year contest for the remaining strength of France; in this contest the whole effort of the American Government was to prevent France from joining Hitler's New Order, with the major specific objectives of blocking German expansion into French North Africa and German capture of the French fleet.

With this policy Stimson wholly agreed. It was a policy in which he had no active part, but as he understood it Mr. Roosevelt and Hull, through Ambassador Leahy and others, were exerting all of their political and diplomatic skill to strengthen Pétain's will to resist German demands, while at the same time they were encouraging separate French agencies of defense in North Africa.

In the autumn of 1942, in preparation for the North African invasion, the American Government undertook a most complicated diplomatic and secret-service negotiation designed to produce a friendly French reception to the invaders. After pursuing a course so complex that Stimson, a highly interested observer, was never fully aware of all its ins and outs, this operation reached a quite unexpected climax three days after the landings, in the so-called Darlan Deal, which became one of the most violently controversial decisions of the war.

Stimson's view of the Darlan affair was throughout absolutely definite and clear, and in his view the outburst of criticism directed against it by his countrymen was a disturbing illustration of the political ignorance—and the ideological naïveté—of many kind-hearted Americans. That Darlan had an unsavory record Stimson fully understood. But the important fact in November, 1942, was that Darlan—and only Darlan—was able to issue an effective cease-fire order and to swing to the side of the invading armies the armed forces and the civil administration of French North Africa. In a vast and precarious military enterprise, squeamishness about the source of such considerable help was in Stimson's view absurd.

The number and quality of those who disagreed was astonishing, and Stimson promptly found it necessary to undertake an energetic campaign in support of General Eisenhower's decision. On November 16, at the suggestion of his Assistant Secretary, John J. McCloy, he argued the case at Woodley to a small group of doubtful Administration leaders. "I gave them all a little talk, pointing out first the hazardous nature of our operation in North Africa and the perilous condition in which our troops would have been in case there had been any delay caused by the obstruction of the French, to say nothing of the loss of lives unnecessarily on both the American and the French sides. . . . I read them the telegram of Eisenhower in full, setting out admirably the reasons for the performance.* I pointed out to them that this was a temporary military arrangement, that the Army could not make foreign policy. . . . Finally after grunts and groans . . . I think I sent them home reconciled." (Diary, Nov. 16, 1942.) That same evening, hearing that Wendell Willkie was about to attack the agreement, Stimson telephoned to Willkie and did what he could to dissuade him; that a man of Willkie's stature should attack Eisenhower's stand seemed to Stimson very dangerous. "I . . . told him flatly that, if he criticized the Darlan agreement at this juncture, he would run the risk of jeopardizing the success of the United States Army in North Africa and would be rendering its task very much more difficult." Willkie reluctantly withheld his attack for the time being, expressing himself forcefully, however, a little later when the immediate crisis had passed.

With the firm support of the President, the Darlan agreement was maintained, and until his assassination in December Admiral Darlan remained a very useful military support to General Eisenhower. Stimson was so placed as to see the importance of this military support more clearly than most Americans, and it was with real regret that he learned of Darlan's death. Whatever his sins, the Admiral in his last months did distinguished service in fighting the war.

Yet in looking back it can hardly be denied that Darlan's death was in some ways a relief to U. S. policy. Darlan had been taken up purely as a military expedient; there was no easy way of letting him down when he had served his purpose. His continued existence as the French leader in North Africa would almost surely have been a powerful embarrassment to the United States during the liberation of France; for his crime of collaboration with the Germans there could be no forgiveness by the French people, no matter what his achievements in Africa, nor what the explanation he might give to Allied leaders.

But even this future embarrassment of a living Darlan would have been a light price for his services in Africa, as Stimson saw it. The North African venture was not a massive riskless attack by skilled and overwhelming forces; it was a daring and imaginative improvisation undertaken with full knowledge of its great risks and with high hopes for sur-

*This message is paraphrased in full in "Our Vichy Gamble," William L. Langer, Knopf, 1947, pp. 357-360.

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prising success. The cutting of risks and the increase of hopes which came from Darlan's adherence might well have been the margin of success, and success for American arms in their first great venture against the Nazis was a military gain whose meaning could hardly be overestimated. And Darlan after all could never have become a Frankenstein's monster; even before his death the march of events had shifted the balance of bargaining strength to his disadvantage, and he was learning that he held his power only on sufferance. If he had lived, he would have been an embarrassment but not a danger.

No one in the American Government understood the Darlan affair more thoroughly than Franklin Roosevelt. On the night of his conversation with Willkie, Stimson telephoned the President to tell what he had done. "He was very nice about it; said he was glad I had done it, and told me of a Balkan quotation which he had found which had rather aptly fitted the present situation. It was somewhat to the effect that, if the devil offered to help you over a bridge, it was just as well to let him do so but not to continue to walk with him on the other side." (Diary, November 16, 1942.) Later Stimson "thought up . . . a new analogy for the Darlan case, namely the story in the Bible of Joshua sending the spies to Jericho and their making a pact with Rahab the harlot which was ratified by Joshua, and I told the President of this analogy and he roared with delight over it." (Diary, December 11, 1942.) It was in his warm-hearted and unhesitating support of his soldiers on such trying issues as this one that Mr. Roosevelt earned the particular affection of his Secretary of War.

Corruption never has been compulsory.

De Gaulle

The death of Darlan led to a brief interregnum under General Henri Giraud, an officer whose chivalrous devotion to France was only matched by his lack of political skill. Giraud was soon succeeded in North Africa by General Charles de Gaulle, the man who had been first to raise the standard of French resistance in 1940. Increasingly, through 1943 and 1944, De Gaulle's Committee of National Liberation became the center of French anti-Nazi leadership, and its constantly growing stature among Frenchmen inside and outside France presented a serious problem to the American Government. In discussions of this problem Stimson, who had been a firm supporter of the President's Vichy policy and Eisenhower's Darlan decision, gradually found himself in the unexpected position in some questions of supporting De Gaulle against President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull.

During the winter of 1943–44, as plans proceeded for the Normandy invasion, it became necessary to determine American policy toward liberated France, and it also became highly important to develop effective contact with the French resistance movement. The critical aspect of both of these questions was their relationship to De Gaulle's French Committee. To what degree should the Committee be recognized as the government of freed areas of France, and what part should it have in Allied dealings with the Resistance? To these questions there could be no easy answer, but Stimson was disappointed by the degree of feeling which seemed to enter into the thinking of Mr. Roosevelt and Hull, both of whom had been sorely tried, over a long period, by the personal peculiarities of the Free French leader.

Not that Stimson found De Gaulle personally charming. Since 1940 the General had consistently behaved with an arrogance and touchiness that were not pleasant to any of the Anglo-Americans. His abrupt seizure of St. Pierre and Miquelon in December, 1941, had been a typical example of his natural intransigeance. In North Africa his behavior had been consistently annoying, and it was apparent that he had inextricably confused the cause of France with the cause of General De Gaulle as a latter-day Joan of Arc. To Secretary Hull, whose sensitive pride had been deeply aroused by unjustified and violent attacks on American policy toward Vichy, the very mention of De Gaulle was enough to produce an outburst of skillful Tennessee denunciation, and to the President, De Gaulle was a narrow-minded French zealot with too much ambition for his own good and some rather dubious views on democracy. The validity of these opinions Stimson did not deny.

A further factor in the President's mistrust of De Gaulle was Mr. Roosevelt's strong aversion, on principle, to any prejudgment by the United States on the government to be established in liberated France. This, he insisted, was a problem for Frenchmen, and he did not propose to confer the advantages of American recognition on any group whose position was unconfirmed by the French people. And with this position, too, Stimson agreed.

But admitting that De Gaulle was a difficult man to deal with, and admitting that the French Committee must not be recognized as the Government of France until after it had been clearly approved by the French people, Stimson was nevertheless convinced of the military importance of effective working relations with De Gaulle and his supporters. In early January, 1944, Eisenhower emphasized to Stimson his view that closer dealings with the Committee would be a great contribution to the success of his forthcoming operations; Eisenhower was also hopeful that the Committee might be outgrowing some of its bad habits in dealing with Anglo-Americans. On January 14, 1944, Stimson and McCloy went to see Secretary Hull and reported Eisenhower's views. Stimson there said that in his opinion the time had come for a change of heart toward De Gaulle. "I pointed out that for the past six weeks . . . ever since we received that telegram from the President when he was at Cairo, we were absolutely prevented from discussing with the Committee two important things—first, to get in touch through them with the Resistance, that is, the underground organization in France from which we hope to be able to get assistance. We want to get into communication with them from the very moment of the attack so that we will find friends on the shore waiting for us, so to speak. Secondly, we will also need to have their assistance when we are setting up the first regular organizations of government in the districts through which our Army will be operating and through which its lines of communication will run. I pointed out that time was running very short." Hull was not unsympathetic to Stimson's position. He strongly opposed the broader proposal of McCloy that the Committee should receive general recognition as the *de facto* government of the whole of France as soon as part of France was liberated. On the narrower questions Hull agreed that Stimson and McCloy should take their ideas to the President.

Mr. Roosevelt proved a tough customer. He deeply mistrusted De Gaulle and the French Committee, and his first draft of a directive to Eisenhower severely limited the Supreme Commander's authority to deal with the French Committee. All that Stimson was able to do is indicated by the following diary note: "The President granted me an interview . . . and I . . . put up to him my revised draft of his own draft of a directive to Eisenhower in respect to the French Committee. This was a ticklish matter which I, after much reflection, decided to handle lightly and personally. I told him I had committed the great sin of attempting to revise one of his papers; that I had tried not to change the aim of his paper but merely to put it in a form which I thought would go down more easily with the French Committee and also not to lay too much burden of detail on Eisenhower. He was very nice about it. He said his paper was only a draft and he had dictated it in a hurry. We went over my draft together, I pointing out the changes. He said he thought that was all right and that he would approve

(Continued on Page 107)



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(Continued from Page 105)

he paper, though he wanted to look it over more carefully that evening. I told him that I had shown it to Stettinius [then Under Secretary of State], and that Stettinius had approved it, at which he expressed his approval." (Diary, March 3, 1944.)

Mr. Roosevelt finally approved this draft, which permitted Eisenhower some freedom in treating with De Gaulle and his followers on military matters. But it was not enough. In June, 1944, there was a further demand on the President for more friendly treatment of De Gaulle.

The situation in this later negotiation was remarkably complex. On the one hand, the British Cabinet, led by Foreign Secretary Eden, were pressing for outright recognition of De Gaulle, to which both Secretary Hull and the President were sternly opposed. In the absence of agreement among his superiors, Eisenhower was seriously embarrassed in his choice of a policy. Meanwhile, De Gaulle, with his usual instinct for the wrong move, had outraged all and sundry by a denunciation just after D-day of the Allied military currency. As the French Committee had previously acquiesced in the issuance of this currency, De Gaulle's attack seemed particularly irresponsible. "It's as bad as if he were trying to steal our ammunition on the battlefield or turn our guns against us." (Diary, June 11, 1944.)

This move did not improve the atmosphere in which Washington now reconsidered the issue of recognition. Stimson himself was extremely angry and for several days discarded his former stand in favor of increased cordiality to De Gaulle. But on June 14 he found himself back in his old position: De Gaulle was bad, but not to deal with him was worse. The diary record of his work and thinking on that day provides a full summary of the situation as he saw it:

"During the day I had been thinking carefully of the situation and I came to the conclusion that the President and the State Department were dealing a good deal in unrealities. Their policy is based upon giving the French people an opportunity to choose their own government by democratic methods which in substance means by a free election. That is the formula devised by the State Department for solving the various problems that come up in the different countries which have been enslaved, after we succeed in freeing them. But it is a very different thing to announce a formula on the one side and to put it into effect on the other. Very few countries outside the English speaking countries know by experience what a fair election is. . . . I found this out some years ago in my experience in Tacna Arica and Nicaragua. . . .

"America cannot supervise the elections of a great country like France. Consequently we must eventually leave the execution of the State Department formula to the French themselves and I am deeply concerned lest in insisting upon this formula we get dragged into a situation where we ourselves will assume the responsibility in part or more for its execution according to Anglo-Saxon ideals. That would result in terrific dangers and would be likely to permanently alienate the friendship of France and the United States. Consequently I have been brought to the conclusion that all we can do is to insist upon a pledge of free elections from De Gaulle and his party, who apparently are the only available representatives of the French people at the present time, and that we should devote the rest of our time to winning the war instead of quarreling with De Gaulle's efforts to gradually inch himself forward into a position where he and his Committee will be the Provisional Government of France pending such an election. In other words, no matter what we do, if he tries to use his preferred position to win further rewards from the French people at the election, we really cannot stop it and it is better not to run the risk of bickerings now which will serve not only to divide us from De Gaulle but will divide us from the British who more and more are supporting De Gaulle. It is this latter situation, namely the cleft between us and the British, which most alarms me. We have been unable thus far to agree with them upon a directive to Eisenhower as to his conduct in setting up French authority in the operations of France which he is liberating. He is the General not of the United States but of the two Allied governments, and he is in a dreadful position when those two governments differ and get deadlocked on such an important question.

"This morning a telegram came through from Marshall, King, and Arnold voicing in serious language Eisenhower's embarrassment and earnestly recommending that we and the British get together, but as yet nothing has been done to solve that deadlock. . . . On his part De Gaulle is doing his best to exploit this division and to rouse up feeling against us, which has serious danger. He has even denounced the provisional currency which we are introducing for temporary use in France until she establishes a government with new currency. This is a dangerous blow at our advancing troops. . . .

"Personally I have great distrust of De Gaulle and I think that the President's position is theoretically and logically correct, but as I said in the beginning, it is not realistic. The present situation I have come to believe requires for its solution an immediate reconciliation between the British and American governments even if we provisionally recognize De Gaulle.

"Well, McCloy and I talked this over when I got back from my ride and he fully agrees with the position which I have just stated. In fact he has all along been anxious to recognize De Gaulle provisionally in order to bring to the aid of our war effort the uprisings of the Resistants with whom De Gaulle is in close touch. McCloy and I worked the thing out and I jotted down a memorandum for a talk with the President.

"But first I called up Hull and sought to make him see the difficulties of the situation. I read him the telegram above mentioned. . . . He didn't think it could be done unless the military forces did it. I pointed out to him that it was a political question into which the military forces could not be asked to enter, but I got nowhere. I had wanted to build up a foundation on which to approach the President with the consent of the State Department behind me. I failed.

"At nine o'clock I got a telephone connection with the White House and talked with the President. He had already received the telegram from Marshall, King and Arnold but gave it scant attention. He was adamant in his refusal to depart from his position taken in the directive that is now waiting in London, and considered it would be a departure from moral standards to do so. I patiently went over the different steps above enumerated in a talk which lasted on the telephone for nearly an hour, but I made very little advance. I pointed out the impossibility of actually supervising French elections and he fully agreed. But he believes that De Gaulle will crumple and that the British supporters of De Gaulle will be confounded by the progress of events. This is contrary to everything that I hear. I think De Gaulle is daily gaining strength as the invasion goes on and that is to be expected. He has become the symbol of deliverance to the French people. The President thinks that other parties will spring up as the liberation goes on and that De Gaulle will become a very little figure. He said that he already knew of some such parties. . . .

"Our conversation, while it was clear and the issue plainly stated on both sides, was perfectly friendly and . . . the President not only took no offense at my persistence but apparently wished himself to argue the matter out because he kept the conversation going even when I gave him several opportunities to stop."

This was almost Stimson's last effort on the recognition of De Gaulle, for from this time forward events pressed Mr. Roosevelt more effectively than his Secretary of War was able to do.

De Gaulle himself calmed down considerably in the following weeks and carried through a visit to the United States without any particular outrages. Still it was not until late August that Eisenhower finally received authority from the British and American governments to deal with De Gaulle as the *de facto* authority in France, and not until October that the United States finally gave full diplomatic recognition to De Gaulle's French Provisional Government. Both of these moves were so grudging and late that relations between France and the United States were clouded for many months thereafter. What might have been a truly warm—and emotionally strong—relationship in the Lafayette tradition was on both sides marked by coolness.

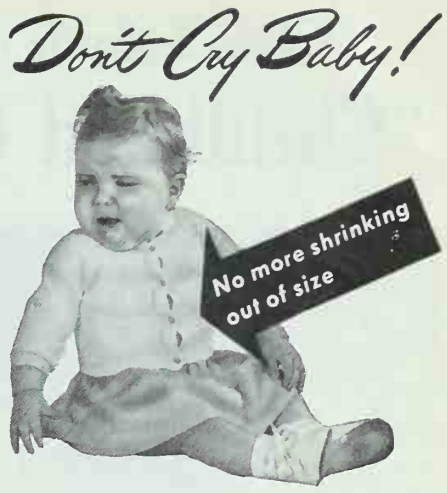
It was hardly fair, in Stimson's view, to lay the major responsibility for this coolness on anyone but De Gaulle himself. A man of greater flexibility and judgment would surely have avoided the constant series of gratuitous obstructions and unilateral actions with which the General plagued American leaders, civil and military. On the other hand, Stimson believed that it would have been wiser for the State Department not to have so long a memory for such annoyances. Perhaps this was a counsel of perfection, but the disadvantage of Hull's—and Mr. Roosevelt's—feeling about De Gaulle was that it seemed to blind them to the generally evident fact that De Gaulle *had* made himself the leader of all France. This was a miscalculation which cooler statesmanship might have avoided, and its result was that the American Government never had the advantages of a genuinely close relationship with the France of the liberation, although individual officers and diplomats on both sides did much to bring the two countries together in practical dealings.

The Vichy government, the Darlan episode, and dealings with De Gaulle were none of them hopeful signs to Stimson for the renaissance of France which he had anticipated as the first by-product of the great invasion. He had shared the aspirations of his old friend Herriot, who sent him by a neutral diplomat in 1942 his verbal assurance that the old France would rise again. But when a man he had trusted as he had Laval became "a mere Quisling," when Pétain, who had been a fine soldier, permitted in senility outrageous offenses against Frenchmen by Frenchmen, when French North Africa would join the Allies only on the word of a Darlan, when fighting France could find no greater leader than a man of twisted pride and out-of-date political ideas—then Stimson could say only that this was not the France that he had known.

Reluctant to judge—for who shall judge what peoples and their leaders do and feel under a defeat so shattering, and at such

Negro as Soldier

THE final reckoning on the Negro and the wartime Army was not clear when Stimson left the War Department. The performance of the only Negro infantry division sent into combat as a whole was disappointing, but smaller units (including elements of the same division) did better. The whole story was to be found only by a study of all the hundreds of Negro units—combatant, service and training troops—and the man who generalized from a partial experience—even the experience of a Secretary of War—was on dangerous ground. Both the Army and the Negro, Stimson believed, did better than their respective enemies would admit, but from a thorough and dispassionate study of their work in all its aspects there would surely come ways for both to do still better in the future, and it was with great satisfaction that Stimson saw such studies promptly begun by his successor.



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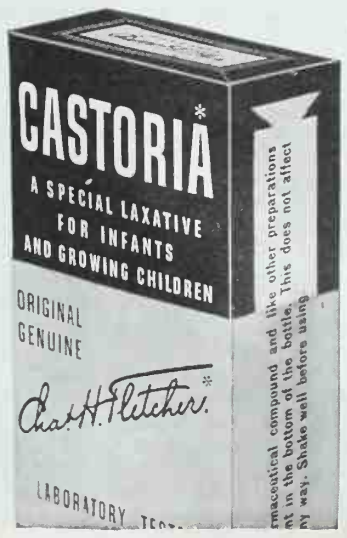
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Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The original and genuine

hands, as that of France in 1940?—Stimson could only trust that from her ruined cities and her damaged pride France might in time rebuild in strength and honor her own freedom and her self-respect. For seventy years, since his first childhood visit to Paris, he had been trained to love and honor France, and in 1945 and afterward he was still hopeful that a new France would be reconstructed. The great achievements of the French Resistance were the best guerdon of such hopes, and more lasting than the high-level complexities and misunderstandings of the war might be, for Frenchmen and Americans, their common effort in the year after D-Day against a common foe. They had fought together with a common purpose, and in the fact of this common purpose—not in past differences—and still less in the envies of some Frenchmen or the ill-considered scorn of some Americans—he saw the true basis of enduring postwar Franco-American relations.

After the war, considering such problems as the two discussed above—relations with China and with France—Stimson was reinforced in his wartime belief that Mr. Roosevelt's personal virtuosity in high politics carried with it certain disadvantages which might have been limited if the President had been willing to provide himself with a War Cabinet for the co-ordination and execution of his policies—a body which might have done in war diplomacy what the Joint Chiefs of Staff did in military strategy.

Problems like those of China and France were not merely diplomatic—the State Department could not and would not assume the whole labor of determining policy in areas where the military interest was so significant. Yet the military interest could not of itself be wholly determinant; it was not proper that such questions should be decided by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, as the members of that body well understood.

Mr. Roosevelt therefore could not rely on his regularly constituted advisers—military or diplomatic—for final recommendation and co-ordinated execution in problems of war diplomacy. Nor were his regular Cabinet meetings a suitable place for such discussion and decision; there were nearly twenty men who came to Cabinet meetings, and during the war these meetings became a formality; to Stimson they were useful principally as a way of getting into the White House to have a word with the President in private after they were over; a typical diary entry describes a Cabinet meeting toward the end of the war as "the same old two-and-sixpence, no earthly good." Mr. Roosevelt's own view of Cabinet was not wholly different: "The Cabinet meeting this afternoon was brief. The President opened it by saying humorously that he had just told his family that he wanted a short Cabinet meeting and they had said, 'Well, you know how you can get it. You can just stop your own talking.' There was a smile around the table because of the truth of the statement. The Roosevelt Cabinets are really a solo performance by the President interspersed with some questions and very few debates. When the President told this story, Hull broke in in his dry way. 'Yes,' he said, 'I found that when I was asked by the President to come over to lunch for a conference, I used to have to get a little bite to eat first myself so that I could talk while he was eating.' This met with great applause." (Diary, May 1, 1942.)

The proper solution, Stimson believed, would have been for Mr. Roosevelt to provide himself with a War Cabinet like that upon which Winston Churchill relied in Great Britain. Cabinet responsibility of course is not the same in the United States as in Great Britain, but Stimson felt that Mr. Roosevelt would have found it helpful to have some such body for the co-ordinated execution of his war policies in foreign lands. Such a body would have included his most trusted personal adviser, Harry Hopkins, and perhaps the Secretaries of State, Treasury, War and Navy. Organized like the Joint Chiefs of Staff, with a secretariat of top quality and a continuing record of the policy decisions made or approved by the President, such a body might have avoided some at least of the difficulties discussed above, and others not unlike them in other areas. Stimson would never have desired that the President's personal initiative and extraordinary talent for high politics should be limited by red tape, but he felt sure that such a body would have been a reinforcement to Mr. Roosevelt's less evident abilities as a co-ordinator and executive. Unfortunately the whole idea was foreign to the President's nature; only reluctantly had he accepted the notion of such an organization even in the purely military field, and he never showed the least disposition to alter his methods in wartime diplomacy. Stimson himself never recommended a War Cabinet to Mr. Roosevelt; he had no desire to appear to push himself forward. But others made such a recommendation, and the President was not impressed.

To be useful, such a body would have had to be the President's own creation. No attempt to co-ordinate action on any lower level could have much value so long as the central threads of policy were personally managed in the White House. Back in 1940, in an effort to fill a gap which he felt at once on his arrival in Washington—and which he had noticed from the other side of the fence when he was Secretary of State—Stimson had been the leading spirit in setting up regular weekly meetings of Hull, Knox and himself. These meetings were wholly unofficial and personal. They served a useful purpose in keeping the three Secretaries informed of each other's major problems, but they had no connection with Mr. Roosevelt's final determinations of policy, and in 1942 and 1943 they became less and less valuable. Reorganized late in 1944, with McCloy as recorder and with formal agenda and conclusions, this Committee of Three became more useful; Stimson, Stettinius and Forrestal were able to use it for the solution of some important points. But it always remained more of a clearing house than an executive committee.

There persists much of the harem in every well-regulated home. In every house arranged to make a real man happy, that man remains always a visitor, welcomed, honored, but perpetually a guest.
—ANON.

Another embryonic War Cabinet had existed before Pearl Harbor—the War Council, which met at frequent intervals in the White House. This group included Hull, Stimson and Knox in addition to the senior military officers. But when Mr. Roosevelt learned to like the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in 1942, he allowed himself to dispense with any general meetings on war policy.

Stimson's belief in this notion of a War Cabinet was based partly on hindsight, and he feared that he might seem to be indulging in the elevation of his personal feelings into a theory of government. He hoped this was not the case. He had served in too many Cabinets to expect that all decisions would match his advice, and it was not his disagreements with the President on details of policy that bothered him, as he looked back in 1947; it was rather that Mr. Roosevelt's policy was so often either unknown or not clear to those who had to execute it, and worse yet, in some cases it seemed self-contradictory. In the case of China, for example, all those who worked so energetically at cross purposes in Chungking undoubtedly regarded themselves as possessors of a mandate from Washington—and even from the White House.

In summary, then, Stimson's experience of the diplomacy of coalition warfare in World War II left him with this conclusion: Franklin Roosevelt as a wartime international leader proved himself as good as one man could be—but one man was not enough to keep track of so vast an undertaking.

Additional installments of Time of Peril will be published in the February and following issues of the JOURNAL.



H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Encouraging a normal appetite and satisfying it with the right foods can help your child to become healthy, active, alert.

The Undernourished Child

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

President, Chicago Board of Health

YEARS ago, when I first entered the health department, I often stopped on my regular school visits to watch the youngsters at play in the schoolyard—nning, pushing, swinging, climbing on e jungle gym or the trapeze. Invariably such occasions I noticed that several of e children were not taking part in the mes, but were standing aside looking on. bserving them closely, I usually found at those who were inactive were pale, in and dispirited, with pipestem arms d legs, drooping shoulders, hollow chests d, often, curved backs as well.

You might suppose, as I did, that these obviously undernourished youngsters were from underprivileged homes and that they simply did not get enough to eat. But careful investigation revealed this not to be the case. Of course it is true that undernourished children don't get enough of the right foods, but the reason is not as a rule to be found in the family's circumstances, at least not in this country. In our own clinics we see many children suffering from malnutrition caused by lack of knowledge or mismanagement on the part of parents, rather than by poverty.

The undernourished child is not to be confused with the child who is merely thin. The latter has a slight skeletal framework, adequately, though not abundantly, covered with flesh. He appears to be thin, but his weight is not more than 10 to 15 per cent below the average for his age and height. What is more important, he is a normally active, endlessly energetic youngster with a healthy appetite. The thin child who is otherwise healthy and free from physical defects needs supervision to make certain he gets a well-balanced diet with enough fattening foods and enough rest, but that is about all he needs.

THE undernourished child, on the other hand, is 15 per cent or more below the average weight for his age and height (ask your doctor or school nurse what this should be). He is easily fatigued, having little reserve energy. Too, he is likely to be irritable. Restlessness and failure to sleep soundly are often additional signs, along with "fatigue posture," characterized by round shoulders, caved-in chest, hollow back and protruding abdomen. Our doctors, teachers and public-health nurses tell us that these children are likely to be timid physically and disinclined to exert themselves mentally—sometimes to the point of seeming mentally retarded. Furthermore, we have found out in our studies with un-

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.



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derweight children that they are more susceptible to most kinds of infection than well-nourished children are.

Obviously, most of these children are not getting the right foods in the right amounts. The reason may be that the right foods are not given to the child simply because the parents are not familiar with the nutritional needs of children. This is the case, for example, in families where often the little child is given coffee and too much candy because he likes these foods and they keep him quiet. Or the parents may know all about healthful foods, but find themselves with an "eating problem" on their hands. In other instances the proper foods may not be obtainable, as in the case of poverty.

Of course, the undernourished child must be examined by the doctor to make sure his condition is not the result of disease. In a small number of these cases, an overactive thyroid gland causes the body to use up the energy from foods faster than it is added, with a resulting constant drain on the reserve supply. This condition can be detected by means of a test of the "basal metabolism," or speed with which the body burns its fuel. If a thyroid disturbance is found, careful regulation of the diet by the doctor and, sometimes, medication are needed.

My experience with thousands of undernourished children, however, has convinced me that, in the majority of cases, what is needed is simply better dietary control at home. With the doctor's approval, underweight children must be encouraged to take large amounts of the fattening foods. Milk with the creamy butterfat intact; plenty of butter on bread and rolls; fats in meat; and potatoes and other starchy foods can all be emphasized in the diet. Take care, however, that in adding these foods you do not sacrifice the proteins and vitamins found in lean meat, fresh vegetables and fruits, which are needed for growth and protection. To be sure you are on the safe side make a note of all the foods your child eats for a week; then go over the list with your doctor. If the doctor tells you your child really is undernourished, encourage the milk-and-cooky or milk-and-cereal habit after school and at bedtime. Sign up for midmorning milk at school if it is served.

In many of our most stubborn cases of malnutrition, we have found that the mother has planned and served a satisfactory, balanced diet, but the child has been rejecting foods for one reason or another. Often this dates back to early childhood, or even babyhood. Perhaps the natural suspicion a baby has of new foods was turned in positive aversion by a mother who nervous forced or nagged, or who insisted that t large an amount be eaten.

Where children are undernourished b cause they have become antagonistic needed foods, and mealtime has been turn into a battle of wills, the first step is to tu eating into a pleasurable experience. Ma harmony the watchword, with no quarreli among the parents, and a minimum of atte tion paid to the youngster's idiosyncrasi The plate should be tempting and servir small—he can always come back for mo If he leaves something, do not comment.

When the aim is to get a malnourish child built up, it is of small matter whetl he downs every vegetable with equal ze If he will take one or two or three, give h these. Is he eating sweets and pastries b tween meals? (Most children who "do eat anything" at the table do eat betwe meals, and usually it is the kind of thi which spoils appetite for the less exciti wholesome foods.) Put an end to that, a establish a regular time for between-m snacks, long enough before the meal so th will not cut down appetite. Make these apple or orange or other fruit, with a sm glass of milk.

THE MIRACLE OF PILOT KNOB

(Continued from Page 24)

mother timidly, "we could plant some flowers, and mebbe have a flagpole. Mebbe some swings."

"What's the use of fixin' up the school," said another sourly, "if our kids don't have the shoes and clothes to go?"

Ma Tucker spoke up again. "The Save the Children folks will give us five hundred pounds of clothes to sell real cheap. Then they'll give us forty dollars this year to make repairs, *if* we can raise another forty dollars giving pie suppers and maybe selling some quilts."

By the time the meeting broke up, everybody had a job to do, including the children, who promised to hoe and weed a school garden to provide vegetables for a hot lunch. Ma Tucker said the Government would give them some free apples; one man suggested dividing them up, with each woman responsible for canning so many.

A mother spoke up hotly. "No we won't. Thet won't be no fun. We'll do it together."

So for the first time, these proud and feuding mountaineers began pulling in the same direction. All summer the men toiled on the schoolyard and painted; the children tended the garden; the women held clothing sales. These proved so popular that they drew families ten and fifteen miles across the mountains. Today every child in Pilot Knob is wearing Save the Children clothing from the skin out, and most of the parents too.

This clothing is collected from a million school children all over the U. S. and sent to the Save the Children Federation at 1 Madison Avenue, New York City. Some of this clothing goes abroad, some is given away free to needy Americans, most of it is sold at about a fourth its value to families who would otherwise go in rags—a pretty cotton pinafore for 40 cents, a slip for 25 cents, pants for 20 cents, socks for 15 cents. Shoes, most in demand, bring as much as $1, but it's hard to find a fit.

The garments offered at these sales have all been sorted over, patched, cleaned and mended at ten different SCF clothing centers throughout the country. A small percentage of the donated clothing is worthless. Mountain women don't want high heels; out-of-style dressy black coats with fur collars look silly on women hauling wood for the stove. Mountain children don't wear short pants at any age; they need blue jeans as protection from snakes and briers. Heavy winter underwear—which provides the cheapest kind of warmth—and children's shoes are in greatest demand.

At an SCF clothing center in Arkansas a woman came in recently looking for panties for a little girl who had her skirts pinned between her legs. When the girl had her panties on, she spread her skirts wide and danced for joy. They were the first pair she had ever owned; her mother had kept her in diapers for years because she could not afford underwear for her large family.

The first year's clothing sales at Pilot Knob netted $167; in 1946, $124 worth was sold. Every family there bought clothes, spending about a maximum of $10 a year. (For the U.S. as a whole, SCF clothing

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Nothing is old but the mind.
—EMERSON.

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reached 13,000 families with 51,000 children in 1946.) With the money from clothing sales, the Pilot Knob school has been provided with fencing, paint, garden tools, fertilizer, and swings and seesaws for the children.

Providing clothing so that children can go to school is the first part of the SCF program; the second is seeing that these one-room rural schools keep open in areas where tax funds are inadequate. It costs $60 for the SCF to "sponsor" a school for a year. In 1946, they received enough donations to sponsor 959 schools. Sometimes an individual gives the $60—Pilot Knob was sponsored by Mrs. Francis Dey, of Santa Barbara, California—sometimes more fortunate schools raise the money, or clubs and many church groups. Forty dollars of the sixty goes directly to the school, $15 helps provide for trained leadership, and $5 goes toward books and desks.

In the Cumberland Plateau, where Pilot Knob is located, a hundred sponsored schools contribute $15 each toward the salary of the SCF area director, Mrs. Olive Myers. A former teacher and trained community worker, Mrs. Myers is a woman of great energy and spirit, greatly loved by the mountaineers. She visits each school once a month, helps to get the hot-lunch program going, distributes books and games, secondhand desks, art and music supplies (the SCF is trying to get a phonograph for every sponsored school), and organizes the clothing sales. Assisting Mrs. Myers are ten paid county directors.

Mrs. J. M. Henry, Cumberland County director, visits Pilot Knob weekly and has taught the women crafts and skills they never had before: how to make pretty, practical dresses from feed sacks; how to turn corn shucks into door mats to keep out the ever-present mud; how to make handsome and warm quilts from tobacco sacks and stocking tops. Many women added to their family i come this way. Mrs. Lewis learned to ma paper flowers for grave decorations.

Once a month Mrs. Henry meets with t Cumberland County SCF committee, whi disburses half of the money received fr county-wide clothing sales. Members of t committee include the supervisor of schoo a preacher, newspaper reporter, public-w fare head, and several parents. Becau there is no general relief-agency program Tennessee, this committee often distribut shoes, clothing and groceries to destitu families. In 1946, it gave $100 toward regional library, furnished indoor game a softball sets to all sponsored schools, paid f a county recreation leader, and contribut toward immunizing the children in t county against typhoid and diphtheria.

This year the committee has a speci project: raising $346 to sponsor children a schools in Greece and Finland. They learn of the needs of Europe's children from M Charley Tidd Cole, director of the SC American Rural Child Service. Each of t ten counties she visited in the Cumberla Plateau last summer voted to raise this su for use overseas by means other than clot ing sales.

The third object of the SCF's program to see that children get a hot lunch in t middle of the day. Bernice and Beulah Ma Lewis eat a breakfast of oatmeal and bre and milk at six A.M., and a supper of bre and cabbage and potatoes some twelve hou later—they could never get through the da with a mere sandwich at noon.

"When you've got twenty-five kids of a ages in one room from eight in the morni until three—why, that hot school lun makes all the difference," says teacher M Tucker. "When they don't get it they' just devils—restless, and tired, some of t boys jumping on the desks. To me, that h school lunch makes the school."

When Pilot Knob became a sponsore school, the SCF matched Federal funds buy new pots, pans, dishes and silverwar For a while, the school couldn't find a moth to fix the lunch, so one of the fifth-grade Maggie Van Winkle, cooked for her twent four schoolmates. Maggie lives across t road from school in an unpainted shack wit her divorced mother, invalid brother an three motherless cousins. She is a tall pa girl who "never done quite right since t whooping cough," says her mother, and wh has never seen a dentist, a doctor or a mov in her thirteen years. Although she earne $1 a day for cooking the school lunch an doing the dishes, she was relieved whe

(Continued on Page 112)

New Mothers . . . Meat gives your baby a better start in life!





Also Swift's Diced Meats for Juniors
(Confidentially, these diced meats go over big with the whole family!)

6 Strained · 6 Diced Meats

Beef, Lamb, Pork, Veal, Liver, Heart

Ready to heat and serve

Economical—All meat—No waste

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Meat-eating babies get a headstart on health! Test feedings with infants as young as 6 weeks showed that babies who got Swift's Strained Meats were healthier, better satisfied, cried less than babies who received no meat! Your own baby must get plenty of the body-building proteins and blood-building iron that meat supplies so abundantly, because he's growing fast. Help baby get all he needs early in life. With Swift's Strained Meats it's easy to feed meat as early as 2 months or less! Ask your doctor.*

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***ASK YOUR DOCTOR** *how soon and how much Swift's Strained Meats to feed. Usually 1 teaspoon is enough to start—the amount may be gradually increased as the baby grows older.*

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SWIFT... *foremost name in meats... first with 100% Meats for Babies*



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"Us kids always come running when Mom says, 'Rennet dessert today!' We sure love it, and we love being able to *eat* part of our milk 'stead of having to *drink* every bit."

Rennet desserts are chock-full of milk's body-building nourishment—milk, made more delicious. And the rennet enzyme makes them even easier to digest than milk itself. They're so easy to make—no eggs, no cooking. Try them today!

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Show Everyday Card Assortments

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.
511 WAY STREET • ELMIRA, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 110)

Mrs. Lewis took over and she wouldn't have to leave her seat and miss some schooling. "Thet girl would ruther go to school than eat," says her mother, who signs her name with a wavering X.

Pilot Knob children pay 8 cents each for lunch, the biggest meal of their day. It's usually bologna, the only meat sold by the local store, or beans or macaroni. Every day they get bread and butter, and usually milk; sometimes an orange. The vegetables come from the school garden; each mother cans twelve quarts for each child she sends to school.

Whether these rural schoolhouses have hot lunches depends to a large extent on whether the teacher takes the trouble. Before she opens the school door at eight, and lights the fire, Mrs. Tucker has to carry down the lunch supplies for the day; she plans the menus, does the marketing, keeps all the records. She is so indispensable that Pilot Knob paid her $100 last summer to work three days a week on the clothing sales, the garden and the canning.

Over the past two years, these mountaineers have accomplished what might be called the Miracle of Pilot Knob. The one-acre schoolyard, now completely fenced, blooms all summer with hollyhocks and peonies and calliopsis; in the shade of the trees are swings and seesaws. The privies are spick-and-span, the well works, a homemade poplar flagpole flies a brand-new flag.

Inside, the new windowpanes shine, framed with feed-sack curtains dyed a cheerful yellow. The walls of the room, once an oiled brown, are now ivory. In the corner of the room is a small circulating library, the only books in Pilot Knob. Some of them were donated by the pupils of Waverly School in Tuckahoe, New York, who also sent a handmade treasure chest to hold the puzzles and games, and so on, given by the SCF. On the walls are real pictures with frames, not just Christmas cards and calendars. Soon modern desks will replace the hard, uncomfortable benches made by hand forty years ago.

Once more Pilot Knob has a thriving community life; the clothing sales and women's get-togethers with the home-demonstration agent are held the same day that the doctor comes to the clinic—he has no lack of patients now. Church services and Sunday school are held regularly in the schoolhouse, as well as 4-H meetings for the boys and girls.

And something new has been added since the school opened: impressed with what they could achieve when they all buckled down to it, the people of Pilot Knob now meet once a month to discuss their common problems. This meeting is held at "dark-thirty," or half an hour after dark, when the men have come in from the fields. Mothers bring their babies, which one by one fall asleep on the bare, hard desks, oblivious of the glare of the kerosene lamps on the gaunt, proud faces, the strong, harsh voices lifted in harmony to such old favorites as I'm in the Glory Land Way. The elders sit up front on pillows thoughtfully provided by the ladies' sewing class; in the back rows the young blades and their girls giggle and hold hands.

For the first time, Pilot Knob is asking speakers from all over the county to come help them with their problems; foremost is getting a cash crop to add to their $200-a-year incomes. They want to know all about farmers' co-operatives to pool supplies and help market one another's products. At present there is one tractor in the community.

The deep-grained suspicion these mountaineers feel toward outsiders, who, they feel, come only to ridicule and sneer, quickly vanishes in the face of encouragement and praise. Save the Children workers have not only saved the Pilot Knob school; they have struck a spark of hope and ambition in the whole community.

SHOESHINE BOY

(Continued from Page 49)

restaurant they opened in New Jersey. By the time she was ten and a half, however, both she and they had tired of the arrangement, and she went to stay with another aunt and uncle in New York. She had picked up some English, but her total schooling remained what she had had in Poland: two years. New York, however, was caught in the high-production-and-shortage-of-labor travails of World War I and she had no difficulty securing employment. By the time she was fourteen she was a fully experienced biscuit packer making $22 a week—and ready for her first beau.

Her aunt and uncle were strict and it was with considerable trepidation that she slipped off to her friend Josephine's house to go to a dance at the Legionnaire Hall. She stayed at the dance only one hour, but it was long enough; the next night the ticket taker, after inquiring of Josephine her whereabouts, was standing on the curb where she got off the bus, waiting for her. She was a proper girl, properly raised, and Frank Wagner was a gentlemanly lad, a few years older than she. He asked to escort her home; she refused. Every night for five nights he waited for her there; on the sixth she let him walk her down the street to her house. He was a truck driver, a solid and hard-working German, and the only heartache he caused her was when he failed to see her for months at a time, only to return again to her. Seven years after they met they were married in a ceremonious Catholic wedding. She wore white satin, he wore a cutaway. She left the packer's job, where her salary had dwindled with the postwar panic to $11 a week, and set up housekeeping on the $60 to $70 weekly he earned as a driver.

For a dozen years life was good. True, the babies came quickly, and disturbed him; he was a man who liked peace and quiet and attention. Then the complexities of the depression began slowly to chip away at his strength. He lost the driver's job he'd held so long after a fracas over the NRA regulations on overtime pay; he failed to get another as good. He became morose; his absences became more frequent. Today the picture of the wedding day still dominates the dark, narrow living room of their tenement flat, but poignant are the smiles of the bride and groom, and the light, the dreams have been passed on silently to the next generation.

"The only courage I got in my life, the children," Jenny Wagner says. For them she keeps a home in which their friends are welcome. For them she climbs the sixty wooden steps up to the flat at midnight each night after six hours of scrubbing the oak and marble floors of a skyscraper. For them she rises at seven to give them a breakfast that will carry them, cleans the apartment, washes their clothes in the iron tub, trudges through the streets to find good values in nourishing food, prepares dinner and goes off to work six nights a week for the $22 weekly that is their mainstay. And for her, they give in kind. Pretty, twenty-two-year-old Helen replaces her at dinner each night after a full day's work, turns over $15 weekly of her salary; Florence, fifteen, washes windows, cleans; all of them, except young Dottie, work and contribute. Jenny Wagner budgets on $37 a week—and "I'm ashamed to say it," she says, "the food, it costs $30." Milk for the children, cheese for breakfast, meat for supper, salads every day, fruit juice at all times, eggs on Sunday—"Can't do it cheap for children." Rent is $36 monthly; and clothes? "I am lucky," Jenny Wagner smiles. "We have kind friends."

Her pleasures are a Sunday walk to the East River, an evening with relatives, birthday and Christmas treats, and—a bus ride home from work. "I got to ride the bus home, I just got to," she says.

From the walls, pictures of the saints look down at the Wagners. "The kids, they are good kids," Jenny Wagner says. THE END



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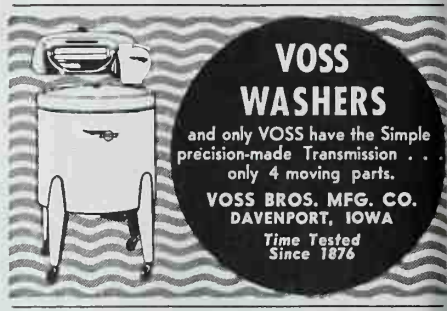
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MUSTEROLE

JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED

(Continued from Page 35)

Hector drifted off to sleep and dreamed of smiling dark eyes and satiny blond hair. He buried his head in the pillow and sighed in his sleep.

Two days later he was sitting up in bed, reading a copy of Baby Talk which had been put on his breakfast tray, when Doctor Wyatt entered briskly and stood at the foot of his bed. She was just as he had remembered her, and the morning sun only enhanced the sheen of her hair and the warmth of her eyes. She smiled and nodded toward Baby Talk.

"A very helpful little magazine," she said.

"Very," agreed Hector. "I loved the piece on How to Make Hubby Take a Hand With the Diapers."

"You'll know far too much about feminine conspiracies," she said. "How are you feeling?"

"I feel like a man again," said Hector truthfully.

"That's fine," she said. "I'll have you dangling tomorrow."

"I'm sure of it," said Hector.

"Dangling," said Doctor Wyatt, flushing faintly, "means that you can sit up on the edge of the bed and let your feet dangle. Then you'll walk."

"I'm in no hurry," Hector said. "I like it here."

She smiled and headed for the door. "I'll pop my head in, from time to time."

"Oh, I hope so," said Hector. "That's what I live for."

Various girls came to call, a fair representation of both blondes and brunettes. Flowers and books came, and one wag sent a pair of baby shoes in a little cellophane box with a rosette tied on top of it. Hector also received cards congratulating him on a boy, a girl, twins and triplets. The mother of a premature across the hall let him use her telephone for various necessary telephone calls when he was ambulatory. Two expectant fathers joined him in a game of poker one night and Hector won fifteen dollars. It was all very pleasant, but he did not see nearly enough of Dr. Emily Wyatt. Footsteps in the hall made him prick up his ears. Occasionally he heard her voice, but apparently she had lost interest in him. Everything had mended beautifully but his heart, with which she was not concerned.

On his last day, in desperation, Hector decided to attend the lecture for new mothers which Doctor Wyatt held once a week in the solarium. Dressed in a handsome gray-tweed wrapper, his reddish-brown hair combed, his cleft chin freshly shaved, Hector shuffled down the hall. He seated himself in the solarium next to a mournful green plant.

Doctor Wyatt entered and greeted the assemblage with a pleasant nod. Her eyes came to rest on Hector with an expression of amusement and reproachfulness.

"We'll let you stay," she said finally, "in the hope that if you are ever a father this knowledge will come in very handy. I dedicate this lecture to your future wife."

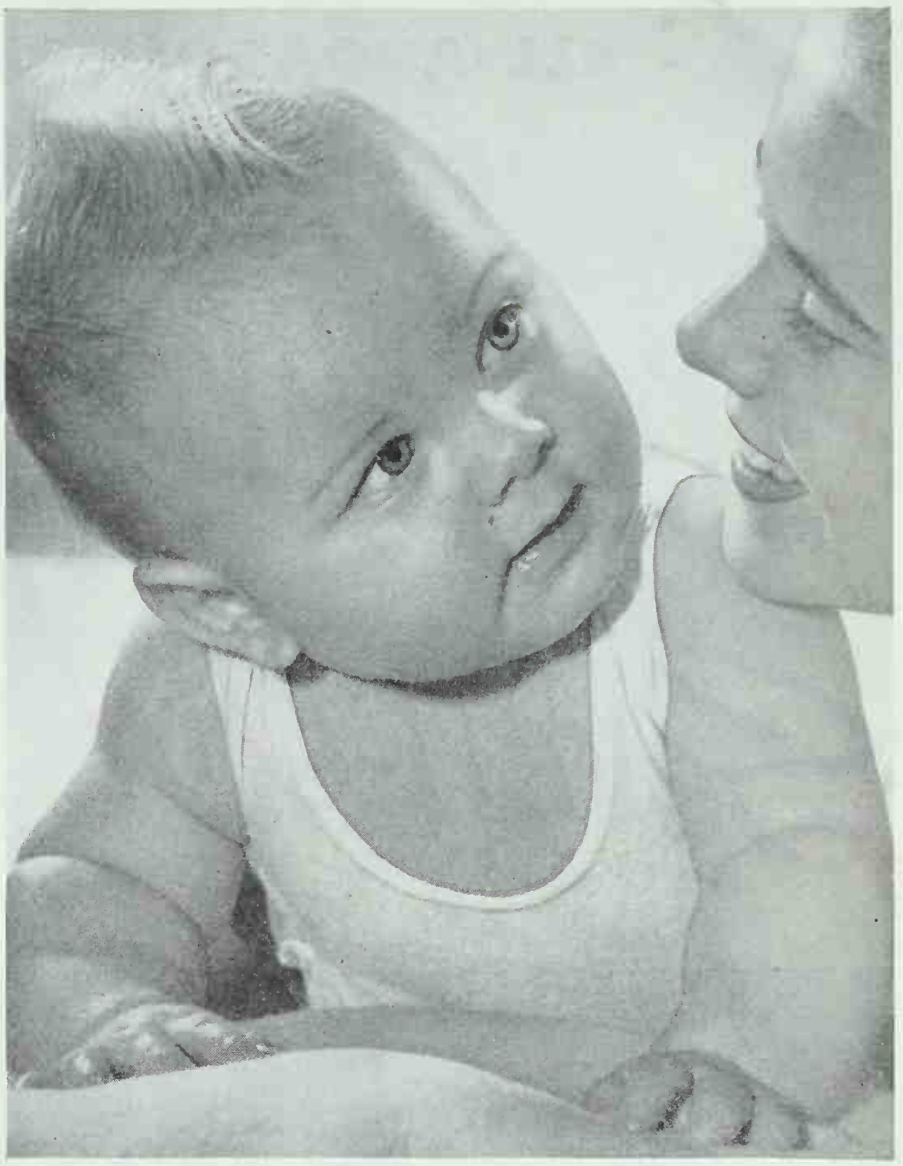
The mothers laughed. But finally the last titter subsided, the last neck stopped craning, and the girls picked up their pencils and waited earnestly for Doctor Wyatt's advice.

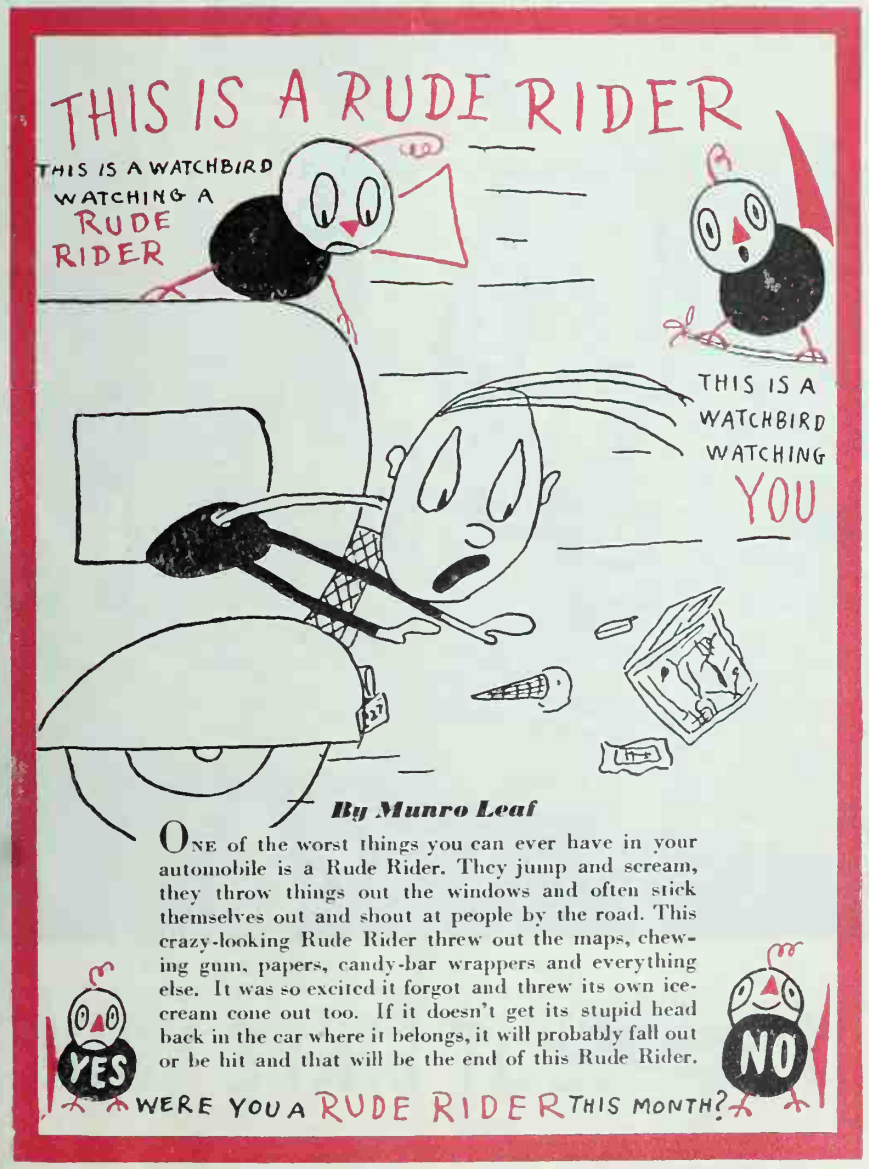
"Babies," she began, "are human beings. Don't ever try to bring them up by book learning. Trust your instinct."

Hector was glad of her belief in the instinct. If he believed his own, he was going to know Doctor Wyatt a lot better. As she talked he was soothed by her cool cheek, her patrician nose, her warm smile. She had a nice pair of legs, tapering off in slim ankles. Her feet were small and pretty in their alligator pumps.

"Any questions?" she asked at the end of the lecture.

(Continued on Page 115)





I think of you capably leading others . . .

"When I dream of the years ahead,
I see you strong, confident,
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YOU LIKE IT  IT LIKES YOU!

(Continued from Page 113)

The mothers shook their heads and smiled and walked out with their notes. Hector remained.

"Yes?" Doctor Wyatt invited with a forbiddingly pleasant and businesslike smile.

"Can I take you out to dinner on your day off?" he asked.

She looked thoroughly disconcerted. Then she shook her head and flashed a smile that was aimed to protect hurt feelings. "Thanks just the same."

Hector could see that he was going to have to sweat this one out. He could see that it wasn't going to be easy, but if he let her go down the hall in her spruce white coat and clicking pumps, the chances were he would never get through to her again.

"What's wrong with me?" he demanded.

"If you'd asked me that in my office," she said, "I'd have taken your blood pressure and case history and arrived at some sensible conclusion—but socially," she said, "that's an awkward question."

"Oh, so there is something wrong with me," Hector said. "Perhaps you prefer them blond and phlegmatic?"

"Rest assured," she said, "that you are charming. But not for me. Thanks just the same."

"Think nothing of it," Hector said. "But, after all, I have only asked you out to dinner."

She blushed slightly and sighed. "I don't like to go out to dinner with boys like you," she said, "because you might possibly ask me to go out to dinner again sometime."

He was baffled. "Very possibly," he said. "In fact, I think it would be safe to say that you could count on it."

She nodded philosophically. "Then you might ask me to go to a play, or something like that. In the middle of the play, one of my patients might decide to have a baby. I would leave. You would be miffed. Sooner or later, my work proves irksome to men. So I don't go out much—not when I can see the end of the story even before it begins."

"Do you plan to be an old maid?"

She bit her lip in exasperation. "I don't know," she said. "I really don't. Frankly, the chances of finding an ideal man—for me—are very slim."

"Describe him," Hector suggested.

She struggled, frowning. He was pleased that he had succeeded in putting her on the spot. "He'd be a fellow whose work didn't matter to him as much as mine did to me," she said. "He would be fun—but he wouldn't have any ego trouble. And attractive men don't seem to be made that way."

Hector took a deep drag on his cigarette. He decided that Emily Wyatt might be worth an awful lot of trouble. "Go on," he said. "You interest me."

SHE misunderstood him. She took his remark to have been derisive "Well, why shouldn't a man occasionally do for a busy woman what women constantly do for busy men?" she demanded angrily.

"Doc," he said, "I never hoped to meet a girl like you."

She frowned dubiously.

"You have every reason to dine with me," he went on, "since I closely resemble the type you mention. I am modest, fun-loving and an excellent cook. I would not think it beneath me to cool my heels while you were taking out tonsils. In fact, I'd love it."

"I don't believe it," she said, amused. "I'm a fair judge of character, and I don't believe it."

"TRY me," Hector suggested. "Name the day. Name the hour. Name the place. I'll be there."

She ruminated, then looked mischievously experimental. "All right," she said. "Let's make it a week from tomorrow."

Hector coasted up to Doctor Wyatt's brownstone doorway in his open roadster on the appointed Tuesday evening. The weather was all that he could have desired. The air was light, a breeze was fondling the leaves, and the sky was getting ready for a beautiful sunset. He waited for her in a rather businesslike sitting room which, he judged from the well-thumbed magazines, also served as her waiting room. She finally appeared wearing her mischievous look, and also a very pretty, smart black dress and broad-brimmed black hat. This outfit made her eyes look darker than ever, and her hair blond and bright.

"You'd better take along something warmer," Hector advised.

She nodded and disappeared. When she returned she carried a handsome, silvery-gray tweed coat over her arm. Hector eyed it as they walked to the roadster.

"That's good-looking," he said.

"It was my brother Dick's," she said. "He outgrew it when he returned from the Army. So I had it cut down for me. He swears by this particular sportswear."

As Hector carefully arranged the coat over the back of the seat he saw, as he suspected, that the coat bore a Keen label. "Your brother and I have something in common," he said. And he matched the label in her tweed coat with the label in his own jacket. "I'm going to drive you to a little inn I like across the George Washington Bridge and up the Palisades," he announced, shifting into second.

"That sounds nice."

As they roared up the elevated highway, the city grew silvery in the sunset. Emily Wyatt held on to her hat and finally took it off. She looked very beautiful sitting by his side, with the breeze blowing back her hair, showing off her fine profile and brow.

Hector learned that she thought a lot of her brother, Dick, who was a successful Wall Street attorney. They had come from a small town in Illinois and Dick had helped her through medical school. Hector then led the conversation to politics, and was pleased to discover that he and Emily saw eye to eye. She was flushed with interesting observations and conjectures and criticisms by the time they drove up to the Guinea Hen Inn. Leading her to a table by a brook underneath tall maples, Hector was well pleased with the way things were developing.

"Come on," she said suddenly, smiling at him. "What do you do?"

"Do?" Hector repeated vacantly. He cocked his head and frowned.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Sonnet for a Daughter

By Alma Roberts Giordan

I am a dreamer and you are the proof
I had upon a starless night when frost
Crept from the garden, and the first sharp hoof
Of April told that winter's cause was lost.

I dreamed of small pink toes and tiny fingers,
Of dimpled cheeks and pudgy arms and knees;
The probing rain and stirring earth were singers
Accompanying my dream. Their melodies
Stayed with me: even now I hear their song,
Poignant and full of promise since fulfilled,
And I gaze into gray eyes long and long,
Wondering and joyous; my heart, unworthy, thrilled.

Enraptured I, a dreamer, caught a gleam
Of God once, and He let me keep my dream.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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★ To make sure that Nucoa's fine flavor, smooth texture and rich food value are the same in every delicious pound, 175 tests are made daily in one of the best-staffed and equipped food laboratories in the world.

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Serve Nucoa proudly on your table...

IT'S AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR MARGAR

Emily looked at him reproachfully. "You are obviously not penniless," she said. "You wear Keen clothes, for instance—and I happen to know what Dick pays for them. They set him back a lot. I also have an incurable habit of glancing down the right-hand side of the menu, and I was shocked by what I saw."

"Oh"—Hector twisted modestly in his chair and gave a winsome smile— "I have a little money. A good dot, you might say. I wouldn't be a stone around anyone's neck."

Her cheeks grew pinker. "What do you work at?" she demanded.

"Oh," he said, "I have a few harmless little hobbies. I like fishing in the summer and skiing in the winter. And I love to cook."

She shook her head.

"Perhaps that doesn't sound like much," he apologized, "but I manage to keep busy. And then I like to draw pictures."

She pricked up her ears. "What kind of pictures?"

"I design most of my own clothes," he said.

Emily stared incredulously.

"I'm so glad I met you," Hector said, with a little sigh. "Women—well, they play around with me, but they shy away. They love my cooking, but eventually it makes them jealous. *They* always want to make the soufflé."

Emily sliced thoughtfully into her Chicken à la Guinea Hen.

"I have always hoped to find some woman who would like me as I am," Hector said, "and not try to chase me out of the kitchen and turn me into a vice-president."

When they drove back across the bridge, it was dark. New York was lit up like a Christmas tree. The evening had turned cool, and Emily snuggled down into the seat and pulled her brother Dick's coat up around her shoulders. As they rushed downtown she leaned back her head and looked up at the stars.

At her office-home, Hector stopped the car, and turned and grinned at her. She seemed lost in her thoughts and in the stars.

"Well, how was it, doc?" he inquired. "Was it fun for you too?"

She nodded and sighed, straightening up and reaching for her hat. "Wonderful," she said in a puzzled tone. "Wonderful."

"In that case when shall we meet again?"

Emily was thoughtful. "That's really quite a difficult question," she said. "I just don't know when I'll have any free time. It usually comes in snatches, without much warning. It's hard for me to plan."

Hector was quick to recognize this as a challenge. "Oh, it doesn't matter, doc," he said. "Call me when you have a couple of minutes. I'll give you my number. Ring it any time. I'll be there."

She glanced at him.

"Something like brunch might be a good idea," he suggested. "You could read the paper and rest your feet and I could run up something with mushrooms and eggs. How does that sound?"

"Fine," she admitted.

She called on Thursday. Hector hastily put aside his drawing, donned a good-looking jacket and loud tie, combed his hair, and plumped up the pillows in his apartment, whistling a merry tune. When the doorbell rang, he greeted her with a solicitous smile.

"Hello," said Emily. She wore a rather nervous and challenging look as she stepped into his apartment.

"Had a busy morning?"

"Two appendectomies and one baby," she said. "Not bad." She strolled across the apartment and studied a series of silver cups on his bookcase. "What's this all about?"

"I went to Dartmouth and learned to ski," he said. "Did a lot of jumping."

She read the inscriptions on the cups, then studied the picture of the Dartmouth ski team.

"Sit down, doc," he said, taking her arm and leading her to an easy chair. He pushed up a hassock. "Put up your feet. I'll give you a cup of coffee in a jiffy."

There was a tension about her as she sat reading the paper which mightily amused Hector as he cracked eggs into a bowl in the kitchen. When he entered the living room and began to set the table by the window, she gave a guilty start.

"Don't bother," he said. "I enjoy all this. Makes a nice little break in the day."

She shook her head as she tasted first the soufflé, then the coffee. "You certainly can cook," she said.

"Thank you," he said modestly. "It's a lot of fun. Someday I'll make you some popovers."

Emily frowned as she munched. "I can't even boil an egg."

"Why should you?" Hector demanded soothingly. "You can do so many other, more important things. I am very proud of the work you do. You'll probably be one of our outstanding surgeons someday."

Emily swallowed coffee, shooting him a suspicious look. Hector smiled disarmingly.

"Do you think you'd have time to look at some pictures I drew this morning?"

"Surely," she said. She glanced at her watch. "A few of them anyway."

He offered her a sheaf of drawings. "This," he said, explaining the top one, "is what I'd like to wear fishing."

"Very cute," she said. "Are you planning to go fishing?"

"I dream about it," he said. "And I wouldn't want to look corny when I went fishing."

Emily Wyatt cleared her throat. She was beginning to appear uncomfortable. Hector took the pictures away. She picked up her purse and her kit. He walked along with her to the door.

"Good-by, doc," he said. "Call me when you have a minute."

She glanced at him in a troubled way. He bent and kissed her impulsively on the cheek. She gave him a strange look with darkening eyes and tottered down the corridor to the elevator.

On Saturday night he took her to see Annie Get Your Gun. Hector held her hand and their laughter was like a shared confidence. When they came out to the lobby during intermission, they ran into her brother Dick and his wife, Betty. The Wyatts looked at Emily, then at Hector, then at each other, and an expression which seemed to say "Well! At last!" was vivid on their faces. Hector was distinctly pleased by this development, but Emily seemed uncomfortable and anxious to get back to their seats in the twelfth row.

When the curtain went up she did not seem to be able to lose herself in the laughs as she had during the first act, and she did not give her hand to Hector with the same abandonment.

When he kissed her good night she closed her eyes. Then she opened them and sighed. "Oh, Hector," she said, drooping.

"What's the matter, doc?"

She shook her head. "Never mind."

Emily called him at noon the next day.

"Had a busy morning?" he inquired sympathetically.

"Yes," she said. "Have you dreamed up any swimming trunks or polo shirts?"

"No," Hector said. "I've been experimenting with my hair. I tried parting it in the middle. I think I may grow a beard."

"Hector ——" she said.

"Yes?"

"My brother wants to meet you," she told him. "There doesn't seem to be any way out of it."

"Oh, I don't mind," Hector said. "I don't mind at all."

"They suggested coming Sunday, before I make my house calls."

"Oh, good!" Hector said. "I'll call for you in my car. Then I can ride you around while you make your calls. What shall I wear, doc? Shall I wear my blue double-breasted or my herringbone tweed?"

"I don't care what you wear." Emily steadied herself, for she had almost screamed. "But, Hector ——"

"Yes, doc?" he said sweetly.

"Let's keep the conversation on a high plane," she suggested. "Don't let's talk about ski clothes or skating jackets."

"O.K.," Hector agreed cheerfully. "As a matter of fact, it's been quite a challenge, knowing you. I don't intend to let myself slip, doc. I want to grow with you. That's my ideal."

When he called for Emily Sunday she was wearing one of her smart, dark dresses which made her look like a slim-waisted model on a holiday. She was also in an extremely nervous and jumpy condition and kept looking at him as if she had never seen him before. Hector smiled at her charmingly.

"It's a perfect day, isn't it?" he said. "It's beginning to feel like September. I just got a swell idea for a reversible hunting cap."

"What did you think of Truman's speech?" she said firmly.

Dick and Betty Wyatt lived in a house in the Murray Hill district, furnished as if it were in suburban New England. Betty smiled at Emily with an understanding and congratulatory gleam in her eye. Dick shot a man-to-man look at Hector.

"What do you do, Mr. Kennedy?" he asked.

"Why," said Hector, "I guess what I do comes down to drawing a few pictures. But I feel I have my work cut out for me, looking out for Emily. She needs more home-cooked meals."

Dick's look of cordiality faded perceptibly. He glanced at Betty, who bravely took the ball.

"What kind of pictures do you draw?" she said encouragingly.

"I design a lot of my own clothes," Hector said modestly.

"Well," Betty commented gallantly, "you do look pretty snappy."

"Don't pay much attention to mine," Dick growled. "All I ask for is a Keen label."

Emily was stirring uneasily. Hector gave her a reassuring smile.

"Well," he said to Dick, "what did you think of Truman's speech?"

The instant the tea was downed, Emily said she really must be going. Hector thanked Dick and Betty, who kept their chins up and their smiles bright to mask their disappointment. Then he helped Emily into his roadster and said, "Where to, doc?"

She gave him the address rather coldly, then sat in rigid thoughtfulness until they had reached their destination. Hector waited for her, smoking his pipe and reading the Sunday paper. She emerged and distractedly gave him the next address. Whistling cheerfully, Hector drove the roadster around corners and up streets.

Suddenly Emily cried, "Stop!"

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"We'll have to go back!" She spoke in exasperation. "I gave them the wrong pills!"

"Why, doc!" he exclaimed. "Why so absent-minded?"

"Hector," she said, taking a deep breath, "when this is over, let's go to your place. I'd like to have a talk with you."

At dusk, Hector let Emily into his apartment and switched on the lights. She did not sit down, but stood biting her lip. He put his arm around her. She stiffened.

"Don't touch me," she said. "Please, Hector ——"

He sat down and lit a cigarette. She perched on the arm of a chair.

"Hector," she said, "you're really much too bright to go around drawing pictures of yourself in hunting hats and swimming trunks." Her self-control gave way and she concluded vigorously, "You ought to be doing some real work! Shame on you!"

"So," said Hector, gulping. "You are just like the others. You love my soufflé, but it isn't enough. You'd like me to be the vice-president of some nifty firm."

"Vice-president nothing!" she retorted, her eyes bright. "I'd like you to be president Oh, Hector! Be serious!"

"Darling," he said, "may I point out that you have reversed yourself?"

She pursed her lips and her eyes were guiltily elusive. "Well, all right," she said. "I have. Meeting you knocked all my nice little theories into a cocked hat. Oh, Hector"—she looked warm as she had the night she held his hand when he was coming out of ether—"maybe I could help you find yourself."

"Could be," he said. "I've sure done a job on you."

She peered at him, baffled.

"Those clothes are part of my business, chick," he said. "I design sport clothes for he-men like your brother. I got into it by accident at Dartmouth. Now I've got a nice, busy little business. Keen Sport Clothes, I call them."

Emily slumped.

"Don't take it so hard, doc," he said. "I'll still go on making soufflés."

After a moment Emily walked hesitantly across the room and put her hand on his shoulder. He grinned up at her.

"I guess I've been pretty small, Hector," she said. "From now on I'll try to be smart like you. Really I will. Maybe I can learn to cook, on the side. If you can swing a good private life with a big job like yours, I ought to be able to manage."

"You'll do," he assured her.

"Hector," she said, "will you marry me?"

"Save your breath, doc," he grinned. "It's in the bag." THE END



"Aw, stop talking as though you were the only one who had to put up with parents!"



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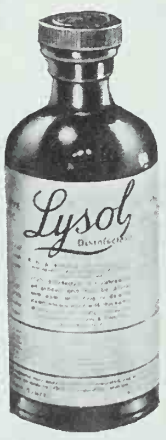
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QUICK AND EASYS *for two*

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

THESE days we must all streamline our meals—have fewer courses. But we can make them better. You can always change the appearance or flavor of a dish, thus making it new and enticing. For instance, the basic foods in the following dinners are just the old stand-bys—but a new zesty sauce transforms the ham; cheese, the natural accompaniment to apple pie, actually gives it new flavor when the two are toasted together. It's the little things that count high in making your meals more interesting.

COME TO DINNER

Broiled Ham Slice

Sweet-Potato Pears

Currant Horse-radish Sauce

Hot Broccoli Salad

Toasted-Cheese Apple Pie

Coffee

This could be a dinner for two, but just as easily a dinner for two more. Before your holiday decorations turn from glitter to litter, you might ask one more couple to share your bread and board. You promise not to fuss. They are that kind of friends. What's more, you don't. Not one thing in your menu will take long to prepare, yet your dinner will prove you have a trick or two up your sleeve.

Broiled Ham and Sweet-Potato Pears

You know all about broiling ham, but do get a thick slice of smoked ham rather than a thin one. It broils better. Any leftover ham can be used in countless ways. If there are four of you, there won't *be* any left. For the sweet-potato pears, drain canned pear halves. Put a small canned sweet potato in the hollow of each. Sprinkle with brown sugar and dot with butter or margarine. Broil ham on one side. Turn. Arrange sweet-potato pears alongside and broil until ham and sweet-potato pears are nicely browned. They will cook in the time it takes to brown the other side of the ham. I hope you know about canned sweet potatoes. Personally, I think they are wonderful. No cooking or peeling to do, and they candy beautifully.

Currant Horse-Radish Sauce

is just what it sounds like and just as easy to make as it sounds. Beat ½ cup currant jelly with a fork. Mix in 2 tablespoons prepared horse-radish and 2 teaspoons dry mustard. That's all there is to its making. Serve at the table with the ham.

Hot Broccoli Salad

Cook frozen broccoli according to directions. Drain. Season. Pour a good, *sharp*, highly seasoned French dressing over the broccoli while it's hot.

Toasted-Cheese Apple Pie

No, you won't bake the pie; you'll buy it at the bakery. Your touch will be to cut the pie into serving pieces and arrange them on a baking sheet. Top each with a slice of American cheese. That's all before dinner. Later on, when you slip out to the kitchen to make the coffee, you'll put pie and cheese under the broiler for just as long as it takes the pie to heat and cheese to melt. Heating thus gives the pie a more fresh-made taste, and the melted cheese does something special for the pie. We learned this trick from a restaurant menu. Tried. Liked. Hope you do too.

THIRTY MINUTES TO GO

Skillet Soufflé

Green Salad

Sliced Bananas

Quick Custard Sauce

Coffee

Not that you schedule your life to the split second, but most nights thirty minutes in the kitchen with your pots and pans is about all you have to meet your dinner dead line. Here's a speedy dinner. Clock yourself, if you've a mind to. Get soufflé ready for oven first.

Skillet Soufflé

Separate 4 eggs. Beat the yolks until thick. Add ¾ teaspoon salt and a grind of

pper. Fold in 1½ cups drained leftover canned vegetables, chopped. A combination of two is good if you have them. d a little chopped parsley, 2 tablepons minced onion, 3 tablespoons ated Italian cheese and 1 teaspoon any vorite herb blend. Beat the egg whites d fold in last. Heat 2 tablespoons salad il in a heavy skillet until sputtery hot. ur in the egg mixture—transfer to oderate oven, 350°F. Be sure to have e oven well preheated before you put the soufflé, or you'll lose the advange of the hot skillet. Bake 20 minutes, until set.

Quick Custard Sauce

ld 3 cups milk gradually to 1 package nilla pudding. Cook over moderate at just until it thickens. Add 1 teaoon vanilla and cool in pan of ice water r speed. This makes a lot, but it's good have on hand to serve over fruits. You ight say this isn't a true custard, and u're right. It's just vanilla pudding, ade thinner. But right good it is.

FACTS OF LIFE

Green-Bean Medley With Rice

Seven-Minute Prune Whip

Coffee

You can't go Tiffany with your menus ry many nights a week if you're trying stick to a budget. A friend of mine has a llection of recipes in her cupboard file e has earmarked "For Woolworth ghts." Here are two such that you can rn out quickly and easily on two burners. ake the prune whip first.

Seven-Minute Prune Whip

ombine 2 egg whites, ½ teaspoon grated mon rind, 2 teaspoons lemon juice and cup sugar in top of double boiler. Place er rapidly boiling water and beat with tary beater until mixture fluffs up and lds its shape when you lift beater up t of mixture. Fold in 1 jar baby-food rained prunes. Cool. If you have any stard sauce in refrigerator—fine! It's od as a final benison to the whip.

Green-Bean Medley

uté ½ pound ground beef in 2 tablepons shortening or salad oil with 2 ions, sliced, and 1 clove garlic, minced. ld ¼ teaspoon ground ginger, a small ece of bay leaf, crushed, salt and pepr. When meat is browned, add 1 cup rained canned chicken soup and 1 packe frozen Frenched green beans. Cook st until beans are tender. Season with easpoons soy sauce and additional salt d pepper. Serve with freshly cooked ce.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Tomato Juice

Salmon Baked in Sour Cream

Ten-Minute Carrots

Sliced-Orange Salad

Cheese and Crackers

Coffee

What's on your cupboard shelf or in ur refrigerator may be none of my business, but it's my guess that the following foods are pretty apt to be on hand at your house: tomato juice, a can of salmon, a box of some kind of crackers, breakfast oranges, salad greens, some kind of cheese and the ubiquitous carrots. You may not have sour cream, but it's well worth the special purchase for what it does to a can of salmon.

Salmon Baked in Sour Cream

Open a ½-pound can salmon. Drain off juice. Place the cylinder of salmon in piepan. Pour ½ cup sour cream over it. Season with salt and pepper. Bake in a hot oven, 400°F., 15 minutes.

Ten-Minute Carrots

Scrape 4 carrots. Shred as you would for a salad. Put in a saucepan with 3 tablespoons water, salt and pepper, and 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Cook just 10 minutes. Do not drain. Serve with the juices. Could anything be simpler? By the way, do you know about the inexpensive little gadget for peeling potatoes or carrots? It makes quick work of either—takes little of the skin. I couldn't cook without one.

TEAMWORK FOR TWO

Shrimps Sizzle

California Potatoes

Frozen Mixed Vegetables

Quick Fruitcake

Coffee

First one home in any twosome household may often get the less interesting chores in preparing dinner, peeling the potatoes, for instance, but certainly first things done are of more basic importance than the final touches. First one in the door tonight, however, has the fun of baking the dessert. It's child's play if you have a package of gingerbread mix and a jar of mincemeat.

Shrimps Sizzle

Yes, they do! Peel and clean 1 pound fresh shrimps. This is no trick at all when they are raw—not nearly so laborious as when cooked—and you want them raw for this dish. Arrange closely together in a circle in piepan. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add 3 tablespoons lemon juice and pour over shrimps. Season well with salt and pepper. Broil under moderate heat until shrimps turn pink and the fat sizzles. Serve on toast to get the benefit of the sauce.

California Potatoes

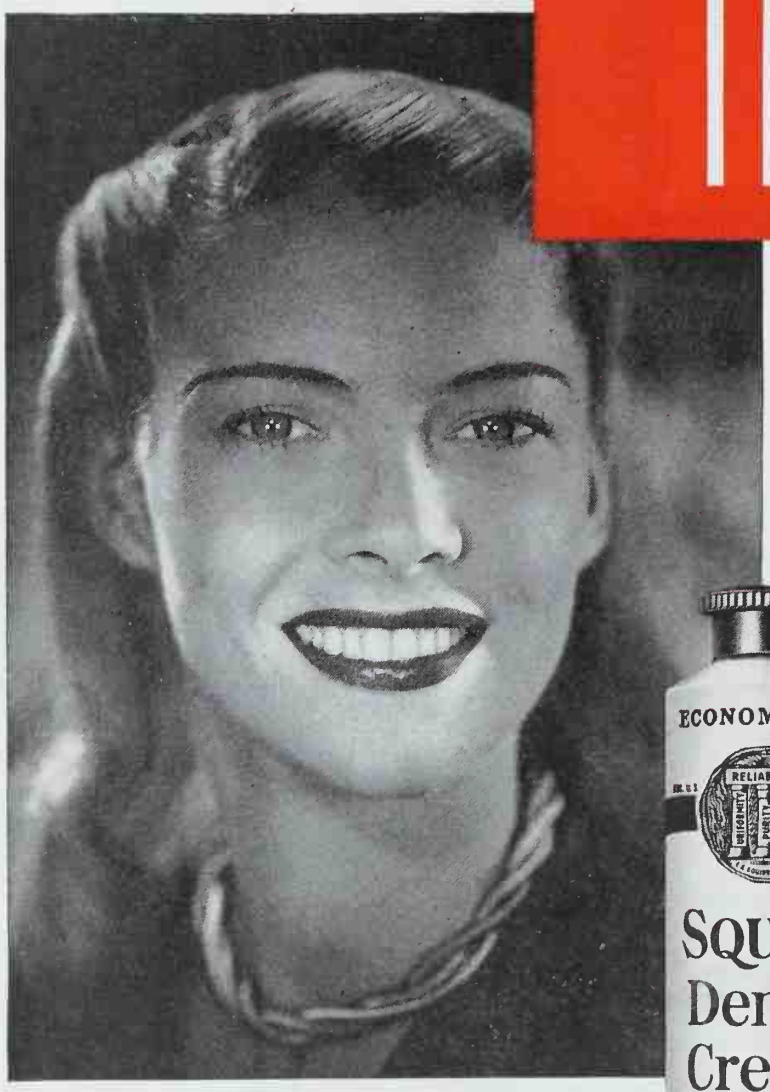
Cook 2 cups diced potatoes in 1 cup salted water. When just done, there should be very little liquid. Don't pour it off. Add 2 tablespoons cream and 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Season with salt and pepper. Toss over low heat until potatoes are coated with cream and butter or margarine.

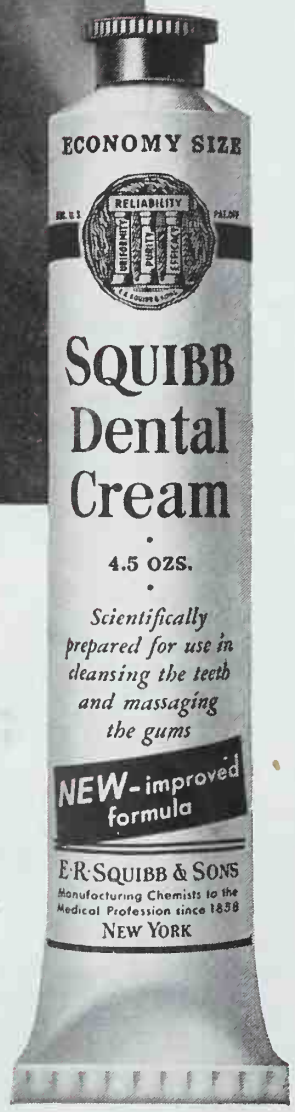
Quick Fruitcake

This tastes much like your grandmother's Sunday-night spicecake. Or maybe your grandmother wasn't given to making a raisin spicecake every Saturday. To 1 package of gingerbread mix, add ½ cup canned mincemeat and ½ cup cold water. Mix well. Pour into greased cupcake pans or a greased 8x8x2 square pan. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F. 30 minutes for cupcakes, 45 minutes for loaf. The wife of one of the JOURNAL editors invented this and we think it's a honey.



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COLLECTING OLD GLASS

(Continued from Page 52)

the door to specialized knowledge which even an amateur collector finds useful.

The world of glass is alive with color. The jewels of Early American glimmered in its tableware, fused from native sands and fashioned by individual craftsmen whose tastes were influenced by similar crafts abroad or by the techniques of those who taught them. The early glass blower was an itinerant artisan, often foreign-born, who patterned his designs after those of his native country.

The early-seventeenth-century glassworks in America concentrated almost wholly on window glass, badly needed by the colonists. Such flasks and odd pieces as were blown at the time were made by workmen for their own use at home. Soon the supply of household glass increased and the great vogue for tableware was on. Glassworks were established where silicate sands were plentiful, and artisans, always a roving class, carried designs and specialized skills from one section of the country to another, making present-day identification even more interesting.

Blown Glass. The hand process of shaping glass is earliest, and a product of real craftsmen. The skillful blower dipped a hollow iron rod four feet long into the molten metallic sands, twisted onto it a mass of proper size, swung it onto an iron-topped table where he rolled "the gathering" into rough shape. Swinging and blowing the molten mass, he achieved the main contour, reheating it from time to time until it was rounded and well formed.

At this point a helper approached with a pontil rod which he attached at the base of the blown form, relieving the original blower of his well-formed glass bubble. Where the blowing iron came off, there occurred the opening, later to be shaped and finished after reheating. The mark left on the bottom by the assisting pontil is called a pontil mark and furnishes one of the distinguishing clues to the age and authenticity of old blown glass.

Beginning in Jamestown in 1623, blown glass has been a continuous industry up to this day. The Ohio River valley and many sections of New England, as well as Pennsylvania, the Middle West and New York, were rich in silicate sands.

Colored glass was made by adding chemicals to clear glass. For instance, the addition of oxide of gold made fine red; oxide of manganese resulted in amethyst; copper scales and iron produced green; and oxide of uranium made topaz.

In old blown glass you may hope to find bottles of all sizes, decanters and flasks in great variety, bowls, pitchers, cruets, covered jars, sugar bowls, drinking glasses in exquisite variety, and many novelties. As an amateur, you are rightly interested in all old glass for your collection. Later, you may wish to be more selective, collecting for color only or by subject, specializing in one type of glass alone, or with preference for the products of one or more makers, even the wares of a certain region.

Old bottles and flasks deserve special mention because they offer an especially interesting field for collectors. Originally made in olive, light and dark blue, emerald and light green, claret, rich brown, amber, opalescent and clear glass, the survivors are chiefly light green, clear glass and brown. They were made at the turn of the eighteenth century, continuing until about 1870, and were usually blown inside engraved molds showing portraits or lettering.

A favorite is the log-cabin shape made in Philadelphia in 1840, during the William Henry Harrison campaign. Early flasks and bottles were often commemorative, honoring political figures, heroes, events, the advent of a railroad, or depicting such appropriate designs as a deer and hunter, boar's head or spread eagle, sunbursts, ships, cornucopias or Masonic emblems—all popular motifs of the day.

Wistarberg. While there were many celebrated glassworks of this earliest era, a few seem to catch our fancy in a particular way. Wistarberg, often called Jersey glass, appears in bowls, pitchers, canisters, preserve jars, drinking glasses of great beauty, as to both form and color. In reds, blues, greens, browns and yellows, in two-color effects and other originalities, Jersey glass is high on the collector's list. Dainty scent bottles were made at the Wistarberg works, and there is one in the Smithsonian Institution which belonged to Martha Washington. The period is from 1759 to 1780.

Stiegel. Baron Stiegel—the title was assumed—lighted a fire under the pots at his Manheim, Pennsylvania, works in October, 1765. His career was but ten years long, owing to financial difficulties, but his output of bottles, bowls and glasses, among other items, was superior and remarkably beautiful. Blue flint salts, footed creamers, vinegar and mustard cruets were among the novelties. Decorations were: engraving with the copper wheel; enameling in the German style with clear, bright colors; and delicate etching. Stiegel pieces are the gems of any collection.

Saratoga. Beginning about 1835, Saratoga glass came into some prominence. While the early output was mostly bottles and flasks, blowers were allowed to make for their own use all the dishes and other household wares they chose. Most houses of the region were well supplied with bowls, rolling pins, darners and all manner of table novelties. The objects were deep green, light green or olive, and are of great value. Experts identify Saratoga glass by its color.

Pitkin. At Manchester, Connecticut, between 1783 and 1830, the Pitkin Glass Works made large quantities of objects intended for commercial purposes but which were, nevertheless, interesting and valuable. The output was largely bottles and demijohns in bubbly, olive-green glass, now sought for their high decorative quality.

Pressed Glass. In the mind of the average person, pressed glass has become synonymous with Sandwich glass, covering the period from 1825 to 1888 and made in Sandwich, Massachusetts. An immense amount of glass made in the vicinity was distributed all over the country. Sloops came almost to the factory door and quantities found their way south and to the Far West by way of the Horn. The original wide distribution of pressed glass makes every old cupboard a collector's hunting ground.

The Sandwich factory output was vast and varied. It made full table sets of goblets, tumblers, wineglasses, finger bowls, and novelties such as millefiori paperweights.

At the same time Sandwich glass was being made, superior pressed glass was being turned out in Pittsburgh. James B. Lyon and Company made the choicest of pressed glass, so handsome as to be almost indistinguishable from cut glass. The invention of a machine for pressing glass greatly stimulated the output.

In pressed glass the molten mass was squeezed or pressed by a mold indented with the design in reverse. The edges were less sharp than when cut or engraved. Even clear glass showed casts of color.

The number of sections in a mold are of interest to the collector. Ordinary molds were in two sections, showing two ridges where the molds joined. Three-section molds were an innovation and show three such seams. Quilted and sunburst patterns are most frequently found in three-mold pieces.

Glass lamps came into use during the Sandwich era and were made in huge quantities. There was also a vogue for colored-glass lamp shades, produced in a variety of fine colors. These you can hope to find in attics and old shops, almost anywhere. Other likely finds are cup plates, dolphin candlesticks, compotes, celery vases, plates of all sizes in clear and frosted effects, covered sweetmeat dishes, creamers and sugar bowls, all manner of goblets and tumblers, drinking glasses and decanters. Also, there were salts and cruets, flower vases, pitchers, candlesticks, preserve and jelly dishes and all manner of small novelties.

From the collector's viewpoint, colored Sandwich glass is most desirable. Some of the colors were ruby, opal, honey, amethyst, blue, green, topaz, and light and dark variations of these colors. The only satisfactory way of checking color or identifying patterns is to consult an illustrated book on the subject, for the range is great.

Cup Plates. So great is the interest in cup plates that they deserve a word to themselves. The fashion of pouring tea or coffee into a saucer to cool, and then drinking it from the saucer, suggested a small plate for holding the cup to prevent soiling the linen. This custom inspired the cup plate, beloved by the amateur collector. There are about forty historic patterns of cup plates alone, easily identified with the aid of a manual. There are numerous others, too, and those with the usual pressed-glass patterns. Selling originally for a few cents each, cup plates are not too difficult to find, and amateur collectors delight in assembling a complete range of patterns.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Now With the Fox

By R. H. Grenville

The heart that went so gaily forth
With falcon and with feather
Has stumbled in a snare of leaves,
A net of bitter weather.

Now with the fox the heart must run.
Oh, subtle fate and sorry
To see it now become no more
Than time's defenseless quarry!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Identification of glass photographed on pages 52 and 53

Page 52, Top left: Pressed Westward-Ho creamer; Excelsior pattern pressed candlesticks; three-mold blown pitcher; Ribbed Bellflower, Single Vine pressed decanter; early Thumbprint pressed celery vase; Hamilton pattern pressed water pitcher; Arch Leaf pressed plate.

Yellow-Background Group: Pressed yellow Sandwich vase; translucent jade-green-and-gilt pressed spoon holder, Cable pattern; pressed plate (standing); free-blown inkwell; Horn of Plenty pressed canary tumbler; free-blown aquamarine plate with superimposed lily-pad decoration; Horn of Plenty pressed plates; same design, covered butter dish with Washington Head finial.

Matched Group: Place setting in early Thumbprint, made in the '50's or earlier in Pittsburgh. Footed cake plate, extremely rare.

Group with Lamps: Blue and clear glass overlay lamp, with milk-glass stem and base; same in coral with black glass base; opaque pressed Almond Thumbprint spoon holder and sugar bowl; fiery opalescent Eagle Sandwich salts.

Aquamarine Group: Fine blown pieces, large, all with superimposed lily-pad decoration.

LARGE WINDOW

Shelf 1. *Left side:* Canary-yellow Dolphin Sandwich candlesticks; Cranberry glass vase, Emil Stanger, 1870; Sandwich lacy compote, Peacock Eye pattern; blown vase, attributed to Pittsburgh; emerald Sandwich pressed vases with white marble bases; rare half-pint Masonic flask, Keene, N. H., factory.

Right Side: Amberina blown vase, Libby Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio; blown three-mold quart decanter, Baroque pattern, Sandwich; blown three-mold decanter, probably Midwestern.

Shelf 2. *Left side:* Olive-amber half-pint Lafayette flask, Coventry, Connecticut, Glass Works; emerald pressed-glass Sandwich vase; pale-amber celery vase, Honeycomb, pressed glass; rare covered glass duck dish in translucent turquoise with darker base simulating water; pair of heavy blown canary-yellow finger bowls attributed to Sandwich; blown Pineapple bottle in dark olive; plate in one of the earliest lacy patterns made at Sandwich; emerald quart flask with tree in foliage, barren tree on reverse, representing "Summer and Winter."

Right side: Pale-honey-amber flask with design of horseman and running hound; oversize, blown cranberry goblet or chalice; blown aquamarine bowl with lily-pad decoration.

Shelf 3. *Left side:* Aquamarine flask with spread eagle and inverted cornucopia; Honeycomb milk pitcher with heavy blown applied handle; rare Horn of Plenty canary-yellow decanter; largest size lacy bowl made at Sandwich, Peacock Eye pattern; emerald, three-mold blown bottle with alternating rows of horizontal and vertical ribbing; amethyst pressed-glass Tulip vase, Sandwich; golden-amber flask, Spread Eagle design, typical of large group made in the Pittsburgh area immediately after Civil war.

Right side: Violin flask in aquamarine, probably Midwestern; purple pressed-glass butter dish, probably made in Midwest as late as 1885–90; blown, three-mold decanter in semiopaque turquoise.

Shelf 4. *Left side:* Golden-amber shallow bowl, blown at Zanesville, Ohio; lily-pad pitcher in aquamarine; unusually large blown-glass bottle in the so-called "Flattened Chestnut" shape; pressed-glass covered duck in deep purple-amethyst, generally considered to be among most desirable covered fowl and animal dishes made during latter part of nineteenth century; heavy, unusual six-paneled pale-amber pressed-glass pitcher, made in Massachusetts; yellow-green flask with Spread Eagle and Star design of Midwest origin.

Right side: Dark olive-green flask commemorating erection of Baltimore monument; rare footed blown-glass lamp, pattern-molded in design of vertical ribbing; sweetmeat jar in Thumbprint pattern.

Blue and Crystal Group: Blown three-mold cruet bottles and mustard pot; ribbed Bellflower goblet and wines; pressed goblet with American Shield decoration; deep sapphire, blown, three-mold creamers, Sunburst design; pair opaque blue salts, Sandwich, Chariot Race design; deep blue salts with fiery opalescent tone, Peacock Eye pattern, Sandwich; Horn of Plenty saucedish, pressed; New England Pineapple pressed tumbler.

Blue Group: Opalescent turquoise blown vases, possibly New England Glass Company; pressed turquoise opalescent plate, Loop pattern; Star pattern, brilliant blue Sandwich sugar bowl; Argus pattern pressed-glass goblet with opalescent rim; Ribbed Bellflower pressed sirup jug; fiery opalescent pressed tumblers, Excelsior variant patterns; free-blown pig whimsey. THE END

American Glass, by George S. and Helen McKearin, is a reliable guide for the earnest collector.

A Lovelier Skin is yours with just One Cake of Camay!

You're only as lovely as your complexion! A skin that's smooth and clear can make you attractive in others' eyes. Did you know your skin can be smoother—it can grow in loveliness—with just *one cake* of Camay? All you do is give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Follow directions on the Camay wrapper and watch for a prompt improvement in your skin!

MEET MR. AND MRS. GAVERT!

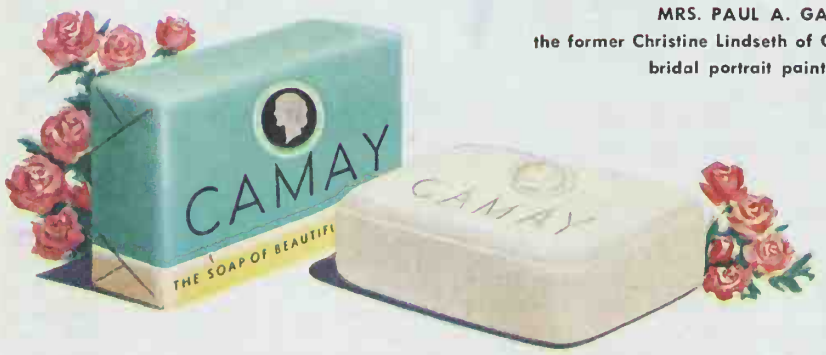
Music helped bring the Gaverts together. They met when he was rehearsing for a leading role in a musical comedy. She teaches voice. Here they are in the tiny restaurant where Paul proposed on New Year's Eve!



Christine is fair as any Norse goddess. Her skin is gloriously soft and fresh. She explains it like this: "My *first cake* of Camay led to a lovelier complexion."

The Gaverts have plenty of mutual interests. Besides music, there's skiing, skating and raising Great Danes. And Paul takes a special interest in Christine's lovely complexion. She'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!





MRS. PAUL A. GAVERT
the former Christine Lindseth of Grand Rapids, Mich.
bridal portrait painted by Sarnoff

Meet an American rabbi and his family



MUNKACSI

***Joshua Loth Liebman**, author of the best seller, "Peace of Mind," with his wife, Fan, and adopted daughter, Leila.*

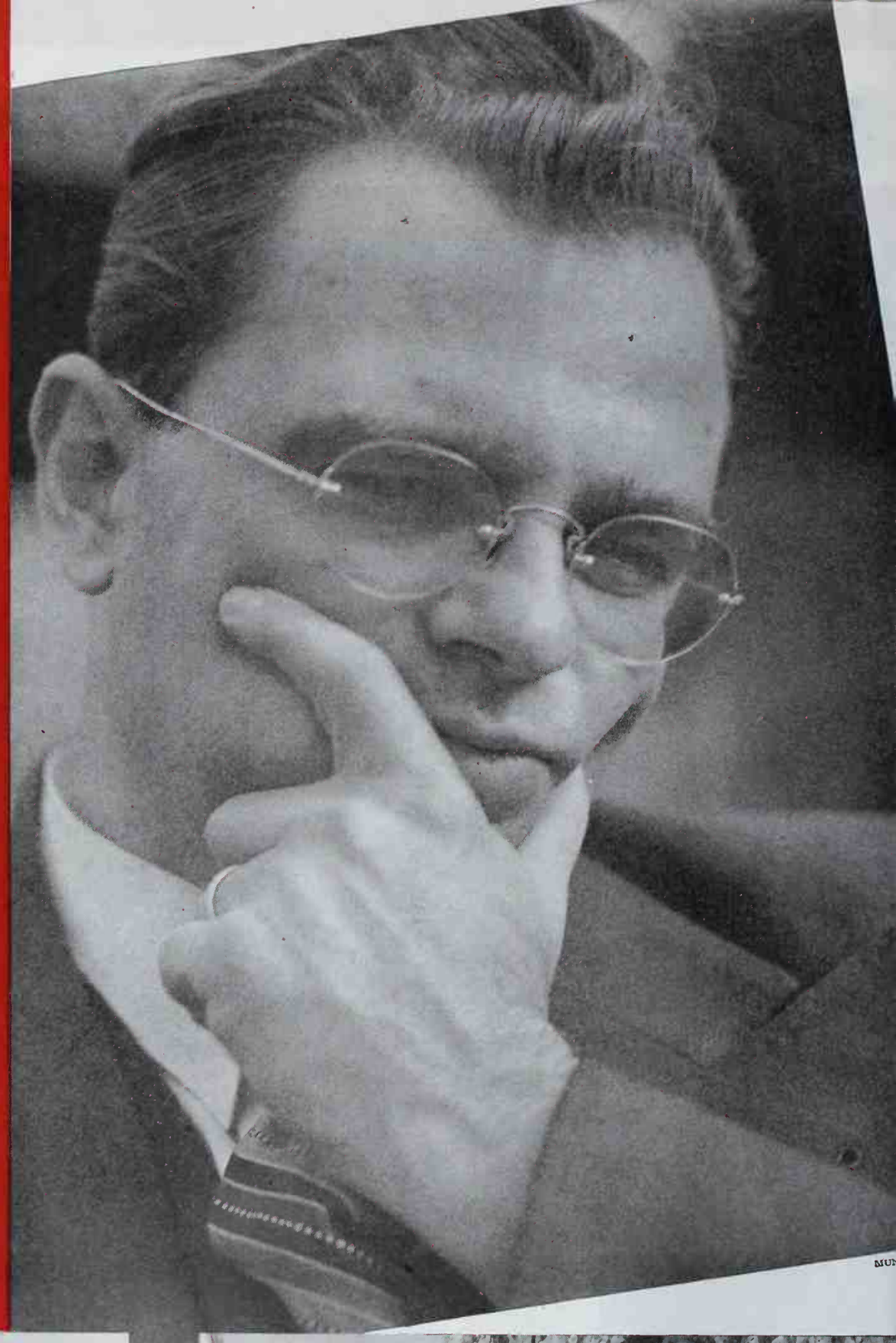
BY DAVID DAVIDSON AND HILDE ABEL

One evening last September, a year after Rabbi and Mrs. Joshua Loth Liebman had taken into their home Leila Bornstein, a teen-age Polish-born survivor of the Auschwitz concentration camp, their ward returned from summer vacation. With quiet purpose, Leila walked up to the desk of the Somerset, the unobtrusively smart hotel in Boston's Back Bay where the Liebmans live, and asked to sign the register.

With infinite delicacy the Liebmans had never even broached the subject of adoption. They respected too deeply Leila's passionate loyalty to her parents and two younger sisters who had been destroyed by the Nazis in Auschwitz. The nightmare of her own experience (she had been shot and abandoned to die by the retreating Germans and miraculously rescued later) was too recent. Joshua and Fan Liebman, after nineteen years of childless marriage, were burning to adopt Leila as their own daughter, but felt that she was still uncertain.

(Continued on Page 127)

"He who destroys one life, it is as though he had destroyed the world. And he who saves one life, it is as though he had saved the world." This Talmudic precept has been the guiding philosophy of this American rabbi who has brought a healing message to a spiritually torn world. He exhorts his flock to live in the image of the "helping Jew" who has a moral offering to make to the world.



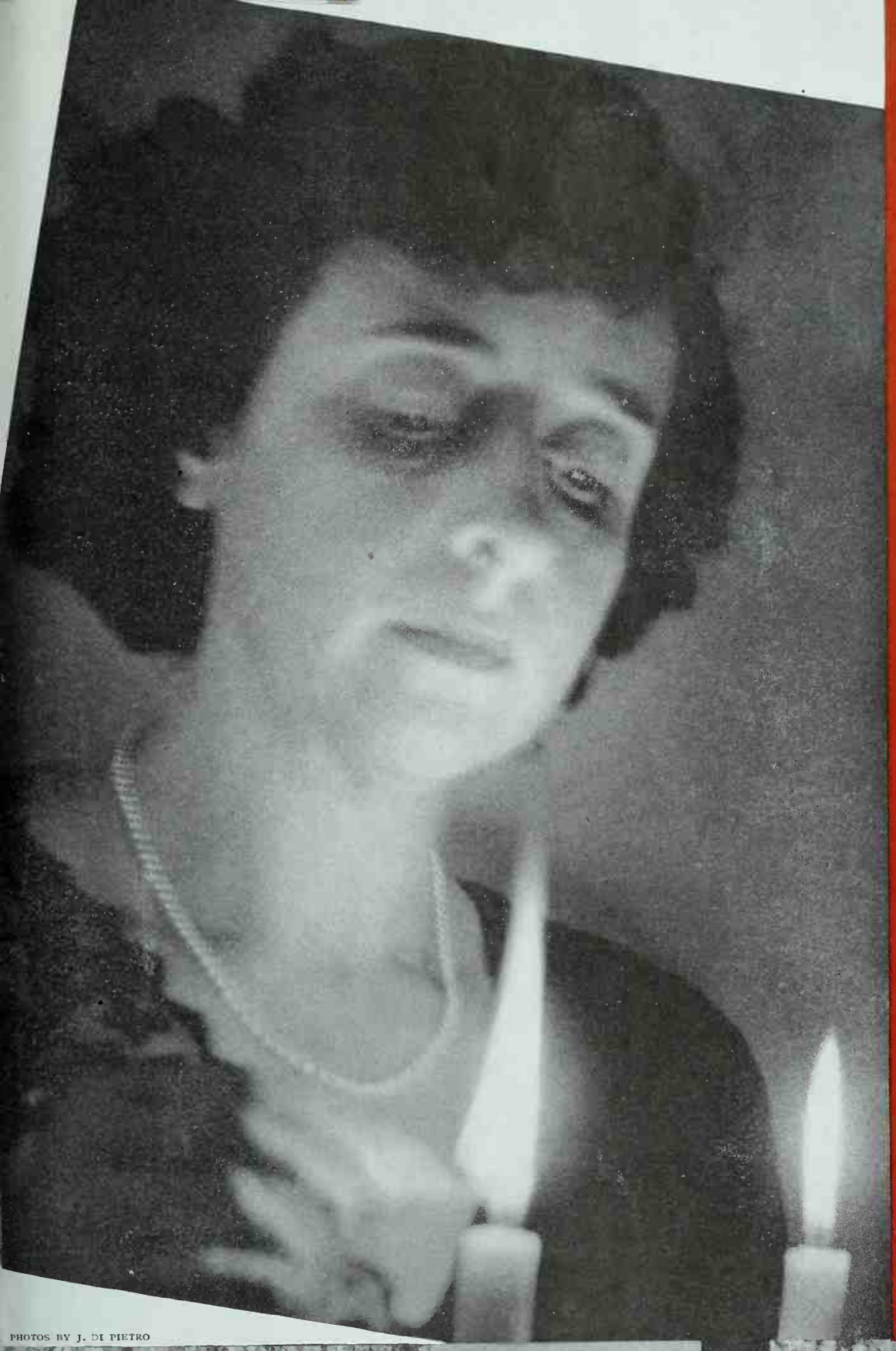
Re-educating their adopted daughter, Leila, to the "blessings of immaturity" after the horrors of a German concentration camp, has been the Liebmans' greatest joy.



Time to be together. *The busy round of synagogue duties, speaking engagements and his professorships at two Boston colleges leaves Doctor Liebman too few hours with his family. "At meals, we have so much to say to each other, we often forget to eat." Hotel living, while "not ideal," makes it easier to share what free time there is.*



"A very interesting person." *The Liebmans are as proud of Leila's new talent for the rumba as they are of her ability to speak seven languages, her ambition to be a doctor. One immediate and less scholarly ambition is to meet Tyrone Power. "Best of all," says Leila, "is to have so many friends, to be like everyone else."*



"May our home be consecrated, O Lord, by the light of Thy countenance. May it shine upon us all in blessing, and may these lights be to us as the light of love and truth, the light of peace and good will. . . ." "Blessed be Thou, O Lord, King of the Universe, who hast sanctified us by Thy Commandments and commanded us to kindle the Light of Sabbath peace. Amen." With these prayers Mrs. Liebman, like millions of Jewish women the world over, ushers in the Sabbath by kindling the candles in her home.

PHOTOS BY J. DI PIETRO



Traveling man. *Conferences and meetings all over the country fill Doctor Liebman's schedule. At Fan's request, he never flies, takes her with him whenever possible. She and Leila do his packing, team up to choose his clothes. Both favor conservative blues and grays, plain white shirts. "I can exercise some veto power—on everything but ties."*



Good companions. *Leila and Fan play hooky for some shopping sprees and movies, but most evenings find them hard at work. A former A student of her husband's, Fan is now pursuing her master's degree at Simmons College of Social Work. Doctor Liebman reads her his sermons, says "her wisdom appeared on every page of my book."*

"Thou shalt teach diligently unto thy children." Rabbi Liebman greets the youngest boys and girls after they have come to receive his blessing and enter the religious school. This rite ends Succos, the Feast of Tabernacles following the Jewish New Year.

"Mine has been a rabbinate of trouble—of depression. Hitler's rise, world crisis, global war, the attempted extermination of my people. My text has had to be 'Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people.'"



"He gives us pride and hope." Parishion say that Doctor Liebman makes their proble his own, remember the times he has sat up

(Continued from Page 123) In a single year, a sick and tragic child who could say, "I had a trade; at twelve I made hundred-pound bombs" had been transformed into a pretty American girl, now seventeen, with a marked resemblance to Shirley Temple and a characteristic concern for the tone of her lipstick and the sheen of her brown shoulder-length hair. She had learned to rumba and samba like an expert, and had acquired a wild crush on Tyrone Power. Entering Brookline High School with only a few words of English, she had made the honor roll in eight months. In summer camp she had learned to play tennis and swim three different strokes; she had given a hilarious performance as one of the Three Little Maids in The Mikado. In the words of Doctor Liebman, author of Peace of Mind, Leila had been re-educated to the "blessings of immaturity."

That September night at the desk of the Somerset, Leila bent over the register and—for the first time—signed it "Leila *Liebman*." Then she took the elevator to the three-room suite where Fan was waiting in for her—Doctor Liebman was away on a speaking date—and said, "If you still want me, I would like to be adopted." When she left the room Fan put in a call to Washington. "Joshua," she said, "Leila wants us!"

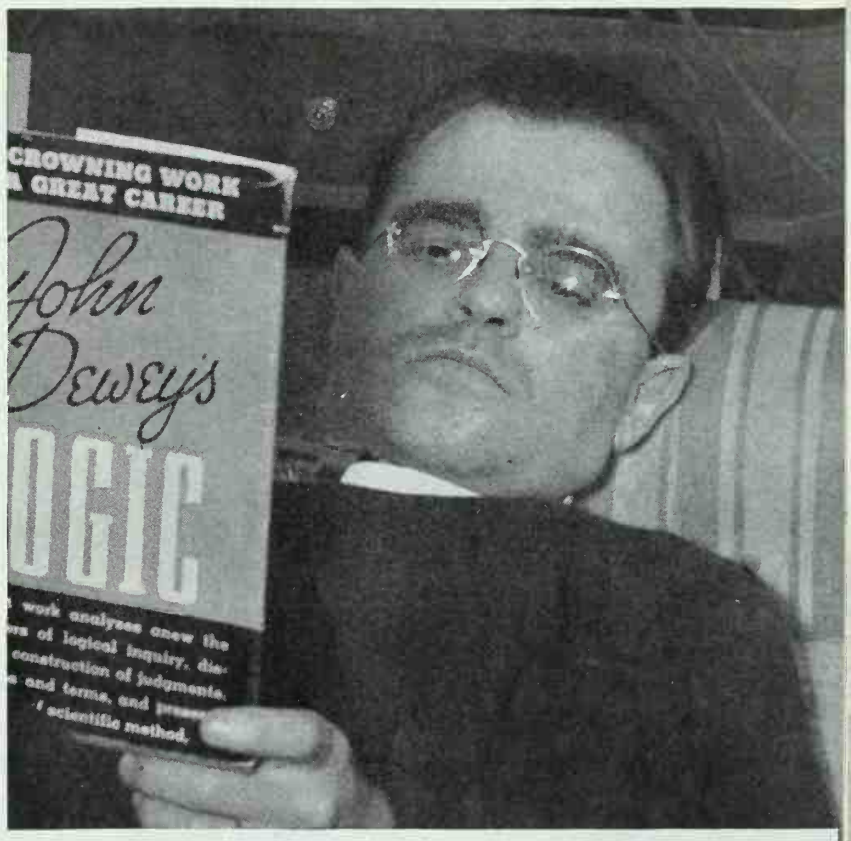
It was perhaps the most satisfying single moment in the career of the forty-year-old rabbi who has constantly preached the Talmudic precept that, "He who destroys one life, it is as though he had destroyed the world. And he who saves one life, it is as though he had saved the world." Characteristically, he and Fan remark now as they sit in their Regency living room, "How fortunate we are to be with Leila"—not, as their parishioners put it, "How fortunate for Leila to be with the Liebmans."

A pink and glowing little giant who manages to give the impression of huge physical presence, Doctor Liebman runs his fingers thoughtfully through the fine chestnut hair that falls back from his deep v browline. His hazel eyes look upward through his rimless glasses. "As I think back on it now," he says, "I see how fantastic was the evening that Leila first came to us. I had just then lost my voice and could speak only in a hoarse whisper—and that against doctor's orders." He tells how Leila sat mute in the light of the Sabbath candles, a "mixture of sixteen and eighty," not lifting her eyes to the gentle and faintly Oriental face of Fan Liebman or the rugged features of Joshua. Then something that he said struck a spark. From the ravaged child suddenly burst the Hebrew words of the Psalmist's lamentation: "By the shores of Babylon we sat and wept." Doctor Liebman joined in on the next line. Together, the young voice and the hoarse whisper finished out the text.

Now, afternoons, Leila invariably steals into his study and reads until he is ready for a father-daughter chat. The family almost always dines together, and Leila on these relaxed occasions engages in the daughterly sport of teasing dad: "How's the book doing these days?" . . . "Oh, fine." . . . "Then how about that keen blue suit in Jordan Marsh's window? Oh, *please!*"



One of the rabbi's favorite engagements is his monthly meeting with the Newlyweds' Supper Club to discuss Zionism and current issues. Says a member: "My husband's so fond of him, he'll even tell you Josh is tall."

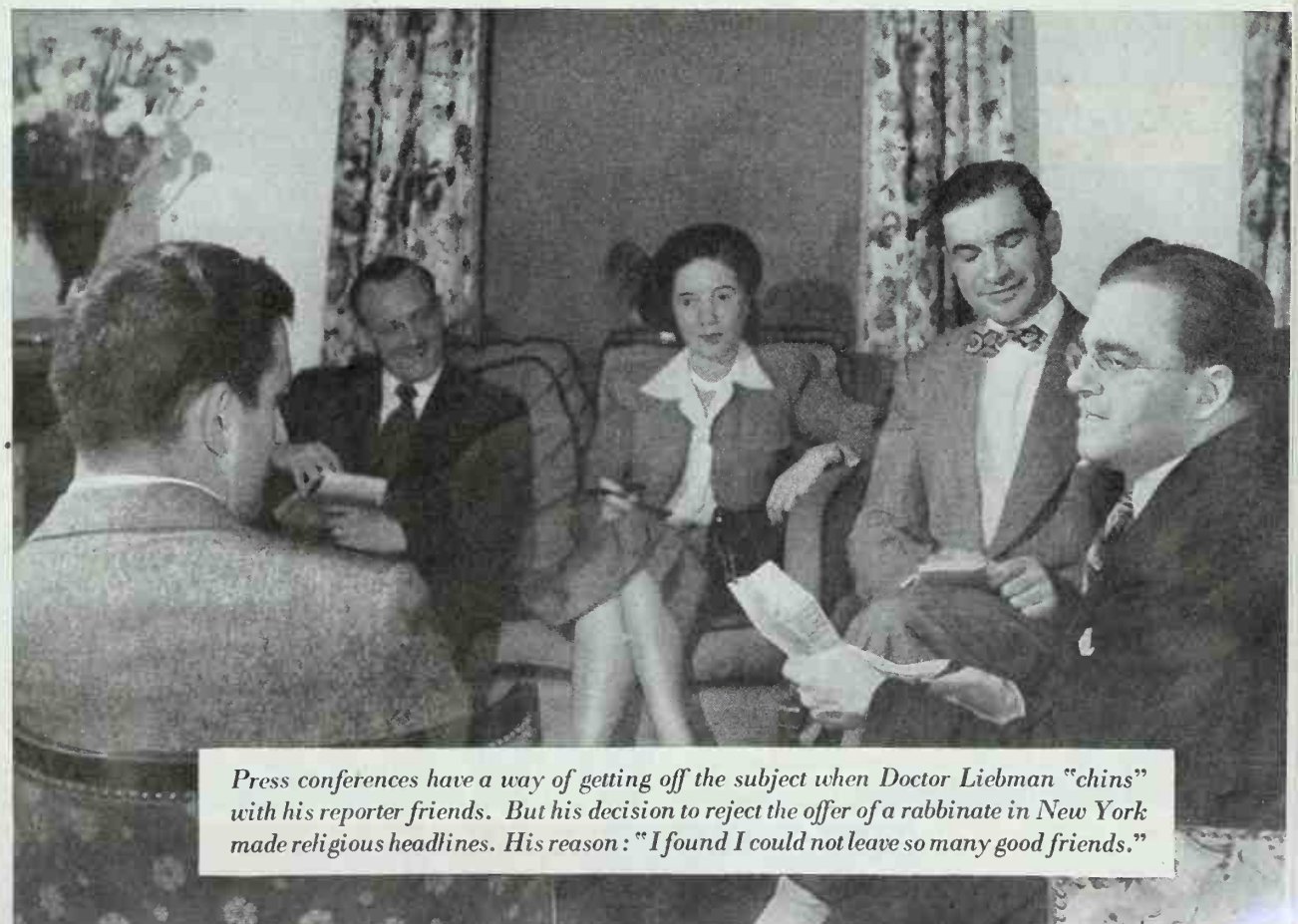


"Books are my hobby and my nourishment." Doctor Liebman admits that it's a rare man who likes to read while he shaves or in a dentist's chair. His idea of the perfect existence: very few telephones and many new authors.

PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI



comforting bereaved families. His sermons crowd Temple Israel with men omen of many faiths besides his own.



Press conferences have a way of getting off the subject when Doctor Liebman "chins" with his reporter friends. But his decision to reject the offer of a rabbinate in New York made religious headlines. His reason: "I found I could not leave so many good friends."



The three branches of the Jewish Religion are Orthodox, Conservative and Reform. Doctor Liebman is a rabbi of the Reform Synagogue, which, while not adhering to the strict ritual the others observe, retains their spiritual concepts.

PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI



"Better than a movie." Kids love the stories their rabbi acts out, follow him home to hear more of them. Over 900 attend his Sunday-school classes at Temple Meeting House.



Doctor Liebman "talks" his sermons into a recorder, plays them back to Fan for suggestions and revision. He's able to memorize one in 40 minutes—"then I forget it in 20."

"I had known for myself, in a small way, what rejection was," he says, "and this child had lived through world on world of rejection. Instead of merely preaching, here we had an opportunity for some action. We could be of service to this child."

Naturally, re-education to the "blessings of immaturity" sometimes hits snags. A few months ago Leila came home from a dance at one in the morning and was bewildered to find both Liebmans waiting up anxiously. "Heavens," declared Leila, "if a girl has come through Auschwitz alive, what can possibly happen to her on a street in Boston?" Smiling, Doctor Liebman says, "We had to explain to her that all grownups have certain irrationalities and that we were asking her to be tolerant of ours."

A rugged constitution and great reserves of energy enable Joshua Liebman to manage on six hours of sleep a day. The remaining eighteen are invariably spent in motion—physical and intellectual. In addition to his duties as rabbi, counselor, radio lecturer and author, he finds time to serve as preacher at a dozen universities, and member of far too many other civic and religious organizations to list. In off moments, if there are any, he works at a new book, Hope for Man, a somewhat technical study designed as a refutation of the philosophic pessimists. His reading and writing get done mostly between 11 P.M. and 2 A.M. in the hours stolen from sleep, though he also props books up on the washbasin while shaving and manages to read even in the dental chair, much to the amazement of his dentist.

There is little social life for its own sake. Fan says, "I live for the two summer months when we go to some lake or the ocean. I don't resent Josh's being so busy, but life is so fleeting." Yet, even on vacation, aside from a desultory round of golf in the high nineties, Doctor Liebman works—mapping out his sermons for the next six months and getting in a few licks on a book—and he does not want it any other way.

In financial matters the Liebmans have always tended to be happy-go-lucky, and have never kept a budget. The Boston rabbinate pays $14,000 a year, which has been topped by the income from Peace of Mind since its publication early in 1946. The salary that he would have received as rabbi of New York City's famous Temple Emanu-El did not tempt him when this honor was offered to him last October. In declining the call, Rabbi Liebman stated that he was actuated by his love for Boston and his congregation. In spite of the great success of his book, rising prices, high-bracket income taxes, expensive illnesses and large editorial fees have left the Liebmans with not much more in hand than before. They own no stocks and bonds, no house or other real estate. When you ask what they do with their reserves, Doctor Liebman smiles and replies, "What reserves?" If any slack happens to be left over, it goes to increased contributions to charity—both Jewish and secular—to which they now give about 20 per cent of their income. He owns a modest total of five winter suits and two summer suits—all in ministerial grays and blues picked for him by Fan—as well as a dinner jacket and cutaway. They cost about $75 tops and he hopes wistfully that Fan will someday pick a nice shaggy tweed for him. He is driven on his pastoral rounds in a 1947 four-door Buick, black and sedate, which Fan weaves through heavy Boston traffic with unexpected boldness. Joshua himself has not driven much since he wound up against the rear end of an ice truck while meditating a fine point in Aristotle.

But even the most rugged constitution can be overtaxed. At Yom Kippur services in September, 1946, Doctor Liebman had to preach five times in one day—between the regular congregation at the Temple and the overflow at the Meeting House—and his voice gave out. He was seized with a choking sensation. A tiny nodule, the size of a pinhead, had developed on the left vocal cord. The doctors ordered a regimen of absolute silence. Yet he did not feel isolated or lonely—"Fan always was there," he says. Mrs. Liebman breaks in to say, "My one big thrill during that time was to go each week with Josh to the throat specialist and hear him say, 'Eeeee.' Oh, how happy I was when once each week I could hear that tiny squeak, 'Eeeee.'"

After two months he was sent to Philadelphia's eminent specialist, Doctor Clerf, who took one look and said, "I'll operate at one-thirty this afternoon. You can talk till then. It won't make any

(Continued on Page 130)

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Utterly Different! Try It! Compare It!

IN THE SAME FAMILIAR PACKAGE

The First Major Cleanser Improvement Since the Introduction of Seismotite

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Just Knead the Bag
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"I don't dazzle easy, but—"

OUT in California, land of everlasting sunshine, folks "don't dazzle easy"... says Mrs. G. D. Wilson of Campbell, Cal.

But when she actually *did* get dazzled, she wanted to tell the world. And since her *Pequots* did the dazzling, she wrote *us* the news:

"Everybody knows Pequot sheets wear like iron. The point I want to stress is their everlasting whiteness!"

Then her letter tells the story of her six Pequot sheets. How she used them for years. Then stored them for years. Then got them out again. And they're *still* going strong. But about that "*everlasting whiteness*" . . .

After all this in-again-out-again business, Mrs. Wilson thought she'd ease the load on the long-used Pequots. But it was war-time, and Pequots were unavailable, so she had to make-do with sheets of another brand. To her dismay:

"Those four new sheets are so dingy grey I'm ashamed to hang them on the line. My Pequots, bless 'em, are still beautifully white...and in all these years I've never bleached them once!"

Bless *you*, Mrs. Wilson . . . *of course* Pequot sheets stay fresh and dazzling white. They're bleached for *good* when they're made. And haven't you noticed, too, how *gently* Pequots age? Like old linen . . . so soft and firm.

Remember, too, the Pequot *plus* exclusives—*double*-tape selvages and quick-pick projecting size tabs. Easy to see, isn't it, why famous Pequot Muslins are *America's most popular sheets?*

Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts

Also makers of
Pequot Fine Combed Percales

PEQUOT SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

Pronounced "PEE-KWAT"

PEQUOT SHEETS

so good-looking
so long-wearing

(Continued from Page 128)

difference." It was the first time in two months that Joshua was permitted to talk with Fan—and it might be the last time. Even then Rabbi Liebman managed to retain peace of mind. "I made plans," he recalls, "that if the worst should happen, I would devote myself to writing." Wheeled into surgery, he noted the gallery of surgeons who always come as observers when Clerf operates. *Even here an audience!* he thought. The operation went smoothly. Back in his room, some hours later, Doctor Liebman was awakened by a flashlight to find a young and earnest nurse bending over him. "Oh," she said. "Sorry! I just wanted to make sure you were asleep." It took three hours for him to doze off again. Toward dawn a light flashed into his face again, and the same young nurse was bending over him. "Oh," she said again. "Sorry! Are you the Joshua Loth Liebman who wrote Peace of Mind? Would you please give me your autograph?"

In speaking of Leila, Doctor Liebman passed casually over the phrase, "I had known for myself, in a small way, what rejection was." But backtrack with him and you come suddenly on the clue to that entire passionate concern of his for the individual which gave Peace of Mind its phenomenal appeal; which built Temple Israel from five hundred members to fourteen hundred and which, on one occasion, led him to drop his tightly packed work schedule to answer the cry of a would-be suicide six hundred miles away.

It turns out that when he was a year old his parents were divorced and had to send him to live with his paternal grandparents, in Hamilton, Ohio. Not even the warm, indulgent love of the salty old rabbi, then seventy-six, and his newly wedded wife of sixty could dissipate the child's feeling of having been abandoned by those who had borne him. Under this shadow, he managed nevertheless to pass a lusty small-town boyhood on tree-lined streets and in adventurous back yards. "I worked up a collection of twenty-two pistols, two BB rifles, and a Wild West suit for every day in the week," he recalls. "My hero was William S. Hart, and I went to see every one of his movies, dressed like him in a cowboy costume and toting two guns. I wrestled, boxed, climbed trees, played baseball and was leader of the gang. I'm grateful, in retrospect, for the normality of my violence."

EVERY Passover, the chore of delivering matzoth to his grandfather's parishioners "would put me in the money and I'd go on big splurges." Characteristically, the splurges would consist of taking two buddies to the movies with him—"all three for a nickel"—and later ordering one ice-cream soda with three straws. "It may not have been sanitary," he remarks today, "but it was brotherly." (To this day, incidentally, he is a confirmed check grabber.)

At nine he broke his leg while scorching up Fourth Street on roller skates. His mother, then working as secretary to the mayor of Cincinnati, took him off to live with her thereafter. "My pistols all stayed behind in Hamilton," he recalls wistfully. "It was the end of the Wild West and gangster days. From then on began the intellectual life." A brilliant, titian-haired woman who always stood at least half a head over her son, Sabina Liebman had been frustrated in her ambition to become a professor of Greek. Now she would fulfill her ambitions through her son. His hero image was to be changed over the years from William S. Hart to the Harvard philosopher, Alfred Whitehead.

AT fifteen, Joshua was graduated from the Walnut Hills High School, a crack Latin and Greek scholar. At nineteen he had his B.A. from the University of Cincinnati, where he starred in debating and dramatics and, even as a student, was already teaching Greek philosophy and German. Simultaneously, from the age of thirteen, he was studying for the rabbinate at Hebrew Union College, in Cincinnati. Even in the Wild West days it had been assumed he would eventually enter the pulpit.

On his paternal side he is descended from a long line of Reform rabbis broken only by his father, who became a clothing merchant. On his mother's side was a founder of Reform Judaism in America, his granduncle Moritz Loth, who left Germany after the failure of the liberal revolution there in 1848.

The early years at the seminary, as a peewee in knee pants whose feet did not reach the floor when he sat at his desk, tended to aggravate those feelings of rejection. His fellow seminarians, as much as ten years older than himself, were inclined to bait the child prodigy, and once asked him to honor them with a sermon. Happily he leaped to the platform and declared, "We all have to do good in this world. But, first of all, we have to swear off kissing women." (A demonstrative husband today, he is inclined to peck at Fan's cheek any time he thinks people aren't looking.)

After college there were courses at Harvard and Columbia and a year's fellowship at the Hebrew University in Palestine, where he became a Zionist. It was urging by Fan, who incidentally is his first cousin, that made him accept the fellowship. Married at twenty-one, ordained at twenty-three when the depression was already in swing, he was tempted, by financial need, to take a pulpit immediately. But Fan harked to the example of John Milton, the English poet, who waived immediate practical gains, on finishing his university course, and took seven further years of study in order to prepare himself thoroughly for his chosen profession.

"If it had not been for Fan's vision," he says today, "I would not have become a scholarly person. She's behind the scenes in everything, a real partner. I've never yet given a sermon that she didn't read and criticize in advance."

"Don't talk about me," Fan breaks in. "I'm not very interesting."

Glowingly, she tells of her first glimpse of Joshua, at the age of nine, when he lay in the hospital with his broken leg. "I liked him right off," she says. "He was cute." Perplexedly, Joshua finds that he cannot recall that meeting—"Just another relative, I guess." They next met in Cincinnati, when both were sixteen, but didn't fall in love until three years later. There were lots of other girls meanwhile, "but I was a terrible disciplinarian, an intellectual snob. If a girl didn't pass my test in Plato ——"

Fan, he says, won him by her looks and charm. But did she pass the test in Plato? They exchange amused glances. It turns

THEY SAVE ON $71 A WEEK

THEY call it a "financial adventure"—living on $71 a week and saving money. They started from scratch, Lewis and Mary Dickson and their two daughters. All they had was Lew's honorable discharge from the Army, a trunkload of prewar linens, blankets and books, and a dream of someday having a house of their own. The dream became a budget book; in six months they built a bank account of $428—and managed to buy $314 worth of furniture besides. "It was a battle, but we won!" Lew Dickson says. "We licked the high cost of living and saved money." Read how the Dicksons did it; read Lew Dickson's own account—"How We Save on $71 a Week."

Meet the Dicksons

in How America Lives in the February JOURNAL

out that Joshua actually taught such a course at the university and Fan was his most brilliant student. "Really," he says, "she deserved an A for the course, but I was afraid the other students would say she had been teacher's pet. With her consent, I gave her a B. That was an act of cowardice on my part."

Both like to tell of the confusions that surrounded their wedding. Ohio law forbade the marriage of first cousins, and Fan's father, adored by both, held that Jewish tradition was similarly opposed. Triumphantly, Joshua unearthed two Talmudists who proved there was no actual prohibition in Jewish law. He got a license in Covington, Kentucky, just across the bridge. On their wedding day, however, when halfway across the bridge, he found he'd forgotten the license. Rushing back to the Loth home, he broke in through a window. Never since has he taken from his finger the wedding band which Fan exchanged for his that day.

Glancing at her now with self-reproach, he says, "A rabbi's wife—what time does she have for herself? Fan has dedicated herself entirely to me." He motions toward the baby grand that talented Fan says is played "only by the piano tuner" these days. "I owe everything to her, and that is not just the standard statement."

"Don't talk about me," Fan says again. "Josh is the genius in the family."

But because Doctor Liebman believes in the right of every individual to a personal destiny, he has maneuvered Fan into a career all her own. Next year she will finish at the Simmons College School of Social Work, in Boston, and become a psychiatric social worker.

Doctor Liebman's first rabbinate was in Lafayette, Indiana. Next he was called to the K A M Temple, in Chicago, oldest synagogue in the Midwest—and here began his interest in psychoanalysis. The high standards set by his mother had left him with a sense of shortcoming. "I was engaged in a war with Joshua Loth Liebman," he says, "and anybody who got in the way——! It was only Fan's deep understanding that prevented conflicts between us. Moreover, people were coming to me all the time with their problems, and I myself was only in my twenties. In the pulpit I knew all the answers, but when I went to my study where people waited for advice in their grief and perplexity, I realized that knowing Plato, Aristotle and Maimonides did not give me any answer on how to help people, including myself."

REVIEWING a career that began in 1930, he notes, "Mine has been a rabbinate of trouble—of depression, Hitler's rise, world crisis, global war, the attempted extermination of my people. My text has had to be, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people.'"

His parishioners affirm that he has indeed given comfort throughout his eight years in the white marble pulpit on Commonwealth Avenue, where his Friday-night sermons have sometimes required several policemen to handle traffic. Meant to seat a thousand persons, the white limestone synagogue, with its vast dome, rarely draws fewer than twelve hundred on Friday nights, and among them are always a hundred or more Christians, white and black. And it was that way, say his parishioners, years before he ever wrote a national best seller.

Clad in his black robes, arms uplifted, Rabbi Liebman takes on for his congregation some of the stature of a Hebrew prophet, though he stands only five feet, four inches. He closes his eyes and lifts back his head. From his throat comes a golden impassioned baritone. Surging constantly upward, he was observed once by his assistant, Rabbi Albert Goldman, to stand on his toes for forty minutes straight—a surprise to him when it was called to his attention later.

Into his sermons—studded with insights from Aristotle and Isaiah, from Freud and Amos and Plato—go all his fervent convictions about the sanctity of human personality, the rights of labor, the need for tolerance and proper self-appreciation, and the great ethical concepts of the Old Testament, which he wants to see restored as a way of life. He exhorts his flock to live in the image of the "helping Jew" who has a moral offering to make to the world, rather than as the "demanding Jew" who seeks protection.

AS the congregation files out from the beautiful temple where the windows above the hard walnut benches in the New England tradition are cut into the cream-colored walls in the shape of the tablets of Moses, the members are heard to exclaim among themselves, "He gives a Jew pride . . . courage to live!" On the steps two young women—identified later as Christians—stop to ask an officer of the congregation about the call Doctor Liebman has received from Temple Emanu-El in New York: "Is it true that our rabbi is leaving?" They are assured Doctor Liebman will stay in Boston, and they smile. You ask the same officer whether the rabbi has succeeded in giving his own congregation peace of mind. "No," he answers, with a whimsical smile. "Josh stimulates us too much, makes us think."

To his study, worn and a bit shabby—and for which Doctor Liebman has neglected to get a rug a year and a half after the Temple voted him the funds for one—come appeals for comfort from persons of all creeds, races and stations in life. Visitors have walked in here by the hundreds, over the years, on the Tuesday and Thursday afternoons which he always keeps open for personal counseling. Up to two thousand letters a week have poured in here from readers of his book and listeners to his two radio programs. (All are answered personally, with the aid of two hard-working but sunny secretaries.) Here, too, comes the flood of invitations that fill his date book eight months in advance. It gives Doctor Liebman a great sense of mission to sit alone here in the study with a fellow human in distress and try to find comfort for him. There was the girl who had lost the desire to live when her husband was killed in the war. There were the parents who lost a son and became such "perpetual mourners" as to neglect their two other children. There was the letter from the South which began, "By the time you get this, I shall probably have ended my worthless life." A Christian, Mr. X added that he had turned to Peace of Mind as a last resort, but that it had failed him. Doctor Liebman phoned him across seven states and made him promise to do nothing until they could talk face to face. They met the following day in Columbus, where Doctor Liebman was to address a public dinner. The rabbi never got to the dinner, but Mr. X is still thoroughly alive.

You ask Joshua Liebman at 2 A.M., when still another eighteen-hour grind has left him fresh and glowing, to what he attributes his own peace of mind. He smiles affectionately at his wife, who always waits up for him no matter what the hour, and replies, "Having Fan and Leila." And beyond that? Again with his characteristic gesture, he brushes back his hair with his hand and looks upward. "I think," he finally answers, "that it comes from doing what I want to do—and doing it *as* I want. Most of all, from a sense of being of some help to people in this world."

THE END

CLICHÉ

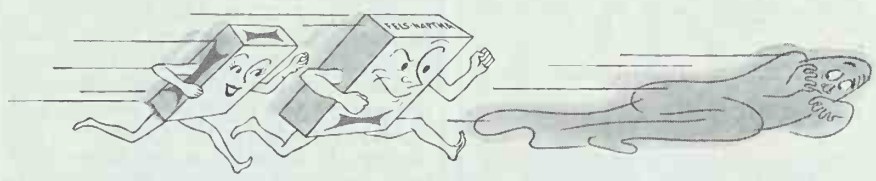
In these days of linotype machines many of us have forgotten that type used to be set by hand one letter at a time. Thoughtful typesetters recognized that certain phrases or combinations of words occurred quite frequently, e.g., "by the skin of my teeth," "it seems to me," "more or less," "today or tomorrow," and so on. The printers made up such groups of words into stereotype bars and saved themselves effort every time they came across such a phrase. The name given to these bars of type was *cliché*. From overuse these phrases became trite, hackneyed expressions and are now known as clichés.

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG



"I HATE Fels-Naptha Soap"

"It's the worst soap in the world.
No matter where I hide, sooner or later
Fels-Naptha finds me—generally sooner . . .
I've tried every place you could think of—
towels, handkerchiefs, pillow cases,
even shirt collars and cuffs—it's no use.
When they change to Fels-Naptha, I'm finished . . .
Oh, oh!—here comes that awful soap again.
It's after me. I can't stand it.
I'm going . . going . . . gone. . . ."



Golden bar or Golden chips—**FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

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HOPE FOR HUMAN BROTHERHOOD

By Dr. Joshua Loth Liebman

TWO fearsome viewpoints on human nature are current in the world today; I meet them wherever I turn. The first is depressingly cynical; the other, childishly naïve.

Those who subscribe to the first viewpoint tell me, "The world and its people are in a hopeless tangle; nothing but catastrophe awaits our species." At the other extreme I find wishful thinkers complacently regarding their "best of all possible worlds" through rose-tinted binoculars. These opposing points of view are both tinged, oddly enough, with fatalism: the fatalism of incurable human perversity on the one hand, and the inevitable "happy ending" fallacy on the other.

My own feeling about human nature is one of provisional optimism. The adjective here is most important. By "provisional" I mean that men and women are *not* predestined to doom in the realm of human relations. There is, I insist, a genuine hope for brotherhood. Yet—and here my provisionalism enters the picture—unless we exercise the intelligence with which God has blessed us, and skillfully employ the new tools and techniques of psychological self-knowledge, we stand in real danger of destruction.

The danger centers, of course, in the unleashed rage of the atomic bomb. No person now alive can be unaware of the atomic threat to our existence—yours and mine. The issue is quite simple: life or death for all of us. There is no dodging the challenge; it must be met and answered on the high, almost divine ground of universal brotherhood.

Unfortunately, there exist many real obstacles to this brotherhood. Let us not delude ourselves; racial hate, religious prejudice and bigotry are on the loose. Jim Crowism and anti-Semitism are merely extreme forms of the scapegoat psychology rampant in our society today. Thus far we have contrived to keep these hateful diseases under partial control, but it is common knowledge that they will break forth in ghastly fury when and if economic depression hits us. For it is in the man-made swamps of hunger and joblessness that hate breeds fastest. And where hate comes to rule a nation, no man, however powerful, no religion, however noble, no class, however strong, is truly safe. Therefore, we must never permit our good American earth to be transformed into a wasteland of social and industrial misery.

THE dark shadows now falling across the American landscape must not blind us, however, to the brighter truths about ourselves, our country and our potentialities for brotherhood. It is one of the glories of our American temperament that we are disturbed by unbrotherliness existing among us. And ever-increasingly so. As an example, I need only point to three outstanding current novels: Kingsblood Royal, which treats of social injustices dealt out to the Negro; Gentleman's Agreement, which inveighs sharply against anti-Semitism; and Knock on Any Door, a powerful indictment of the crime-breeding slums of our large cities. These books demonstrate that America is very much on the alert to detect and root out the festering ulcers that threaten the health of the American organism.

This mention of "the American organism" underscores the fact that our country is unique among nations. May I point out that America is the only country in human experience that from its birth has been consecrated and dedicated to equality, brotherhood and democracy? One can draw a powerful analogy here from the realm of individual psychology. If a boy has a very happy childhood there is a wonderful chance that he will have a well-integrated maturity. The reverse is also true. Applying this insight to the American nation, we are justified in saying that this country alone has had a happy normal childhood, and therefore has an infinite capacity to resist mass phobias in maturity.

Contrast our situation with that of European countries, most of which have had evil childhoods, with dark brutal memories and distorted experiences—of which anti-Semitism has been the most tragic and constant. But America, from the time of the Founding Fathers, has followed a psychically healthy, spiritually tolerant pattern. This trait of national psychology must not be discounted. Indeed, we must utilize it as the cornerstone of the brotherhood of the future. It is true that Americans still are subject to violent prejudices and racial discriminations, but the whole trend of our Government has always been to eliminate them, not to glorify them. The recent report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights with all of its superb honesty and far-visioned program is just the latest proof of the vitality of the American Dream in action.

The fact that this new nation began its career on earth with an unparalleled idealism; that it has not had to repress or disavow centuries of brutal history; that the earth here, as it were, has been relatively fresh and sweet smelling from the very beginning—it is this difference between European and American history which offers genuine hope for our leadership in human progress.

As I view our potentialities for human brotherhood, I am struck by several enormously hopeful facts. First, the abovementioned health of our American tradition; our fortunate childhood, so to speak, and vigorous regard for individual sanctity. To this must be added the discovery of new psychological techniques, that can yet be made as marvelously efficient in treating hate and prejudice as penicillin is in the treatment of bodily disease. For the findings of the psychological laboratory not only reveal to us the origin of our hates and prejudices, but, even more important, show us how we can conquer them.

Thousands of individual case histories demonstrate that most of our feelings of hatred spring from our own inner sense of insecurity. "How does this come about?" you ask. Well, psychology tells us that as children we are obliged to stifle and suppress a whole roster of emotions: anger at a mother for not giving us her exclusive affection; fear of a father who rested his eye (or hand perhaps) too heavily upon us; rage at a brother or sister who won more successfully than we the approval of our parents. These emotions, locked in the chambers of our childish hearts, are apt to burst forth with terrible fury in later life. Or they may smolder unsuspected until we find a socially acceptable outlet, ranging from relatively trivial gossip to the grim violence of the lynching mob.

This amazing chemistry, by which childhood emotion is transformed into explosive hatred, is called "projection." And it is an established fact that such "projection" underlies almost all bigotry and prejudice.

ADMITTEDLY it is hard to believe unpleasant things of ourselves; human beings recoil at the thought that they harbor savage emotions in their hearts. Hate a father? Fear a brother? Impossible! We cannot bring ourselves to face such thoughts. But we can easily bring ourselves to hate strangers, especially if their color, language and creed are different from ours. Thus we conveniently avoid recognition of the guilt and hatred in our own souls, and we project these evils on to some convenient bogeyman or scapegoat—the Jew, the Negro, the Catholic or others.

This has always been true of mankind; aggression is part of human nature and should be recognized as such. But now we must learn how to channel our aggressions constructively. We must find, to paraphrase William James, a "moral equivalent for hatred." Instead of loosing our hostility upon an illusory enemy of a different race or creed, we must loose it upon the *real* enemies of mankind—disease, poverty, war.

Today, for the first time in history, this should be possible, because we are just beginning to understand *why* we hate and fear one another, and how such fear and hatred swell into mass movements of bigotry and persecution. Our new knowledge of ourselves offers boundless hope for human brotherhood. Insight brings healing. We possess the insight; why should we hesitate to apply it to the problem facing us?

All parents have a special responsibility in this matter of checking hatred at its source. The individual father and mother may not be able to solve the hatreds of the world, but they can endow their children with the gifts of love and tolerance.

I have observed that most people just cannot keep on hating successfully when they are aware of what is behind the hate and when they realize that the disfiguring scars of prejudice are reflections of their own spiritual blemishes. The new psychological sophistication of this age, which is just at the beginning, will prevent more and more people from projecting their own shortcomings on to innocent victims and calling it patriotism or religion.

On a larger scale I envision an extension of the home technique of teaching brotherhood. Knowledge will percolate down through the magazines, radio and other forms of public communication to the great mass of our citizenry, and when it does we shall have the desirable new situation in which you and I will ask ourselves, "Why am I hating my neighbor?" We will begin to be suspicious of our own hostilities; this very suspicion will be the start of a new era of emotional health and intergroup friendship.

Admittedly there will always be people who will resist these openings-out of the human spirit and will stubbornly cling to their old behavior patterns of "scapegoatism" and aggression. But the majority of Americans, I confidently feel, will embrace this new pathway of psychic health. Drawing on the nourishing tradition of American idealism and the high conscience of the Founding Fathers and using the new psychological insights now at our disposal, we shall develop a new awareness of what brotherhood can mean. For when human beings

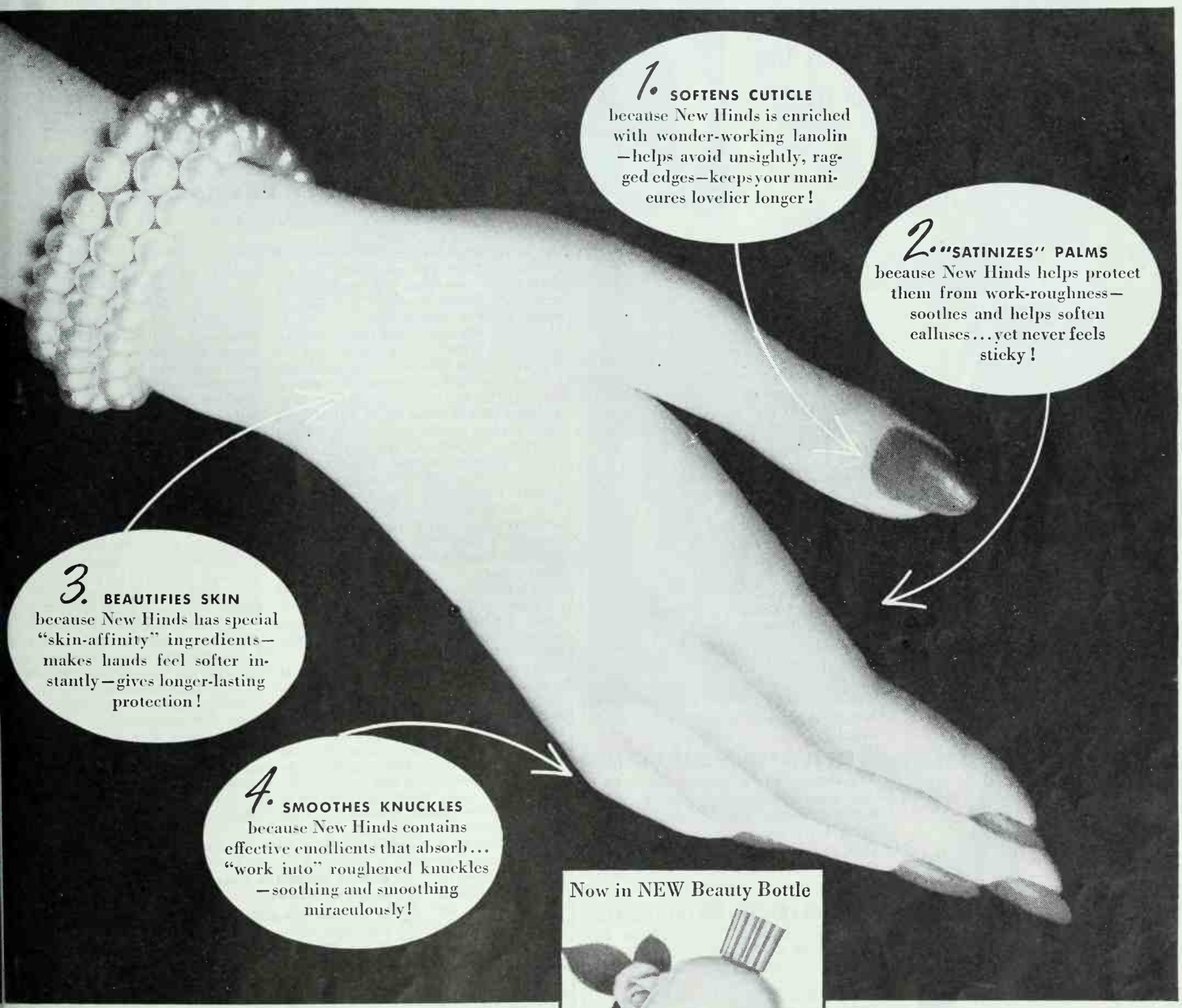
(Continued on Page 134)

Prayer for the New Year

By Catherine Haydon Jacobs

May God, the giver of all good,
Be present on the land
Where men who fought for freedom
Stand, ready, hand in hand.
May God, the giver of all hope,
Be with those on the sea
Who look upon His heavens
With a new tranquillity.
May God, preserver of mankind,
Be with us all, each day,
And bless the souls who ask to live
His way.

New miracle lotion a beauty treatment for your whole hand!



ORE EFFECTIVE! New Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance ream makes your "whole hand" feel *softer*—gives *longer-sting* protection whatever the weather . . . whatever your ork.

SE NEW HINDS to soothe elbows, face, arms and legs—and a powder base, too! Now in the new more-for-your-money eauty Bottle for dressing-table glamour. Four sizes at toilet oods counters, 10¢ to 1.00.

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"NO MORE SWAY-BACK since I got my SPENCER!"



"That ugly bulge in back is gone —and so is the bulge in front!"



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You'll be amazed to find how little your Spencer will cost! It will be light, flexible and *guaranteed* never to lose its shape. Stop experimenting with foundations that lose their shape after only a few weeks' wear!

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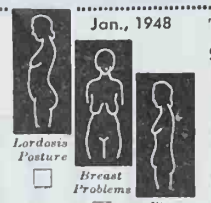
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In her Spencer Body and Breast Supports that were designed especially for her.

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Jan., 1948

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Street
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Also made in Canada at Rock Island, Quebec.

SPENCER *INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED* SUPPORTS ®

(Continued from Page 132)

learn how to handle their negative and destructive impulses, then only will the equally powerful forces of love and creativeness (so often dammed up by ignorance) fertilize the boundless plains of world brotherhood.

There is a final factor which augurs hopefully for world brotherhood. Ironically, it is the atomic bomb itself. This frightful invention, this Promethean theft of fire, has forced upon us a new phase of human relationship. Stated quite simply, we must learn to get along better with our world neighbors, else there will be no world. If humanity fails to lift itself by its own moral bootstraps, we won't have to worry, for example, about anti-Semitism, because not only will there be no Jews—there will be no Christians either. In sheer self-defense, humanity must league itself into a unity against the terror which can spell doom for the millionaire and the commissar, the educated and the uneducated, the young and the old alike.

There is a good chance that under this sword of Damocles, this possibility of universal doom, this eclipse which the shadow of the atom casts over the entire human landscape, mankind will learn before it is too late that the *differences* among men are far less than the *unities* among them. There is a real po bility that just as the Jewish people thro the ages achieved mutual solicitude ur the threat of external danger, so now peoples of the world will yet achieve a social solidarity and compassionate getherness under the threat of Nature's some power. The problem of racial and ligious hatreds may very well be swallo up in the larger problem of human conti ance. For it is our inescapable fate eithe perish as victims of hatred, or survive champions of decency and love.

In such an age of decision as ours, brot hood dares tolerate no exceptions. An exc tion in brotherhood is like the veto po applied to the control of atomic weapor the negation of life and hope. If we in Am ica act on the assumption that "we beli in freedom and justice for all, *except* for Negroes or the Jews"—or some other gro object of our prejudice—then that li word "except" is the tragic veto undern ing the foundation both of brotherhood of religion. Indeed, the principle of unan ity in the application of love and justice men and women of every race and creed the *sine qua non* of human survival in Atomic Age.

POSSIBLE PRESIDENTS

(Continued from Page 41)

out of place (and which he is constantly smoothing down with one hand), and the bold brown eyes that pop unexpectedly from their sockets when he is making a strong point in conversation or a speech. His face is still smooth and tanned, though the skin is drawn a little tighter over the cheekbones, and there is just a faint beginning of wear and tear around the crinkly corners of the eyes. He keeps his figure trim and his weight at a neat 165 by watching his diet, taking regular morning setting-up exercises in his bedroom, and playing plenty of golf. He owns and lives for much of each year on a beautiful 320-acre farm in the Quaker Hill section near Pawling, New York, but he is not fond of running tractors or pitching hay, and he now steadfastly refuses to be photographed doing "phony" barnyard chores, such as milking one of his many cows.

"They're not going to make another Cal Coolidge out of me," he has told his intimates. He doesn't like to pose for pictures with a dead fish, or wearing an Indian feather bonnet, either.

Dewey is neither short nor tall—his 5 feet 8 inches is exactly the average of height of the normal American male, according to the draft-board statistics of World War II. (He is three quarters of an inch shorter than Harry Truman, but three inches taller than Josef Stalin.) He walks briskly, with a slight swaying of his broad and well-formed shoulders, but he never lets himself get out of breath, and he almost never sweats. He spent a number of years training for a possible career in grand opera, and he is highly conscious of the importance of voice and gesture control. He talks in deep, deliberate tones in ordinary conversation, with an occasional gentlemanly cuss word, or bit of outdated slang (such as "goony") thrown in for emphasis.

He is neat and even fussy about his clothes, his cigarettes (which he smokes tilted downward in a metal-and-plastic holder), his food and his methods of work. He despises clutter of any sort. On the top of his desk at Alba he keeps nothing but a leather folder enc ing current mail, four pencils which sharpened to an exactly equal length ev morning, a vacuum jug of cold water an glass, some ash trays and letter openers, a small white pad on which he scribbles c word memos to his staff. Even the t phones are relegated to the drawers of desk, which is a big walnut one that Dew designed himself. It has sliding lea which pull out around three sides, provid space for half a dozen of his aides to work eat lunch, or both, under Dewey's di supervision.

In a bottom drawer of the desk the gov nor keeps a wire-mesh fly swatter, w which he personally hunts down and patches any untidy flies that wander into air-conditioned inner sanctum.

Dewey rides up to his work every morn in a small private elevator which was stalled by a previous New York gover Franklin D. Roosevelt. He has arranged partitions so that the elevator lands hin his private office without anyone seeing h not even his personal secretary. When wants someone he presses one of a row of b tons under his desk and a light—red, gree white, depending on whom he wants—lig up in an outer office. The person summo then taps lightly on the governor's clo door, and he presses another button un his desk, which sounds a buzzer and rele the door. Dewey has a passion for gadget this sort. All the lamps and lighting tures in his o are connected v a dial switch wh is set in the directly behind desk chair. W talking to a vis the governor so times leans b and, without se ing to do anyth makes the ro grow suddenly or glaringly liant. The effec quite startling.

Dewey's min a practical and p posseful one: it w best when he is d ing with some cific course of act such as a legisla program or a l brief. He is much interested theorizing, or in

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sions which wander very far from tangible
c s. He is easily bored by novels (especially
e more serious sort) and by people who
't seem to know what they are talking
ut. But he is never bored by "practical"
jects like farming, or furniture, or world
tics.
He has a tendency to try to plan things in
ch he is interested down to the minutest
ail. During the war, while he was work-
on a program to increase New York
te's food production, he gave a state
cheon for seventy persons at which every
cle on the menu, from soup to dessert,
composed of soybeans. The night before
luncheon he held a dress rehearsal at
ch he made a number of people, including
self, taste each bean dish, and report on
effect. Then he began to worry about
ether he should serve drinks—would they
il the taste of the beans, and so on?
His wife, whose sense of humor is some-
es a little devastating, listened for a while
l finally said, "Darling, what difference
it make a hundred years from now
ether cocktails were served at the gover-
's soybean lunch or not?" (P. S. The
ktails were not served.)
Dewey has always worked hard at being
ther to his two sons, Thomas, Jr., who is
v 15, and Johnny, 11. He takes them to
eball games in New York, Albany and
where, broils hamburgers for them on a
l in his orchard at Pawling, and gives
m jobs around the
n to earn spending
ney. But there are
es when the Dewey
ne life takes on a
tly Judge Hardyish
vor, as when young
mmy got even with
ne schoolmates who
re "riding" him for
nething at the Al-
y Academy.
Wait on the corner
such-and-such
eets," Tommy told
boys one day. "My
ner's car will pick
up and take you
a tour of the capitol,
l you can all shake
ds with the gov-
or."
The boys showed up very early in the
rning and waited on the corner for more
n an hour before they realized they had
n hoaxed. Dewey, Senior, heard about it
r, and gave the boys their tour and the
dshake they had been promised. And he
e Tommy a good talking to.
ohnny also has a reputation as a juvenile
. When one of his teachers introduced her-
to his class as "Miss Schade" he piped
"Then your first name should be Lamp."
Both the Dewey boys look amazingly like
lgy miniatures of their father, and their
rgy is well-nigh irrepressible. Wherever
y go they are accompanied by uniformed
e troopers who keep a watchful eye on
ngers and odd-looking packages. For a
le both boys wore imitation pistols and
tended to be troopers too.

E Deweys have big family get-togethers
holidays, especially at Christmas. Every-
y in the Quaker Hill section cuts his own
istmas tree from the near-by woods, and
governor always brings home the biggest
he can fit into the front room. After the
cutting the adult members of the com-
nity gather at the home of Lowell
omas, the governor's intimate friend and
ghbor, for a bowl of eggnog.
The Dewey boys make their own tree
orations, from popcorn and colored paper
cellophane, and Johnny started the
tom a few years ago of putting a big
erican flag on top of the tree. Mrs.
ie Dewey, the governor's mother, often
es down from her home in Michigan for
istmas, and Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Hutt,
s. Dewey's parents, come up from
ulpa, Oklahoma.
The elder Mrs. Dewey is a self-reliant
nan in her late sixties who drives a yellow Packard sedan and plays golf despite an arthritic right arm. "Jack" Hutt, Dewey's father-in-law, is a snort, leathery-faced man who worked as a brakeman on the Frisco Railroad for a good many years before he retired in 1941. At his home in Sapulpa he has a flagstaff in his front yard where he raises and lowers a 6-by-4-foot American flag every morning and evening. He spends the rest of his days playing dominoes in a downtown store, and doing such chores as painting his mailbox. Mrs. Hutt is a famous cook who has received hurry-up requests from her famous daughter in Albany for several of her recipes, such as candied sweet potatoes, scalloped oysters, and apple-and-tapioca pudding.

CHRISTMAS at the Deweys', she says, is always "more fun than a barrel of monkeys."

Last Christmas it was the governor himself who got the biggest surprise. His pet great Dane, a gigantic dog named Canute, had died during the year from a cancer of the heart, and Dewey had given up hope of replacing him.

"It didn't seem as though we could ever get a dog like Canute," he said recently. "I was prepared to settle for a smaller dog and thought we had one picked out. Then along in November Mrs. Dewey began to get very capricious about it. On Christmas Day, after all the other presents had been opened, she made me sit in a chair in front of the tree, and then she brought in an enormous package. I took off the wrappings and there at the bottom was this adorable puppy, Jerry, who is Canute's nephew. I was the happiest man in the world right then."

Marriage is the beginning and the end of all culture, it civilizes the savage and gives the most cultured the best opportunity of displaying their delicacy. It must be indissoluble, for it brings so much happiness that any exceptional unhappinesses it may bring with it are, when weighed in the scales against the happiness, of no account. There can never be any adequate reason for separation. The scale of joy and sorrow in mortal affairs is so high that the sum which two married people owe one another is incalculable. It is an infinite debt, which can only be discharged throughout eternity.
—GOETHE.

SOURCES OF A MYTH

In a sense it might be said that Dewey has caught up with—and passed by—his own legend. It is a long time now since he appeared as the Brave Boy Prosecutor of New York City, barking defiance at gangsters and killers over the radio on Sunday nights. In those days he was surrounded by an aura of righteousness and invincibility, like a knight in shining armor who could not be harmed by any mortal weapon.

Today the invincibility is gone, and he appears more human.

The Dewey myth, of course, had its beginnings much farther back, in the maple-shaded town of Owosso, beside the Shiawassee River in Michigan. Here Dewey was born on March 24, 1902, in an apartment over his grandparents' grocery store. And here he built up a record as a model boy which has scarcely been surpassed in the tales of Horatio Alger or Parson Weems.

According to the almost unanimous accounts of his teachers, his relatives and schoolmates, young Tom Dewey was by far the smartest and best-behaved boy in school. He was never late for classes, and never missed a day's attendance, even for the usual childhood illnesses. When he caught measles, he caught them just as the Easter vacation began, and was all healed and ready for school again on the day the vacation ended.

Even injuries could not keep him from school. One day the high-school principal, C. C. Tuck, met him limping through the hall covered with bandages and bruises. "What in the world happened to you?" he asked.

"Football," said Dewey.

"You ought to be home, looking after yourself," the principal told him.

"Oh, no," replied Tom. "If I stayed home I'd miss school, and spoil my perfect attendance record. And besides, I have to go out for practice this afternoon."

(Continued on Page 137)



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Nashua "combs out" the snarls in raw cotton with delicate-toothed machines—takes out the short, nubby fibers that often show up in ordinary percales after washing. Nashua's woven-in smoothness comes from using only fine, long fibers! That's why Nashua *Combed Percale* sheets stay so smooth through repeated washings. For extra-sturdiness, they're woven with a tape selvage that absorbs extra strains. Luxury sheets and pillow cases at budget prices!

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Curtains...no problem—

with this new YALE iron... Just *TIP* the handle forward slightly, and four-fifths of the ironing surface clears the fabric... while you use the *TOE* as a small iron, take your time on every ruffle, get into every gather without fear of scorching... Then tip the handle back, and all of the extra large soleplate goes to work again.

TIPTOE is light, only 3 lbs., 2 oz., less weight to lift, less tiring to use... The special cast-in heating elements send more heat out the bottom of the iron, let less escape through the top... supply steady temperature that smoothes fabrics with less pressure... The big sculptured handle is comfortable to hold, shields your fingers from hot metal, is kept cool always by the ventilated deck ...The fabric dial is accurate, dependable... Now on demonstration in leading stores where you can try it... and satisfy yourself that TipToe does better work, saves your time and strength!



Reversible cord
swings out of your way, is especially helpful if you're left handed



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deflects heat, keeps TipToe's handle comfortably cool even after hours of use



Two-irons-in-one!
...with the small toe for fussy and fine work ...the extra large sole plate to cover flat surfaces better



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Made by The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co., makers of famous YALE locks since 1868... Empire State Bldg., New York

T.Y. & T. M. Co.

(Continued from Page 135)

"Go out for practice—in your condition!"

"Sure," said plucky Tom. "If I didn't the ther boys would think I'd quit."

On another occasion, when one of his randparents had died, Dewey requested ermission to leave school during the after- oon to attend the funeral.

"Don't you want the morning too?" sked Tuck.

"No," said Tom. "Much as I love my randparents, my job is to be at school earning what I can. I can go to the funeral nd still come to school in the morning. 'ou see, it's all part of the preparation for he future."

Principal Tuck lived for a time in a rented oom in the Dewey home at 421 Oliver Street n Owosso, and so came to know young)ewey quite well. One thing that worried im was that Tom was so smart, and so ware of his own smartness, that the other upils disliked him. Even some of the eachers complained that Tom sat through heir classes with a look of boredom on his xpressive face, which made it hard to teach he others. So one day Tuck called Tom to is office and told him in a friendly way he vas making himself unpopular.

Dewey was genuinely shocked and hurt.

"That's awful," he said. "I like them, and want them to like me. What can I do?"

"Don't act so bored in classes," advised Tuck. "Don't show your impatience when omeone else gives the wrong answer. Don't ct as though you knew so much more than he other fellows."

Tom thought this over and agreed to do it. But he was a little skeptical. "Some of those ellows are just as bright as I am and they lon't even try," he told the principal. "I hink a fellow who has brains and doesn't use hem is worse than one who doesn't have ny!"

Dewey was the only child in his family, ut he was not spoiled. His father, George, vas a big man with a handle-bar mustache who was known around Owosso as "The Rock of Gibraltar." He encouraged Tom to rgue across the family dinner table, but he vas a strict disciplinarian when it came to ehavior. So was Tom's mother, who once old him that if he hurt himself riding his ricycle, it would be put away in the cellar or a year. Dewey did fall off the tricycle nd hurt himself, and his mother put it in the ellar for a year. Tom gazed after the disap- earing vehicle through a veil of tears. "All ight, mother," he sobbed, "but it'll sure get dusty, won't it?"

Mrs. Annie Dewey was—and is—very nuch of an influence on her famous son's areer. Neighbors who watched Tom grow- ng up have called her a "perfectionist." He vas always the first boy to be called off the treet at night, and no amount of teasing or wheedling could postpone his early bedtime. He was taught to pick up his toys and keep is own room in order at an early age. At seven he began taking piano lessons, and thereafter practiced thirty minutes every day or years. He bowed his head at each meal while grace was spoken, and this custom is maintained in his own household.

His mother always called him "Thomas," and her lead was followed by the other adults of Owosso. After he studied Latin he took to calling her "mater," and still does so when they are together.

As a boy he did the usual amount of base- ball playing and swimming and reading of such works as Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates. Although not mechanically inclined, he built his mother a wooden porch swing which hung proudly on her front porch until a few months ago, when Dewey and a couple of political callers sat down in it. Then it collapsed, and plunged 555 pounds of Republicanism to the floor of the porch.

Aside from school, young Dewey's two favorite occupations were earning money and singing, and occasionally he was able to com- bine them. He worked around his father's printing shop, and collected old newspapers and sold them, and conducted a sales route for the Curtis magazines—Ladies' Home Journal, The Saturday Evening Post and Country Gentleman. At one time this was such a large enterprise that he had nine boys working under him. While he was still in the eighth grade he was invited to attend a regional sales conference for the magazines, in Detroit, but wrote back that he couldn't come, because it would break his perfect attendance record at school. The school superintendent then got a letter asking him to let Dewey attend without being marked absent from school, and this was arranged.

Dewey's father went along to keep him company, but after two full days of meetings at which nothing was discussed but selling magazines, the elder Dewey began to get restless. "Let's take tomorrow afternoon off and go to the ball game," he suggested. Tom thought this over carefully and said, "I haven't been able to sell the Country Gentleman very well. I think I'd better go to the talk on the Country Gentleman tomorrow." So he went to the conference, and his father went to the ball game.

The elder Dewey was a red-hot Republican politician and editor of the Owosso weekly newspaper. He held various political jobs, and was postmaster when he died in 1922. Dewey's grandfather was one of the founders of the Republican Party in Michigan, and his uncle Edmund (from whom he received his middle name) was Republican boss of Owosso and reputedly its richest man. He lived in a big house in the center of town where Tom's Cousin Harriet entertained young people from the leading families on summer Sunday nights. For refreshments they had homemade ice cream and Bermuda-onion sandwiches on homemade bread, and for entertainment they sat on the broad veranda and sang. It was on this porch that Dewey's clear boyish soprano—which made him a valued member of the Episcopal church choir at an early age—gradually deepened into a strong *basso cantante* (a cross between bass and baritone). Tom loved to sing, and for quite a few years he found it hard to decide between a future career in grand opera and the law. But he also loved to argue, and this promised well for the law. Even when he was with girls he argued, sometimes so hotly that his companions burst into tears. And then he was puzzled and disturbed, for he had only been trying to win his point.

"Tom was wonderful," says one of the girls who used to sit on the porch and argue with him. "I have never known anyone who could see so many sides to a question. And he'd always win—just always."

An inspection of the June, 1919, issue of The Spic, the Owosso High School yearbook in the year that Dewey was graduated, reveals that he was The Spic's editor in chief, was on the debating team, had parts in the junior and senior plays, was advertising manager for the senior play, appeared in two minstrel shows, was a lieutenant in the cadet corps, sang for three years in the school quartet, played the tuba in the school band, and was a member of the Boys Working Reserve, which provided unskilled labor to farmers during World War I.

The legend under his picture contained a prophecy which has still to be completely fulfilled:

First in the council hall to steer the state,
And ever foremost in a tongue debate.

THE "TOO INTELLIGENT" VOICE

At the University of Michigan, where he enrolled in the fall of 1919, Dewey was less outstanding than he had been in Owosso. He is remembered on the Ann Arbor campus as a very earnest but rather colorless student who wasted little time on athletics or girls, and none at all on the hip-flask parties of the "Flaming Youth" era. He joined a fraternity made up mostly of music students, and worked hard at his two plans for a career—music and the law. He earned money singing in local choirs, took part in student musical comedies, and in his senior year placed first in a state-wide singing contest. This earned him a trip to Asheville, North Carolina, where he took third prize in a national competition. He returned just in time to get his diploma and sing the Pilgrim's Song at the commencement exercises for his class.

William Wheeler, who was his singing teacher at the university, thinks that Dewey would have reached the Metropolitan Opera stage if he had followed a musical career. "The combination of a fine voice, plus his extraordinary dramatic ability, would have made him an outstanding success," says Wheeler, who sometimes in his personal letters addresses Dewey as "The Voice—and I don't mean Frank Sinatra."

Wheeler still thinks that a performance of The Love Song of an Idiot which Dewey gave in his class was the most dramatic he ever heard, not surpassed even by the great Chaliapin. When Dewey walked into the studio that day, says Wheeler, his whole appearance was frightening. His face was twisted and vacuous. His feet dragged. His voice whined as he started to sing. And the tones that poured from his lips were steeped in madness and self-torture.

"It was terrific," Wheeler recalls. "I was absolutely spellbound."

Dewey finished his course at Michigan in June, 1923, and spent that summer reading law in the office of a cousin in Chicago. But he was still strongly inclined toward earning his livelihood with his voice. On Saturday afternoons he would get together with some fraternity friends in a little room with a battered piano, and sing for hours. "Darn it," he said one day, "I'm going into music as a career. I'm going to drop the law."

That fall he went to New York and entered Columbia University Law School. He also enrolled at the famous singing school of Percy Rector Stephens, who had trained such brilliant operatic stars as Reinald Werrenrath and Paul Althouse. Stephens was a picturesque teacher who made his students sing or hum all the time they were in his studio, even carrying on their conversations in musical notes. "A dog can bark all day and not get hoarse; that's how a singer should be!" he would say.

Dewey gave his first and only solo recital in Stephens' studio on his twenty-second birthday, in March, 1924. Among those present was Deems Taylor, the noted music critic, who thought Dewey had a good voice but lacked the necessary temperament. "He tried to plan his effects instead of coming right out with them," Taylor recalls. "Not enough impulse." Later Stephens took Dewey aside and told him that he had used his voice "too intelligently," and would probably never set the operatic world afire, although he might become a middling good performer. So Dewey finally made up his mind. He gave up singing and concentrated on the law, finishing his course at Columbia in June, 1925, and passing his bar examination soon afterward.

His visits to the Stephens studio continued, however, for he had become much interested in Miss Frances Eileen Hutt, a Sapulpa, Oklahoma, girl who was studying there. Miss Hutt's warm and beautiful mezzo-soprano voice had early attracted attention in her home town, and the Sapulpa Kiwanis Club had sponsored a concert to raise funds for her musical education in New York. There she partly supported herself by singing in churches and in a chain of vaudeville theaters, and finally, in the winter of 1927–28, she was given a "prize show-girl" role (under the name of Eileen Hoyt) in a George White Scandals road show which toured the country.

A New York reporter who interviewed her at this time reported that she was a "pretty, slender girl with big brown eyes and a golden wavy brown bob," whose "sensible, home-made and aged-in-the-brain philosophy popped out at unexpected intervals as she sat in her dressing room."

"It takes a lot to tempt a chorus girl," this reporter quoted Miss Hutt as saying. "Lobster and champagne won't do it. The only aftermath is indigestion. This is a life which takes hard work and lots of it. It isn't all the roses and spotlights and foot-lights the audience sees out front."

On June 16, 1928, however, Miss Hutt gave up whatever plans she may have had for a further stage career, and changed her name again, becoming Mrs. Thomas E. Dewey. The ceremony took place at St. Thomas' Episcopal Church on Fifth Avenue, and the happy couple moved into a two-room walk-up apartment where the bride's grand piano took up much of the living room, and company dinners were served on a folding card table.

BIG-CITY NEMESIS

At the time of his marriage Dewey was earning $3000 a year as an assistant in the New York law firm of McNamara and Seymour. By 1931, despite the stock-market crash and depression, his salary had risen to $8000—an indication that he was doing well for an obscure young man from Michigan. His big "break" came when he was assigned to work on a $20,000 lawsuit with George Z. Medalie, a leader of the New York bar. His painstaking work and keen thinking greatly impressed Medalie, who was appointed soon afterward as United States District Attorney for New York. The story has often been told of how Medalie offered Dewey a job as one of

(Continued on Page 139)



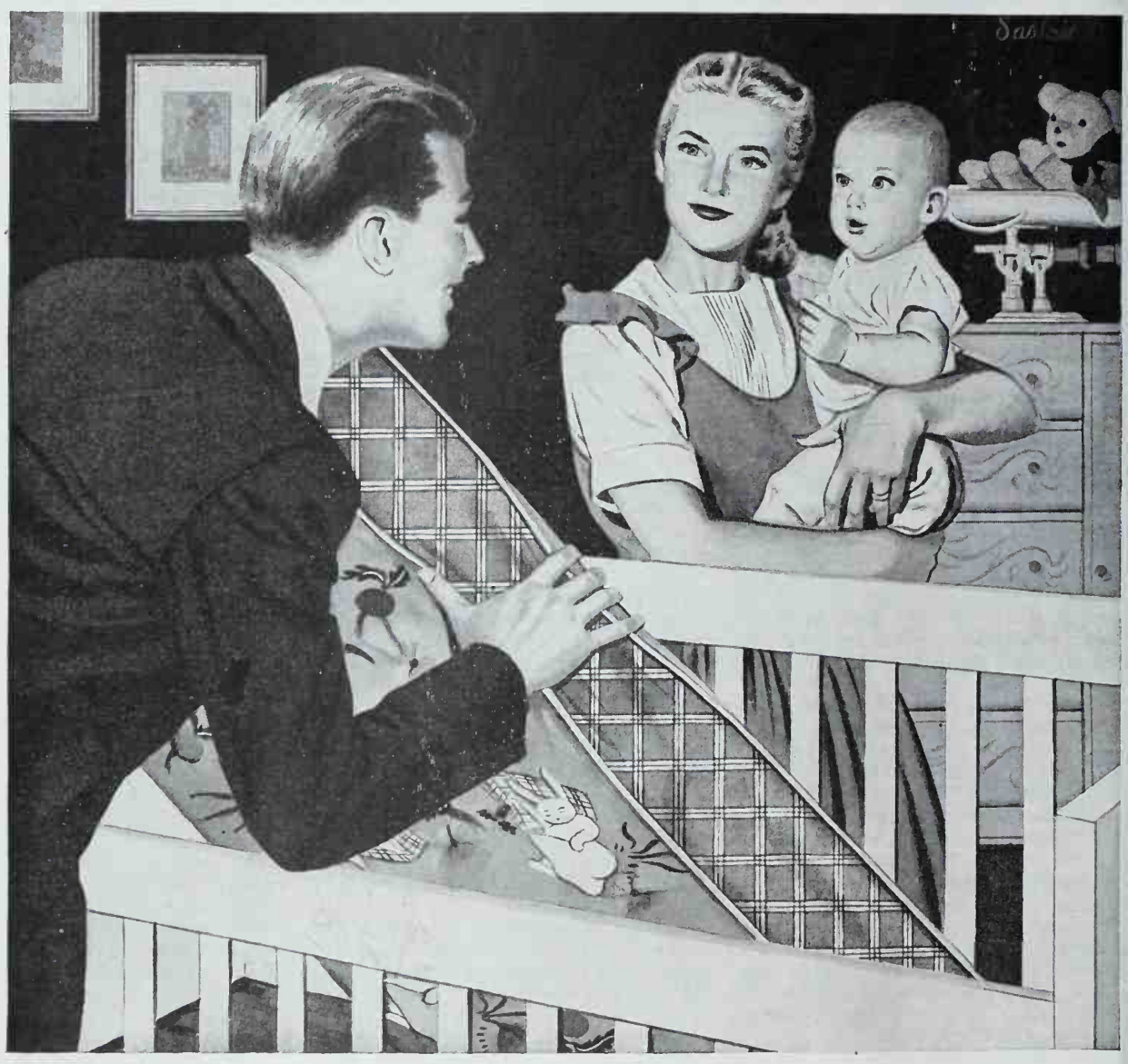
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Only $16.75

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Doctors say a *firm* crib mattress is *best* for your baby!

For a *firm* crib mattress can help *strengthen* and *support* his tender back, *protect* his *posture*, too!

That's why so many thoughtful mothers are getting their babies the Babybeauty—the *firmer* crib mattress—made *only* by Simmons! The ONLY crib mattress that offers this triple protection:

1. Babybeauty was built to specifications listed by *hundreds* of doctors!

2. Babybeauty was voted *best* for *firmness, best* for *comfort*—over two other leading mattresses—by 9 out of 12 pediatricians!

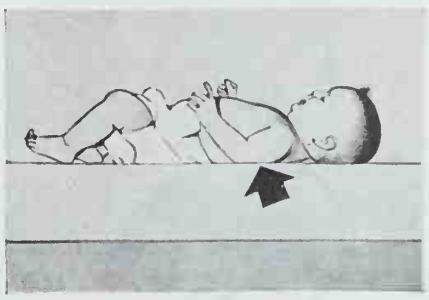
3. Babybeauty was the *firmest, most resilient,* and *best-made of all* mattresses in Test No. 72460, made in the laboratories of the United States Testing Co., Inc., July 31, 1946.

Order *your* Babybeauty today! On sale wherever infants' bedding is sold!

Only Babybeauty offers all these advantages:



1. Approved! In a special crib mattress test, 9 out of 12 baby doctors chose Babybeauty as *best* for *firmness, best* for *comfort!*



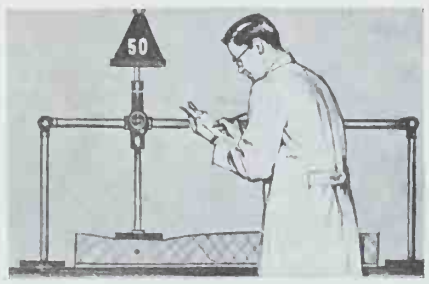
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3. Washable! It's easy to keep Babybeauty's cover spotlessly clean. Wipe it often as you like—won't crack or peel!



4. 70 coil springs! Not ordinary mattress springs—but "babyweight" springs—designed for your baby's lighter weight.



5. More resilient! In official Test No. 72460, made by the United States Testing Co., Inc., Babybeauty was judged *more resilient* than any crib mattress tested!



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(Continued from Page 137)

his Government assistants; how Dewey refused it and kept on refusing until Medalie offered to make him chief assistant, which he accepted; how he convicted "Waxey" Gordon and "Legs" Diamond and other sinister underworld characters and put them in jail despite their big bank accounts and political "connections"; and how Medalie later persuaded Governor Herbert Lehman to appoint Dewey as special prosecutor of all "rackets" in the city.

This appointment came in 1935, when Dewey was still only 33 years old. Two years later he was elected as the full-time district attorney of New York, in a campaign which saw the corrupt old Tammany regime smashed as by a cyclone. (Fiorello LaGuardia was re-elected mayor at the same time.) Dewey's trained dramatic voice played a leading role in the victory. On Sunday nights he went on the radio and made speeches which began like this:

"TONIGHT I am going to talk about the alliance between crime and politics in the County of New York. I am going to tell you about a political ally of thieves, pickpockets, thugs, dope peddlers and big-shot racketeers; Albert Marinelli, county clerk of New York, powerful leader of half the Second Assembly District. He attained power by staying in the dark. Tonight we turn on the spotlight!"

Dewey's performance was so electrifying that for the duration of the campaign he topped every murder program on the air in popularity. One radio chain offered him $5000 a week for 50 weeks, but Dewey still had too much real-life melodrama to take care of. By 1940 he had jailed, or driven into exile, or suicide, scores of big and little crooks, including "Lucky" Luciano, alleged boss of the city's commercialized prostitution; Arthur ("Dutch Schultz") Flegenheimer, former beer baron and labor racketeer who was murdered in Newark, New Jersey; James J. ("The Honest Blacksmith") Hines, powerful Tammany Hall leader who was chief fixer for the Broadway underworld; "Buggsy" Siegel, who was shot only a few months ago in a luxurious home in the Beverly Hills movie colony in California; Vito Genovese, who had a concrete fortress guarded by machine guns in Monmouth, New Jersey, but who hastily left the country when Dewey got on his trail; and Richard Whitney, a former president of the New York Stock Exchange.

These were Dewey's great "racket-busting" days, when the limelight beat with dazzling glitter on the figure of a Middle Western small-town boy, exposing and slaying the slimy dragons of big-city vice and crime. In 1938, with the Roosevelt tide still running strong and deep, the sensational Dewey was the only hope of Republicans for the governorship of New York. He ran, and was defeated by Lehman by a narrow margin. In 1940 he made his own campaign for the presidential nomination, accusing the New Deal of practically the same crimes as Luciano and Hines. The phenomenal rise of Wendell Willkie cut him out of the picture at the last minute, but he turned to, and campaigned loyally for the Republican ticket. In 1942 he ran for governor against an undistinguished Democrat named Bennett, and beat him overwhelmingly. In 1944, as everyone knows, he led the Republicans against the Democratic champ and commander-in-chief—and lost. And in 1946 he was re-elected governor.

This is not, viewed in cold statistics, an overwhelmingly successful political record. But it shows the qualities that Dewey has had ever since he was a boy in Owosso—lots of pluck, occasional luck, and a large amount of staying power.

THE MODEL GOVERNOR?

"They used to say he was too young," grumbled Dewey's big, genial secretary, Paul Lockwood. "Now they say he's been around too long. But one thing they can't say any more is that he's inexperienced. *They've got to admit he has a good record.*"

Among the members of the "Dewey Gang" in Albany, Manhattan, Pawling and elsewhere, Dewey's record as chief executive of the Empire State is discussed with an emotion that is close to reverence. The "Dewey record" is being counted on in those quarters to appeal irresistibly to delegates and voters in the hectic days to come.

The cornerstone of the "Dewey record," judging from the amount of publicity that has been lavished on it, is the surplus of more than $545,000,000 which has accumulated in the state's treasury during Dewey's five years as governor. Directly on top of this comes the 50 per cent cut in state income taxes which Dewey inaugurated, and which has been in effect for the past two years. These two features make quite an impressive monument in themselves. The surplus, incidentally, is the largest ever accumulated by any state.

Next in the edifice which Dewey has built at Albany would probably come the state bonus for veterans of World War II (up to $250 for every veteran; total cost to the taxpayers, $400,000,000) which he endorsed, and for which he worked out a partial "pay-as-you-go" policy of special taxes during the next ten years. Then there is the state's $69,000,000 veterans' housing and educational program, the largest undertaken by any state.

The restoration of 100,000 "small businesses" which had been shut down by the war, and the speedy reconversion of New York's vast war plants to peacetime industry, have endeared the Dewey regime to the state's businessmen. Special and continuous aid to business is a big part of the "Dewey record."

A thorough overhauling of the state's mental and public health programs, the establishment of state "internships" for young psychiatrists, and would-be public administrators; the raising of salaries of legislators and state department heads to a level comparable with private business; the expansion and exploitation of the state's scenic and game preserves; and the release of a sizable portion of the surplus for postwar roads and buildings are all part of the Dewey pattern of "good government." So, too, are two measures of a definitely "liberal" character—the Ives Anti-Discrimination Bill, which forbids New York employers to discriminate against workers because of their race or color; and the State Rent Control Act, which prevented sudden skyrocketing of New York rents at the time national controls were temporarily withdrawn.

The "Dewey record" has, of course, come in for criticism. The official Democratic attitude toward Dewey's financial achievements, for instance, is that no governor of New York could have prevented an enormous gain in state revenues during the years of wartime "prosperity." Dewey and his advisers do not take such comments very seriously. They are inclined to blame most of the anti-Dewey attacks on "left wingers" and a few leftover New Deal malcontents and "Communists."

"We get along all right with the regular Democratic leaders in the legislature," one of Dewey's staff said recently. "But the Commies hate us."

THERE are two sizable groups of New York voters, however, who do not belong to the Communist party, and who take violent exception to certain parts of the Dewey record. One of these groups is the schoolteachers of the state, who feel that their highly justified request for a raise in minimum pay was picked up by Dewey and converted into a political time bomb that may wreck the state's fine public-education system. Dewey eventually gave the teachers their raise (ranging from $225 to $600 a year), but he made the task of raising the extra funds an extremely complicated one and split it up on a fractional basis among their respective communities in a way which caused a great deal of friction. He also forced the enactment of a brand-new system of "promotion boards" which will pass on future promotions and pay raises of all teachers on a local basis, modifying to a considerable degree the security which teachers have had for years under state-wide laws. This latter scheme, according to the official spokesmen for all New York teachers' organizations, is the start of partisan political control of their jobs, and a definite threat to their intellectual and classroom freedom.

The other large group of New York citizens which officially does not like Governor Dewey is organized labor. The CIO, with its New Deal connections, has never been pro-Dewey, but the A. F. of L. and the governor have carried on some cautious flirtations—with the advances usually coming from the Dewey side. During the past year, however, they had a violent falling out, and there is not much indication that they will be friends again by the 1948 campaign.

The quarrel was over the famous Condon-Wadlin Bill, which forbids employees of the state, or of any city or town in the state, to go on strike. The bill was strongly backed by Dewey himself after a series of public strikes—by Buffalo teachers, Rochester garbage collectors and Syracuse waterworks employees. It was endorsed by the New York Times and other conservative newspapers, irrespective of party. But organized labor fought it hard, and is still fighting it, although so far it has not been openly broken. There is a noticeable air of resentment among the Dewey people when they discuss labor's attitude toward this bill—and also some hope. For Dewey never got mixed up in the far bigger national scrap over the Taft-Hartley Bill, and his admirers have been watching Senator Taft's emergence as the No. 1 hate of organized labor with keen and lip-smacking relish.

"I suppose," said one of them recently, "that we'll have to defend that d——d bill in 1948. But it's going to be a tough one to defend."

Notation

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

Lean on my heart, then, for its
pulse beats only
Over and over your name: would
have you near,
Though having you, it still is
strangely lonely,
Knowing how easily lost are things
too dear.
Lean on my heart, and let no word
be spoken.
Love shaped to speech is but a
brittle glass
That by a careless phrase, a touch,
is broken;
And how distorted does the lover
pass
Imaged in splinters of what once
was whole.
Lean on my heart in silence while
we see
Orion tread the stars beneath his
sole:
Your lips to mine, yet free as the
wind is free,
And only thought to hold us fast
and warm. . . .
To love like this the hours can do
no harm.

THE THINKER

What is Dewey thinking as the year 1947 rolls out, and the presidential year of 1948 rolls in? What does he foresee as the most serious problems and issues confronting the country and the candidates?

His direct answers to any such questions are, of course, off the record. The following is based partly on interviews with his friends and advisers, and partly on his public statements.

1. He believes that "the next five years will decide whether Americans are to keep their freedom, or go under a dictatorship."

2. His private denunciations of communists and "fellow travelers" are bitterer than his many public ones. As President he would certainly go further than the Truman Administration in making life miserable for radical political groups.

3. He has no faith whatever in the present Russian government, and is 100 per cent behind his foreign-relations adviser, John Foster Dulles, who initiated the scheme for dividing Europe into U. S.- and Russian-sponsored "blocs" of nations. Dewey claims, with some justice, to have initiated the present "bipartisan" American foreign policy. During the 1944 campaign he sent Dulles, a prominent Wall Street lawyer and churchman with world-wide contacts, to confer with Secretary of State Cordell Hull, and prevent any development that would upset our wartime foreign relations. "Old Hull fell right into the trap," chuckled one of Dewey's closest aides recently. "Before he knew it Foster was right there in the department. He had to wet-nurse Stettinius and Byrnes, too, but of course Marshall isn't quite that kind." The Deweyites also claim that Dulles converted Senator Arthur Vandenberg from an outstanding isolationist to a leading supporter of the United Nations.

4. In the last analysis, Dewey puts his hope for continued "freedom" on aggressive executive action, and a strong national police force. When he met Premier de Gasperi, of Italy, some months ago they talked for a while about the Communists in Italy, and then Dewey asked what he called "the $64 question": "How far can you depend on your police, your *carabinieri?*" The premier replied, "I think I can depend on them." But Dewey, from private information, was inclined to believe that no more than two thirds were loyal.

5. On the national front, Dewey thinks President Truman is just a nice little fellow who doesn't know what it's all about. "He tries to play it by ear, like Roosevelt, but whereas Roosevelt was a brilliant and able man, and a ruthless one, Truman isn't brilliant or able, and his ruthlessness is only of the local Missouri variety." Dewey's first move as president, it can be predicted with some certainty, would be to shake up the State, National Security and Justice Departments and staff them with highly trained career administrators and experts of the kind he has consistently put in office in Albany.

6. Dewey has no cracker-barrel or small-town notions about reducing the size and costs of the Federal Government. In a speech at Hamilton College last June he said some things which were true, but not very welcome to the small-bore Republican politicians in Congress and elsewhere. "Of all the changes that have come about since the 1920's," he said, "none is more remarkable than the growth of government. . . . From 1920 to 1929 private capital in this country raised and invested the unprecedented sum of 37 billion dollars. That figure seemed to jump right out of the page I was reading the other day because the ten-year investment total is just about the same as the proposed budget for one year's running expenses of the Federal Government alone. . . . Big Government today spends in a year the savings of a decade invested in Big Business in the heyday of the boom.

"No matter how little we may like it and no matter how we may long for the simplicities of a Jeffersonian state, which is considered best because it governs least, we must face the fact that the Government has become our biggest industry and will continue to be big. . . .

"*I am not now referring to the great burden the cost of government has placed upon the people. I am directing attention to the other side of the picture: the burden the people have placed upon the Government.*"

7. The atomic bomb does not seem to scare Dewey as much as it does some people. Recently someone remarked to him that Americans appear to be more frightened of war than any other nation these days, because we invented the bomb, and were the first to use it. "Oh, I don't think that's so," said Dewey. "I think we're just about the same as we always were."

THE END

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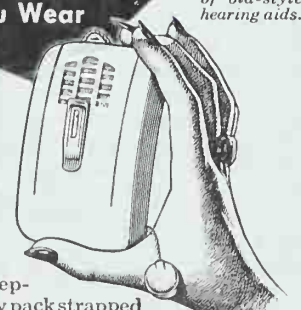
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PERIGORD

(Continued from Page 51)

"Musick, Tenant's great back, wins game with well-placed drop kick," said Charlie.

Byron made a deprecatory gesture.

"Don't be modest," said Charlie. "And we sure could've used you yesterday. Got a fullback who can't run, can't kick, can't tackle, can't pass."

"What's he out there for?" asked Byron.

"Darned if I know," said Charlie. "Perigord says it's for the psychological effect. He makes the other side overconfident. Maybe it's just being used to playing with you," Charlie, who was not a boy to run down a teammate, said. "Sure could've used you yesterday, anyway."

"I made eleven dollars and seventy-five cents yesterday," said Byron.

Charlie whistled. "Judas Priest! By next year you'll have so much money you won't be interested in going to school."

"Not me," said Byron. "I'm going to school. Besides, I don't get to save so much of it."

"Oh, sure," said Charlie, "I forgot."

Betty Jean came over with the half-filled laundry bag and sat on the arm of Byron's chair. "You'd never do a thing like that, would you, By?"

"Like what?" Byron asked.

"Go up to school with your belongings stuffed in a laundry bag."

Byron looked up at Betty Jean suspiciously. "Why wouldn't I?" he asked. He wouldn't, certainly. He couldn't afford to. He wasn't an Alford. He had to make the right impression the first time. One of the things he intended to have the day he registered at Tech was a matched set of bags. Top-grain cowhide with brass monograms. He had a list headed, "Things I Must Have Before I Start College," and the matched set of bags was high on the list. "What do you mean, I wouldn't?" he asked again. "Think I haven't got the nerve?"

Betty Jean let the laundry bag drop to the floor and took hold of Byron's hair with both hands. "Not too little nerve," she said, rocking his head back and forth; "too much dignity. You'd have a good set of matched bags."

Once again Byron looked up at her suspiciously. "I probably won't even be admitted," he said.

Betty Jean hooted. "Class valedictorian! I can see Tech turning you down."

"It takes more than grades to get in," he told her.

CHARLIE took off his shirt, which he had been unbuttoning, and threw it over onto the laundry bag. "Tech," he said, "is interested in two things: grades and duffel bags. I had the duffel bag."

"What's wrong with a set of matched bags?" Byron asked. "Not that I've got a set. But I'd just like to inquire what's wrong with a set if you happen to own it? It's nothing to be ashamed of, is it?"

"Perigord," said Charlie, "would call a set of matched bags conspicuous waste."

"Conspicuous waste?" echoed Byron.

"Perigord," said Charlie, "would call this whole dump conspicuous waste."

He made a gesture which swept together into a pile of conspicuous wastefulness the grand piano, its fringed silk scarf and silver-framed pictures; the crimson-velveteen curtains and matching velveteen cushions; the coffee table with its parquetry top of varicolored woods; the lamps with their shades of shirred silk; the plump, leather hassocks.

"Dump," said Byron, looking about.

The Alford house was a little old-fashioned he knew. Still, it was the Alford house. Behind the leaded-glass doors of the bookcase was a big black volume called Pioneer Citizens of Orange County, and in that book were both Charlie's father and grandfather, "pioneer banker" and "pioneer orchardist" respectively. And both with their pictures. Only the most outstanding pioneer citizens had got their pictures into the book. The very house he sat in was pictured there. "In 1919," said Pioneer Citizens, "Wallace T. Alford built the Swiss-chalet-type house on Madison Street, which, with its plantings of royal palms, spacious lawns and graceful fountain, quickly became one of the show places of a city justly noted for its beautiful homes."

Dump! He could remember the first day he was ever there and how proud he had been. He had come home with Betty Jean after school. She was chairman of a committee to arrange a football rally and there was to be a skit in which the outstanding player of today would be interviewed by the outstanding player of yesterday. Betty Jean's father was the outstanding player of yesterday and Betty Jean wanted the two of them to practice their interview over together.

SHE had led him in the back way. This had amazed him. His mother had told him a thousand times, he supposed, "Never bring anyone in the back way, through the kitchen. It's bad taste." And if anyone, calling upon his mother, instead of asking for a drink, went directly to the kitchen for it, his mother would say, afterward, "Snooping around. Just an excuse to see the state of my kitchen."

The state of the Alford's kitchen had been wonderful. On the kitchen table were a dozen freshly iced cupcakes and a big bowl of sliced peaches thickly sugared and oozing juice. It was only four o'clock and he had supposed the cakes and peaches were refreshments prepared for the practice, but no, they had been the dessert for the Alfords' supper, planned, ready at four o'clock. At home his mother never started thinking of supper until six, had no idea until she looked at her row of cans what supper would be.

"Let's snitch one of these," Betty Jean had said, picking up a cupcake. "They're for supper, but who cares?" He had stood for so long staring at the cupcakes, envisioning an entirely new and more dignified way of living than he had ever known, that Betty Jean had laughed and said, "O.K., take two."

While they had waited for Mr. Alford, who was late getting home from the bank, Mrs. Alford had come into the living room and asked him to hold some yarn which she was winding into a ball. This, too, was in direct contradiction of everything he had learned at home. At home company was company, was never asked to help, sat unmoving in one chair until ready to leave, and at that time departed by the door which they had entered upon arrival: the front one.

That had been the beginning of his visiting the Alfords and of his new life. *Dump!* The word shook something in him, made the interior of his throat tremble as if he had been or soon would be crying. The Alford house was beautiful; and even if it were not, it was the *Alford* house.

"Dump," he said again. "Say, who is this Perigord, anyway?" He faltered over the name which Charlie, who took French, had been pronouncing in a very French way.

Charlie, who had been looking critically at his undershirt, now pulled it off, too, and tossed it over onto the laundry bag.

"What is this, Charlie?" asked Betty Jean. "Strip tease?"

"Strip," said Charlie, "but no tease."

"Say, who is this Perigord, anyway?" Byron asked again.

"New French instructor," said Charlie.

"The Cal Tech dream boy," said Betty Jean.

Byron spoke to Betty Jean. "You know him, do you?"

"No," she said.

"She sure read about him, though," said Charlie. "And looked at his picture."

"Where'd you read about him?"

"Los Angeles Times."

"How's a Cal Tech French instructor get in the Times?" asked Byron, who was in the Times' sport section himself, year after year.

"Don't tell me you never heard of Jacques Perigord?" said Charlie. "The French hero."

"What'd he do that was heroic?"

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Resistance."
How old is he?"
Twenty-three. But he looks younger.
teaching these two French classes kind
n the side. He's over here to study at
i. He's a physicist. They say he arrived
olton Hall with one volume of French
ry, one slide rule, one revolver and two
ges of underwear packed in one of those
er baskets you carry cats in."
And his beautiful face," said Betty Jean.
That wasn't in the basket."
He got a beautiful face?" asked Byron
etty Jean.
harlie answered, "You hardly notice it
he starts talking. How that guy can
! I feel vulgar sitting there in front of
in my matched ties and shirts." Charlie
ed himself up and down as if searching
ome further vulgarity of which he might
st himself.
Keep your pants on, Charlie," said Betty
.
harlie began untying a shoe. "My socks
washing too," he said.
O.K.," said Betty. Jean, "throw them
."
harlie took them off, threw them over
sat wiggling his toes in a bar of colorless
.
What's vulgar about matched ties and
s?" asked Byron.
Oh, they're all right," said Charlie, "if
feel all right with them on. I don't. Not
Perigord up there talking."
You mean you feel vulgar because of
he did in France in the underground?"
n asked.
No," said Charlie. "Why should I?
des, he don't ever talk about that. It's
that Perigord sees through things. I'll
arned if I don't feel like a baby with a
e in my hand every time that guy opens
nouth. I tell you ——" But Charlie
k his head and gave up. He pushed his
arther along the rug to catch the bar of
ating sunlight. "You just have to see
hear Perigord to appreciate him. And
k God *he* can't see this place."

RE was a period of silence in the room
en by the long wail of the whistle at the
refinery.
Five o'clock," said Byron.
harlie leaned over and looked at his feet.
ire have got long toes," he observed.

The last of the afternoon light falling through a chink in the palms showed with unexpected clarity the dust which lay in the pleats of the shade on the piano lamp, the smudge where the silver plating had worn thin on one of the picture frames. Byron's eyes followed the shaft of light for a minute, then he stood up.

"Got to shove," he said.

BETTY JEAN stood, too, and, swinging his hand, asked, "Can't you stay for supper, By?"

"No," said Byron. "I promised mother to do some things for her. See you later, B. J."

"Eight o'clock?" asked Betty Jean. "Like usual?"

"Eight," Byron said, "like usual." He gave Charlie's duffel bag a kick. "Want me to drop this off for you at the laundry, Charlie?"

"That's where I want to get it," Charlie said. "But you don't want to go toting that thing through town, do you? A bunch of dirty clothes?"

"Why, sure," said Byron. "Why not?" He threw the bag over his shoulder, bent down and kissed the top of Betty Jean's head, and went out the door.

Betty Jean watched him for a minute through the window, then laughed.

"What's funny?" asked Charlie.

"Oh, I don't know. Byron's usually got too much dignity to do a thing like that."

"Dignity!" said Charlie who was getting out of his pants and the room at about an equal gait. "Byron's a smart boy." At the door into the hall he turned around. "Dignity is the final refuge of the mediocre," he declared, stepped entirely free of his pants and continued toward his room in his shorts.

Betty Jean smiled and turned away from the disappearing Charlie. *Perigord*, she thought; *that's what Perigord said, Perigord with his revolver and poetry and wicker cat basket.* She walked across the living room to the big west window and stood there looking out. Two blocks away Byron, with uplifted hand, gave his usual signal, three fingers, then five, to say, "Don't forget that I'm seeing you at eight." Betty Jean hadn't forgotten; but musing, she did forget the answering wave which would have told him so.

THE END

JENNIFER



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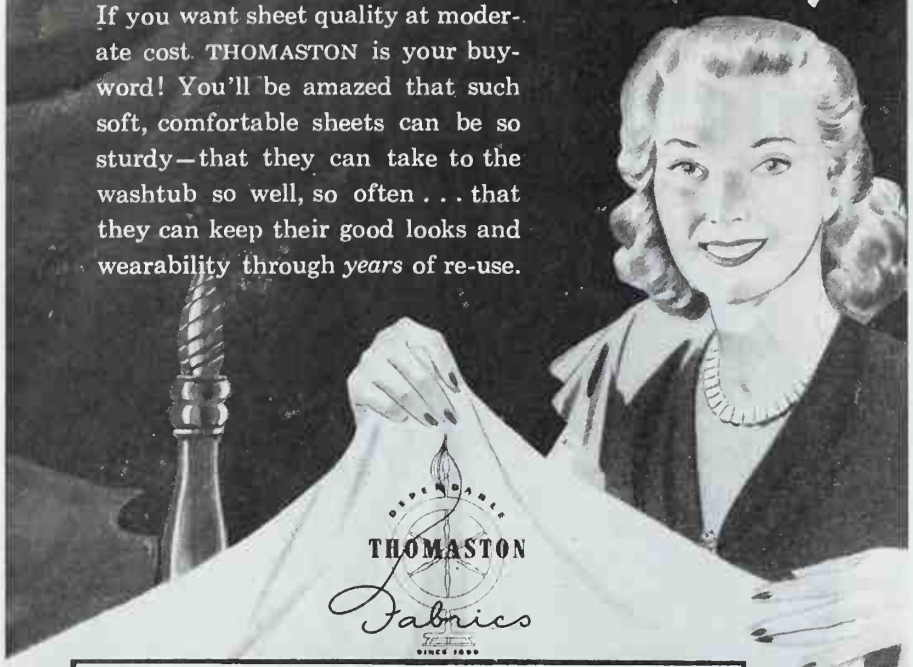


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A Letter to Joan From an Interested Father

By HARRY L. BAUER

Dear Joan:

I hope that it is not presumptuous for a man you never heard of to write you about some of the intimate things your mother discussed in the series of letters recently published. Somehow you do not seem like a stranger to me. This is, no doubt, because you have so much in common with my own daughter, who recently graduated from a large coeducational university.

I like to feel that I had a measure of success in trying to give my daughter some guidance in meeting the temptations that arise in the social activities of a college campus. It is in the belief that a father's point of view with regard to some of the troublesome sex problems that confront young people might be of interest to you and your friends that I venture to write this letter. Fathers are so seldom heard from in this connection that one might conclude they had little concern about it. This is far from true.

I have followed with much interest the letters written by your mother in her attempt to keep you "on the right track," and also the letter by Mrs. Harris, the "Catholic mother," who thinks that your mother is "confused" because she did not relate sex problems to "moral law" as interpreted by "traditional Christian teaching."

The air of finality with which Mrs. Harris solves the problem of virginity intrigues me. The gist of her reasoning is that the sex relation before marriage is wrong because "Divine Law has decreed against it," and that is that! In cases of doubt as to how far one may go in sex indulgence she believes that one's conscience will answer the question. "Instinctively you know what is right and wrong," she says. I suspect that this religious solution of problems in personal conduct will not be very satisfying to a vast multitude of young people whose religious faith alone is not strong enough to sidetrack their powerful biological urges.

YOUR mother, Joan, does not seem to me to be in a "state of confusion" in her analyses of the sex difficulties of girls approaching womanhood. I think she has sized up the situation very clearly. Her discussion of the "thorny problem of petting" in the first two letters is one of the best I have seen—and I have read many of them.

The matter of petting boils down to about this: Boys are characteristically more aggressive and venturesome than girls and will, therefore, make advances which, if not checked by the girls, become bolder and may lead to undignified, embarrassing and even dangerous situations. However, the great majority of boys are fundamentally decent and do respect girls' wishes when these are clearly understood. The control of petting is, thus, in the girl's hands. A girl should not blame a boy for going too far, if she makes no effort to prevent it. She should, of course, do this with understanding and in good taste. There is no need to hurt the boy's feelings, make a scene, or even strain the friendship.

The content of most of the letters was devoted to the much-discussed question of premarital sex relations. I thought your mother's reasons for chastity, although neither new nor novel, were sound. The old-fashioned arguments are still just about as valid as ever, although, with the help much wishful thinking, many people vince themselves that these reasons do apply to modern conditions. Perhaps most significant point in the logic is men generally prefer to marry virgins are distrustful of the girl who makes body available to men whose real mot are not matrimony, but gratificatior their selfish desires and inflation of t egos by making thrilling new conque

About the only criticism I can mak your mother's discussion is that it does go far enough in the matter of supply you and your friends with factual infor tion about the real nature of, and prob consequences of, complete physical macy before marriage. A father's poin view on this subject is likely to be sentimental and religious and more sc tific and practical than that of the moth

To be more exact, I think that a yo lady, in forming a sound moral code herself, needs specific information ab the meaning of premarital sex intercou the possible consequences, the dangers, just what she may expect to happen if does submit to some boy's proposition co-operates with him in sexual exp mentation.

In the sales talk whereby a young Ro tries to break down his girl's resistance t are likely to be included such express as "deepening friendship," "proving love," "developing personality," "ne sity for health," "finding out if we are ually adjusted," and "preventing frus tion." Most of this is just nonsense course. When a girl decides against vir ity until marriage, it is probable that real cause is just plain curiosity, a de to "see what sex is like," and a belief such experience will necessarily be acc panied by extreme physical ecstasy. So times the cause is anxiety about the mality of her sexual nature, and someti it is a desire for sophistication.

Sex has a terrific build-up in Amer Motion pictures, the radio, the stage, vertising and even popular music ne tire of portraying the glamour and glory of sex. Much popular fictio little more than a detailed descriptio the sex affairs of the "hero."

I wonder, Joan, if it ever occurred to that the wonders of sex intercourse m be overrated; I don't suppose it has. such suggestions appear in popular lit ture. We are led to believe that, right f the first, complete sex intimacy wil successful and work like a charm. S in more or less obscure scientific accou one reads about such things as "frigidi "impotence" and "failure to attain gasm." Evidently there *are* somet difficulties, failures and disappointm instead of the expected climactic pleas

Dr. Paul Popenoe, one of the most perienced marriage counselors in country, states that "Study of the rec which the American Institute of Fa Relations collected from hundreds of ried couples showed that of every brides, one (i. e., only 25 per cent) ex enced orgasm at first intercourse; one some days or weeks; one after a pe varying from one to eleven months; only after a year, if ever."

Do you see what that means, J Evidently it takes time and much pra

ain a successful sex adjustment, even
the ideal cond...ons of honeymoon
marriage and with full approval of
ts and society. Surely a young virgin
annot expect many benefits from one
ew premarital experiments which are
st sure to be made under conditions of
cy, fears and inhibitions. Surely it is
d to think that such premarital in-
cy will show "what sex is like," "if we
xually adjusted," or any of the other
d benefits. Is it not much more likely
the results of such experience will be
st, disappointment and perhaps re-
nent of the male sex that may leave
for years?

nat I have just said does not, of course,
to sexual relations in marriage. Satis-
ry patterns develop, and all authori-
gree that this is one of the strongest
s that hold man and woman together
arriage. There is also agreement that
ically all adults are physically capable
tisfactory sex adjustment and that
need be no anxiety on that account.
psychological stumbling blocks that
ly cause the difficulty are not likely to
moved by premarital experimenting.
the contrary is more probable.

still more evidence that premarital sex
acy is more likely to hurt than to help
uccess of marriage is desired, science
lenty of it. Numerous investigations
that marriages of virgins turn out
r than others. An ingenious scale for
uring happiness (called "Euphori-
r") was developed at Duke University.
is the happiness of the average Amer-
family was fixed at 100. The score
narriages in which both husband and
were virgins at the
of the wedding was
(i. e., 30 per cent
e the general aver-
but the score for
cases in which both
promiscuous before
marriage was only
i. e., barely more
half as happy as the general average).
one who thinks that premarital in-
cy contributes to successful marriage
t to meditate on those eloquent
es.

e you impressed, Joan, with those
r common statements that imply that
y all modern young people indulge in
ntimacies before marriage? For ex-
e, your mother quoted one of the boys
ur crowd (Amy's escort) as saying, "It
isn't smart to be a virgin." A number
ritics seem bent on destroying the
nence-till-marriage institution that
evolved from many generations of
t on the part of society to protect
en, children and families from the evils
omiscuity.

ARENTLY no one knows the extent of
practice of premarital sex relations.
scientific studies on this point are
nentary and inconclusive. Shortly be-
the war Doctor Popenoe wrote
". . . the bulk of the studies avail-
indicate that the number of educated
s who have ever had any sexual ex-
nce except with their husbands is more
ne in fifteen, or one in thirty." What a
ry is this estimate from the reckless
ments of the cynics. Of course morals
loosened somewhat by the war, but
is no reason to think that there has
any drastic change in sentiment. The
nce indicates clearly that virginity is
the choice of the overwhelming ma-
y of intelligent young women.

he risks of positive harm resulting from
plete physical intimacy before marriage
very real. The physical dangers now,
ways, are venereal disease and unex-
ed pregnancy. Although methods of
ing venereal infection have been greatly
oved in recent years, the diseases are
widely prevalent and serious, contrib-
g heavily to impairment of heart and
lation, mental conditions, sterility and
lidism. Nor is there any simple guar-
against the infection.

The amount of unexpected pregnancy is shocking. It indicates an appalling ignorance on the part of many who, doubtless, think they know all about preventing it. Some of the more tragic cases reach the newspapers. I have on my desk a sheaf of clippings. Here, for example, is the Wac who returned from overseas duty but did not go home to her loved ones. Instead she rented a room in a shabby hotel and committed suicide because—she was going to have a baby. Here is the young married mother who was investigated because she left her infant and unwanted child unattended while she went out to have some fun. Here is the unscrupulous doctor who was charged with serious crime because an older married woman died as the result of an illegal abortion operation. So they go.

I THOUGHT the discussion of birth control in your mother's third letter was excellent. There is little to add. I wish I could emphasize the fact that contraceptive techniques, even in marriage, where they can be used promptly, consistently and intelligently, are not always effective. Any girl who is not just a plain "dumb bunny" will see the great risks involved in complete physical intimacy before marriage where the conditions are not at all likely to favor successful birth-control practices.

Even though one escapes the physical harm that might result from premarital sex intimacy, he cannot escape the psychological consequences. There are bound to be guilt feelings. One may convince himself that there is no harm in it and his immediate circle of friends may agree, but he positively knows that he has violated the mores of the larger society of which he is a part and to which he is obligated for many of the satisfactions of life. A disturbing mental conflict is probable. That "sense of belonging" that psychologists consider important to well-adjusted personalities may not develop.

A secret: Something you tell to a number of people individually.

The practice may also lead to a loss of integrity because it must be done furtively and in secret and in such a way as to deceive others, some of whom may be close friends whose respect we desire.

It may also be noted that promiscuity narrows down the field of eligibles (never too big at best) from which a girl may select her life partner. Knowing that her virginity is lost, she may easily feel herself unworthy of a boy of high ideals who would not approve of the practice.

Add to these disintegrating possibilities the fact that first attempts at intercourse are often dismal failures which result in disappointment, resentment and lost friendship, and it may well be that the psychological aftermath of complete intimacy before marriage is more serious than the risks of physical damage.

All of this can be summed up by saying that it *is* "smart to be a virgin" until marriage, because the other alternative involves so many serious risks and such meager possible benefits that it just isn't sensible.

I have written enough, Joan. I trust this does not seem intrusive or meddlesome. Do not be too concerned by the fact that a considerable number of people do not conform to the generally accepted moral standards.

Society is somewhat like a garden. No matter how much we cultivate, there will always be some weeds. With reasonable effort we can keep the weeds so checked that the garden will be beautiful and productive. But if we don't keep cultivating, the weeds will take over.

With admiration for and confidence in the wisdom of the younger generation, I am

Sincerely,
AN INTERESTED FATHER.

Editors' Note: Harry L. Bauer, Ph. D., is head of the biology department at Santa Monica City College, in California. For several years he has taught a "marriage" course to students there. This "Letter to Joan" is a result of his experience as a teacher, as well as a father.



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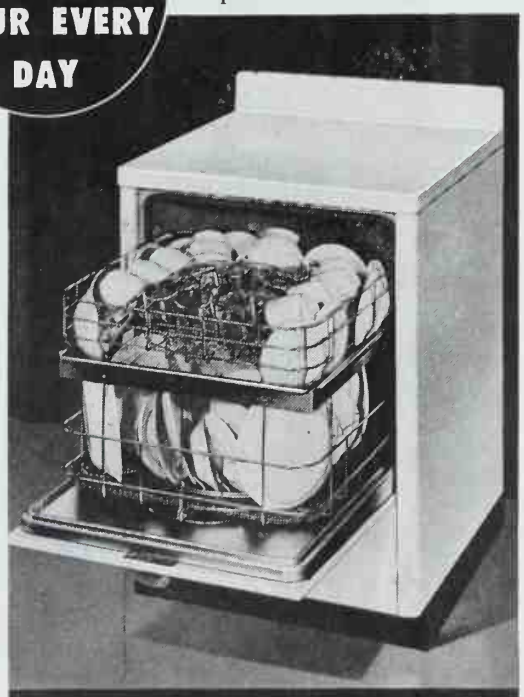
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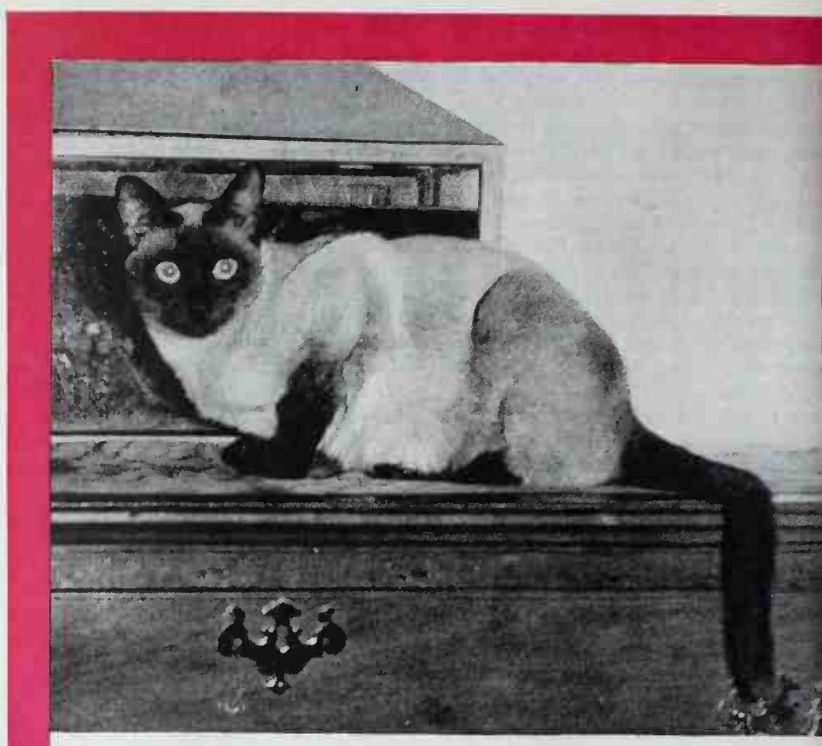
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MARK OF THE MODERN KITCHEN



Esmé is alert to the pleasures of country living in the winter. Even the cockers enjoy the warmth of a snug house after exploring in the snow.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

IT takes an open mind and a ready heart to appreciate winter in New England. The wind blows, the snow piles deep, the car gets stuck and pipes freeze. It is easy to dream of the South Sea islands, with coral beaches and sapphire water and strange tropical fruit dropping in your hand.

But under the hard and bitter rind of winter, there is much loveliness. The white mystery of snow is a splendid thing; all the landscape is muted to deep silver laced with blue shadows. The meadow is a sea of pearl with scattered dark masts of brier riding the foam. The cool, clean smell of snow is in the air, a special fragrance known only to winter country.

The sounds are fine too. The ring of skates on black ice on the pond, and the laughter of children making snow men, and the soft thud of hoofs as the horses stamp in the barn on a frosty morning. The crackle of apple wood in the fireplace.

January is drama in the season. Driving against the pane comes the sleet, and wild is the sound of the wind from the fierce heart of winter. The sky can be black as anthracite, and the drifts roll under it.

In the house, there is a special sense of security. The house is as tight and snug as a ship. In the old black kettle swinging from the crane, Cranberry Island stew is simmering. The range glows in the back kitchen, and beans are baking for Saturday-night supper. A few cockers are dripping on the hearth and the cats are asleep on the hottest radiator.

Dark comes down early, and in the country we eat supper by the time the night settles in, which means we are through early and have some time to read. The books we never got around to in summer come into their own. I finally read Stendhal's Rouge et Noir, which gives such a picture of a different period and different emotions that it is like a journey to a new land.

And all those vegetables and fruits we put down in the heat of summer in the freezer come out now, like new-picked treasures. Asparagus and sweet corn and the glowing ruby-red raspberries and strawberries taste like summer herself.

We refinish a piece of old furnitu leisure, or paint a little woodwork. S one told us about the trick of setting paint can on a paper plate. The dripp soon make the plate stick firmly an paint is spilled, and there is a place to the brush down.

We try to get the cleaning equipme order. Oil mops we let stand an hour in a pail which has a gallon of hot soap and three tablespoons of turpentine Then we wash and dry the mop, and it. Brooms and whisk brooms benefit dipping in water and a good shaking.

I like pancakes for breakfast, with own maple sirup. For extra-fine on separate the eggs and add the be whites last. And leftover pancake batt no loss, for we put it in the refrigerator use it at noon or night for batter. Dip slices of pineapple in it and deep-fr them gives delicate fritters, and mean waste.

We ration our sirup, for probably never shall have another bout with our trees, for staying up all night to empty pails was an adventure once, but a littl hard to become routine. Besides, the st took all the paint off the kitchen cei But the sirup is delicious. A very light and sweeter than a dream. Incident apples baked with maple sirup are eleg

My feeling for oysters is a basic pas Fried, they are perfect. I add a little ing powder to the flour I roll them in, they puff up as they turn golden br Scalloped, they are hard to beat. The in scalloping is to do them in not more two layers; this gives every oyster its And then there is oyster soufflé!

For this I melt 3 tablespoons bu or margarine, stir in 3 tablespoons and cook until smooth, then add 1 cu oyster liquor and milk, half and half. W this is thickened, I add ½ cup sharp ch grated or cut fine. I let this cool slig then add 3 beaten egg yolks. Meanwh roll 1 dozen oysters in fine cracker cru and fold the beaten egg whites into cheese mixture. I use an ungreased c role and spoon alternate layers of oy and sauce into it, shake paprika and

op, bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) il firm, about 30 minutes. This, with a n salad and hot fresh gingerbread, is a ter meal that puts me in a summer od about the whole thing.

n Revolutionary times, fresh meat was posed to be unhealthy, salted meat be- good. Potatoes were deadly if eaten e than once a week in the Colonial days. natoes—they were suspect. And they ed everything to death. They had never rd of vitamins. And now we are prac- lly enslaved by them.

But some of the early meals were mag- cent. For instance, in Boston, around 0, breakfast could be stewed pigeons n mushrooms, deviled gizzards, liver ding, pork cheese, hashed poultry, minced l, and five other things including sausage fish cakes and broiled tomatoes. A nice t for the day! When I read the old us and look at the wasp-waisted slim es in the pictures, I can't help feeling ething is wrong somewhere.

Now the Obedience Club meets indoors, everyone gets there, if the roads are sable at all. For some, it is an hour's rney, but where dogs are concerned, the nan strength is immense. We named our The Far Corners Companion Dog b on a hot summer night when we had verged pleasantly from all parts of Con- ticut. And now we realize how far some those corners can be on a dark snowy ht over unlighted country roads. But ody wants to cut class; and after two rs of arduous work, we sit and drink r and eat doughnuts and talk shop— dog shop is always good. Stanley, the er, will not obey by gestures. Toll is a y stately and gentle edale. One of the st things about this s is being able to get mate with shepherds, ies, Danes, boxers and edales when you your- are a cocker person. e cockers are referred to as "those little s" because they do seem minute lined beside Stanley and Toll. Hildegarde Melody look rather like those small ntel figurines.

The Long Down is usually the downfall he cockers. They cannot believe, deep vn in their hearts, that you want them to way across the gymnasium floor. They lie down amiably while you are there, then as you back nervously across the r, paw by paw they creep after you. u go back and get them down again. u scurry away. They scurry too. You "Shame," rather feebly. They apolo- e by leaping up and kissing your hand.

MEANWHILE, Toll is dozing on his furry vs, Stanley is thinking solemn thoughts his own, and Balky is stretched flat as a ge collie rug. Josephine, a shepherd, may heading for the door. But Hildegarde is eping after me, apologetic but determined. Most of the dogs get along better than U.N. delegates, but we have one stern ividualist, a highly bred and beautiful pherd named Blitzen. Blitzen is an iso- onist, with a special penchant for eating other dogs if they bother him. So Blitzen l his master wheel in solitary state at the l of the gym. Blitzen's master says urnfully, "We are nothing but pariahs." We are reliving the adventures of begin- g life in the country in the experiences our young neighbors, Ruth and Eddie, o moved into a little house on the hill t August. Having lived in a city apart- nt all their lives, they were afraid they ght be lonesome. Now they wonder how y ever stood it in the city where there is thing to do and it is lonesome! In the y, the man who put in new bathroom s would never have given them a Persian nting he collected while a G. I. Nor uld the carpenter have settled comfort- y with a cool drink and told long tall es of life in the early days. And the post- n would not stop for a chat about plant- Chinese chestnuts for the birds. The covery of people is one of the first sur- prises to country neophytes. And then Eddie discovered the sky.

"Every morning when I wake up and look out," he said breathlessly, "there is the sky—all over everything. I never dreamed it would be like that."

And Ruth found out that broccoli grows on tall plants above ground, not in bunches in the vegetable stall. And that you dig parsnips after frost. When they had their first fresh-picked zucchini, gardeners were born. A whole new intricate fascinating world of growing things opened up.

Then there are all those other things that happen. After two baths, of course, the well went dry. The pressure tank was unbalanced and air blew violently from the pipes. The carpenter cut down too many trees while they were away one day. Wasps and hornets staged family reunions all over the little house. The foundation turned out to be entirely fictional and the whole house had to be "yacked up," as Mr. Olsen said, and refounded on good stone.

FIFTEEN years of country dwelling have not taken the savor from the spring music of the peepers, and thinking it over as Ruth and Eddie start the same way of life, it seems to me a whole lifetime is not long enough to make the delicate excitements of spring less wonderful, nor the deep richness of summer, nor the blazing splendor of autumn, nor the pure austerity of winter.

For instance, it was only last autumn that I met the fox. He was leaping across the tawny field, his brush a burnished color, his pointed face silhouetted against gray stone. I walked slowly toward him and he turned and looked at me, and most incredibly started toward me. A cynic would say he knew I had no long pointed thing in my arms raised to send thundering death into him, but I fondly thought he knew instinctively that I was merely another living being. The woods and fields were deep with sunlight, and the lovely color of the sky was like pale silk over us. It was an enchanted moment for us both. He gave a graceful pirouette, and then reason and common sense took over, and he flirted his brush and leaped back into the shelter of the thicket.

Pleasant memories must be arranged for in advance.
—ANON.

Now a new year begins, and we can take out the resolutions we made last year and didn't keep, polish them up, and try again. But after all, the only resolution we really need is to work for real peace among all the nations. And no one is too obscure to help, for it is really the sum of the people that moves the government. And if every voice in America says, "There shall be no war," the volume of sound will become thunder in the ears.

On a January night in our snowy valley, it is easy to have faith. It is so still and the snow is falling so quietly. The village church spire lifts a silvery tip, and the little white houses glow with the warm supper lights. The lights of Stillmeadow shine on our own drifts.

And Honey moves like a pale gold shadow on the terrace, sniffing with delight the fresh pure air of a new year!

SONG FOR JANUARY

What time I wandered where the dogwood grows
And felt white blossoms falling on my breast,
I quite forgot how heavy fall the snows
Upon the stripped trees winter has possessed.
And now I walk beneath a sterile sky
Finding it difficult to fix my mind
On greening branches proudly lifting high
A silver freight unscarred by winter wind.

So short a season has the memory
So apt a pupil, lessoned by the frost,
While yet the undefeated dogwood tree
Waits patiently, nor counts the season lost.
Look up, my heart, be not so poor a thing;
Believe in this: the dogwood blooms next spring!

THE END



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Good bridge and good food—what could be a happier combination? Instead of a fancy salad and gobby-goo dessert, try a simple but filling seafood casserole, a vegetable bouquet and a refrigerator pudding that'll add weight to neither spirit nor figure. You'll be giving and having a very fine afternoon.



erve buffet style, or fill the plates in the kitchen.



PHOTOS BY STUART

Conversation Piece

BY RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

IT was last January that I talked about a bridge luncheon—and bridge once a year is seldom enough. It's high time we discussed once more the happy combination of good bridge and good food, and how to work them in together to everyone's satisfaction—including your own. I'm one of those old-fashioned cooks who believe that if you are going to feed people at all you should do it solidly: no getting by with a fancy salad or a gobby-goo dessert in my house. Bridge has been the excuse for some appalling improvisations in the way of refreshments, but I recommend that you give your *(Continued on Page 148)*

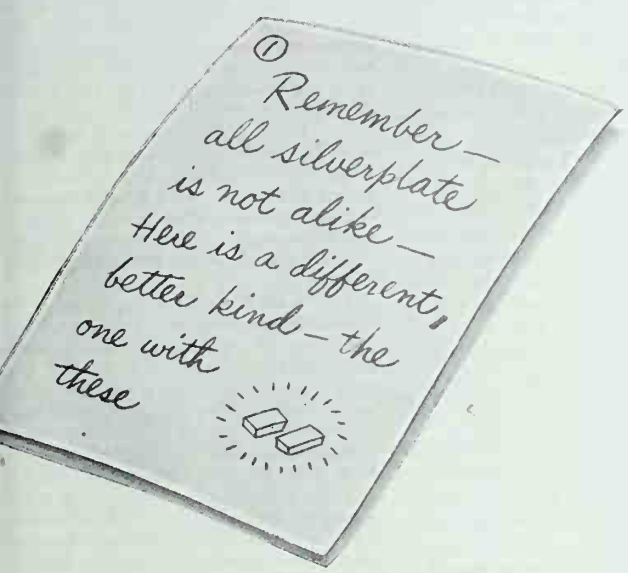
Gâteau à l'orange": white cake dressed up with gelatin. . . . Make the day before.



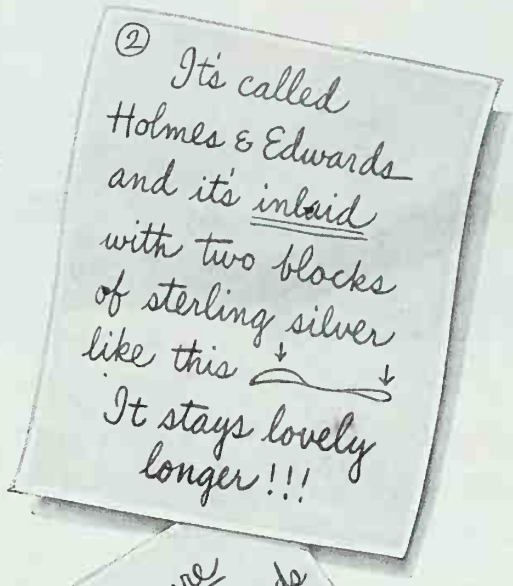
Devil haddock and scallops for a main dish. Easy on purse and appetite.

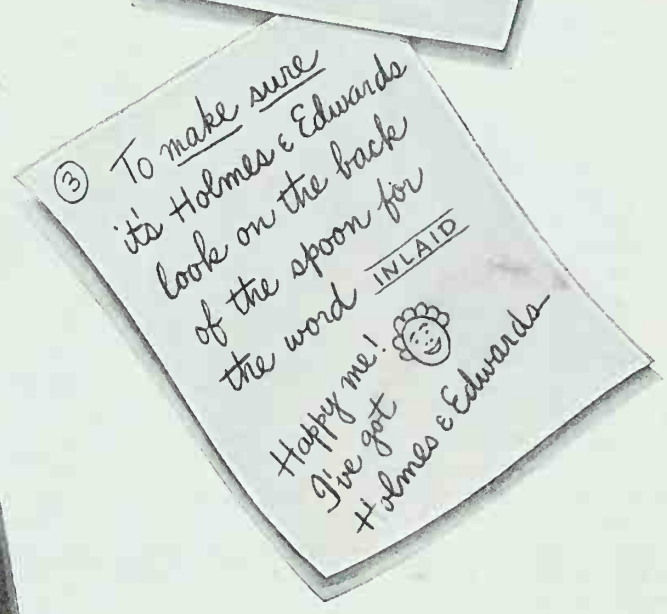


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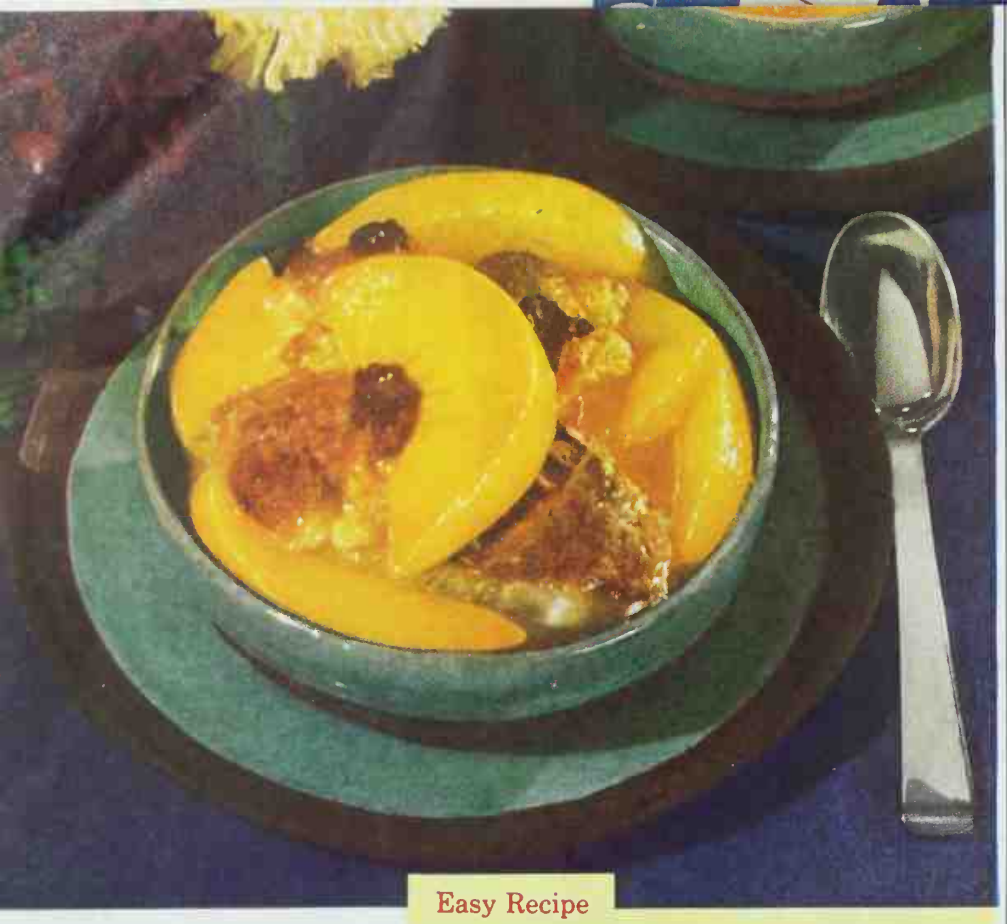


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They're wonderful so many ways!

Sweet, Juicy—Ripe California cling peaches make a superb dessert just as they come from the can! But for variety, try plump golden halves in

Sunny Salad: Cut six 1" slits on outer edge of peach half. Place cup side up on lettuce. Put grapefruit segments in slits to form petals. Pile cottage cheese in center!

Spicy Meat Garnishes! Luscious cakes, pies! Salads! Gay gelatins! Icebox desserts! They all *look* better, *taste* better made with California canned cling peaches. Buy several cans each time. Halves or slices come in a variety of sizes and syrups to suit any purpose, any budget! For convenience, color, popularity *you can't beat canned clings!*

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Easy Recipe

Old Style Peach Cobbler

Luscious sun-ripe canned cling peaches under a crunchy, sour-cream crust!

2½ cups sliced canned cling peaches
¾ cup canned cling peach syrup
¼ cup brown sugar (packed)
1½ tablespoons cornstarch
Few grains salt

DOUGH

1 tablespoon granulated sugar
⅛ teaspoon baking soda
1 cup prepared biscuit mix
(or your own biscuit recipe)
⅓ cup cultured sour cream
2 to 3 tablespoons milk (if needed)
Sweet or sour cream for topping

Place peaches in bottom of a 1-quart casserole. Mix peach syrup, brown sugar, cornstarch and salt. Pour over peaches. Set casserole in hot oven (425 degrees F.) while mixing dough. Stir sugar and soda into biscuit mix. Add cream and milk to make soft dough; mix lightly. Place by spoonfuls on top of hot peaches. Bake 30 to 35 minutes until well browned. Serve warm with sweet or sour cream. Serves 6 to 8.

Important: Look for "cling peaches" on the label. It's the sure way of getting those sweet, golden beauties from California's sun-drenched valleys.

Check the label—Choose your favorite brand of

Canned Cling Peaches from California

Canned Halves · Canned Slices · Canned Fruit Cocktail - in tin or glass



(Continued from Page 146)

guests real nourishment, hot, delicious, and so planned that it won't interfere with your own carefree share in the game.

We'll assume that the party I'm talking about will be a luncheon for eight; but if you want to include the men and turn this into a dinner bridge, that's simple too. Just add an easy appetizer—perhaps one of the cheese mixtures I've given you in the past—and increase quantities a little on the hot dishes. This is the kind of food men like, and they're apt to like quite a lot of it. We'll plan for two kinds of service and you can take your choice. Either the plates can be filled in the kitchen and brought to the tables, or a buffet can be set out for self-service.

Deviled sea food will be the main dish, and thereby hangs an interesting tale. For years I've been making this concoction, using crab, shrimp and lobster. I needn't tell you that those elegant creatures are expensive. They always have been, more or less, but now they are so definitely *more* that their price is—scandalous? . . . prohibitive?—pick your own word. Also, they are often difficult to find even if you're willing to fork over the price. For this meal I did want deviled sea food, but I didn't want even to whisper the words "crab," "shrimp" and "lobster." So I experimented. I used fillets of haddock and scallops, and the result—a *succès fou*. They are both firm-fleshed, they are available in frozen-food markets practically everywhere and at any time of the year, and—sweet thought—they are very inexpensive.

Well, to get out of finance and back to my cooking, the deviled sea food can be baked in scallop shells or in a casserole. Scallop shells are ideal for individual servings. They are the right size to hold generous helpings, they retain heat and they keep the fish from mingling with other food on the plate. In fact, they are such handy little numbers that I think they should be standard equipment in any kitchen. I use them for salads and sea-food cocktails as well as for all sorts of hot fish dishes.

The vegetable will be cauliflower standing in a nest of lemon-glazed carrot slices and topped with a tasty split-pea sauce. This is a delicious combination of tastes—and the fact that it looks pretty is no liability.

For a touch of salad we'll have slices of stuffed dill pickle, and the bread will be rolled lettuce sandwiches.

Gâteau à l'orange will be the dessert. This is a delicate, refreshing refrigerator pudding—a real dessert, but not a rich one. We're not going for a hike when we finish this meal. We're going to sit still and play bridge, and we don't want a heavy dessert to add weight to our spirits—or weight, period.

This is an easy party meal because almost all the work can be done the day before—which is as it should be—and here we go.

DEVILED SEA FOOD

This should be prepared the day before and put in the oven shortly before serving.

Thaw 2 pounds frozen fillets of had and 1 pound frozen scallops, cover salted cold water and let stand 15 min (Fresh fish can be used, of course.) well. Grease the top of a double boile place it over boiling water. Put the lops in first, the fillets next, cover steam 20 minutes. When cool, cut scallops into small bite-size pieces and arate the fillets into chunks about same size. Don't make the pieces small, or their texture will be lost i heavy sauce with which they wi mixed.

Melt 8 tablespoons butter or marg and blend in 9 tablespoons flour. H cup undiluted evaporated milk, 1½ whole milk and 1 cup consommé, h made or canned. Cream can be substit for evaporated milk, but the latter perfectly for this highly seasoned Pour the hot liquid slowly into the and fat, stirring constantly. Cook thick in the top of a double boiler, o direct low heat. Add 2 tablespoons starch blended with a little milk. until no starchy taste remains, and ready for seasoning, and there's plen that.

Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 t spoon Worcestershire sauce, 4 tables catchup, 1 tablespoon horse-radis fairly large clove garlic grated, 1 teas prepared mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, spoon soya sauce, 2 teaspoons gou powder, ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper tablespoons finely chopped parsley. well, add the fish and, if you like, sherry. I think the sherry gives a ple added flavor to the dish. Blend thorou but don't stir violently from here on taste for seasoning. There are slight tions in the condiments we have use pending on the brands; and anyhow, ing is a good practice. Always be sure the food you are cooking is seasoned t *your* taste.

If the deviled fish is to be served in serole, put it in a greased casserole When it is cool, sprinkle the top with crumbs, dot generously with butt margarine and store in refrigerato shells are to be used, let the mixtu cold before you fill them. Grease the and spoon in the fish carefully, pil high in the middle. Sprinkle gener with bread crumbs, dot with butt margarine and store in refrigerat find individual pie tins perfect for storing and baking the shells. The poi they shouldn't wobble around in eith refrigerator or the range. If you have individual pie tins, put them jelly-roll pan, with the fan-shaped s the shells resting on the rim of the p

Before baking time, let them sta room temperature for a while. The role will need ½ hour in a 400° F. over 15 minutes is long enough for the s Garnish with sprigs of parsley just serving.

LEMON-GLAZED CARROT

Cut carrots into thin coin-shaped pour boiling water over them, add cover and cook until barely tender little water, so that most of the mo

(Continued on Page 150)



"Get out my New Year's resolutions for 1947 and change the date."

Betty Crocker says:

"Chicken, Turkey, Fowl go further ... go gala this way!"



"Make this exciting, economical main dish featuring a GOLD MEDAL Biscuit Ring!"

To s-t-r-e-t-c-h that one chicken, to glorify leftover turkey or duck . . . do this! Dramatize 'em . . . appetize 'em . . . in a flaky, golden-brown Gold Medal Biscuit Ring! An economy dish that's *downright delish!*

Try this Betty Crocker recipe! But be sure you make the all-important Biscuit Ring with Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Enriched Flour—the flour Betty Crocker recommends.

There's a reason Gold Medal helps brides bake like veterans . . . helps good cooks become better cooks. There's a reason Gold Medal is America's favorite . . . by nearly 2 to 1. It's this: *Gold Medal is uniform in baking quality sack after sack!* The most complete wheat, mill, and recipe testing in America *insures* this.

For superior results, use Gold Medal in *all* your baking.

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Betty Crocker

RING-AROUND-CHICKEN (or TURKEY)

Perfect results assured only with Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Enriched Flour

Sift together into bowl . . . . .
- **1½ cups *sifted* GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Enriched Flour**
- ***3 tsp. double-action baking powder**
- ***¾ tsp. salt**
- **½ to ¾ tsp. poultry seasoning**

Cut in with pastry blender or 2 knives until mixture looks like "meal" . . . . **¼ cup shortening (chicken fat may be used)**

Add . . . . . **⅝ cup (½ cup plus 2 tbsp.) milk**

Mix well. Spoon into a greased ring mold, 8-in. diameter. (See directions for improvising a ring mold.)

Bake *about 15 minutes* in *hot oven* (450°). Remove from ring mold. Immediately brush crust with shortening. Serve hot with hot Creamed Chicken (*recipe at right*). Garnish with parsley.

Serves *4 to 6.* (For 8 to 10 servings . . . double the recipe and bake in a ring mold, 9-in. diameter.)

* If you use Self-Rising Flour (sold in parts of the South), omit baking powder and salt when making biscuit dough.

Betty Crocker tells: "All You Have to Do"

To Improvise a Ring Mold: Place a quart jar in the center of a greased round layer pan, 8-in. diameter, 1¼-in. deep, for an 8-in. mold . . . in a 9-in. round casserole for a 9-in. mold. Grease the outside of the jar and the inside of the pan or casserole.

For delicious Creamed Chicken: Make a rich gravy with *¼ cup chicken fat, ½ cup sifted GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour, 1 tsp. salt, pinch of pepper and paprika, 3 cups well seasoned chicken broth, and ½ cup rich milk. Add 1 tbsp. lemon juice.* Carefully stir in *3 cups cooked chicken* cut in 1 to 2-in. pieces, *½ cup sliced stuffed olives or mushrooms* sautéed in butter, and *2 tbsp. chopped pimiento.*

Note: Turkey or various other fowl may be used in place of the chicken.

Suggested Garnish: Halves of peaches or apricots heated in oven, with a spoonful of currant jelly in hollow of each.



BISCUIT RING TIPS

1. Biscuit Ring slides out easily if you grease the ring mold thoroughly before baking.

2. Use chicken fat for shortening (either completely or partially) when making Biscuit Ring. This also gives added chicken flavor to the creamed chicken filling.



(Continued from Page 148)

will be absorbed in cooking. This much can be done the day before, but for best results the glazing should be done reasonably near the last minute. Use a large flat-bottomed pan for the glazing, preferably a big skillet. Melt in it a lump of butter or margarine the size of an egg, and add to this 4 tablespoons sugar and the juice of 1 lemon, and let it boil a couple of minutes. Put in the carrots and cook until most of the liquid is gone, shaking the skillet and occasionally turning the carrots with a pancake turner so that each piece will be glazed.

CAULIFLOWER

Remove leaves and heavy stem of cauliflower, wash well and let stand in heavily salted water, head down, for ½ hour. Separate into individual servings or, for buffet service, leave the head whole. One enormous or two smallish heads of cauliflower will be enough for eight servings. Plunge into a large kettle of boiling salted water and cook about 15 minutes for the small pieces and about 20 minutes for the whole head. Pierce occasionally with a fork and stop cooking the minute it is barely tender.

SPLIT-PEA SAUCE

The sauce can be made the day before and reheated in a double boiler. Cover 1 cup split peas with cold water to about an inch above the level of the peas. Let them soak for several hours or even overnight. When well soaked, they require less cooking time. Add 1 cup water, cover and cook until tender and mushy. Strain through a fine sieve and stir in ¾ cup bouillon, ½ cup cream, a good hunk of margarine and a pinch of salt. Let this come to the boiling point, add 1 tablespoon cornstarch mixed with a little milk and boil two minutes, stirring constantly. Add salt and white pepper to taste. Cooked in the same way, some split peas seem to make a thicker purée than others, so thinning or thickening may be required. The sauce should be thick enough to pour but not to run over the cauliflower and down into the carrots. If needed, thicken with more cornstarch or thin with cream or milk. Also, peas vary in color. Some are a lovely green and others have a yellowish cast. If your sauce is too yellow, add a little blue vegetable coloring. To serve, put a piece of cauliflower on a plate or, if it is to be buffet service, put the whole head on a platter, surround with glazed carrot slices and spoon the sauce over the top of the cauliflower, being careful not to mask it entirely.

STUFFED DILL PICKLES

Do this first step four or five days ahead of time. Get 6 of the biggest dill pickles you can find, preferably ones that have been prepared with garlic. Cut off both ends and scoop out middle with an apple corer. Do this carefully and neatly, because when the pickle is sliced the contours of the rings will be much in evidence. Put the scooped-out pickles in a flat-bottomed dish, sprinkle with ¾ cup light brown sugar and add enough of the pickle juice barely to cover. If they aren't garlic pickles, put in 2 cloves garlic, cut in half. This treatment makes the pickles delightfully crisp and firm and gives them a pleasant sweet-sour taste. When the pickles are stuffed, the juice they have soaked in is just so much

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Haunted House

By Sara King Carleton

I said that I would forget, and I am
forgetting.
(What shadow stirred in the hall,
went up the stair?)
Nothing touches my heart that is
worth regretting.
(Always I think that someone
is waiting there.)

I will see that the fire is lit, the
shades drawn tightly.
(No book left open upon a
window seat.)
The darkness will disappear
when the lamps burn brightly.
(Was it a step that I heard, or my
own heart beat?)

There is nothing to fear when the
long nights close around me.
(Memory's house is a vast and
lonely place.)
Here in my safe-walled home
where peace has found me
All that I see in the mirror is
my own face.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

surplus, so I always buy some extra pickles, cut them into smallish chunks and pour the strained-off juice over them—a wonderful jar of crisp chunk pickles for practically no effort.

Stuff the pickles a day or two before the party. Blend 6 ounces cream cheese with ¼ cup cream. Soften 1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin in 3 tablespoons cold water and dissolve over hot water. Stir this briskly into the blended cheese and cream, and add ¼ cup chopped English walnut meats and 3 tablespoons chopped pimiento.

Remove pickles from liquid and let them stand on end for a while to drain. Stuff completely full of the cheese mixture, wrap each pickle in wax paper and store in refrigerator. To serve, cut the pickles in slices about ⅓ inch thick. And I hope you won't forget this recipe—you'll find it mighty handy the next time you're planning a tray of appetizers. These pickle slices are so good and pretty, and while they are easy to make, they manage to look like ambitious productions.

ROLLED LETTUCE SANDWICHES

Make a paste of ½ butter, ¼ margarine and ¼ cream cheese, and thin it with a little mayonnaise. Be sure that it is quite soft and easy to spread before you use it. Cut thin slices of bread and remove crusts. Spread with the butter mixture and cover with a flat piece of lettuce, and let the lettuce extend beyond the bread on the two sides that will be the ends of the roll. Now spread the butter mixture on the lettuce just to the edges of the bread and roll rather tightly to make tiny rolled sandwiches with a festoon of lettuce sticking out of either end. Wrap in wax paper, 4 or 6 sandwiches to the package, and put in refrigerator. These can be made several hours ahead of time, and the spread can be made the day before if you like.

GÂTEAU À L'ORANGE

This is a molded dessert with a slab of cake as the base, so the first problem is to synchronize the mold and baking pan as to size and shape. I use a square glass refrigerator dish for the mold, and I happen to have a square cake pan of exactly the same dimensions except depth. Probably you have, too, but of course the dessert can be square, round or oblong. I've always made *gâteau à l'orange* with a slab of angel-food cake—and very good it is. But with food conservation on my mind, I made it this time with a very simple white-cake recipe and I found that it satisfied my palate as well as my conscience. Here's a simple cake recipe—and if you have one you like better, okay.

Sift before measuring 1½ cups cake flour and sift again twice. Add to flour ¾ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons baking powder and ⅛ teaspoon salt, and sift once more. Add 6 tablespoons shortening, 2 eggs, ⅓ cup milk and 1 teaspoon vanilla, and beat with electric beater or by hand until very smooth. Grease cake pan and line with wax paper, pour in batter and bake in a 350° F. oven for about 20 minutes. Cool a little, turn out on a cake rack and remove wax paper. Don't overbake. A crust on the top and bottom is just what we don't want.

Soften 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water and ¼ cup orange juice. In top of double boiler mix 1 cup orange juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 cup sugar, beaten yolks of 4 eggs, ½ teaspoon salt and 3 tablespoons grated orange rind. In grating rind be sure not to include any of the white stuff. Stir constantly over boiling water until mixture thickens. Add gelatin, stir until dissolved and set aside to cool. Beat 4 egg whites with ½ cup sugar until stiff, and whip 1 cup heavy cream. When orange mixture is cold and just beginning to set, beat with rotary beater until fluffy—about 3 minutes. Fold in egg whites and then the cream. Pour into wet mold and cover with the cake slab, top side down. Press the cake down a little to make sure it is in contact with the orange fluff. Cover and place in refrigerator.

Blanch ¾ cup almonds, cut them into small pieces and fry to a light golden brown in butter or margarine. All this should be done the day before the party.

The day of the party slice 5 or 6 large navel oranges into neat sections and let them stand in the refrigerator until you are ready to arrange the dessert. If the service is to be buffet, turn the *gâteau à l'orange* out on a platter. For individual servings, cut it in squares and put them on the dessert plates. Garnish with orange sections that have been rolled in confectioners' sugar; and if you like, the orange sections can be dipped in apricot brandy before they are rolled in the sugar. Place them around the *gâteau* and on top of it and then sprinkle with the chopped nuts. Serve icy cold.

Service. When you're asking people for lunch alone, you can afford to dawdle over the meal. But when lunch divides the honors with bridge, it should be run through with neatness and dispatch so as not to delay the game. Buffet service is quick and simple, and this meal lends itself perfectly to that pattern. However, the easiest way to manage a bridge luncheon is to fill the plates in the kitchen and bring them to the tables where your guests are already seated. The problem with this form of service is to make the filled plates look attractive, and I've had that much on my mind in planning this meal. I think everyone enjoys food visually as well as gustatorially and, as we all know, a plate filled with heavenly food can be a complete flop visually. In this case the vegetables are bound to look pretty, and so are the pickles. Be careful with the fish. If you don't have shells, individual ramekins can be used. Lacking either, have some fried bread crumbs at hand and sprinkle a good spoonful over each serving of fish. And be generous in your use of parsley. Now that we know how frightfully, frightfully good it is for us, we needn't consider it a mere decoration—but it *is* decorative!

Good bridge, and may every hand be a grand slam. No—I take that back. You'd be a nervous wreck—and that's just what I've been working against.

AULD LANG SYNE

(Continued from Page 63)

Christmas has led us in no time at all straight into New Year's. Time didn't lose itself here. So the parties go on, and on they should go, for this is the season when good times have their innings. And what I think is one of the best, aside from the dancing and goings on, is a New Year's buffet. That's what we've set up for you, with the hope that you'll find it right for your New Year's. Speaking personally, I think you will.

Appetizers are first and thirst things. Who cares about a toast to the New Year unless some little bite is there to make it taste better—be it tomato juice, that new lemon thing, or any other glass filler-upper you provide? And here are the swankiest, the newest, the most surprising appetizers you're likely to meet in a lot of new years. And may all your new years be the best there are. They will be, if I have *my* way. And I'm a wonderful wisher!

Three in one. Be prepared to be surprised. You know how it is when you set about to make a whole array of those itsy-bitsy (excuse it, please) appetizers, and what a lot of time and patience you put into them. So, here we come with a solution to end all solutions. It's a three-in-one ring (I almost said three-ring circus) of appetizer spreads, and when it's ready you're ready too. Just provide plenty of crackers and the guests will spread their own. As a matter of fact, this three-spread idea is just as good if yours is a sandwiches-and-coffee sort of party. Anyway, here's your receipt—and just a word fore and aft. Be sure and chill this mold *more* than enough. Then do it again!

RING-MOLD APPETIZER SPREADS

Any three different appetizer spreads may be used for the ring mold. We have used ham, cheese and shrimp. No. 1 turns out to be an old favorite ——

Ham Spread: Put 1 pound cooked ham through the meat grinder, using the medium-coarse knife, and there should be 3 cups of ham. If you fall short, cut down the seasonings a little. Add 4 tablespoons prepared mustard, ½ cup mayonnaise, 2 teaspoons grated horse-radish, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and a dash of Tabasco sauce. (Go easy—a *small* dash is the thing.) Mix well.

The next number is another well-known one with a new slant or two:

Cheese Spread: Mix 1½ pounds cottage cheese with 1 teaspoon sage, 1 tablespoon grated onion, ¾ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley. Mix well.

The third one is:

Shrimp Spread: Cook 2 pounds washed fresh shrimp (or, if shrimp don't flourish in your brook, get some canned or frozen ones; they're all shrimp) adding lemon slices, celery leaves, chopped onion, a bay leaf, salt and pepper to the water. Peel the shrimp, take out the black veins. Grind the shrimp, using a fine blade, or chop them in the old chopping bowl, or use a knife. Add the juice of 1 lemon, 1 onion, grated, 1 teaspoon curry powder, ¾ cup mayonnaise, salt and pepper to taste. Mix well.

These quantities will fill a 7-cup ring mold. If you use a smaller mold you can reduce the quantities of fillings. Cut a square of cheesecloth that will overlap your mold. Wet it and lay it loosely in the mold. Pack the fillings firmly in the mold with a spatula, alternating the three so there will be two of each, six sections in all. Do you get it? Well, the picture is there for that purpose. Chill the whole works overnight in the refrigerator. To serve, turn out on a chop plate, easing the metal mold off by gently tugging at the corners of the cheesecloth. Remove cloth. If sections have separated a bit, it's easy to smooth them over with a spatula, as the mixtures are soft. It's likely to behave all right, though. Now fill the center of the ring with a fine mess of salad greens and garnish with appetizers—the kind you eat with your fingers.

PRETZEL TWIGS

Cream ½ package cream cheese with salt, pepper and a drop of Tabasco sauce to taste. Take a spoonful of the cheese. Twirl the end of a pretzel in the cheese *in* the spoon. Roll the dipped portion in finely chopped pistachio nuts or toasted blanched almonds, also chopped fine. This much cheese will make 2 dozen twigs. Do these just before the folks arrive. They will soften if chilled. Your other appetizers can be ready and waiting on a tray in the refrigerator. But these shouldn't wait too long.

OLIVE-AND-CELERY STICKS

Cut celery in short narrow strips. Stick them into stuffed olives. Chill them in ice water. This way you eat your celery and olives together. It's all by way of having

(Continued on Page 152)

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(Continued from Page 150)

something to hang onto, you know. A handle is a handy thing!

Chicken takes a curtain call. I believe that more people like chicken more ways than anything else. It pleases when other things pall. You can do almost anything with it and come up with a first-rate dish. By the way, chicken dishes get named wrong more often than most dishes do. For example, the other day in a swank restaurant I ordered a chicken hash. What I got was a poorly constructed creamed chicken, and the milk was abundant but the cream was left out. When I remarked that that wasn't chicken hash, the waiter assured me that it was nothing else *but*. I ought to have known better than to toy with the word "hash" outside of my own kitchen. Well, live and learn. Learn to let certain things *be*.

CREAMED CHICKEN

Cook 2 good big chickens (or capons) by steaming them until they are really well and truly *done*. Strain the broth, take off all the fat, and keep the broth for the sauce. This is better done the day before the party. Remove the bones and skin from the chicken, keeping the meat in nice pieces. Make a rich cream sauce, using ½ cup butter or margarine, ½ cup flour, 2½ cups rich reduced chicken stock and 2½ cups cream. Add 1 teaspoon salt. Put the chicken in the sauce. Add the juice of ½ lemon. If desired, add 1 pound chestnuts which have been scored, boiled, peeled and diced, then sautéed in butter or salad oil until crisp and brown. Heat together and taste for seasoning. It may need more salt and pepper. You can tell only by the tongue method, so far one which has not been improved on. Serve with a mound of rice and garnish with cranberry sauce.

> To love is to live—seeking for wonder. When a feather flies is it not loving the wind, the unknown? If darkness and light did not change, could we breathe? To love is to peer over the edge, and, spying the little gray flower, to climb down! It has wings; it has flown—again you must climb; it shivers, 'tis but air in your hand—you must crawl, you must cling, you must leap, and still it is there and not there—for the gray flower flits like a moth, and the wind of its wings is all you shall catch. But your eyes shall be shining, your cheeks shall be burning, your breast shall be panting. Ah, little heart! And when the night comes—there it is still, thistledown blown on the dark, and your white hands will reach for it and your honey breath waft it, and never, never shall you grasp it—but life shall be lovely.
>
> —JOHN GALSWORTHY:
> The Little Dream
> (Gerald Duckworth & Co., Ltd.).

Old familiar ways. If there's one thing more than another that makes me tired, it is this: "Oysters R in season." Can't they spell? Can't they spell a three-letter word like *are?* Well, the red schoolhouse is just over the brow of the hill and the old spelling book is somewhere in the attic, and folks who substitute *R* for *are* better get busy.

However, oysters have been around quite some time now, and they lend themselves to a hundred lovely uses. One of the best is the scallop, which is a first cousin of our dish—only ours is done with croutons instead of crumbs.

BAKED OYSTERS

Prepare 1 quart bread cut into ¼-inch cubes. Place bread cubes on a tray and toast lightly in a moderate oven. Melt ¾ cup butter or margarine. Drain 1½ quarts oysters. Save ½ cup of the liquor. Put a layer of bread cubes in the bottom of a shallow casserole, using half the cubes. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and melted butter. Arrange the oysters over the cubes. Season oysters well with salt and pepper. Sprinkle with melted butter. Repeat with another layer of bread cubes. Sprinkle with melted butter and oyster liquor. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., 30 minutes.

Red and tourmaline. Colors blend. Look at autumn leaves—look at a sunset. We have here the glory of the tomato and the delicate tourmaline of the avocado. A jellied salad. Cool to the taste, it carries out its lovely mission of beauty and satisfaction to a perfect conclusion. If you wish to serve cheese with your salad, consider a fine exotic cheese, not too strong, not too imbued with the spirit of going places, but a pleasant-faced cheese of the stay-at-home type. One that compliments your salad, not overpowers it. So much for that. Now for the receipt:

TOMATO-AVOCADO SALAD

Heat 2 cups tomato juice with a few celery leaves and ½ bay leaf. Keep it at the simmering point a few minutes. Do not boil. Strain. Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Add to the hot tomato juice. Stir until dissolved. Season with 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon vinegar, ½ teaspoon chili powder, and salt to taste. Chill until thick but not set. Pour into a 6-cup mold that has been rinsed with cold water. Chill in the refrigerator. Now prepare the avocado part of the salad. Soften 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Skin and remove the pits from 3 large avocados. Purée through a strainer or food mill. Add 5 tablespoons lemon juice quickly so the pulp won't turn dark on you. Season with 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1¼ teaspoons salt, 4 drops Tabasco and ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Add ½ cup boiling water to the softened gelatin. Stir until dissolved. Cool and fold in the avocado mixture and ½ cup mayonnaise. Beat until it is smooth. Pour it into the mold on top of the tomato aspic. Be sure the tomato portion is perfectly set before adding the avocado mixture, or you'll wish you waited. Turn out, garnish with avocado slices, sections of tomato and salad greens. Serve with any favorite dressing.

As good as it looks. It's beautiful and good. I speak of the cake. It's a cake, a dessert and an experience, all rolled into one. The better part is that you, with only the patience it takes to change the baby's bib, and the time it takes to bake one of those cakes we're forever baking together, and the beating up of the filling and having fun with the frosting, can turn out a dessert that is what I said it was: beautiful—and good. It must be made the day before.

CHILLED CHIME CAKE

Make a nice 2-layer white cake, such as I've told you, your mother has told you and you know perfectly well how to do. When it is cool, split it, oh, so carefully, to make 4 layers. Then go ahead with the filling and the trimming.

The filling: For a large cake, mix ¾ cup sugar with 1½ tablespoons flour. Add 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, the juice of 1½ lemons, 1½ cups orange juice, 1½ tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Separate 5 eggs. Add the yolks, slightly beaten. Add a pinch of salt and cook until thick in top of the double boiler over hot water, stirring constantly. Cool. Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold into the filling. Put the layers together with the filling. If there is any left, put it on top. Chill overnight in the refrigerator. The next day, frost with whipped cream.

To make the bell decoration: Cut slices of pineapple into strips, cutting around the ring of the pineapple. Lay them on the cake end to end to make the design. It's easy to do, as you can see. If you want a guide, mark off the bell in the cream with a toothpick. Use a piece of maraschino cherry for the clapper. Garnish the top of the bell with bits of candied citron and cherry, if you like that idea. Crushed pineapple makes a good garnish and it's good eating with the cake.

For Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

No, they should not be. The days go by and old acquaintances somehow disengage themselves from our busy lives. But we remember. It is good to gather around the New Year's table and draw close to the blazing logs and talk with old friends. For Auld Lang Syne. Happy New Year—once again from your ANNIE.

Don't cook another meal until you see the new

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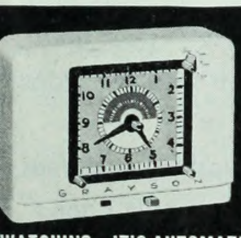
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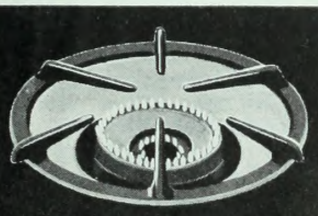


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Top burners, oven and broiler ... all light to full heat instantly and automatically. And you can turn from high-boil to simmer in a split second.



NO GUESSING . . . IT'S EXACT!
Automatic thermostat sets and keeps any oven heat, 250° to 550°. Air-circulated oven assures even browning. Saves up to 20% on roast shrinkage.



NO WASTED HEAT...IT'S COOLER!
Gas is really out the instant you turn it off. Tailored flame saves waste heat around sides of pans. Oven and broiler extra-insulated.



IT'S CLEANER IN EVERY WAY!
Broiler is smokeless. New type rust-resistant top burners eliminate clogging from spill-overs. Streamlined porcelain top can't catch dirt.

gas ranges



"You're Crazy," said Betty

"HOW CAN YOU HAVE THREE TIMES AS MANY UNDIE WITHOUT SPENDING ANY MORE?"



No wonder Betty's eyes popped when, on a visit to her friend Joan, she saw the beautiful new undies Joan had just bought. And then — when Joan told her she now had *3 times* as many undies as she used to without spending any more — why Betty couldn't believe her ears! "I'll let you in on the secret," said Joan . . .



"Remember how sloppy I used to be about undies? Just leave them around, then wash them 'most any old way? Well — I got tired of having them look old and shabby and lose their shoulder straps in no time — I changed to Lux care.

"It's true what they say about the Lux way of washing — it *does* keep undies lovely looking *3 times* as long!* So naturally I don't have to replace undies so often — instead I can buy new ones, have *3 times* as many and it doesn't cost me a cent more!"

*Many, many tests prove this

A famous, independent laboratory made many washing tests of lingerie. They proved that with Lux care pretty underthings stay color-fresh, lovely *3 times* as long. Wrong washing methods—strong soap, hot water, rough handling—left pretty slips and nighties faded, old-looking far too soon.

Why not give *your* undies gentle Lux care? Then you won't have to replace shabby ones nearly so often. You can have *3 times* as many pretty undies at no extra cost.



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

THE AIMS OF EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 42)

en his father comes home tired from work. cording to his father, he "lacks discipline." u must not be too quick to blame all this the school. In our time, particularly, ny things enter into education for which school is not responsible. Johnny, for innce, has been interested in "comics" since was four. Some of our police organizans have passed resolutions condemning em and hold that they are responsible for tain types of delinquency. In any case, ey are a factor in education. So are many ier things which your own parents and chers did not have to contend with. The lio has its influence. So have the movies. have the newspapers, the community you e in, your own town, and our troubled rld community as well. Above all, there he kind of life you provide in your own ne. This is a crucial problem and it must dealt with in a later article.

t is not our purpose to whitewash teach-, and we shall treat their mistakes, which many and grievous, without gloves. But e thing more should be said for them. Ours n age of small families and most parents lay are amateurs. They have had no such ofessional experience as the mother in the of larger families had gained when her rth or fifth child was born. In a very real se, therefore, the schoolteacher of today, more than ever before, must stand *in loco rentis*, supply that professional experience dealing with children which our amateur ents lack.

OMPLACENCY is the worst vice in parents teachers, and there is still too much of it in many of our schools. Yet particularly ce the change in the world community ich has been made evident by World War many of our leading educators are no ger complacent. They tell us that we must only re-educate the Nazis, we must even educate ourselves. Here is the conclusion ently reached by a nationwide committee representative teachers working under the airmanship of one of our ablest deans, T. McConnell, University of Minnesota:

'If general and vocational education were de relevant to the life of this age, and to needs of all youth, our present educanal practices would be altered so radically to make them almost unrecognizable. Yet h a revolution must be accomplished if pupils are to attain the attitudes and lities that citizens of a modern democracy ed."

We have already seen that our scholars are re complacent. They hold to the old non that learning as such, that knowledge, is aim of education. Let us admit that it is visable to have graduate schools and rch institutes where a small minority may rsue knowledge for its own sake. But are here concerned with the training we st give to the great majority of America's ldren, to your children now in school.

Our young parents who held that they nted their children taught so that they ld "get the best out of life" were quite nt. If you are a parent, or if you are really erested in any child's future, a moment's ection will convince you that he will not the best out of life by being merely rned. Merely learned people are often the atest bores on God's green earth. They more likely than other people to miss ir trains and get off at the wrong station. ether Johnny and Susan are going to get best out of life depends upon their hun relationships, their conduct. When you nk it over you would rather have them be-e wise than learned. Learning has nothto do with character. Wisdom has. It is t quality of heart and mind which we ibit when we "use judgment." We show h the decisions we make, in our treatment thers, in the aims we set for ourselves. We w wisdom when we apply whatever learn- we have toward achieving humanly deble ends. Most of us fail to recognize t it is not through knowledge, but only ough the use of wisdom, that we come to respect the rights and persons of others, the honest search for truth, and give reality to ideals like tolerance, justice, mercy, humanity. Only when we do this do we begin to get the best out of life.

It is worth noting that the poet Byron, whose insights were elemental rather than learned, tried to tell us the same thing:

They who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.

This should be clear, but the distinction is so important and people are so inclined in our materialistic age to confuse wisdom with mere shrewdness that, at the risk of shocking some of my learned contemporaries, I am willing to put the case even more sharply. If we are going to teach our children to be wise and to get the best out of life, the central aim of our education must be *moral*. It can help us today only if it shapes the character and conduct of the pupil. Revolutionary as this may seem to many teachers today, this view of the aim of education has been held by some of our greatest philosophers of education, from Plato to Whitehead. Whitehead, who taught in America as well as in England, has given us one prescription which may help us to correct some of our errors. He insists that moral education can be carried on effectively only in the "habitual vision of greatness." We try to do this too often through courses largely informational, like civics, citizenship, and the presentation of facts of American history. We may be on safer ground if we consider larger segments of what might be called the funded moral experiences of mankind as we find them in the lives of Buddha, Confucius, Socrates, Job, Jesus, St. Francis and Abraham Lincoln, and in the great art and literatures of the past.

It may help us to understand what is meant by moral education if we consider the practice of a great nineteenth-century Russian, whose principles the Soviets have rejected. Leo Tolstoy was so convinced of the importance of education that for a time he turned schoolteacher. He conducted so successful a school for peasant children that at various times earnest American educators visited him to find out his secrets. To one of them he put it this way: The problem of education is not one of addition. It is a problem of transformation. The children of men, human infants, are born selfish and self-centered little animals. At birth the best of us are interested only in satisfying our animal needs. The mother may be ill or faint from weariness. Her hungry infant will still cry to be fed; if cold, to be made warm. These physical needs recur throughout life. The attempt to satisfy them is like trying to fill a bottomless barrel. You can never feed a man enough so that he will never be hungry again. Teachers who aim to make this human animal permanently comfortable might as well whistle jigs to a milepost. Their task is to transform self-centered animals into civilized and humane persons. This is only another way of saying that education, as Tolstoy saw it, is a moral process.

THIS new-old conclusion, which our current view of education as quantitative has led us to disregard, is fortunately again making converts in high circles. One of the other committees of educators working with Dean McConnell's group on this problem of the *Education of Youth in America* formulated their findings in this simple fashion:

"If the ultimate aim of education is a good man—not a good lawyer, or a good doctor, or a good salesman, or a good breadwinner, but just a good man—the final end of general education is the teaching of goodness."

They go even farther and add that it "must destroy racial prejudice, temper nationalism with a love of humanity, and recognize no barriers or boundaries to the understanding of and respect for the peoples of the world."

This old-fashioned doctrine, when compared with much that is now being done in our schools, is also revolutionary; for most voters and parents, according to many of our correspondents, expect the schools first of all to teach children those skills and techniques which will make it possible for them "to make a better living rather than to teach them to live better." It will be recalled that in addition to their desire that their children be able to get the best out of life, our group of parents also wanted their children trained to make whatever contribution was in their power to their country and their time.

Certain beliefs and practices militate strongly against this at present. In the drive for specialized training and techniques we have proceeded on the assumption that on any educational menu one boy's meat is another boy's poison. We have aimed at no common moral denominator and have catered to every appetite and every allergy. This is the reason for that amazing hodgepodge of courses offered by our larger municipal high schools and colleges. This will continue to make for havoc and not for order until we recognize that sound education must provide a balanced ration. A balanced educational ration is one that makes for moral health, as a balanced food ration is one that makes for physical health. It is more than probable that our vocational courses have provided the basic training of too many mechanics who soon reached the conclusion that the first aim of a democracy is to raise the wages of mechanics. It is equally probable that our courses in salesmanship, advertising, and so on, have given us too many businessmen who believe that the first aim of a democracy is to increase the profits of business. Sound moral education can be measured only by the degree in which, in the long run, it tends to reduce, rather than increase, tensions between economic, racial and social groups.

Our faith in education, any education, has allowed us to repeat and believe that "education is the salvation of democracy." This is perhaps our most naïve and grievous error. The Germans were not an uneducated people. As a people, they were more literate than we. Their universities were so generally regarded by us as the best in the world that during the nineteenth century nearly all our leading American university scholars took their advanced work there. Yet German education—above all, Nazi education—did nothing to save democracy. Neither did Soviet education. They were both effectively used as antidemocratic instruments. Both the Soviets and the Nazis have gone in heavily for education in specialized techniques. It was the Germans who invented the Ph.D. degree, which is based on the assumption that the aim of education is to "add to the sum of knowledge." Virtually every American school system today puts a premium on that degree, and automatically grants an increase in salary and often a promotion to teachers who manage to sweat out one for themselves. The Ph.D. theses, the additions to the sum of knowledge, for which these degrees are granted are often presented in abominable English; and Abraham Flexner has shown that graduate schools of education even in some of our best-known universities, like Columbia and Chicago, have been among the serious sinners in this respect and have granted degrees for theses on subjects like Public School Plumbing Equipment and An Analysis of Janitor Service in Elementary Schools. We can hardly expect that teachers whose research has been concentrated upon piddling problems like these have greatly broadened or deepened their own vision of greatness. If we are to save democracy we must first realize that we cannot do so along lines that were followed by the Germans and the Nazis.

IN a discussion before the Michigan Rural Teachers Association, President John A. Hannah, of Michigan State College, recently asked three questions:

1. In teaching our students mechanical skills, have we neglected to teach them the skills of living together in harmony?

2. In imparting knowledge, have we failed to develop insight?

3. In counseling, have we emphasized the adjustment of student to curriculum and neglected the adjustment of student to life?

Nearly all earnest teachers will agree with President Hannah that we must plead guilty on all three counts. All three of these neglected aims: "living together in harmony"; "developing insight"; and "the adjustment of the student to life," go back to our central moral problem which we must emphasize in theory, in our curriculum and, above all, in practice in the life of our schools.

The problem on which all our teaching and living should be concentrated is this: What is the nature of the community to which we belong, and what is the nature of our relation to it? Fortunately, to make this clearer, we do not have to teach Johnny and Susan the history and diverse customs of all peoples. Sound morals give us an effective short cut. We cannot expect men of diverse sects to base their hope of salvation in the world to come upon identical theological dogmas. We can expect them, in their dealings with one another in this world, to accept one cardinal principle of conduct. It is so simple that it seems commonplace. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." This is as valid in our relations to others in our own school or town as to those in Moscow or Calcutta.

The courses in American history now required by nearly all schools do not go deep enough to meet our needs. As at present taught, they are designed to prove that Americans are a unique and incommensurable people and superior to all others. This is the sin of pride through which the angels and the Nazis fell. These courses deal with too restricted a segment of humanity's experience and concentrate on events after 1776 and 1492. With us the world began. In his better moments every American should—indeed does—recognize that much which is most valuable in man's experience, much that went into the shaping of American history and our Declaration of Independence, happened in lands far off and in times long before 1776 or 1492. Almost any reader can convince himself of this if he will ask himself the question: "What anniversary is it that arouses the deepest emotional response in me in 1947? Is it the Fourth of

(Continued on Page 157)

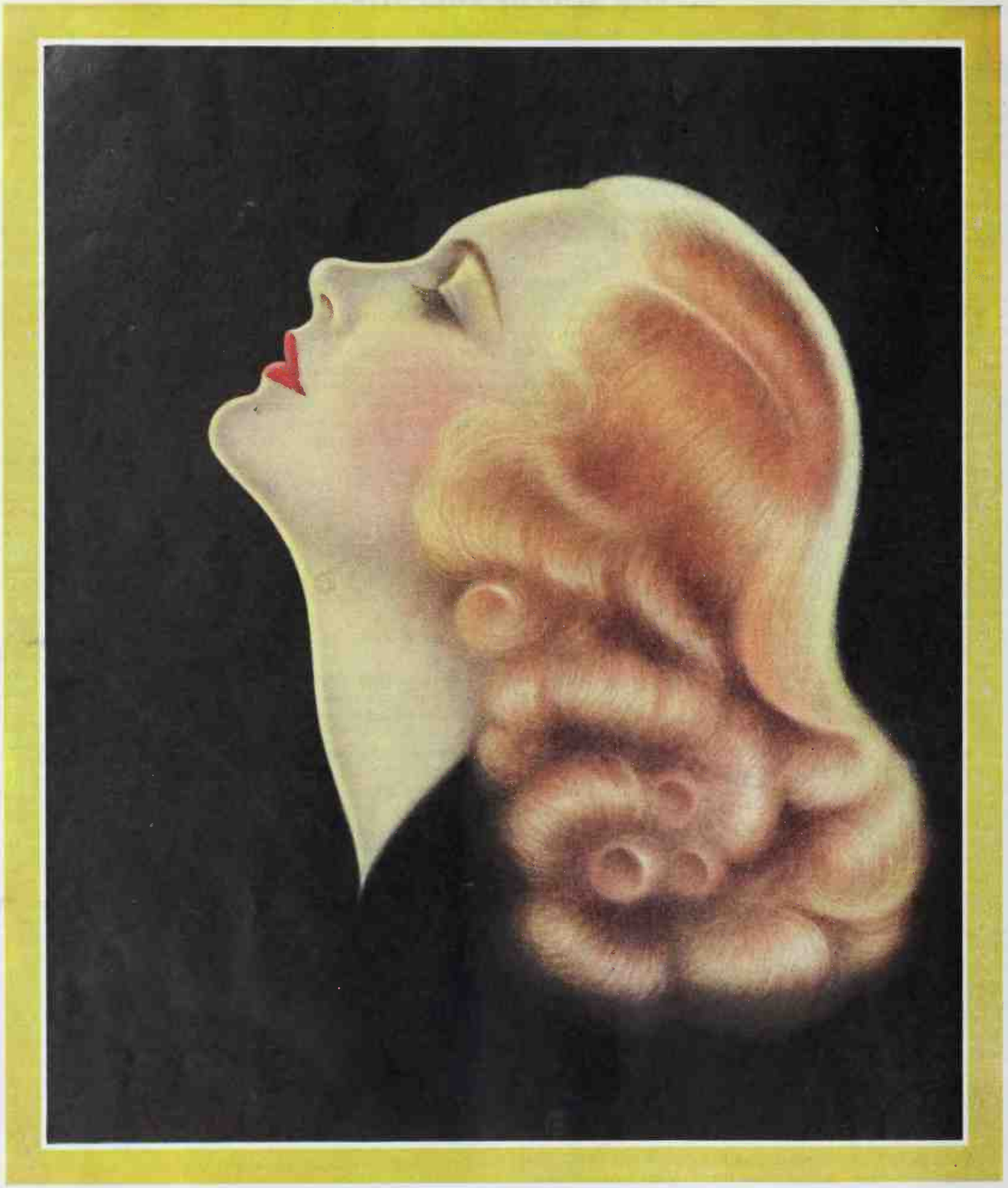
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Grace Note for a Lullaby

By Dorothy Marie Davis

Admitting baby hippopotami
Are lovely to a mother's doting eye,
And awkward periscopic-necked giraffe
Is sweeter than another child with half
As long a neck to his admiring dam,
And that each ewe regards with pride its lamb,
And rattlesnakes, quite daft about their eggs,
Rejoice because they're streamlined with no legs.
Admitting all of that, yet honestly
The nurses, doctor, too, and friends agree
Here looks, intelligence and health combine.
No other infant can compare with mine!
Really!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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help you improve the appearance of your hair. John H. Breck, a hair and scalp special
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you in many of the best Beauty Shops. We believe you will never again depend on just
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(Continued from Page 155)

July, important as that is and should be, or is it Christmas, the anniversary of the birth of Christ in far-off Palestine over nineteen hundred years ago?" The question to ask when trying to discover whether your Johnny and Susan are getting education with a moral aim is: "Are they being taught whatever they are taught, in Whitehead's 'vision of greatness'? Is the spirit as well as the mind being excited and stimulated?"

We have seen that the way of life in our schools needs reorganization as much as, or more than, our courses of study. We talk eloquently about liberal-arts colleges and seem to feel that liberal-arts courses can provide the answer. They will not begin even to affect our central problem until we recognize in practice that the most important of all the liberal arts is the art of learning to live and work co-operatively with all our fellows toward common ends. We must reshape the life of our schools so that the habit of living in fundamentally democratic communities will impress indelibly upon the mind of every student the deeper meaning of the word "humane." If John and Susan help their school and their town to do this they will be taking the first necessary steps toward contributing something to their country and their time. So long as Jim Crowism exists in many of our schools, and anti-Semitism in nearly all, we cannot hope to make headway.

The teacher's role in all this is not that which we usually expect of him, with our Ph.D. requirements. We desperately need in high school and college more teachers who are competent scholars, but we do not need more learned or even more eloquent treatises on democracy. That is only democracy in dead storage. Our scholar teachers must be able to discover the truth, but they must recognize that the only effective way of publishing the truth we need most today is to put it into practice, to live up to it. An ounce of practice is here worth a pound of learned publications.

Forgiveness ought to be like a canceled note—torn in two, and burned up, so that it can never be shown against one. —H. W. BEECHER.

As we near our conclusion, and consider further how education may help children in the schools to make their maximum contribution to their country and their time, let us return for a moment to our well-informed lady who answered the $64 question. We saw that she answered the questions, the challenges put to her by the quizmaster, just as school children may answer examination questions put by the teacher. We left open the unhappy possibility that the lady may still have failed in her response to the challenges put to her by the circumstances of her own life. Yet it is just these failures in life which sound education must do its best to forestall. We may fail in our public capacity as citizens; we may fail also as private individuals.

The greatest historian of our time, Arnold Toynbee, has given us some new light on how to prevent failure as citizens. He has found that of the twenty-six civilizations studied by historians, sixteen are already dead and buried; and of the remaining ten, seven are by way of losing their character and of being abolished. The Rhythm of History, he tells us, is one of Challenge and Response. This means that no country, no civilization, can ever afford to rest upon its oars. History does not make men; men must make history. Our own civilization will fall unless we make a constructive, a creative, response to the new challenge which our history is now presenting to us. The greatest service which education can render to any generation is to make clearer to it the nature of the emerging challenge to which it must respond.

To understand this challenge to our time, let us compare it with the challenge to which our forefathers responded in 1776. One of our ablest American historians, the elder Schlesinger, has told us that the most significant thing about the discovery of America was that it changed the ratio of men to land. In the countries from which our early settlers came, all fertile lands had already been occupied. We in America possessed unlimited areas. In 1776 well over 90 per cent of our people derived their living from agriculture, as some of the words we still use indicate. Possession of "*real* estate" gave not only a sense of economic security and independence; it gave the owner status as well. He was a "land lord." The greatest challenge of that time had to do with pioneering, with opening up a continent, for men who could find independence on those terms.

The nature of that first challenge changed as we moved into the industrial age. Science and technology gave to us, and to other nations as well, the resources of steam and electrical power. The new interrelationships created by this fact alone were sufficient to convince men like Wendell Willkie that we must learn to live in "one world." This problem, urgent before Pearl Harbor, has now become incomparably more pressing. Why?

The recent discovery that we can transform matter into energy by splitting the atom has confronted us with a new challenge. Science has now altered, not for us only but throughout the world, the ratio of men to power. The change in that ratio is so staggering that our old-fashioned minds fail to grasp it. An able and conscientious research chemist, Hugh Stott Taylor, of Princeton, has put it this way: If we lumped all the sources of power available to men in 1939—steam, electricity, internal-combustion engines, TNT, and so on—and called them one, then the potential power available to men in 1947 is forty million times that amount. Ten years from now the destructive aspect of this power as we Americans have used it in the bomb will no longer be our secret. Our only security will lie in sound human relations. To meet this challenge we must make democracy work and reduce the tensions in our own country and throughout the world.

One thing more can be said. The rhythm of challenge and response is not only the rhythm of history. It is also the rhythm of every human life. This is not an entirely new idea. Shakespeare told us long ago:

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Even John and Susan will succeed or fail to the degree in which they are prepared to respond to the particular challenges which life presents to them. The test, as Jack London once put it, will be their ability to deal with the unexpected. We cannot foresee what their challenges will be. We do know that they will call for those qualities which only sound moral education can give them, which have been defined as "activity of mind, receptiveness to beauty and humane feeling."

It would be stupid as well as cowardly to allow ourselves to be baffled by our problem. We must, however, realize that not every kind of education can save us. Training in specialized skills and repetitive techniques can give John and Susan little or no help in dealing with their major problems as citizens. Our own history, properly understood, should give us courage. We successfully met the challenge of 1776. In the industrial age we proved ourselves the most effective nation in the world in producing goods, in solving material problems, in dealing with things. As the richest nation, the world's greatest power, we are now called upon to prove our competence in human relations, in dealing with men. We have the right to believe that this is not beyond us. It is our chance to live up to our "vision of greatness." If we direct all our energies as steadfastly to this task of moral education—to alter only slightly a phrase of William Pitt's—we have a right to believe that we may save ourselves by our own efforts, and the world by our example.

THE END

Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet



This alluring fragrance
... this luxury ...
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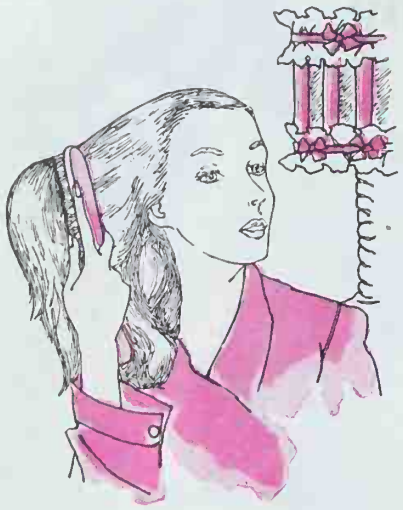
Would *you* be more sweetly desirable . . . disturbing . . . alluring? Then give your skin this lingering, *exciting fragrance men love* . . . the subtle fragrance from your daily bath with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. It comes only from the secret wedding of perfumes far more costly than you'd expect to find in any soap. Bathe every day with exquisite Cashmere Bouquet Soap . . . good for your complexion, too!
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Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Bouquet

Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love

Beauty Calendar 1948



BY DAWN CROWELL
Beauty Editor of the Journal

One wonderful year of beauty. Three hundred and sixty-six days in which you look your prettiest . . . and are your most appealing. How, in your busy life, can you reach this level of loveliness? The Beauty Calendar will show you that the little daily attentions plus "extras" at intervals throughout the year will furnish the necessities involved in making the very most of your own good looks!

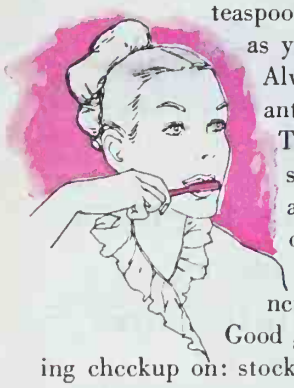


daily Five minutes of exercise to stimulate circulation and evolve a prettier figure for you. When you awaken, try these: 1. Morning stretch: Stand with your feet apart. Raise your arms above your head and reach for the ceiling. Tighten your abdominal muscles. Now, bend from the waist to the right side, down as far as possible. Then, without changing feet position, turn as far toward the right back as possible. Retrace movement to original position. Repeat, going to left. Five times on each side.

2. Lie flat on back and pull both knees up to chest. Clasp hands around knees and roll forward to sitting-up position, holding back straight, head high. Then slump, and roll back to original position. Repeat five to ten times. You'll feel muscles pulling and tightening for flatter surfaces.

A morning shower, brisk and sudsy, gives you a wide-awake look.

Toothbrushing: Minimum twice daily. For brighter teeth, try this once a month. Dissolve one half teaspoon baking soda and one half teaspoon salt. With this mixture, brush your teeth as you would with powder or paste.



Always apply a powder, cream or liquid deodorant before dressing.

Talcum, cologne, skin freshener and hand softeners are at your service to add fragrance and smoothness. When your hands are thoroughly massaged with lotion or cream, take this moment to push back and tidy your newly-softened nail cuticle.

Good grooming is a good habit! Remember a morning checkup on: stocking seams, dedandruffed shoulder lines, spotless clothes, polished shoes, nonchipped nail polish, orderly handbag, fresh gloves, even hemlines.

• Apply your morning make-up in daylight. • If you use a foundation, choose one slightly darker than your skin, and blend it evenly on your face and neck. • Use eye make-up sparingly for daytime wear. • Rouge, unless it is applied with masterful understatement, can turn into your biggest make-up mishap. • Lipstick should harmonize with the colors you wear, as well as flatter your own coloring. If your lipstick gets dry and hard to handle in cold weather, dip the very tip of it in cream to facilitate application. • Apply your powder lightly and equally on your face and neck, and hurry by the places where it's apt to clog. One fresh start on make-up during the day has more face value than constant patching. • At bedtime remove your make-up with cleansing cream. Night creams to soften and beautify finish up their job in twenty minutes.



A hundred strokes in the right direction. Brush your hair vigorously in upward strokes, beginning at the scalp and following to the ends of your hair. • Going to bed with your disposition in good order usually means waking cheerfully.

weekly SHAMPOO AND SHINE. Most healthy heads of hair deserve one shampoo every week or ten days. Two washings, enough rinsings to inspire a "squeak"! If, however, your hair is unusually dry or oily, less shampooing (supplemented with cleansing tonics or dry shampoos) will do the trick.

If your hair is dry: Massage oil (with sturdy fingers) into your scalp, then use a creamy softener for the ends before each shampoo. • Avoid leaving shampoo on for too long a time. • Use bland shampoos. • Try this once weekly: Part your hair in eighteen sections, grasp near roots, and pull in short quick movements. Helps stimulate circulation.

If your hair is oily: Between regular shampoos, sprinkle dry shampoo powder through your hair, then brush it completely out. It will help absorb oil. • Brush your hair regularly in long strokes, going from scalp through ends, to distribute oil. • Apply cleaning liquids with absorbent cotton through the week.

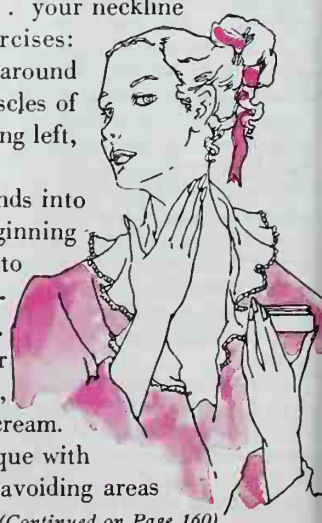


ONE MANICURE A WEEK for the prettiest hands. File your nails in curves to prevent breaking. Never cut your cuticle; trim with scissors, and push back. Use a pumice on finger stains, roughened places. Try the new nail-polish undercoating, that insures a week of nonchipped polish. • Once a week: Soak your nails and finger tips in one part iodine, one part peroxide for stronger nails, stainless finger tips.

EYEBROW CLEANUP. Be sure to pluck your eyebrows from underneath, careful not to disturb the natural line.

PERFECT POSTURE calls for special attention. Try this exercise: Sit on chair, pushing the end of your spine back as far as possible. Dig your spine at waistline into back of chair and hold it there tightly, as you pull your tummy in all the way. Now pull your rib cage high and away from hips. Stretch the back of your neck up as far above shoulders as possible, while you breathe normally for one minute. Repeat three times.

monthly KEEP YOUR CHIN UP . . . your neckline youthful! Try these exercises: Rotate your head in a wide circle. Around and around and back and forward until you can feel the muscles of your neck and chin at work. Twenty circles going left, twenty going right.

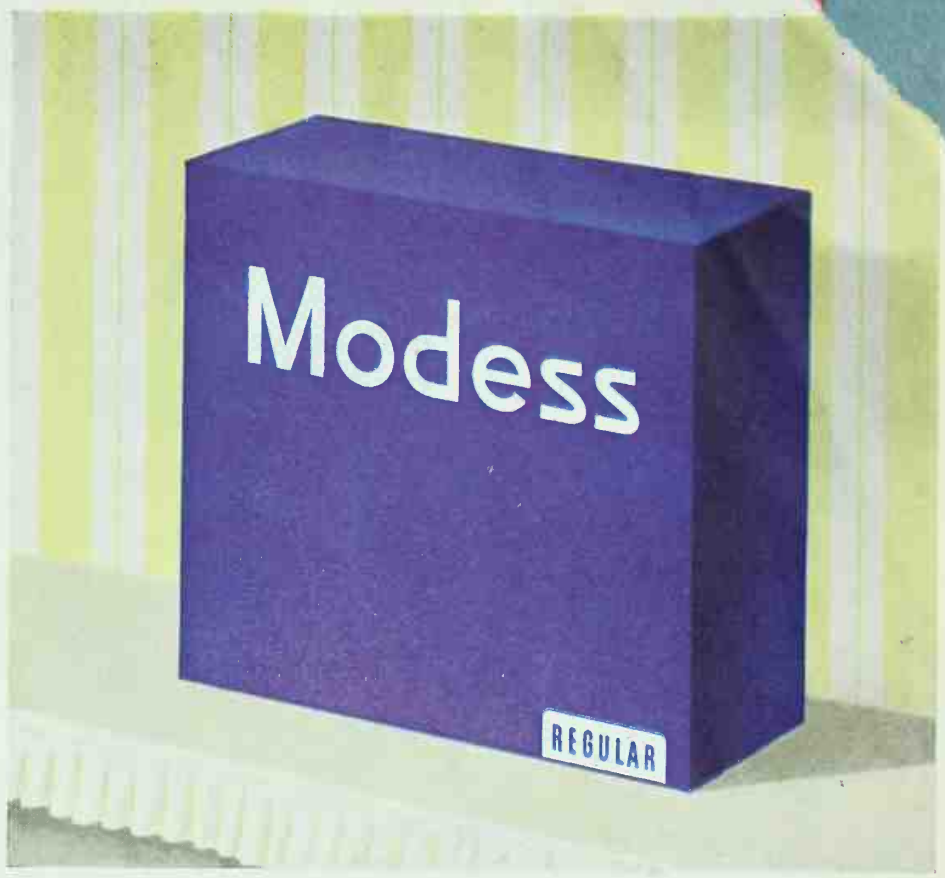


Cream your throat and chin. Then fold your hands into fists, and place fist on either side of your neck, beginning at throat. Now "walk" your knuckles right up to your ears, pressing firmly against your skin. Repeat fifteen times, covering throat and chin area. Here is a facial treatment, especially good for oily skins. Tie your hair away from your face, then cleanse your face and neck with cream. Remove cream with tissues. Then apply a masque with your finger tips, in a light film all over your face, avoiding areas around eyes. Allow it to dry, harden and

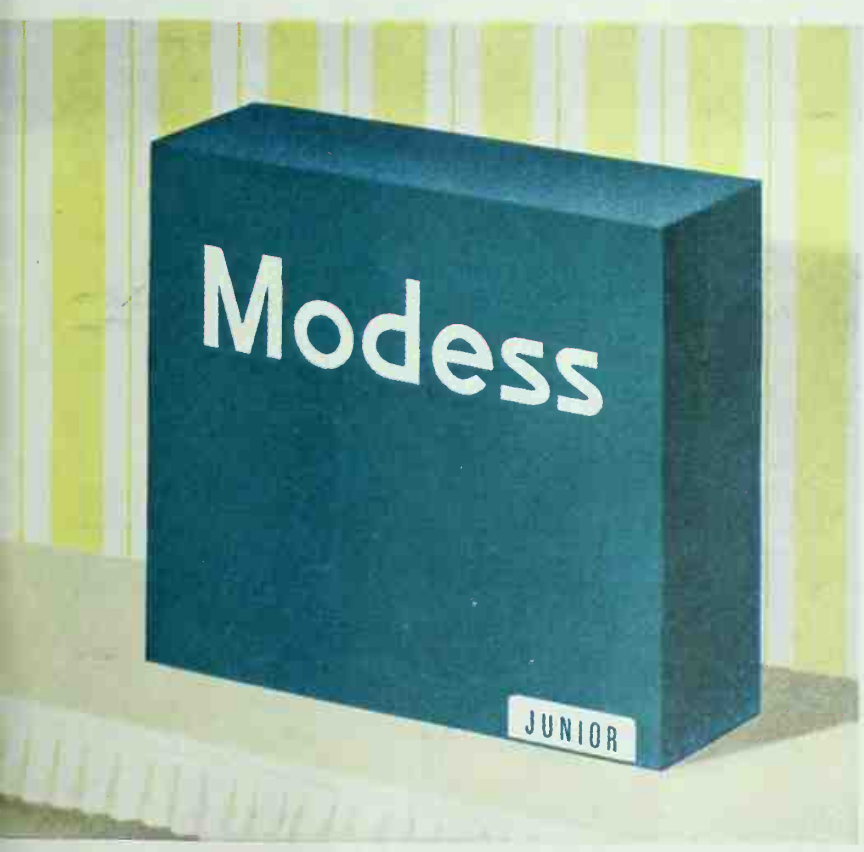
(Continued on Page 160)

Now! 3 Sizes of Modess!

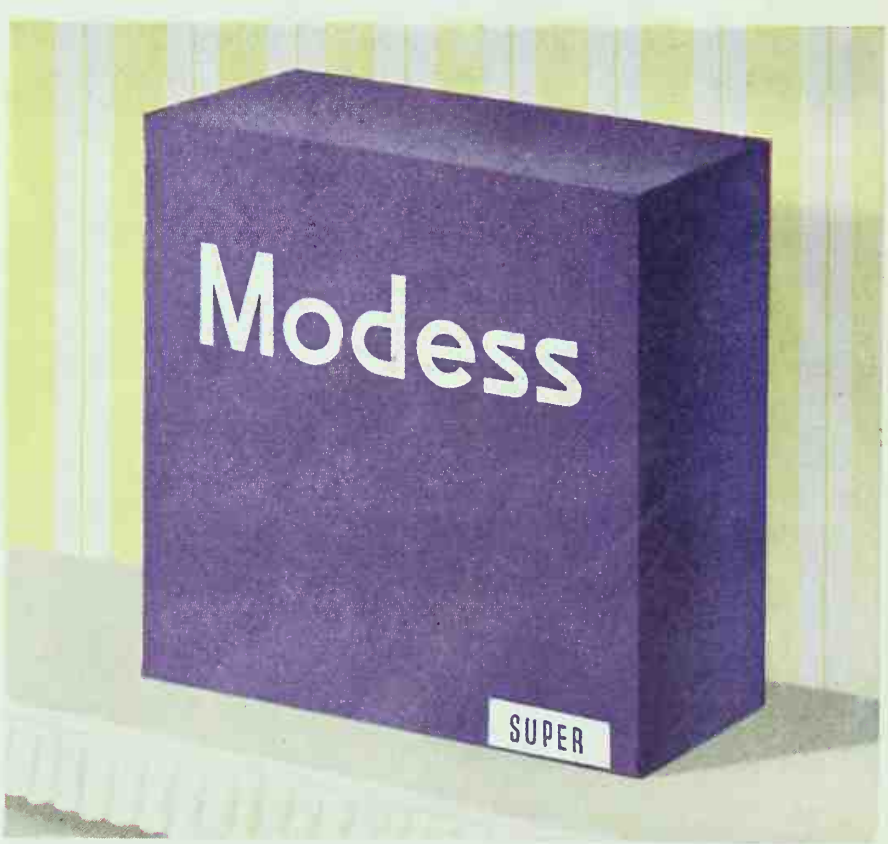
to meet every woman's needs



• **Modess Regular** in the familiar blue box. Ideal for average needs —it's the size most women use. A luxury napkin —so soft, so comfortable, 8 out of 10 women in a recent test reported: *no chafing with Modess!* And wonderfully absorbent!



• **Modess Junior** in the green box. A slightly narrower napkin. For women and girls of all ages who find a smaller napkin more comfortable and amply protective. Modess Junior size gives you the same luxury softness and protection as Regular size Modess.



• **Modess Super** in the orchid box. *Extra* absorbent, *extra* protective — yet soft and light as a cloud. Ideal for days when you need above-average protection. Every Modess Super (Regular and Junior sizes, too) has a full-length safety shield.

Product of Personal Products Corporation • Makers of Modess, Meds, Co-ets, Yes Tissues, Sanitary Belts

All 3 sizes — Now on sale at your favorite store



The promise of that young, young look

A beauty-giving cream activated by a dynamic hormone ingredient...the counterpart of the natural substance that makes young skins glow! This is Tussy Beauty Plus—a most treasured formula...of prime importance in combating the prematurely old look of "over-30" skins. Use this rich emollient cream daily, use it faithfully, for a fresher, younger appearance and a smoother, softer feel—so characteristic of that young, young look! $3, $5, plus tax at better cosmetic counters.



TUSSY beauty plus

(Continued from Page 158)



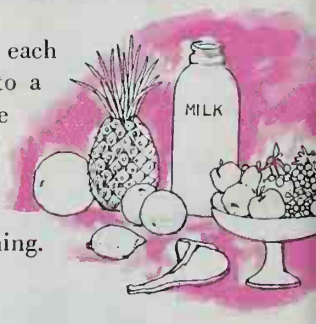
remain from ten to twenty minutes. At the end of required time, wash masque off with cool water. Follow this with a brisk patting of skin freshener. Here's another, nice for dry skin. After cleansing your face and neck, apply a rich softening cream evenly. Allow twenty minutes for cream to do its job. Then use two towels alternately, each steaming with warm-to-hot water and the juice of quarter of a lemon, and cover your face completely. Three one-minute coverings with each towel. Follow with brisk patting of astringent or cold water to reclose pores.

Try a grainy cleanser to help do away with blackheads, counteract oily skins. Mix the grains with enough water to make a paste. Then go over your face and neck, working the paste particularly into areas around your nose and chin. Repeat three consecutive days each month.

SATIN-SMOOTH LEGS require regular care. *Wax preparations* for removing hair are usually applied while the wax is warm. One expert job should last from four to six weeks. • *Cream preparations* contain chemical formulas to dissolve hairs. This method should last two weeks. • *Softening lotions* applied in quick, upward strokes to your legs will help prevent skin from chapping.

A home pedicure once a month (or more) will keep your feet looking pretty, feeling well. Cut toenails straight across to avoid ingrown nails. Foot treatment is best after your bath, when skin and cuticle are soft.

quarterly



At the beginning of each season treat yourself to a seven-day refresher diet designed to restore radiance, eliminate sluggishness from your system and take off excess weight. With the approval of your doctor, try these:

DO drink a large glass of fruit juice each morning.
DON'T use cream or sugar in your coffee.
DO substitute skim milk for whole milk.
DON'T eat *any* fatty or fried foods.
DO substitute fresh fruit or simple custards for other desserts.
DO eat lots of green vegetables; cut down on others.
DON'T eat rich sauces on meat or vegetables.
DO eat salads without dressings and clear soups for luncheon.
DON'T indulge in between-meal snacks.
DO drink at least eight glasses of water daily (not at mealtime).
DO eat broiled, lean meats for dinner.



Compare your measurements at the beginning and end of the week.

Give yourself a complete change of make-up. Experiment with new shades of lipstick, foundation and powder. Try an eyebrow pencil for a prettier eyebrow line; smooth some colored eye shadow on your eyelids; investigate new shades of mascara for evening wear. Maybe a slightly reshaped mouth will give your face a whole new look; perhaps a new and warmer shade of powder will add an unexpected glow to your face.



semi-annually

Modern doctors advise at least two physical checkups with your doctor each year. Constant fatigue, tired backs, headaches, weary eyes, can often be traced to more serious disorders.

Two trips to your dentist too!

And how is your dancing these days? Remember, dancing is a gay way to keep your figure in trim, your spirits in good order.

Make your new permanent a major beauty investment (think of how long it lasts). If you're planning to give yourself a permanent, choose a reliable home permanent set. Before the big day, experiment with new hair styles, then put up your curls accordingly!

THE END

Printed in U. S. A.

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

The Magazine Women Believe In • February, 1948 • 25c

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Women and children in SOVIET RUSSIA

A report in pictures by
ROBERT CAPA
Text by
JOHN STEINBECK

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Stockton, Calif.



New note in Fashion. Filmy, feathery lace cascades from head to hem in this dramatic gown Betty models for Harzfeld's. *Always* in fashion, highlighting any costume, is a brilliant smile like Betty's—a smile she guards with Ipana Tooth Paste. And how right she is! Because dentists themselves recommend and use Ipana 2 to 1 over any other tooth paste, a recent national survey shows.



rict home, Karen shows how e of teeth and gums, stressed s today. If *your* gums flash a , *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide case for "the helpful stimulation of assage."

What does it take to be a "Model" Mother?

**What Betty Brookfield has—
two adorable youngsters, a lovely figure—
and look at that smile!**

ANY WOMAN WOULD look good in a $475 designer original? Probably. And many women have lovely children? True . . .

Ah, but how many women have a smile as sparkling as Betty Brookfield's?

Kansas City's finest shops think so much of hazel-eyed Betty and her dazzling smile that they call on her constantly to grace their most important fashion shows.

Do you wonder, then, that this "model" mother takes no chances with her smile? Or that she's taught 6-year-old Karen to safeguard *her* smile, too, by following this famous dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.*

That's the routine of so many successful models. Get started towards a "model" smile yourself—get a tube of Ipana today.



"Diaper Dan" (that's what Mr. Brookfield calls his year-old son) asks you to excuse his back. But how else can he admire Mommy's and Karen's gorgeous smiles? Mommy knows that firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth—sees to it that her family gets *Ipana* care.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Products of Bristol-Myers



for your Smile of Beauty

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1,000 dentists helped design it!

Doctors Prove the Palmolive Plan

brings 2 out of 3 women

Lovelier Skin in 14 days!



"My complexion was double-trouble!" says Patricia Le Fevre of Detroit. "Not only dull and coarse-looking, but dreadfully oily. Who wouldn't be miserable? I actually hated to meet new people, and was embarrassed even in front of old friends!

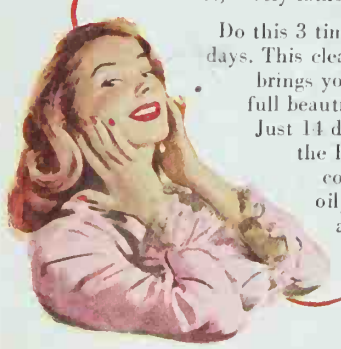


"Then the Palmolive Plan *came to my rescue!* I had a chance to try the Plan under a doctor's supervision. You know, 36 doctors—leading skin specialists—tested the Palmolive Plan on 1285 women and proved it can bring a lovelier complexion to 2 out of 3 . . . in just 14 days!

"Here's all you do: Wash your face with Palmolive Soap.

Then, for 60 seconds, massage with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse!

Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect. Just 14 days after I started the Palmolive Plan, my complexion was far less oily—smoother looking and brighter, too!"



YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 days!

- Less Oily
- Smoother, Younger looking
- Less Coarse-looking
- Fewer Tiny Blemishes—
- Less Incipient Blackheads
- Fresher
- Brighter, Clearer Color



Yes! Regardless of your Age . . . Type of Skin or what Beauty Care you've used before!

IF you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight!

Remember, the Palmolive Plan was tested on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable complexion improvement in just 14 days! No matter what beauty care they had used before.

Reason enough for every woman who longs for a lovelier complexion to start this new Beauty Plan with Palmolive Soap!

For tub and shower, get the new, Big, Thrifty Bath Size Palmolive—enjoy Palmolive's soft, lovely lather *all over!*



DOCTORS PROVE

PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!



PHOTO BY ROBERT CAPA

ROBERT CAPA and **JOHN STEINBECK**, whose picture-and-word story of the Russian people begins on page 44.

Spokesmen for the United States and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics occasionally point at each other and pack rocks in their snowballs, although they know that to accept a "hot" war as an alternative to a "cold" one is suicidal. John Steinbeck, novelist, and Robert Capa, who wants to be an unemployed war photographer, visited Russia to see if a little human interest could warm icy fingers to body temperature.

"It seemed to us that behind phrases like 'iron curtain,' 'cold war,' and 'preventive war' people and thought and humor had fully disappeared. We decided to make an old-fashioned Don Quixote and Sancho Panza quest—to ride behind the iron curtain and pit our lances and pens against the windmills of today."

Nobody, as Gracie Allen says, has more fun than people. Nobody has more sorrow, either. In his novels John Steinbeck has written sympathetically about the pleasures and tragedies of human beings. The characters in such novels as *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Of Mice and Men*, *Cannery Row* and *The Wayward Bus* are individual personalities, not ideologies. People, whether in the balmy sun of Steinbeck's native California or in the chill of a wind-swept Russian steppe, behave alike in many ways. For self-preservation or in self-defense people act as most persons would not dream of doing apart from an organized mass at war.

"We remember the farm engines and wagons driven by crippled men, and the legless children, the charred piles that were houses and the seamed faces of the old women, and the look of old hunger and fear in the eyes of the children."

Hungarian Robert Capa has risked his life many times (prudently, he thinks) to take pictures of people in war. For many years Capa has been fleeing dictators, pausing in flight only to take a few snapshots of their handiwork. Born in Budapest in 1913, he left for Germany after a spat with dictator Horthy. In Germany he had trouble with the late Adolf Hitler and went to Spain. Finding Franco uncongenial, he came to the United States in 1939. Here he became the only "enemy alien" to serve as a war photographer and correspondent with the American Army. Easygoing and compassionate, Capa feels that in spite of the ice-jammed diplomatic front, peace is the throb in the warm hearts of the Russian people.

"We do not know who started this vicious game of stupid accusation and violent criticism. It is not very important who started it. The important thing is: Who is going to stop it? The people of Russia, in our little experience, want the same things our people do—food, shelter, security and the ability to raise and feed and educate their children in peace."

(Italics by Robert Capa, speaking for himself and John Steinbeck, at the New York Herald Tribune Forum, October 22, 1947.)

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SAVORY STUFFED VEAL CHOPS

(5 servings)

Giving veal this double appeal will get you a lock of compliments! And chops fried sizzling risp with Crisco are sure to be digestible.

5 large veal chops, 1¼" thick
1 cup well-seasoned bread stuffing
1 egg, beaten · ½ cup fine crumbs
Crisco for frying

All Measurements Level: Make a deep slash in outer side of each chop. Fill each "pocket" with 2 to 3 tablespoons of stuffing and fasten with toothpicks. Coat chops with seasoned flour, dip in beaten egg and then in fine crumbs. Fry until brown in hot Crisco. (*No unpleasant smoke or smell when you fry with Crisco!*) Cover pan and cook slowly until chops are tender—about ½ hour. Serve with apple rings sautéed in Crisco. (*And the whole family can eat their fill—9 out of 10 doctors say foods fried properly with Crisco are digestible.*)

DON'T MISS THE CRISCO COOK BOOK. 64 pages packed with tested "Recipes for Good Eating." Just send 10¢ in coin, and a Crisco label (any size) to Crisco, Dept. HJ, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Offer good in the U.S., including Hawaii.



, savor—

!"

doctors say Crisco is easy to digest. In ried light and tender with Crisco are so en youngsters can eat their fill.

t forget—creamy Crisco is marvelous cakes and pastry, too. You're really n you're cooking with Crisco—lighter ible fried foods, tender, flaky pastry

SCO

stible!



uy the 3-lb. economy size!

Doctors/MOTHERS!

...y my daughter
...goodness of
vegetables



Yes! Regardless of your Age . . .
or what Beauty Care you've used

IF you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every —start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight

Remember, the Palmolive Plan was test on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen t fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! No Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable complexion improvement in just 14 days! No matter what beauty care they had used before.

Reason enough for every woman who longs for a lovelier complexion to start th Beauty Plan with Palmolive Soap!

...nds Incorporated; in Canada by Standard Brands Limited

Our Readers Write Us

The "Truth" About Nursing

New York City.

My Dear Mr. Gould: Speaking on behalf of 157,000 registered nurse members of the American Nurses' Association, as well as of the registered nurses unaffiliated with the ANA, we ask you in the interest of truth and fair play to present certain facts of vital interest to your millions of readers.

In an article by Gretta Palmer published in the December LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, a highly inaccurate picture of the nursing profession was given to the American public. Unless this picture is corrected, its effects will be most damaging to the public interest and the public health. The grave errors of omission and commission in this article, plus the combination of unrelated facts and biased point of view presented in such a way that only false and damaging implications may be drawn, will be extremely difficult ever to counteract. We know how rapidly false ideas travel and how difficult it is to correct or negate them. For this reason, it is imperative that a magazine of the standing of the JOURNAL present the truth about the nursing crisis in all its implications.

The article in question attempts to make the point that there is a shortage of nursing service because the registered nurses of this country have shirked private duty responsibility for other activities. That is a direct misstatement. Here, so that all of your readers may know, is the true situation.

Today the United States has by far the largest number of registered professional

(Continued on Page 232)

What Makes a Nurse

Salisbury, Connecticut.

Dear Sir: Congratulations from a retired graduate nurse on your timely and sensible article on nurses. When I had pleurisy the practical nurse who cared for me made me ashamed to think how comparatively useless a graduate nurse would have been.

Yes, plenty of fine girls who aren't honor students want to be nurses. I suggest that character and intelligence are more important than Latin and chemistry.

Yours truly,
JANET HARDING.

To Encourage Bedside Nursing

Springfield, Massachusetts.

Dear Editors: Bravo for Gretta Palmer! Her article was most enlightening, even to many nurses. Student nurses little realize they are being pushed toward prestige and desk jobs. If, during their theoretical training, some stress could be placed on bedside nursing—perhaps through lectures by a psychologist—a student nurse could choose. To allay fear of human suffering is not to hide from it, but to face and help overcome it. And this can be done only by a patient-nurse relationship.

Very sincerely,
E. B. FITZGERALD, R.N.

The Journal's Commercial

Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Dear Sir and Madam:

Can a housewife, with babies, and backaches, and budgets,
Entrain every month for a trip to New York—
With side tours through Maryland, Maine or Missouri;
Fly overseas—visit Calcutta, or Cork?

Turn back fifty years—eye the billowing bustle;
Turn forward again to the styles of today;
Visit writers, pit workers, a president's widow—
See life at its best—the American way?

Of course she can make it: no magic—no marvels;
No starving the kiddies or skipping the rents:
Her passport, her genie, her fast-flying carpet
Is the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL at twenty-five cents!

Yours very truly,
MRS. WEIR.

Plenty of Nothing

Bedford, England.

My dear Beatrice and Bruce: Lucille and Elizabeth have just gone off to boarding school, and the house looks as if it has passed through a whirlwind. *Somehow* we collected a moderately reasonable amount of regulation school clothes. We needed eight pairs of shoes for the two girls, and were lucky after touring the Bedford shops to pick up five pairs. Ordinary stout walking shoes for a schoolgirl have gone up from 25 shillings to over 2 pounds, and Lucille's fleece-lined bedroom shoes cost 2 pounds. She is also wearing stockings. Very grown up! One shop assistant stared when I ordered one dozen pairs of light brown, fully fashioned lisle thread, and the manager said I could have seven and consider myself lucky. They'd just arrived after being on order six months. There were no others in Bedford, so I made up the difference with artificial silk.

I wrote the Board of Trade asking for 300 coupons, explaining that what we received merely served to replace worn garments, and that to get four of everything (one at the laundry, one on, one in the drawer, and one to allow for the laundry only calling every fortnight!) in the blouses and more intimate garments was a bit of a task. The reply was abrupt to the point of rudeness. I would have to manage without any extra.

Lucille has only now put aside the blouses that she came back to England with. The collars have been turned, the blouses have had material added to make them longer, and now at last with straining seams and patches, they must be discarded. Iver's school coat we got in London. There were 300 names down at one shop for these coats and possibly a couple dozen *may* arrive "*one* day."

We are having whale meat for supper. Will you join us? I do it like an ordinary steak seasoned and piled with fried onions, and it is very good. There was an argument about who should sell it—the fishmongers said it was *meat* and the butchers scornfully announced it was *fish*. At last I found a butcher called "Fisher" who sold it, so we get it every Saturday. There is a lack when the whales mate, so I'll have to think of something else then to eke out our ridiculous rations.

Affectionately,
RUTH DRUMMOND.

Pun My Word!

Beverly Hills, California.

Mesdames and Messewers: You certainly muffed one. Quite obviously Bruce Bliven's article should have been called Thiamin, Save My Child. Now when I was an editor of the old Life ——

Very truly yours,
H. W. HANEMANN.

Journal Worth it—and More

Huntington Park, California.

Dear Ladies' Home Journal: After buying the JOURNAL for twenty years myself, and before that reading my mother's, it's high time I wrote you a fan letter. I was even happy when you raised the price because I felt I was paying more toward what it's worth. My dream gal is Ann Batchelder, and one day I hope to own a whole cookbook compiled by her, complete with the drooly photographs that give me the urge to create an invention of my own. Wish Gladys Taber would also compile a book of her special concoctions.

Sincerely,
MYRTLE WHITFORD.

Ann Batchelder is our dream gal too—and we like ANN BATCHELDER'S COOKBOOK. Gladys Taber has also compiled a cookbook which she uses in her lovely new kitchen. ED.

How French Canadians Speak

Quebec, Canada.

Dear Sir and Madam: It was with much disappointment that I saw the word *patois* used in How Canada Lives, for we do not speak a *patois*.

Of course, the degree of each individual's education must be considered. You can find the equivalent of Li'l Abner and

(Continued on Page 6)



SAVORY STUFFED VEAL CHOPS

(5 servings)

Giving veal this double appeal will get you a flock of compliments! And chops fried sizzling crisp with Crisco are sure to be digestible.

5 large veal chops, 1¼" thick
1 cup well-seasoned bread stuffing
1 egg, beaten · ½ cup fine crumbs
Crisco for frying

All Meosurements Level: Make a deep slash in outer side of each chop. Fill each "pocket" with 2 to 3 tablespoons of stuffing and fasten with toothpicks. Coat chops with seasoned flour, dip in beaten egg and then in fine crumbs. Fry until brown in hot Crisco. (*No unpleasant smoke or smell when you fry with Crisco!*) Cover pan and cook slowly until chops are tender—about ½ hour. Serve with apple rings sautéed in Crisco. (*And the whole family can eat their fill—9 out of 10 doctors say foods fried properly with Crisco are digestible.*)

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"Fried for flavor...Stuffed for savor—These chops are tops!"



"Take tender, double-thick veal chops . . . stuff em to bursting with savory dressing . . . then fry them a crispy, golden brown in Crisco. And what've you got? A let's have-*that*-again dinner!

"Hard to do? Not if you use my favorite—pure, all-vegetable Crisco. With that wonderful new, improved Crisco it's a cinch to get light, tender, digestible fried foods. Yes, *digestible* fried foods—9 out of 10 doctors say Crisco is easy to digest. In fact, foods fried light and tender with Crisco are so digestible even youngsters can eat their fill.

"And don't forget—creamy Crisco is marvelous for making cakes and pastry, too. You're really cooking when you're cooking with Crisco—lighter cakes, digestible fried foods, tender, flaky pastry *every* time!"



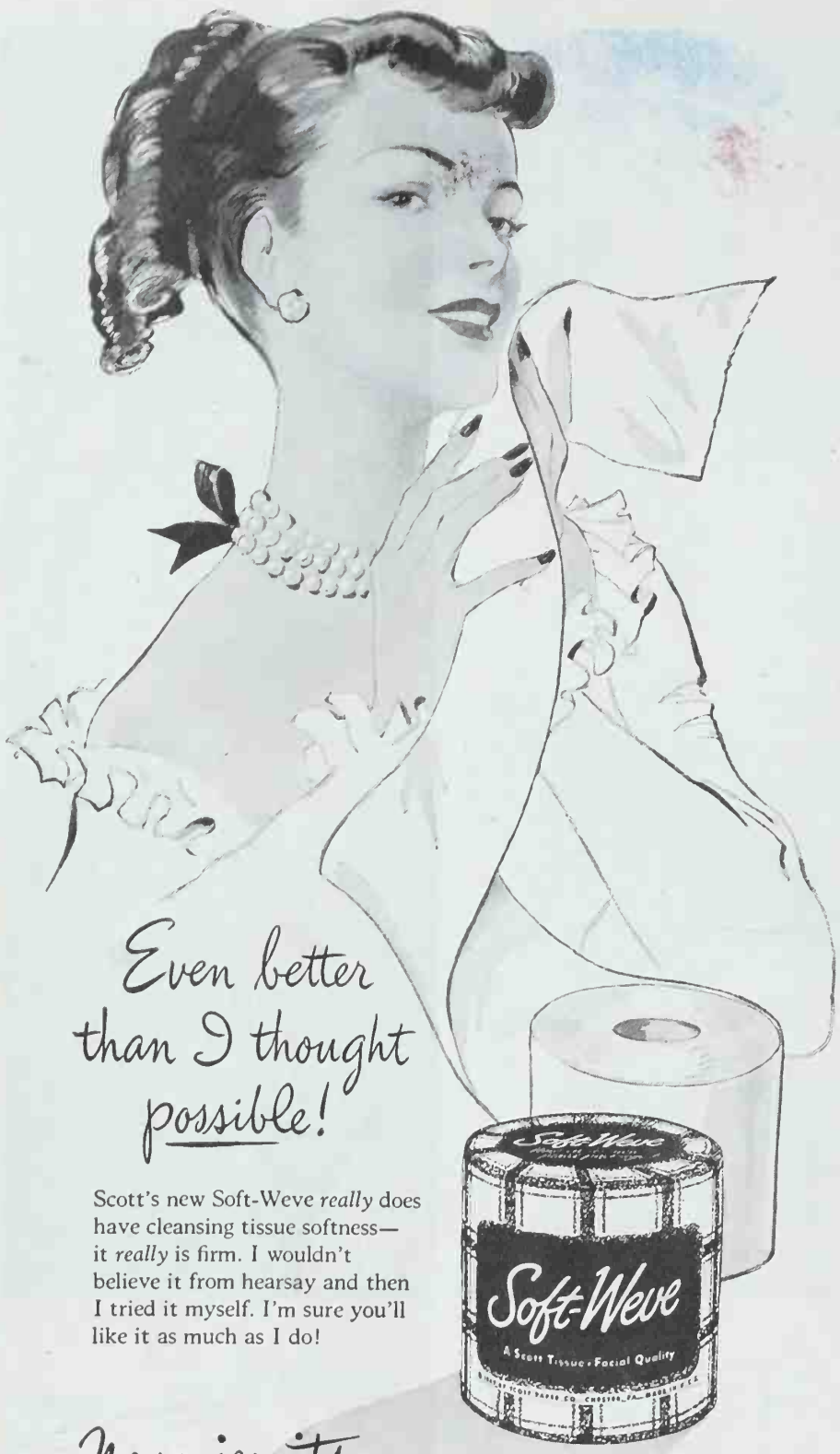




use CRISCO
It's digestible!



Be thrifty—buy the 3-lb. economy size!



Even better than I thought possible!

Scott's new Soft-Weve *really* does have cleansing tissue softness—it *really* is firm. I wouldn't believe it from hearsay and then I tried it myself. I'm sure you'll like it as much as I do!

Now in its NEW plaid package!

"Soft-Weve" "Scotties" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

P.S. a cleansing tissue by Scott



...so soft ...so firm

you'll like Scotties

(Continued from Page 4)

the Yokum family in the province of Quebec, but certainly not in the suburbs of Montreal or Quebec. French Canadians do not consider Dogpatch the U. S. A.'s intellectual capital. Why not reciprocate, at least halfway?

Yours faithfully,
S. G. PARENT.

Likes "Quotes" on Each Page

Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

Dear Editors: While I enjoy all parts of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, I believe I find more enjoyment, inspiration and value in the quotations which you choose.

Very sincerely,
ELINOR WINDOM.

Personally, we wish we used more funny stories, but they are hard to find—at least the printable kind. ED.

Down on Women Smokers

Clearfield, Pennsylvania.

Gentlemen: I recently took an overnight bus trip which was unbearable because of women smokers. I couldn't open the window because the wind would blow on a small baby behind me. But did that prevent the women from chain smoking all night in that hot stuffy bus? You know it didn't! *And there was only one man* who smoked at any time. If women haven't the common decency to care for the comfort of others, why don't public conveyance companies take some action?

Isn't there some curb?

Respectfully,
(Name withheld by request.)

Transatlantic Friendships

The Duke's Cottage.
Rudgwick, England.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: I would be so grateful if you could let it be known that so far I have had to pay no duty whatever on the parcels of used children's clothes so many people have sent me. I find people are terribly perturbed that I might have to do this. (As if I'd care, anyway!) The parcels come to me with notes saying "Please give to a farmer's family"—or sometimes it is a schoolteacher. Or the family must have so many boys and so many girls. Or a set of twins! It is not always an easy matter, but I would like people to know that so far I have managed, like the proverbial fairy, to grant all wishes. The job is rapidly becoming a whole-time one, so I have now got the village doctor's wife to lend a hand. All kinds of transatlantic correspondence friendships have sprung up about the countryside over it all.

Later. When my JOURNAL comes these days I feel like pinning the Ann Batchelder pages together—so that they may not taunt and entice! Like a little niece of mine long ago who pinned up the pages about the Crucifixion in her Child's Life of Christ. "Don't look in there," she said. "You won't be able to bear it."

Frantic shoppers slink about with little bags these days, trying to get a little something over—but not for themselves! For the pets who come off very badly—since they get no ration allowance whatever. But many a stout dog or cat—accompanying its lean owner—suggests where much of what there is goes.

Love,
DOROTHY BLACK.

Queue Up for Journal

Brentwood, Essex, England.

Dear Sirs: You have, unwittingly, been the means of causing a queue in this country of queues. All my friends are lined up to borrow my JOURNAL.

Yours sincerely,
MARJORIE WILKINSON.

Obstacle to Marriages

Yuma, Arizona.

Sir: If an elderly gentleman with a string tie and a broad-brimmed black hat wants to corral the women's vote in America, he can sweep himself into office on the tidal wave of resentment against those charnel houses we call marriage-license bureaus. From New York to California, except for certain smiling spots in Florida and New Mexico, this business of applying for a marriage license is loaded with insult, indignity, spittoons and general degradation.

Marriage-license bureaus are run by the county under the supervision of the state,

(Continued on Page 8)



THE *Lift* THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

Making the most of your figure?—you can, you know, with a "Perma·lift"* Brassiere. There's a soft, yet firm cushion inset at the base of each bra cup. Your bust is naturally and gently supported from below. Wash and wear your "Perma·lift" Bra as often as you want—it will never lose its famous lift. At your favorite corsetiere—$1.50 to $3.50. Wonderful and comfortable is a "Perma·lift" Girdle too—"No Bones about it—Stays up without stays."

* *"Perma·lift" and "Hickory" are trademarks of A. Stein & Company (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)*

It's True about PARIS," I thought as he kissed My Hand





Could this be me...on the Quai D'Orsay with a Frenchman kissing my hand? So romantic...like something you read about. Lucky my hand was nice and smooth. I mean lucky I use Jergens Lotion. Men like smooth, soft hands.

Anyway... that Frenchman was very attentive ...until Dick came over...and growled about all the handkissing.



"Well, why don't you kiss a girl's hand?" I asked Dick...And you know...he did! And he said the dearest things and...and...now we're engaged to be married. And I'll be one wife who won't neglect her hands. There'll be Jergens Lotion in our house.

So your hands can feel softer than ever—and smoother—your Jergens Lotion is finer than ever today. More protective, too. All due to recent skin-care research! Two ingredients, so topnotch for skin-care that many doctors use them, are both in today's Jergens Lotion.

Will "he" kiss your hand? You can make him want to. Know what the Hollywood Stars do? The Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1. Make Jergens Lotion your regular hand care. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). No oiliness; no sticky feeling.

Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in all the World



For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion

I know a sweater is dynamite...



I'm a safety-first girl with Mum

Bright you are and right you are! When snug-fitting wool traps underarm odor, *other* girls catch the men! You play it smartly—help guard your charm with Mum!

Even in winter there's a heat wave under your arms. Odor can form without any noticeable moisture. *Everyone* should remember: a bath washes away *past* perspiration but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum safer for charm

Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness and charm.

Mum safer for skin

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

Mum safer for clothes

No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

(Continued from Page 6)

which fashions its own laws. And so the architecture and atmosphere of your local marriage bureau is directly the fault of *local* officials.

In New York, for example, you can buy a two-cent stamp in a palace raised of Vermont marble, entered by Byzantine doors, illuminated by indirect light, and staffed with courteous, trained clerks at as many windows as a major railroad station. But in more than 30 marriage bureaus I've visited across the country (as social investigator), there wasn't much to distinguish between them and a run-down public comfort station. Walls are unpainted and streaked; floors are uncarpeted and gutted with filth; windows are as grimy as a county jail; cuspidors seem to be the badge of office; window shades hang from one uneasy corner; inkwells are dried up and pens pointless; desks are scarred; and loafers and drunks sit against a wall and leer obscenely.

All that certainly is not seemly for a democracy where marriage and the family should be made *attractive*.

Our marriage bureaus should at least be as stately and majestic as our divorce courts—if not more. Cordially,

J. ALVIN KUGELMASS.

Startling Collection of Misinformed Young Men

Detroit, Michigan.

Dear Editor: Three cheers for your magazine for courageously tackling the tabooed subject of sex problems in those splendid "Letters to Joan."

I suggest that these be followed by a series of letters to a boy from his father, for which the need is just as great. I am aware, from talking to many boys, that they possess a most startling collection of misinformation.

Although my only child is a girl now nineteen, ever since preschool age our home has been open to all her friends and since I always listened to their problems understandingly, one by one the boys in the crowd began coming to me for advice about sex. Some were afraid to ask their own parents; others had tried, and either been scolded for asking "dirty questions" or told, "I can't talk about such things to you; it embarrasses me." I knew those same parents would undoubtedly censure me for discussing such a taboo topic with their sons; but I also knew that those boys of 14 and 15 needed advice and understanding—so I tackled the job. I explained carefully the development and growth of the sex cells, discussed the sex impulses and desires they might expect, and warned them of the dangers of overindulgence. Because I have always rejected the "donble standard," I also sold them on the idea of masculine as well as feminine chastity as an ideal—that it was as possible and desirable for a boy to remain clean as for a girl, and that the greatest gift he could bring to his marriage was a clean body and mind and soul.

One boy's blunt statement to me was a sweeping indictment of our generation. He said, "More boys would be inclined to remain virgin if they felt people expected it of them or showed confidence that they could. Sex was never mentioned to us at home. We got our information the hard way. The only time the subject came up was when I went into the Navy and my dad said, 'Look, son, be careful not to pick up a disease, won't you?' It never occurred to him that I might not *want* to have casual sexual intercourse. Well, I might *want* to, but I mean to be determined *not to*."

These boys and girls resented bitterly their parents' reactions—reactions ranging from horrified and complete silence to lamentations that *their* child should even think of such things, or suspicion and outright accusations of moral transgressions. If parents would only realize how much actual *courage* it takes for young persons to broach a subject to their parents which has been avoided or tabooed, they would accord them the courtesy and frankness of an honest answer.

Several lads said my daughter was one of the few girls today that they genuinely respected. They thought it was because she had been taught at home that it was mostly the girl's responsibility not to let "necking" get out of hand; and, because she had always been careful in that respect, it was easy for the boys to keep in line. So you see, the right kind of teaching *does* pay. Sincerely yours,

(Name withheld by request.)

After 25

beware of DRY SKIN



Act Promptly to arrest it— with the right care

FROM ABOUT 25 ON—the natural oil chiefly responsible for keeping skin soft and supple gradually decreases. Then dry skin begins to creep up. Even before 40, a woman may lose as much as 20% of this natural oil that skin needs.

Dry skin starts with small signs, tiny "crow's-feet" by your eyes, a slightly darker look to skin, a not-quite-as-smooth texture. *Act promptly*—these soon add up to less attractive you!

Replacement help from lanolin, the oil most like natural skin oil, is right at your fingertips in Pond's *lanolin-rich* Dry Skin Cream.

3 features give this cream special skin-softening powers. It is *rich in lanolin*. It is *homogenized*—to soak in better. It has a *special emulsifier* for *extra* softening aid. It is *very* rich—yet so smooth it is quickly absorbable by dry surface-skin.

2-Point Softening Care

Use Pond's Dry Skin Cream this quick-working way—

Lanolin-Soften by Night—Work the extra-richness of Pond's Dry Skin Cream over face, throat. Leave 5 to 15 minutes, or *all* night for full *lanolin-softening* help.

Lanolin-Protect by Day—Smooth a very little Pond's Dry Skin Cream over face before make-up. Gives a protective, soft screen to shield skin from dryness all day.

Get Pond's Dry Skin Cream today. Day by day see *your* skin respond to this carefully balanced softening-protective care.

"It's a truly delightful cream—so rich and not a bit sticky."
says Mrs. Victor du Pont, III

FREE SAMPLE

If you'd like to try a sample of Pond's Dry Skin Cream *free*—write your name and address on the coupon and send it to Pond's, Dept. 2-DB, Clinton, Connecticut.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



Sister, it can "BLITZ" you!

Start now with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Those distressing flakes and scales can put you in plenty wrong socially, and can raise hob with the health of your scalp and the looks of your hair.

If you have the slightest symptom, better start now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It's easy. It's delightful. *And it treats the infection as infection should be treated... with quick germ-killing action.*

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale) which many dermatologists say is a causative agent of the trouble.

Almost at once flakes and scales begin to disappear. Your scalp feels healthier and your hair looks healthier.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

In a series of tests, 76% of dandruff sufferers showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff after 4 weeks of twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.



As a precaution...
As a treatment...
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC AND MASSAGE

IT'S NEW! Have you tasted the zippy MINT flavor of today's Listerine TOOTH PASTE with 25% more Lusterfoam?

A "Little Beauty" goes a Long Way!



Little beauty . . . age 10 months: When Joan Scott was a baby, proud relatives were winking smugly and saying, "She'll go a long way." Joan *was* a little beauty—cute nose, bright eyes, pink skin. And naturally, Joan's tender skin was bathed with Ivory Soap because Ivory is so pure and so very, very mild. More doctors, in fact, advise Ivory for baby's tender skin than all other brands put together!



On the road to success: At 16 Joan walked into a famous model agency and caused a flurry of excitement. "What a lovely complexion!" they said. Joan will tell you how she takes care of her skin. "I still use the same mild Ivory I used when I was a baby," she says. "There's no substitute for purity and mildness in the soap you use." Yes, Joan, that's one reason why Ivory is the most famous soap in the world!



Way up top: Now Joan Scott is a leading photographer's model and another example of the fact that, *your skin never outgrows Ivory*. Joan says, "When beauty's your business (and it's every woman's business!) you just have to have *That Ivory Look!*" And the wonderful thing is that in just one week you, yourself can have *That Ivory Look*. Think of it—a lovelier, more alluring, more youthful looking complexion in just one week. How? Just stop being careless about your complexion and start using pure, mild Ivory regularly. And you'll love improved Ivory's faster, longer-lasting suds, too!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

99 44/100% PURE—IT FLOATS

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LADIES' HOME

Journal

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Give Them This Day

YANG PEI-LI was a bundle of filthy rags heaped in a China gutter, homeless, hopeless, lost to the world. Her dirty scab-encrusted features were scarcely recognizable as those of a human child. Extending from her pipestem arms, the gnarled, swollen hands of an unkempt old woman were clasped beside an empty bowl.

There must have been quite a story about how she got there and who placed the bowl beside her on the reeking pavement, but her rescuers did not ask her story. Yang Pei-li could not have told them anyway. She was the fact.

No American passing by could turn his head and say, "Let her die." Yang Pei-li was cared for through American aid, and only eleven days later, freed of terror and restored to health, she was a happy and potentially useful human being.

Mere words cannot express the needs of starving children, any more than good intentions can feed them.

The American Overseas Aid is the central fund-raising corporation designated by our State Department to raise the United States' share for the United Nations Appeal for Children. This was one issue about which all members of the United Nations were agreed. Simultaneously with other member nations, American Overseas Aid will devote the 29 days of February to an intensive campaign to raise funds. Long-established voluntary American foreign-relief agencies will share in this single effort. The human heart allows no choice but to help. The slogan of the campaign is "Give Them This Day." You can contribute to your local American Overseas Aid-United Nations Appeal for Children; or to AOA-UNAC National Headquarters, New York 6, N. Y.



THE CENTURY OF THE COMMON MAN

By Dorothy Thompson

SOMETIME during the war Henry A. Wallace, then Vice-President of the United States, predicted that the close of the war would usher in the "Century of the Common Man." The prediction—in Mr. Wallace's mind—was affirmative, but it contained to other minds a possible element of question, even foreboding. Can the "common man" indeed master his twentieth-century environment? Or may he, instead, destroy it?

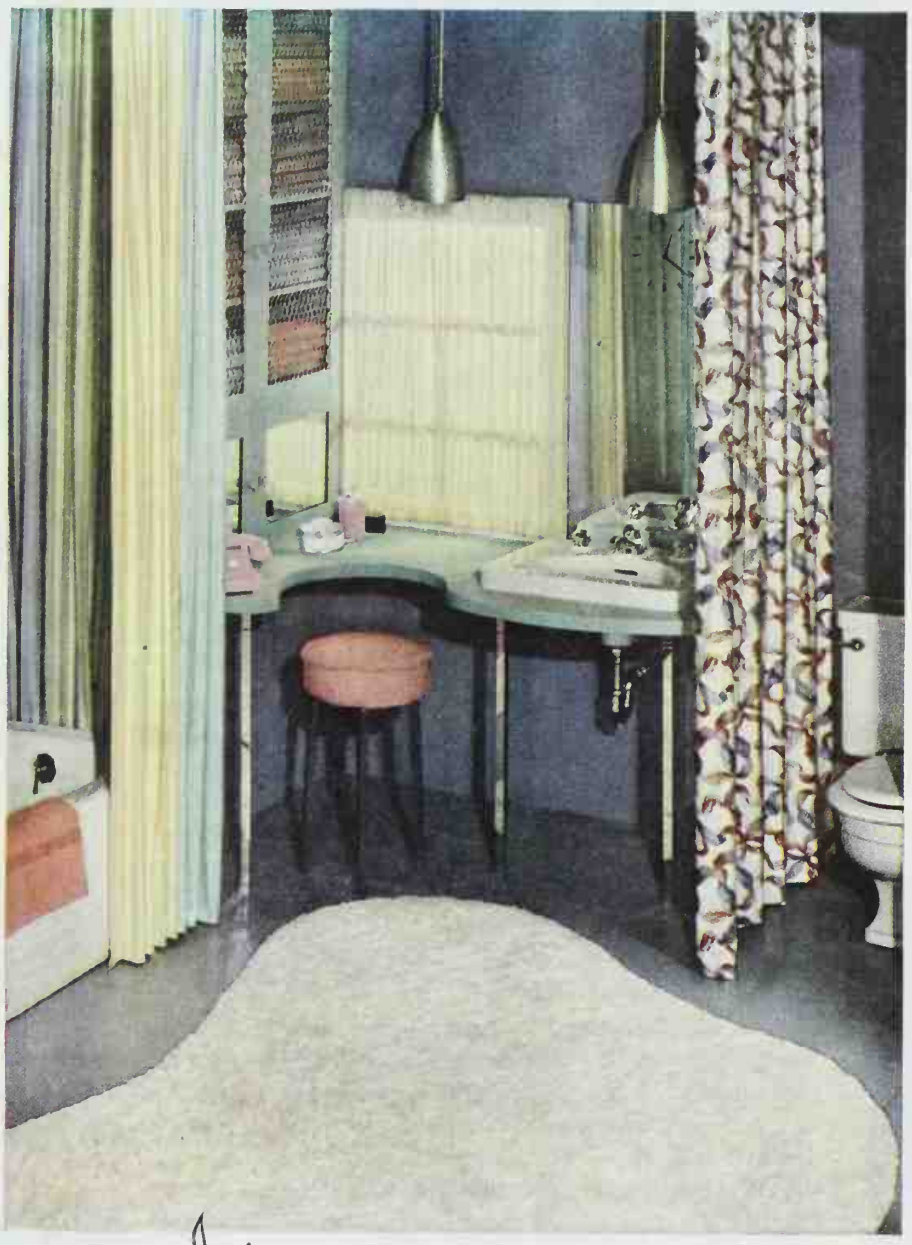
In past ages great civilizations have been maintained through the reason and wisdom of the few, seeping down to the masses of the people through authority and tradition. But ever since the eighteenth century we have seen a series of revolts against traditional authority of all kinds—the more natural as ancient authorities so often proved quite irrelevant to a rapidly changing world. The common man, it was argued, has also powers of reasoning, and through access to knowledge can find truth and wisdom for himself. The sum total of this common wisdom as expressed through the will of the majority would be, it was thought, a substitute for the authority of the few, and would bring in not only a freer and more just, but even a wiser age.

Now, we are engaged in a world-wide experiment testing whether this be, indeed, true; and not only democracy but civilization itself is at stake in the outcome of that test. So far, we must admit, the twentieth century has not yet demonstrated the infallibility of that assumption. For though the common man desires peace, he has lived through the two worst wars in human history, to be followed by innumerable civil struggles. He has as often used his freedom to give it away as to preserve it, and some democracies which have not yet found their footing have sometimes been the seed ground for the cultivation of the most dreadful tyrants, rising from the ranks of the common man and elevated and applauded by him.

Whereas the common man lives in the most intricate and intermeshed social order of which history has a record, he is perpetually throwing sand into its delicate gears. So, as we look about us on the world today, we see that his ascendance is often accompanied by disasters which it is too early to predict will be only temporary.

A master caste of British governors and administrators withdraws from India, and the common people, uneducated and unprepared, it is true, for self-government, start wrecking instead of building their nation's political and economic unity, the civil rights and personal security of its people. In Greece, rival armies of common men battle each other to the brink of ruin and foreign subjugation. In Italy, the fall of a Caesar lets loose all-but-uncontrollable anarchy. In France, liberation from a foreign oppressor is followed by economic struggles that have all the features of war, furthering the wreckage of the social order and playing directly

Shower your bath with beauty!



It's Firestone Velon*

New beauty and privacy for your bathroom—all done with *Velon film*. See how dramatically this bath has been decorator-designed to give maximum privacy without replacing a single costly fixture. *Velon film* has been used in place of expensive walls and partitions to give a light, bright, airy look to your bathroom and yet section off its component parts. You can do it yourself with colorful, drapeable *Firestone Velon film*, and get the same wonderful results.

Best of all, versatile *Velon film* will stay picture-pretty for years because it's such an amazingly durable material—completely waterproof, impervious to most stains.

In other forms too, versatile *Velon* makes beauty practically indestructible. Be sure to ask your decorator or your favorite store for *Velon*.



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Monday Evenings over N.B.C.

BEST TODAY STILL BETTER TOMORROW

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into the hands of a waiting foreign oppressor from another address.

And in our own country common men, organized into hundreds of pressure groups, continually demonstrate their incapacity to foresee the certain results of their own policies, and their unwillingness to discipline their own desires to the requirements of necessity.

If we ask: "Who *are* these common men—as differentiated from the uncommon?" we must reply: "All of us, in greater or lesser degree, including the most educated, talented and remarkable." For a feature of our century is its extreme specialization necessitated by the evolution of society, and the disappearance, therefore, of what was once called the "encyclopedic" mind. A century and a half ago, exceptional minds—a mind such as that of Goethe—could embrace and traverse almost the whole field of existing thought. Today, they cannot, because of the very enlargement of it. We live in a social order where all of us enjoy benefits deriving from research into the highest and most abstruse realms of pure mathematics and physics. Within the past thirty years almost the whole of previous knowledge in these fields has been found largely fallacious, and the number of human beings on this planet who really grasp the new exact sciences is very small. At the same time, anyone who has known such scientists, among them men of transcendent genius, must have remarked how childlike, how naïve, they can often be when confronted with problems outside the area of their concentration, where many a simple mechanic displays more "sense."

It is a great question whether any of us fully understands the social order in which we live. Certainly that order is not the creation of the common man, but of most extraordinarily uncommon men—men who have known how to bring down fire from heaven. These men, scientists and inventors, many of them unable, or unwilling, themselves to follow in any precise way the social implications of their creations, have given mankind sources of power unparalleled in human history. Remarkably modest themselves, hardly known to a public who can name every movie star, some of them occasionally emerge to utter warnings about the things they have created—warnings that fall for the most part on deaf ears or helpless minds. Yet, to an extent even undreamed of a century or less ago, they have liberated the common man from grinding toil, and the restrictions of nature. They have been able to turn cornstalks into silk, gas into light, alcohol into rubber. They have created machines that can perform not only most of the activities of the human hand, but many of those of the human brain. They have given man wings to fly with and lungs with which to swim under water and have multiplied his capacities a thousand or a million fold. Finally they have penetrated the secret of matter itself and learned how to release inexhaustible energy from the ever-present elements of the universe.

> **Nature can't make us perfect, so she did the next best thing—she made us blind to our faults.**
>
> —ANON.

As a result, not of manual toil, but of specialized genius, we all possess a standard of living superior in many ways to that of princes a century ago. The average American has, for instance, a freedom and range of movement possessed by no historic predecessor. With the family car—the sixty to eighty horsepower which every fifth American commands—he can travel the width of the continent together with his whole family for $75 worth of gas and oil. In the kitchen and laundry his wife summons competent servants by pressing a switch, and the shelves of the grocery present her with food in which most of the preparation is finished.

All of us participate as none ever before could in the political and cultural life of the world. We turn a button and the discussions of statesmen come into the parlor—and all are bidding for our approval and applause. We turn another button and Toscanini wields his baton for us, the greatest opera singers entertain us, or we can choose lighter fare, listen to comedies, or call forth music for a dance. No prince or king, half a century or less ago, had more such servants at his beck and call.

Not one in a thousand of us could explain in any detail how all or any of these miracles works, or trace the processes to their origins. Yet the amazing thing about the modern mood is the disappearance of the sense of wonder. Surrounded by miracles, we are without awe; endowed as none before us, we are without gratitude. Characteristic of us is that we take everything for granted, as a birthright.

If we inquire of ourselves the reason for this, it is perhaps because we know these modern miracles are man-made and man-controlled—where they *are* controlled. They do not therefore call forth the awe all people feel in contemplation of great manifestations of Nature. Yet this capacity of *some* men to bend Nature to their will—soon, we are told, to change even climate, and control rainfall and temperature—is both awesome and fearsome.

Already we live in a social order of high integration and dynamism, infinitely complex and delicate. This is the modern industrial system, which alone is capable of ministering to the complex and manifold desires of the modern man. This system requires immense aggregations of capital for the most refined and expensive machinery, and for continual scientific research looking toward further improvement and substitution. It operates through the intricate division and subdivision of labor from the highest scientific alchemists, many of them almost completely divorced from the actual processes of production, through various kinds and degrees of management, to the simplest worker of lowest skill, yet each as necessary to the whole as the conductor, first violinist and piccolo player are to an orchestra.

This order is "capitalist," as all modern industrial systems are, no matter what they call themselves. Soviet Russia, for instance, is a system of state capitalism which, apart from the fact that it draws its capital by self-extended credit and forced levy upon the savings of the people, differs not at all from the productive processes of other industrial systems.

Before any profits can be made in any such system, capital must in some way be amortized or maintained at interest; if it is not, the savings of the people are simply expropriated. Raw material must be purchased, and machinery bought and maintained, with reserves for replacement. Wages and salaries must be met and taxes must be paid. Only after this can dividends be assigned to those who have risked their money. In the elimination of this feature state capitalism differs from any other capitalist system. But this elimination is only theoretical. Any economic system must operate at a profit or a deficit; any must create the savings which are the only sources for new capital; and any must support the services of the state. If the state must employ a bureaucracy larger than that of private corporate industry to run the system, and a huge secret police to watch over its employees, the cost of these must be met out of the system—out of funds which cannot be distributed to the workers. And so must the cost of errors.

In modern industry the bulk of the work is done by mechanical power. Machines work for subsistence, but they must return enough for their keep and create sufficient over for their replacement. They, too, require wages.

Finally, each part of the system is so highly integrated with every other part that a breakdown in one place may cripple

(Continued on Page 130)



eenth Century Room — The thirteenth Wamsutta Bridal Bedroom, designed by Muller-Barringer

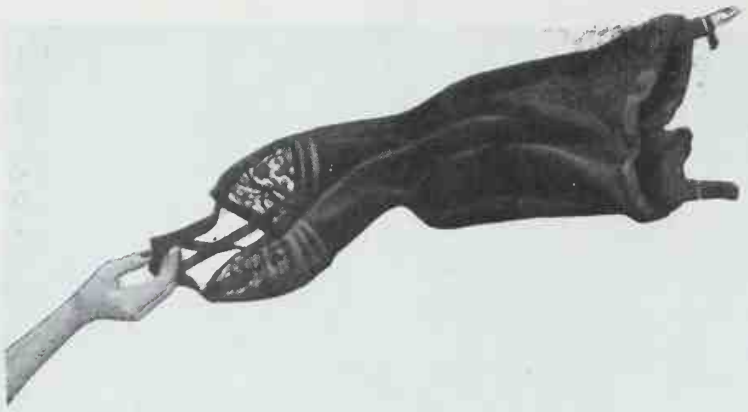
Thrifty luxury — those new *Supercale** sheets of yours! Their longer-staple combed cottons and higher thread-count mean smooth sailing on the sea of dreams. Lighter for laundering, too . . . and so well-wearing they'll grace your beds for many years to come. Yes, for luxury and economy, too, you'll choose Wamsutta — famous since 1846 for "The Finest of Cottons."

WAMSUTTA MILLS, New Bedford, Mass., Distributors of Springfield (Virgin Wool) Blankets — Wamsutta-Somerset Towels — "The Three Weavers" (All Wool) Handwoven Throws

Wamsutta Supercale

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SHEETS & PILLOW CASES

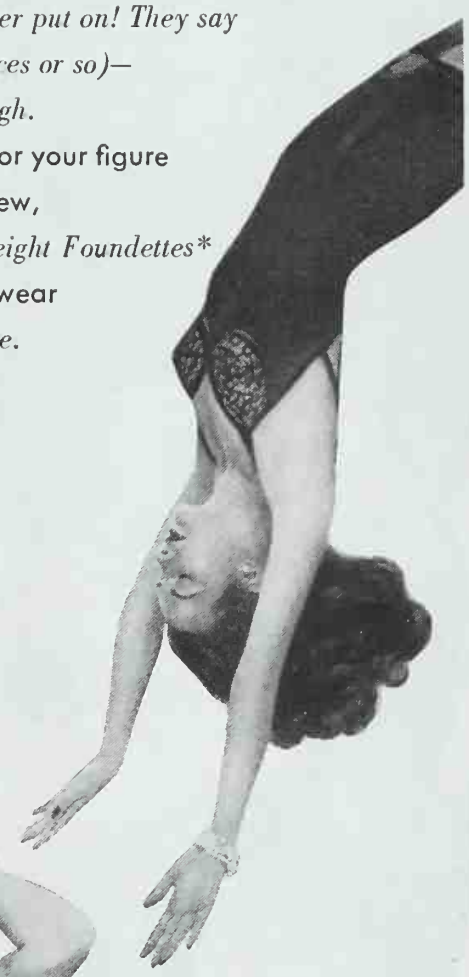


Tissue-weight!

It's the sheerest, youngest foundation *garment you ever put on! They say it weighs* something *(5 ounces or so)— you'll never believe it, though. But the* something it does for your figure *is what makes the* softer, new, "rounded" look! *Tissue-weight Foundettes* are made* only by Munsingwear *in Black, Nude, White, Blue. Full length (shown); also, girdle; pantie-girdle.*

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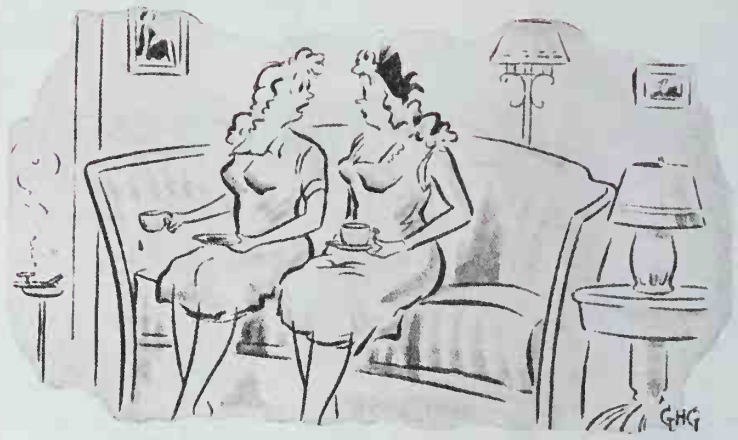


MUNSINGWEAR

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Foundettes

UNDER-COVER STUFF



"My husband never talks back to me, but sometimes he listens in the most aggravating manner."

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By Bernardine Kielty

MODERN WOMAN: THE LOST SEX, by ***Ferdinand Lundberg*** and ***Marynia Farnham, M.D.***, has been out long enough to provoke considerable talk pro and con. Being in the position of many women at whom the authors point the finger accusingly, we here take no sides. The central thesis of the book is that contemporary women in very large numbers are psychologically disordered and that their disorder is having immeasurable social and personal effects involving men in all departments of their lives, as well as the women themselves. Their purpose, the authors declare, was not to write just another book about women, but to show how women are the pivot on which turns probably the greatest problem in the world today—the problem of mass unhappiness. The book presents a broad historical review of the changes that have come into women's lives with the findings of science and technology—the new instruments that have destroyed the home. Whatever troubles women suffered before the Industrial Revolution, whatever dirt, toil and smells they had to put up with, they at least never felt the lack of self-importance which they feel now. Nowadays, though women still get worn out with household duties, they no longer acquire prestige by the performance of such duties. "Just a housewife," is the usual apologetic qualification. . . . "The neurosis in present-day Western civilization is developed in the home, where the principal agent in laying the groundwork for it is the mother." . . . "Women are the principal media of the disordered emotions." . . . It sounds as if we were beaten before we start, but the authors have certain constructive ideas, however impracticable they may be in application. They propose that women be attracted into organizing their lives more closely around the home. That women be given a larger role in the formal education of children up to the age of eighteen. Spinsters, they say in no uncertain terms, should be barred by law from having anything to do with the teaching of children on the ground of theoretical (usually real) emotional incompetence, and all public teaching posts now filled by women should be reserved not only for married women but for those with at least one child.

• • •

Why is it that so many authors these days are writing novels about people in the public eye, with so very little attempt (the opposite, in fact) to cover up the identities? Is it bitterness, or envy, a feeling of inferiority or insecurity, or is it just a desire to show that they're in the know? Whatever the impetus and however ignoble, the public scrambles for these books as word gets round, and devours them. They're not only first-rate gossip, but a revelation of the author himself which gives added zest to the reading.

In this category is THE GILDED HEARSE, by ***Charles Gorham,*** which does a well-known publishing house to a turn, the irony being that the same publishing house actually commissioned the author to write a novel, little knowing what would eventuate! . . . Then there is THE GREAT ONES, by ***Ralph Ingersoll,*** about a man and wife whom the world will believe to be Henry *(Life)* Luce and Claire (ex-Congresswoman) Boothe Brokaw Luce, with all her three identities meticulously clarified. . . . THE SAXON CHARM, by ***Frederic Wakeman,*** is the portrait

(Continued on Page 16)



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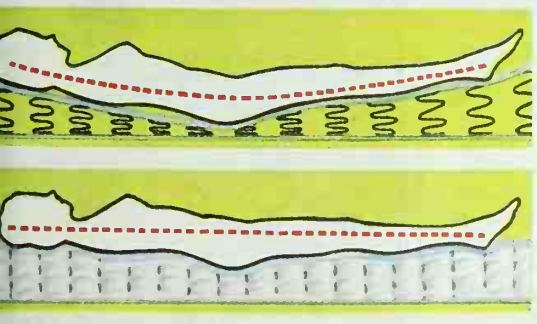
"My sister went to a swell camp—it didn't build character or teach self-reliance or anything."

Sleep snug and warm under the new light-as-a-feather Simmons Electronic Blanket (shown above), only $44.50 plus excise tax.

THAT'S RIGHT! BEAUTYREST'S "LUXURY COMFORT" COSTS LITTLE MORE THAN A PENNY A NIGHT!

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And all it costs—*even today*—is only about 1½¢ a night! Think of it! Only 1½¢ a night for *Beautyrest* comfort, *Beautyrest* quality! Why buy another mattress that offers you *less* for your money today? Ask for, insist on your Beautyrest!



Compare! Above, see how an *ordinary* inner-ring mattress can sag beneath you, make *hollows* at rob you of rest. But, below, see how Beautyrest's 7 coil springs "*give*" only in *the right places*. Offer *mer*, more *natural* support to your back!



3. Example! Left, see how wired-together springs in *ordinary* mattresses *sag down together under pressure*, in water glass test. But, right, see how Beautyrest's *individually pocketed* springs act *without sagging together!*



4. In special "torture tests" made in the United States Testing Co., Inc., laboratories, Beautyrest lasted *far longer* than any other mattress tested! Isn't this *proof* your Beautyrest is a *much better buy?*

• • •

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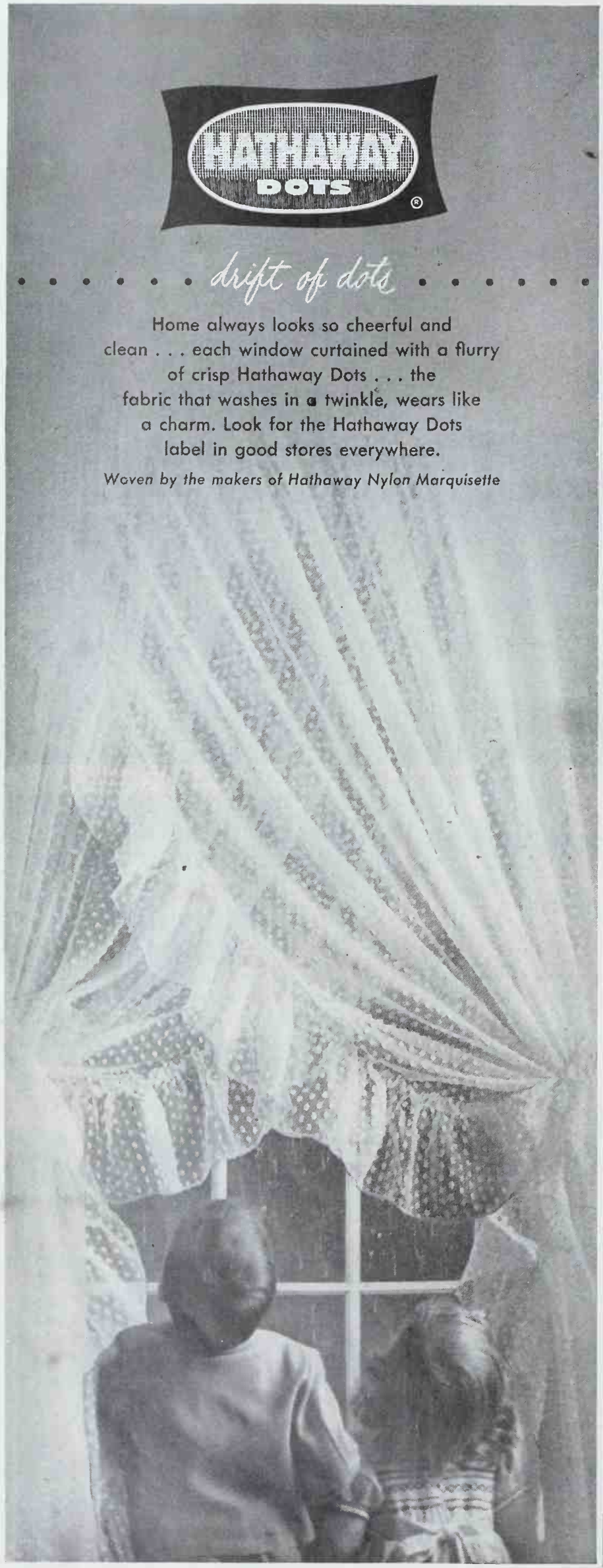
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Woven by the makers of Hathaway Nylon Marquisette



(Continued from Page 14)

of a theatrical producer, whom those in the know will call Jed Harris. . . . These are all strictly up-to-date 1947–48 novels, slick, smart and tough, with drink and sex sprinkled through them (in some cases poured through). This kind of expression may be a satisfactory way of "getting even," but it certainly does nothing to alleviate the dissatisfaction and the overstimulation of the present-day troubled world.

• • •

The music played at her wedding was chosen by Princess Elizabeth herself, which for some reason seemed to surprise people. But it shouldn't—not when we read about the household of Henry VIII, who, in spite of his extracurricular diver-

GUTTMAN



Queen Elizabeth

sions, seems to have been an earnest father. Son Edward VI was a fair scholar in both the classical languages; daughter Mary wrote good Latin letters; Elizabeth began every day with an hour's reading in the Greek Testament, the tragedies of Sophocles, or the orations of Demosthenes. And Henry himself was a good musician, playing well on all known instruments. He composed several anthems, one at least of which is still sung in English churches. (From MEN OF TASTE, *by* ***Martin Briggs.)***

• • •

A friend of ours, now in India, writes of many things—but principally about the women and their superlative good taste in what they wear. "Some of the young women are beautiful; a group of them in their saris with their jewels is a sight so exquisite that you feel that no way of women's dress in the world has ever reached such effectiveness. It is essentially the lines of the draping, the superb colors, the lovely gold or silver borders or other design being carried up on sweeping diagonal lines, the transparent sheerness and crispness of material that frames the sleek black heads and large dark eyes. Just as our cheap basement or mail-order dresses give an air of style, so does every woman on the streets here, with her unerring eye to color, carry her piece of material, her silver anklets and toe rings with her graceful bearing. How many thousand years have they had to learn! With our ever-changing styles in the West we just begin to learn to move in our short skirts with some degree of dignity, when down the skirts go and we learn the opposite, to carry them with flow and freedom. And we are never given time really to learn." . . . "Her Highness (the 33-year old American wife of the Maharajah) wore a sheer black sari with lovely gold borders and solitaire diamonds the size of my thumbnails in her ears. No other jewels. If you have 'em, that's where to wear 'em." . . .

(Continued on Page 18)

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You don't have to press down *at all* with the new Bissell Sweeper! Just glide it gently for perfect pick-up, even under beds!



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Want to see Something New in furniture?

sp, modern lines in refreshing Maltese Gray finish. id oak, with easy-to-grip drawer-pulls in lustrous minum. You'll thrill to the beauty of this modern up, and applaud its versatile practicality. A dozen ces to make sure you get just what you want.



Do you prefer a touch of traditional formality? Then choose this transitional group. Modern versatility and clean, straight lines combine with the rich beauty of traditional mahogany and period hardware to give you furniture that fits any decorative scheme.



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ANT furniture that's designed to meet the changing requirements of modern living? re it is! Mengel Functional Groups . . . fur- ure that can *grow* with your needs. Strikingly autiful *and* delightfully practical.

art with a pair of commodes as end tables for living room. Later, combine them with a tching chest and shelf unit, and you have a autiful buffet for your dinette. Still later, with le and mirrors . . . you can change these same ces into a lovely vanity and handsome dresser make a charming group for your bedroom.

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"*Permanized*"? Yes. That's the name of our exclusive method of construction. It keeps your furniture sound and lovely for its lifetime. No matter what climate you live in . . . damp or dry, hot or cold . . . the joints and veneers in your Mengel *Permanized* Furniture will never come apart.

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(Continued from Page 16)

"We may think," she writes, after starting to learn Hindustani, "that we have the key to our Latin neighbors when we say they are the lands of *mañana*, but here the word for yesterday and tomorrow is the same word *(kal)* and the day before yesterday and the day after tomorrow are the same *(parsón)*. It is almost too wonderful to be true, it sums up their philosophy, almost the Hindu religion. Just think what it means to have no distinction between your yesterdays and your tomorrows, your day-before-yesterdays and your day-after-tomorrows!"

For those interested in India, we hear that the best history is the Oxford HISTORY OF INDIA, by *Vincent Smith*. And we must mention again the provocative novels of India by *Rumer Godden* and *Christine Weston*, and Christine Weston's recent collection of stories of her Indian childhood. Quite different is THE WILD SWEET WITCH, by *Philip Woodruff*, a novel about the simple primitive people themselves. The author (whose real name is Philip Mason) has lived in India twenty years, and is now tutor to the grandsons of the Nizam of Hyderabad. Incidentally, the Nizam is the richest man in the world. He is worth $3,000,000,000 (yes, the zeros are correct!) and spends about $20 a month, according to a London newspaper account. How Mr. Mason comes off on that budget we wouldn't know.

• • •

We Americans are likely to think that the great fortunes of the world are concentrated here in our own golden land, but not at all. In Great Britain (according to the same London UP correspondent) there's Sir John Ellerman with an estimated $150,000,000; in Spain, Juan March, with $120,000,000 (didn't he finance Franco in the Spanish War?); in the Netherlands, Queen Wilhelmina with $175,000,000; and to come down a bit, but definitely worth recording, in Sweden, Axel Johnson with $30,000,000; and in Ireland, Joseph McGrath with $5,000,000.

• • •

A VIEW OF THE HARBOUR, by *Elizabeth Taylor*, is one of those delectable light English novels that really are not light at all, but profound in their observation of human-



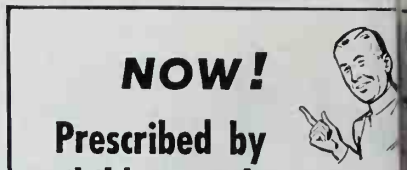
Elizabeth Taylor

kind, and so "right" that you find yourself insisting on reading passages aloud. It is a cross between the Cluny Brown type of humor and what we remember of James M. Barrie from long ago. We mightn't feel the same way about Barrie now, but in those days we were sure that he "understood" women.

There are several women in A View of the Harbour, each one unforgettable. One is Beth, the lady novelist, who is

(Continued on Page 21)

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Home Economist

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Notice how light-textured and how much better-flavored the crust is. That's because Durkee's Margarine is combined with the shortening. (Durkee's Shortening is excellent.) Try that, good cooks, in all your pies and pastries.

Durkee's Margarine is a smooth blend of pure vegetable oils churned with fresh, pasteurized skim milk—and fortified the year 'round with 15,000 units of Vitamin A. It is ideal as a spread and delightful on hot vegetables, too!

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My dinner is served by a Duchess

When I married Joan I took on a housekeeping wizard. I'd heard all those jokes about burned biscuits and unbreakable cookies! — Not Joan's! And every time she sets a table with flowers and our shining Sterling it looks like a party. So does she, in crisp cottons in the morning, or dressed up in the evening to preside over our table.

Our home is filled with comfort and care and taste. I don't know how she does it. But I don't care how, just as long as she likes it. And the stars in her eyes seem to tell me she does . . .

Any bride — any woman — loves to surround herself with lovely things. That is why Towle Sterling is so often the very first purchase of a bride-to-be and *why so many women who haven't had Sterling before are saving for it now!* Towle Sterling, exquisitely fashioned from *solid* silver, is not expensive. A six-piece place setting costs as little as $22.50, including Federal Tax. Start *your* set now — have your jeweler show you his selection of the many lovely Towle patterns — Candlelight, Rambler Rose, Old Mirror and others.

• • •

Brides! For *you* — wedding plans, Sterling selection, gift lists — valuable information for this busy time of your life — send 25c to The Towle Silversmiths, Dept. J-2, Newburyport, Massachusetts, for the *new* book, *How to Plan Your Wedding and Your Silver.*

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(Continued from Page 18)

far more interested in her next chapter than in her husband, whose eye is wandering, or in her children, who are neglected and inclined to be bitter. Tory is the delight who lives next door—pink-and-white Edwardian femininity, lighthearted and gay, recently divorced, and given to wearing frivolous hats—but not without ideas.

"You know," she says to one of her suitors, "I have come to the conclusion that the real purpose of marriage is talk. *It's the thing which distinguishes it from the other sorts of relationships between men and women, and it's the thing one misses most, strangely enough, in the long run—the outpouring of trivialities day after day. I think that's the fundamental human need, much more important than violent passion, for instance."*

Elizabeth Taylor belongs, to our way of thinking, right out in front among English novelists, men and women. This is her third novel, preceded by AT MRS. LIPPINCOTE'S and PALLADIAN.

• • •

Mary Jane Ward, whose novel THE SNAKE PIT was such an eye opener into mental institutions, now takes a close look at the college campus in **THE PROFESSOR'S UMBRELLA.** She writes with the same good humor, untinged with bitterness, that characterized The Snake Pit, but she nevertheless manages to annihilate those in administrative positions and completely to undermine the complacent social structure that in so many cases covers up double-dealing politics and bitter faculty rivalries.

• • •

Whether or not the display of pictures of good people—saints and great men—is an inspiration to us sinners has long been a question, and one which a certain justice of the peace out Chicago way put to the test. It was in a traffic court, and above his bench, in view of traffic offenders, the justice hung a picture of Honest Abe Lincoln. From the day he hung it there, pleas of "Guilty" increased.

• • •

WHILE SO SERVING is a book about the Waves—a book of photographs with a minimum of text, assembled and written by *Eleanor Hart* and *Harriet Welling*, both Waves themselves. It brings a lump to the throat and a tear to the eye—even in those of us who did not serve directly. The Waves themselves—in that strongest of all nostalgias, the memories of hardships and fun and routine all shared—will hold it close. The pictures are a report. They show the Waves in action. It is not a recruiting job. It is history.

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WELCOME HOME by Gregory d'Alessio



"—and we haven't touched a thing since you left. We thought you'd want to preserve the memory of your room as you last saw it."



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The visual beauty of the Betsy Ross Spinet is matched by the richness of its tone...the scope of its volume...the ease of its action.

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This symbol of quality guides you to the best in radiator heating and warm air heating, as well as winter air conditioning. It's also your guide to the finest in plumbing fixtures. American-Standard products cost no more than others and are available on convenient time payments for remodeling.



This Saratoga oil-fired Winter Air Conditioner is compact, smart, modern—and completely automatic.

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FOR THE FINEST in plumbing fixtures, look for the Americon-Standord Mork of Merit. At left, Royol Hostess Sink.

NEW HOME BOOK *brings you the complete story of American-Standard Heating Equipment and Plumbing Fixtures—sold through selected Wholesale Distributors to your Heating and Plumbing Contractor. Write* **Americon Radiator & Standard Sanitory Corp.**, *Dept. L82, Pittsburgh 30, Pa.*

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RECREATION . . . Toledo Museum of Art

FAMILIES NEED BEAUTY

by MARGARET HICKEY

THREE years before the Liberty Bell first rang out, the Charleston Museum had opened its doors to the colonial community. Now its streamlined descendant on wheels, the Freedom Train, welcomes young and old to one of the most exciting museums yet conceived. Today there are over 2500 museums throughout the country, with a capital investment of more than $180,000,000. One, the great Smithsonian, belongs to our national Government. Many other treasure houses of art, scientific or historic data are owned by states, cities, schools, colleges and universities. Some museums are privately endowed and exhibit private collections. Some are supported by their membership, and a few are maintained directly by taxes.

Opportunities for the study and appreciation of the arts are steadily increasing. They have supplied some of the best answers to the problem of protecting children from the pitfalls of idleness. More and more communities are discovering the wholesome influence exerted by music and art as leisure-time activities for youth. The creative experiences offered by an orchestra, a little theater, craft shop, puppet show or art classes provide positive attractions to win children away from delinquency or vandalism. No miracle worker, the cultural center supplies first aid in counteracting the effects on boys and girls of underprivileged neighborhoods.

Adventurous but irresponsible adolescents, unstable or withdrawn youngsters often welcome the chance for wholesome self-expression. A few hours spent at a children's symphony may relieve the tense, unhappy child who is constantly struggling against the limitations of his environment. Psychologists point out that self-discipline and control follow naturally when a child, busy in some freely chosen activity, experiences the unhappy results of his own impulsiveness. Carelessness or disregard for rules may find correction in creative play or craftwork where the value of precision is logically demonstrated.

Many service clubs, in providing scholarships to summer music camps for talented children, or free lessons at art school to students who otherwise would be deprived of formal study, have found an experience equally enriching to donor and recipient. The General Federation of Women's Clubs promotes such activities as part of its Youth Conservation program to combat juvenile delinquency. The Junior League of Denver took the initiative in introducing the Children's Museum, in conjunction with the Denver Art Museum. Thousands of Denver children enjoy the specially planned exhibits each week.

The National Federation of Music Clubs features community music events as a part of its program. Mrs. Royden J. Keith, the president, suggests the old-fashioned "hymn sing" as one way to bring recreation to the entire family and at the same time develop neighborliness. Over 8000 people participated in one at the Indiana State Fair last summer.

In Cleveland, a converted three-ton truck called the "Showagon" brings good theater practically to one's doorstep. Mrs. Winifred Hodges developed the idea and found that young dramatic talent in Cleveland welcomed the experience. Now over 600,000 people have enjoyed these performances during the three years of the Showagon's existence. The yearly budget is only $5000.

The Ponca City, Oklahoma, Woman's Club sponsors summer art classes, free to all children, in four city parks. Winnetka, Illinois, has a unique music school founded by David Dushkin, and assisted by both the Rosenwald and the Carnegie foundations. Here Winnetka parents and children receive group instruction free and learn to create music together.

Many poor neighborhoods afford little opportunity for wholesome family recreation. Here particularly is the need great for cultural-arts programs. Music and art can open doors of inspiration and pleasure. Cultural centers throughout the country can be a valuable instrument for the development of love for the beautiful, and scorn for the cheap, in America's boys and girls. THE END

ALARM clocks ring shrilly. Seven thirty, Saturday morning, in Toledo, Ohio, and all over the city more than twenty-five hundred sleepy children are piling out of bed and hurriedly pulling on their jumpers, dungarees and sweaters. No late sleep for the girls on Saturday, no morning basketball practice for the boys. They are in a big hurry—a big hurry to get to a museum.

By eight thirty, children begin to spill from streetcars, busses, automobiles, bicycles, tricycles and roller skates onto sidewalks in front of the Toledo Museum of Art. In a steady stream they climb the long steps, up past the fountain with its white spray biting the air, up more steps, and through the Ionic pillars into the large white-marble building. On they go, more quietly now, through some of the museum's nine acres of galleries and down the stairs to the school—a school in a museum where they will paint, hear and learn about art and music, or just walk around by themselves, looking at the impressive collection of paintings, sculpture and glass. *(Continued on Page 152)*



Toledo's children love the museum. It means not only a chance to learn about good art and music, but a chance to see a clean, beautiful place.

PHOTOS BY DORSEY



Nancy is ten, attends fifth grade, and comes to the museum every Saturday. This is her favorite gallery—"because the pictures look real."

Keep your colors warm for winter wear

Wind-whipped cheeks and sparkling eyes call for glowing colors to match! So keep bright winter washables away from strong soaps and rough handling—remember, one wrong washing can turn them drab and dreary.

Take care! Give nice washables (those that show and those that don't) gentle care with pure, mild Ivory Flakes. Then they'll come out fitting right . . . with colors clear and warm!

Keep your washables lovelier with this special care



BRIGHT IDEA for twilight hours, this dazzling plaid corduroy can be sudsed in pure, mild Ivory Flakes time after time and come out sparkling! Colors *perk up* when you wash 'em in Ivory Flakes.

NEW fashions call for wispy waistlines, smooth, round hips. So give your girdle frequent sudsings in Ivory Flakes and it will keep its snug fit far longer.

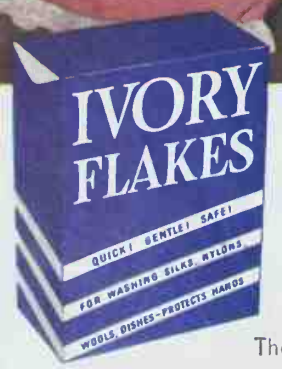
IVORY FLAKES CARE is *so* important for fragile stocking shades. It keeps colors truer, lovelier, up to *twice as long!*





Designed by Mary Blair

FETCHING flannel nighties like this need Ivory Flakes care to help keep 'em from shrinking and fading. No soap is kinder to nice things than pure mild Ivory Flakes.



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If You're a Sub-Deb

FIRST semester is over—there might be all A's and B's on your report card, but what sort of rating did you make in dating and personality? Maybe you deserve an A in that, too, or maybe just a C– about which you're none too happy. Well, don't waste any tears over the situation—get busy and do something about it! Decide what problems are troubling you most and order the booklets that tell you how to solve them. Find out what it's like to be popular!

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You're so utterly sure of yourself . . . for a breather, or winging downhill! As only a woman can be who cleverly sidesteps "calendar" anxieties . . . discovers the new comfort of the *new* softer Kotex.

Because never, *never* has there been a napkin like this new Kotex. With *downy softness*, that actually *holds its shape.* Designed to give you greater softness without sacrificing safety. And, what is more, to *stay* soft while you wear it.

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And who can appreciate better than you—those flat pressed ends that prevent revealing outlines! Or the extra protection of an exclusive safety center. Or the welcome choice of Regular, Junior, or Super Kotex to suit your own requirements.

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Your choice of 3 sizes—Regular, Junior and Super Kotex

more women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins

MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

Your attitude toward sex can make or break your marriage

BY CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph. D., The Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

SEXUAL ADJUSTMENT IN MARRIAGE

AT least two thirds of all divorces have in their history some evidence of sexual incompatibility. Of the marriage problems that come to the counselor, more than three fourths—directly or indirectly—concern an unsatisfying physical relationship.

Though some couples attain a satisfactory marriage in spite of poor sex adjustment, to do so they must be well matched otherwise. Conversely, when physical compatibility is present, it may compensate for other things which the marriage lacks.

For a happy sex relationship minimizes the stresses due to other conflicts in the marriage. This is why, where the sex relationship is unsatisfactory to either, both husband and wife will do well to make a deliberate effort to improve the situation.

Here are examples of troublesome situations which can be improved by the co-operative approach:

● Intensity of desire, ideally, should be about the same for both. When it is not—when either partner has a much stronger sex drive than the other—conflict can be avoided only if the difference is understood as a problem affecting both, and if each adapts his inclinations to the other.

● Unequal responsiveness is quite common, and it is usually the woman who lags behind. When this is the case, the wife may seek to protect herself from emotional upset by becoming less and less responsive; and the problem, instead of lessening, becomes more acute. Again, the hope of solution lies in each adjusting toward the other.

● Many a wife worries and feels inadequate because, though her husband often attains a climax and the tension reduction that follows, she herself seldom or never reaches this stage. She has been led to believe that a climax is indispensable to a normal sexual relationship. Though it is ideal when both partners achieve a climax simultaneously, yet many a woman who has never experienced a climax has achieved a satisfactory sex relationship with her husband. The worried wife will be reassured if she recalls that individual reactions to *any* emotional stimulus vary widely—whether the stimulus be music, or poetry, or the beauty of a sunset. The sex relationship, the most profound emotional stimulus of all, is likewise the most individual of all.

Though volumes have been written on specific techniques for dealing with these and other problems, the important consideration is the individual's attitude toward sex. Here are some suggestions that may help:

● Convince yourself that sex is right, that it is good, and *believe* that you can make progress. Accept it for what it is—the basis of love, the expression of love, and the fulfillment of love, through children.

● Talk things over with your husband. Let him know what you are thinking, what you have learned, and why you are trying. But make it clear that you are seeking his help in solving a mutual problem—not challenging him to defend himself against criticism.

● Read some books about human relationships. Learn something about biology and anatomy, both male and female. Learn to consider sex as part of the total personality pattern.

● Study several of the recent books on marriage. In selecting the books, a good guide is whether they are used in high-school or college courses.

● If there are specific questions you can't answer, ask your physician or some other qualified counselor.

● If improvement is not apparent within a year, consult a competent marriage counselor. The name of one can be obtained from the American Association of Marriage Counselors, 563 Park Avenue, New York City.

MEN YOU DON'T WANT

Even when a wife has first-class material to work with, building a good marriage isn't easy. But when her choice of a partner is unsuitable, the task is immeasurably harder, perhaps impossible.

Better give yourself the breaks at the beginning. Though John may be a perfect escort and a glamorous date, it doesn't follow that he will become a good husband. Before you consider him seriously, be sure that the qualities you like in him for an evening are the qualities you want in your lifetime partner.

There are some men (perhaps one in three)—as there are some women—who just can't or won't become good mates. Since they often have many attractive qualities, spotting them is no easy matter. Here are some tips that may help:

● Larry is a personable fellow, with a showy personality and many social accomplishments. He talks well, makes promises readily and wins friends quickly. Unfortunately, his good talk is full of exaggeration, even lies when they suit his purposes; and his easy promises are seldom kept. Though he gets jobs readily, he seldom sticks to anything very long. He rationalizes so skillfully that he fools himself. Larry is a near-psychopath, and he's dangerous. If you know a man who is inconsistent, impulsive and self-centered, he may be another Larry. So be on guard.

● The wolf, known in earlier generations as a rake or roué, is easier to identify, but still dangerous, because most girls, sure they can take care of themselves, feel that a flirtation with a wolf is a challenge to prove it! But don't take the flirtation seriously. His easy charm may make him a good date—but you don't want him for a husband. Nor does he want to be one. If he belittles other girls he's known—if he tells you how quickly he forgot other conquests once he met you—what makes you think you won't be next?

● Dick's career has been one bad break after another. When he's close to a promotion or a new job, somebody with "more pull" comes along and gets it instead. So up to now he hasn't really got very far. But he's full of plans for the future, and with his superior talents, "all he needs is a chance."

Dick talks well, so it's easy to believe him. But—watch out for the man whose future expectations bear no resemblance to his past performance, especially if he thinks luck or pull accounts for the difference.

● The "masterful" approach may be impressive, but it's often the mark of a petty tyrant. Does he complain about the service, berate the waiter, object to waiting his turn? The man who parades his authority by being overbearing with subordinates is likely to behave in the same way toward his wife.

● Though realism is fashionable these days, don't confuse it with a cynical approach. The man who suspects everyone's motives, who scoffs at idealism and sentiment, is not a realist, but a cynic. He may have good qualities. But he won't be easy to live with.

This list is far from a complete catalogue of traits you don't want in a husband. But if, as you read, Tom or Bill or Jerry comes too persistently to mind, then Tom or Bill or Jerry belongs in the category of men-not-to-be-dated-too-often.

Ask Yourself

"IS HE WORTH DATING?"

Before you date a man regularly, you ought to know a few facts about him. Answering these questions *Yes* or *No* may help you decide when to encourage—or discourage—him.

1. Is he within 3 or 4 years of your age?
2. Does he have brothers and sisters?
3. Are his friends persons you admire?
4. Do you think his parents' marriage was happy?
5. Is he in school (or has he a steady job)?
6. Do other girls seem to like him?
7. Would you be proud to be seen with him?
8. Do you believe him to be stable and dependable?
9. Are he and his family respected in the community?
10. Does he belong to your church (or a similar one)?
11. Is he courteous and considerate of others?
12. Do you like the work he is interested in?
13. Has he good friends among both sexes?
14. Do you believe he would make a good husband?
15. Has he shown any special interest in you?
16. Does he have sports and hobbies that you like?
17. Is he as intelligent and educated as you are?
18. Does he have an agreeable sense of humor?
19. Would your parents think well of him?
20. Is he healthy and free from serious physical defects?

Count your *yes* answers. If the score is 17 or above, you might continue him on trial. There is real need for caution with a score of 14 or less.

DO YOU AGREE?

Without any good reason my parents are opposed to my fiancé, whom I have dated steadily for five years. He is 25, I am 24 and an only child. How can I win them over?

They might oppose your marriage to anyone. If you have older friends and relatives, they may help your parents see things your way—if you are right. Perhaps your minister might mediate. Setting a date for a church wedding may be strategic. **THE END**

Claire McCardell

SAYS KAISER AND FRAZER BEAUTY COMBINES STYLE WITH UTILITY

THE vast success of Claire McCardell as designer for Townley Frocks, Inc., is the result of her talent for putting youth and glamor and style into the practical work and play clothes of American women. Her fashions are always useful—and enormously popular! So it is not surprising that McCardell sees her own philosophy of design in KAISER and FRAZER cars. Of them, she says, "The beauty of these original designs is based on utility. No wonder women fall in love with them."

The beautiful lines of the KAISER and the FRAZER are the result of postwar engineering that gives you more room, greater safety, and the most restful ride you have ever enjoyed in an automobile!

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Sunburn-brown jersey beachwear designed by Claire McCardell

VICTOR KEPPLER



THE BEAUTY AND DISTINCTION OF CUSTOM CAR STYLING"



WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

Got the blues over boy troubles, lack of dates, difficulties at school? Why not talk it over—just drop a note to Maureen Daly at LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. Maybe we can find the right answer!

He'll Love You

. . . if you "love" him a little—or maybe just "appreciate him" is a better term. But don't be afraid to put a little heart in your headwork. Boys have feelings, too, and every fellow you know, from the smoothest joe on your date list right down to the shy character who can barely make the words come out when he says, "Say, Betty, what are you doing Saturday night?" likes to think that he's a kind of Peter Lawford, j.g., and that girls have fun when they go out with him. It's not hard. All you have to do is smile when you say hello, listen hard when he talks and make him feel that you really mean it when you say, "This is fun!" or "I had a *wonderful* time!"

. . . if you make him feel important. Everybody likes to feel big-time. Maybe you're new at dating, or maybe you've dated everyone available from your best girl friend's collegiate brother to the captain of the school football team, and you've even got something special lined up for tomorrow night in the way of a six-foot-two senior with a car and a smooth line. But tonight it's a date with John for an interschool basketball game. So keep your eyes on the ball—and your mind on John!

. . . if you put on your best cover-girl look every time you have a date. No sloppy jeans and big plaid shirt for you, even for a casual movie date! Boys like that bright-as-an-apple, clean-and-shiny look, especially if they know it's for them. Get soap-and-water clean, brush your hair and add a touch of cologne behind the ears—if it's only for a walk around the block! A girl doesn't have to look like Elizabeth Taylor to make the boys happy—but at least she can try.

. . . if you remember that *you* may have lived all your life with your family, but *he* hasn't! Even a boy with a line of chatter like Bob Hope's can go shy and self-conscious if he's left too long to talk with parents or older brothers and sisters. So spare both sides long-drawn-out conversations about the price of groceries, the high-school soccer team and whether or not the Dodgers will make it *next* year, while you're upstairs dawdling over final touches. The date was set for eight o'clock and it's eight-five now!

. . . if you know how to have fun without going into three figures. You can help by finding a less expensive movie, ordering one hamburger instead of two, and—on an occasional evening—suggesting, "Let's just go over to my house and talk." Most high-school boys have definite money problems, and just figure out yourself how many orchid corsages *you'd* buy and how many bright-lights evenings *you* could afford, if you were picking up the checks.

. . . if you like his friends and the kind of fun they like. Most eager characters talk about "my new girl" for a week or two before showing her to the crowd. And you can bet that if he thinks you're pretty special, he'll want his joe friends to think so too. That means no matter what the plans—whether it's a night at the movies, a bowling date or a school dance; whether you're going with a crowd or doubling with his old friend, Steve—you're ready and willing and "it all sounds like fun" to you!

He'll Love You Not

. . . if you play hard to get. When a boy calls on the phone to ask for a date, he *wants* a date—not a lot of "call me back, I'll tell you later" chatter. The old days of peeking demurely over lace fans and rolling those baby blues are over forever. Boy-girl friendships are more casual and spontaneous now, and when John or David says "How about a date?" he'd like an honest yes or no answer. No half-promises, just to make him think you're all dated up, and no stalling in the hope that something better will come along!

. . . if you're a talking diary, telling him page by page, name by name, all the boys who have been mad about you, taken you here and there at such fancy prices, offered bracelets, rings and class pins galore, and begged you to "wait for him" through two years of high school, four years of college and a couple more years of getting settled. The best way to convince a date that you are popular is not by talking about it, but by making *this* evening so much fun he'll just "guess" that a gal like you must have a lot of boys wondering and wishing.

. . . if you ho-hum, sigh and look bored when he says, "What shall we do tonight?" Maybe he did tell you, not more than two months ago, that you were the love of his life, the sweetest thing this side of Lana Turner. Maybe he even told you he never wanted to date a girl. (And maybe he *meant* it then!) But boys need encouragement to keep a love alive. Even your steady fellow will get tired of you, if you let him think you're getting tired of him.

. . . if you've got dollar signs, like spots, before your eyes. Boys don't like gossips and they don't like gold-diggers. If you see price tags on everything, from the clothes your best friends wear to the cost of an evening out with your current beau boy (and if you like to "talk money"), you'll soon find yourself spending Friday nights at home—just counting out your piggy bank for fun. 'Cause most boys figure that a girl with money on her mind doesn't really have time to think about them!

. . . if you pull spoiled-baby tactics, pouting and sulking. Even some of the smartest girls slip up occasionally by going petulant, refusing to smile or talk, just to get their own ways. If a boy has a crush on you, pouting may work for a while; but pretty soon that fellow is going to want a girl who acts her age—*and his!*

. . . if you try to keep him, his free time, his friends and his Friday nights, wrapped up in a neat little package all for yourself. Any fellow needs a few hours and thoughts all to himself, and the best way to hold him is just to let him go his own way. So, even if you've promised to go steady, even if you've both agreed that this is the biggest thing since Anthony and Cleopatra, you must allow your dream man an occasional night out with the boys!



Trushay, the "beforehand lotion"—rich, fragrant, fabulously different from other lotions.

A wonderful skin softener, yes. But, OH! so much more. Smoothed on *before* daily soap-and-water tasks, Trushay protects hands *even* in hot, soapy water—guards against drying damage.

Once you see what Trushay's beauty extra can do for your hands, you'll use Trushay for *all* your lotion needs.



• Give your hands the benefit of Trushay's *beauty extra*—its exclusive "beforehand" protection. Apply Trushay before doing undies or dishes to guard your hands from the drying damage of hot, soapy water!

TRUSHAY



The "Beforehand" Lotion



Commando
May work his way over a lot of territory by morning, but the Englander gives fine support all the way.



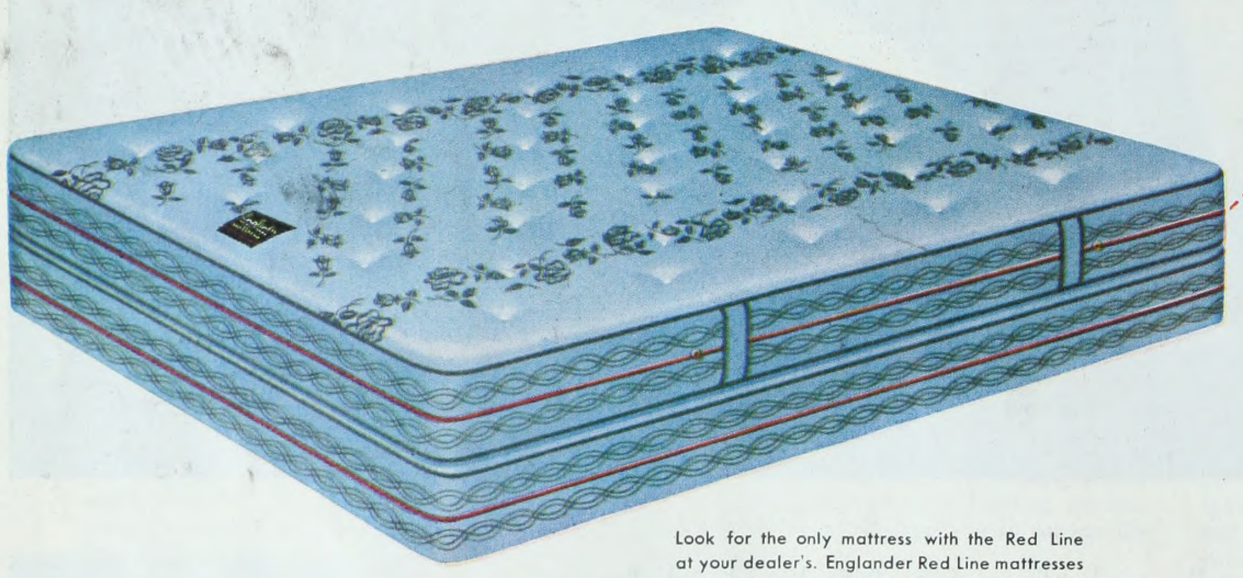
Streamlined
She'll look prettier, come morning—but she'll never sleep better than on the Englander.

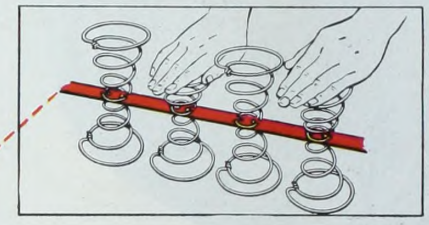
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AMERICA'S MOST LUXURIOUS
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Jackknife
He can be folded up and still relax his muscles completely on the Englander.

Complete comfort for every kind of sleeper—ENTIRELY NEW MATTRESS IDEA





1. Upper layer fits your body
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And good sleep needs two-part support: (1) for body contours, (2) for body weight.

Only the Englander gives you that double support in the greatest mattress improvement in 50 years.

Each spring works independently, tied not at top or bottom by wire, or joined in cotton sacks, *but joined in the center by a flexible ribbon of steel.* This gives free-floating action.

And if there is "double sleeping" at your house, this individual spring action prevents roll-to-the-middle due to difference in weight.

See the Englander—the only mattress with the Red Line. Now at good furniture and department stores.

Look for the only mattress with the Red Line at your dealer's. Englander Red Line mattresses or matching box springs $89.95 to $59.75. Others as low as $29.75.

Catnapper
She's a light sleeper but she doesn't have to count sheep on the Englander.





Night Crawler
Gets around a lot, even while sleeping. The Englander provides plenty of give-and-take for this fellow.

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TURNABOUT PARTY

By Sheila John Daly

ONE of the most popular new teen-aged fun fads is a turnabout party. This is a tailor-made evening for gals with dating obligations to fulfill, or for any gay group who simply want to have fun. It's a switch-about party in every way—from the first invitation issued by the girls to the last good-night handshake on each boy's front doorstep.

And here's how to plan the fun. It's up to each girl to invite the boy of her choice for this party, so have each gal on your party list call up her favorite fellow (just as he would call *her* for a date!) to ask him to a "turnabout party," explaining that she will pick him up at his home at 8 o'clock, since the fun begins at your house round 8:30. (And if the boy catches the mood of the fun, he'll probably keep the girl waiting a few minutes or more when she comes to pick up her "date"!) Suggest that each girl arrive with a corsage box tucked under her arm, a bright boutonniere for the gentleman!

Emily Post is forgotten this evening, and it's up to the girls to do everything from sponsoring the party to opening doors for the boys, asking for dances, bringing refreshments and helping on with the topcoats when the evening is over—but, of course, that's where the fun comes in!

The games are fun-tested oldies, played with new rules fixed so the boys just can't lose! First is musical chairs, played by arranging two rows of chairs, placed back to back, with one less chair than there are players. Players march round and round the chairs to music, trying to find a seat when the music is stopped, and the leftover guest is eliminated. Then one more chair is removed, the music begins again! Use your phonograph and some of your fastest dance records as walk-around music, simply lifting the needle to start the chair scramble! But naturally, no "lady" would take a chair before her date for the evening is seated! So each girl must hustle for a chair and watch out for her date's welfare at the same time! You can be certain the winner will be one of the boy guests, so give him a dotted bow tie, gaily wrapped, as the first prize!

THE next contest of the evening is strictly for laughs (and a first prize, of course), so pass paper and pencil to each guest. Announce that ten minutes is the time limit and that winning honors will go to the person who can make the most words out of the sentence: "I think *all* boys are wonderful!" The crowd will probably waste a few minutes or more laughing over this outand-out adulation before they get down to work! And no matter *who* wins, the prize winner is one of the boy guests—because if a girl comes out as No. 1 brain trust with the longest word list, she must give her prize to her date! Why, naturally!

And here's a game that will have your guests going in circles! It's the old peanut-passing game—but it's not as easy as it was in the days when you played it at kindergarten parties. Ask the boys to form a circle, standing arm length apart, if room space will permit. Have the girls form a slightly smaller circle, just inside the boys' circle. Then each player is given a spoon and each team is given one in-the-shell peanut.

AT the go signal, the peanut must go around each circle twice for each team, passed from spoon to spoon. Each player must keep one hand behind his back at all times; if the peanut is dropped, it must be picked up *with the spoon only* by the player who dropped it and he must return to his place in the circle before the peanut may be passed on to the next player. Do you think the girls might have a chance to win? Not after you explain that each boy is equipped with a large tablespoon, while each girl has the smallest teaspoon you can find! It's an exciting game, full of gags and giggles, and the prizes for the winning team—bags of roasted peanuts in red-and-white-striped paper sacks.

Break up the evening with refreshments, served buffet style so the girls may fill the plates and cater to the tastes of the lucky boys present! Make the menu and the serving table as charmingly "feminine" as possible, spread with a white or lace cloth and with a centerpiece of short-stemmed roses in a low bowl, and white tapers in silver or short crystal candlesticks.

Each girl serves her date a buffet plate laden with chicken salad with toasted walnuts, sliced pickled beets and hot orange biscuits (small, round baking-powder biscuits brushed with orange-marmalade just before baking). Dessert is crisp popovers, filled with vanilla ice cream, and topped with crushed strawberry sauce, served with steaming cups of cocoa.

This is a menu that will make the pampered gentlemen of the evening rise up in gratitude!

After refreshments, plan an interlude of dancing—with several mixer dances in which the girls do the cutting in. And to keep in the mood of the evening, be sure to add such all-time favorites as My Bill, Can't Help Loving That Man, Jim, and The Man I Love to the musical program!

It's all part of the party plans to have each girl deliver her date to his doorstep (if distance will permit) but then—like a true gentleman and because every gal rates a safe escorting home, he takes her back to her own home. It's all in fun, and besides—the fellows and girls will need that extra trip to have time to talk over all the fun they've had. THE END

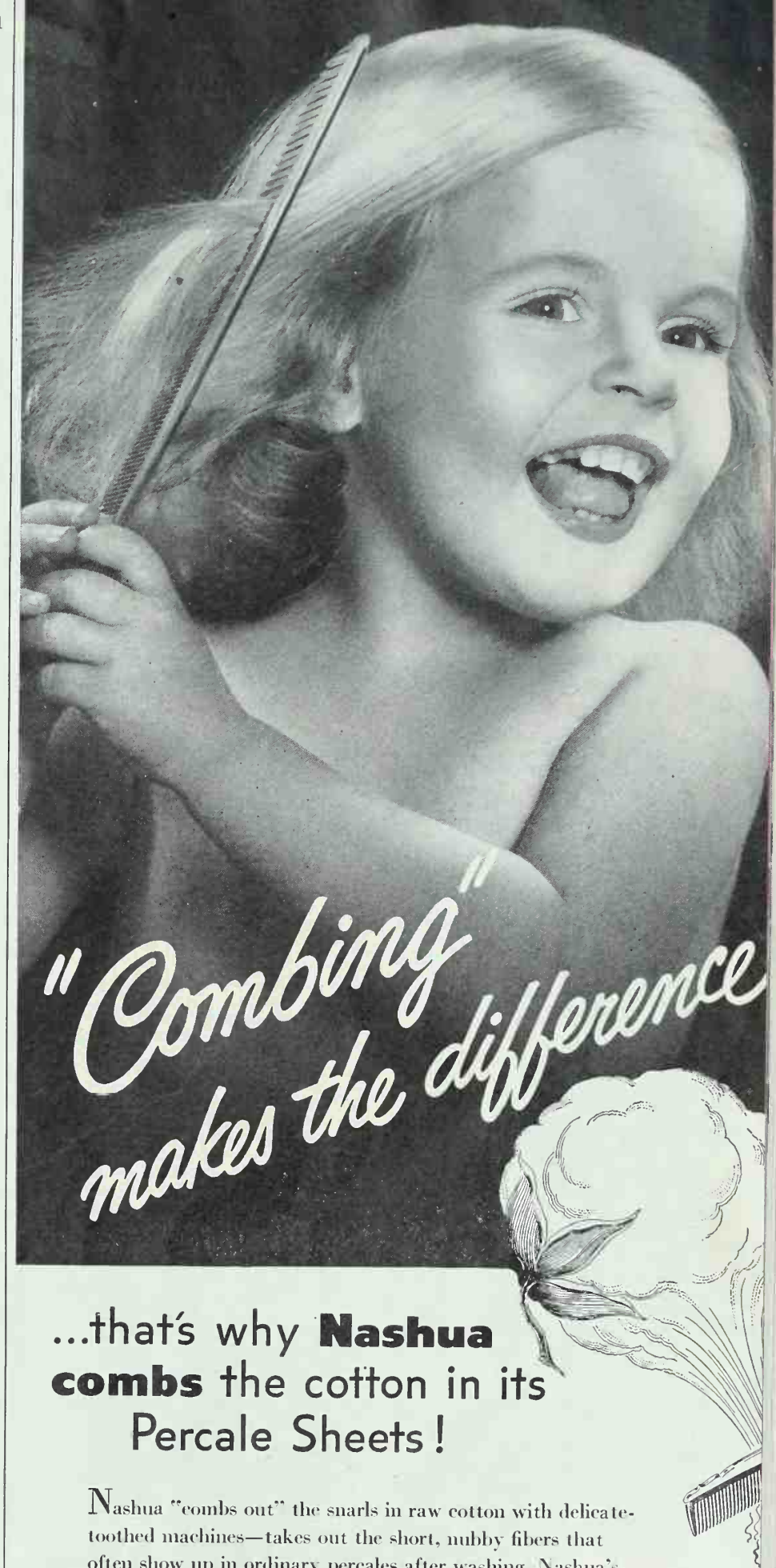
Taken from the book, Party Fun, to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

To My Valentine

BY HERBERT DALMAS

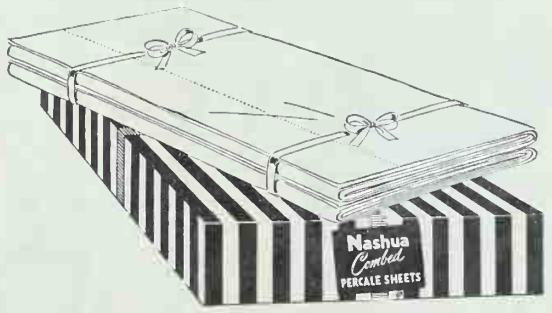
The world is dark and the times are sad,
And the people you think are good are bad;
The people you think are bad are worse,
And the people you think are worse *are* worse—
Our friends are either crooks or wacks;
Our lives are thorn-strewn cul-de-sacs.
From the bitter cup of life we draw
The dismal dregs through the final straw.
There is no laughter; there is no song;
Everything, in a word, is wrong.

So what am I doing here rejoicing?
Am I, as usual, still-small-voicing?
I wouldn't say so—it's just a sign
That you told me I was your Valentine.



...that's why **Nashua combs** the cotton in its Percale Sheets!

Nashua "combs out" the snarls in raw cotton with delicate-toothed machines—takes out the short, nubby fibers that often show up in ordinary percales after washing. Nashua's woven-in smoothness comes from using only fine, long fibers! That's why Nashua *Combed Percale* sheets stay so smooth through repeated washings. For extra-sturdiness, they're woven with a tape selvage that absorbs extra strains. Luxury sheets and pillow cases at budget prices!



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Combed
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NASHUA ALSO MAKES HEAVY-DUTY MUSLIN SHEETS... BLANKETS... INDIAN HEAD COTTON

EXCITING! NEW!

Here's your big Bath-Size Camay!

LOOK! IT'S SO MUCH LARGER!

THE BIG BEAUTY NEWS OF THE YEAR!

BEAUTIFUL ARMS!
BEAUTIFUL BACK!
BEAUTIFUL YOU!

SAME FINE, SMOOTH TEXTURE!

BE LOVELIER ALL OVER!

DELICATE, FLOWER-LIKE PERFUME!

MORE LATHER!
MORE LUXURY!



CAMAY
NOW IN 2 SIZES!

Use Regular Camay for your complexion—the new Bath-Size for your Camay Beauty Bath

Now there's a Bath-Size Camay! And this new and bigger Camay makes it easier for you to give all of your skin the very finest complexion care. Bathe every day with Bath-Size Camay and you'll be lovelier from head to toe. And you'll rise from your bath with your skin just touched with the delicate, flower-like fragrance of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women!

Bath-Size Camay

FOR YOUR CAMAY BEAUTY BATH

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL



IN February, 1898, young girls fastened bells to the toes of their dancing slippers and the Maine was blown up in Havana harbor. Amid all the hysterical war talk, Cape Ann, Massachusetts, suffered one of the worst storms of the century, Zola was jailed in France, Lionel Barrymore appeared briefly on the Philadelphia stage, and Thomas Edison, then 51, remarked that he had never invented anything of which he was proud.

In the February, 1898, JOURNAL, Editor Bok complains that "good form" meant inhibiting almost every natural impulse, "Not only in public, but in private too. Nature knew what she was about when she gave us the hearty laugh, the sneeze, the yawn, tears and other outlets for toning up the body. Good form is good, but good health is better."

"A person with $200 a year to spend for clothes should certainly give some of it to charity," believes style expert Emma Hooper.

Writes JOURNAL correspondent Lilian Bell from Paris: "I never saw such handsome men as I saw in London. I never saw such beautiful women as I see in Paris. French men are insignificant as a rule, and English women are beefy and dress like rag bags."

"The art of living with others requires the careful cultivation of a judicious blindness," remarks the author of The Mother-in-law in the Home.

Getting good pictures of the children: "Some mothers like to have pictures of their children undressed. It is unwise. You never know who may see the pictures, or into whose hands they may fall."

"The day comes," writes Ruth Ashmore in a little story, "when both Katherine and her employer realize they care too much for each other. Then, if Katherine is a brave girl and a good girl, she closes her desk, says good-by quietly to her employer and goes home and tells her story to her mother."



JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

PURUTS



From the spot where he took his oath of office, the first President, in bronze, looks down at unseeing throngs.

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, in bronze, looks down every day from the top step of the old Subtreasury on Wall Street at millions of hurrying New Yorkers, seldom getting a glance. Yet that's where he stood, shortly after his 57th birthday in 1789, to take the first Presidential oath of office, a momentous occasion. It was a trying occasion too. They'd forgotten the Bible for the swearing in. That took some time. Then there was the question of how the first President was to be addressed. The Senate was holding out for "His Highness." Washington wanted "His Mightiness." Also, the general's teeth were giving him a lot of trouble. . . . But the place where he stood at the top of the steps is still the most important historical spot in town, whether anybody looks or not.

When RKO began making I Remember Mama, one of the first things they did



Ellen Corby looks to the Journal.

was to dig into their archives for copies of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL from 1910, not only to furnish fashion clues for ***Irene Dunne*** and the rest of the cast, but for magazines to use as props in the picture whose story is laid thirty-eight years ago in San Francisco. Here's ***Ellen Corby,*** as she appears in the film with the JOURNAL of March, 1910—its fashion pages betokening styles that by a strange coincidence resemble those of this coming spring.

Quite a few people will be getting valentines from us this year, because several months before the coming February 14, the National Association of Greeting Card Publishers sent us a wide assortment just to let us see that it is going to be, as they put it, "stylish to be sentimental again." The valentines are very stylish indeed—more satiny, lacy and fragrant than they've been in a long time, and of course sentimental; from 50c to $5, the latter bigger than the JOURNAL. *The NAGCP estimates that more than 300,000,000 valentines will be sent this year; but if you think that's a lot, you're forgetting how many Christmas cards were sent a month or so ago—a billion and a half!*

In a recent letter to newspaper editors, enclosing some advance pages of the JOURNAL, *Ruth Matthews* spoke of "the new look reflected in thousands of stunned male faces" here on Fifth Avenue, little thinking that her happy twist would win a tribute from the press. But from the clippings that came in afterward, it appears to have caught many an editorial eye; in one case eliciting a full-page-length column of praise: a lot of it for the JOURNAL itself; some for *Richard Pratt's* Charleston article, which had been enclosed; but most for Ruth's titillating remark.

One wartime day during seed-catalogue season ***Gen. Leslie Groves*** *called on the Chief of Staff to discuss the spending of $200,000,000 for military research.* ***General Marshall*** *pushed aside a pamphlet and the two men got down to business, disposing of this vast sum; then, as Groves was leaving, Marshall said, "Do you know what I was doing when you came in? I was making out a check to Burpee's, for $3.47."*

According to a five-year survey, women are much better on figures—arithmetical figures, that is—than men: "It's the wife who handles numbers and figures in the average home. She gets the money and controls the budget. She also does 89 per cent of the buying in the stores. Is it any wonder she has the better head for figures?" . . . Of the Republican hats in the ring: ***Ex-Governor Stassen's*** is the largest; next largest is ***Governor Warren's;*** third, ***Senator Taft's;*** and ***Governor Dewey's*** fourth. Hat size, that is. . . . According to a letter received by the British Broadcasting Corp. from a radio fan in Surrey: "We find that our cows give their highest milk yields to the strains of eighteenth-century music, such as Haydn's quartets. Swing produces a definite 'kick-the-bucket' tendency." . . . In the 1690's any book which sold 1000 copies was a "best seller."

When we learned that in addition to her genius for selecting, photographing and writing about clothes, *Willhela Cushman* was equally adept at washing them, was also an ardent laundress of other household items, including sheets, we wondered whether other editors here were similarly inclined. Not to such a degree, we discovered. But *Mary Bass* has designed a drop-leaf ironing board for her bedroom where she presses dainty sundries that she's done in the washbowl. *Gladys Denny Shultz* does all her own hand laundry—and as far as that goes, she says, all her own cooking, dishwashing, cleaning, lawn mowing, leaf raking and wood cutting; could hire herself out as a couple. *Louise Benjamin* can't let a bright breezy day in the country go by without putting some washing on the line, while *Alice Blinn,* a really expert painter, plumber and electrician, is so busy at home with such matters that someone else does the laundry, she says with a sigh of relief.

One thing that has helped to make this one of the most exciting music seasons here in many years is a new organization called the Little Orchestra, whose young conductor, ***Thomas Scherman,*** is the son of a JOURNAL editor, ***Bernardine Kielty*** (Mrs. Harry Scherman). His programs and performances are of such quality that the Standing Room Only sign is up at every concert; and, so far as we know, he's the only conductor in the country who wears a flower in his buttonhole while conducting—a white carnation. Says he wears it for luck, and even though a lot of people have complained that it isn't the thing to do, he intends to keep right on wearing it.

BEN GREENHOUSE



The Little Orchestra rehearsing.



Sister Act

BY ISABEL MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

IT was a lovely wedding. Everybody said so, and said so often. The June day was cooled by the balmiest of breezes; the brilliant sun shone forth from a sky of purest Technicolor blue; and Mrs. Hunter's garden, in which her daughter was married, was ablaze with precisely the proper amount of flowering shrubs, and in precisely the proper colors. Had Darryl Zanuck himself had charge of the background, it could not have been improved upon. Champagne cooled in silver coolers that brimmed with ice, and it cooled the guests just to *look* at it. The guests themselves were something to look at, too, and Bronxville matrons *did* look at them, long and searchingly, if covertly. There were not many of them, it was true—not nearly so many as you would expect to find at such an important wedding, of such an important young woman, who had made more than her mark in the field of magazine publishing. But the ones who were here belonged to names you'd heard on the radio, or read atop a column on the front page of your morning newspaper, or searched for avidly through your favorite magazine, your tongue hanging out to see what new mischief their typewriters had brewed for this installment. Yes, they were something to gaze upon, they really were; and so, for that matter, was the bride herself.

"A little old," whispered Bronxville behind its hand, "but lovely. And, my dear, *he's* something that, as my daughter would say, could really *send* you."

And, indeed, he really was. Tall and lean and stalwart, with black hair that the June heat had caused to bounce into thick, deep waves; and thick-lashed dark eyes set in a face of, they decided, really unusual intelligence. He looked like the sort of man that had, indeed, and in his time—and before, of course, the time of Muriel, who stood beside him now—sent many of them. They made a charming couple. They complemented each other beautifully, for Muriel was *(Continued on Page 222)*

ONLY A BRIDE WHOSE WEDDING DAY WAS PERFECT WILL UNDERSTAND WHY THIS ONE WAS NOT.

The bride was really something to gaze upon. "A little old," the whisper said, "but lovely. And, my dear, he's something that could really send you!"

NO. 2 IN A SERIES

Possible Presidents

ROBERT A. TAFT

Scion of an illustrious Ohio family and son of a former Republican President, he would be right at home in the White House and wants to reside there. He defines himself as a "conservative liberal" and says "it isn't honest to be tactful." ★ BY ROGER BUTTERFIELD



ACME

Robert A. Taft.

WHEN Robert Alphonso Taft, the present senior senator from Ohio, was twelve years old, his family was visiting Rome, and his mother took him one day to an audience with Pope Leo XIII. The Pope bestowed a special blessing on Robert and expressed the hope that he would follow in the footsteps of William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt, and become President of the United States someday. "And what do you expect to be when you grow up?" continued the Holy Father, smiling kindly on his young visitor.

"Chief Justice of the Supreme Court," replied Robert, who was disposed at the time to regard that position as more desirable than the Presidency.

This incident occurred in 1902, and in the years that have intervened, Bob Taft has changed his mind. He would like very much to be President now. He has worked hard, for more than a decade, to put himself in a position where the presidential nomination of the Republican Party would be his. The beginning of the year 1948 finds him within sight of his goal, but by no means sure of attaining it.

The obstacle is the same one he ran up against eight years ago. Then, as now, Taft and Dewey were the leading possibilities for months before the Republican convention met in Philadelphia. In the early balloting by the delegates Taft had enough votes to stop Dewey, but not enough to win for himself. And he could not convince the "big fellows"—Herbert Hoover, Alf Landon, and Joe Pew, of Pennsylvania—that he could be a winning candidate. These powers behind the scenes liked Taft and agreed wholeheartedly with his ideas, but they knew that he lacked personal magnetism and vote-getting political charm. (Taft knows this too—he is quite objective about his own personality.) While they hesitated and debated, Wendell Willkie ran away with the convention.

That is the explanation which Taft himself gives for his defeat in 1940. His problem today, he believes, is still the same—"to sell myself, and persuade people I can win." He realizes that this is a difficult task, and he has set about it in his usual dogged fashion. His "pulse-taking" tour of the Far Western States last fall was part of a deliberate campaign to win friends and influence votes at the Republican convention in June. It did not accomplish all he hoped. Not a single Western delegate was publicly pledged to him during his trip, and in several cities he was so surrounded and beset by angry union pickets that he seemed likely to qualify as the most unpopular presidential possibility of the year.



ACME

Growing Up.

NEVERTHELESS, he has gone stubbornly ahead, campaigning openly for delegates in Ohio (which is for him anyway) and other states, and building up his formidable record of leadership in the Republican-dominated Congress. Taft is an extremely hard worker, and he has an unhesitating willingness to take on any job and shoulder any amount of responsibility. He maintains the largest research staff of any senator; his desk is always stacked high with reports, and the cowhide briefcase which he takes home almost every night will hold up to fifty pounds of papers. Other Republican senators look to him for guidance on all matters relating to labor, industry, health, housing, education, Federal finance and taxes, Government spending and economy, foreign trade and tariffs. He has a phenomenal

memory for facts, and a lawyer's ability to arrange them so that they make the best possible case. One observer has remarked that he seems to have a mind like a filing cabinet, with every card alphabetically indexed, and in its proper place, where he can get at it.


INTERNATIONAL
At Yale—19.

THIS outstanding achievement, in the eyes of his friends and enemies alike, is the Taft-Hartley labor bill, which is already having an important effect on the nation's industrial economy. Almost everyone agrees that the Taft-Hartley Bill makes employers stronger, labor unions weaker, and reduces the opportunity for strikes. It is also true that the bill is not so extreme as the more violent labor baiters in Congress would have liked to make it. Taft has been praised by the New York Times and others for framing such a "moderate" bill.

The fact that organized labor is unanimously opposed to the bill, and to him personally, does not seem to worry Taft overmuch. His father, President William Howard Taft, who is remembered as the fattest and most jovial man who ever occupied the White House, was heartily disliked by the labor unions too. When his name was first suggested for the Presidency the elder Taft wrote to his brother:

"The idea that a man who has issued injunctions against the labour unions, almost by the bushel, who has sent ten or a dozen labour agitators to jail, and who is known as one of the worst judges for the maintenance of government by injunction, could ever be a successful candidate on a Presidential ticket, strikes me as intensely ludicrous. . . ."

But the Republican Party nominated ex-Judge Taft in 1908, and he was elected President over the united opposition of organized labor. This bit of family history is doubtless something of a consolation to his senator-son these days.

TACTLESS TAFT. Admirers of Bob Taft are accustomed to praising him with such superlatives as "brainiest," "best-informed" and "the hardest-working man in public life." On the other hand, Walter Lippmann, who is certainly an experienced observer, once exclaimed that "What Senator Taft does not know on this subject [the Commerce Department], as on many others, is most of what there is to be known about it." A recent estimate of Taft managed to combine these two extremes into a single judgment: "Taft has the best mind in Washington—until he makes it up!"


INTERNATIONAL
Aged Thirty.

WHEN, in 1946, Senator Taft denounced the outcome of the Nuremberg war-crimes trials as a "miscarriage of justice," and publicly deplored the death sentences meted out to Goering, Ribbentrop and other leading Nazis, one of his Cincinnati neighbors took him to task. "You put your foot in it that time, Bob," said the neighbor. "Why go out of your way to criticize something you had nothing to do with? Why not be tactful?"

"It isn't honest to be tactful," replied Taft, whose whole political career is sprinkled with tactless—and perfectly honest—statements of his opinions.

In March, 1940, for instance, Taft told the National Republican Club that if the United States should enter World War II under New Deal leadership, "It will mean dictatorship here, with complete socialization of property, and the permanent end of private enterprise and local self-government." In February, 1941, he said, "It is simply fantastic to suppose there is any danger of an attack on the United States by Japan." A few days later he again used the word "fantastic" to describe the suggestion that an American Army could ever invade Germany and end the war.

These Taftian views were not only tactless, but 100 per cent wrong in fact, and even Taft's supporters do not claim that an understanding of world affairs is among his strong points. On strictly domestic matters, however, they regard him as the ablest and most conscientious exponent of what might be called the "enlightened conservative" approach.

Taft has spent a good deal of time denouncing the Roosevelt and Truman administrations for "interference" with, and "regulation" of, the private lives and businesses of American citizens, and he has worked hard in the Senate to defeat all measures with a New Deal tinge. Yet he himself has drafted and put his name on a series of bills which constitute a kind of Republican New Deal—and which would, if they are ever passed, directly affect the private lives of almost every American. Awaiting action in Congress now are Taft-sponsored bills which would spend upwards of half a billion dollars a year for new housing, educational improvements in many states, higher standards of health and preventive medicine in the states, and which would increase the minimum wage of American workers from 40 to 60 or 65 cents an hour.

Taft's interest in such matters is partly explained by a statement he once made on his Federal aid-to-education bill.

"You see," he said, "I led the fight against the New Deal education bill in 1943, and we beat it. But I had to give the problem a lot of study and saw there was a real need. So I went to Lister Hill [a Democratic senator from Alabama] and the National Education Association, and we worked out a new draft that we all agreed on."


Future President?

THIS, as one commentator has remarked, is a curious admission for a politician to make—that the existence of a need was discovered while defeating an attempt to meet it. That was four years ago, incidentally, and the need which Taft discovered is still unfilled. All of his "little New Deal," in fact, has been sidetracked repeatedly in Congress, and it is doubtful if any of it will be passed this year. Taft explains very frankly that he does not like to push his social legislation so long as there is a Democratic administration in power. "There are still too many New Dealers in Washington," he says, "who are not sympathetic with our plans for working through local governments. Under the circumstances, it may be better to wait until we have a Republican President." So, if the people want housing and health and educational assistance from Taft, they had better vote Republican this fall.

BACKGROUND: THE WHITE HOUSE. If Bob Taft should be elected President, it would be like old home week for the Taft clan, which has been familiar with the White House interior ever since Civil War days. The Senator's paternal grandfather, Alphonso Taft, was a prominent Cincinnati lawyer who was on friendly terms with President Lincoln, and later became a member of President Grant's Cabinet. His maternal grandfather, John Herron, was an intimate friend of Presidents Hayes and Benjamin Harrison. His grandmother, Harriet Herron, was especially close to Mrs. Hayes (who was sometimes irreverently known as "Lemonade Lucy" because of her prohibition activities) and spent weeks at a time visiting at the White House, along with her daughter Helen, who became the Senator's mother.

During Theodore Roosevelt's Presidency the adolescent Roosevelts and Tafts romped and stampeded through the *(Continued on Page 144)*



Torch Parade

There was something about Ken that made a wom

KEN NICHOLS, also known as "The Wandering Troubadour" to what American Hemisphere Broadcasting Company believed to be hundreds of thousands of devoted listeners, did the last six weeks of his show before the annual summer vacation in Los Angeles, California. His replacement on the network during July, August and September was a gory series of murder mysteries, which several vice-presidents of the chain regarded as an ideal contrast to a man who sang with honey and cream in his baritone and gave dames visions of high romance. The vice-presidents looked forward with pleasure to a certain Sunday afternoon at six (E.S.T.) when all the disembodied voices in the mystery would be killed off and the Troubadour back giving the Hooper a boost.

The Troubadour himself, vaguely disquieted by sunshine, beaches, open cars and lovely women acting at the behest of his publicity man and agent, suddenly bought an airline ticket to New York and left everybody in Los Angeles flat.

Nearly everybody, at least. Two gorgeous young girls, blond and brunet respectively, his agent and the publicity man saw him off. Ken kissed the girls good-by one at a time, amidst the flare of flash bulbs. The girls said a few hard words to each other for the benefit of the press. An ambassador, on the way home from China to report to the President, was leaving on the plane, too, but he didn't get much of a play. The Troubadour had the public eye at present, due to a campaign that had been three years in the making.

"Kenny," Mr. Franklin, his agent, said, "you take care of yourself in the big city. Just follow orders, that's all, and don't let your pipes get rusty. I may book you into a night spot across the river in New Jersey at



The Troubadour was on—and women all over America were off.

eart go so fast it left reason behind. ★ By Robert Carson

five G's per week, or maybe they'll have a sick movie on Broadway that needs a flesh-show hypo. We'll see."

"Okay," Ken said.

"I presume," Mr. Franklin said to the publicity agent, "that a man is waiting for our boy in Gotham?"

"It's all lined up," the publicity man replied. "A program has been arranged. We merely ask the Troubadour's co-operation."

"Kenny will do his part," Mr. Franklin said. "Won't you, Kenny?"

"Okay," Ken said. "Will—will there be girls in Kansas City?"

"I forgot they made a stop," the publicity man said. "I'll get right on the long-distance phone."

Since he was the most widely advertised wolf of his generation, Ken received a certain amount of discreet attention on the plane. The ambassador, an elderly man of distinguished appearance, had his brief case propped on his knees and was reading official papers, but no one thought to question him on the economic or political problems of the Far East; the other passengers were intent upon gazing at the young man with the curly hair, soulful brown eyes and boxer's walk who had been out with practically every eligible and ineligible girl who could get her name in a gossip column. He was handsome, there was no question of that, and he certainly sang so you could understand each word of the lyrics; yet, after a thorough examination, they didn't quite understand what it was the guy had that caused women to, if not stoop, at least lean over to folly. Naturally, they hadn't heard of Mr. Franklin and the seventy-five thousand dollars he had invested in public relations. They had no idea they were glancing curiously

(Continued on Page 131)

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

Time of Peril

During the 1942–1943 Battle of the Atlantic, while millions of tons of United States shipping were lost, the Navy argued that convoy "escort" was the *only* way to defeat German submarines; Secretary of War Stimson and General Marshall favored the use of radar-equipped aircraft in an aggressive effort to seek out and destroy submarines wherever they might be found. . . . Excerpts from ON ACTIVE SERVICE, by ex-Secretary of War HENRY L. STIMSON and McGEORGE BUNDY.

THE ARMY AND THE NAVY

"So far as the U. S. was concerned the Second World War was an amphibious war. No enemy forces reached our mainland, and five million American soldiers were required to be transported across various oceans in order to get at their enemies. Troop transport and assault landings are traditionally the most difficult and dangerous of all military operations. The American navy, co-operating in some cases with the British navy and the two national air forces, furnished the cover and protection for such transport and landings. It rendered this service with brilliant success. Practically no losses of men occurred in the transocean voyages, and remarkably few which could have been prevented by naval action occurred on the landings." (Letter to McG. Bundy, August 15, 1947.)

As this quotation shows, Stimson thoroughly appreciated the help the Army received from the Navy. He had traveled as a soldier across waters infested by hostile submarines, and he knew from anxious study the extraordinary difficulty of landing attacks. Further, though he was not directly concerned with the purely naval campaigns of the American fleet, he was of course an admirer of the courage and skill with which the Navy wrote into military history the names of the Coral Sea, Midway, Guadalcanal, Leyte Gulf, and many other fleet actions.

This much said, we must proceed in this chapter to a discussion of Army-Navy relationships in which the less pleasant side of the story will be emphasized. In this field, as in others, Stimson as Secretary of War was called in when there was friction and not when there was peace.

Stimson and the Admirals. The Army and the Navy fought the war together. After Pearl Harbor, they fought in most areas under unified command. They fought well together, and they reached a level of co-operation and mutual trust unknown in earlier wars. But the fact remained that they were two separate services.

"Their leaders were not only separate but filled, ever since their cadet service at West Point and Annapolis, with a spirit of rivalry which reached into many phases of their lives. Not only had there been allowed between the two forces active competition for new personnel and equipment, but even in sport the annual football game between the two academies had during the war reached a peak of rivalry where it became a national problem where and how the game should be located and managed." (Letter to McG. Bundy, August 15, 1947.)

When Stimson wrote that the problem of the Army-Navy football game was a national issue, he did not exaggerate. He had himself made it a subject of Cabinet discussion.

"At Cabinet meeting this afternoon [May 21] I swung into a new line. Drew Pearson had had a recent article describing the present meetings of the Cabinet and their futility and how the Secretaries of War and Navy no longer tell the Cabinet anything but preserve that for private meetings with the President. Today when the President reached me in turn and asked the usual conventional question of whether I had anything, I said, 'Yes, Mr. President, I have something of very grave importance.' I then in humorous oratorical fashion presented the charges that had been made that the Cabinet was decadent and that the Secretaries of War and Navy had felt unable to discuss their matters before the lady and gentlemen sitting in front of them and that in consequence of these serious charges I had gone through my files and picked out a matter which was of very serious importance to bring before the Cabinet. I then narrated how I had written a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, copy of which I had sent the President, asking that the Academies at Annapolis and West Point should take the lead in sacrifice in public opinion and give up their annual football game; that I had received a reply from the Secretary of the Navy to the effect that football was of such 'inspirational' value to the young men at the Academy that he did not feel able to give it up. I pointed out that these letters had lain unanswered on the President's desk ever since *(Continued on Page 204)*

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REPRODUCED COURTESY CHESTER DALE COLLECTION, NATIONAL GALLERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Still Life, Painted by Henri Fantin-Latour

Many people do not understand why artists take such pleasure in still-life painting. For example, in the picture reproduced, what was it that really interested Fantin-Latour (1836-1904)? Obviously the rendering of actual appearance. But how is that done? The answer lies in the organization of detail, tone and texture. Detail involves distance and time of vision. Should the artist paint what he would see when closely scrutinizing his subject through a magnifying glass, or when glancing at it quickly from a greater distance with half-closed eyes, or when looking at it repeatedly from a normal distance? The first method leads to those canvases in which a fly invariably crawls across a leaf or petal toward a drop of water, and the second to the broad abstract patterns which Cézanne has handed on to modern painting. Fantin-Latour, however, chooses the third and represents the amount of detail in the petals of the camellias, the skin of the fruit, the wicker of the basket discernible by normal sight at the distance from which the picture is painted.

The same consistent naturalism appears in the organization of tones. There is a single source of light which defines the local color of each object. As these colors come into shadow each tone is altered consistently, so that the bright and the shadowy pink of the camellias maintain the same proportional relationship as the bright and shadowy green of their leaves, and this tonal accuracy is extended to the areas of light and shadow in the fruit, the basket, the cup, the book and the table. Much of the reality of the painting depends on these delicate and immensely subtle adjustments of color.

The third element in conveying actual appearance, variety of texture, is difficult to achieve without destroying the organization of detail and tone. For where the painter wishes to suggest texture he is apt to paint too meticulously, and thus focus undue attention on that area of the picture. But Fantin-Latour avoids this error and yet manages to suggest the brittle substance of the porcelain cup, the waxy petals of the camellia, and the reticulated skin of the fruit. These three characteristics, consistent selection of detail, consistent organization of tone, and consistent rendering of texture, combine to make the still life reproduced one of the supreme expressions of what painters mean by the phrase "art for art's sake."

JOHN WALKER, *Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art*



Fitz has a feeling

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF YOU KNOW WHO ★ BY ELIZABETH DUNN

CANDY pushed back a lock of hair with an earthy gardening glove, and looked down upon Adam Campbell prostrate in the hot grass and moaning like a banshee. Bill continued stolidly to set out seedlings in the Campbells' new perennial border. Candy sighed with exasperation.

"But Adam, nothing's going to happen to Mollie Belle! She'll only be gone for two days. Are you a man or a mouse?"

"A man," said Adam gloomily. "She doesn't like mice."

Candy mastered a desire to kick him smartly in the small of the back, and tried again. "Bill doesn't mind *my* going a bit," she offered brightly. "He thinks people *ought* to go back to their school reunions. Don't you, Bill?"

Bill tucked in a delphinium. "Sure, but I've been married for six years. Adam's only been married for six months."

"That remark," said Candy coldly, "I consider inexcusable."

The screen door slammed and Mollie Belle came across the lawn, carrying a tray on which were glasses and a tall pitcher. Adam leaped to his feet and rushed to relieve her of it. "Campbell," his wife said severely, looking at him with enormous black eyes, "have you done a lick of work—or are the Stewarts doing it all?"

"I can't work," Adam quavered. "I keep thinking of you, going off alone ——"

"Alone!" Candy snorted. "How can she be alone when there's two more of us?"

Adam drank off a glass of lemonade as if it were hemlock. "Three women," he said bleakly. "In that case, three times as many things can happen."

"Now there you are probably right," Bill agreed unexpectedly.

"Certainly I'm right," said Adam loudly. "The basic fact about women is that they do everything backward. You can count on it." He flapped a shirt sleeve toward his wife, who was holding seeds in the palm of her left hand, taking one seed at a time with her right thumb and forefinger, putting it into a small hole and coming back for more. "Look at that," he invited. "Perfect example of what I mean. Calls that planting marigolds."

Mollie Belle turned her serene smile upon him. "But my seeds come

(Continued on Page 112)

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

"Are you man or *mouse*?" Candy asked.

"Man," said Adam gloomily. "She doesn't like *mice*."

Women and children



in the U.S.S.R.

by JOHN STEINBECK

photographs by ROBERT CAPA

Here, for the first time in an American magazine, is a full report on day-to-day life in the Soviet Union. The Editors of the JOURNAL *commissioned John Steinbeck and Robert Capa to go to Russia, not to picture communism, but in the hope that they might bring back exactly what is offered here—a proof in word and picture that, as the Russian boy in Steinbeck's text excitedly tells his grandmother about Americans, "Russians are people too." The Editors believe that it is good for the twenty-five million Americans who read the* JOURNAL *to have these near, straight glimpses into the homes and lives of Russian women and children; they wish with all their hearts that it might be possible to put before twenty-five million Russians just such a picture story about Americans.*

WE were in Russia for about two months; in Moscow, and Kiev, and Stalingrad, and Tiflis, and Batum, and in the country near these cities. We went not to inquire into politics, but to observe the private life of the Russian people. We wanted to know what the people wear. What do they serve at dinner? Do they have parties? What food is there? How do they make love and how do they die? What do they talk about? We do not know all the answers, but we gathered hundreds of impressions and took many photographs.

From the moment our plane landed at Leningrad, our continuing impression was of how hard Soviet women work. The stevedores who loaded the airplane were tough, stringy young women, who carried heavy bundles that would stagger an untrained man. In Kiev and Stalingrad, both destroyed by the Germans, women lifted the great chunks of rubble, and iron, clearing up the mess. Women laid bricks and hoisted timbers. They swung picks and sledge hammers on the rebuilding railroads. They drove trucks, and busses, and streetcars. In the factories we saw them at the lathes and drill presses and pneumatic hammers. On the farms they went into the fields at dawn and stopped work at dusk. They reaped, and bound, and winnowed the grain by hand. They carried sacks of wheat on their shoulders.

There is a great shortage of manpower in Russia. Ten million men of working age are gone. Women have taken over their work. They have to. The work must be done.

The women we saw do not have the clothes, the ease, the food, the cosmetics that women in America have. There are great differences in pay and purchasing power, but there is not the continuous spectacle of luxury parading before poverty, as there is, say, in Paris. In a poor or a destroyed place everyone is poor, and, as better clothes come in, and better food, they seem to be available to everyone.

The question asked us most is: "Were you allowed to see what you wanted?" If we had wanted to see things of a military nature, we would have been refused. But we wanted to see how people lived, and in that we were helped and encouraged. However, we often ran afoul of the general suspicion toward foreign photographers. In Moscow, a policeman stopped us from taking pictures of children playing in a pile of rubble until some plain-clothes police came and examined our credentials. It seems that the camera is one of the most frightening of modern weapons.

We were deeply impressed by the women who live in the German-destroyed cities. Some of them live in the cellars of ruined houses, some in shelters made by piling up stones to make what amount to caves. The problems of living and keeping clean must be almost insuperable. And in addition to the plain difficulty of living, all must work. But particularly in the Ukraine, we noticed not only survival and triumph over these conditions, but a successful attempt to remain feminine. We saw girls come out of their cellars combing their hair, their clothing neat, and walk away with swinging stride as though they had come from an apartment house with all facilities.

We found the country people hospitable and kind. They were very curious, of course. They wanted to know how American women live, what they ate, and what clothes were like in America. They asked about our schools, and our clinics, about vaccinations and pediatrics. And they had as much misinformation about us as we have about them. They had an idea that in America we have only overdressed, neurotic, kept women—an idea that is more or less backed up by our motion pictures. They hadn't seen our motion pictures, of course, but they had heard of them. It had not occurred to them that we have farms and factories, and offices, too, and that our women also help to run our country. It was a kind of relief to them to hear that this was so (just as you may be surprised at our report of how like us many Russian women are). It made the women feel good that our farm women can milk cows, and keep chickens, and wash diapers.

On Sunday afternoons in Moscow the citizens of the Soviet stand in lines a mile long which wind around Red Square and finally enter Lenin's tomb, in the shadow of the towers of the Kremlin.

Moscow is the Mecca of Soviet Russia and Red Square is its shrine



Two little girls in gray stand with their nurse facing a section of the Kremlin wall where great Red revolutionaries are buried. Landmarks of the revolution are carefully preserved and decorated with paper flowers and flags.

Red Square is the heart of Russia, and Lenin's tomb is the heart of Red Square. Any day, when the tomb is open, queues hundreds of yards long form to go through it. There will be delegations of children from the outlands, brought by their teachers. At the door of the tomb, two soldiers stand rigid and fixed. We could not even see that they blink their eyes. And for hours, the children, and women, and men from far away file slowly in, and pass the glass coffin, and gaze for a moment on the lifelike, embalmed face of Lenin, his domed forehead and sharp nose and pointed chin.

Across Red Square is the Merchants Mart, on which hang monster portraits of Lenin and Stalin. Nothing in the Soviet Union goes on outside the vision of the plaster, bronze, painted or embroidered eye of Stalin. His portrait hangs in every room of every museum. His bust is in front of all airports, railroad stations, bus stations. His picture in needlework is undertaken by the students of schools. Every house has at least one picture of him. He is everywhere.

Hundreds of stories are told of the patriotism of the children of Russia during the war. Partisans behind the German lines used little boys and girls as spies and runners. No one can hide, and run, and worm his way into impossible places as little kids can. They even delivered delayed-action hand grenades in milk cans to German officers, and then ran while a happy table of Germans exploded. In exasperation the Germans caught and publicly hanged a young girl partisan to frighten the others. Her statue is in Moscow now, and every day someone puts fresh flowers in front of it, and all the children want to be like her.

At changing of the guard in front of Lenin's tomb, children march along, trying hard to keep in step.

Schoolgirls await opening of Lenin's tomb, where they will lay their little wreaths. Study of Russian revolution is required throughout school system.

On holidays class after class of children arrive at Red Square to take their place in the long queue for Lenin's tomb. Some bring their lunches. They laugh and fool around, for this is almost a festive occasion, a kind of religious feast day.



Tours over, students and teachers sit on the benches under the Kremlin wall, and again see the face of Lenin (and that of Stalin) across Red Square. Wherever you go, Stalin looks down on you. His likeness is everywhere.





"The Russian Question," a hopelessly bad play about U. S. reporter whose boss won't let him write truth about Russia, opened in 300 Soviet theaters at once.



Every Russian city has its museum, and the museums are crowded all day long. Whole schools of children come with their teachers. This one is in Moscow.



A Ukrainian chorus sings folk songs in Tchaikovsky Hall, Moscow's largest. On symphonic nights you may hear anything from Beethoven to Shostakovich.

Ballet is the baseball of the Soviet Union

Soviet young people are trained and feel that there is so much work to be done, more work than they can ever accomplish, that there is not much time for play. But there is the ballet. We have seen ballet in a good many places, but none like that in Moscow. Ballet is more than an art there; it is the way of life. A great ballerina is cheered and loved, and possessed like a great bullfighter in Spain. As much public affection is poured on her as we pour on a Babe Ruth. One young woman of our acquaintance had seen Swan Lake forty-eight times. And she watched it with the critical eye a baseball fan turns on his home team in its opening game.

In Moscow, when the women go out in the evening to dance in the cabarets, or to go to the theaters, or to stroll in the parks, the young women wear print dresses or severe two-piece suits. There is very little make-up used. Some girls used lipstick; a few had nail enamel, but perfume was very rare. We priced perfume and found it vastly expensive. We were told that there is a wave of asceticism among the young people, making a virtue of necessity. It is considered bad form to use make-up, and particularly perfume.

When a girl is going on a very special date, the top date—the opening, say, of the ballet—with her favorite escort, she manages to find a piece of veil, and put it on somewhere on her head or hat. This seems to indicate

At this open-air café in the Moscow Park of Culture and Rest they sell ice cream, soft drinks, tea and cakes at prices higher than those in regular restaurants.







Models at a Moscow fashion show exhibit the Soviet new look to professional buyers and the usual portrait of Stalin. One long evening dress was shown.



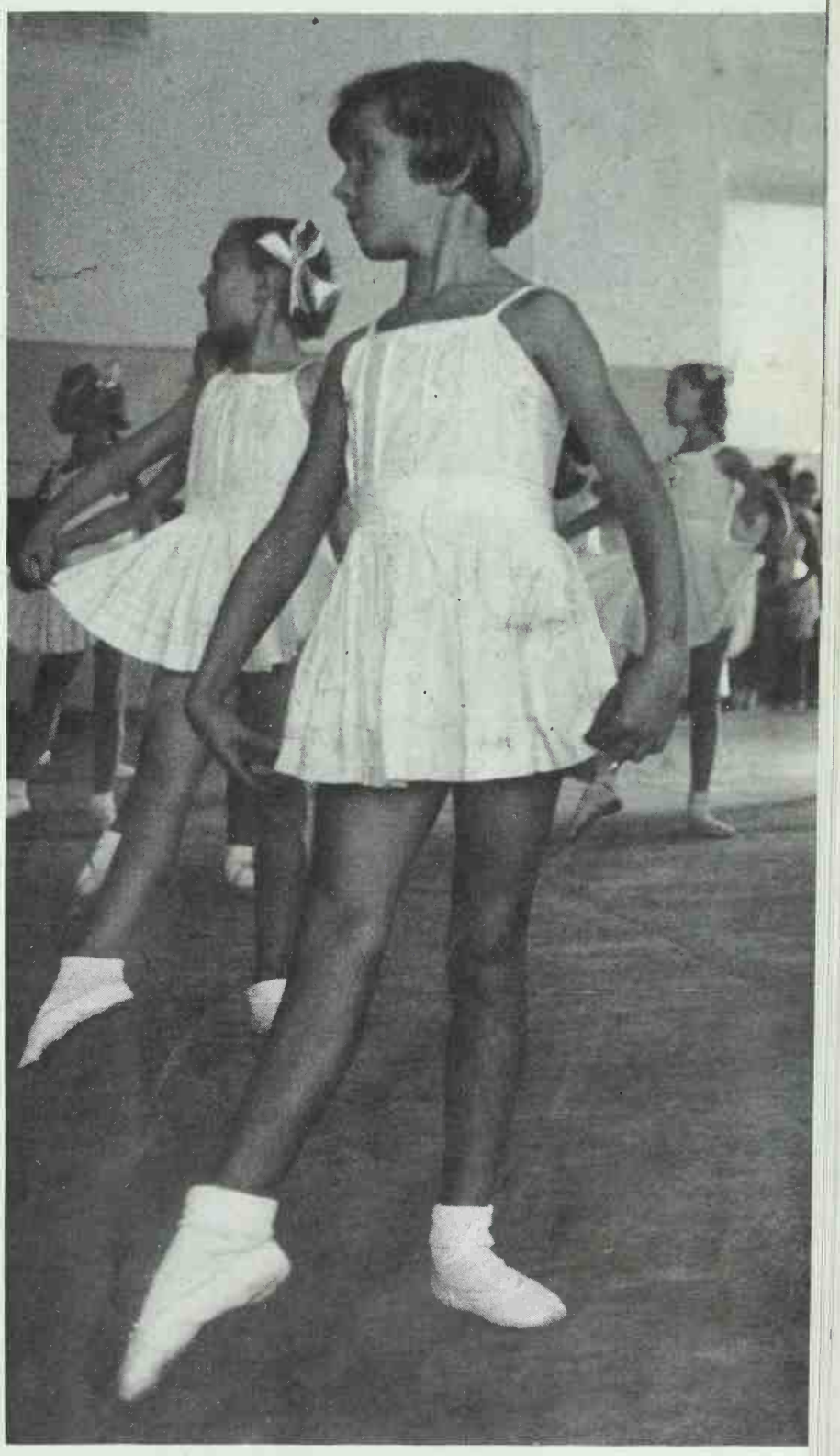
Ballet in the Bolshoi Theater is the best show in Moscow. This is a scene from Cinderella. At the final curtain, the audience cheered and crowded to the stage.

the prima ballerina is its Babe Ruth

full dress. A few, but not a great many, young women wore long dresses when they went dancing, but shortages of materials have, during the past few years, discouraged long dresses.

Everywhere we went we were interested in shops and stores *(see next page)*. As everywhere else in the world, the women are the great shoppers. We watched them buying stockings and using the ancient measure of foot size, the clenched fist and the stocking foot wrapped around it. They bought some hats, but not very many. There aren't very many. Most of the women wear head scarfs, tied under the chin, and it takes a Russian woman just as long, and just as many looks in the mirror, to get the right color and cut in a head scarf as it does an American woman to find just the hat she thinks she wants. So far, the clothing is scarce, and there is not much choice, and the prices are very high, but the stores were crowded with very eager buyers.

In Moscow we went to a fashion show. Buyers from state-owned stores all over the country came, like small-town buyers to a New York garment show. The dresses were neat and utilitarian. They would have caused no commotion in a New York fashion show. The Russian models have not learned the strut, nor the slow languorous turn, nor the floating walk of our models, but otherwise it was about the same.



Children are trained for the ballet almost from the time they are babies. Competition is enormous. These little girls hope to debut in the chorus at fourteen.

At Kiev in the Ukraine we found more gaiety and laughter than in Moscow. Couples danced at a night club on the River Dnieper, and sunned on the beach.

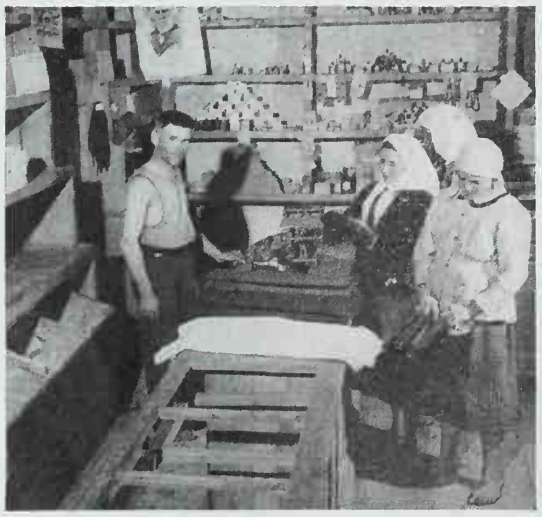




The housewife wants a bargain, in Tiflis as in Pittsburgh. It was late summer when we visited this market, and fresh fruits and greens were plentiful.



A grandmother pauses in Tiflis department store to admire a doll she would like to buy for her grandchild.



In village store on collective farm, women look over new shipment of galoshes. Shelves are quite bare.



Most Soviet women make their own dresses. Patterns and printed cottons are obtainable in the department stores.



Ice cream, lemonade and soda pop are great delicacies to Muscovites. Street stands are busy the year around.



New winter coats, plain in design, are shown in Moscow. Rent is cheap, but clothing is expensive.



Commercial, state-owned food store in Moscow sells delicacies ranging from caviar to wines, but prices are very high.

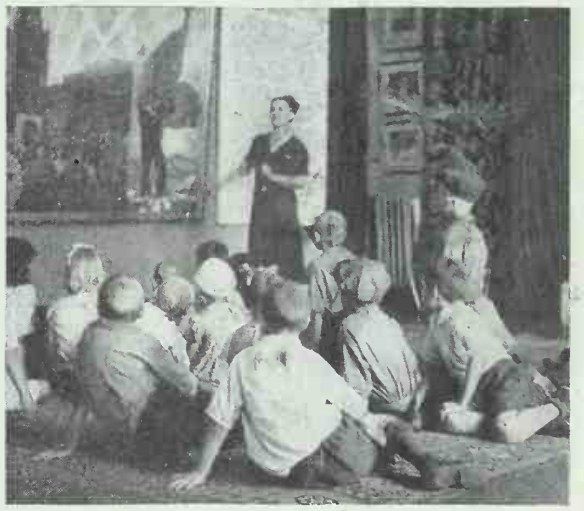
Under the Kremlin wall sits a demobilized Red Army soldier and family. Many war veterans still wear uniforms because these are the only clothes they have.



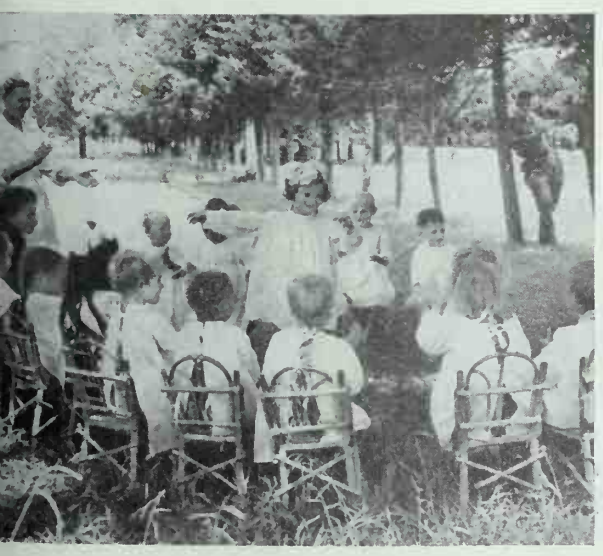
On summer afternoons there are concerts in city park at Kiev. The girl conductor attracted no special attention.



Little girls who study ballet at the Bolshoi Ballet School in Moscow must also take piano lessons.



Every big Soviet city has a Lenin museum, to which school children make frequent trips with their teachers.



War orphans are taken care of by the state in special nurseries. These little children have all lost both parents.



The Russians are fanatical chess players, and these boys in Kiev can hardly play, for all the kibitzers.



High-school geography class. Schools are coeducational and school system is roughly the same as in U.S.



Women reap the harvest on the collective farms, for many men are dead or maimed. They laugh and talk, but seldom pause in their work.

Farm women work from dawn till dusk

So few men are left that peasant girls dance together in their club when day's work is done. "And besides, the men are bashful," one told us.



Harvest is the most important time of the year. Then no one is spared, for the Russians have known hunger, and destruction, and crop failure. In 1947 the harvest was good—better, they said, than any since 1941. The schools were let out. Every person who could walk was in the fields all day long. The women bundled and tied the grain, and fed the threshing machines, and some even drove tractors.

The children picked cucumbers and tomatoes, and followed the rakes, and picked up any stray stalk that had been missed. At the hoppers of the threshing machines, the children were posted to save any grains of wheat or rye that might jump out of the sack, or fall from the canvas ground cloth. And little boys took care of the horses. In the evening, they stripped naked, and rode the horses into the village ponds, and washed them. The village cows and goats were cared for by little boys and girls. Early in the morning, they came in the road, and every farm-



Accordion brought back as a war trophy from Germany plays for dancers in the collective farm's clubhouse. We constantly marveled at the energy of the farm girls who worked in fields all day and would gladly have danced all night

We found this Ukrainian family at their noon meal of borsch, tomatoes, black bread and milk. As always, there are icons and portrait of son lost in war.

ırd added a cow or a couple of goats to the herd. Then they drove the ock to the pasture and watched them all day long, and at evening drove ıem home again. This was done by very little boys and girls, too young help with the heavier work. The farm girls wore skirts and blouses and ean white headcloths, and they worked barefoot in the fields.

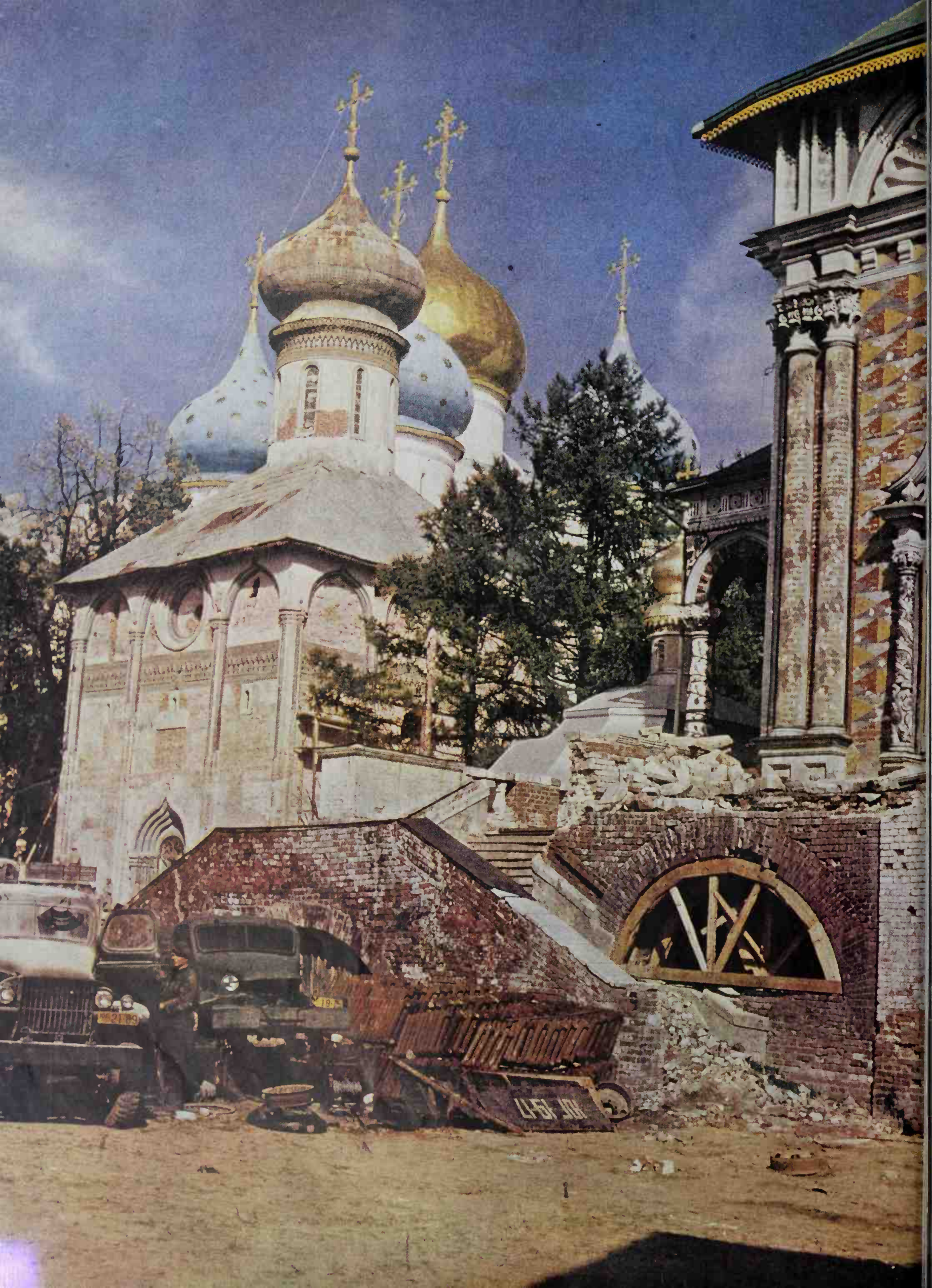
We stayed on a farm near Kiev, in the Ukraine, where the mother of the mily was a locally famous cook. Her high clay oven glowed with fire. She aked delicious black bread, and her Ukrainian borsch was the best we have er tasted. Also, she had the universal self-deprecation of all cooks. Her ven had been too hot for the bread, she said. She thought the borsch sted a little burned. Nothing was as good as it might have been.

The farm women did not sit at the table with the men, but when any ast was called, they came in, and took their vodka glasses, and joined in ıe toast. On the farms we visited, the women ran the house, did the cook-g, took care of the chickens, pigs, goats and cows, and in most cases they wned the animals. They traded, and bought and sold. They took honey ıd eggs and milk to the market for sale, and bought dress goods, and ombs, and luxury foods, and spices. We saw farm girls work all day in the elds, and come home, eat, rest for an hour, bathe, put on clean clothes and to their clubs to dance violently until one o'clock in the morning. We do ot know when they slept.

The old mother (her sons of military age had all been killed) laid our eds in the straw of the barn. She had a face like all the kind old grand-ıothers in the world, and she had killed two Germans with a pitchfork.



The little girl goose tender is frightened by our cameras.



The bearded patriarch of Tiflis stands among his communicants. We found the churches crowded, not only with women but also with men and children.

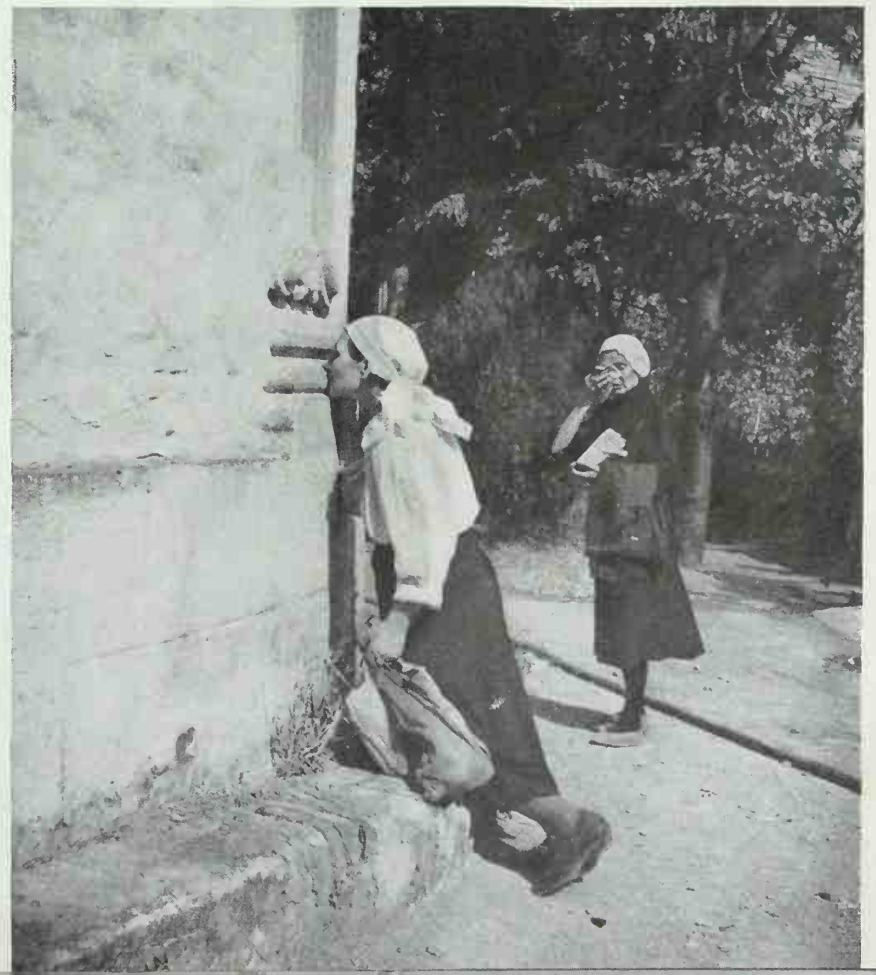
The ancient church is far from dead

One question we are invariably asked concerns religion and the restriction of worship. We do not know what antireligious pressures there are, but we saw no evidence of them. We visited many farmhouses, and in practically every one there was a corner of the living room which had its icon (holy picture), usually with a perpetual light under it, and canopied with a piece of homemade lace or of embroidery. This was in at least ninety per cent of the homes we visited. It was more general than the family Bible in a farmhouse in the Middle West. Furthermore, the greetings of the farmers were the old greetings: "May God go with you! May you be blessed!"

We visited many churches and some of the ancient shrines, of which there are very many in Russia. We had heard that only a few old women attended service. We found the churches crowded with men, women and children. We heard the great choirs of young voices. And we watched people climbing steep hills to the ancient shrines on feast days, as they always have done.

Antireligious pressure there may be, but the churches are better filled than many of ours, and the communicants are by no means only old people. Now the church must be supported by free contributions from members, as our churches are, whereas under the Czar the church was supported by the public treasury. Also, the present church is not permitted to engage in politics.

At Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, there is an old cathedral on the hillside. On the cornerstone is the faint imprint of the cross, which the faithful come quietly to kiss.



s still live in this monastery, now being repaired with Lend-Lease trucks.

In Stalingrad, women rebuild from under-the-ground up



Barefoot women bricklayers build a new school overlooking the Volga.



At Stalingrad lie rusting ruins of battle that stopped the Nazis.

Stalingrad was a large city, and it had apartment houses and many flats, and now has none except the new ones on the outskirts, and its population has to live someplace. It lives in the cellars of the buildings where the apartments once were.

Now the rebuilders work in the following sequence—first, shelter; and second, schools. We saw classes and kindergartens operating in the open, under trees, while the schools were being rebuilt near by.

Queues are everywhere, waiting for busses and trains, for bread, for stockings, for everything. But there is an invariable rule: pregnant women, women with small children, and hurt people do not stand in line. They go to the head and room is made for them. In busses, seats are set aside for them. The Moscow subways have special cars for them. It is part of the passionate regard of the Russians for children and the mothers who bear them.

The best of everything, at least in the places we visited, was reserved for the children. If there was little milk, the children got what there was. In a clothing shortage, the warm coats and caps went to children. There aren't many amusements, but of those that do exist the greater part are for children. There is a permanent circus in every city, with clowns that are invariably American now. We saw a clown in Kiev dressed as a rich Chicago woman, and the Russian idea of what a rich Chicago woman looks like is wonderful. The parks have puppet shows, and swings, and teeters, and organized games. Many cities have small real railroads, run by children, and operated for children. At Batum, there is a little ship, perfect in every detail, commanded by a thirteen-year-old boy, and operated by his crew of little boys. And all of them got their positions through competition.

We noticed, though, in the children of the destroyed areas, a haunted sadness in the eyes, and smiles that come very reluctantly. Many of these children have lived a hundred years of tragedy when they should have been in grade school.

Stalingrad railroad station (below), like most buildings in center of city, was fully destroyed. Meanwhile portraits of Stalin and members of Central Committee of Communist Party hide the ruins. Below, center: kids play in the yard, still strewn with rubble of war, of first apartment houses to be rebuilt.





A family returns by ferry to Stalingrad from the east bank of the Volga. Life on the river is rich. It reminded us of the Mississippi of Mark Twain.

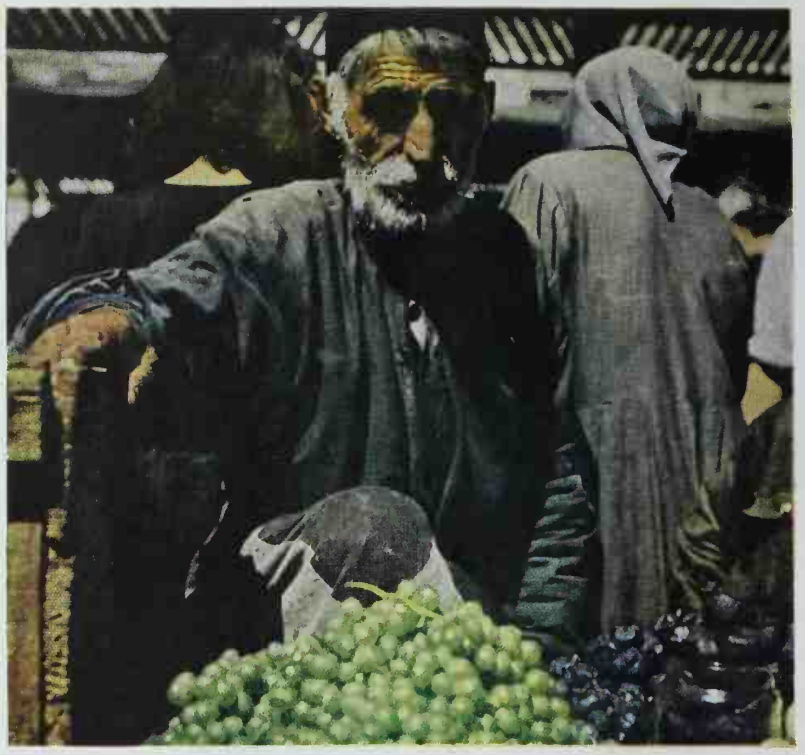
This Stalingrad housewife, hanging out her laundry in the sun, is one of many we saw who continue to live right on in the caves they have construeted of what once were houses. We were amazed not only that they could survive such conditions, but that they also remained feminine, managing to look neat and fresh.







Children swim and play with naked unconcern in the river which winds beneath sandstone cliffs. Above sits the city of Tiflis, capital of the Republic of Georgia.



This old peasant, selling grapes in the public market at Tiflis, posed with pleasure. Georgians are famous for their longevity, and Stalin is a Georgian.

On the Russian horizon is hope

More and more we came to realize how much the Russian people live on hope: hope that tomorrow will be better than today. Over and over it is said: "Next year it will be better, and the next year better still. In the future we will have a good life."

We do not know whether this will be true or not, but we are convinced that the Russians believe it beyond dispute. And a large part of their hope in the future lies in the children.

We went one day to a field where women and children were harvesting cucumbers. A little boy named Grischa ran to his mother and cried with wonder, "But these Americans are people just like us!"

There it is. The women we met were poor, industrious and hospitable. They did not live so well as we do, and they work very hard. Their hopes are not foreign to us. They want to raise fine children and to educate them. They want to live a better and more comfortable life. They work incredibly hard to that end.



In a field of cucumbers, we found this boy named Grischa, wearing a hat of marsh grass. He cried: "But these Americans are people just like us!"

On the fenceless plains of the Ukraine we found children, cows—and mud.



A light in the window

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

CONCLUSION

ONE afternoon in the fall of 1941 Peggy made a small informal afternoon debut. She was a tall girl, taller than Ricky, and she looked very pretty that day, standing beside her mother in her pale blue dress, her hair cut to shoulder length, her cheeks flushed with excitement.

"You remember Peggy, don't you, Mrs. Robbins?"

"I certainly do. But she's a young lady now. Good gracious, how time flies! How are you, my dear?"

Jeff had got leave for the party, and Courtney was proud of his family that day. Proud of his house, his wife, his children. He moved around shaking hands, seeing the champagne was being passed, and keeping an eye on the hired butlers.

The champagne was Matthew's contribution, but Matthew himself did not come. He was not well, and at his age crowds tired him. He sent instead a gold bracelet hung with minute gold toys. "With love from your grandfather," he wrote in his shaky old hand.

He was having lunch at Courtney's the day of Pearl Harbor. Peggy was out somewhere, and they were having coffee in the drawing room when the news came. Pete Stafford was there on a brief leave, and it was Pete who turned on the radio. An announcer was talking rapidly. The raid was a fact. No one knew yet the amount of damage, but it was considerable. The Japanese ——

No one stirred. Ricky was very pale. She had given one glance at Court, then she was staring again at the radio, as a man in the electric chair might wait for the switch to be thrown.

Pete got up, unfolding his big body slowly. "Well, I guess this is it. I'd better be on my way." He gave them a sort of salute and was gone.

Court went over to Ricky and put his arms around her.

"It's war, isn't it?" she said.

"I'm afraid so, darling."

"Then Jeff ——"

"It's his job, Ricky."

Late in the afternoon an excited Peggy arrived. She burst in on them like a hurricane. "I've just heard it. What price a girl in this war? I'm not going to sit it out, that's sure."

"We'll need you here," said Court.

"Someplace else may need me more," she said.

Little by little during the following months Matthew felt the foundations of his life giving way. Not only Jeff, happily training now for actual combat. One by one the younger men in the office drifted away. Anne Lockwood's oldest son went. So did George Mather's boy. Watching Courtney, he realized how difficult it was to carry on the business, with his associate editors all gone, and even the salesmen.

Now and then he heard from Roberta. The blitz was over, but bombs were still falling. Her letters, however, were calm. She was working in a canteen. Sheila was well, but working too hard. It was a relief to know America was in, and he was to give her address to Jeff in case he got to London. Nothing about the shortages of everything, or the exhausted people, or the ruins everywhere. But she did ask for shoes, for both of them.

Courtney was very busy. He had helped to form the Council on Books in Wartime, an agency to act as a liaison between the Government and publishers. All the publishers belonged to it, for according to the Government, books were weapons. The days were too short for what he had to do. Now when he came home late he would undress carefully, not to waken Ricky, and sleep in his dressing room.

He seldom thought of young Otto, but one day he read about the Germans making another air attack on London, and he asked Adele about the photograph.

"Ever come across it?" he inquired.

"No, I haven't, Mr. Wayne. Is it—was it—important?"

"I don't understand what happened to it, that's all."

He had no idea she would worry about it, or that she would translate her anxiety into action, that *(Continued on Page 78)*

★ *The complete novel, A Light in the Window, is soon to be published by Rinehart & Co., Inc., New York.*



For a moment she felt left out.

Then Jeff called to her, "Hello, beautiful, come and kiss the family hero!"

SUN FASHIONS

Suit going south, or for spring or summer travel. Lightweight tweed with longer skirt and shorter jacket, by Monte Santo.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



Coast-to-coast dress of pure silk Shantung by Larry Aldrich; Paisley bandeau and bag by Florence Marsha.

DAVID EVINS' LINEN PUMPS

HERE TO STAY

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

Here are the Southern clothes. They are especially important to every woman this year because they crystallize the great changes of fashion, and give you a picture of what summer will be . . .

The big full skirt that caught on so quickly in the fall holds its popularity with the young and slim. You may wear it with a soft-shouldered blouse or a short tight jacket, or a shawl. Or you may think—quite rightly—that this particular fashion trend is not for you. It has its alternative in the long beltless jersey overblouse with a flat pleated skirt that gives you the long slim line American women have always loved. Also long and slim—the princess silhouette, the sheath dress, and the long circular skirt that falls slimly over the hipline.

Resort jersey in white: a little wardrobe including full skirt an bolero jacket over a strapless brown bathing suit by Claire McCardel

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ENGSTEA



California's beloved white greatcoat with new flare; to wear day or night over white or color.

RUSSET CALFSKIN BAG BY VAN S.



petticoat, scarf for head or shoulders, by Claire McCardell.

POUND-OF-GOLD BANGLE BRACELETS BY GEORGE HEADLEY

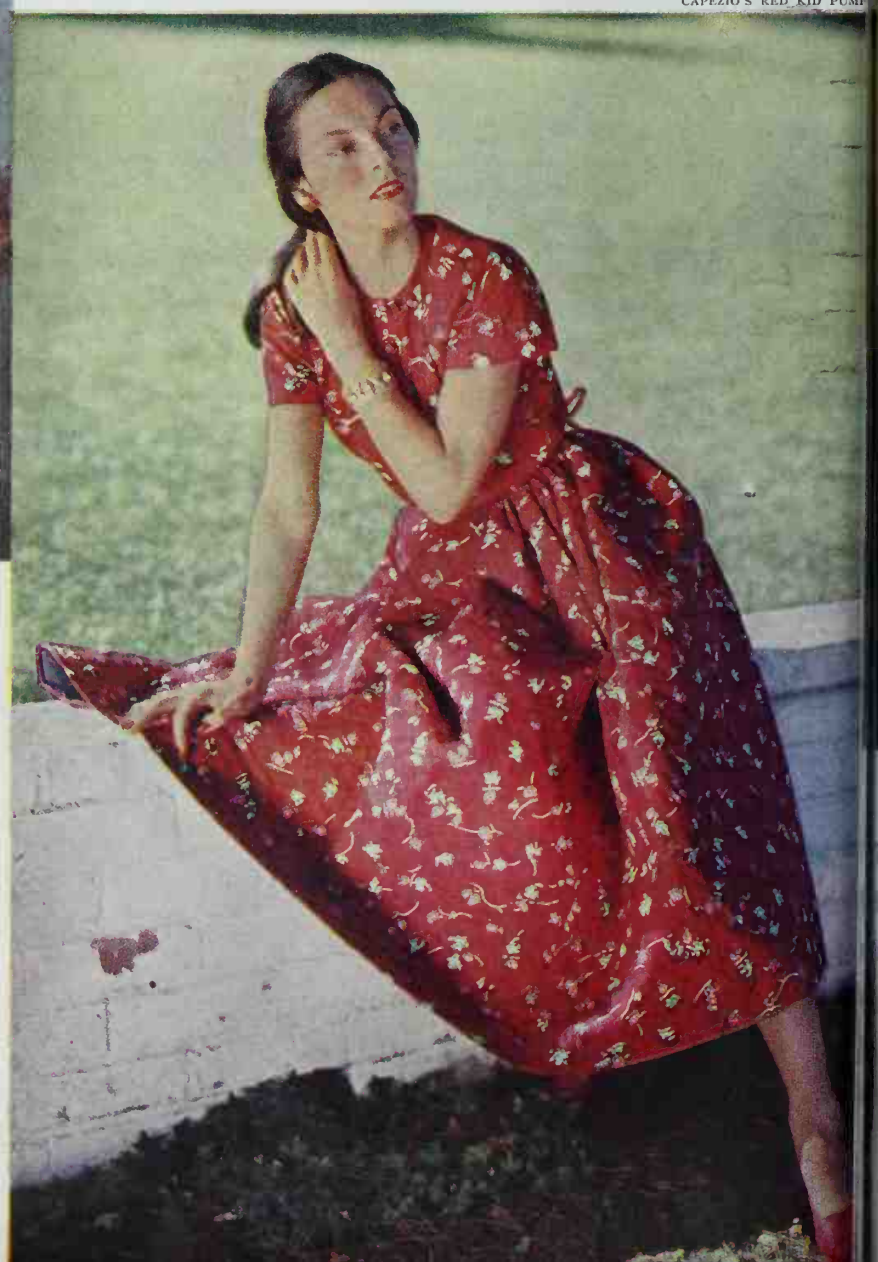
White piqué sun dress with a short bolero that takes it to lunch, and the gayest possible scarf. A Dorothy Cox design.





The beach or country dress with the full dirndl skirt i quilted printed cotton with a cover-up top by Dorothy Cox

CAPEZIO'S RED KID PUM



SUN FASHIONS HERE TO STAY

Your beloved Shantung and linen come again, sometimes cut on new lines, sometimes almost classic. Your bathing suit may be jersey or cotton, your play dress a Paisley or a dark piqué. The shorter jacket is news in suits, well liked because it looks young. Skirt lengths, no longer controversial, are right from 12 to 14 inches, a few from 10 to 12. Your most important accessory is your shoe—preferably a pump, often in color, newest a natural linen.

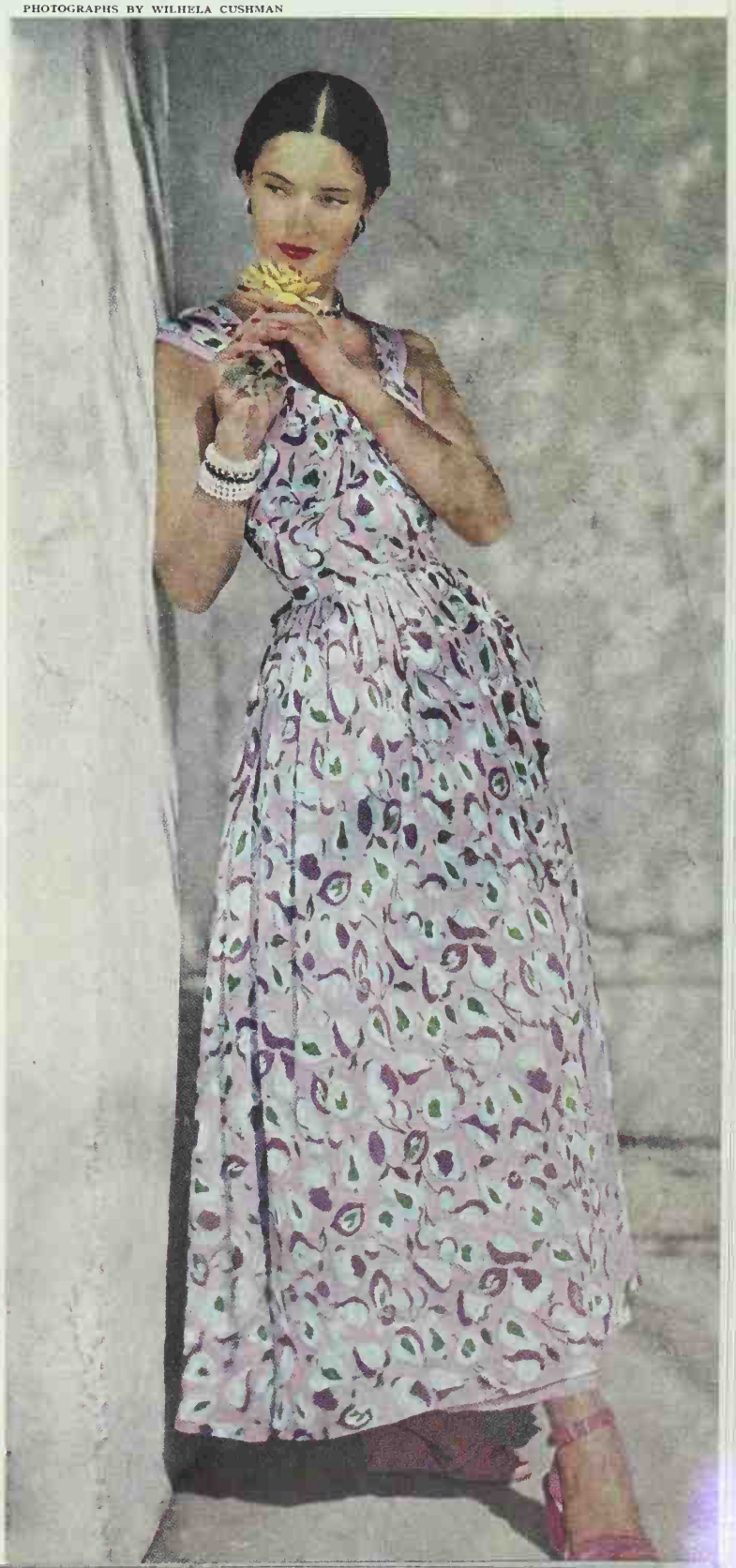
eeveless beige crepe sheath dress by Joset Walker. Kenneth Hopkins' rtwheel hat. Headley's gold link necklace strung with pearls.





Corded cotton in bana beige by Claire McCarde Orange and black, the acce

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



hite and beige chart well for a '48 wardrobe, south- or summer-bound. oth can be used as basic background colors with deep bright shades for ccent—in a sash, a scarf, a string of cut-glass beads or a shoe. Electric reen, sapphire blue and orange are for bright-color lovers, water-color astels for those who prefer the softer tones. Of these, the mauves, the inks and the purples are loveliest for evening, often seen in printed silk.

The petticoat dress for evening: pure silk pink-and-purple print over two full petticoats in organdy, by Adele Simpson.
ANKLE-STRAP PURPLE SANDALS BY MACKEY

Patchwork skirt, out of the scrap bag or cotton remnants. By Tina Leser. Your pattern, 2425.



UB- DEB JOURNAL ORIGINALS



Bigger bows: 4-inch taffeta ribbon.

YOUNG THINGS FOR YOUNG THINGS TO MAKE

Fashion is the catchingest thing. Every time you turn your head you see another of those new swoopy skirts, or a petticoat, or a dreamy sweater, or a new way to tie a bow. And life becomes just one wish-I-had after another. . . . If you can wield the needle, or the knitting needle, you can catch a fashion overnight. You can turn a wish into something to wear—with no high-finance worries. These JOURNAL patterns start you off with a lot of ideas—sweet sixteen of them.



ster Brown look. Make the jersey shirt, 2422; tie a bow h a silk scarf. Gretta Plattry's corduroy skirt, 2423.



rduroy bag and belt by Rowland Hughes, 2424.



Green piqué jumper, looking new, by Carolyn Schnurer, 2426.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN DRAWINGS BY JA



Strapless sweater by Beattie, 2432. Petticoats: calico by Tina Leser, 2433; taffeta with pleats, 2434.

Piqué—prettiest sash of spring.

tube hat in white piqué by Elizabeth
ks; matching piqué shoulder cape, 2429.







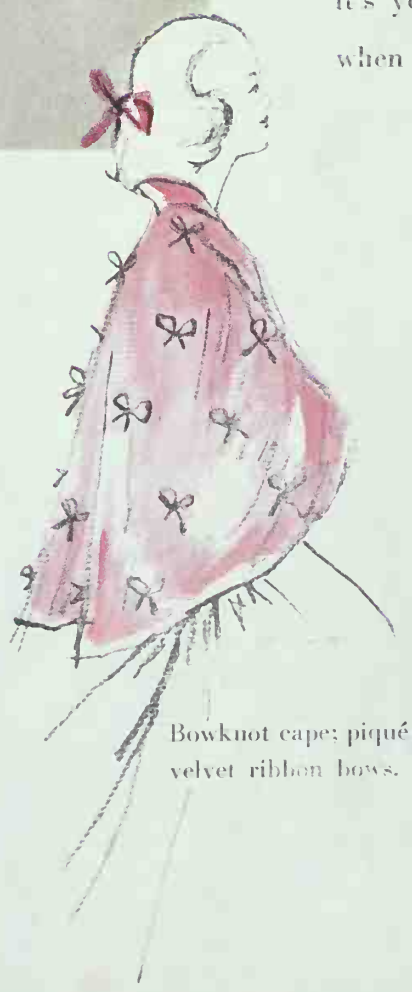


While you're doing it, take "just five minutes more" and do it really well. Tying a pretty bow is an art. You can learn it. Getting the right skirt length takes a good eye. You have it. And the "finish" is even more important than the start—the fine seam, the neat hem, the final press. If it's your first Journal Original, it will be even more fun when you say, "I made it myself."

BY CYNTHIA McADOO AND MARY JEAN STRAIN



ain belt, matching spring muff, 2430.



Bowknot cape: piqué with velvet ribbon bows, 2431.

skirt, taffeta or cotton, 2428: shirt
or jersey, by Carolyn Schnurer, 2427.

Knit a pair: beloved cardigan, 2435, and slipover of new wool-and-rabbits'-hair yarn, 2436.



All accessory patterns, 10¢. All other patterns, 25¢. Turn to page 215 for sizes and directions for ordering the patterns from the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal.

Maria, the Temperamental Ouija

SHE NEEDED TO BE SPANKED; BUT HOW? ★ BY HELEN PEARSON

OF course the telephone strike is an old story now. Everyone has forgotten about it, almost. But if it hadn't been for it, I should never have talked to the old woman and I should never have heard of Maria, the temperamental Mexican spirit. Perhaps it would have been just as well.

Now our town is fairly small, about fifteen thousand or so, and when we lift the receivers on our phones, the operator says, "Number, please?" That is, that's what she's supposed to say. During the strike, a recorded message made by a very tired-sounding male told us that we could make only emergency calls.

Since stories about pink and blue showers and study clubs unfortunately are not emergency calls, I, Laura Hastings, the Herald's society editor, was practically on a vacation. That is, I wrote all the stories people brought or mailed in to me, and between times, to keep myself from dying of boredom—and incidentally, to keep the boss thinking I was worth my pay check—I waited on the people at the counter.

It was Monday afternoon, I remember, and Frank Hedges, one of the other reporters, and I were killing time until the presses started to roll. The classified-ad woman was a widow and was hoping to make one of the boys in the shop Husband No. 2, so she was back there. I had got tired of Frank's teasing and had gone up to the counter. That's how I happened to meet her.

She was a shy little thing and rather dowdy with a gray-tweed coat and a faded scarf over her hair. She didn't come directly to the counter, but stood patiently waiting while I assured an impatient mob that the paper would be out at three and that I positively could not tell them whether there were any apartments listed until then. Finally it dawned on me that she had been there longer than any of the others.

Ignoring the bolder ones, I said to her in my most business-like voice, "Can I help you?"

"I want to talk to a news reporter," she replied.

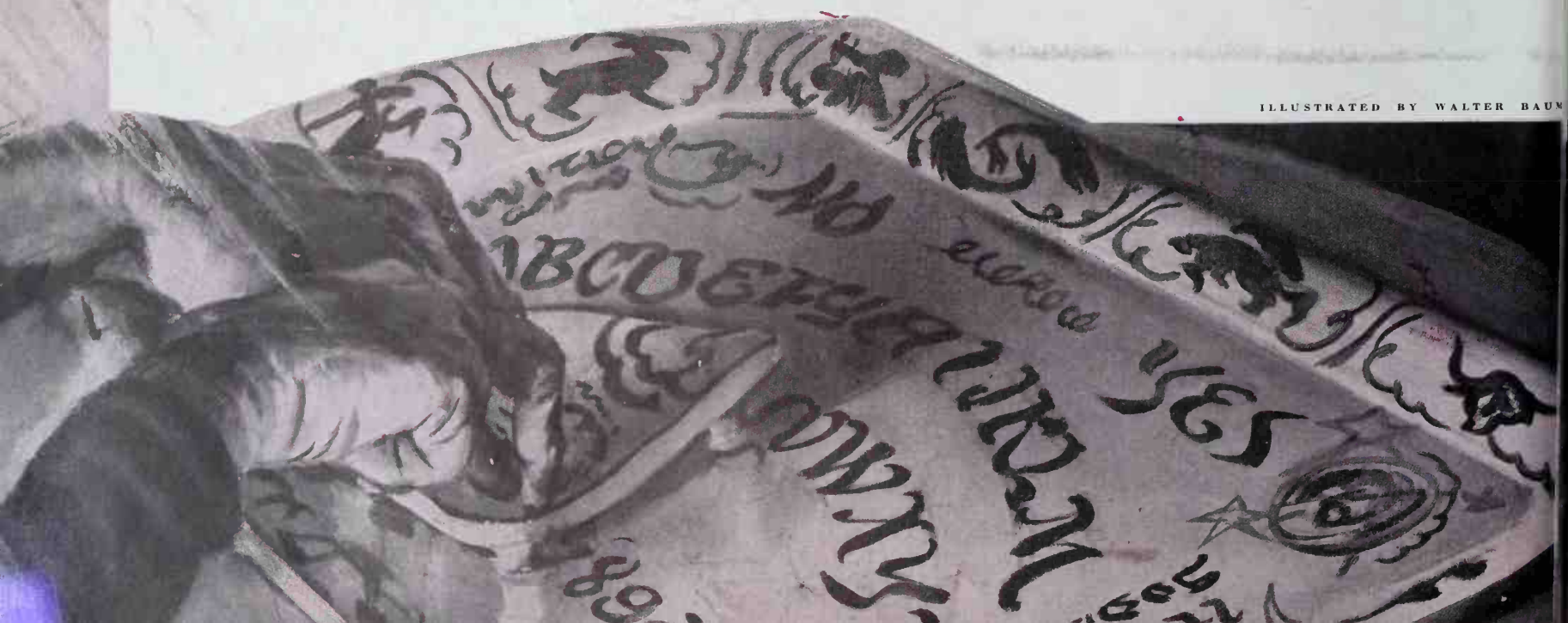
"Society or news?" I asked.

"Well ——" She was undecided. "I just wanted to tell you all that the mill is going to burn down tonight."

I stared at her a moment. What on earth was I to do with her? She was crazy, of course. But if I insulted her, she might get mad and murder me or something.

I excused myself and went over to my desk, which is side by side with Frank's. He was rearranging the articles in his desk drawers. As rapidly as possible, I told him what the woman had said to me.

He whistled softly, but with expression. "I'll go and talk to her. You tell the operator it's important and call the police. Ask for the chief personally. She may be a firebug. Some of them like publicity, you know." *(Continued on Page 185)*



ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BAUM



"SHE SAYS MARGUERITE FLANDERS IS ELOPING WITH A SAILOR NAMED HENRY."

If You Ask Me

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Would you tell me what books and authors your illustrious husband most frequently mentioned as having influenced his vision and action?

I am afraid he never mentioned books in this connection. He always talked of Mahan's Naval History as having been one of the books which he found most illuminating when he read it. He liked historical biographies primarily, and read very widely.

He had a very catholic interest in many subjects, and of course read a great deal of history, though I do not remember hearing him say at any time that particular writings or particular books had influenced his point of view. I should say that Woodrow Wilson had a great influence upon him, and Theodore Roosevelt, partly in their writings and much as individuals. My husband frequently talked about them, but not as inspirations.

I am program leader in the women's society of our church. We have read in the papers recently of billions of dollars in food and other supplies found in the storage houses of Greece withheld from the needy while thousands of children have died from malnutrition. What, if anything, can American churchwomen do (other than writing our congressmen) to see that the food sent to the war-torn countries reaches those for whom it is intended?

As to the first part of your statement, I made inquiries to try to find out as nearly as possible what the truth might be. I find that the supplies referred to were, in all probability, UNRRA material, and I am told that officials of this Government were aware, before the arrival in Greece of the American Mission for Aid to Greece, of the existence on the docks and in warehouses of a certain amount of equipment and supplies from UNRRA, consisting mainly of machinery and heavy equipment and also including such items as medical supplies.

The Greek government had no means of transporting machinery and equipment, and lacked the funds to furnish its use in an improvement program for transportation and distribution for use in public works, and so on. This situation was, of course, an important factor in restricting the transportation to vital areas. In some instances machinery could not be used because of the lack of essential parts. However, plans are now being formulated by officials and members of the American Mission for the effective use of material in the reorganization of Greek economy. The U. S. Mission is to assist the Greek government to use effectively the medical supplies and other goods.

I had also heard that food had not been equally distributed and that little or none had reached the outlying areas, partly because of the fact that transportation was not available and partly because there was no real desire on the part of the Greek government to feed the population which might be opposed to them. I wish all Americans, men and women alike, would not only write to their congressmen but would see that the President and the Secretary of State are aware of their concern that people should be given food and medical supplies on a basis of need.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

The United World Federalists are trying to get Congress to have our representatives in the United Nations introduce a proposal to call a convention to amend the United Nations Charter and make the United Nations into a federal world government with limited powers adequate to prevent war. What is your stand with regard to the formation of a world government of this type?

I think we had better work within the United Nations and, through working, discover what is successful and what is not, and make the corrections that are needed in the Charter or in the rules of procedure, according to our practical experience. We may come in time to a world government, but we are not yet prepared for it and too much haste would, I think, be extremely harmful.

REPRODUCED COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"You'll die when I tell you what I heard about—oh, dear, Estelle, I almost forgot you were here."

I need to discipline my speech and don't know exactly how to go about it. I often say something quite innocently that offends the person with whom I am talking. For instance, I mentioned someone's being fat to a fat lady. My face was as red as hers when I realized what I had done. I am thirty-nine years old and feel that I should have been able to overcome this fault long ago. What would you suggest?

I haven't any idea, my dear lady. Many of us say thoughtless things, but if they are not meant unkindly they will not be taken seriously by those to whom they are said. I think the only thing you can do is to practice thoughtfulness, and then perhaps you will speak more slowly and think first. As a matter of fact, it is really impossible never to say things which come naturally into the conversation, even if they do seem to allude to some individual in the group.

How can the average American woman be expected to believe that women of European countries, such as France, have little or no clothing when Paris designers decree that dresses must be far longer and far fuller? This also means far, far more expensive. An average woman who tries to keep up with the styles this year is not going to have much money left for relief drives. In your opinion, what is an ordinary woman to do?

The ordinary woman, in my opinion, should have common sense. If she likes a new style and can afford to have it, she should indulge herself in it. If she cannot afford it, or does not like it, then she should not. Being a slave to style has always seemed to me quite idiotic, though I think it is fun for young people who have the time and money to think more about clothes and looks than do the older women.

As a matter of fact, I think you will find the women of France are indulging very little in the new designs from the big dressmakers who send their designs over here. Most of the Frenchwomen, and I have known many of them, use little dressmakers and great economy and still manage to look smart and never extreme. It is only those who make it a habit to be fashionable and get themselves mentioned in the papers who really wear the latest French styles.

Why should a citizen of this country who is a member of the Communist Party claim, because of free speech, more power to work against his country than if he were a communist living in Russia?

I do not think that a communist living in this country has any more opportunity to work against our Government than the rest of us have to work for it. We can talk just as well as a communist can talk, and if we let him get away with talking more, we are to blame. A communist living in Russia is, of course, more effective because he talks about something which everyone around him knows exists and believes in. A communist talking in this country is talking to a receptive audience only when we have failed to make democracy work. I believe in free speech, and I am not really afraid that our people cannot be trusted to see the disadvantages of communism as long as we perfect the democratic processes at home.

My husband and I had words over putting flowers on his first wife's grave on her birthday, Memorial Day and Christmas Day. I don't think it necessary after we have been married two years and she has been gone four years. What is your opinion?

My opinion is that you would do well to read Maeterlinck's Blue Bird and then perhaps instead of being resentful about your husband's first wife, you would be the one to remind him. After all, if you love him you will be glad that he had happiness with his former wife; and you will not want him to forget her, because in remembering her he is paying you a very high tribute. You have given him a new happiness and will build your life with him so that in the future whichever one of you is left alone for a time on earth will have happy memories, which will make you want to do the little outward things, such as placing flowers on a grave, just as a sign that there is something that lives on in human relationships and that cannot be wiped out by death.

THE ABC'S OF PUBLIC EDUCATION

Support of the schools is an investment in the people, of, by and for the people. ★ **BY JOHN W. STUDEBAKER**
U. S. Commissioner of Education

EVERY winter weekday some 28,000,000 children dawdle through their dressing, gobble their breakfasts and head for school. One in twenty-five goes to a one-room schoolhouse where a young woman—who will probably soon give up teaching—is teacher, nurse, cook and janitor. Approximately one in fifteen goes to a school considered unsafe, or planned as a temporary structure. Approximately one in ten goes to a private school—probably a parochial school. More than half study under teachers paid less than many unskilled laborers receive for their efforts. And about one in ten of the grade-school children will drop out before the sixth grade. Three in ten will not complete high school. Only one in seven will go on to college.

These are a handful of America's educational averages.

Today's educational problems are the greatest our country has ever faced. Unless we solve them, it is a proved fact that we can expect our prosperity to decline, our crime rate to rise, and our proud democracy to tremble. It is easy to say that the war, the teacher shortage, the apathy of many communities, political chicanery or lack of money is to blame. But no one of these provides an answer; all in their own way are *results*—not causes.

Let us leave captious glibness to our foreign critics—like the Canadian who remarked that the United States is "substituting the *little read* schoolteacher for the little red schoolhouse." Let us dig in and find out how we who preen ourselves on our public education, our high standards of culture for all, our know-how, our democracy, have neglected education so much that headline writers dare say that our schools have rapidly deteriorated. Let us see, too, *why* we need public education, *what* our educational needs are, *how* our schools are set up and *wherein they are failing and succeeding* before we determine our manner of support.

Early in our history, when the newly established America was struggling to break away from European ideas of education and establish education for the people, by the people, Thaddeus Stevens, a Vermonter, was asked by an aristocrat who sent his children to private schools why one should be called upon to support public schools when he had no intention of using them. Mr. Stevens replied suavely, "I trust it is not your intention to use the public jails you support either?" With this thought—that the public schools are the concern not only of parents, but of all citizens of our society—let us first take up the question of *why* we need education.

A healthy public-school system means a healthy nation—and it also means a wealthy one.

Great resources avail us little if we are not educated to utilize them. Many studies, including the notable one by the United States Chamber of Commerce, entitled Education, an Investment in People, have made clear that some countries—and even some of our states—rich in fertile land and other resources but with low standards of education, have low per-capita assets. On the other hand, some countries, handicapped by relatively poor natural resources but with good systems of education, have known how to develop and conserve their resources and establish a relatively high standard of living.

It was no coincidence that the great growth of our country occurred during the same years that education saw its greatest period of growth. Just as from 1801 to 1931 the wages of American workingmen increased by over 1300 per cent, so, during the same years, did education increase from an average of 82 days of schooling per person to an average of over 1400 days—an increase of 1600 per cent. And it is important to note that the increase in education preceded the increase in prosperity; that the profits from wider educational facilities for more people were to be reaped only *after* the seeds of knowledge had been sown.

As I have indicated, what is true for countries is true, too, of our states.

Those states with the lowest teachers' salaries are also on the bottom of the list of per-capita income. One may twist this to say that because the state's income is low, the pay of the teachers is low—but it is certain fact that so long as state, or city, or county invests little in knowledge, it can expect little in prosperity.

Its citizens will desert it for better educational opportunities elsewhere; its electorate will be apathetic and willing victims to demagoguery; its native businesses will fail; its resources will lie only partially used—or will be exploited by others for others. This is the condition of some of the states already; others are heading in this direction. It behooves all of us to interest ourselves in the welfare of not only our own neighborhoods' education, but that of the nation as a whole, if we truly desire prosperity and security.

And what of the individual himself? How closely is his prosperity related to his education? The psychological assets of education are intangible, but the material assets are more easily assessed. A survey published in 1943 estimated that the average life earnings of a grammar-school graduate are $45,000; of a high-school graduate, $78,000; of a college graduate, $150,000.

Today, in terms of production and income in this period of educational decline, we are still reaping the profits *(Continued on Page 98)*



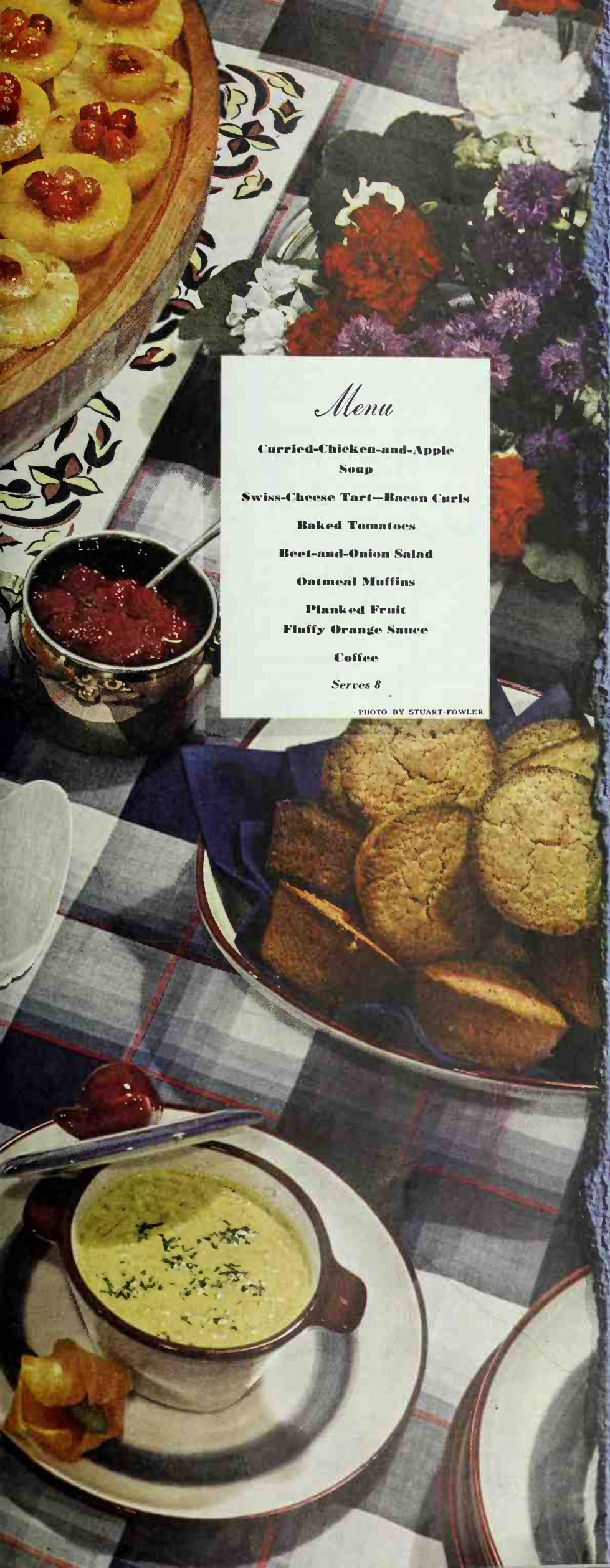


PHOTO BY STUART-FOWLER

February Fare

BY ANN BATCHELDER

Simple things can be nice. *Very* nice too. Cooked up for a February meal, just so you won't forget that, the holidays being over, not all the best has been had. There's always more coming up. Such as:

CURRIED-CHICKEN-AND-APPLE SOUP **Peel and core some apples and grate enough on the coarse side of the grater to make 2 cups. Add to 6 cups chicken broth or strained canned chicken soup. Season with 1 medium-sized onion, grated, ⅓ teaspoon curry powder, and salt and pepper to taste. Cook until the apple is tender. Add ⅓ cup cream. Heat now in the double boiler. Serve with a little chopped water cress in each soup cup. You may make this ahead. It won't go back on you.**

What you can't do with cheese! I get a new slant on that every day. Cheese on soup, or even cheese soup; cheese on fruit, on pie, *in* pie; on vegetables—and you name the rest. I ate a new kind of cheesecake in town the other day. Just disappeared like magic—and like magic I tried all my well-known blandishments to find out *how*. All the chef would do was smile and say, "If I geeve heem to you, you will put heem in—what-you-say?—ladies' paper . . . and all will know and where do that leef me?" It's hopeless. Well, this isn't a cheesecake. It's third cousin to a *pizza*. And, hot or cold, a good thing to put in your album.

CHEESE TART **Line a 9-inch pie plate with good pastry. Crimp the edge. Grate 1 pound Swiss cheese. Beat 5 eggs. Add 2½ cups light cream and add the**

(Continued on Page 202)

Line a Day

1 You remember the book THE LATE GEORGE APLEY, later a smash-hit on stage and screen. Now you may meet more Apleys, male and female, in Cleveland Amory's book, THE PROPER BOSTONIANS. I predict a return to the batwing collar and the Ascot tie.

2 Speaking of Boston, it comes naturally to think of codfish cakes, baked beans and its other contributions to national good eating. This is a good time of the year to go for such things.

3 Try mincing some oysters, seasoning them with lemon, salt and pepper; mix with soft bread crumbs and a beaten egg. Make them into small cakes and fry in the frying pan. Chili or catchup is about right with these.

4 Almonds and filberts are best toasted in 2 or 3 tablespoons of salad oil, doing them over low heat and keeping them moving. *Watch* that they don't get as brown as a seal. Drain and salt them while they're hot.

5 Make some turkey or chicken croquettes. When the mixture is cool and ready to shape, press into the center of each a fresh raw oyster. Season highly. Sprinkle the oyster with lemon juice. Roll the croquettes in *very* fine crumbs, then dip each croquette in beaten egg, again roll in crumbs, sealing tight, and fry in hot deep fat. Drain well and dust with salt and pepper. Serve with rich cream sauce or tomato.

6 Fish fillets with almonds come to mind, because the other day I had fillet of pompano, the incomparable, done this way—flounder can pinch-hit here: Sauté the fillets carefully in salad oil, until done. Now sauté a good cup of slivered, blanched nuts and, having them this side of brown, cover the fillets and serve with lemon butter.

7 Whoever thought up smoked *popcorn* was good. (We used to watch to see it *didn't* smoke.) For parties it's quite the thing. Comes in half-gallon tins, crisp as Aunt Ida's bonnet strings.

8 *News item:* For the spaghetti lovers there's not only good canned spaghetti in sauce, but there's a variety of spaghetti sauces. Not the old Junction House bottle-on-the-table kind, but the real thing, pure Italian.

9 These sauces are marvelous on eggs, eggplant, fish. And with the spaghetti, don't forget a big, but *very* big, spoon of Parmesan cheese.

10 Next time you have some liquid left from a can of vegetables, don't discard it. Use it to thin condensed soups—adds flavor and vitamins!

11 If you've eaten soft-shell crabs away from home and long to serve some at your own table, cleaned, ready-to-fry pairs come in cans. A batter receipt comes on the can. No fuss, no bother.

12 Bread getting stale? Don't waste it. Trim, fry or toast slices and butter on one side. Cover with slices of crisp bacon, slices of seasoned tomato, and broil until tomatoes are tender. Cover the slices with your finest rarebit, return to the broiler two or three minutes and serve as hot as heat can do it.

13 A sort of sweetbread *fritto misto* is Italian in spirit if not, as I am told, in cold fact. Prepare sweetbreads as usual by soaking in ice water, parboiling, soaking until firm and removing fat and membranes. Slice medium thick. Have ready a large frying pan with a good piece of butter or ¼ cup salad oil.

14 *Second chapter:* Have ready as many slices of tomatoes and eggplant as you have of sweetbreads. Season everything with salt and pepper. Dip the slices in flour, then in beaten egg, and sauté in the pan until brown and well done. Serve in alternate slices on hot buttered toast, with fried parsley.

15 If leftover Lima beans stare up at you from the refrigerator, fry a couple of onions to a transparency, mix with the beans. Season and add a cup of condensed tomato soup. Cover with bacon and broil the bacon crisp.

16 *From an old cookbook:* "The wife who is truly devoted to her husband will never allow him to shake down the fire in the kitchen stove. Neither permit herself to be late in preparing his breakfast." Times—and wives—do change!

17 For a luncheon or late-supper dish, you could go farther and fare worse than by taking some nice green peppers, cut lengthwise, parboil and stuff them with sausage meat seasoned lively, bake until the sausage is done.

18 If you find in the cake drawer that there *is* half a fruitcake that got overlooked, set the cake in a large wire strainer or steamer, and steam over hot water for an hour or so. Serve with the plush sauce that follows.

19 Beat 2 eggs with 1 cup sugar until they're as creamy as cream and the color of lemons. Beat ½ pint heavy cream *very* stiff and fold the two together with a silver knife. When all blended, flavor and chill. Hot pudding—cold sauce.

WINTER BIRD

Inconsequential things concern me now:
Outside the pane the drooping wings,
The empty bough.

Where save in evergreens do birds abide?
Only at morning are they seen,
And at eventide.

Beauty left here to presage spring.
Silent the song, wistful the wing.

20 Nobody can cook without a cookbook. Unless it's a professional, and *they* have them too. A good cookbook is as necessary as the cap on Whistler's Mother. My last word on cookbooks—but not on receipts.

21 Creamed mushrooms do right well on slices of French toast. Creamed chicken or sweetbreads also. Frizzled ham on French toast is a delicacy, too, if you can gather together some sautéed mushrooms to crown it. These make a sort of sandwich meal. Good too.

22 What is the best-dressed salad wearing? Well, Belgian endive, of course, if you can get it. Lettuce, dressed with the perfect French dressing, is a close second. And then there's *my* favorite—water cress.

23 It's too bad, sometimes, that food can't speak for itself. I don't believe an avocado tosses and turns pining for nuts, yet such it often gets. French dressing, sections of limes and thin, salty crackers are all it needs.

24 Want to know a nice supper dish? Cook until hard, and then shell, some fresh eggs. Cut them in quarters. Put 2 or 3 tablespoons butter or margarine in a chafing dish. Add 1 cup cream and 1 cup onion, sliced thin as paper and already cooked in butter or margarine until light brown and tender. Season the mixture with salt, pepper and a little tarragon. Add the eggs. Serve very hot on toast with a bare dusting of mace.

25 Heat 2 cups rich chicken broth. Season well. When hot, add 1 cup chopped sautéed mushrooms and 2 onions, sliced and fried until transparent. Add 1 cup hot cream and, at the last moment, 1 hard-boiled egg, shredded. This is a superb soup.

26 Hearts of palm are again easy to find in cans. Make a wonderful salad, but a newer way to do them is to drain them well, season, dip in a light batter and fry to a delicate brown in deep fat. Dust with salt and pepper. Serve hot like fritters.

27 Soften 3 packages cream cheese and add gradually a little of the juice from a 10-ounce can of minced clams, beating until the cheese is the consistency of whipped cream. Add salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce to taste. Then add ½ cup of the drained minced clams. Serve in a bowl with crisp potato chips. Let guests dip the chips into the clam-cheese mixture. But good.

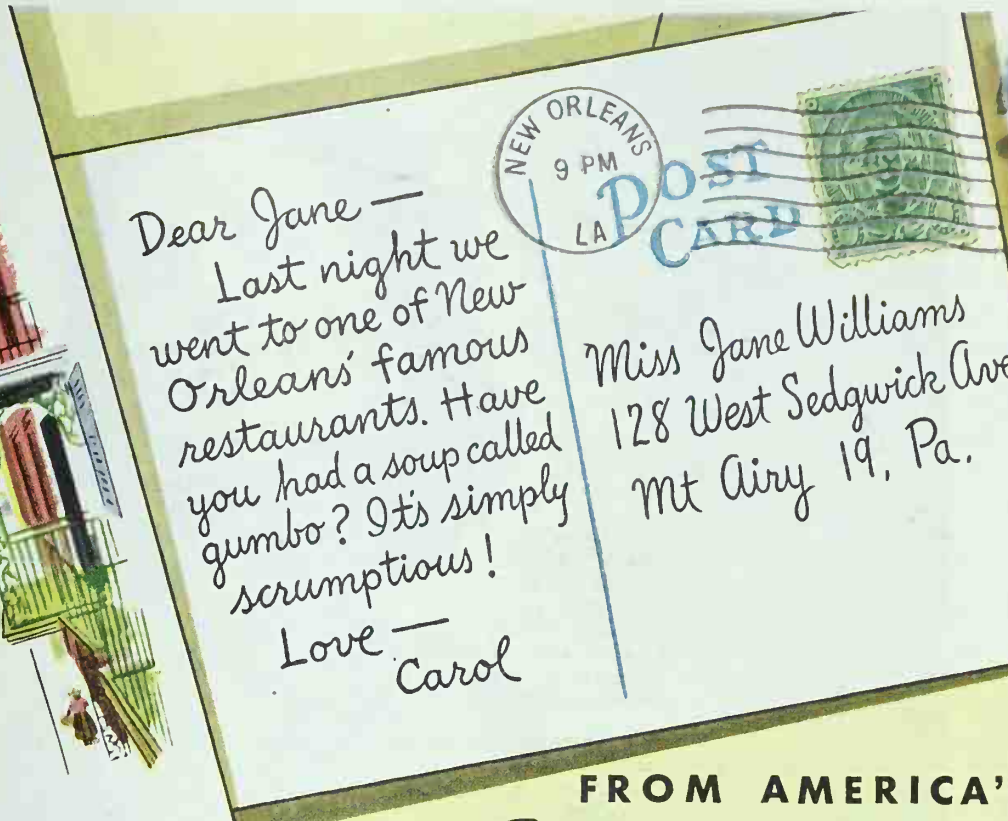
28 Here's to the hearty, and good luck to them. Give them, with caldrons of hot coffee, sandwiches made with white bread and cold Welsh rarebit. Dip them in beaten egg and milk, and fry.

29 And now we have worn down the winter until we begin to have hopes of spring. Good-by until March. Don't forget, it's Leap Year. ANNIE.

By Ann Batchelder



New Orleans' French Quarter. This view in Chartres Street shows a typical balcony with its beautiful iron "lace work" grille.





Mardi Gras is a time of hilarity and high romance enjoyed by thousands who visit N'Orleans.

FROM AMERICA'S MOST

Glamorous City

COMES AMERICA'S MOST EXCITING SOUP!





A touch of Spain, a breath of France,
In New Orleans, compete
To bring you fun and gay romance
And wondrous things to eat!

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

City of the Mardi Gras, of gaiety and romance, of celebrated restaurants and world-famed dishes, among them—chicken gumbo soup.

Have *you* tasted this truly different soup of rich chicken and fine vegetables? If so, then you know why people everywhere have taken to it eagerly. Adapted by Campbell's from an old Creole recipe, Campbell's Chicken Gumbo Soup has a deep-flavored chicken stock crammed with such delights as delicate green okra, luscious red-ripe tomatoes, fluffy rice and tender pieces of chicken—seasoned with rare, savory herbs.

Doesn't it make you hungry just to number all those good things? Then make a note *now:* Serve this excitingly different soup of the Old South soon—very soon!

Campbell's

CHICKEN GUMBO SOUP





Penelope Dudley Ward

lovely member of two of England's distinguished families—Dudley and Ward. Her stirring beauty has bewitched both London and New York. *Something about her face is luminous, makes people happier, does them good.*

What kind of a woman do YOU *want to be?*

—you can gain new power over yourself and your life

In all the world there is just one you. And the world needs you to be *very thoroughly yourself.*

Deep inside of you is a wonderful force, strong and true, that can help you realize this self—that can make you a more interesting, happier, lovelier person, if you will just *care enough to learn how to use it.* It grows out of the close inter-relation of the inner you and the *outer* you and the power each has to change the other.

There is nothing imaginary about this power. It is as real as you are. Surely you have felt the thrill of inner confidence that comes when you know you look lovely, well-dressed, delightful to see. And you may, at times, have known the *spiritual depression* drabness can bring—the mediocre, unwanted, insecure feeling it gives.

You *can make yourself over*—physically and mentally—if you really want to do it. But you must *want to.* You must care enough to practice beauty's self-disciplines *faithfully.* You must refuse to let anything or anybody turn you away.

The things that make beauty are the same things that make health—of body, of spirit. Daily exercise to keep your circulation singing. Fresh air—a w each day, breathing deep, stepping *free!* Plenty sleep. A *good* diet. Learn to relax—so your ner purr instead of sputter. And, of course, *cleanlin*

Right now, accept as a fact that you can't h to keep your face really clean (especially in the e by simply going over it once. For real beauty *clea ness,* practice the rewarding rites that follow. Y face is the *you* that others see first, remember. M sure it praises you, so that when people see *their* faces go all friendly and interested, because the pleasure *you* are giving them.

Yes—it's *very* worthwhile to take pains to k

(Advertisem

t face of yours looking lovable and *beautiful.*
Come along—*do* it!

New "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

e a window, your skin has two sides. To care for y one side is *not enough.* Pond's, working with tinguished dermatologists, has studied the needs facial skin, and brings you a special new "Outside-ide" Face Treatment that acts on both sides of ur skin *at once.*

From the Outside the fine perfectly blended oils of nd's Cold Cream thoroughly cleanse the outer sur-e and pore openings of your skin as you massage. ese same fine, light oils throw a protecting veil of tness over your face.

From the Inside—every step of this Pond's face treat-nt stimulates healthy circulation—speeds up tiny od vessels in their work of bringing in skin-cell food, l carrying away skin-cell waste.

Twice each day—better, three times—give your n the new Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treat-nt—*this is the way:*

t Water Stimulation

use face cloth—press it comfortably hot and wet against face to stimulate blood flow to skin.

o Creamings—to "condition" skin

1) *Cleanse* . . . cover face thick with Pond's Cold Cream. Work it over warm, damp skin in brisk circles —throat, too. Pond's thorough *demulcent* treatment sweeps dirt from pore openings. Tissue off.

2) *Rinse* . . . with new fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream massage briskly to rinse off last traces of dirt. Tissue off.

ld Freshener Stimulation

first splash with cold water—then pat on with moistened cotton the tonic astringence of Pond's Freshener.

ces *need* to be *cared for!* After this "Outside-ide" Face Treatment you'll see your skin take that soft, limpid look only *thoroughly clean* skin d *good circulation* can give.

"The very first week I tried the Outside-Inside *Face Treatment with Pond's I noticed my skin looked fresher, rosier, clearer."*
says Mrs. John J. Astor

"I'm so glad I've discovered the Outside-Inside *Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. My skin looks so much more alive."*
says Mrs. Alister McCormick

Is yours a "Special Skin"?

DRY? Give it the added help of a very rich *lanolin* cream—Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Each night smooth it on generously over face and throat. This lovely cream is homogenized—to soak in better, has a special emulsifier for *extra* softening aid.

OILY? Use Pond's Liquefying Cream, a light-textured cleansing cream, for your "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment. Melts instantly, tissues off completely.

DULL? *Darkened by Exposure?* A 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream gives a quick re-styling whenever your complexion looks weary or coarsened. Spread the cream generously over your face—all but eyes. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens and dissolves off little, rough, dead skin cells. After one full minute, tissue off—*clean.* Your face looks brighter, clearer . . . softer. Make-up goes on sleekly —clings beautifully!

Make-up to flatter you— Pond's Angel Face

A real sensation is this new make-up by Pond's. Not a cake make-up, Angel Face is much easier to apply. No watery sponge—no greasy fingertips, either. You just smooth it on with its own puff! Angel Face stays on beautifully—much longer than powder, because a smoothing "cling" ingredient is pressure-fused into it. You'll love the softer, more natural finish that Angel Face gives . . . the way it doesn't dry your skin. And—happy fact—it can't spill in your handbag or on your dresses!

Play artist to your face

Highlight its coloring! Right now, when your clothes are in the quieter, cold-weather colors, choose a lipstick shade with plenty of verve . . . lots of *heat*—Pond's "Lips" in Blue Fire. It's the brightest, cheeriest blue-red imaginable! A perfect foil for the neutral softness of your furs.

And here's the secret of achieving a soft *natural* curve to your upper lip. Use two strokes, starting from the *outer* corners of the lip and carrying the lipstick *past* the center with each stroke. The overlapping in the center gives a smooth outline that softens the whole contour of your mouth!

Your face has so many ways of expressing *you*—seek them out!

REMEMBER ALWAYS—
the you that others see first is in your face. Never think it mere vanity to develop the beauty of your own face—it makes you a more worthwhile, distinctive person—it brings the real You closer to other people.



To help you re-make *you*—
these world-famous beauty aids

SEEKING OUT A NEW YOU
is fun and full of exciting reward

THINK IT CLEAR! Let your dreams help you picture what you want. Get the made-over you clearly in mind—then act!

SEE IT IMPORTANT! Be in earnest. Learn where the things you need to help you can be found. Make a pleasant rite of *using* them.

BEGIN IT! Not tomorrow—not next week—but *today!*

PERFECT IT! Go through your routine at the same time in the same way each day. Soon it's automatic, easy.

REALIZE IT! Half the road to distinction is being faithful in details. Never be bored by them and one fine day soon you'll see in your mirror that *new you*—come true.

Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet



This fragrant appeal... this luxury... *all yours*... for so little extra!

This does mean *you . . . you,* doubly lovable and appealing . . . your whole body excitingly fragrant from your bath with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. A subtle, lingering *fragrance men love!* It comes from our secret wedding of perfumes far more costly than you'd expect to find in any soap. Bathe every day with exquisite Cashmere Bouquet Soap . . . excellent for your complexion, too!

P.S.—For 79 years, this lovely secret has aided popular girls.

Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Bouquet

Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW

(Continued from Page 60)

on the following Saturday she would go to Washington and confront an astonished Emmy with blazing eyes.

"Why, hello," said Emmy, finding her waiting downstairs in the apartment house. "What brings you here? Looking for a job?"

"I came for the picture you took out of Mr. Wayne's desk."

Emmy's eyes narrowed. "Oh! He's looking for it, is he?"

"No. He says it isn't important. But you took it. I want it back."

"Rather late, isn't it, kid? How do you know I still have it?"

"Why did you steal it?"

Emmy did not answer. She wanted no scene with this excited girl. She took the elevator with Adele behind her, and inside her sitting room she closed the door.

"Did Courtney Wayne send you here?" she asked.

"Certainly not."

"I think it's in the desk over there," Emmy said. "I haven't seen it for months. Who is it, anyhow?"

"It's the picture of a boy whose grandfather was a friend of Mr. Wayne's. The old man was killed by the Nazis, if that means anything to you."

"Not a thing," said Emmy. And when Adele gazed at her in astonishment, she added: "Take it if you like, and then get out. I have to dress for dinner."

It was late when Adele got back to New York. Her first idea was to put the picture back in the desk. She was still excited, however. The next day was Sunday, and she could not wait. She took a taxi to the house and rang the bell.

Ricky opened the door and looked at the girl with surprise. "Why, Adele! Is anything wrong?"

"No. I just brought something for Mr. Wayne. He missed it out of his desk, and I . . . just found it."

"Well," Ricky smiled, "why not leave it with me? I'll see he gets it. He's out just now."

"I knew Mr. Wayne was worried, so I flew to Washington today and—well, I guess I hijacked it."

Adele reached into her coat pocket and got out the photograph. She held it out.

"It's a photograph of a German boy. Probably you know about it. He looks a bit like your Jeff. But why that Baldwin woman wanted it I'll never tell you. She took it out of Mr. Wayne's desk."

Ricky felt as though all the blood in her body had left the surface and gathered around her heart. For a moment she was literally unable to speak. She took the picture from Adele's outstretched hand. It might have been Jeff himself who looked back at her, only an older and harder Jeff. She turned it over. "Otto Reiff" was written on the back.

She never doubted who it was, or that Courtney had treasured it, had kept it in his desk and missed it when it was gone. She knew, too, why Emmy had taken it. But her hand was steady as she held it out to Adele.

"It's the son of a family Mr. Wayne knew in Germany years ago. I'm sure he would be sorry you went to all this trouble. It isn't really important. Why not just tell him you found it somewhere, Adele? Why drag in Mrs. Baldwin?"

Adele stared at her. "Just put it back she said uncertainly.

"Why not? Mrs. Baldwin is an old frie I have no idea why she took the pictu Perhaps she thought it was Jeff."

It was daylight before Ricky slept t night. Courtney came home late from meeting of air-raid wardens, for now he h taken over a downtown zone in addition his other work. When he saw her transo dark he did not go into her room. She hea him, however; heard him undressing a later the heavy breathing which told her was asleep.

She lay wide-eyed, going back over t long years of her marriage. She nev doubted that Courtney had always kno about his German son. He could have t her, and she would have tried to understar It was the long years of deceit that she cou not forgive.

Yet she could not tear down what she h so carefully built. Not with Jeff about to to a war, or with Peg going into the WAA now the age limit h been reduced. The must be something stal for them to rememb and to come back to.

She did not see Cou ney before he left t next morning, and wh he came back that nig she met him much usual. Only after th sat down to dinner s told him she had taker war job.

He raised his eyebro quizzically. "A war jo What sort?"

"Driving a car for t American Women Voluntary Services."

"Whose car? If I m ask."

"Ours," she sa calmly. "You can use bus or taxi, can't yo I'll be careful of the c You needn't worry."

"Of course," he sa shortly. "It looks though I'll soon be t only one in the fami who is not wearing uniform. You make me feel like a slacker

After that they were seldom in the hou together. Courtney was in Washington good bit. And Ricky was driving office about, meeting trains, even taking ambul tory cases to hospitals. The work helped he For months she had been living on h nerves, even before she had learned abo young Otto; watching for Jeff's letters, liste ing to the radio with its news of a still vi torious Germany, even shivering a little the new huge warplanes passed overhea Now she at least had little time to think.

If Courtney found a change in her rel tionship to him, he laid it to fatigue. He ha moved permanently into his dressing roo so as not to disturb her.

One day he found the photograph of Ot back in his desk, and heard Adele explain sl had found it in his files. He looked at it wi distaste before he tore it up. How lightly man sowed his seed! A moment in a woman arms! But the seed might become drag seed. Was dragon seed. This hard-ey German boy in his flier's uniform was drag seed indeed.

He had little time to think, however. the air-raid-warden work took most of h nights, he was still a publisher by day. No when he flew to Washington no patie officer brushed him off. He was even speal ing over the radio, for radio was a part of tl Council's work.

Occasionally he and Ricky had an evenii together. They would go to the newsreel

(Continued on Page 80)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Honeymoon Breakfast

By Ethel Jacobson

Orange juice, chilled,
And a warming kiss;
A blueberry muffin
Buttered with bliss;
Ambrosial coffee
That smells like heaven;
Two more kisses . . .
Or five . . . or seven;
A smile at some tender,
Private joke;
Double circlets
Of cigarette smoke;
Adoring eyes
That repeat their troth,
And a dream house sketched
On the breakfast cloth.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Different as  and 

ordinary silverplate and the one with these 

MAY WE be technical for a minute... it's really important if you're thinking about buying silverplate, and still believe the old wives' tale that all silverplate is alike.

You see, most silverplate is given an *over-plating* (actually, just an extra-plating) for protection against wear. Whereas: Holmes & Edwards silverplate is Sterling Inlaid to stay lovelier longer!

This is not only different... it's far better! Because two blocks of sterling silver are invisibly *Inlaid* at the two most vulnerable points (the backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks). Thus, should wear come there's sterling underneath.

To make sure it's Holmes & Edwards, and the best... look at the back of the teaspoon handle for the mark INLAID.

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE



HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

WHICH PATTERN? Three to choose from, Donish Princess, Youth and Lovely Lody, all made in U. S. A.

HOW MUCH? The prices have not gone up since 1945. Still only $68.50 for 52 pieces, service for eight with chest (No Federol Tox).

WHERE TO BUY? At jewelry and department stores.

WHAT ABOUT DELIVERY? Though demand is still very very great, the chances of prompt delivery are good.



Donish Princess Youth Lovely Lody

ight 1948, The International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Div., Meriden, Conn. Sold in Canada by The T. Eaton Co., Ltd. °Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRESENTS

PRELL New Radiant Creme Shampoo



Exciting PRELL REMOVES DANDRUFF

IN AS LITTLE AS 3 MINUTES!

AVES HAIR Radiantly CLEAN Radiantly SMOOTH

ELL! The new emerald-clear *Radiant-eme* shampoo with the wonderful pat-ted cleansing ingredient. Prell leaves ir more gloriously radiant than *any* ap or soap shampoo, and leaves it free ugly dandruff. Doctors' examinations *oved* that Prell removes embarrassing ndruff in as little as 3 minutes, and oved that regular Prell shampoos *con-l* such dandruff.

You'll *love* your Prell-washed hair—so diant, so smooth—so easy to "do," so *anageable!* And that tube is so conven-nt...no messy jars or slippery bottles break. Get new marvelous Prell today right away the *whole family* will be ell-users!



Here's What the Rileys Say About Prell

RILEY: Dandruff's a mess on your coat or your dress, So we Rileys shampoo with Prell.

MOM: And "Prelled" hair *shines* so—it just seems to glow, And arranges so smoothly and well.

JUNIOR: No jar that will slip or bottle to drip—That Prell tube is sure on the beam.

BABS: It's so economical, the lather's astronomical—That's Prell, the new *Radiant*-Creme!

Enjoy "The Life of Riley" Every Saturday Night—NBC



*T. M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

(Continued from Page 78)

to see the released movies of London burning. But they had little to talk about. It was as though their paths had diverged more and more.

"What sort of day did you have?" Court would say.

"About as usual. I don't know how long the tires will last. I put on the spare today."

It did not occur to them to sit down and analyze what was happening to them. They were too anxious, too exhausted.

It was fall when Roberta's letter came. She had sent it to Ricky, and Court, coming home, found her with it in her hands. Sheila had been killed. Roberta wrote with her usual directness:

Perhaps you had better break this to Matthew. He was fond of her, I think. And tell him it was very quick. Perhaps we had all grown a little careless. One does, you know, and the shelters are so horrible. My poor Sheila loathed them.

As I think back I am glad she had her short time with Walter, and I don't think she minded going. Not really. She took all sorts of chances, and sometimes I thought she wanted to go to him—if there is such a thing.

There was nothing about herself. She did not mention that she had been bombed out and was living in one room, or that she was working to the limit of her strength day and night.

Court took the letter to his father that night, and Matthew sat for a long time with it in his hand; remembering Roberta in the house at Cadogan Square, sitting behind her tea tray, and her dull face brightening when Arthur came into the room. That had been a love affair, he thought. *Stuck by him through everything*, he considered. *Other women, gambling debts, the whole mess. Then she lost him after all.* Now she had lost Sheila.

"Never was lucky, Roberta," he said, his voice bleak. "She has nobody now. Plenty of spunk, though."

The two men were silent after that. Courtney roused to find his father's eyes on him.

"Noticed Ricky lately?" he was saying.

"Noticed her? What do you mean?"

"Looks tired. Can't you get her out of that job of hers? Plenty of younger women to do it."

"It gives her something to do. With both the children gone ——"

"She has you," said Matthew stubbornly. "Or maybe she hasn't. Seems to me you don't see much of each other nowadays."

Courtney considered that on his way home. His father was right. One way or another, he felt he was losing Ricky. There had been a change in her for months, only he had been too busy to notice it.

THEN unexpectedly Ricky lost her job. The car broke down on a country road. She was alone, and by the time she had made what repairs she could she was hot and perspiring. She had a violent chill that night. It was pneumonia, and when she recovered, the doctor forbade her going back to work.

Only when it was over did she realize how ill she had been. When she was strong enough she took up her life again as best she could, standing in line at the schoolhouse for ration books, and fighting the losing battle for food, for stockings, for shoes, for everything.

NEXT MONTH

NADINE looked coldly at her husband. "I don't believe grandmother told you that she'd put us in separate rooms."

The words were like the lash of a whip across George's face. An agony of remorse seized Nadine. In giving up David, she had made a splendid sacrifice for her husband. Yet she seemed always to make it useless by her cruelty. What was wrong with her that the quality of the sacrifice seemed powerless to affect the stuff of her daily living?

WAYWARD PILGRIM

A novel of distinction and sensitivity by the prize-winning author

Elizabeth Goudge

Begins in the March Journal

When she came home her first look was at th hall table for a letter from Jeff, or fro Peggy, now a Waac and apparently loving

One day, to her surprise, Ricky came hom to find Matthew standing by the fire Court's study. He seldom came during th week, and never during office hours. alarmed her.

"Is anything wrong, dad?"

"That's what I came to ask you."

She put her parcels on the desk and s down. Her knees were still shaking. thought it might be Jeff. He's still all righ isn't he?"

"So far as I know. Ricky, has anythi come between you and Court? I have eye my dear. You're not the same girl you we a year or so ago. What is it?"

"We've both been busy, dad."

"Sure it isn't Court? He cares a lot f you. You know that. He was as near frantic as a man can be when you were sick

SHE looked at him. In spite of his age l still looked solid and dependable. Perhaps she told him ——

"It's like this," Matthew went on. " man of my age gets to a place when all can count on is the happiness of the peop he cares for. I can't face any mo trouble. I don want you to l Court go, my dear

"I'm not letti him go, dad."

But Matthew w still not satisfie "Most men ma fools of themselv one time or anoth If Court did i over long ago."

She faced hi bravely. "Yes. course it would over. All over, da I'm sorry I've w ried you. I'll better now."

She was alwa glad she told hi that, for he died n long after. O morning Katie te phoned the offi her voice frightene

"It's your fath Mr. Courtney. can't wake him this morning."

"You don mean ——"

"He's breathing all right. Only I do like the look of him. He opens his eyes a then goes off again."

"Get the doctor," Court said briefly. " be there in fifteen minutes."

He found Matthew awake in the double bed. His thin old body look shriveled, but his face had not lost pugnacity, nor his voice its strength.

"What's the matter with everybody?" roared. "Just because I go to sleep, that Katie has hysterics. I'm not seeing a doctor."

"Katie got excited. That's all, dad. know the Irish."

"I'm getting up after I rest awhile."

"Sure you are."

Almost instantly, however, he was asl again. He was still asleep, with Courtney the bed, when the doctor arrived.

"How long has he been like this?" asked.

"He's never been like this. He's slep good bit lately. He'd doze off at the off I've wanted him to see you, but he refus You know how he is."

Matthew roused to the crowning insul a needle in the vein of an arm, and aft moment of incredulous fury tried to jerk arm away. That proving impossible, he back on his pillows and told his opinion o medical men.

Matthew was an obstreperous patient ing the weeks that followed. The report

(Continued on Page 82)

Experience is the best teacher!

"It's true in dancing—
and in choosing
a cigarette, too!
CAMELS are the 'choice
of experience' with me!"

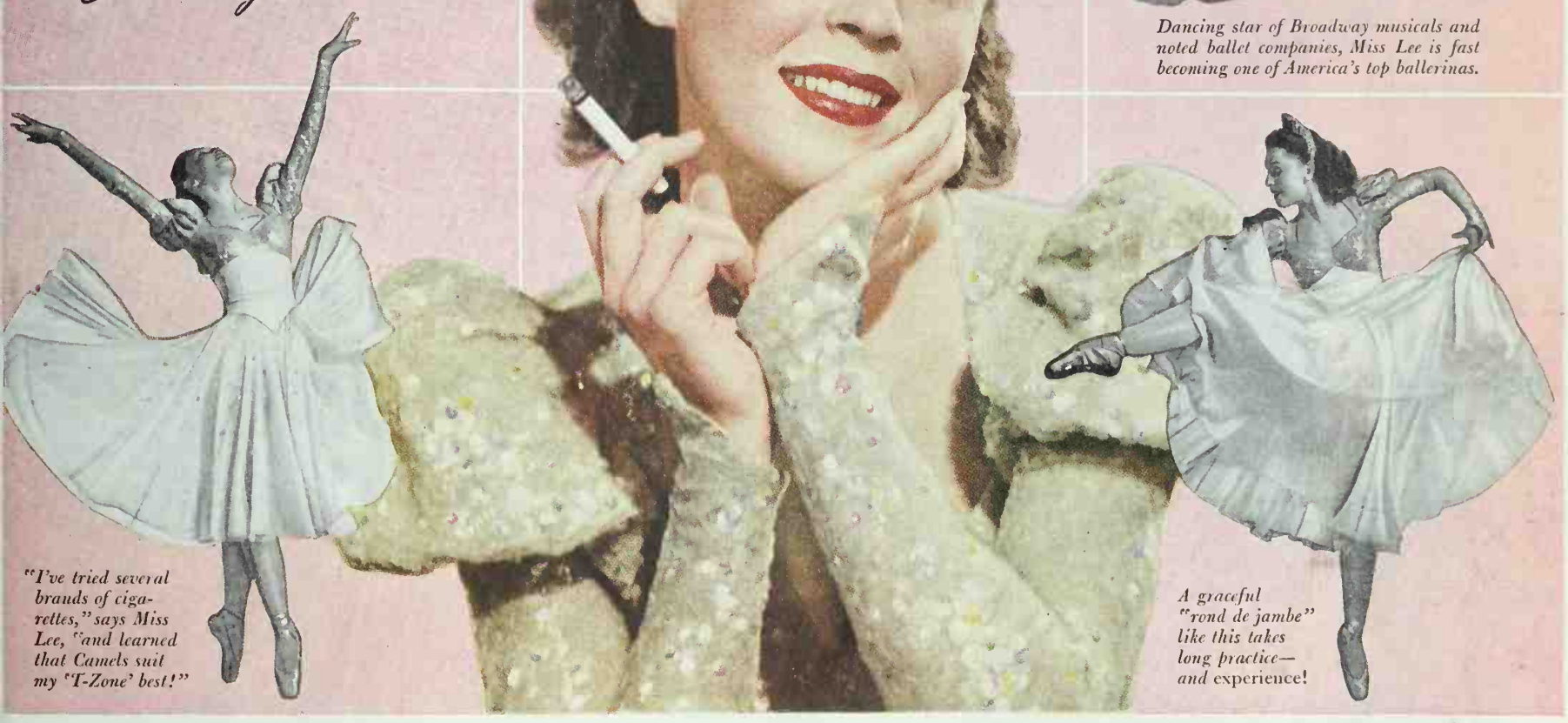
says

Ballet Star

Kathryn Lee



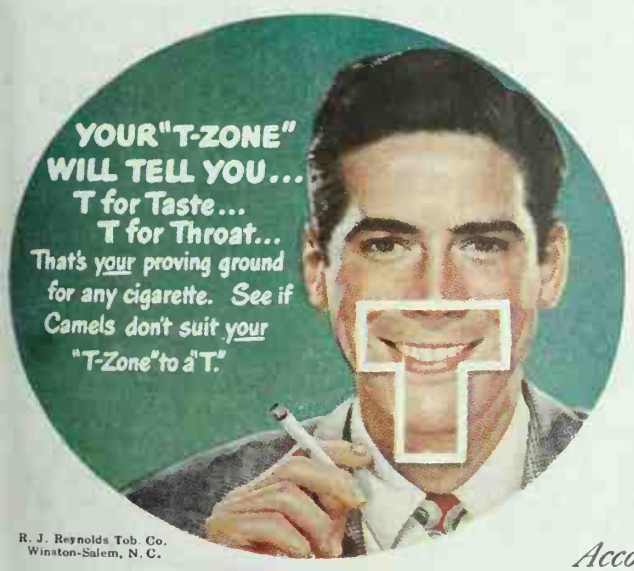
Dancing star of Broadway musicals and noted ballet companies, Miss Lee is fast becoming one of America's top ballerinas.



"I've tried several brands of cigarettes," says Miss Lee, "and learned that Camels suit my 'T-Zone' best!"

A graceful "rond de jambe" like this takes long practice—and experience!

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!



R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

BALLET STAR Kathryn Lee has her own reasons...from her own experience: "During the wartime cigarette shortage, I tried many different brands," says Miss Lee. "I compared them... and learned by experience that Camels suit my 'T-Zone' to a 'T.' I've smoked Camels ever since!"

Thousands and thousands of smokers had the same experience. They compared—discovered the differences in cigarette quality...found that cool, mild, full-flavored Camels suit them best.

Try Camels on your "T-Zone." Let your own experience tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

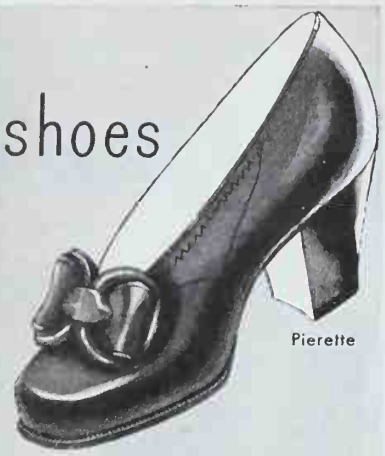


According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

fashionable shoes



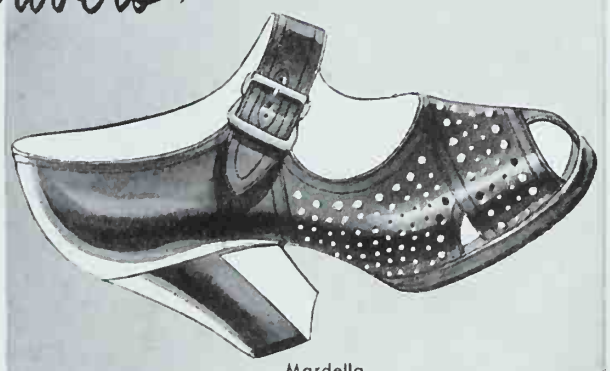
Pierette



Lisbon

that feel good

...Foot Savers



Mardella



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Only Foot Savers are made over the Shortback* Last which prevents looseness and gapping at the heel without pinching at the toe.

SHORTBACK

Foot Saver Shoes

A PRODUCT OF PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

(Continued from Page 80)

bad. For years his kidneys had been slowly poisoning him. Now there was nothing to do. He had his good days when he sat in a chair, and his bad ones when he slept almost round the clock. He would not have a nurse. So as fast as they came he fired them.

He did not mind Katie. It was Katie who looked after him, even managed to give him a bed bath now and then. It was Ricky, however, on whom he depended.

"You bring your knitting or whatever you like and sit with the old man. I like to have you around."

She went every day. Sometimes she read to him. Sometimes she was merely there, for him to see when he roused out of his increasing drowsiness.

Courtney stayed with him at night, although Matthew did not know it. There was nothing Court could do at the last. Now and then he wiped the cold sweat from Matthew's face. Katie hovered in the doorway. There was no priest to administer the last sacraments, so she prayed for his soul; that it be somehow received where it was going.

Thus died at three o'clock in the morning Matthew Wayne, publisher, citizen, father and grandfather. He had represented an era which was rapidly passing. Now he himself had passed.

MATTHEW had died in January of 1943. Neither Jeff nor Peggy had been able to come to the funeral. But in the spring of that year Jeff wrote an urgent letter, asking his father and mother to come to Florida.

"We may be breezing off before long," he said, "and I don't know if I will get leave before then or not. Anyhow, a fellow likes to see his folks."

Ricky was very quiet during the trip, as though she were bracing herself. Court watched her anxiously.

"All right, darling?"

"I'm all right. Fine."

They were not surprised to find Eric Graham at the field when they went there; a smiling, cheerful Eric, looking distinguished in his colonel's uniform.

"He'll be in in a few minutes," he said. "Can't stop training for parents, you know."

The size of the field surprised them both. The planes were coming and going. And the air overhead was full of them.

Ricky stood staring at the sky. "He's up there?"

"Sure. Where did you expect him to be? He's a good boy, Jeff. Got the making of a flier. I can't say that about some we've got."

She did not even see his ship come in. She was still gazing at the sky, the blue incredible Florida sky, when he taxied toward them and crawled out, grinning.

"He wanted to fly a fighter," Eric said. "He's pretty big for one. Another inch and he couldn't make it."

But Ricky did not hear him. Here was Jeff coming toward them, hugging them both, saluting Graham, asking about Peggy. It was a few moments before anyone could talk. Then Court told him he had ordered dinner at the hotel in town, and Jeff suddenly looked self-conscious.

"Mind if I bring a girl? You'll like her. *I* like her. A lot."

If they were disappointed they said nothing.

"Sure. What sort of girl?" Court inquired.

"Pretty nice. Comes from a small town like you, mother. Sister's married to a captain here."

That the girl was Jeff's girl was evident that night. He hardly took his eyes off her, and Courtney realized that this was no boyish infatuation. His training had matured Jeff. There was a furrow from his nose to his mouth, as if too often his jaw was set tight. But the girl surprised him. She was obviously in love with Jeff, but she was silent and shy. He decided she was a pretty little nonentity, and said as much to Ricky when they were going to bed.

"Do you suppose he's really serious? Just a small-town pretty girl. If he can't do better than that ——"

"I imagine that's what your mother told your father about me when she saw me."

Colgate's New Deodorant

Veto

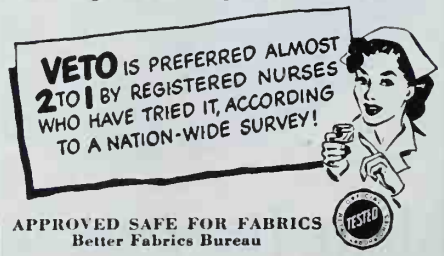
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He said irritably, "You had brains and looks. Everything. Do you want him to marry that—that child?"

"She's twenty."

Jeff was serious. He told Court the next day, when he had a few hours off. At first they talked of flying. Jeff loved it. There was something about it—well, you had to do it to understand. And Graham was wonderful. That finished, however, he became awkwardly silent. He scuffed his feet in the gray Florida dust, stopped to light a fresh cigarette. It seemed to give him courage.

"How'd you like Audrey, dad? You and mother?"

"I thought she seemed a trifle young."

"I'm not so old myself," Jeff grinned. "But I guess I'm old enough to know what I want."

"And that is . . . Audrey?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you've thought it over," Court said gravely. "This is a war, and a bad one. You'll take your chances with the rest. To leave a young wife ——"

"You did it yourself, dad."

There was no answer to that. "Yes, I did it," Court said finally. "It was the best thing that ever happened to me. But my family knew something of your mother's background. You don't know anything about . . . Audrey, do you?"

"You haven't seen her sister. They're all-right people. They haven't very much, but who cares?"

Court eyed him. "Just what does that mean, Jeff?"

Jeff flushed uncomfortably. "Her father runs a grocery store, if it's important."

Well, probably it wasn't important. It was the girl who mattered. Her name was

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history. —GEORGE ELIOT.

Cowan—Audrey Cowan—and she came from Western Pennsylvania. Also it was evident that asking his consent was a pure formality. The boy had already decided.

"You're of age, Jeff," Courtney said. "I'd like to talk to your mother, of course. When do you want to be married?"

"As soon as we can. I'll be going overseas pretty soon. I'll get some leave first."

Which of course was what decided them both, Ricky and himself, talking it over in their small uncomfortable hotel room. Anything he wanted for this boy who was going overseas soon. Anything: the moon, the stars, their own lives if necessary, if he wanted them.

He brought Audrey to see them next day, and they welcomed her warmly. She showed more character than they had expected. She did not want a wedding dress, or anything elaborate. Jeff might not have much time. Anyhow, she could not afford one, and she did not want them to buy it. Or buy anything, it appeared.

"What's the use?" she said. "I'll be going back home when Jeff leaves. I'll have to. My mother's dead and my sister's going to have a baby in the summer. They'll need me there. I'll get along all right until"—her voice broke—"until Jeff comes back."

They had to leave it at that. No chest of silver, no gifts at all except a check which she took reluctantly only to bank against Jeff's return. Both Court and Ricky felt slightly repudiated, as though nothing they could do or give her mattered to her. Except their son, of course. Except their son.

They stayed for two weeks. Long enough to see Audrey on her brother-in-law's arm walk up a church aisle in a plain short white dress, to see Jeff in his uniform stand and wait with his heart in his eyes, to see the little church crowded with officers, and to say the inarticulate prayers of all fathers and mothers at such times.

They saw them off later, a cheering uniformed crowd at the railroad station, with someone ringing a cowbell and parading

(Continued on Page 85)

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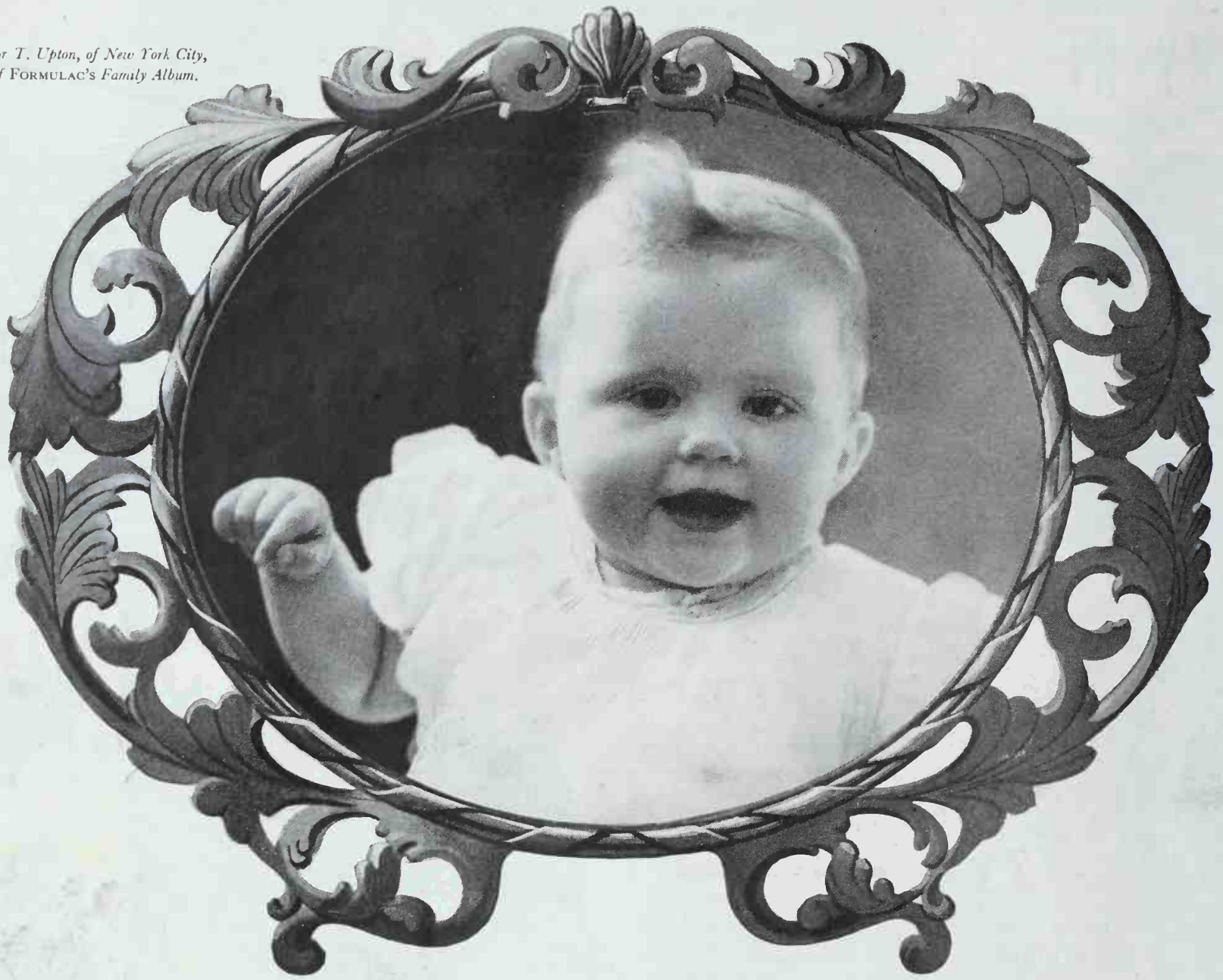
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*For ethical reasons, we cannot include this doctor's name in advertising. His letter is in our files.

(Continued from Page 83)

ng the cars shouting, "Hear ye! Hear ye! Drawing Room A, Car Sixteen, are a bride d groom. Make it pleasant for them, ks. Make it pleasant." When the train ved out it left the voice echoing behind it. Ricky stood on the platform. Years ago e and Court had started on their wedding rney to Cincinnati; and Dave had thrown old shoe after them. It had struck Court, d poor Dave had almost collapsed be- se he had hit an officer. She looked at urt, staring after the train. What did the y in Germany matter? They had built ir marriage, and it still endured. They d to hold it. Soon, for a time at least, it uld be all they had.

FF sailed for England soon after his short neymoon. At first they knew he had gone y because his letters ceased. Now it was egrams they watched for; coming home, king at the hall table and drawing a long ath when there was nothing there.

Peggy was somewhere in the Pacific by t time; washing her clothes in anything ndy, and taking a shower under a gasoline with holes bored in the bottom. Taking brine and developing, according to her, a which looked as though the sun had ned green. "Which same sun," she wrote, too close here anyhow."

By summer Audrey was still in her small nsylvania town. She wrote often, but she ld not leave home. Her sister's new baby s a boy. Why were so many boys born in rtime? And a baby meant work.

Ricky would have liked to have her with , but she did not insist. Now, on her y to and from the Red Cross, or amid the lless struggle to feed the household, she uld stop in some open church, to sit there et, or to drop to her knees and say a yer for her children, and for Pete, also newhere in the European theater of war.

Courtney wakened one night to find her e from the room and to discover her on knees beside Jeff's bed in her nightgown. stood there quiet. She had not heard n, so he went away, to lie awake until she ne back to crawl carefully into her bed.

t was after that she placed the lamp in window of Jeff's room. She did not speak ut it, but Hilda told him.

'It burns all night, unless there's a black- . It burns then, too, but she closes the tains."

'A light?" he said blankly. "What sort of nt?"

"A little lamp; one of his. Sailors' wives used to do that, to bring their men back from the sea."

The next night, coming home late, he looked up and saw it there, a small beacon of hope, and perhaps a prayer. He never mentioned it to Ricky, but he took to watching her more closely.

She missed her former job, he knew. She was listless at times. Yet she was doing her best. He would come back from the office to find her waiting for him, bravely smiling. Pretending everything was all right, talking about the news.

The old wound was healed, or at least forgotten for the time. And Jeff was still safe, still in England, or at least in the British Isles. Once he got leave and went to London. He wrote:

Aunt Roberta is wonderful. She looks like nothing on earth, and she's living in one room. I imagine she's half starved. But she is the same valiant old girl, working her head off at some canteen. She did not talk about Shella at all.

As the war abroad was to the soldier a matter of his own small group, so to their families it was concentrated in the men and women who were fighting it. It was hard to believe that these were their children, the babies they had nursed, the toddlers they had taught to walk. So it was with Court and Ricky Wayne when one day a letter came from Peggy, somewhere in the South Pacific:

Dear Mother and Dad: Don't faint when you read this, but your little girl is now a married woman, married with a ring made out of a silver quarter, with fifteen copies of everything—except the groom; there is only one of him—and according to the laws of God, General MacArthur, the district of [cut by the censor] and the United States Army.

Terry is wonderful. Big and strong and gentle and with no background whatever. He had a share in a garage in California, and did the repairs himself. So if ever you come out there and need gasoline I'll probably sell it to you!

He is a sergeant, but he has all sorts of medals. And what a wedding! I washed my underclothes and myself in a pail, wore my only decent uniform, and was given in marriage by a colonel who had begun celebrating an hour or so too soon. It took, however. We had four days before Terry had to get in his plane and go places. I don't even know what places.

He doesn't know anything much about me, except that he likes me. When I told him dad

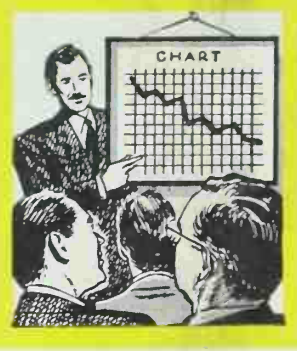
(Continued on Page 87)



"I've come to the conclusion that marriage is no life for a woman."

Parents—here's hopeful news about

Rheumatic Fever



1. The disease is causing fewer deaths!

The mortality from rheumatic fever among children has dropped over two thirds in this country during the past 30 years. However, this disease is still childhood's great enemy because it attacks the heart.

Fortunately today most rheumatic fever patients, thanks to earlier diagnosis and good medical and nursing care, may escape serious damage to their hearts and lead normal, active lives.



2. More cases are being caught early!

As more parents learn the signs that *may* mean rheumatic fever—and as more children have periodic medical examinations—an increasing number of cases are being diagnosed in the early stages, when medical science can do most to protect the child's heart.

Rheumatic fever often has no distinctive symptoms, but such conditions as pain in the joints, continued low fever, loss of weight, poor appetite, or a generally "below par" feeling should have immediate medical attention.



3. Recovery is still a slow process!

Effective treatment for rheumatic fever usually requires rest in bed under a doctor's care. A long convalescence is generally necessary to protect the heart and to help it return to normal.

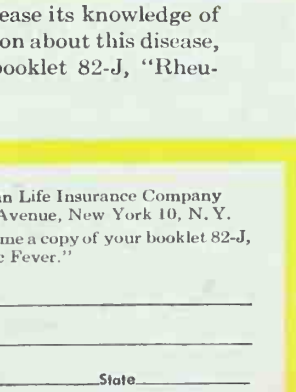
This is the time when parents can do much to help the child by seeing that he is kept occupied and in a cheerful frame of mind. As recovery progresses the doctor will guide the parents in gradually increasing the child's activities.



4. Children can be protected against further attacks!

As rheumatic fever often attacks more than once, it is necessary to guard against a return of the disease. Frequent checkups by a doctor are often helpful in preventing new attacks.

Just as important is the parents' co-operation with the doctor. Working as a team they can help protect the child from throat and respiratory infections which often pave the way for rheumatic fever. Good food, plenty of rest, and maintaining a good physical condition are also important safeguards.



Medical science is constantly working to increase its knowledge of rheumatic fever. For further helpful information about this disease, send for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet 82-J, "Rheumatic Fever."

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A Martha Logan Work-Saver

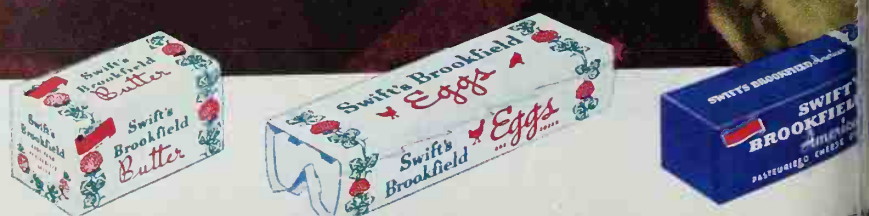
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And be sure you have plenty of Swift's Brookfield American . . . a delicious combination of sharp cheddar, ripened to the peak of flavor, tempered with delicately flavored mild cheese.

Swift's Brookfiel



(Continued from Page 85)

publisher he merely said it sounded like
d job. My love to you both.

Devotedly,
PEGGY.

. His name is Shane. Did I tell you? He's
geant in the Army Air Forces.

e letter came at breakfast, and Court
it aloud. It was hard at first for them
rasp it. Peggy married and talking
t running a garage. Out of sheer be-
rment they stared at each other.
urt said finally, "I hope the kid knows
she's doing."
he always has known, Court. At least
unds like a man."
was only one of the readjustments they
obliged to make. With Courtney away
of the time, the house seemed to echo
silence; a watchful, waiting silence.
ng the day Ricky worked at the Red
, but the evenings were unbearable.
day she told Court she had become an
id warden at the local post.
looked at her. She was very thin, and
the slight make-up she used did not
ise her pallor. "Sure you're up to it?"
f course. You're out a lot. It's only
evenings a week, anyhow, Court. It's
thing to do."
e did not say she had volunteered for
duty.
t might relieve someone who really
rest," she said to the harassed young
at the post. "I don't do much, and I
sleep anyhow," she added, with her
ming smile. "I have a boy overseas."
ter that for at least
evenings a week she
ed the empty house.
times she sat alone in
mall room, with the
cher in a corner, the
gency dressings in
box, the list of tele-
es on the wall over
ead in case of an alert.
sionally other ward-
vandered in and out.
e night she had a visit from Jay Burton.
ooked up from her desk to see him in
doorway. "Why, Jay! What are you
in New York?" Then, seeing his face,
nything wrong?"
came in and put down his hat. "Pete's
hurt. Nothing I can do, of course.
lost a leg."
e stared at him. "Oh, no, Jay. Not
!"
nodded and, sitting down, ran his
s through his thinning hair. "I thought
e if I talked to you —— At least he's
. I suppose I have to be grateful for
His nurse writes he's very cheerful.
he doesn't need two legs to build
es. Just the same ——"
ter a while he sat back and looked at
She was different, he thought. Her
th looked tight and strained, even a lit-
ard.
suppose Court's all right?"
Yes. He's busy, of course."

her voice had subtly changed. She
p, as though aware of the strong light
ead, and sat down near him on a sofa.
lsively he reached over and took her
.
There's something else wrong, isn't
?" And when she nodded: "Can't you
ne? Is it Courtney?"
her own shocked surprise she found
in her eyes. All Jay's old resentment at
marriage had returned, his long frus-
d love for her. But she needed help,
anger. He got out a handkerchief and
it in her hand.
Tell me about it. You can trust me."
e dried her eyes and tried to smile.
sorry," she said. "Don't blame Court,
It's a long time since it happened."
e told him then: the unpacking of
rt's war trunk and finding the letter, the
rance on his part that there was no
, and later the photograph. Manlike,
owed no surprise at the Elsa affair; nor,
hought, did she greatly resent it after
his time. It was the fact that the boy
was flying against Jeff and his kind that was unbearable.

"Of course," he said, as quietly as he could, "it's sheer nonsense to think the two of them would ever meet. Use your common sense, Ricky. The real issue is between you and Court. Has it changed your feeling toward him?"

"I don't know, Jay," she told him. "I really don't know."

He left her soon after. Other wardens drifted in. The small room was crowded and filled with smoke. He shook hands with her finally, and she smiled.

"Thank you, Jay. You've helped me."

Late in 1943 came the word that Jeffrey was listed among the missing. They had been to church, for even Courtney went now when he could, as though he realized at last that after he had done his best the rest was up to the God he had so long ignored.

The telegram was on the table when they went in. Ricky only stared at the envelope. She would not touch it, and it was Court who picked it up. He read it and put it in his pocket.

"Nothing important," he said. His voice was forced, his face rigid with the effort to control himself.

She did not move toward the stairs. Instead she stood stiff, holding to the newel post. "Is it Jeff? Or Peggy?"

He gave up the effort. "It's Jeff. Apparently he's had to bail out somewhere."

"Bail out! He was shot down?"

He had recovered somewhat. He went over and caught her in his arms. "Look, my darling. He's almost sure to be all right. Even if it was over enemy country, a lot of them turn up later."

"How do you know he got down at all?" Rick asked. "What's in the message, Court?"

He gave it to her at last. All it said was that Jeff was officially reported missing.

"I think he is dead," she said very quietly. And slid to the floor at his feet.

He carried her to the elevator and took her up to their room. There he put her on her bed and sat down beside her, his face as colorless as hers. Before long she opened her eyes and looked at him.

"The sins of the fathers, Court," she said, her lips stiff.

"Listen, Ricky, I tell you it's not final." Then the possible meaning of what she had said dawned on him. "What sins? What are you talking about?"

"Suppose it was your German son who shot him down?"

He said nothing for a moment, then, "How did you know?" he asked heavily.

She only shook her head. It did not matter now. Nothing mattered save that somewhere Jeff was lost to them. She had no hope. It was as though all her life had been pointed toward that moment, and that all of it had been useless.

Later he tried to tell her the story. He doubted if she heard him, or that it registered if she did. Behind his words lay his own racking, torturing grief. All at once he was shaken with dry convulsive sobs.

"Oh, darling!" he said, and put his head down on the bed beside her.

He slept as usual in his dressing room that night, if it could be called sleep. He knew that to hold Elsa's son responsible for Jeff was fantastic, but a man was responsible for his own action. Whether he lay with a girl in a barn, like David Stafford, or in a German bed, if there was a child it was his.

At dawn he got up and, putting on a dressing gown, went down to the kitchen to make coffee. He drank his coffee standing. The day was before him, but it meant little to him now. There was nothing he could do. He had called Audrey on the long-distance telephone the day before, but she had already got the word. Her voice sounded as though she had been crying.

(Continued on Page 89)

In order to know whether a human being is young or old, offer it food of different kinds at short intervals. If young, it will eat anything at any hour of the day or night.
—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



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1 teasp. salt
2 teasp. sugar
2 12-oz. cans Stokely's *Finest* Golden Bantam Corn
1½ cups chopped, cooked chicken
½ cup diced celery

Soften gelatin in water; dissolve in hot stock. Add salt. Chill ½ until syrupy; add sugar, drained corn. Pour in 2-qt. oiled mold. Chill firm. Chill other ½ gelatin syrupy; add chicken, celery. Pour over corn layer. Chill firm. Serve with horse-radish mayonnaise. Serves 8-10. M-m-m, it does a hostess' heart good to see guests relish this exciting, flavorful salad. For it's chockful of crisp, creamy corn . . . grown where sunshine and rain combine to bring out *nothing but the finest* flavor, when you choose Stokely's *Finest* Corn.

Finest

Recipe for Valentine Mold

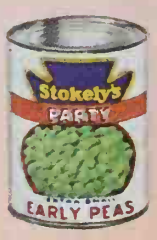
1 tablesp. unflavored gelatin
¼ cup cold water
1½ cups chicken stock
½ teasp. celery salt
1 can Stokely's *Finest* Lima Beans
Ham Mousse (see below)

Soften gelatin in water; dissolve in hot stock. Add celery salt; chill syrupy. Add drained limas; pour in 2-qt. oiled mold. Chill firm. *To Make Ham Mousse:* Soften 2 tablesp. unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water; dissolve over boiling water. Cool. Mix with 2 cups ground cooked ham and 1½ tablesp. bottled mustard. Fold in 1 cup cream, whipped. Pour over bean layer. Chill firm. Serves 8-10. And to win the heartiest praises, this inviting salad must be made with the *finest* of lovely, little limas. So, choose tender, garden-green lima beans, grown in mineral-enriched soil for *nothing but the finest* . . . Stokely's *Finest.*

Always Delicious













Also enjoy



OVER 115 *FINEST* FRUITS AND VEGETABLES . . . PRODUCTS OF STOKELY–VAN CAM

(Continued from Page 87)

"What does it mean, missing?" she asked. Was he shot down?"

"We don't know, my dear. We can only ait and hope. They have parachutes, of ourse. He is probably safe enough."

She was silent, as if she were fighting for ontrol.

He had to steady his own voice. "Would it elp if we all waited together? Why not ome on and stay with us?"

But she would not come. She was busy ere. Her sister wasn't well, and there was ie baby to care for.

In a sense he was relieved. She was Jeff's ife, but she had had him only a brief time. Vhat was her emptiness to theirs, who had ved him all his life?

outh was vulner- ble, he thought as he ung up, but it had omething older peo- e outgrew. It had ope. There was al- ays tomorrow. For ie others it was too ten only today, or esterday.

There was no fur- ier news. They could nly wait and hope. ut he was increas- gly aware that what ould have drawn iem together was eeping them apart. icky had withdrawn to long silences, and iere were times when e found her eyes on m, so full of tragic tterness that once e got up abruptly nd confronted her. "Why can't we lk this out? If ou're blaming me out Jeff, it's non- nse. It's—it's not rmal."

"I'm not blaming ou. Can't you allow e a little decent ief?"

"Grief! How do ou suppose I feel? e was my son too. an't you remember iat?"

She was alone at ome when the parcel ontaining Jeffrey's effects arrived. What ttle hope she had had died when she opened . She took it up to his room and put the ings away. There was a bundle of let- rs from Audrey, but she did not touch iem. When Courtney came home that ight she told him quietly. It was a mo- ent before he could control his voice.

"To us? Why not to his wife?"

"He must have wanted to save her that."

She went to the window and stood staring ut. It had been raining, and the park looked ray and gloomy in the twilight.

"I wonder if it's raining over there."

His nerves were at breaking point. "I wish ou'd stop this morbid thinking, Ricky. If e's alive, he's under shelter. If he's not——"

"If he's not, it makes no difference. Is iat what you think, Court?"

"I'm trying not to think at all."

The first thin ray of hope for Jeff came in the inter of 1944. Came when at last they had ccepted his loss and were both struggling ut from the black pall of misery that had lmost separated them. Yet it was not much. t came from Eric Graham:

Dear Wayne: I have been in another theater f war, so I have only recently learned about eff. As soon as I heard I got in touch with the ien of his squadron and this is what I was told.

When his plane was hit he was seen to bail ut. What is more, one of the other men saw his hute open. Things were pretty rugged just hen, but this man insists Jeff got out all right.

He was a smart flier. He was an ace, as you ay know. He had got five German fighters nd two not corroborated. But this is a war, Wayne, and a dirty one. All I can say is if he reached the ground there is a chance for him. Quite a few of our fellows are turning up, sometimes after many months. Don't hope too much, but he was a smart boy as well as a fine fighter. Here's luck anyhow.

Yours,
GRAHAM.

He took it home that night, but in the bus he felt depressed rather than cheered. He was seeing Jeff in the little cockpit of his plane, with a fiery hell below and death all around him. And then bailing out. What hope was there, even if his parachute had opened? Those beasts shot helpless men swinging on the cords of their chutes.

But there was none of this in his face when he gave Ricky the letter, or when she looked up at him with her old radiant smile.

"I can hardly believe it," she said. "It's wonderful, isn't it, Court?"

"Very wonderful, darling," he said, and put his arms around her.

In April Courtney went out to see Jeff's young wife. Both he and Ricky had written regularly, but she had always refused to visit them. Now he found her in a neat white frame house, with a baby crying somewhere, and her hands red and moist.

"I was doing the baby's wash," she explained. "We can't get any help. Come in, Mr. Wayne."

She led him into a small unused parlor. There were cretonne hangings at the windows, and an unskilled hand had tried to make slip covers for the furniture. But she apologized for nothing. Courtney liked her for it. Nevertheless, she looked as though her interest in life had gone.

"I suppose there's still no news?"

"No. Not since I sent you Colonel Graham's letter. But that doesn't mean anything. If he went down in French territory the Underground might take care of him. Even if he's in a German prison——"

"The Germans torture prisoners, don't they?"

"Not necessarily. Anyhow, don't think things like that. I came because—well, you wouldn't come to us. And you're Jeff's wife. We'd like to think you're well and comfortable."

"I don't want money, Mr. Wayne, if that's what you mean. We get along very well. We don't need much. You can see that."

Later she suggested he see her father. She took off her apron and they walked a few blocks to the store. It was a neighborhood grocery, very clean although scantily stocked. Her father, a short stocky man, neat in his white coat, came around the counter to shake hands.

"How are you, Mr. Wayne? Glad to see you. Maybe you can cheer my girl here. She's been pretty low in her mind."

"We're still hoping. You saw Colonel Graham's letter?"

"Saw it! I guess I prayed over it."

Courtney ate lunch at the Cowan house. Audrey's sister was there, with a now smiling baby in a high chair beside her. Her husband was in the thick of the fighting, but she heard from him now and then. Nevertheless, there was tension over the meal Audrey had cooked. He thought she had been crying again.

When traintime came she walked with him to the station. "I haven't given Jeff up," she

Write on Your Slate

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

1 Madison Avenue
NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

SOME American kids need better school facilities, but many European children have none at all. To educate one and leave the others weak places all in jeopardy. When driving a car, it's the other fellow you have to look out for. Even if it were not the human thing to do, helping others to help themselves is helping *you*.

The Save the Children Sponsorship Plan is a way for Americans to help war-battered schools in France, Holland, Belgium and Greece. The plan makes possible student interchange of correspondence, books, cards, papers and information. Other contributions help provide a school in a country of the donor's choice with the things most needed.

The Public Affairs article in last month's JOURNAL (page 23) told what this same organization is doing for an American school.

ANN TODD, a J. Arthur Rank Organization star, now appearing in David O. Selznick's production of Alfred Hitchcock's "THE PARADINE CASE," relaxes and enjoys a cup of brisk Lipton's.



ANN TODD says:

"What a lift I get from that brisk LIPTON flavor!"

Next time you feel fagged and flat, brew yourself a steaming cup of Lipton Tea. You'll echo Ann Todd's words!

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Lipton's has a special way of blending the very finest Orange Pekoe and Pekoe teas to make the flavor *brisk*—richer. That brisk goodness seems to seep into your bones, renewing your spirit!

You needn't be a movie star to afford the soul-cheering vigor of Lipton Tea. Because even as choice a tea as Lipton's costs less than any drink except water.

Get a package today. You'll see why Lipton's is America's favorite tea!



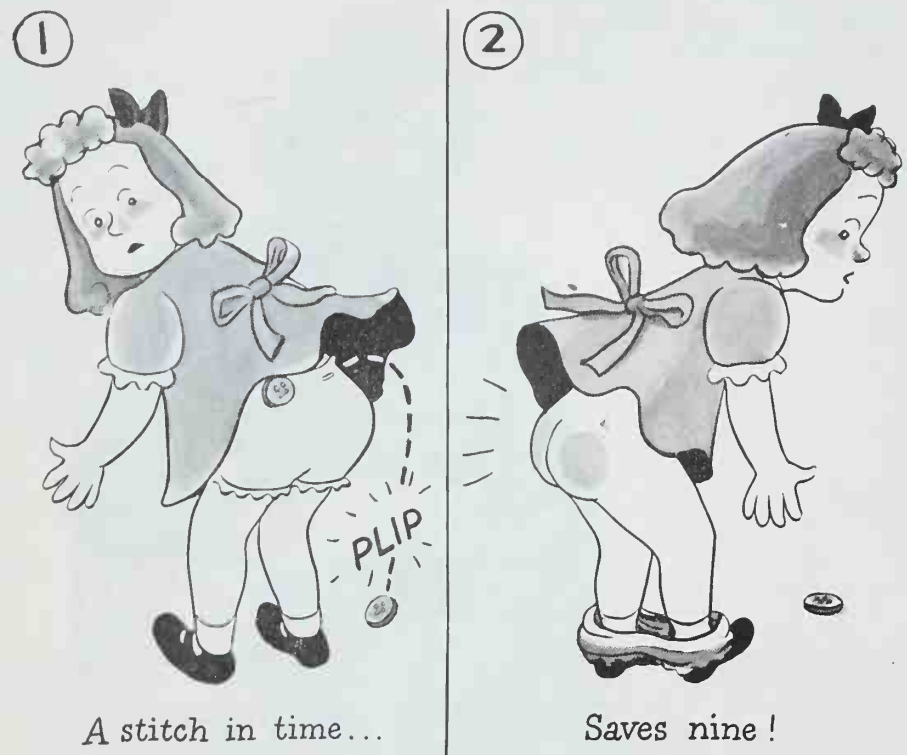
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Here's what the wise ones say:



A stitch in time... Saves nine!



A little Drāno every week Saves you from a slow drain!

THAT'S ALL IT TAKES to avoid the annoyance of slow-running drains—just one tablespoon of Drāno once a week! For Drāno boils out clogging waste that gathers in drains. Boils out filthy sewer germs, too!

And Drāno opens clogged drains—*fast!* Without fuss or muss, fumes or odor.

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Harmless to septic tanks; makes them work better—cuts down odors.

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said. "He was a wonderful flier. Everyone said so. And he was smart. He could get out of a tough place if anyone could."

He kissed her when he left her. "Good-by, Audrey. You're worth coming back to. I pray to God Jeff does."

Then again there was nothing to do but wait. Summer turned to fall, and fall to winter. At night now Court and Ricky sat over the radio, often with Hilda there, quietly knitting.

"They're driving ahead, darling. Before long they'll be in Germany."

That was their hope, of course. The Allies in Germany, and Jeff found and released. They clung to it tenaciously, studying maps, hoping against hope.

During the early spring of 1945 they learned of Roberta's death. The news came from one of her friends. Apparently one of the new buzz bombs had come over and the house she lived in had collapsed and burned.

"She has been wonderfully useful," the letter said. "We will all miss her. But she was not young, and I like to think she is with Arthur again."

Year by year the family circle had been growing smaller. Now there were only the two of them left. Like castaways on a life raft they had to cling together, even to hope together, in order to survive.

Out in the Pacific the war was moving fast, and no word had come from Peggy for a long time. She had written not to worry if this happened. "The mails are slow and I'll be moving about." They did worry, of course, although they had no idea that by early in 1945 she had been on her way to a still-burning Manila, ducking bullets from Japanese snipers, getting little drinking water and not much food. And still waiting, of course, for Terry Shane, who had a garage in California, and meant to return to it even if it meant that he had to kill every Jap between himself and Tokyo.

The difference between a human being ten years of age and one fifty years of age lies altogether in the matter of toys. —O'MALLEY.

Then one day Ricky had a visitor. She had gone to the park to sit on a bench and watch the children taking advantage of the first bright day to sail their boats in the small lake. She had gone without a hat, and the wind had blown her hair about her face and given her some color. When she reached the house it was to find a big young man in uniform on the pavement, looking up at the number. She stopped and got out her key, to find him beside her.

"Excuse me," he said, touching his cap. "Is this the Wayne house?"

She saw his air insigne then and put a hand against the doorpost to steady herself. "Are you—have you any news? About my son?"

He looked at her, evidently surprised. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Wayne. I've just come from the Pacific. I'm—well, I guess I'm your son-in-law. Name's Shane."

She stared at him. "You're Terry?"

"That's my name." He grinned down at her. "Invalided out. Malaria and a busted eardrum. Hard luck, isn't it?" he added, and held out a big hand.

SHE was still dazed as she led him into the house. Peggy's husband! This strange, rugged-faced young man, his skin yellow from atabrine, who seemed almost too large for his uniform and who smiled at her with bright Irish-blue eyes.

"I promised her I'd see you if I got back," he said. "I suppose she's all right? I haven't heard from her for a long time."

"We haven't heard either."

She settled him in Courtney's study and brought him Peggy's letters to read. He perused them hungrily.

"She's a great girl, Mrs. Wayne. I kept thinking about her when my plane went down. It kept me swimming. I had something to swim for."

He was on his way to a hospital in the South for treatment, he explained, and could not stay. But before he left he wanted to see Peggy's room and Peggy's father. She took him upstairs: to where the room was as it had been left, Peggy's toilet things and perfumes on the dressing table, the rows of small shoes in the closet, the dresses covered with sheets.

He moved around quietly, for all his size. "I'll never be able to give her anything like this, Mrs. Wayne."

"Do you think that matters?"

"Not to me. It may to her."

"You've read her letters, Terry. You know it won't."

BUT he was sure Peggy was safe. "They take good care of our girls out there." And he even gave her some assurance about Jeff. He told her of men hiding from the Japs for years, to come out safely; of fliers who, like Jeff, had bailed out and been reported missing, and who had turned up after all hope had been abandoned. "If he got down, he's likely to be all right. Even the krauts take prisoners, especially airmen."

Courtney liked him at once. He was wholesome and cheerful, although it was evident that he resented being sent back. He had wanted to get to Tokyo.

"You think we'll get there?" Court asked.

"Get there! Sure we'll get there," Terry told him.

When he left, they let him go reluctantly. It was as though for a few hours he had brought Peggy back to them, and even—just possibly—Jeff too.

When Easter came, Ricky received a huge box of flowers, with a card. It said: "To my dearly beloved wife, with admiration and hope." For surely out of the entire year Easter was the time for hope, Easter and the spring. Easter and the Resurrection.

Court went on to the office from the florist's that Saturday morning. There was considerable mail. He lit a cigarette and glanced over it. He put the business letters aside and picked out one which had come through Switzerland.

It was not a letter. What he pulled out was the snapshot of a newly-made grave, with a wooden cross above it, and an airman's insigne on the cross. There were other similar crosses around it.

When he could move, Court got up and opened a window. He was finding it hard to breathe. And he felt sick. It was the end of waiting, the end of hope. How could he tell Ricky?

He sat down and put his head on his outstretched arms on the desk. He was not even aware that Mather had come in and was staring at him.

"What's wrong, Court?"

"We've lost Jeff," he said, not lifting his head.

There was a brief silence. Mather put a hand on Courtney's shoulder. "How do you know? Had official word?"

Court moved then. He shoved the snapshot at Mather, who took it, looked at it, turned it over and saw what was written on the back.

"Who is Otto?" he said. "What's he got to do with it?"

Courtney took the picture back and stared at it. It was a moment before he could speak.

"Otto!" he said thickly. "Otto is my German son. Or was, poor devil. This is to tell me he is dead."

He told Mather the story, and Mather was understanding and kind.

"Come out and have a drink," he said. "You look as though you need it. What fools we men are, anyhow! Well, forget it, Court. It's over."

Courtney did not take the picture home, but very gravely that night he told Ricky that Otto was dead.

"I never knew the boy. I can't grieve over him, my dear. You understand that, don't you? He meant nothing to me. He never did."

He saw with surprise that there were tears in her eyes. "Not only for him," she said. "For all the boys who have to die in a war.

(Continued on Page 92)

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● Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

(Continued from Page 90)

For all the crosses all over the world. It's such waste." She held out a hand to him, and he went over and kissed her.

Only through the newspapers did they know anything of the war as it had moved on through the winter and spring, the Germans falling back, and the roads along which the Allies moved bottlenecks of snarled traffic.

Now and then a correspondent got through a human-interest story, and the public seized it avidly. But there was no correspondent to tell the tale of the two American privates who lost their way in one particular hell.

They were driving a jeep loaded with bazooka ammunition, trying to make a detour around a bottleneck of troops, arms and guns. But they found themselves getting farther and farther away from the battle. It was very cold. Their hands were half-frozen, and the road rutted. One of them lit a cigarette and put it between the blue lips of the driver. Then he lit one himself. He looked puzzled.

"Where are we going, Bill? To join up with the limeys?"

"You tell me. I'd like to know myself."

The jeep jolted and bumped along. The men argued as to whether to keep on or turn back. When they reached the top of a hill they saw a small village below them and stopped.

"Suppose there are any krauts in it?"

"Not unless they're dead."

The village was a typically French one, the road providing its main street, with a small inn built around a courtyard, and, some distance beyond, an imposing church. Bill drove grimly on, the other man clutched his rifle. The place seemed deserted. It had come through its share of war. Part of the inn was roofless, and the spire of the church was a leaning hollow shell.

Then they saw a man. He was leaning against a stone wall, and a homemade crutch was propped beside him. He was tall, and the shabby French coat was too small for him. So, too, were the ragged blue jeans which barely covered his calves.

He did not move as they stopped, but there was alert suspicion in every line of his thin face. Bill had got out his phrase book.

"*Où est la route* ——" he began slowly. But the other man was impatient.

"Hurry up, Bill. Why not show him the map?"

Then for the first time the young man grinned. He picked up his crutch and hobbled toward them. "Either of you guys got a cigarette?" he inquired.

They stared, and Bill slowly produced a package.

"You a Yank?"

"What do you think? How about a match, brother?"

"Bum leg, eh?"

"Flak," he said, inhaling the smoke and releasing it carefully. "Where are you going?"

THEY told him. He took their map and set them right. And when they offered to take him along he nodded.

"Got to say good-by to these people. They've been hiding me and taking care of me for a long time."

He disappeared into the house, and was gone for some time. When he came out a woman and her daughter came with him. The woman regarded the jeep and its helmeted occupants stoically. She was beyond surprise. For months the Germans had come and gone in the village. Now it was this casual pair in their queer green car. The girl, however, was crying. She was a pretty girl, full-breasted and black-haired.

The lame man had no luggage except his crutch. When he reached the jeep again he looked faintly embarrassed. "I don't suppose I could borrow some money?" he asked. "These people are poor. I owe them a lot. Including a leg," he added grimly. "I'll pay you double whatever you've got. I have a lot of back pay coming to me."

They were uneasy. Finally, however, they produced sixty dollars. He took it and counted it.

"That's a lot in francs," he said. "Thanks. Don't worry. I'll fix it. Got any paper? I'll write a couple of I O U's."

He wrote them, standing beside the jeep and balancing on his crutch. When he hobbled back with the money the woman seemed surprised and mollified. But the girl was still crying. He put a hand on her shoulder and spoke to her in French.

"IT is all right," he said. "Soon the war will be over and your husband will be back. And I'll never forget you. Be sure of that."

He shook hands with them and, putting his crutch carefully into the car, hoisted himself into it. As Bill let in the clutch he smiled and waved. Then he turned and inspected the bazooka ammunition with interest.

"Take the dirt road by the church," said Jeffrey Wayne. "Looks like they need this stuff over there."

One of my mother's friends was Lady Anglesey, an American woman, and she told me that she had once said to my mother: "You're so beautiful and there are so many people in love with you, why are you faithful to that ugly little man you've married?" And my mother answered: "He never hurts my feelings." —SOMERSET MAUGHAM: The Summing Up (Doubleday & Co., Inc.)

One day in the fall of 1945 Ricky got out of the car and spoke to the big young man at the wheel. "Put the car away, Terry, and don't be late for dinner. Hilda got a steak somewhere."

He smiled and put a finger to his bare head in salute. "I'll be back," he told her. "Don't worry. Maybe you'll look in the hall first. There may be a letter from Peg."

There was a letter. She brought it out and gave it to him. His face glowed.

"Heck of a thing," he said, ripping it open. "I'm here, living on the fat of the land, and Peg's out there still. I don't feel half a man."

"You've been sick, Terry."

"Yeah. I get shot at one million times, and then a mosquito bites me and lays me out!"

She left him to his letter and stood for a moment looking up at the house. For the first time in years it looked friendly again. It was shabby, of course, like most things now. Long ago she had ceased to dislike it. Now she realized she loved it. It was her home, hers and Court's. And now Jeff was on the way back. He might be in at any time. Before long Peggy would come too.

When she went in, the house felt warm. She slid off her coat in the hall and went back to the kitchen. Hilda was there, flushed from cooking and the heat of the room, and Ricky sat down at the table.

"If the water's boiling I'd love a cup of tea, Hilda. I'm frozen."

"I'll make you a bit of toast too. All this excitement ——"

"I still can't believe it. Better make an extra cup, Hilda. I'll take it up to Audrey. Has she been out at all?"

"Not her. She's up in her room. I see you got your hair done."

Hilda poured out the tea and buttered a slice of toast. Ricky dropped a slice of lemon into the cup and waited for it to cool.

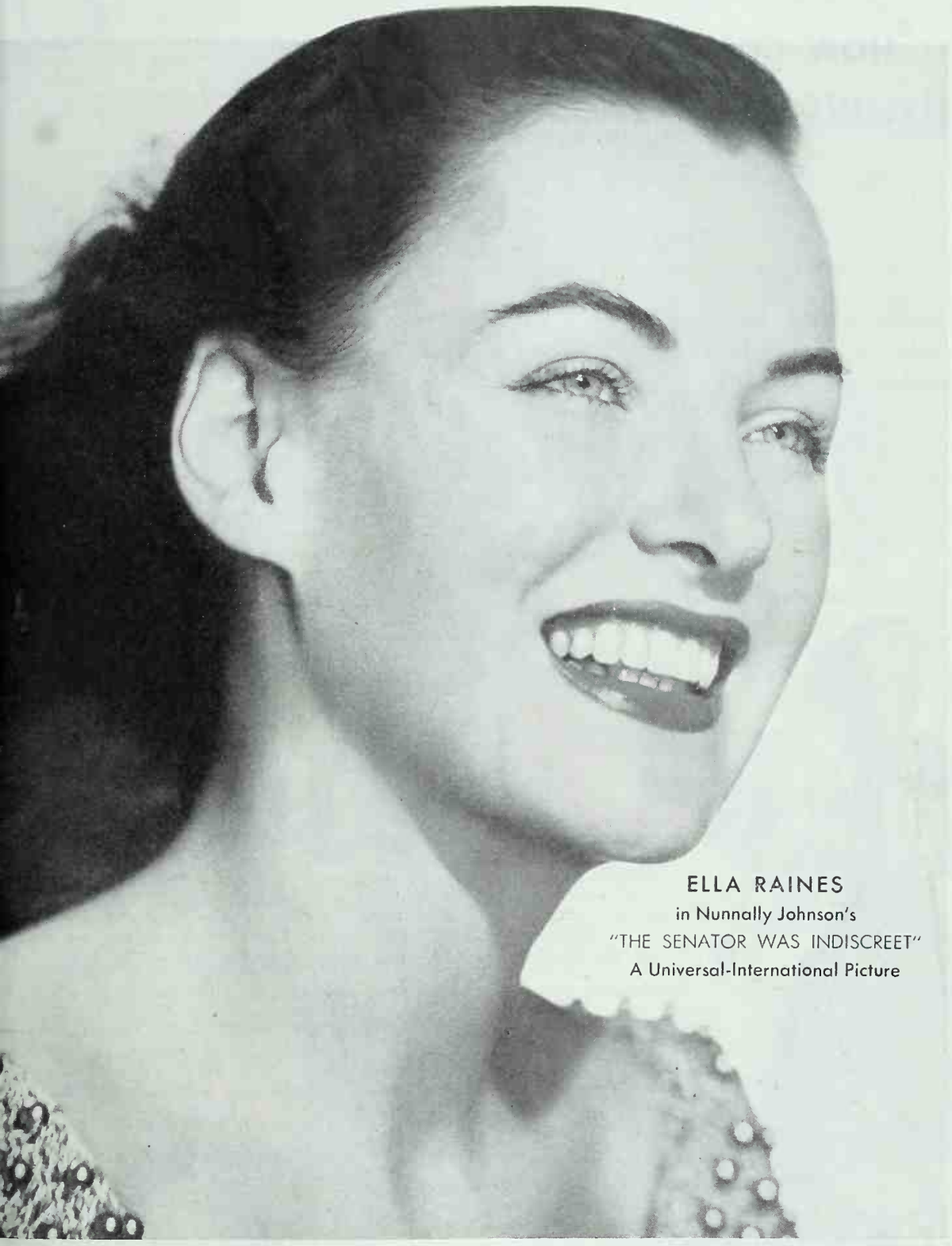
"It's not easy, Hilda. I remember how it was with me. It has been so long, and I was like her. I was young too. I was scared to death. I'll carry her tea up to her. I expect she needs it."

Hilda said nothing. She fixed a tray with tea and toast, and Ricky picked it up.

"We must try to understand her," she said. "After all, they were married only a short time. And I understand he's still very lame. He'll hate that. It will be hard for him too."

(Continued on Page 95)

CATCH EYES . . . CATCH HEARTS . . . WITH *that Always-Fresh look*



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DAYTIME! Mornings, before studio hours, Ella paints. *She's* a picture . . . skin so rosy-awake! "For my wake-up facial, I adore Woodbury Cold Cream. *Cleanses deep'n'clean*—coaxes fresh beauty-glow!"

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PLAYTIME! Ella "at home". "After a busy film day, my *first* date is Woodbury! This rich, rich cream smooths dryness. Wonderful Woodbury—not only cleanses, but softens too! Leaves skin petal-smooth."

Four speciol softening ingredients in Woodbury to smooth dry skin—leove it silky-soft!



BEDTIME! "My Woodbury Beauty Nightcap says 'sleep in beauty' to my skin." Ella first cleanses with Woodbury. Then—"I swirl on *more* . . . for rich *all-night* softening . . . dewy *morning* freshness!"

Get your Woodbury Cold Creom now. The creom is so fine—the price is so low!

"Try my beauty-glow cleansing for Woodbury-wonderful skin!" says Ella. "First—smooth massage with Woodbury Cold Cream. See how its *deep-cleansing* oils lift away make-up, grime. Tissue off. Swirl on Woodbury again . . . its *four special softening ingredients* smooth dryness. Tissue—and spank with cold water. Now, your skin glows clear-clean, silky-soft, with that Woodbury 'Always-Fresh' look!"

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Special—for Dry Skin. First, cleanse with Woodbury Cold Cream. Soften with Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream —rich in lanolin's benefits. Skin looks dewy-fresh, younger.



"Don't kid me," said Kitty

"HOW COULD I MAKE NYLONS LAST TWICE AS LONG?"

Poor Kitty — with a run in her last good pair of nylons! But she didn't get sympathy from her friend Mildred! "Kitty," said Mildred, as they perched on their stools in the drugstore—"you're really a bird brain. Runs, runs, runs all the time. Don't you know you could make your nylons last *twice* as long?" "Don't kid me," said Kitty. But Mildred knew her stuff! So, after they finished their sodas . . .





. . . on their way home, Mildred stopped at the store. She said, "I'm buying you a box of stocking insurance . . . it's spelled L-u-x. Remember those lovely, sheer smoky nylons we both bought together? Well, yours gave up in a little while, didn't they? And I'm still wearing mine, thanks to Lux. Lux actually cuts way down on runs, Kitty—they've proved it in ever so many strain tests.* It keeps nylons like new *twice* as long. Saves color, too."

* Many, many tests prove this

Hundreds of strain tests by a famous, independent laboratory have proved that stockings washed with Lux last *twice as long!*

All types of stockings were tested . . . nylon, silk, rayon, cotton. They were washed 3 different ways . . . some with Lux, some with strong suds, and some rubbed with cake soap. Results were the same. The Luxed stockings lasted *twice* as long. That's just like getting an extra pair every time you buy a pair! Be wise—Lux stockings *nightly.*



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

(Continued from Page 92)

e carried the tray carefully out to the
. She was somewhat winded when she
ed what had been the nursery floor, and
ated a moment before she rapped at
door. Perhaps the girl wanted to be
. But she must somehow make her feel
one of them. She had arrived only that
ing. She rapped, and Audrey's voice
to come in.

hen she opened the door the room was
with the early fall twilight. She could
y see her. She was standing by a
ow, looking out, and Ricky felt for a
and put the tray on it. She did not
h on the lights.

've brought you some tea," she said.
you want a light?"

'd rather not. Thanks for the tea. I'll
it in a minute."

cky sat down. "My mouth's dry," the
aid. "I guess I'm scared. After all, it's
three years. Plenty of time for him to
t me."

lenty of time for you to forget him too.
probably as worried as you are. Or
. He limps, you know, Audrey."

s if that makes any difference to me!"
ey said.

cky looked at the clock beside the bed.
s radium dial she knew the plane was
n yet. Courtney would still be waiting
e airport. Audrey had gone back to the
ow. Silhouetted against the fading
she looked small and young, and
y's heart ached for her.

think I know how you feel," she said
ully. "I remember the state I was in be-
Court came back. He had been gone a
time too. Like Jeff."

e girl turned to look at her. "And it was
ght?"

t was all right. Of course it took a little
" she said, still cautiously. "We had to
sed to each other again, to being mar-
"

eff's always said you were the most per-
happy people he'd ever known. He
the Waynes were one-woman men. It's
you were afraid. I never think of you
ing afraid of anything."

KY laughed. If it was forced, the girl
ot notice it. "My dear, my whole life
een one fear after another. And I'd been
ied in such a hurry. I was sure Court
dn't love me when he came back. I
y nearly lost him too."

Lost him?" Audrey's voice was startled.
certainly did. I was so sure he'd for-
n me that I—well, he walked out on me in Washington, and I don't blame him. I should have been spanked. I was a little fool, of course."

"I'd never act that way with Jeff. I couldn't."

"Then let him know it. Let him know it the minute you see him, that you love him and want him."

Down below, the front door slammed, and they heard Terry coming up the stairs. He took them two at a time and banged into Peggy's old room.

"You see," Ricky went on, "I keep thinking about my mother-in-law's house, and about her. It was a very grand house, bigger than this. I know Mrs. Wayne meant to be kind, but I don't think she liked me much at first. She was not a very understanding woman."

"No one can say that about you," Audrey said warmly.

"I hope not. But there was something else I wanted to tell you. You see, Court was her only son. When he came back she wanted us to stay with them, and we did try. Only it didn't work."

Audrey was definitely interested now. "You're trying to tell me something, aren't you?"

"Only that your lives are your own, Audrey; yours and Jeff's. Your marriage is your own too. Yours to make and keep. Always remember that."

For the first time since she had known her, Audrey came over and kissed Ricky. "We'll manage," Audrey told her. "I'll see that we manage."

She had done her bit, Ricky thought, as she went to her own room to dress for Jeff's arrival. She slipped off her clothes and took a quick bath, but she was still uneasy. What if Jeff came home resentful at being crippled? Or what about the nurses who had written his letters for him when he had been unable to write? She put the thought away. She was reading her own past into his return, and it was silly. She dressed and, after a survey in the mirror, used her lipstick and added a touch of powdered rouge to her cheeks.

She was still there when she heard Audrey running down the stairs. Ricky opened her door and listened, her heart beating fast. But she waited. If it was Jeff, his wife had the first right to greet him.

It was Jeff. Standing on the stair landing, she heard the excited voices below. Courtney's and Jeff's and Audrey's. Even Hilda's. For a moment she felt left out, as though none of them had any need for her.

Then Jeff shouted, "Hi! Haven't I got a mother somewhere?"

It was all right. She found herself running down, like Audrey, like a girl. And there was Jeff, his arm around his wife but his face lifted, looking up at her on the stairs.

"Hello, beautiful," he said. "Come and kiss the family hero."

He had no crutch, thank God. He was simply Jeff. Jeff, her baby of long ago and now a man. He released Audrey and caught her in his arms. Then he held her off and inspected her.

"Just a rag and a bone!" he said. "I thought you'd be a buxom old lady by this time."

But he was fatigued, although he scouted the idea of having his dinner in bed. He limped, too, rather badly. He was conscious of it, she



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knew. He grinned at Audrey, but his eyes were wary.

"Mind if we use the elevator, old girl? You've got a cripple for a husband, you know."

"I've got my husband back," said Audrey stanchly. "That's all I care about. And the elevator's not running. Come on. We climb!"

They watched them going slowly up the stairs, and when they were out of sight Ricky smiled at Courtney. "It's all right, isn't it? Do you remember when you came home from the other war? What a little fool I was!"

Courtney looked rather blank. "Should I remember?" he asked. "It's a long time ago, my darling." Then he laughed. "Of course! In Washington. At the Shoreham, wasn't it? You didn't want me to stay with you. And was I sore!"

Dinner was very gay that night. Terry and Jeff took to each other at once, squabbled about their respective services, and ate enormously. There was all the news too: Roberta's death, Pete's losing a leg, Peggy's experiences and their hopes for her early return.

But on his escape from the Germans and his months in hiding Jeff was unwilling to elaborate. He had made a bad landing on a field outside a village and had lain there all night, wrapped in his parachute. His leg had been bad. He couldn't even crawl. And there were Germans in the neighborhood. Once he had heard a patrol passing. No one saw him until dawn. Then a middle-aged Frenchwoman, seeing the parachute in the field, came over to retrieve it. She had been startled to find him beneath it. He told her in French that he was an American, and somehow she and her husband had got him to one of the outbuildings belonging to the inn. It was the curé of the church who had attended to his leg, coming at night to do so. It had been hard on the family. If he had been discovered they would all have been shot. Toward the end, the woman was anxious to get rid of him, for the Germans were destroying the farms and towns as they retreated. The man had already gone to join the Maquis. But by that time his French patois was good enough for him to pose as a nephew of the family. They found some clothes for him and let him out of the loft in the stable. He had even helped them with the work.

He grinned and looked at a breathless Hilda, standing in the pantry doorway. "Need any help with the dishes?" he inquired. "Or how about a little laundry work? They thought I was pretty good at both."

COURTNEY listened and watched. Not once had Jeff mentioned the French girl, yet she had been there. One of the first letters he wrote in a rather shaky hand from the hospital had been to Courtney himself, asking him to send clothes for her as well as for her mother:

> They took a lot of chances, dad, and the girl was tops. They need everything. Nothing fancy. They're peasants. But warm. And God knows they need food, too, if you can get it to them.

He had not told Ricky about the girl. But when, after dinner, he had maneuvered Jeff into his study and closed the door, he remembered something. Just so, after his own return years ago, had his father sat in the library of the old house and sharply interrogated him.

He caught himself up sharply. Jeff was not listening. Cigarette in hand, he was wandering about the room. He came to a stop across from the desk and stood looking down at his father.

"About that girl in France, dad. I want to tell you about her."

"Go ahead, son."

"She was good to me. She's the one who saved me. Her people didn't want me. I was a danger to them every minute."

"Is that all, Jeff?" his father asked. "About the girl, I mean?"

Jeff hesitated. He put out his cigarette and dropped it in an ash tray. "If you mean was I in love with her, no, I wasn't. But if you're asking me whether I slept with her or not, the answer is yes." When Courtney waited he went on, "She was married. Her husband was dead, I think. She didn't know. Anyhow, that's how it was."

Courtney moved in his chair. "I didn't tell your mother about your letter. She might have worried."

Jeff nodded. "Right. She would. But Audrey's different. She can take it."

"You're going to tell her? Is that necessary, Jeff? Why hurt her?"

"Better now than later, dad."

COURTNEY glanced up at him sharply. Did the boy know about Elsa? Had Robert told him in England, perhaps to warn him against the same sort of entanglement? He did not know. Perhaps he never would know.

"Times change, you know," Jeff said quietly. "Girls understand a lot more than they used to. And things looked pretty rugged for a while. I didn't expect to get away at all. Now I'm back I want to start with a clean slate. Audrey's a lot like mother, you know. She'll stick." He smiled and picked up a new Wayne book from the desk. "I haven't asked you. How's business, dad?"

Courtney pulled himself together with some difficulty. "Still going strong. I suppose war books will be out soon. People are fed up with war."

Jeff glanced at the book in his hand. "Well, I guess we'll manage," he said cheerfully. "I see we have a new Lockwood."

A happy life is not made up of negatives.
—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

He had laid no emphasis on the "we," but Courtney felt a sudden relief. The old imprint would carry on after all. They would publish honest books, would follow Matthew's example of integrity and essential simplicity.

"I'll be mighty proud to have you in the firm, Jeff," he said huskily.

Later, when the others had gone up to bed, he still sat in his crowded room. The house had become quiet, and he listened to the silence. It was old and comfortable and shabby, but years of living had made it into a home. His home.

It was hard to realize it was all over, that the tumult and the shouting had died. He ran a hand through his hair, thinning on the forehead. He was over fifty. It was time to sit back and let the new generation take over. Perhaps they would make a better job of things. He got up and, putting out the light, slowly and tiredly climbed the stairs.

Ricky was at the toilet table in their room in her nightdress, giving her hair its night brushing. He went over and, leaning down, kissed her.

"Love me again, darling?"

She gave him a radiant smile. "I never stopped, Court."

He rather doubted it. He did not say so, however. He straightened rather stiffly and began to take off his coat. Who said passion passed with youth? It was a lie. A man of fifty was still a man, could still love his wife and want her.

He hung his coat in the closet and sank down in his big chair to take off his shoes. It was very comfortable. He leaned back and closed his eyes.

"It's been a big day," he said, yawning. "I'm about played out. Waiting for that plane to come in ——"

He opened his eyes, but Ricky was not there. She was in the bathroom. The splash of the water was soothing. He grunted and closed his eyes again.

When Ricky came back a few moments later he was sound asleep. She stood smiling down at him. Then she tucked a blanket under his knees and got into her bed, as she had so many times before. Alone. THE





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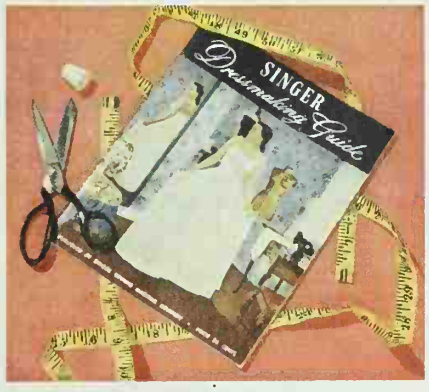
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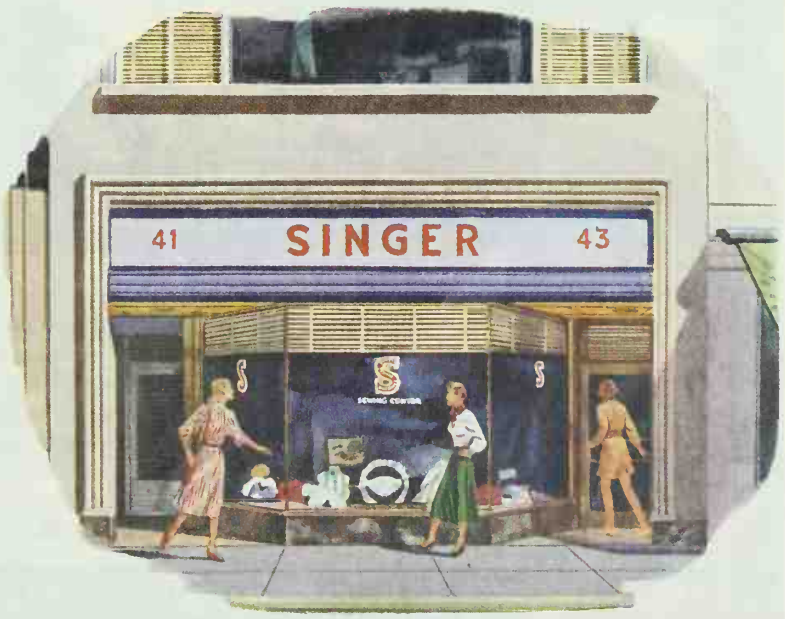
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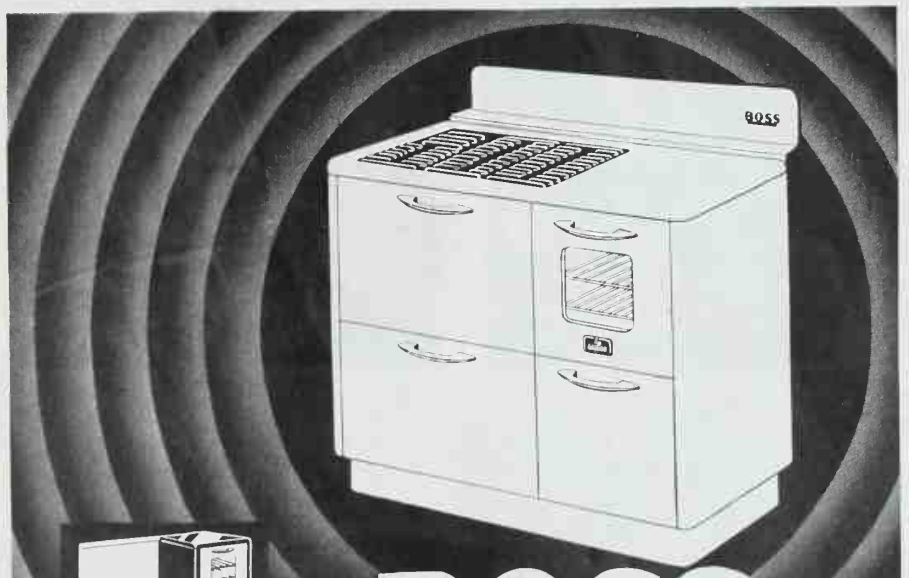
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THE ABC'S OF PUBLIC EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 71)

of past education. While the average American today is likely to go to *better* schools for *longer* periods than his father did before him, the question of whether he can expect a greater success or more happiness in life is directly related to whether our present educational facilities meet the needs of our time.

No one will gainsay the fact that our civilization is now much more complex, its demands more specialized, its tempo faster than it was, say, fifty years ago. "No greater crisis," Dr. Raymond B. Fosdick, president of the Rockefeller Foundation, and a lifelong student of America's educational problems, declared recently, "was ever faced by any generation in history. . . . Whether the future is to be a nightmare without end depends on our ability to make some headway in finding the answers." Our two world wars, our discoveries of methods of wholesale destruction, violence and disruption are evils that must be conquered if we are to live in stability and harmony. It is a major part of our schools' responsibility to make our young people at home in the world, to give them a confident sense of mastery and competence with which to counteract the already too widespread sense of insecurity and frustration.

Yet it is a fact that after more than a century of increasingly better education we are now in danger of going backward—not forward. In 1946 we invested only 2.2 per cent of our national income in education, although in 1933 we invested 3.7 per cent! But as individuals we are paying 5.2 per cent of our earned income for alcohol.

What we sow, we reap. Unless we take up the challenge and invest in better education for all, we can rest assured that the harvest we can expect from our present investments will *not* be those things which, in the past, we have grown to believe are synonymous with the American way of living.

The problem that confronts us all, of course, is how we shall best do this. Let us look first to the past to see how our school system was built.

In the seventeenth century there were roughly three types of schools: the schools as envisioned by the Calvinists of the New England region, who believed that every son of God has a right to education; the aristocratic, as influenced by the English schools of Virginia, where the rich were educated and the poor taught a trade; and the parochial schools of the middle areas of Pennsylvania and Delaware, where each church had its own school. The chief subject taught by all these schools was reading, the primary purpose being to enable children to read the Scriptures. Writing was extra, taught at special writing schools.

Because our Constitution was formed by men largely of educated, English background, it, while aiming to provide equality for all, contained no Federal provisions for public education. The poor, the unchurchly or the backwoods child had small chance at education, although there were some provisions for the very bright in these groups. Thomas Jefferson, for instance, provided funds to permit one genius in every class at near-by pauper schools to attend grammar schools. Slowly it became clear to the states, to public-minded citizens, to visionaries and humanitarians, however, that in order to implement the Constitution, public education was vital, and local governments began to give partial support to schools with public money. Connecticut used liquor-license taxes, New Orleans demanded that two theaters pay $3000 each from their annual profits to city schools; New York and many other localities got congressional permission to hold lotteries. But the battle for public education could not have been won if there had not been a real *need* for it.

With our industrial awakening, the rise of cities and the needs of manufacturing for skilled labor, and with the Jacksonian decree-provision that all men had the right to vote, it became readily apparent that we could, as a nation, run neither a successful economy nor a successful democracy without a trained citizenry. The South, for instance, with its plantation life, slavery and absence of manufacturing, did not feel the *need* of public education for at least a half century after the bustling North. And despite some valiant leaders, the South's educational facilities still lag behind those of the North.

Just as the church had realized the need to educate its followers for future leadership, now the nation recognized a similar need. Education did not, however, develop nationally. Because the Tenth Amendment stated that those powers not delegated to the Federal Government (and education was not) were reserved to the states, we find education developing to suit regional needs (and desires). Illinois, for instance, declared as early as 1825 that public education was necessary "because it is a well-established fact that no nation has continued long in the enjoyment of civil and political freedom which was not both virtuous and enlightened"—while Pennsylvania continued for eleven more years to provide poor-funds for private schooling for those children whose parents would declare themselves paupers. Similarly, it took New York until 1867 to do away with rate bills—special fees on parents to keep the grammar schools open—although Massachusetts had, forty years before, required public high schools to be established in every town with 500 families or over, and fifteen states had had state universities for seventeen years or more.

Pity, more than any other feeling, is a "learned" emotion; a child will have it least of all. Pity comes from the accumulations of man's memory, from the anguish, pain and suffering of life, from the full deposit of experience, from the forgotten faces, the lost men, and from the million strange and haunting visages of time. Pity comes upon the nick of time and stabs like a knife. Its face is thin and dark and burning, and it has come before we know it, gone before we can grasp or capture it; it leaves a shrewd, deep wound, but a bitter, subtle one, and it always comes most keenly from a little thing.

—THOMAS WOLFE: The Web and the Rock (Harper & Bros.).

Even today we have wide variances among the states as to how the schools are supported, how much schooling is supported and how much supervision is provided, how much money is spent, and how many pupils attend school. In 1946, the state of Delaware provided 87 per cent of the dollar support of its schools, while Nebraska provided only 4.7 per cent. In 1945 an Alabama child got only about $57 worth of education per year, a New Jersey pupil got $198 worth—and both states educated approximately the same number of the nation's children.

The average salary of teachers in Mississippi in 1946 was $858, while in New York it was $2946. Only about one in five adult inhabitants of the Carolinas, Georgia, Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Alabama and Kentucky has had more than four years of schooling—although in Nevada, Wyoming, California and Utah two in five have completed high school.

Similar variances occur between localities. It is possible, for instance, for a family to better immeasurably its children's schooling simply by moving across the street, into another school district. The reason is fairly obvious. Public elementary schools draw their funds and their leadership first from the community wherein they stand, secondarily from the town and county or township, and thirdly from the state. While the lack of money is a major cause of poor schools, there

(Continued on Page 100)

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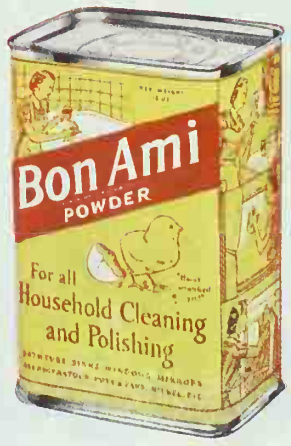
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"hasn't scratched yet!"





(Continued from Page 98)

are some areas in which school funds are high and school standards low, and other areas in which standards are high and money hard to come by. Local leadership among citizens in general and educators, as well as local money, must be forthcoming to create good schools. Ours is a national system of education only in the sense that the same broad educational aims and objectives are shared in common by the school systems of the states, and that there is, throughout the nation, a somewhat common pattern of organization to permit easy transfer of students from one state to another.

Now it is not healthful for the nation as a whole to have such variances in opportunity. Just as we have discovered that when a neighbor's house burns it threatens our house, so we know that if ignorance persists in the locality near us, our own progress is endangered, or, at best, hampered. There is evident in many states now a movement toward a greater measure of state financial support of public education There is also evident a trend toward greater national support. The Federal Government is now granting for regular aid of schools and colleges in the states more than $70,000,000 annually. Current legislative proposals call for many times as much—some call for $300,000,000 or more. Opponents of such grants declare fears for states' rights in education, although provisions in all such grants guarantee state and local control of the administration of schools.

The question of whether we can afford further expenditure also arises. I think I have proved how expenditure on education is an investment.

In comparison with the 2.2 per cent which we are spending on our schools, Great Britain, for all her serious economic difficulties, is spending 3 per cent of her national income on education, while Russian expenditures are reportedly proportionately larger, based on what is probably a not too princely national income. Can we afford, in this period in history, to lag behind other major countries in the world in our educational investments in people?

The complaint is sometimes made that schools are extravagant tax eaters. While it is true that we have spent increasing amounts on our schools between 1900 and 1940, we have also vastly increased our educational scope and facilities. In so doing we have, in all too many cases, lost the close ties that exist between schools and homes. The personal relationship between the communities and their schools must be regained.

If the states and the localities wish to retain control of their schools—and this is the ideal—then each citizen must realize that the vitality of our system is not something poured into it from above, but something which wells up from below. The spirit of our school systems will be no stronger than the spirit of the communities which they serve. This has been ably proved by such systems as those in Rochester, New York, and Des Moines, Iowa, where civic and school cooperation is in lively, interested harmony. Citizen participation in school affairs is a personal thing; the natural avenue is through the teachers, the principals, the members of the school board.

In some cities political chicanery interferes with the natural procedures of cooperation—but this must not be viewed as an insuperable obstacle. Chicago, by vigorously demanding high professional standards in its schools, recently proved that the citizen voter is still the final power in this country.

Utah, as a state, has set a unique pattern for making the public schools responsible to the people they serve, completely outside the partisanship of politics. In that state the members of the state board of education are chosen quite directly by the opinion of the rank and file of the citizens in the "grass roots" of the state; by citizens vitally interested in schools, who know the persons chosen for the state board. With only slight oversimplification the plan may be described as follows: The state is divided into a few "state school board" regions—about ten. In its turn each region elects its member of the state board. The members of the entire board are elected on "staggered" terms, only a few at any one time, thus insuring continuity of policy. And who are the *electors* in these regions? The members of the several *local district* boards of education who have been elected by the voters of their respective districts as is customary in the local school jurisdictions throughout the country. The "electors" are brought together in each region in a convention under procedures carefully stipulated in the law. The convention elects its member of the state board of education. The state of Washington has recently adopted a similar plan.

These recent trends away from apathy, disinterest or ignorance on the part of the citizenry—which would allow education to become a pawn of partisans—is most encouraging. In totalitarian countries, where central partisan control of education has been carried to its logical end, it has proved fatal to enlightenment. By contrast, the experience of those countries proves that education, to sustain democracy, must be free, must be answerable to the majority of the people if a free society is to remain strong and dynamic. Hitler, for example, demanded that "Nazi biology" be taught. Only teachers who professed and demonstrated belief in it were allowed to teach. His crazy theories could not stand the light of true science, of impartial, nonpartisan search for *truth*. Let us pray that the day will never come when in American schools the truth is obscured through dominant control of the purposes and processes of teaching by any particular group.

It is not only partisanship in education, however, which makes difficult a vital and progressive community interest. Occasionally a defensive teacher or administrator unwittingly defeats his own interests by possessive attitudes. Many criticisms have been leveled at educators. But let's not forget that they are struggling, and have been struggling, under a burden that would make most of us shudder.

In many places they are handicapped by old textbooks, run-down schools, overcrowded classes, extreme restrictions on their personal lives; and, worst of all, they have been hurt by a declining prestige which fortunately the present nationwide recognition of the vital importance of teaching is now helping to reinstate.

Our teachers have come a long way since the day when the minister—or, as it might be, the cobbler—doubled in brass. They have forsaken the rod and the rule and the

(Continued on Page 102)

Gift for a Child

By Sara King Carleton

Close and clear as yesterday
Is my girlhood when I see
The indifferent, casual way
You take life and love from me.

When you turn and toss your head,
Self-sufficient for a while,
Shy and awkward, leave unsaid
All you might say, I can smile.

More than you could ever guess
Are the things I understand—
Stubborn pride and loneliness,
Trust withdrawn and reaching hand.

In the years when you are grown,
Looking back as now I do,
You will know as I have known
What it was I gave to you.

What a wonderful new kind of Dishwashing Suds!

Right! No other soap has SWAN'S "super-creamed blend" to save work, to leave hands lovely!



...hard-working suds that re beauty suds for hands!

A great, new process makes these ds possible—no other soap has it Swan's "super-creamed blend."

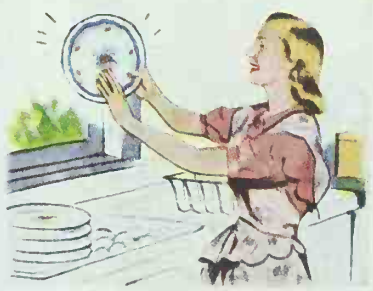
This wonderful *new kind* of suds hard-working—yet mild as fine tiles, gentle to hands! No red, gh look that strong soaps cause.



Now... faster suds! Dishes gleam without wiping!

• New dishwashing speed! Swan swishes into suds faster—a *new kind* of thick, rich suds that go after grease, rinse away so completely.

No wiping needed. A quick, hot rinse—you're through! Another joy of Swan's "super-creamed blend!"



Now...longer-lasting suds that wash more dishes per penny!

• A thrifty *new kind* of suds that last longer because of Swan's "super-creamed blend." And Swan is firmer. Less wasteful soap-dish "goo."

Try pure, floating Swan. See how those Swan suds make dishwashing easier, pleasanter for you!



Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

SWAN'S "super-creamed blend" means super-easy dishwashing!

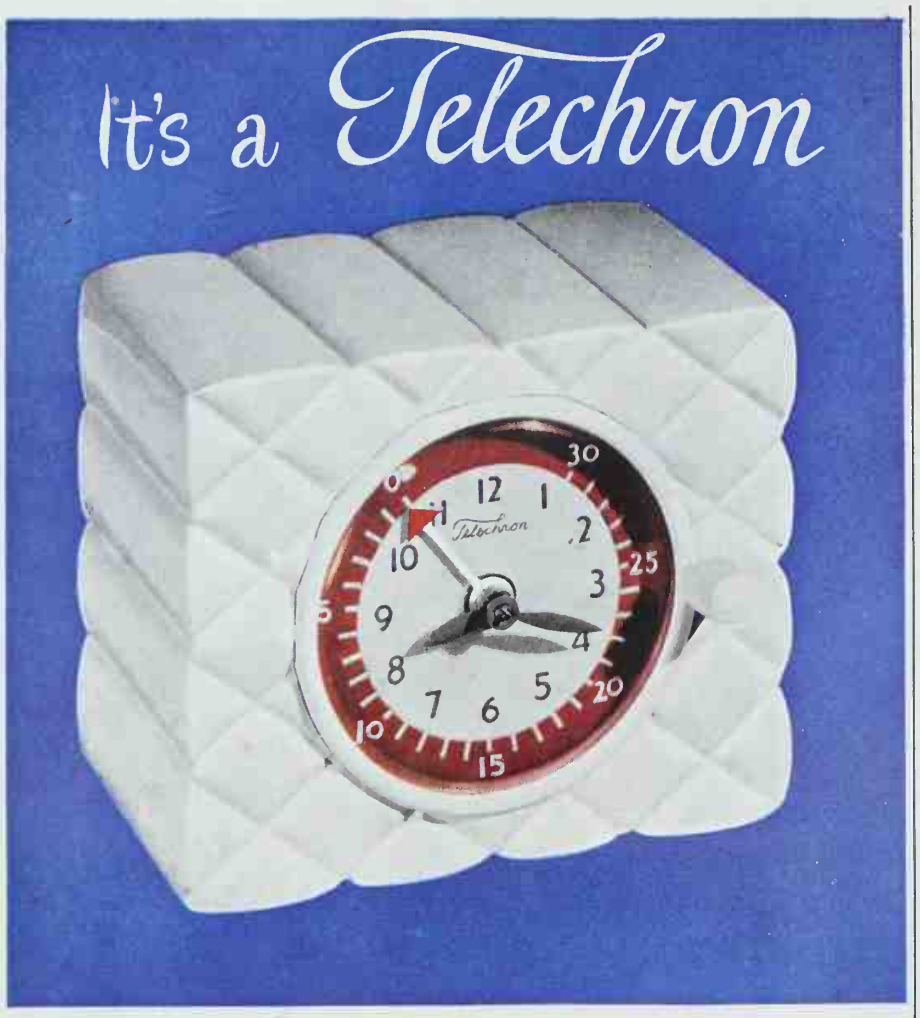
(Continued from Page 100)

Prussian principle of authority for the freer, more encouraging, enlivening methods of modern education, which are infinitely more difficult to use. But low salaries have made it impossible for many of them to support a family, keep up with their old friends and add to their education. It is almost as if we have asked our teachers to dedicate their all to teaching, to give up many of the blessings of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and then happily to accept little reward for their devotion to a great calling.

We must restore the teacher to his rightful position in the community. We must provide him with the tools of his profession and open to him the privileges of the well rounded individual if we are to expect of him the high standards so vital in education today. We must provide him with training for his role, both in school and in community service, and with stimulating experiences and guidance on the job. Before we chastise our teachers for desertion, for maladjustment and declining standards, we must proffer them help; only then can we begin to weed out the incompetents whom we have been compelled to accept. Approximately 350,000 teachers—about one third of the full staff—have left the schools since 1939; only a small percentage of the young men and women now in college are training to become teachers. Some 109,000 teachers hold only emergency certificates.

We must also restore the student to respect. In surveys made by the military services it was revealed that many boys with better-than-average intelligence had not completed their high-school education. Most of these dropped out because they could not afford to continue schooling. This is tragic in a nation where we have a shortage of professionally trained men and women—of chemists and researchists, of doctors and nurses, of teachers and psychiatrists.

We must not allow ourselves to be baffled by the magnitude of our problem. We must simplify it and begin somewhere. We can begin first in our own communities. We, the citizens, can begin first by knowing and improving the schools our own children and our neighbors' children attend. Certain professional services and perhaps some financial assistance from the Federal Government may be needed. Better schools attract better teachers. Slowly we can pull up each and every school out of the decline into which it has sunk during the past decade, and build a desirable equality of educational opportunity for all. We can do it. We have constructed the greatest system of public education in the world today. But it must be improved. It is not overly optimistic to think that we have what it takes to keep it going in consonance with our expanding personal and community needs and our critical national problems. THE END



This timer clock calls "come look"...
Helps you be
the perfect cook



If you're broiling steak, for instance, or using a pressure cooker . . . this gay little clock will watch the minutes for you, "say when" the time is up. Simple to set, for accurate timing from one to thirty minutes, the easy-to-hear alarm will signal you from a distance. A bright, saucy table model, it's a "reminder" clock you'll want to use all through the house as well . . . and incidentally, if there's an amateur photographer in the family, it would be wise to see that he has one of his own. Because it's *electric*, it never has to be wound or oiled, or regulated . . . and you can depend on the self-starting Telechron motor to give you years of right time. In white with red trim.

PRICES ON TELECHRON CLOCKS, INCLUDING KITCHEN MODELS, START AT $4.95 Plus Tax

Telechron
REG U S PAT OFF
ELECTRIC CLOCKS

Telechron . . . the first and favorite electric clock . . . brings you right time for every room. Choose from smart styles in alarms, occasional, kitchen clocks, and new awakening devices at your Telechron dealer's.

TELECHRON INC., ASHLAND, MASS.

Bringing up Parents

DR. BARBARA BIBER, Consultant
Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

PSYCHOLOGISTS wrestle with the problem of whether or not animals think, but young children solve it simply. They merely translate their own feelings into the animals—and even the objects—around them. Sympathy for a broken chair may be nonsense to you, but a child's feeling for the suffering Chippendale will help him develop to emotional maturity. A wise parent will encourage, rather than ridicule. Too many words have been wasted in *lecturing* children to be kind and generous. You can be more effective if you take advantage of opportunities in their everyday lives to cultivate their budding good will.



"They were unhappy here—so we're putting them back in the can."



STEEL IS STRONG . . . STEEL IS LONG-LASTING . . .

and this symbol means the product is made of quality steel!

THE men and women who make U·S·S Steels are proud of them. Proud of the craftsmanship and hard-won knowledge that go into them. That's why they like to "sign" these steels with the U·S·S trade-mark . . . just as an artist signs a painting. And that's why you'll often find the U·S·S trade-mark on articles you buy . . . on cooking utensils, furniture, wheelbarrows and hundreds of other things made of steel. The manufacturers of those products want you to know they've used good steel in making them . . . U·S·S Steel.

MANUFACTURED FROM U·S·S STEEL UNITED STATES STEEL

The U·S·S symbol shown here is one of a *family* of U·S·S trade-marks. Some are different in color, some say "Stainless Steel" or "Vitrenamel" or "Premier Spring Wire"... but all have the three big letters U·S·S prominently displayed. Whenever you see these letters U·S·S—the trade-mark of United States Steel—you know the steel is good.



FURNACE and ductwork of U·S·S Steel mean a trim, modern basement...good looking and efficient.

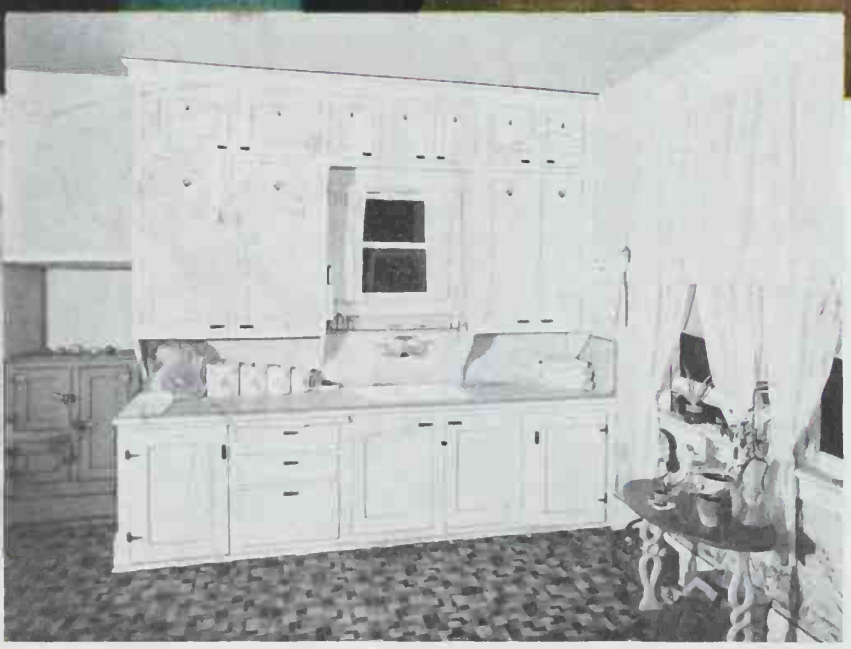


KEEP ODORS in, water and dogs out . . . with a sunken garbage container of U·S·S Steel.

LISTEN TO...The Theatre Guild on the Air, *presented every Sunday evening by United States Steel. American Broadcasting Company, coast-to-coast network. Consult your newspaper for time and station*

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UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY • VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY



This typical Midwest kitchen of the early 1900's was remodeled step by step. Structural changes came first and included plumbing and electric work for the future. The low sink was raised, the high window over it lowered, one window was closed to give wall space, and positions of remaining window and porch door were reversed to make room for table and chairs. Wood cabinets were reworked and range and refrigerator grouped near the sink. Small existing tables were used until other built-ins could be added. Later, when new range was installed, shelves for storage were built behind range.

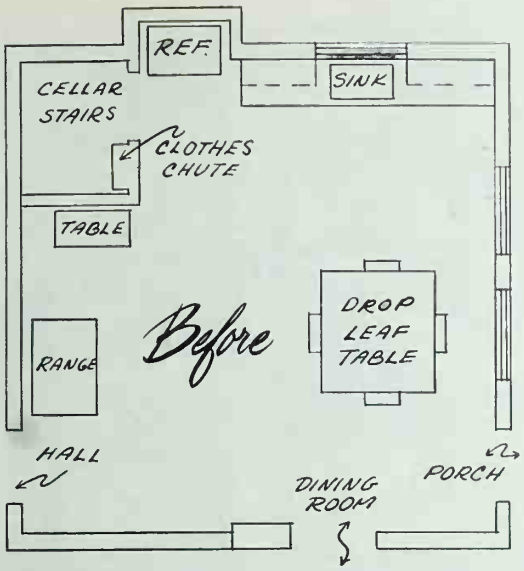
Step by Step

BY GLADYS TABER

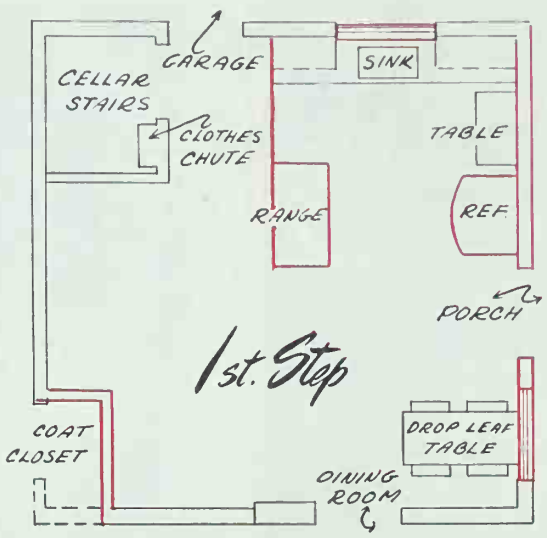
WOMEN are beginning to understand the value of planning for the whole kitchen. And women who need their kitchens remodeled want an over-all plan so that when the kitchen is completed, it will be as near perfection as a room can be. I am not the only woman who bought new equipment as fast as possible and then just stuck it in any old way in the kitchen. I know of a family that keeps a mammoth refrigerator in the parlor by the grand piano.

A perfect modern kitchen does not, alas, spring always full-blown from the brow of the budget. Many kitchens are done over a little at a time, the old gradually replaced by the new. What to do first is the pressing question. Shall we get the new double sink and keep the old range? Buy that refrigerator or get the cabinets?

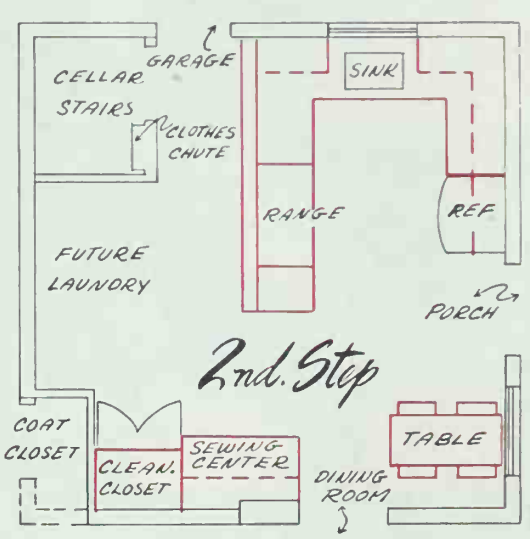
Many JOURNAL readers are in this dilemma. One homemaker wrote, "We hope eventually to realize *(Continued on Page 106)*



Successful kitchens begin with plan: Measure and draw kitchen to scale as is. List assets, decide on final arrangement, and draw this plan.



Structural changes, plumbing and wiring come first. In this kitchen, doors, windows and location of range and refrigerator were changed.



As budget permits, cabinets, built-ins, appliances and accessories fit into plan. Space near clothes chute is for future automatic washer.

Children's lunch is served conveniently, yet attractively, in kitchen. Table doubles as serving center for dining-room meals, or cutting table near sewing machine.

PHOTO BY STUART-STEPHENSON





Pride of the Family

little boys, who will carry on the family name . . . your little girls, who inherit amily traditions—how your hopes center in them!

y are America's hope, too. And, believe us, we take seriously the business of ng Nucoa margarine good enough to play its part in giving children a good nutritionally. That is why we consult constantly with eminent nutritionists. is why we perform 175 laboratory tests daily to make sure that each delicious d of Nucoa always has the same appetizing flavor and texture, the same guar- ed richness of food energy and Vitamin A.

can be proud to put Nucoa on your table. There's nothing haphazard about oa. Its food value is as calculated as baby's first formula, its flavor as satisfying randma says a spread for bread should be.



mpany Peas

4 tbsp. Nucoa margarine and sauté ip sliced mushrooms until tender. bine with 2 cups cooked peas and o cooked celery crescents. Sprinkle 3 tbsp. chopped pimento. Serve hot— *savor the Nucoa seasoning, which its fine flavor at cooking tempera-* Yield: 6 servings.



So Good "It melts in your mouth"

Use Nucoa in your baking for luxurious flavor without high cost. And taste the sweet freshness of Nucoa spread generously on hot breads. Nucoa is new-churned the year round, on order only. There is no "storage" Nucoa!

tritionally Rich



urned spread, at any is richer in food y, or a finer year-round e of Vitamin A. Cook Nucoa as it comes—pure . For table serving, tint a delicate yellow with ure Color-Wafer insert- each package.



"NUCOA" REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. A PRODUCT OF BF BEST FOODS, INC.

ve Nucoa proudly on your table...

IT'S AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR MARGARINE



No waste space here. Corner that is frequently wasted is reached through the storage wall behind the range: useful for flower holders, newspapers, shopping basket, empty ginger-ale bottles, odds and ends.

(Continued from Page 104)

our dream of a modern kitchen. We have dreamed of a nice kitchen for so long—ever since we moved into this old house. Our income doesn't stretch enough to do it all. What shall we do first?" Others say, "Due to the state of our budget right now, we plan on doing over our kitchen a little at a time. Surely others like us have to make a long-range plan for remodeling." Or, "The kitchen, naturally, is the most important room in the house—to me. We can't afford to make mistakes in remodeling, but we have planned to do it piecemeal."

A typical problem kitchen was chosen as a springboard for this month's step-by-step remodeling. Like hundreds and hundreds of houses where American families live, this house was "not old enough to be quaint, nor new enough to be modern." Here was the typical picture—appliances spaced far apart, wood cabinets outdated by the march of time, with dark and cramped working space.

There were five doors to the kitchen, including one the icebox blocked. One door the family wished to close to make room for a coat closet on the first floor as well as a closet for cleaning supplies in the kitchen. So many old kitchens are nothing but runways banked by doors! The family living with this old kitchen wanted a place where informal meals could be served, a place to sew and mend and some place for an automatic laundry, "when they can afford it."

At the start, before any work was done or new appliances purchased, the assets of the old kitchen were evaluated. In this one, the old cabinets of good sound wood could be reworked and used over again. But a new refrigerator and ultimately a modern range were indicated.

The first step in remodeling was to draw the original kitchen to scale, then decide on the final plan, showing the eventual arrangement of the kitchen with the new equipment. In other words, the goal was thoroughly set up, the new kitchen was to be acquired piecemeal. Even small items like the clock on the wall and the lighting fixture over the table were considered in the plans. Everything was included that was needed, and this thinking ahead saves time and money and unnecessary mistakes. Several arrangements were tried—on paper—before the final plan was satisfactory, one which made the best use of the space and offered the greatest reward in ultimate satisfaction.

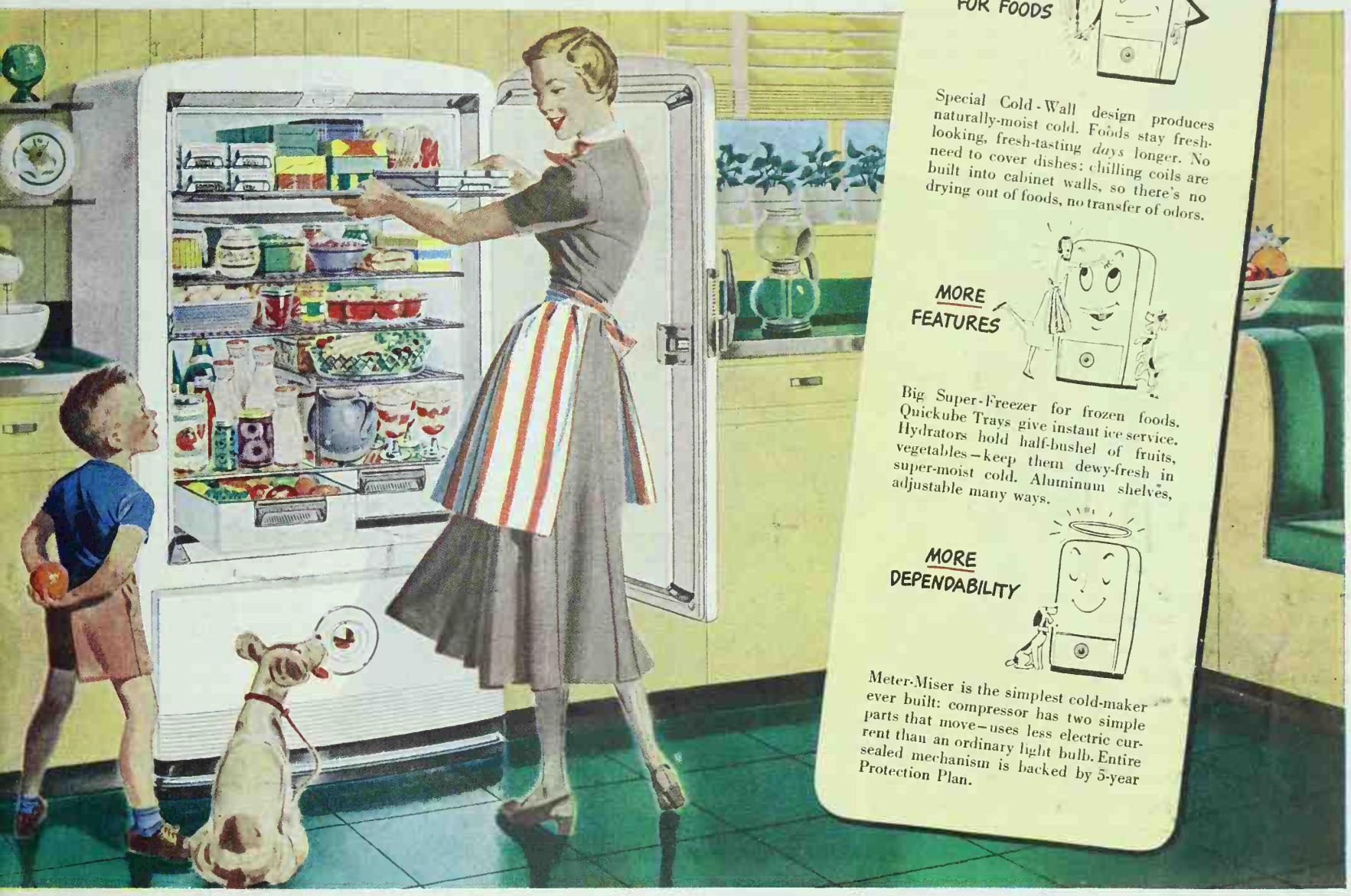
The second thing to do is to make all the structural changes based on that final plan. When your kitchen is going to be remodeled, the decision about the basic structural changes insures a planned result instead of a haphazard arrangement that eats into the budget because of unnecessary do-overs. These changes should be made at one time if possible—for the kitchen at this point will be torn up, and the family life disrupted. Even if some equipment has to wait the coming in of the next long-boat from Spain, the necessary gas, electric and plumbing connections for it should be made when the structural changes are undertaken. It can easily cost twice as much to do it later—so that original plan *is* important.

In this kitchen, doors and windows were the main difficulties structurally, so the necessary changes were made. In old houses, often the doors and windows seem to have been laid in like a patchwork quilt with no regard for use or convenience. A structural change may pay off many times over in ease and comfort of living.

When the window over the sink was lowered, the sink was reset to a comfortable height, the cabinets on either side were raised by using a recessed base, or toe-room, making it easy to stand and work in front of the sink and cabinets. Then, too, the wall cabinets were raised to make an eighteen-inch space between them and the counter below. The top row of high cabinets was discarded, and the space above the wall cabinets closed in so it would not become a dust catcher. There were two windows and

(Continued on Page 109)

MORE FRIGIDAIRES SERVE IN MORE AMERICAN HOMES THAN ANY OTHER REFRIGERATOR



HERE'S MORE OF WHAT YOU WANT IN A REFRIGERATOR

MORE PROTECTION FOR FOODS

Special Cold-Wall design produces naturally-moist cold. Foods stay fresh-looking, fresh-tasting *days* longer. No need to cover dishes: chilling coils are built into cabinet walls, so there's no drying out of foods, no transfer of odors.

MORE FEATURES

Big Super-Freezer for frozen foods. Quickube Trays give instant ice service. Hydrators hold half-bushel of fruits, vegetables—keep them dewy-fresh in super-moist cold. Aluminum shelves, adjustable many ways.

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Meter-Miser is the simplest cold-maker ever built: compressor has two simple parts that move—uses less electric current than an ordinary light bulb. Entire sealed mechanism is backed by 5-year Protection Plan.

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SEE YOUR FRIGIDAIRE DEALER

Find the name of your nearest Frigidaire Dealer in your Classified Telephone Directory—under "Refrigerators." Or write Frigidaire Division, General Motors Corporation, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada—Leaside 12, Ont.

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HOW TO TURN COOKING INTO CHILD'S PLAY



It's easy with a new Frigidaire Electric Range. Fast-heating Radiantube Units give *definite* cooking heats—no guesswork, no long waiting.

Big Even-Heat Oven gets baking-hot in 5½ minutes. Cook-Master Control cooks oven meals even when you're away. Thermizer cooks complete meals, all in one utensil, for as little as 2c.

Range is all-porcelain, inside and out—*a dream to clean!*

Listen to "The Man Called X" every Sunday night.
See your newspaper for time and station.



DEMETRIA TAYLOR

nationally known home economics authority, was for years on Good Housekeeping Institute's staff; is now a consulting expert and food editor. Her articles on foods and cooking appear regularly in magazines and newspapers with readership in the millions.

FREE RECIPES FOR MORE DELICIOUS broiling and frying



by Demetria Taylor

"It is my sincere belief that simple foods, perfectly prepared and cooked, are preferred above fussy elaborate dishes, especially where men are concerned! For example—golden brown, crisp fried chicken, and fried apple rings, served with cornsticks and tossed green salad, followed up with cheese, crackers and fragrant coffee.

"As a service to all homemakers, Margaret Mitchell, Director of the Wear-Ever Test Kitchens, has asked me for a collection of my favorite recipes and guides for better broiling and frying. These include recipes for gala occasions, as well as budget meals . . . ideas that put variety and flavor into your menus."

Mail a post card to 1802 Wear-Ever Bldg., New Kensington, Pa., saying, "Send me Demetria Taylor's broiling and frying recipes." Be sure to give your name and address.

★ ★ ★

Like those of other cooking and baking experts, Demetria Taylor's test kitchen is well-equipped with fast-heating Wear-Ever aluminum utensils.

Good cooking starts with

WEAR·EVER

Aluminum

WEAR-EVER TAC ALUMINUM UCO TRADE MARK REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Perfect cooking is easy with Wear-Ever Aluminum, because the heat spreads *fast* and *evenly*, instead of concentrating over the burner. Thus, the entire utensil cooks the food and most of your cooking can be done over *low* heat. Besides giving superb results, gleaming Wear-Ever is easy to *keep* gleaming because it is wrought on massive presses from dense, strong sheets of silvery aluminum. That's why, after 30 and more years, so many women are still proud of their Wear-Ever utensils.



CORN STICK PAN—Makes tasty corn sticks, banana fingers, chocolate longies, other delicious treats.

FOR BROILING AND FRYING—In addition to the sizzling steak platter (main illustration) Wear-Ever makes fry pans, chicken fryers, and griddles in various sizes.

© 1948, T.A.C.U.C

THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL COMPANY, NEW KENSINGTON, PENNSYLVANI



Cleaning closet with step-shelf makes room for long-handled brooms and mops, carpet sweeper, vacuum, pail and cleaning supplies. On doors, a shoe bag for small items, hooks, rack for garbage bags.

(Continued from Page 106)

oor on the wall next to the row of cabinets. e of these, nearest the sink, was closed rely to give vital wall space. The locations he remaining window and door were re-sed to make a place for a table and chairs of the main stream of traffic.

he old icebox was moved from the byhole and a full-sized door to the garage alled. Now packages can be carried from car to the kitchen without dashing nd the house in rain, wind or snow.

fter the door and window changes were de, the new electric refrigerator and the gas range, with a temporary backing, e moved into their final location. Al-ugh small tables were used until built-in tures could be added, I was delighted to how the kitchen was already showing the pe of things to come, and was even now easier to work in than before.

he final step in remodeling was to add lt-in features, install the new appliances they could be afforded, to decorate the m and add accessories. When the kitchen s photographed, the cabinets had been npleted, a new storage wall added behind ew range, a new linoleum-topped sewing t built and a new cabinet for cleaning plies had been put in place. Units like se can be built by a local carpenter in his p, and installed easily. New linoleum on r and counter tops, fresh paint and wall-per—and the Step-by-Step Kitchen erges into brand-new glory.

he cabinet for cleaning supplies was the ticular star that dazzled me in the galaxy. en the vacuum cleaner and the carpet eeper had room to stand in it, and all the aning supplies fitted into tailor-made ces—nobody would mind housework with loset like this, I thought. Most women I w do a hare-and-hound game every time y want a dust rag.

he sewing center in the kitchen is a fine a for women who can mend or run up a le number while the kettle boils. Space compact electric sewing machine, pat-ns, materials, thread and an ample lino-leum-topped table to work on. The new refrigerator has a special moist-cold compartment to keep greens crisp and leftovers fresh without special covers. The generous freezing compartment holds a week's supply of frozen foods.

An exhaust-type ventilator diverts the cooking-cabbage odor and steam from the room, and away from the front part of the house. This ventilator has a control to open the outside door and start the fan.

This woman did not want a kitchen stark and functional as an operating room, or one decorated with all the colors on the wheel. "Light-colored woodwork is a must for me. I am the sort of housekeeper that washes woodwork if the dirt shows, but can find something more interesting to do if the need for housework isn't obvious," she said. And so the woodwork was painted a pale yellow, a washable wallpaper was chosen in a plaid design of soft green, yellow and white. Deep green counter linoleum was laid on the counters and a marbleized tan floor linoleum on the floor. The chairs and tables were painted evergreen, and the curtains repeated the green in a charming border of green and pale gold. On the coldest winter day, this kitchen will be as sunny and pleasant as summer.

When a step-by-step kitchen is finally finished, it will always be a joy. But perhaps it shouldn't be called finished—for anything static is dull. In this one, the alcove beside the cellar stairs next year may be the small first-floor laundry featuring an automatic washing machine. The clothes chute now in the passageway will skip the soiled clothes from the second floor directly to the laundry. And when any new appliance is to be added or an old one replaced, there will be a place for it. The right place!

And somehow I think for most women step by step is a happy way to go. I knew a woman once who got her whole house perfect and elegant the minute she got married—and said blankly, "I can't think of a single thing I want!" And she was not ever very happy, she was bored. THE END

Invitation to lunch - Corned Beef Hash!



That something-different for lunch today—or dinner tonight—is right there on your pantry shelf, if you've picked up a tin or two of Armour Star Corned Beef Hash at the store. Like all the other Armour Star Pantry-Shelf Meals it means good-lookin' cookin' in a hurry—and at a saving that looks good, too!

ANOTHER ARMOUR 'STAR' PANTRY-SHELF MEAL!





Hash Mounds

It's extra tender brisket of beef that makes Armour Star Corned Beef Hash taste so good – particularly served this new way! Make Hash Mounds by baking 30-40 minutes in well-oiled custard cups in 350° F. oven. Serve with egg-and-pickle sauce. Just add 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce, 1 tsp. dry mustard, 4 sliced hard-cooked Cloverbloom eggs and 8 chopped sweet pickles to 2 cups cream sauce.

For additional recipes for Pantry-Shelf Meals, write Marie Gifford, Dept. 215, P. O. Box 2053, Chicago 9, Illinois.



The best and nothing but the best is labeled Armour 'Star'

ARMOUR

From the famed Dutch Ovens of colonial days came history's most mouth-watering fare, cooked and *glorified* by stored-up heat, which radiated from bricks or stones after the hot wood fire was scraped out. Today, with no fussy drudgery, the same extra-delicious results are *automatically* yours in the new Maytag Dutch Oven Gas Range.



For a cooler kitchen—Retained heat is the secret of M Dutch Oven Range. Oven vents close automatical gas goes off. Super insulation of door and ove holds heat in for hours—keeping kitchen pleasan and free from escaping cooking odors. Cleaner too!

For you

The new

It's cleaner . . . cooler . . . c
on with gas off, automatic
. . . gives you all modern ra
features PLUS Delicious Du
Oven Cookery . . .

Such juicy, crisp-crusted roa
such golden-brown rolls and
pastries as folks enjoyed ir
good old Dutch Oven Days!

And NOW, here is a *modern*
range that includes this e
American cooking secret,
makes it easy for anyone!

Not only will the remarl
new Maytag Dutch Oven
Range do all that the modern
ventional gas range does – r
stew, steam, bake, broil, sim
boil and fry—but it also con
the Maytag Dutch Oven, for
ing that's easier, cleaner, c
and better tasting.



. meal cooks on! Simply set the Dutch Oven tomatically turns off the gas, and food goes y retained heat until it's done to a tempting y to serve. (Note that all controls are grouped ve, safely out of children's reach.)



Prepare an entire meal on one top burner! Place meat, vegetables and dessert in separate containers within the Dutch Cooker Well. A few minutes of gas does one hour's cooking. Your penny-careful Dutch Cooker Well will stew, steam, boil, roast and fry foods—retaining natural juices, flavor and vitamins.



Wipes clean quickly—Fast-heating Maytag Spiral-Flame Burners and grids lift out easily, so that burner bowls and gleaming white, acid-resistant porcelain top (all in one piece) may be wiped clean as a dish in a jiffy. Solid top has rounded corners—no cracks to catch dirt.

om Maytag...

Dutch Oven Gas Range

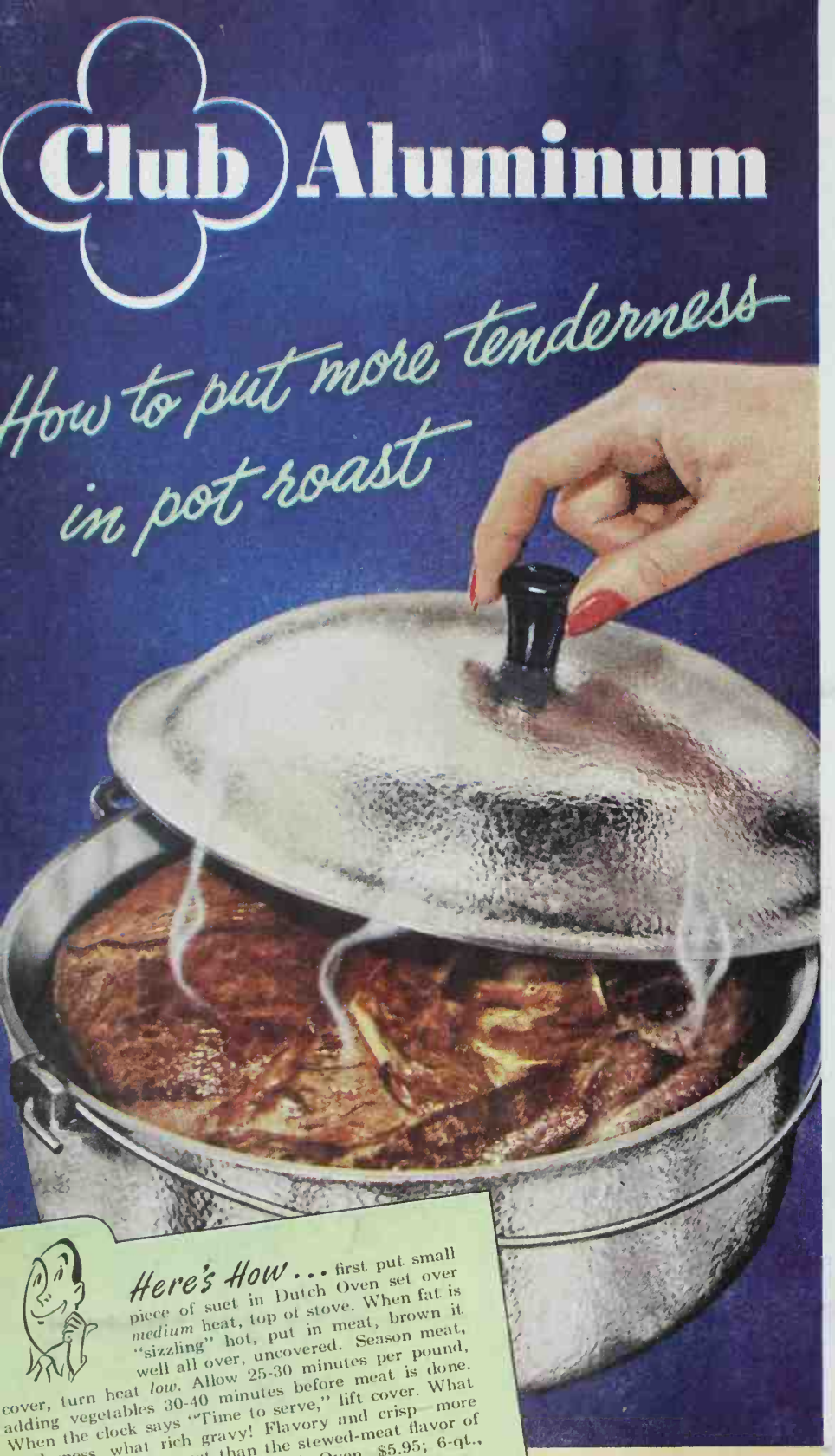
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Club Aluminum

How to put more tenderness in pot roast



Here's How . . . first put small piece of suet in Dutch Oven set over *medium* heat, top of stove. When fat is "sizzling" hot, put in meat, brown it well all over, uncovered. Season meat, cover, turn heat *low*. Allow 25-30 minutes per pound, adding vegetables 30-40 minutes before meat is done. When the clock says "Time to serve," lift cover. What tenderness, what rich gravy! Flavory and crisp—more like a choice oven roast than the stewed-meat flavor of ordinary pot roast. 4½-qt. Dutch Oven, $5.95; 6-qt., $6.95; 10-qt., $8.95. All at low prewar prices!

FULL FLAVOR

HEATS FROM ALL SIDES

Heats evenly. Flavor-laden steam rises to the moisture-sealed lid, falls back again to flavor, reflavor food. Vitamins, minerals stay in. Low-heat method saves fuel.

OTHER CLUB PIECES TO CHOOSE FROM



Club Aluminum Covered Saucepans—1½-qt., $3.15; 2-qt., $3.45; 3-qt., $3.95; 4-qt., $4.75



Club Aluminum Chicken Fryers—in two handy sizes: 10-in., $4.95; 11¾-in., $5.95

NOT ILLUSTRATED—*Open Fry Pans: 6¾-in., $1.75; 8¾-in., $2.45; 10-in., $2.95; 11¾-in., $3.45. Oval Covered Roasters: 15-in., $7.95; 18½-in., $9.95. 10-in. Handled Griddle, $2.89*

You can work wonders in tenderness with those less expensive cuts of meat—wonders in flavor with all meats, fruits, vegetables and poultry, too. It's "Full Flavor" you get in *Club Aluminum Hammercraft Waterless Cookware*. And you cut down fuel, save precious vitamins and minerals, save time, work, and worry.

More than four million women like the way Club cooks. And the way it looks—that handsome "jewelry store" hammered finish.

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Tune in "Club Time," ABC Network Tuesday mornings, and hear favorite hymns of famous people

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FITZ HAS A FEELING

(Continued from Page 42)

up where I plant them, sugar. They don't tunnel underground and come up two months later all over the McNeils' brand-new lawn, the way your early peas did. That was mighty hard to explain."

"Women," Bill said indulgently, "just act like women."

This statement appeared to inflame Adam; he turned barn-red. "But why—*why?*" he demanded fiercely. "Women are human beings—aren't they? Fundamentally just the same as men—no reason whatever ——"

Bill abandoned the seedlings and pointed his pipestem at Adam. "Now that," he said impressively, "is one of the great fallacies in the thinking of the twentieth century. Don't you realize that the secondary and tertiary sex characteristics are frequently more important in their effects than the primary ones? Hence the marked difference in thought, feelings and behavior between the male and the female of the species."

Candy smirked at Mollie Belle. "You heard what the man said. That was my husband."

"Silver-tongued," said Mollie Belle deferentially, "and so well informed too. I suppose he must have—er—read a good deal?"

"I certainly hope so," Candy said darkly.

"That's all very well, but if you can explain why they have to go off ——" Adam began.

"It's their tenth reunion," Bill said smoothly, "and dear old Brookstone needs them—you know that, Adam."

"I know that dear old Brookstone needs half a million dollars," Adam said.

"What for?" Bill looked astonished.

"Oh, so the girls can bathe in mares' milk or something. How do *I* know? Anyway, the alumnae have to raise the money."

"Raise money!" Bill barked. "Why wasn't I told? This is a different story! I know exactly what will happen—you watch! They'll come back full of plans to raffle off a tractor; the next six months will be spent on the telephone; and dear old Brookstone will get two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Certainly. Of course. Because they never heard of the proper way to raise money," Adam said loftily.

"What is the proper way?" Candy was very respectful.

"Why, you just go to two or three really rich men and get them interested in Brookstone School, and then they give the whole amount. Like Carnegie, or Andrew Mellon, or old Mr. John D. Rockefeller."

"I thought they were all dead, sugar," Mollie Belle cooed.

"Well . . . Edward A. Cassidy, then."

Candy had an inspiration. "E. A. Cassidy—of course! Why don't we ask *him* to give the money to Brookstone?"

Adam uttered a short, sharp laugh and Bill said with great kindness, "You have about as much chance of seeing Cassidy as you have of waltzing with the President. No one gets to Cassidy. He employs four secretaries, each of whom weighs just over two hundred pounds."

"Also, he raises boxers," said Adam, and added to his wife, "Dogs, dear, not men. Large, savage dogs."

"Oh," said Mollie Belle.

"My," said Candy.

"And in any case," Bill finished, "even if you did manage to reach him, you'd never interest Cassidy in a girls' school—not unless you named it after him."

Candy sighed; and then her eye fell upon Adam and Bill, both of whom for some obscure reason were looking a little smug. Her lips tightened. They didn't have to look so *pleased* about the inaccessibility of Mr. E. A. Cassidy. Really, *men* ——

"By the way, who's driving you up, anyway?" Adam asked suddenly.

"We're going up with Fitz," Mollie Belle said.

"*Who?*" Bill demanded.

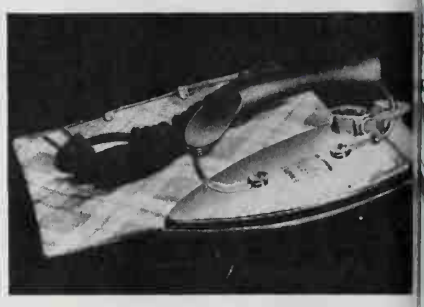
"Any girl named 'Fits' ——" Adam began wildly.

a companion on trips

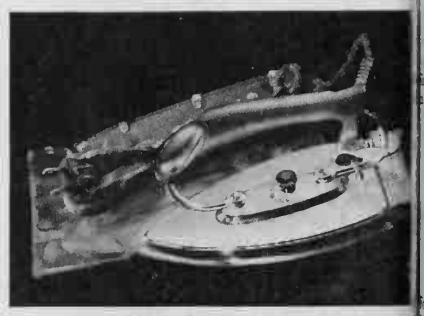
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Cheese-Cap" Salad...

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in: ¼ cup cold water
ombine: 2 cups tomato juice
1 bay leaf
1 tablespoon grated onion
1 tablespoon minced celery
1 teaspoon salt
mer for 10 minutes. Dissolve gelatine
ot tomato juice.
Stir in: 2 tablespoons lemon juice
Mix: 1 (3 oz.) package cream cheese
¼ teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon mayonnaise
Add: 2 teaspoons minced green pepper

rm the cheese mixture into 6 balls.
se 6 individual molds with cold water.
ce a cheese ball in each mold. Add
ato juice to height of ball. Chill until
Pour remaining juice over balls. Chill
il firm. Unmold on lettuce leaves.
preferred, use a ring mold.)

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KNOX elatine

PROTEIN—NO SUGAR

"Anne Fitzgerald." Mollie Belle was soothing. "She was in our class. We've known her for years and she's *very* practical and responsible and intelligent."

"Oh," said Adam, lying down again. "Well ——"

"And Irish, too," Candy added dreamily.

Adam screamed aloud and rose up as though he had been stung. "*Irish?*"

"Now, now, Campbell, let us have no race prejudice," Bill urged.

But Adam came of a long line of kilt wearers, and was not to be quieted. He waved both arms. "The Irish are all crazy—everybody knows that! They're always having either a prophetic vision or a good fight. You can't do it, Mollie Belle! I won't allow ——"

"Now lie down, sugar," said Adam's wife, and, miraculously, Adam collapsed.

"Is she married?" Bill inquired.

"Well—no. She's—er—she's in business," said Candy.

Adam groaned. "I can see her from here. Eyes like white grapes. A long Irish chin. Scrawny. No lipstick."

"Nonsense," Bill said. "She'll be the motherly type—size forty-two. Untidy hair and shakes all over when she laughs."

Candy and Mollie Belle glanced at each other for a fraction of a second and then Mollie Belle cried gaily, "Who's having visions now? Come on—let's not work any more today. We've got a whole week before reunion."

Candy sat on the top step of the porch, whistling through her teeth and waiting for Fitz. She was leaving Bill and David and every other responsibility for forty-eight hours, and she felt almost indecently lighthearted.

"I never offered an opinion until I was sixty," said the old Turk, "and then it was one which had been in our family for a century."
—DISRAELI.

Bill came out and stood in the sunshine beside her, wearing a pair of elderly dungarees and an expression which Candy recognized as that of a man who is planning to plane the undersides of doors, throw away things his wife has been saving, and hum through his nose without interruption all day and if possible all night.

An enormous yellow convertible whooshed up Mustard Hill and came to a creamy stop at the Stewarts' gate. Anne Fitzgerald got out, came round the car—and Candy stole a look at Bill's face. It was most gratifying. His eyes were glazed, and his neck had shot forward like an outraged turkey's. As he came down the steps, he tripped on the string of one sneaker.

"Uh—oh, hello!" he said thickly.

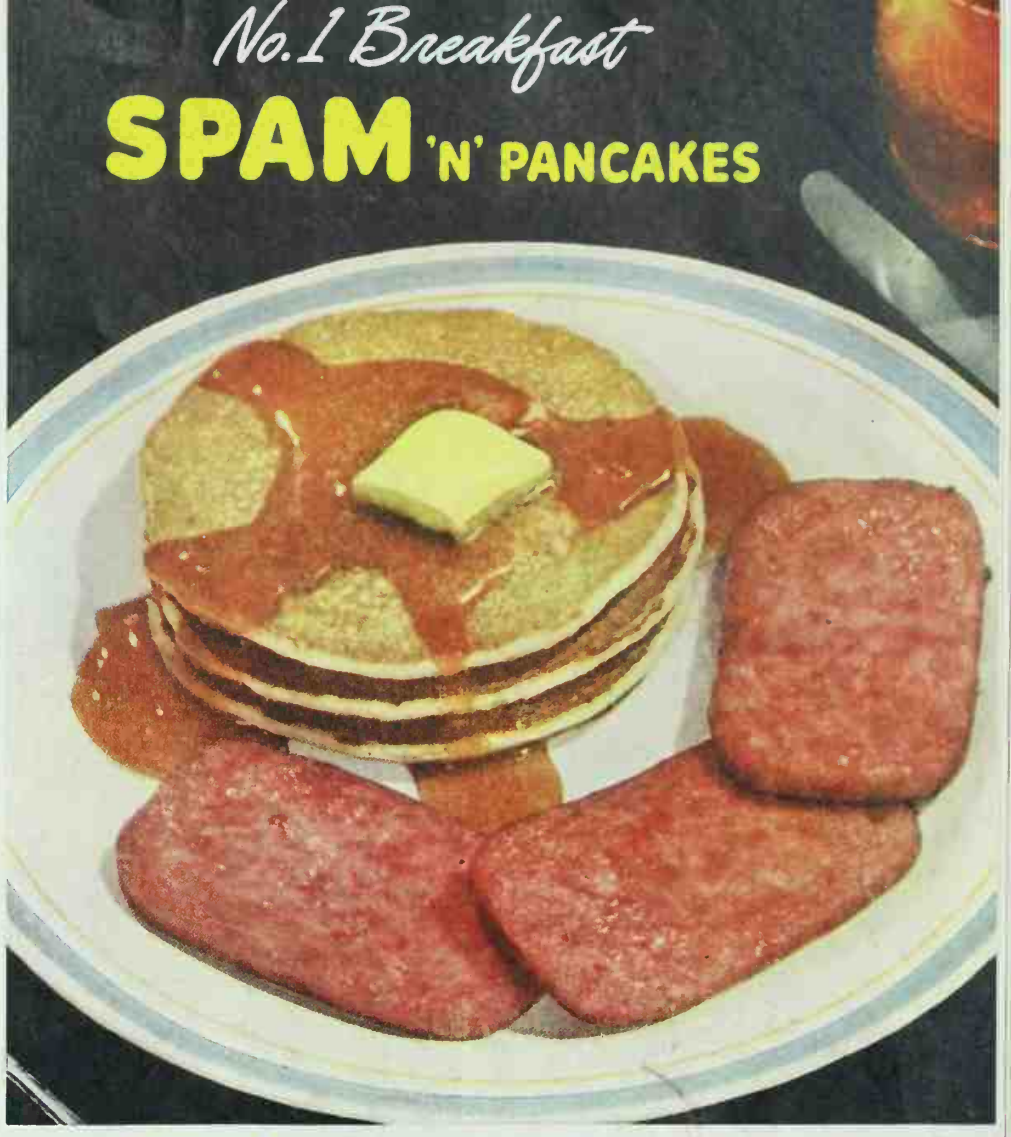
Fitz was five feet eight, with the figure of a size-fourteen model—which, as it happened, she was. Ten years ago, during one of the fittings for her coming-out dress, Parmenter had said, through a mouthful of pins, "Miss Fitzgerald, have you ever considered modeling?" Miss Fitzgerald never had; but she started the next day.

Fitz had a skin like white velvet, eyes like brown satin and red hair like nothing on earth. Parmenter occasionally remarked with some bitterness that if Fitzgerald ever walked up Fifth Avenue in a burlap bag, he would be out of business inside of six months. She played the harp and trained horses for show.

"Hi!" she said now. "It's Bill, isn't it? Nice to see you—I've heard a lot about you. . . . Come along, Candy—we've got to pick up Mollie Belle."

Bill stared after them, his mouth still ajar.

Adam Campbell was prepared to put in a happy half hour, fussing over the disposition of luggage (which women were too weak to manage anyway), miles per hour, route numbers, and where to stop for lunch. Five minutes after Fitz's arrival, he found himself craning his neck as the yellow car dis-



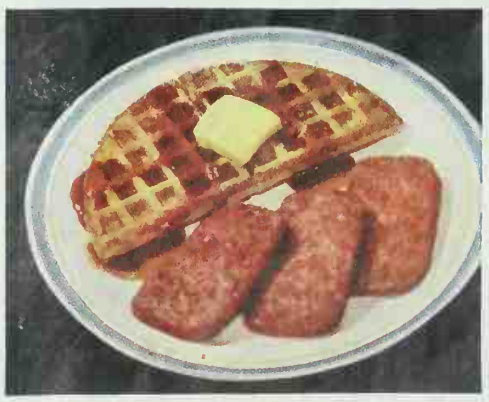
ANY MORNING is a good morning for pancakes—and piping hot fried SPAM. Here's how: easiest is to add liquid to your favorite prepared pancake mix; or, sift together 3 tsp. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. sugar and 2 cups sifted flour. Combine 2 well beaten eggs with 1½ cups milk. Then add flour mixture and beat until smooth; add 2 tbsp. melted shortening. Spoon on hot griddle and bake until first bubbles break, then turn. Makes 2 dozen small cakes.



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DIG OUT that old family recipe for corn bread. Fry tender, juicy oblongs of SPAM while it bakes. With chilled applesauce on the side, there's an "anytime" meal.



SUNDAY NIGHT SPECIAL. Make tender-crisp golden waffles, using a prepared biscuit mix. Generous slices of browned SPAM complete the picture—and how!



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HORMEL
GOOD FOOD

What Happened to Horace?



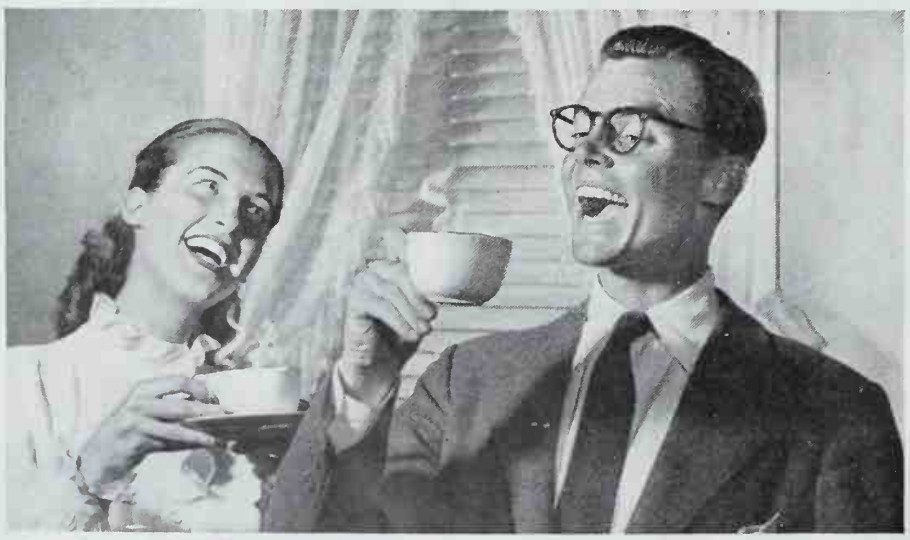
EVER MEET A CHAP like Horace? Nice, salt-of-the-earth type. But a little on the slow side . . . and always playing it safe. Of course, he's dead set against anything new.



LAST WEEKEND he sees Laura making Borden's Instant Coffee. "Something new?" he asks. "Best coffee ever," says Laura. "'Cause it's *all* coffee, not a mixture! Also, no pot, no grounds, no waste!"



WELL, YOU SHOULD have seen the look on good old Horace's face. "Please, Laura," he says, "coffee's my one weakness. I hate to ask you, but won't you make me some good, old-fashioned, ground coffee?"



LAURA JUST NODDED and seconds later sails in, all innocence, and hands him a big steaming cup of Borden's. "You just can't beat *real* coffee," gloats Horace, draining his cup. So we tell him sure it's *real* . . . it's Borden's. Horace gasps: "But I thought I knew all about instant coffee!" "*Aaah! But you didn't know Borden's*," we chorus. "Pass your cup and get on the bandwagon, Bud!"

Money back if BORDEN'S doesn't beat your favorite coffee!*

AMERICA'S FASTEST SELLING PURE INSTANT COFFEE

* Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tastes better than any coffee you ever used, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

appeared down the road, the three heads, blond, black and copper, just visible and all talking at once. He went into the house where he lay down at full length on the sofa and went to sleep from sheer shock.

"I guess all reunions are sort of alike," Candy said suddenly. Nobody answered.

It was Sunday afternoon, and they were driving home from Brookstone, on an almost deserted parkway. Yesterday's weather, enameled in blue and gold, had darkened to a pewter-colored sky, and occasional thunder complained sullenly in the Berkshires. It was, in fact, the sort of day which threatens to snap tempers already worn thin by lack of sleep. Candy thought back on the past two days.

Girls had come back to school whom they were dying to see again. Girls had come back whom they never wanted to see again under any circumstances. Stone House had resounded with loud screams of incredulity, recognition and joy, until it seemed as though a flock of large, migratory birds had settled temporarily in the rafters. Members of the faculty looked a little older and a little smaller. There was a new and shatteringly handsome policeman on Seminary Avenue, and shower baths had been installed in Brooks Hall. In fact, the only thing that had seemed beyond the reach of time were the trees, and Miss Brookstone herself, who remained gaunt, low-voiced and bloodcurdling.

Candy said, "I wonder why men seem to like them so much?"

"Like what?" Mollie Belle asked absently.

"Reunions."

"Men," said Mollie Belle, "are different. As your husband remarked."

"Well, he was right about that money-raising business," Candy sighed. "You know what he said."

"*I* don't," Fitz observed. "What did he say?"

"He said we'd come home and raffle off a tractor. And what, I ask you, are we doing?"

"Raffling off a station wagon," said Mollie Belle and Fitz, in melancholy unison.

THERE was a depressed silence for some miles, broken at last by Mollie Belle, who said, "And anyway, it's illegal."

"Not if we have 'Donation' printed on the tickets," said Fitz. "This is where we turn off."

But it became apparent after five miles that it was not where they turned off.

"Hey!" said Fitz suddenly. "Where are we?"

Mollie Belle looked doubtfully out of her side of the car. "I'm from Tennessee myself," she said.

Fitz looked at her coldly. "You read down in Tennessee, don't you, dear? How about noticing road signs?"

"There's one!" Mollie Belle said. "Well, it's gone now."

"Fitz, darling, we don't mind a bit going in the wrong direction," Candy said tactfully, "at least for a while. But do you think it's a good idea to go so *fast* in the wrong direction? Oh, there's another sign."

Fitz reluctantly slowed, stopped, backed, and peered out at a sign which pointed down a dirt road.

"'Harpersville, six miles.' Gosh, I thought Harpersville was in the other direction." She turned on the other two accusingly. "Aren't we going south?"

"We can't be doing that, sugar." Mollie Belle was gently superior. "South is to the right of the sun."

"If it's afternoon," Candy amended.

"Well, it is afternoon." Mollie Belle was rather short.

"But the sun isn't out," Fitz said.

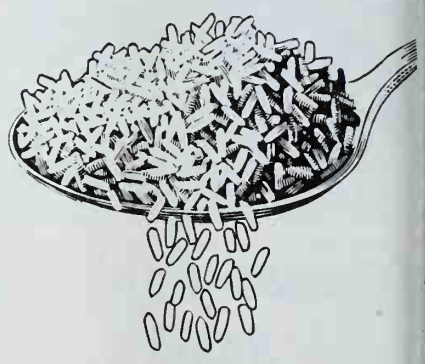
"Even so," Candy stated firmly, "we're going north."

"How do you know?" Fitz inquired sternly.

"Well, if Harpersville is over there, we *must* be going north."

"As a matter of fact," Fitz said with an air of pleased surprise, "that proves we've been going east for *ages*."

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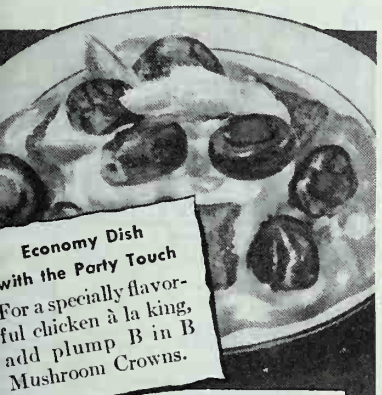


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"West, you mean, sugar," said Mollie Belle.

"I mean east," Fitz said. "The sun ——"

"Sugar, in the afternoon ——" said Mollie Belle.

Candy said in a small voice, "Don't we have to go through Harpersville anyway?"

Fitz and Mollie Belle subsided, and the big car swung onto the dirt road.

The leaves hung motionless in the woods that bordered the road, and a cloud of thick tan dust rose up behind them. The road rushed impulsively up a little hill, crowned with a flat rock, and rushed down again. At its foot, Mollie Belle craned her neck and read aloud:

"'Trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. By order, E. A. Cassidy.' Goodness—that's the man!"

"You mean the man who knocked down the senator?" Fitz said grimly. "He makes me tired. Silly little creature."

"He has millions of dollars," Mollie Belle said wistfully. "He doesn't sound silly to me."

Candy stretched her legs. "I wish we knew him, even if he does knock down senators. I'm hungry."

It was at this moment that trouble began. Fitz rounded a curve and said in an oddly vague voice, quite unlike her usual crisp tones, "I have the funniest *feeling* . . . just as though something perfectly extraordinary were going to happen."

The road curved again, sharply. Fitz took the corner at top speed, shot out upon the wide state road and straight across it, directly in the path of an immense green truck roaring down upon them from the left. The truck screeched in horrified protest, lurched wildly and escaped their rear bumper by fractions of an inch. There was a nasty gust of air that blew Candy's hair over her face, a crackling and a small crashing, and then shouts.

Fitz stopped the car in a large bush, and looked at the other two with an affectionate smile.

"That was close, wasn't it?" she said.

Mollie Belle let out her breath in a long, tremulous sigh and slowly pried the fingers of her right hand off the top of the door with her left.

Candy, whose knees had turned to jelly, said shakily, "Well, dear, you said something was going to happen. I wish it hadn't involved driving both my feet through the floor of the car; but under the circumstances, I suppose I'm lucky to be able to complain."

"Oh, *that* wasn't what I meant by something happening," Fitz assured her airily. "It's not that sort of thing at all. . . . Look, there's a truck driver off the starboard bow. He looks sort of mad, doesn't he?"

"Dear me, what has he to be mad about?" Candy asked acidly, but Mollie Belle interrupted.

"Off the port bow," she reported, "a motorcycle policeman is bearing down upon us. He, too, looks sort of mad."

"A policeman? Out here?" said Fitz, in mild astonishment.

"As a matter of fact," said Candy, who suddenly found herself in a very bad temper, "it's starboard, not port. And the truck driver is port, not starboard."

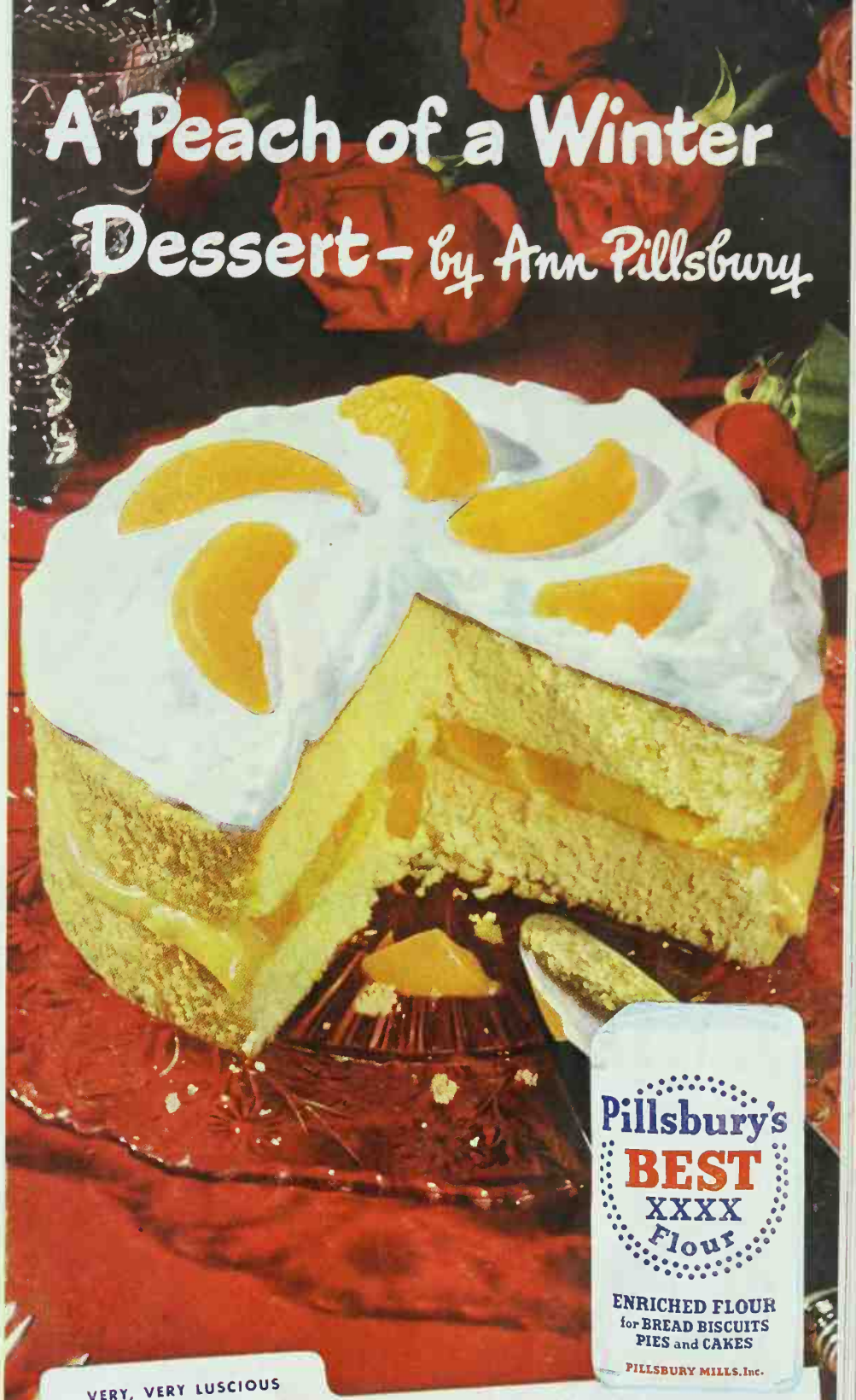
"Port is left, sugar," said Mollie Belle. "I always remember because port wine is red."

Candy felt baffled without quite knowing why, but there was no time to probe. "Anyway," she said, "it's not a policeman, it's a state trooper."

'Twould ring the bells of heaven
The wildest peal for years,
If parson lost his senses,
And people came to theirs,
And he and they together
Knelt down with angry prayers
For tamed and shabby tigers,
And dancing dogs and bears,
And wretched, blind pit ponies,
And little hunted hares.

—RALPH HODGSON:
Poems (Macmillon & Co., Ltd.)

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Ann Pillsbury's BOSTON PEACH-CREAM DESSERT
Another triumph for you—and Pillsbury's Best!

Bake at 325° F. for 35 to 40 minutes. Makes two 8-inch layers.

Sift together—1 cup sifted **Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour**, 1 teaspoon double-acting **baking powder** (or 1½ teaspoons single-acting), ½ teaspoon **salt**

Combine—3 **egg yolks**, ⅓ cup **water**, 1 teaspoon grated **lemon rind**, ½ teaspoon **vanilla** and beat thoroughly with rotary beater.

Add Gradually—1 cup **sugar**, beating well after each addition.

Add—2 tablespoons **lemon juice**

Blend—dry ingredients into egg mixture gradually, stirring carefully but thoroughly.

Beat—3 **egg whites** until stiff but not dry and fold into batter.

Pour—into two, greased, 8-inch layer cake pans which have been lined with waxed paper.

Bake—at 325° F. for 35 to 40 minutes. Cool and fill with Cream Filling.

Cream Filling Heat 1 cup milk and 2 tablespoons butter. Combine ⅓ cup PILLSBURY'S BEST Enriched FLOUR, ¼ teaspoon salt and ⅓ cup sugar. Add ½ cup cold milk to dry ingredients and stir until smooth; then add to hot milk in saucepan, stirring constantly until thick. Blend in 2 slightly beaten egg yolks, to which a little of the hot mixture has been added. Cook about 2 minutes. Cool. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Spread filling and California canned cling peach slices or halves between layers. Top with whipped cream and peach slices.

Best results are guaranteed when Pillsbury's Best is used in this recipe.

You Bake your Best with Pillsbury's Best

Brighten your menus with Ann Pillsbury's out-of-the-ordinary baking ideas found in every bag.

Snarling, the truck driver appeared at the right-hand door, a squat gentleman with an indefinably Balkan air, and extraordinarily small eyes which glittered redly. Under the circumstances, the arrival of the state trooper upon the left was a distinct relief. The trooper was a tall, thin, sandy-haired young man; but whereas the truck driver merely seemed bent upon destruction, the trooper was quite impersonal and therefore twice as ominous. He leaned against the left-hand door and surveyed the three passengers with a disillusioned eye.

"I suppose," said Fitz, in a voice like a brook purling over mossy stones, "you'll want to see my license?"

The trooper nodded slowly, portentously, wordlessly. The truck driver, frustrated beyond endurance, appeared to be doing some sort of small native dance in the road. He suddenly emitted a loud bray, and the trooper looked coolly at him.

"I'll take care of this now," he said. "Right or wrong, you keep a civil tongue in yer head."

Mollie Belle seized Candy's knee in an agonizing grip—for the trooper had a rich, unmistakable brogue. For a moment there was silence, while the trooper read Fitz's license with tender care.

"Officer ——" said Fitz.

"Yes, ma'am," said the trooper absently, copying down numbers.

"May I have your name?"

"Mahoney," said the trooper, without a trace of emotion. "Thomas Patrick Mahoney."

"Officer Mahoney?" Fitz said softly.

It was then that Officer Mahoney made his first mistake—he looked up, and into Fitz's pansy-brown eyes. She smiled at him, slowly, gently, and more than sweetly—oh, far more—and Officer Mahoney swallowed. Eventually, his Adam's apple sprang back into position again.

"Mr. Mahoney," said Fitz, in a voice like a caress, "you may not understand this at all—most people don't. But you see, I'm Irish, and my family have a funny sort of thing. We—well, I guess you could call it sort of second sight. Just before we came round that curve, I had a *feeling* that something was going to happen to us; something important. Something sort of . . . oh, dear, *do* you know what I mean?"

Officer Mahoney touched bottom and came slowly and painfully to the surface again, breathless, but still a policeman. He blinked at Fitz, and spoke hoarsely. "I do, miss, I do that. Something important—like spending the night in the station, maybe?"

Fitz drooped her wonderful, fiery head. "I was *afraid* you wouldn't understand."

The trooper's cheekbones turned an affronted pink. "Listen, miss, I understand fine. But being Irish don't excuse roaring out of a side road like a bat out of—like a bat. That's reckless driving, that is." He wheeled unexpectedly on the truck driver. "And now I'll have a look at your license, bud, and we'll find out how you happened to be driving that boat of yours at fifty miles an hour on a state road."

Candy's heart sank again. They were all going to be arrested for speeding and fined some horrible amount. *It isn't fair!* she thought. *We've never gotten a ticket before—and after all that Adam said! Bill will be so cross and disgusted.* But her thoughts were scattered, for something was tapping at the door of her mind. She waited for it, feverishly. What was it that wanted to come into her thoughts?

There was something, something she ought to remember, some name . . . Cassidy! ". . . to the full extent of the law. E. A. Cassidy."

There was no time to reason it out, to plan any campaign—or to foresee any consequences. Candy simply acted. She turned to Mollie Belle, and said clearly, "What a shame this had to happen! Uncle Ed will be perfectly furious."

For the space of four seconds, Mollie Belle's black eyes were utterly empty of expression; then, suddenly, they snapped with swift intelligence, and melted again into



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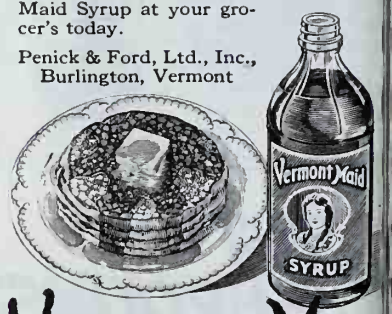
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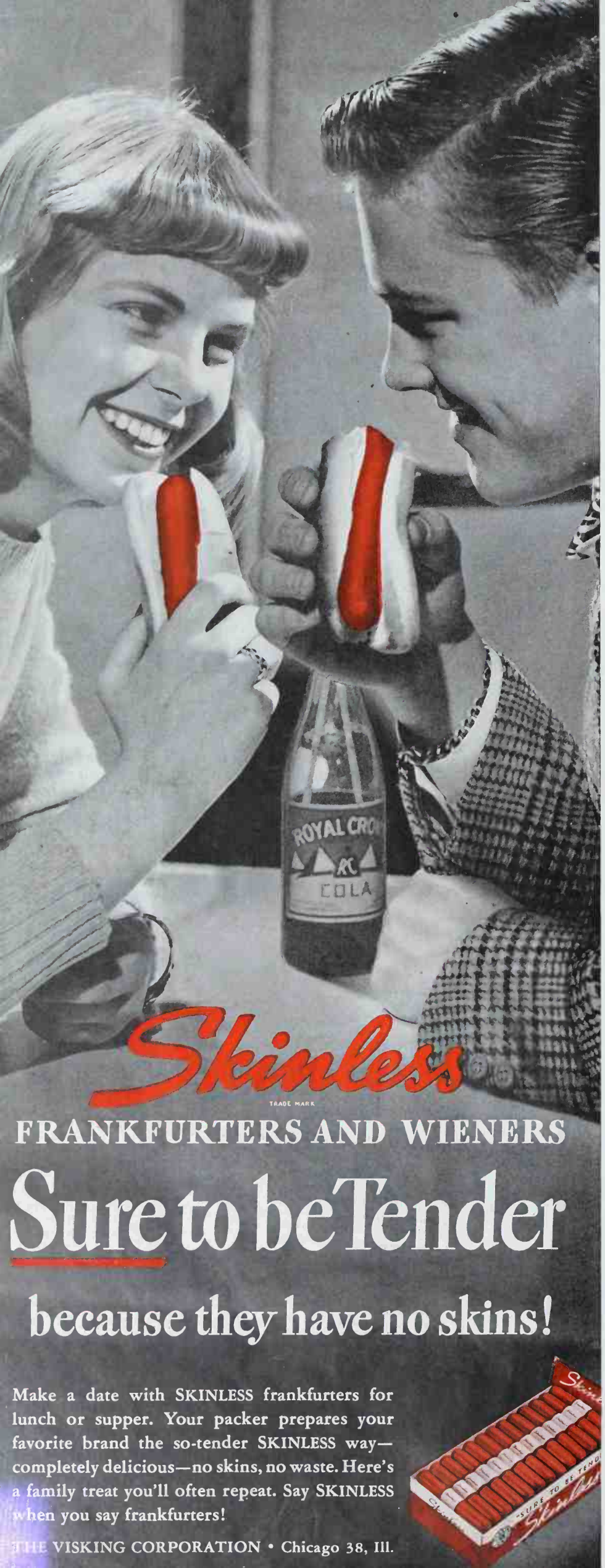
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blank, appealing innocence. She said, quite loudly, "You all better let me explain this to Uncle Ed Cassidy. After all, I'm his favorite niece."

Officer Mahoney handed the truck driver his license, and came back to the side of the car with deliberation. "You ladies on your way to Mr. Cassidy's?" he inquired casually.

Fitz choked a little. "Well, we were—but not now, of course. We couldn't possibly, Uncle Ed would be too terribly upset."

Candy put an arm around her. "Darling, we'll explain to Uncle Ed that you had one of your Feelings. He'll understand."

Fitz's voice was muffled. "You know he won't. I've never gotten a ticket before, and when I first got the car, I promised him—no, no! And Officer Mahoney will tell him ——"

"Now you'll listen to me," said Officer Mahoney, in a voice like a high wind in summer. "This sort of driving has got to stop, see? You were going altogether too fast and it's only me endless good nature and the fact that you had no real accident that keeps me from ——" He rounded upon the gibbering tornado that was the truck driver. "And the same goes for you, d'you hear? Now get going! You heard me—scram!"

Fitz backed the car quickly—but not quite quickly enough. Officer Mahoney put up his hand.

"I'll just get on me bike and convoy you up to Cassidy's place," he called.

In the yellow car, three melting smiles froze upon their owners' faces.

"Oh—thank you so much!" Fitz fluted. The motorcycle exploded ahead of them; there was nothing to do but follow. Out of the side of her mouth she croaked, "And what do we do now?"

When a woman ceases to alter the fashion of her hair, you can guess that she has passed the crisis of her experience.

MARY AUSTIN: The Land of Little Rain. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

"Go, of course," Candy snapped. "What else can we do?"

"And meanwhile," said Mollie Belle, "let us pray that Mr. Cassidy has gone to spend the day with his old mother. Granny Cassidy to us, dear."

The motorcycle roared ahead of them up the state road, and turned in at immense stone gateposts.

Oh, please let him leave us here! Fitz implored desperately.

But the motorcycle rushed inexorably on, up a winding drive between fields of daisies, and the yellow car purred along behind, as helpless as a twig in a stream. They swept around a curve. Ahead of them, a long gray-stone house lay along the top of a ridge, arrogant, secure, infinitely remote. Two or three acres of lawn rolled down to meet the driveway.

"But this is awful!" Fitz was panic-stricken. "Candy, you got us into this. Think! What are we going to *do?*"

"There's nothing to do," Candy said, with the grim calm of one who rides in a tumbrel, "except tell Mr. Cassidy that we're liars and upstarts."

Mollie Belle said hollowly, "Uncle Ed will understand."

The car turned into an enormous graveled parking space, with a noise like bacon frying. The motorcycle was waiting for them, and Fitz leaned out of the car.

"Thank you so much, officer," she called crisply. "There's no need for you to wait if you ——"

Footsteps crackled, and Officer Mahoney turned eagerly. "Good day, Mr. Cassidy," he said. "I've just brought yer nieces up."

There was a tiny moment, like a hole poked in time, when no one moved or spoke. Across the parking space stood a slight, dapper man in a white-linen suit. He had a long, thin, ascetic face, reddish eyebrows, a narrow mouth and bright-green eyes. Beside him a brindle boxer panted and then growled, deep in his throat.

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GOOD NEIGHBORS CLUB

MEET YOUR NEIGHBORS, EXCHANGE IDEAS AND RECEIVE $1500.00 IN CASH PRIZES EACH MONTH

Here are the five top prize-winning suggestions in the fifth of this monthly series of "Good Neighbors Club" contests:



$700.00 paid to Mrs. M. G. Pattee of Denver, Col., for this idea:

When a local repair man or clerk is especially helpful, I send a note to his employer or store manager expressing my appreciation. This costs me only three cents and a few minutes' time, but pays big dividends, both in friendly, "good-neighborly" spirit and in higher standards of service.



$250.00 paid to Mrs. Verna C. Sutherland, of San Gabriel, Calif., for this idea:

Mothers of the teen-agers in our neighborhood have set a "deadline," by which time all our youngsters must be in. Now no child feels unfairly treated at having to come home earlier than the rest of "the crowd" and we've done away with the friction this used to cause.

* * *

Besides the winners named above, each of the following contestants received a $10 award:

Mrs. Robert E. Agle; Mrs. W. H. Bender; Mrs. H. E. Brisbin; Mrs. George Christman; Mrs. Harry Cimino; Mrs. Joseph Cullen; Mrs. Evan W. Davies; Mrs. Robert W. Deku; Mrs. John Fenstermaker.

Mrs. W. H. Fitting; Mrs. Margaret L. Foster; Mrs. Lynn Stewart Heiss; Esther J. Kemp; Mrs. John Larimer; Mrs. Henry Lee; Mrs. O. B. Lolley; Mrs. Robert F. Loree, Jr.; Mrs. Russell J. Martin, Jr.; Mrs. Joe Monkhouse; Mrs. Thomas H. O'Connor.

Mrs. Roy C. Palmer; Mrs. J. A. Reaney; Dorothy Robertson; Mrs. C. T. Schembera; Mrs. P. A. Schumacher; Mrs. C. F. Wade; Mrs. G. Williams; Mrs. R. H. Winberg; Mrs. R. K. Worsham; Mrs. R. B. Young, Jr.



$125.00 paid to Mrs. M. V. Hull, of Columbus, Ohio, for this idea:

For two years, my home has been "open house" over weekends for foreign girls attending college in Columbus. Besides enjoying our hospitality, they become part of an American home and a phase of American life that college itself cannot give them. Through this pleasant relationship we've all become better neighbors.



$75.00 paid to Mrs. Glen O. Staton, of Racine, Wis., for this idea:

Study is fun for our neighborhood "gang" of boys who do their homework together. With no temptation to go see what the gang is doing, lessons are better prepared. The boys enjoy these study sessions; by helping each other, they acquire a constructive feeling of "working together."



$50.00 paid to Miss W. H. Koger, of Martinsville, Va., for this idea:

One community has organized a Mutual Aid Society, whose members take turns in caring for the sick. Cases of illness are reported to the Society and members assigned to help. The plan does not replace trained medical care, but supplements it where doctors and nurses are scarce.

Send in your entries now . . . read these simple rules

1. These contests are being offered *every month* as a public service of Pepsi-Cola Co., to be of help to women in their daily lives.

2. Here's all you do: Write out in 50 words or less, the best idea you have which will help your neighbor. Then write your reasons for selecting the idea you did. Ideas can deal with any subject of interest to women.

3. Submit your entries in your own words . . . literary style will not count. The originality and aptness of the subject matter, and your reasons for selecting it, are the things for which prizes will be awarded. You may enter these contests as many times as you wish. Write each entry on a separate sheet with your name and address on each.

4. Mail your entries to Pepsi-Cola Company, Dept. L, Good Neighbors Club, P. O. Box 230, Long Island City 1, N. Y. All entries that are received during February will be judged in the February contest and similarly in the March contest.

5. Every month, 35 cash prizes will be given totaling $1500.00, in order of excellence as follows: 1st Prize: $700.00; 2nd Prize: $250.00; 3rd Prize: $125.00; 4th Prize: $75.00; 5th Prize: $50.00; plus *30 prizes* of $10.00 each.

6. Checks will be mailed to prize winners in the Feb. contest not later than Mar. 31, 1948.

7. Pepsi-Cola Company shall have the right to publish all prize-winning entries in any form desired, with or without editing, and including names and addresses of winners, and also pictures of the five top prize winners. Do not send any pictures with entries.

8. Judges will be a nationally-known judging organization. Their decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries returned.

Enter the Pepsi-Cola "Treasure Top" Contests and Family Sweepstakes. 51 separate cash prize-winners—every state every month. Ask your Dealer.



"Nieces?" repeated Mr. Cassidy, and wrapped the boxer's chain around his hand.

Then Mollie Belle called in a high, mad voice, "Hello, Uncle Ed!"

Fortunately, Officer Mahoney, fundamentally a very shy man, attributed the obviously strained atmosphere to his own presence, and his Adam's apple rose and fell frantically. He kicked at something, got aboard the motorcycle, and spoke hoarsely.

"It wasn't anything to speak of, Mr. Cassidy. The gurls were maybe driving a little bit fast, but that's a bad curve there on the durt road and not marked and all and it could happen to annybody. I talked to them like a Dutch uncle," said Officer Mahoney, and his cheekbones were again illuminated. "Good-by now, sir. And ladies." And in a final ecstasy of embarrassment, he shot away on his coughing monster and was gone, leaving behind him a deathly hush.

As if by common consent, Mr. Cassidy's nieces got out of the car and stood side by side on the gravel.

"Nieces?" said Mr. Cassidy again.

Fitz spoke with the brisk patronage of an old nurse: "No, Mr. Cassidy—of course not nieces. As a matter of fact, complete strangers."

THE boxer leaned gently forward on his chain, and Mr. Cassidy wrapped it once more around his hand. The boxer dripped saliva upon the gravel. Small, cold nerves crept along the back of Candy's legs, and she heard herself saying, with a monstrous sweetness:

"Oh, Mr. Cassidy, what a lovely house you have!" *(Fool. Idiot. Oh, grandmamma, what big ears you've got!)*

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Cassidy, "that my house is not open to the public."

Mollie Belle rushed into the breach. "And what a beautiful dog, Mr. Cassidy! He looks so gentle too. Is he?"

"No," said Mr. Cassidy.

"Oh," said Mollie Belle.

"And now may I ask," said Mr. Cassidy, "whether you three young women are by any chance selling anything? Because if so ——"

"Oh, no, Mr. Cassidy!" cried Candy, Mollie Belle and Fitz, with the earnest lilt of a well-trained musical-comedy chorus.

Mr. Cassidy said with ominous calm, "A publicity stunt, eh? In that case ——"

"Please!" Candy interrupted desperately. "Wait, Mr. Cassidy—we can explain. You see, we were driving home from Brookstone School and we got lost and we saw your sign in the woods and then Fitz got one of her Feelings and we sort of shot across the state road and almost hit a truck—I mean the truck almost hit us—so when the trooper came up to us, we just said that if he gave us a ticket, our Uncle Ed Cassidy would be very upset, which was very silly and childish of course, but that's really—I mean there isn't anything—at least that's absolutely all ——"

Mr. Cassidy advanced slowly across the gravel, the boxer dripping before him. "Am I to understand that you three girls go to Brookstone School?"

"Oh, not any more," Mollie Belle said pleadingly to the boxer. "We did once. When we were younger. *Much* younger."

"As I understand it," said Mr. Cassidy, "you induced a state trooper to show you the way to my house?"

"Oh, we didn't *induce* him," Candy began.

"But I am to understand that you three young women actually used my name in order to avoid arrest?"

Fitz suddenly exploded. "My goodness, *yes!* Haven't we been saying so for the past five minutes? Gracious me, I thought your mind was supposed to work with the speed of light!"

Candy had the distinct impression that Mr. Cassidy was not accustomed to being taken aback. He cleared his throat and observed that of course he would have this story checked up.

Fitz leaned against the fender and grinned. "Do," she urged. "I think you'd enjoy meeting Miss Brookstone."

Mr. Cassidy's eye gleamed. "As it happens, I have had that pleasure in a sense.



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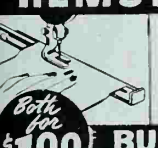
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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Miss Brookstone wrote to me last winter, asking me for a rather large sum of money for her school. I was unable to grant her request."

"Oh, *that!*" said Fitz airily. "We don't need it any more."

"School failed?" Mr. Cassidy inquired, almost cordially, and the boxer slavered.

Fitz laughed lightly. "Brookstone—failing! No—we have many other ways of raising money. Fortunately."

"I have always understood," said Mr. Cassidy in a wintry tone, "that Brookstone is one of the best schools in the East. It is surprising, to say the least, to find that three of its alumnae ——" The rest of his sentence, whatever it might have been, was knocked apart by a clap of thunder which appeared to herald the end of the world. Even the boxer jumped, to Candy's acute pleasure. Spoonfuls of water plopped upon their heads, and Mr. Cassidy said, "Obviously it is impossible for you to leave now. I am about to have tea."

Another crack of thunder split the sky, and Fitz was heard to say crossly that she wouldn't drink Mr. Cassidy's tea if she were lost in the middle of the Gobi Desert, a statement which no one contradicted. However, a livid flash of lightning turned the world blue, and when Candy and Mollie Belle followed Mr. Cassidy and the boxer through the front door, Fitz was right behind.

Tea at Mr. Cassidy's was an experience which Candy never forgot. There were tiny hot biscuits, three kinds of cake, a butler and a parlormaid; but there was also such an uproar out of doors that any sustained conversation was impossible. It was, in fact, not until they were nearly finished that any introductions were made.

At last, however, the thunder paused for breath and the musketry of rain on the roof began to slacken. Candy put down her teacup. Now was their chance to leave gracefully, with some shred of dignity left.

"Mr. Cassidy, this was really all my fault," she said. "It was a silly thing to do, and we're very sorry."

Mr. Cassidy paused. "I quite agree with you, Miss—er ——"

"Mrs. Stewart, William Stewart," Fitz snapped. "And this is Mrs. Adam Campbell. And my name is Fitzgerald. Anne. Miss."

"Thank you, Miss Fitzgerald." Mr. Cassidy smiled suavely. "I quite agree with Mrs. Stewart that this was a silly thing to do. It was a dangerous one as well."

"Oh, no," said Fitz. "Not dangerous. After all, we know all about you."

Next Month

In the fall, the meadows lay hot and still. Your feet hit hard on them. The air was so dry, you might think it would explode at the striking of a match . . .

AND then one afternoon the storm came, and with it the lightning and the strike on a dead tree and the fire that was to sweep across the forest wilderness and the lives of the men and women guarding it. To each, it was to bring fear and a battle. To some, defeat; to others, their work's triumph. And to two who had been lost, a strange meeting with love.

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Mr. Cassidy's bushy eyebrows met like a hedge over his long, thin, Hibernian nose. "And what, precisely, do you know?"

Mollie Belle, delivering the smile which had caused regiments of strong men to buckle at the knees, murmured that at least they knew Mr. Cassidy had delicious things for tea. Mr. Cassidy not only showed no signs of buckling, but eyed Mollie Belle with undisguised pity.

Candy said brightly, "We know about the Cassidy Children's Center and Cassidy Medical Research Foundation ——"

Fitz added calmly, "And we also know that you're a violent, prejudiced egocentric and that you never give any of your money to anything unless your name goes along with it."

The silence was more shattering than an explosion. Candy had a mad conviction that lightning would instantly return from the Berkshires and strike them all dead. When she could speak, she said hoarsely:

"Fitz doesn't really ——"

"Oh, yes, I do," said Fitz, and sat back and crossed her legs.

"On what," inquired Mr. Cassidy, in an odd voice, "do you base these assumptions, Miss Fitzgerald?"

"On Senator Bright, for one."

A thin smile cracked Mr. Cassidy's long face; for a moment Candy was puzzled. He looked—he looked —— Then he said, "Yes, I did hit Senator Bright. Hard. He's a filibustering phony and a grafting politician. I don't like him."

"You mean," said Fitz, "you hit him because you don't like him. The fact that he's a grafting politician is merely convenient. Why don't you tell the truth?"

Two lines of dull red appeared under Mr. Cassidy's eyes. Candy put out one hand toward Fitz, but it was too late.

"Violence," said Fitz. "Oh, I understand you, Mr. Cassidy. Men like you always think they can do anything with violence—especially if there's money to back it up. If it weren't for people like you ——" She stood up abruptly, taut and tall, an avenging goddess with flaming hair. "Come along, girls, let's go—unless, of course, Mr. Cassidy is going to prefer charges?"

Mr. Cassidy had not moved. "No," he said dryly, "one can hardly charge a young woman with bad manners, can one?"

"If you mean me ——" said Fitz, and her dark eyes snapped.

"I do mean you," said Mr. Cassidy evenly. "May I point out that you and your friends have obtained admittance to my house on false pretenses and then ——"

"On the contrary," said Fitz, biting the words off, "may I remind you that you invited us to tea? We were only too ready to go."

Mr. Cassidy got to his feet and confronted his guest. "The trouble with you, young woman ——"

Fitz tossed her red hair like an arrogant race horse. "The trouble with *you*, Mr. Cassidy, is that you're Irish—always ready to pick a fight."

"That remark ——" said Mr. Cassidy in a perceptibly louder voice.

"Only you're worse than most," said Fitz in a voice that was even louder, "because you could do a lot of good in the world—and you don't."

"What I do is no ——"

"You surround yourself with enormous secretaries ——"

"That is not true!" bellowed Mr. Cassidy.

"—— and boxers and butlers!" roared Fitz. "And you sit up here on your—your bank account and think about your own importance! Nobody can see you—nobody can speak to you; who do you think you're better than, Mr. Edward Aloysius Cassidy?"

There was a sudden silence that seemed to hum. Then Mr. Cassidy spoke, and every trace of anger had vanished. "This conversation has gone on long enough. However, before you go, Miss Fitzgerald—which I trust will be at once—I should like you to know that my contributions to various charities during the year nineteen forty-five to nineteen forty-six ——"

"And how many of them were made anonymously?" Fitz demanded. "Pooh to your contributions—*and* your money! Good-by, Mr. Cassidy."

She turned and swept from the room, and Candy and Mollie Belle, perforce, swept too. There seemed very little choice; and certainly no one wished to stay a minute longer. But it was a very long and a very silent drive home.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I Send My Love

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

It is still cold, the birds have not
come back,
No flower has bloomed save on
the window sill,
And yet the sun wheels higher on
his track,
And light returns, though it is
winter still.

So like the earliest bird, the earliest
flower,
I send my love to speak of coming
spring,
To bring you all the happiness in
my power,
To blossom for you, and for you
to sing.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Stewart living room looked as though fission had been discovered in it. In the midst of it sat Adam Campbell and Bill, supremely contented.

Bill took one comprehensive look at the two in the doorway and rose to his feet. "Where's Fitz?"

"Gone," said Candy.

"She dropped us off," said Mollie Belle.

"What have you been up to?" Bill demanded.

"*Up* to?" Mollie Belle repeated distastefully.

"Why do you ask that?" Candy inquired coldly, dropping her hat.

Bill sat down patiently. "I assume you're tired and hungry. I will make you the justly celebrated Eggs William Stewart—but not until I hear your story."

"What makes you think they have a story?" Adam asked, but Bill waved him aside.

"We're not hungry," Mollie Belle said with finality.

"We had tea," Candy added incautiously.

Bill pounced. "Where?"

Mollie Belle looked at Candy, and Candy looked at Mollie Belle. In that brief exchange it was agreed that united they might not stand, but divided they would most certainly fall.

"We had tea," said Candy in measured tones, "at Mr. Edward A. Cassidy's house."

Adam said thickly, "*Whose?*"

But Bill was an old hand and quicker on the draw. He swallowed and said swiftly, "Did Fitz know him?"

"Er—no," said Candy.

"Then how did you happen to go there?"

"Why, we were . . . taken," said Mollie Belle, in a tone of well-bred surprise.

"Who by?" Bill pursued relentlessly.

Candy sighed. "A state trooper."

Bill sat down and nodded slowly, almost triumphantly. "They were taken to tea with Edward Cassidy—by a cop. . . . What have you done?"

"Nothing."

"It really wasn't ——"

But Adam had caught up with events. "It's not what *had* they done—it's what did they *do?* Don't you realize that those three had *tea* with E. A. Cassidy? Why, it's unheard of—it's a miracle—it's —— How much did he give?"

(Continued on Page 122)

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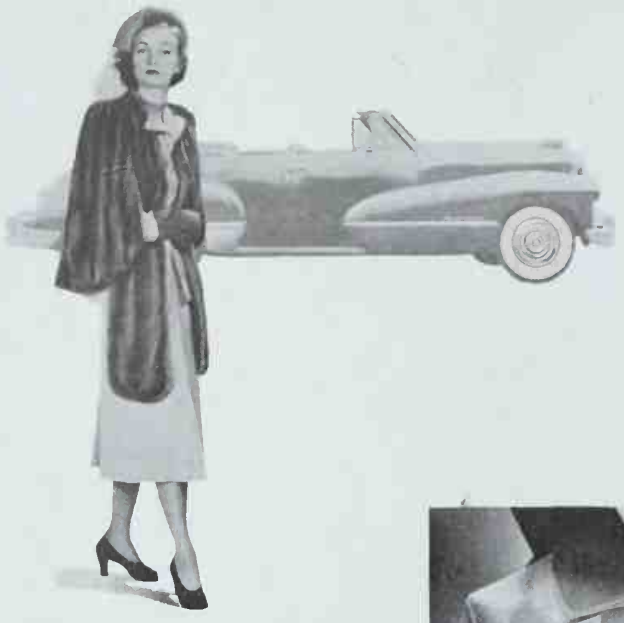
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Your face has a soft and delicate finish with clinging Yardley "English Complexion" Powder in one of nine flattering shades.

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(Continued from Page 120)

"Give?" Mollie Belle repeated blankly. "How big a check did he write? How much did you nick him for?"

"You can't drink a man's tea and then ask him for *money*," Candy said in chill, patrician accents.

Bill leaned forward. "Oh, you can't, can't you? What happened?"

"Well ——" Candy began.

Mollie Belle said in a rush, "Fitz got mad and told him he was violent and prejudiced and quarrelsome and—er—Irish. So we got asked to leave."

Bill and Adam looked at each other long and hard. Then Bill said, almost with reverence, "You got in—you actually got *in*—to see E. A. Cassidy. You got there under false pretenses and were asked to tea. And so you told him he was violent and quarrelsome and—oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy." He got up, knocked out his pipe elaborately, dusted his hands and said, "Well, Adam, let's go and fix them some food. After all, we can't let them starve."

"Why not?" asked Adam, and followed Bill into the kitchen.

Some three weeks later, on a warm Saturday morning in June, Candy was hanging clean curtains at the guest-room windows. She had been to market and walked home, to find Bill bent anxiously over the delphiniums, which had come down with a mysterious disease. He looked preoccupied and unapproachable, and was whistling Good Night, Sweetheart in a very minor key. It had seemed the part of wisdom to leave him, on tiptoe.

Candy, struggling with a curtain she had put on backward in spite of every precaution, heard a car stop in front of the house with that indescribably rich, thick sound that is made only by expensive brakes. *Fitz!* she thought, and dropped the curtain.

But it was not Fitz's long yellow roadster at the gate; it was an even longer limousine, as black and shining as anthracite, attended by two gentlemen in gray livery, one of whom was opening the door of the car. Candy stepped quietly behind a curtain. The spare figure getting out was unmistakably that of Mr. E. A. Cassidy.

Bill had come up from the delphiniums, and was standing, spray gun in hand, by the gate. Even the back of his head looked inquiring, and Candy, peering anxiously through white organdy, felt the slow, painful beats of her heart. What had Mr. Cassidy come here for? Had he decided, after all, that those three reprehensible young women ——

"Is this Mr. William Stewart?" Mr. Cassidy's voice was as flat as ever, his nose as long and thin, his eyebrows as menacing. Bill admitted he was, indeed, Mr. William Stewart, and Mr. Cassidy then asked, with no expression whatever in his voice, whether or not Mrs. Stewart was at home. "I," he said, "am Edward Cassidy."

"Oh, of course!" Bill said heartily. "I knew you looked familiar. How do you do, Mr. Cassidy? Mrs. Stewart has gone marketing. Come in, won't you? I understand I have some hospitality to repay to you."

Behind the stiff ruffle of the guest-room curtain, Candy looked down upon her husband with something like awe. When you came right down to it, men were absolutely breath-taking.

Bill wasn't worrying in the least about the way his hair looked; he had no need to stew about his lipstick. He was not even perturbed about his gardening shirt. He simply opened the gate, cordially; but Mr. Cassidy shook his head.

"Thank you, no. If Mrs. Stewart isn't here, I won't bother you. I just stopped by to tell her —— Perhaps you'd give her a message?"

Candy leaned forward like the boxer on his chain.

"Will you tell her"—Mr. Cassidy paused and the same queerly attractive smile that had puzzled Candy once before lit his long face—"tell her that I'm incurable."

"Incurable?" Bill sounded startled.

"Miss Fitzgerald accused me of being unable to give away money anonymously. Apparently it's quite true. I've sent off an anonymous gift to Brookstone School—but nevertheless I have to tell those three young women about it. Your wife, Mr. Stewart, and the other two."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Cassidy." Bill was clinging to the gate. "You've sent a . . . gift to Brookstone?"

"A check, if I may say so, a large check," Mr. Cassidy told him.

"But . . . why?"

"Because," said Mr. Cassidy, "I decided I liked the product that Miss Brookstone turns out. And I have a niece . . . a—er—real niece. I've seen Miss Fitzgerald. But you tell Mrs. Stewart, will you? I'd hope to see her again too."

"Why don't you come in and wait? She won't be long," Bill said.

But Mr. Cassidy was getting back into his anthracite. "Just tell her," he said. Then he leaned out. "Perhaps you'd both come to see me. Got any children?"

"One. A boy."

"Bring him along. Tell him he's got a good mother. Not afraid of anything. Knows how to behave in a pinch."

"But . . . I mean—well," said Bill, "they pretty much created the pinch themselves, didn't they?"

Mr. Cassidy's eyebrows flew up like Spanish moss in a gale, and he laughed. "That's what I mean. Ingenious! Takes a woman to get into a fix like that. Remarkable race, women. Good-by!"

Bill stared after the black car, his spray gun hanging from his hand. But Candy, behind the guest-room curtains, blew Mr. Cassidy kisses until he was out of sight.

THE E



"Remember the good old days when all we had to worry about were ration coupons?"

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Well, there's a little hidden running board to help me in—concealed behind the car door where it's always safe and dry. And just so I don't stub a toe—the board is level with the floor, besides!

Notice how the door's held open for me, too—by a nifty gadget that does the honors automatically. No more hems caught when the door slams closed. It *won't* shut till I want it to!

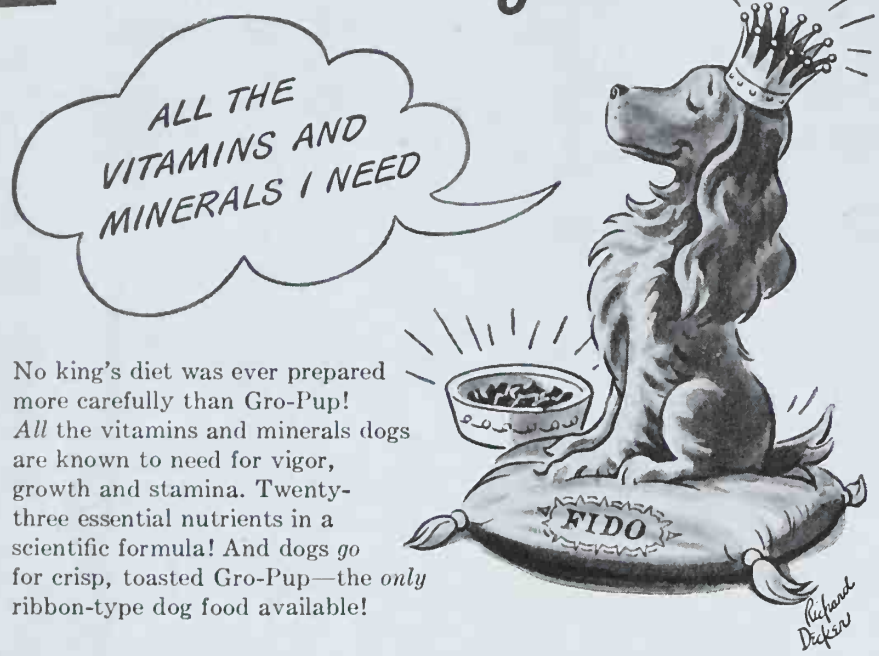
These things, of course, are only the beginning. I suppose they hardly count, next to other "extras"—the smoothness of floating power as we pull away from the curb, the reassuring feeling of brakes that work with *ease* . . .

But when it comes down to small, personal touches that put my best foot forward—that's what I like most. That's why Plymouth is for *me!*



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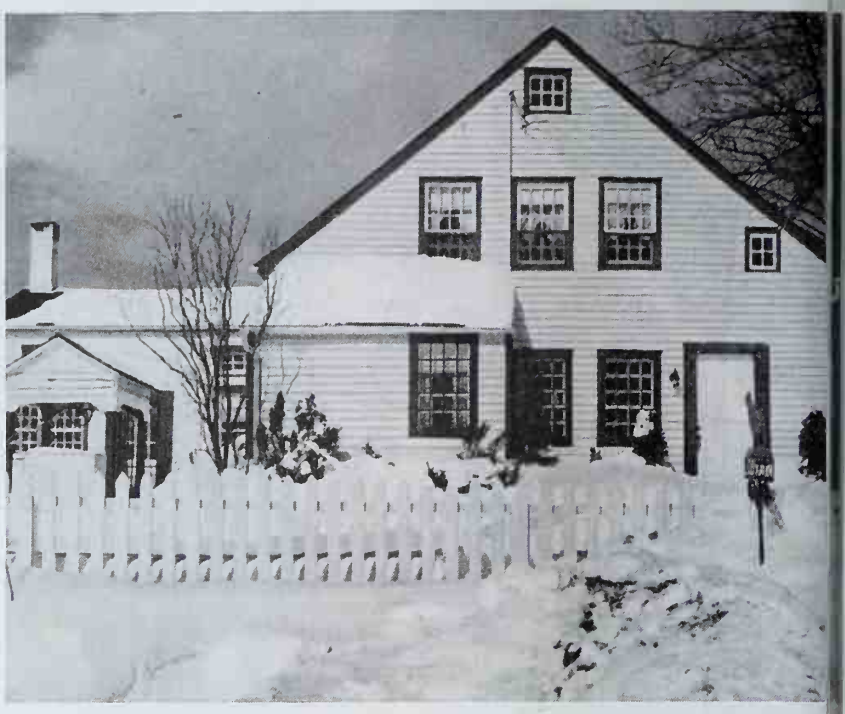


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Dogs Go For GRO-PUP



Bleak winter enhances by contrast the small ways of gracious living at S[illegible] meadow. Even the cockers prefer the warm hearth to the cold outdo[illegible]

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

COME now the wild dark days when the house seems like a lovely warm little island with winter billowing outside. Pipes freeze and get thawed out, and there is a sense of victory. The current goes off, and we move dinner hastily to the coal range or hang it over the fireplace in the old black kettle.

We used to be timid about going out when the storm was bad, but years have seasoned our spirits. We bundle up, put a pail of sand and a shovel in the car, and sally forth. Jill says when we have to make concessions to the weather, we shall be old. So last week end we went right on to Fay and Andy's in Middlebury, in a black, bleak storm. I admit that I liked the drifted road with the car lights turning the snowbanks to crystal. And the desolate waste of the fields was dramatic under the heavy sky. Every tree was a lithograph in black and white.

The current was off at Sleepy Hollow, but Fay had the house lighted with plenty of candles, and the house sent a soft warm glow across the snow. All the fireplaces had good sturdy fires in them, and the range looked as comfortable as a summer day. Half-a-dozen friends came in, stamping the snow from their galoshes, and the roast beef came from the oven sizzling with juices. Fay's creamed potatoes went with it—my favorite. And a chef's salad, and hot mince pie and coffee. Good fare for a winter night.

Fay boils the potatoes the night before, peels them the next morning and slices them into a baking dish. She sprinkles them generously with flour and grated cheese, turning them with a spoon until they are well covered. Salt and freshly ground pepper go in, and enough milk to almost cover the potatoes. More cheese for topping. She bakes them thirty minutes in a moderate oven. I also like chopped chives added, or a few slivers of onion.

How much art there can be, I thought that evening, in all the small ways of living. Sometimes we get lazy, but I think the effort spent in putting an ironstone bowl of pine branches on the table is well spent. And getting out the fragile grandmother china is worth it too. Often we do not bother to use the small gracious touches, and it is a pity. For no matter what heaven may be like, there is no use waiting for it. I'll take mine now, with open fire and apples toasting on a stick good friends gathered around the hea Bowls of popcorn, and nuts to crack w the talk is merry.

Another recent expedition was mad the Goldmans', where I saw the first re fine collection of dolls I ever beheld. It like history in miniature, for the dolls flect the whole life of the time. I l seldom felt more moved than when En lifted out a doll made in 1710. It w small doll, with a wooden body, but jointed arms and legs, patiently ca out and fitted by hand.

Her face was delicately shaped, must have looked like the little girl owned her, rather solemn and grave. T had worn away some of her frock bonnet, but enough was left of the fa blue and the lacy edging. I thought of long-ago little girl who loved this played with her, and was careful her—so careful the doll is still per

All the stories her doll might tell packed away in the silk-lined box. E thought her meaning was plain: children, even in the shadow of war, l a make-believe world of their own—a w where their dolls are safe and the su shining.

I SHALL never be able to have a wond doll collection, but it is a fine thin preserve and pass on the dolls of the And the dolls in native costumes are w handing down, too, for there may we a day when native costumes are gon countries get divided up and pa around, as people fly all over the w probably everyone will dress alike, m the pity.

Some of the period dolls were surpri for they looked like modern fashion pl And while I love the old things, and quaintness of the past, I myself shall r be pinched in at the waist and padde with a bustle. I am greatly disillusi by the current victory of the designers women. I have a fatal tendenc speculate, when I see one of those sweeping skirts, on how many small s ing children could be dressed in the e

(Continued on Page 126)





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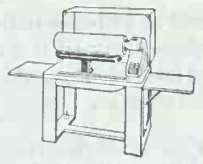
And no work at all for you! See how the Bendix washes, rinses 3 times and damp-drys the clothes . . . even when you're not in the house. All you do is twist a dial and add a dash of soap! Your neighbor owns a Bendix. Ask her all about it. Then visit your nearest Bendix Dealer!

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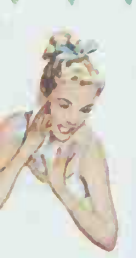
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SWEETHEART

Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

(Continued from Page 124)

material. I dare say they wouldn't be, but why not?

Banquets are the same kind of flaunting of riches over need. Suppose every banquet for a year were merely a normal meal and all the extra courses were packed in boxes and shipped abroad? How much food would we send?

Here in the country, we feel easier about food when we raise every bit we can, and when we freeze or put up the whole year's supplies. We may not quite see how that extra row of carrots which we do not buy is going to get to Europe, but we feel it is helping somehow.

Linda and Little Sister have been staying in the house for a week, and so has Hildegarde. Melody and Honey are always in, so there have been five cockers around the fire. Quite a bevy. The youngsters are always copying the big girls, and it is fun to watch them tilt their heads and study the exact way Melody hops on the couch and then happily hop in the same way. Melody is a window-sill dog, too, and leaps on my sill beside the milk-glass butter dish. Little Sister is too plump to make it, but she flings herself up and falls back, and then looks large-eyed at the one who can reach the heights. Linda is the charm girl—wants to be carried and admired extravagantly. Little Sister is brisk and full of projects such as eating the edge off the Oriental rug.

Being litter sisters and raised to a hair's breadth alike, they refute any theory that heredity does not count. For Linda, the black one, "takes after" the black side of the family, and Little Sister, the black and white, takes after the parti-color. It is amazing and fascinating to see the personality difference. Linda is always in trouble. If a ladder fell, it would certainly fall on Linda. If an older dog gets irritated by the adolescent high jinks going on and takes a nip, it is Linda that gets nipped. And if anything at all goes wrong, Linda's scream is the loudest scream in the country.

> **We are sometimes told that the ideal is to know something of everything, and everything of something. But this is soaring too high. I prefer to say that the ideal of education is that we should learn all that it concerns us to know, in order that thereby we may become all that it concerns us to be.**
>
> —DEAN INGE:
> Our Present Discontents (Putnam & Co., Ltd.)

Esmé is very jealous of the little folks. When they are in, she drapes herself on my neck half the time, complaining in her sharpest Siamese. They make her nervous, she says, because you never know where they will bounce next. She likes to reach from behind the door and slap them, just to see what they will say. Of course it is always Linda that is on the business end of the slap.

Tigger always gets his own way, but he is more polite about it than Esmé. When he wants something, he suggests in a soft voice that it would make you happy to give it to him. If ignored, he just sits and looks steadily at you. Next he rubs against you gently, but firmly. Finally he utters a faint cry indicating that life is ebbing from his sturdy frame by the moment. Then he gets it.

THE feeding of cats is a controversial subject. Some cats have grown to manhood and motherhood of many kittens on scraps or fishbones. Some are fed tonics and pills. We have never had a sick cat at Stillmeadow, and this, we feel, is because we feed them according to the same rules for the puppies. They get a beaten egg in the morning, which some cat fanciers believe is as good as poison. Esmé gets me up in the morning whenever she is ready for her egg and yells until it is beaten properly. They get evaporated milk, diluted very little. They get chopped lamb, beef or chicken. Neither of them will look sidewise at a vegetable, so they get canned cat food at night to supplement the rest of the food, for the good cat foods are balanced and reinforced with minerals and vitamins. Also, the canned food supplies the fish quotient which they love, at less cost than regular tinned salmon or mackerel. They have a small dish of dehydrated dog food always on their shelf. They will not eat it moistened up, but they will open the container and get in themselves to get it dry. Esmé loves small dog biscuits, as we found out when she tore open a fifty-pound sack and spread it all over the floor.

When there is no fresh liver available, we buy baby food with liver or calf's heart and give them that. In winter we keep a case of canned cat food and a case of canned dog food, preferably the all-meat type, and use them regularly. Once in a while we put butter or oil on the paws, but we have, to date, never had any trouble with hair balls. Whether it is the kind of diet or the fact that there is more roughage in the dehydrated dog food they enjoy, I do not know. But both cats are bigger and better cats, and sleek and vigorous.

VALENTINE'S DAY is one of my favorite holidays. It is sentimental and pretty and gay and a young-kind-of-feeling day. Nobody has to be middle-aged or settled on Valentine's Day if there are valentines from loved ones. The truth is, feeling young goes with feeling cherished. That is a secret I found out only when I myself edged into what they call "the middle years." And on Valentine's Day there are so many nice ways of being cherished. Perfumes and flowers and blue satin hearts and sweets tied in colored ribbons, and valentines themselves.

Valentine gifts for men ought to be in keeping with the spirit of the day too. A really good pipe, or a desk lighter, or an extravagant solid-gold-colored bottle of shaving lotion. Not socks or handkerchiefs.

A valentine party is a must. At least for us. A centerpiece of gay valentines. Cranberry cocktail, just the right color. Ham glazed with currant jelly. A casserole of mushrooms and potatoes. And lime-and-cheese salad, meringues with strawberries for dessert.

To make the salad I dissolve 1 package lime gelatin in 2 cups boiling water, add 1 teaspoon salt, cool until it begins to thicken, then add 1 pound cottage cheese. I blend this in the electric mixer, then add ¼ cup mild vinegar. I pour it into a wet ring mold and put it in the refrigerator until set.

Unmold and serve it with a bowl of mayonnaise in the center of the ring. This is one of the best salads in the world, and the color is decorative too. If you have heart-shaped molds, the salad can be set in them. And a nice garnish for the ham platter is cranberry sauce cut out in heart shapes.

In February, after a big storm, the sun comes out with more brightness than at any other time in the year. The winter sky is pale and far away and the snow is the essence of all the white there is. The glory of the sun, with the pale sky and the white snow, is breath-taking. The light has a purity, a dazzling serenity. I like to go out then, and walk up to the mailbox. How beautiful is the world! How fortunate we are, in spite of everything, to feel the infinite splendor of a day after storm!

SONG FOR FEBRUARY

They race across the snow on flying feet,
The red, the black-and-white, the black, the gold,
Spaniels at play, light as blown leaves, and fleet,
Winging their ears, and sniffing the still cold.
The good far scent of fox is in the air,
And rabbit print assails the velvet nose,
The silver weasel watches from his lair,
The mink moves darkly where the ice brook flows.

Eyes that are eager, hearts that beat so loud,
Oh, wild and lovely freedom they possess;
They are the hunters, they the brave and proud,
And theirs the dream of conquered wilderness.

How vast a kingdom then is mine, who see
How swift they turn and leave the chase for me.

THE END

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What Can Young Marrieds Afford?

All the furniture pieces in this room are basic, chosen to remain in good style, and be re-covered when the scheme is changed. The carpet is basic also, but the accessories are wedding presents or pickup pieces accumulated as one goes along.



PHOTO BY HAROLD FOWLER

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK, *Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal*

"I've dreamed of a beautiful living room for years, and now find that our money won't buy half what we need!" This is the complaint of many honeymoon shoppers who look hopefully at price tags, only to go home defeated. Yet we believe that a dream room with unmistakable style and beauty can, even now, emerge from a moderate budget. Of course, one must go shopping with plans well set and full determination to stick to them. It is much simpler to find good furnishings that you can afford if you have already in mind the type pieces you wish to buy.

The basic furniture you first select should stay young indefinitely. Your sofa, with an occasional rejuvenation, should last almost as long as you care to use it. Your tables and chests should become heirlooms, and your rug remain a neutral accompaniment to your changing schemes for years to come. Accessories are your own taste, often wedding presents or pickups, and need not be considered in your first buying. *(Continued on Page 214)*

COST OF BASIC FURNISHINGS

Sofa (in muslin)	$159.00
2 club chairs (in muslin)	158.00
Fan-back chair (in muslin)	79.00
Extension table	75.00
Drum table	65.00
Pembroke table	65.00
Bachelor's chest	119.00
Coffee table	34.50
Total	$754.50
12 square yards carpet	$120.00
30 yards chintz @ $1.39 yard	41.70
6 yards blue twill @ $1.98 yard	11.88
White curtains	16.95
Sum total	$945.03

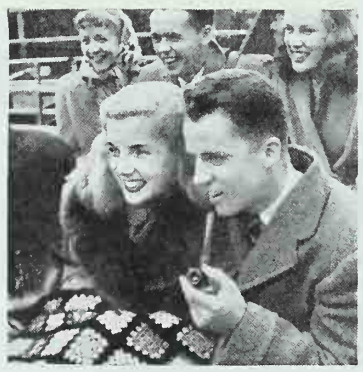


"In Perfect Love"

Princeton grad William J. Casey weds
Woodbury-deb Jacqueline Burns of Bloomfield, N. J.
Her blonde-satin beauty is a tribute to the care
of Woodbury Facial Soap.



"Admit it!" Count Igor Cassini, America's leading society reporter, "scoops" news of Jackie and Bill's romance. Entranced with her charm lunching at The Colony, he names Woodbury-deb Jackie the Beauty Bride of the Month.



Princeton-Yale game: Bill "shows off" his beauty-date! "Jackie's so smooth," boasts he. *Sure thing!*—'cause Woodbury contains a rich beauty-cream ingredient for smooth-skin-appeal.



"Adore my Woodbury Facial Cocktail," says Jackie. "First, swirl on that *mild lather*...rinse...and skin's simply velvet!" Mild? Woodbury's *extra-mild!* Made for the skin alone.

Another Woodbury Deb Marries



Bill proposes Jackie as Princeton Cover Girl ...gets enthusiastic support from all-male student body. "Give a credit line to Woodbury," laughs Jackie. "It's *my* secret of skin glow!"



Sweet voice... sweet beauty-smooth skin ...Jackie strikes a 'chord' in Bill's heart. Cue for you, girls; take your Woodbury Facial Cocktail—before *every* date!



"Now!" says Bill, "set our wedding date!"..."Next day," admits Jackie, "I shopped for bridal satin." Umm, bridal satin—with that satiny complexion!



Add Woodbury Beauty Baths—to your daily routine of Woodbury Facial Cocktails! This true skin soap contains a *beauty-cream* ingredient. Cream-smooth lather for dream-smooth skin...all over! Lovely fragrance.



THE CENTURY OF THE COMMON MAN

(Continued from Page 12)

the whole. During the war, for instance, when we wished to disorganize the German war plant, we concentrated on bombing ball-bearing factories, knowing that if we could keep them out of production all the wheels of Germany would rapidly run down. We did a tremendous job of espionage and wartime diplomacy trying to cut off from Germany one single item: industrial diamonds, without which no modern industry can function.

Similarly, if for any reason transportation is halted, factories close for want of raw materials and accumulation of stocks. If mines are closed, they halt for lack of fuel.

Every family in any industrial nation is dependent for the sheerest necessities of life upon the smooth intermeshing of the manifold gears of the system. Except on poor farms, operated by manual and animal power plus simple implements, no one any longer is to any considerable degree self-subsistent. Even the farmer who grows most of his own food cannot grow the gasoline and oil necessary to feed his mechanical hands. The food of urban or semiurban households is not grown in the back yard, but comes from remote districts, often—as with coffee—from countries far away. If trains and trucks were halted, whole cities would starve in a matter of days. If refrigerator plants were closed, millions of tons of food would spoil. Water, even, is not hauled from a private well, but pumped by electricity from communal sources, and if power were cut off millions could perish of thirst and all sanitation break down. Thus all our fates are in the hands of myriads of fellow men whom we do not even know. Not a single factory, however vast, nor a single person, is or can be sufficient unto himself.

A film of smoke can blot a star.

This system is obviously peculiarly vulnerable—to enemies without and disturbances within. As no primitive community could be so wrecked by a few great bombs as a concentrated and interdependent industrial society, so we have also been seeing that the strike can be as formidable a weapon, for its duration, as massed hostile armies. With it cities can be blockaded, starved, darkened, frozen and forced to their knees. Neither is it necessary that a strike engage all workers in order to wreck the functioning of a social order. Stoppages in a few key industries, such as transportation and power, can halt all the rest. Even so-called "minor" strikes—for instance, in factories producing some small motor part—can halt a huge industry and throw out of work thousands of persons not concerned in the dispute.

Yet the majority of Americans still hold the "right" to strike as part of a charter of inalienable civil liberties, though the development of the economic order has made radical changes and developments. It must be clear to any thoughtful person that every major strike today is an act of war against tens of thousands, possibly millions, of innocent persons, and its outcome less likely to be a measure of justice than a test of power. Is it aligning oneself as "antilabor" to suggest that there must be a rational solution to the problem of achieving permanent industrial peace in a free society? There must be *some* just and rational standards by which can be measured what part of income from production should go to the various parts of it; and it would seem wholly logical that wages must in some way be tied to production, since all wages must come out of it. It is certainly the fact that common men—the majority who have become power—have lost that power in some places, and have even proved eager to relinquish it, because this problem did not find peaceable solution.



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WITH "NEW" DECANIUM





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Absorbine Jr.

It is clear that the higher the standard of living, due to the higher integration of the productive system, the more irrational becomes the strike as an instrument for improving any man's lot.

I do not pretend to know the answer to this question, but surely one can assume that an alternative is possible, in justice, to repeated tests of force. It would seem to be an easier problem for the human mind to solve than, for instance, that of disintegrating the atom. If it is not, it must be because the pure white light of reason, which guards the scientist, is colored by passion in social life.

And sometimes colored by what seems simply whim. An illustration is the present condition in the building trades. Millions of people want and desperately need shelter, including the members of the building trades themselves, and there is, or has been, ample money available for it. Yet the building trades have been pricing themselves and all but the well-to-do out of the market, not only nor chiefly by the high cost of wages but by deliberately lowering the rate of production, while, by other practices, they keep the number of available workers far below the number necessary to meet the housing problem even under the best circumstances. Thus, bricklayers, who before the war earned about $14 per day on American average, now earn about $19, as adjustment to raised living costs. But at the same time they are laying only about 50 per cent as many bricks per hour as before the war, thus deteriorating their own skills. In all the building trades taken together, 76 per cent more money is paid per hour, but costs are 184 per cent higher than prewar, largely because trades engaged in building have made themselves 36–44 per cent less efficient. So a plumber cannot afford a house because of the high cost of carpentry, and no one whatever is benefited.

No doubt industrial genius will find an answer to the housing problem, but it will be the factory-made house, driving the present guilds into the narrow area of the rich who can afford a custom-made establishment.

It seems to me so: That whereas our industrial society is the product of the most exact reasoning processes of scientists, inventors and organizers, a characteristic of the modern temper is the aversion of men, in social and political action, to subject their activities to reason, or indeed even to feel the need to give any reasons for their acts. Yet an age created by reason and scientific objectivity can hardly survive the absence of reason anywhere. All of us must somehow learn to think up to the level of the scientific approach to problems, or we shall mutually destroy the society we live in and ourselves with it. For it is distinctly not a society in which we can "do as we please." It demands a high degree of social discipline.

There is no turning back from democracy, which is, indeed, the logical outgrowth and expression of a system in which each works for all and depends on all, and in which specialization has removed the possibility, even, of finding the Superman or Supercaste capable of directing it from above. But the story of the Tower of Babel and the myths of Frankenstein and Golem rest in profound tragic perceptions. Great and complex civilizations of the past are buried in weeds because their members were unable wisely to control the precious and dangerous powers which had been created. The demand that we widen our understanding and become more sensitive to reason is inexorable.

TORCH PARADE

(Continued from Page 39)

at an ersatz Casanova who was compounded of equal parts of newsprint and boundless credulity, and who with the help of that celebrity and an organ-toned throat earned over a hundred thousand dollars a year.

Ken sat quietly most of the journey to Kansas City reading a book on the future of science. He tried earnestly to keep his mind free of the opposite sex whenever possible, and he had found that nonfiction was as helpful as anything. It would have been

Papa and Mama

There's a contemporary note of functional utility about this double dresser... inspired by an **1800 ORIGINAL** *in the Palmer collection . . . exemplifying the* **TIMELESS TASTE** *of Willett Golden Beryl Hard Maple.* **SOLID WOOD** *and sound workmanship give it the solid worth of heirloom quality—*

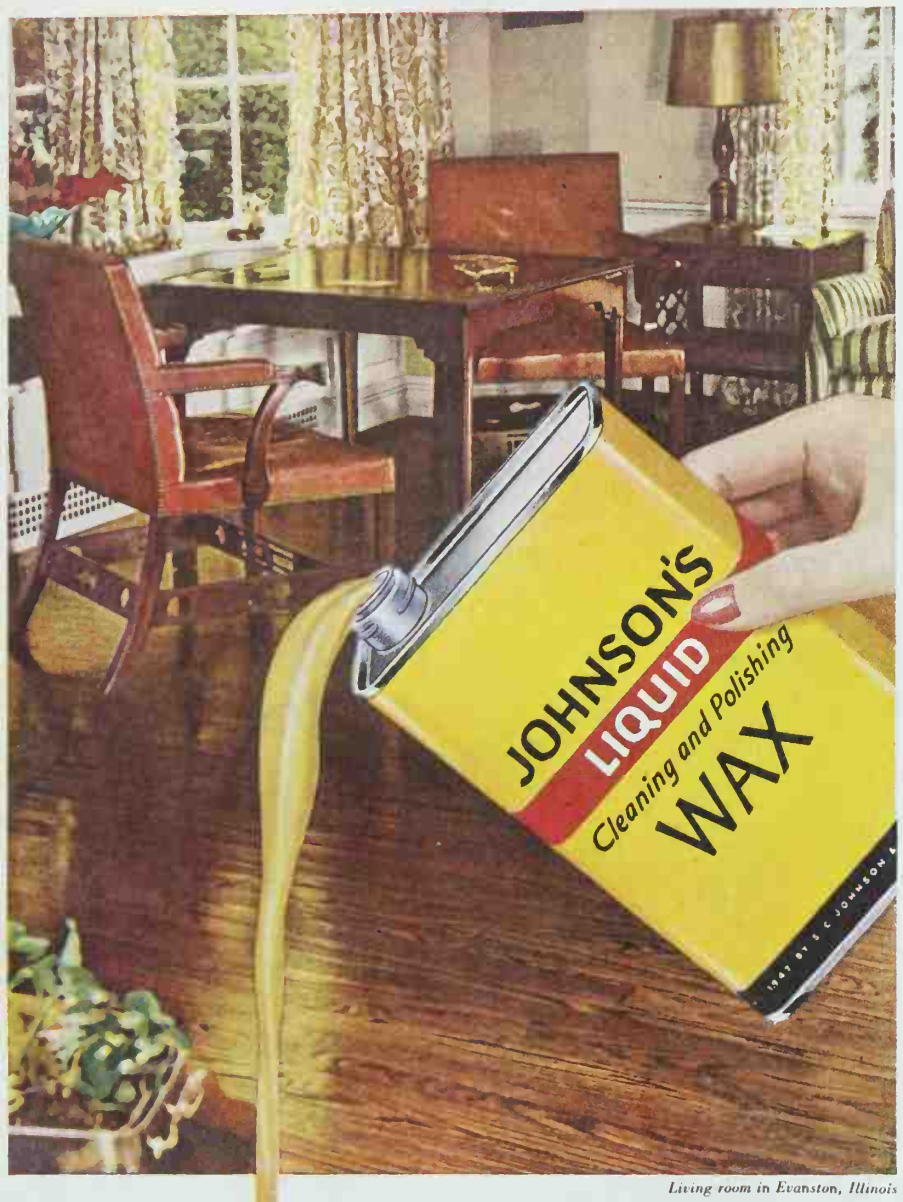
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S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Racine, Wis., 1948. "Johnson's" is a registered trademark

nice, he thought, to ask the ambassador about recent events in Asia, but he was afraid the old gentleman might have the same reactions as a prominent senator he had met in Hollywood: the legislator had brushed aside Ken's queries on America's foreign policy and been anxious to know if movie actresses were as careless with their affections as painted, and if the girl Ken was with that night had a friend.

Just before they landed, Ken went to the rear of the cabin for a drink of water. There he met a willing kid with flaxen tresses and big blue eyes who called him Mr. Nichols and said she was traveling with her mother and that his voice when he sang I Strolled by Last Night absolutely gave her a beta-ray bombardment. She wanted to know if he would mind her hanging around during the trip. Ken was in the middle of saying he would mind as her mother, an alert woman, came and got her.

Something must have gone wrong with the long arm of public relations, because there was no claque waiting in Kansas City. Filled with unutterable relief, Ken strolled around with his head lowered until he bumped into one of the stewardesses on his plane. She was an attractive girl who ended her run there in the Midwest, and when he smiled at her and asked if she'd have a cup of coffee with him, she giggled nervously.

"I'd like to, Mr. Nichols," she said, "but I can't. I've got a fiancé here, a pilot. He'd be sore if he heard about it."

"I'm lonely," Ken said sardonically. "Come out to the plane with me for just a few minutes. I'll hang some etchings on the walls and ——"

It wasn't that easy in New York. A beautiful, willowy creature with an orchid corsage on a flowered print dress met him at the gate, said "Darling!" in a loud voice, and kissed him on the lips. Ken noticed a small, intense man named Speed Burgess, with whom he'd had previous dealings.

"Play it straight, Troubadour," Speed said. "This is Marya Manners, second lead in a Broadway musical. You're old friends, see?"

Photographers took pictures. Ken and Marya posed arm in arm, and Marya removed her hat so they'd be sure and see her face and upstaged Ken slightly. Speed asked the ambassador if he'd mind stepping out of the way.

"Darling," Marya said, "I've been dying for you to come. You'll simply have to go in with me. My car's waiting outside."

"Darling ——" Ken said. He glanced at Speed uncertainly.

"All right," Speed said. "Break it up. Let's go."

In the car, Speed explained the setup to Ken. Marya was handled by Mr. Franklin, and it made an excellent arrangement. As Ken could see, she was a dandy kid and very co-operative. They merely had to go out a few times, to the right places, and Speed would take care of the rest. Marya was a kind of colorless babe and needed a little romance. Speed suggested that Ken kiss her on the neck in the Stork Club.

"Okay," Ken said. "In the Stork."

"What shall I wear tonight?" Marya asked.

"Something strapless," Speed said. "I seem to see white, to emphasize your innocence. I got an emerald bracelet rented that the Troubadour is going to give you, and I'll thank you not to lose it."

"I have a divorce coming up," Marya said. "Can you tie it into this any way?"

"It may be an angle," Speed said, "but I'd have to give it thought. We're trying to keep the Troubadour away from the rough stuff. He's sort of like the Lone Ranger in some respects."

Ken went to his usual hotel on 55th Street, Speed at his side. Marya stayed long enough in the suite to inspect the vases of flowers.

"You'd think he was dead," she said.

"I often believe I am," Ken said. "Am I dead, Speed?"

"Dead?" Speed said. "You are the livest thing in radio. Pretty soon Mr. Franklin will be closing a movie deal for you. You're enshrined in the hearts of your country-

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women. These flowers are from unknown dames, not undertakers."

"Can I take them off my income tax?" Ken said sadly.

"Yes," Speed said.

"I'll be waiting for you at the theater after the show, Troubadour," Marya said. "Why not see it while you're waiting?"

"I don't like looking at chorus girls."

He saw his new flame to the door, sat down, and took his shoes off. Speed checked through the incoming letters, wires and telephone calls.

"Nothing special here," he reported. "Benefits, dames, crackpots and requests for loans. I'll handle 'em." He paused to glance at one telephone message. "You know a guy named Terry Dunnigan?"

"Yeah. I went to college with him."

"That the Philadelphia Dunnigans?"

"Yeah."

"Might be an angle," Speed said. "They're prominent folks. Ring him when you get a chance. Here's the number."

After Speed had gone to do what he called agitating the citizenry on the behalf of a client, Ken had a shower and changed his clothing and then dropped limply into a chair again. New York in July was very, very hot—much hotter than California. The debilitating heat reminded him of the temperatures in Philadelphia, when he was seven years younger and a college boy, and nothing had debilitated him. He had spent part of two summer vacations with Terry at the big Dunnigan house, and he still remembered with affection the simplicity and warmth of all the Dunnigans toward a house guest from the wrong side of the Pennsylvania mountains who couldn't possibly ever return their hospitality.

Don't scald your tongue on other people's soup.

—PROVERB.

Sometimes Ken wished he were young again (he was now practically twenty-six), short of dough, not a troubadour, and unknown to Radio City. His father had been a small-town doctor, and right now, Ken thought, he could—just as easily as not—be following in his footsteps, yanking appendixes, slapping new babies alive and trying to keep the man who remembered Gettysburg from kicking off. He might have been able to sing at that kind of work, instead of working at the kind of singing he had to do. Besides, the dames he'd meet as a doctor would be expecting medical aid, not the blossoming of a great new love.

Sighing, Ken managed to rouse himself enough to call the number good old Terry Dunnigan had left. A girl with a nice, clipped, fresh voice answered.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Nichols," she said. "I'm Mr. Dunnigan's secretary. He's not here right now, but I can reach him. Mr. Dunnigan is terribly anxious to get in touch with you—could he come right over?"

"Yeah, sure," Ken said. He gave the number of his suite.

"Stand by," the girl said crisply.

Ten minutes later the door buzzer sounded. Ken rose and opened the door to admit good old Terry. Instead, he found a small girl with coppery hair, an honest, beautiful Irish face and a skin with the texture of camellias. Occasionally he felt if he saw one more lovely kid he was going to blow the gaff, and the sticky heat made him curter than usual.

"Go away, honey," he said, starting to close the door. "I'm busy right now with an orgy and ——"

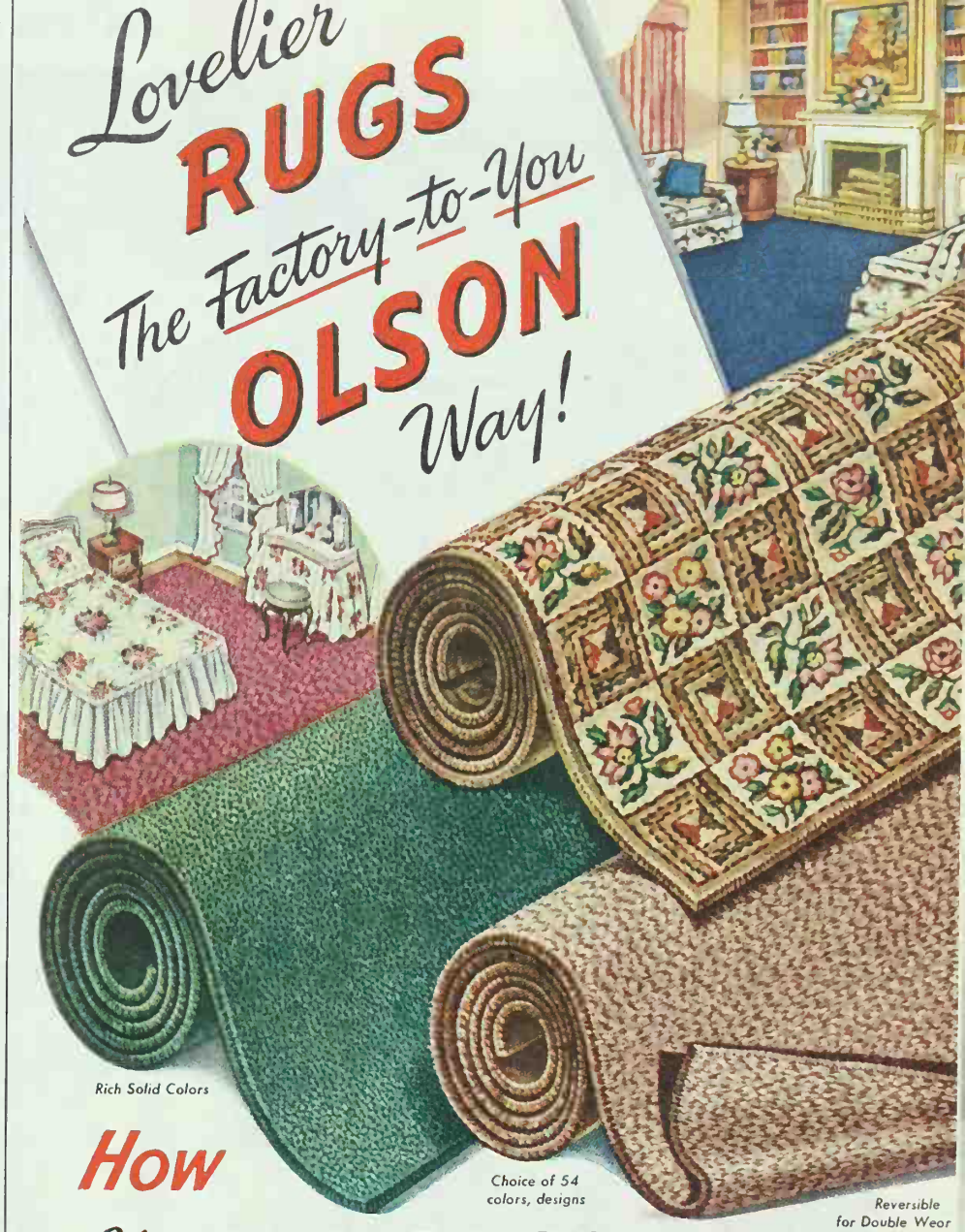
"Wait!" Kay Dunnigan said. "Don't you recognize me? I'm Kay Dunnigan."

"Oh, certainly. Of course. Nice of you to come by and say hello. Good-by, Miss Dunnigan."

"Please! I have to see you. I lied when I told you I was Terry's secretary ——"

"All right," Ken said. "Come on in. You may be telling the truth."

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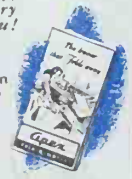
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He sat her down, gave her a glass of ice water, and stared at her. They were wearing longer dresses now, unfortunately, but he seemed to recall her legs—which showed what happened after you were a troubadour for a while. Perhaps if he could see her knees everything would come back to him.

"Surely you know me," Kay said. "I was always around the house in the summer. The younger set considered you and Terry quaint. Don't you remember me peeking at you and laughing like a hyena?"

"Sure, I remember the hyena. But it was freckled."

"I got rid of them. With the lotion you advertise on your program, by the way."

"I'll be darned," Ken said. "I didn't know it had ever helped anybody. Wait till the sponsor hears about you."

"He never will," Kay said. "I don't need money, I need affection. I'm in love."

Ken froze, in the middle of mopping his face. He could not trust himself to speak, but he knew what was on tap: as it must to all girls, Troubadour-madness had come to Kay Dunnigan.

"His name is Paul Tisdale," Kay said.

"Huh?" Ken said.

"You wouldn't know him. He's about your age, but he didn't go to your school. We've known each other for two years. He was at my coming-out party. We go with the same crowd. He—he makes me nervous. Although we're together a lot and my mother and father are quite enthusiastic, nothing happens. You understand what I mean?"

"Uh-huh."

"Paul is with a downtown brokerage firm," Kay said. She was becoming rather pale and embarrassed. "Kraft, Barton, Harris, McKinstry and Morgan."

"I don't know any of them either."

There was a short silence. Kay fidgeted with her purse. "Well, you're an old friend of the family. I'm in emotional difficulties. You're—ah—in the public eye ——"

"Yes?"

"Well, the fact is, Ken, I'd like a couple of dates with you. You're—you're the Troubadour, and it might wake Paul up. Apparently I've got to make him jealous to start anything, and it occurred to me that everybody's jealous of you. Naturally, I don't want to cause you inconvenience, but I just thought for old times' sake ——"

"Okay," Ken said.

"Will you, Ken?" Kay said. She got up excitedly. "Bless your heart! It'll be in the papers, so he'll see it, won't it?"

"Absolutely."

"I can't thank you enough. I know this is irrational and rude of me, but ——"

"Don't give it a thought."

"Could we have a date tomorrow night? I'm in rather a hurry on this."

"I'm sure we can," Ken said. "I might have to take you on the second shift because of certain pressing social obligations, but I know you'll understand."

"Of course," Kay said. "I do not want this to interfere with your—ah—other activities in the least." She shook hands and gave him a card. "I'm staying with some friends in New York for the next week; here's the address and phone number. Dad is down in Washington and mother is with him."

"They'll be back when they hear about us," Ken said glumly. "Incidentally, how is good old Terry?"

"Fine," Kay said. "He's with a law firm now, you know—Partridge, Calverson, Gray and Maloney."

"Downtown?" Ken asked.

"Downtown. He's been away on business, but he'll be back in a couple of days. We must get together for a reunion."

"Yes, sir," Ken said. "Maybe Paul'll join us. I'll call you, Kay."

"You'll be crazy about Paul," Kay said. "If he should happen to propose before tomorrow night, I'll ring you in plenty of time so your evening won't be spoiled."

"That kind of message would spoil my evening," Ken said.

"Now you're talking," Kay said. "Paul will go mad if he finds out I'm hearing such things from you. Good-by, Ken."

Ken returned thoughtfully to his chair and collapsed. He noted that he was perspiring more than ever.

By the time Speed Burgess arrived to brief him on the evening's tactics, he'd had two additional baths and was wearing a white dinner jacket.

"You look great, Troubadour," Speed said. "I got you booked for a benefit at the Garden ten days away. There is little to distinguish tonight from any other night, except you kiss Manners on the back of the neck. Remember, she is a fellow client and Mr. Franklin will be pleased. I figure to follow you around with Mrs. Burgess and make sure the public is agitated, but you don't need to pay any attention to us."

"How does your wife feel about me?"

"You drive her nuts. No kidding."

"I might break up your home before I leave," Ken said. "Time hangs pretty heavy on my hands."

"Listen," Speed said, "if I had to choose between my bride and a good angle, I'd be in a tough spot. Fortunately, a romance between you and Mrs. Burgess is not the kind of stuff we're after."

"Oh," Ken said. "Never mind then."

He picked up Marya Manners as scheduled, and they had supper in a gay spot. Then they went to a couple of other plush places and sat around. A pleasant man photographed them. Ken talked to a columnist. He observed Mr. and Mrs. Burgess in the offing. Speed's bride was not bad, but Ken was getting awfully tired of women. There seemed more of them than men, for some reason. Being a man of his word, he took Marya to the Stork and kissed her on the neck. The actress grew nervous, and when he held her hand it felt cold.

> **Today is ours; tomorrow, God's.** —FRENCH PROVERB.

"You're blue, aren't you, Troubadour?" she said. "We ought to laugh and talk; people are looking at us."

"You talk," Ken said, "and I'll laugh from time to time. Just say anything, I don't care. Recite your lines from the musical."

"There aren't many of them," Marya said. "They won't last us all evening."

At a late hour, Ken took the glamorous girl home to her apartment. She was obviously jumpy in the lobby.

"I don't know where fiction ends and fact begins," she said, "but you can't come up, Troubadour."

"By no means," Ken said. "Anyhow, this heat has exhausted me."

"My apartment is air-conditioned," Marya said, "but that's beside the point. I happen to be in love with a guy, a lawyer. As soon as my divorce comes through, I'm going to marry him. All I hope is that he understands this waltz with you is in the interest of my career."

"Good night, good night," Ken said. "I don't want to appear unsympathetic, Miss Manners, but I have difficulties of my own."

The following day he had lunch with Marya in a prominent restaurant. She was scarcely gay, but her ceiling lifted a trifle when she discovered that the details of their liaison were already in the papers. That, however, reminded her of her boy friend, and she explained he was in a big law firm which normally did not handle divorce cases and she didn't know how he'd react to such publicity, both personally and professionally. Downtown they were touchy about such things.

"Downtown, eh?" Ken said. "I'm handling a case downtown right now. You say they're really touchy, huh?"

"Troubadour, you have no idea."

They parted, and as soon as Ken was back in the dead air of his suite, he removed everything but his shorts and sat and panted. Speed came with congratulations for the

(Continued on Page 136)



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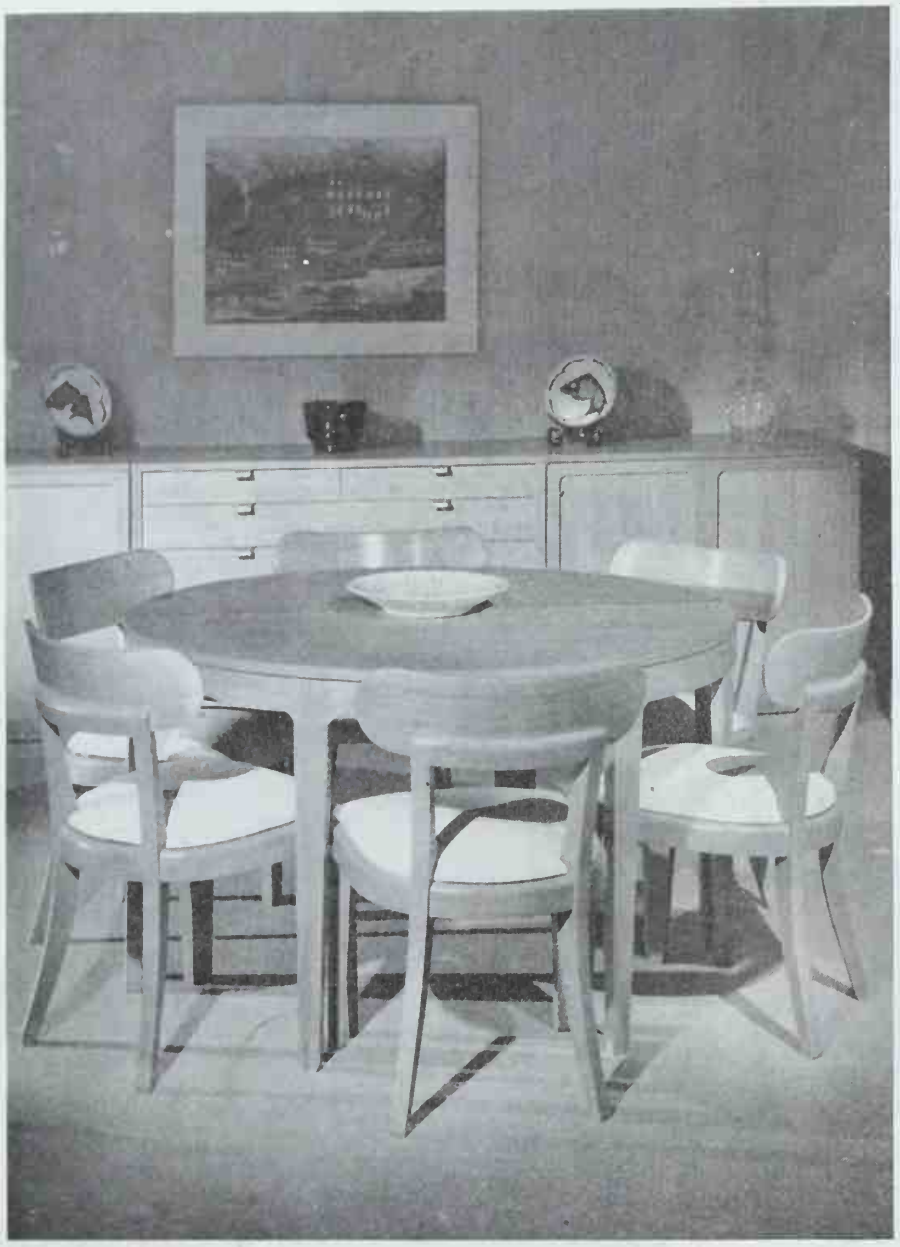
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(Continued from Page 134)

previous night and a new set of instructions. Ken was to take Marya with him to a late party that night given by the head of a big recording company with whom Mr. Franklin was currently dickering. If they asked him to sing, Ken was to warble like crazy. Marya would be available at her apartment at eleven o'clock.

"Good," Ken said. "I can fill that date with Kay Dunnigan beforehand."

"What?" Speed said. "Who?"

Ken gave him the full story. Speed kept shaking his head. It wasn't until Ken mentioned Kay's former freckles and the lotion's effect on them that Speed brightened.

"There's an angle," he said, "at least as far as the sponsor's concerned. I'll have to give it thought. In the meantime, it may not hurt to give one debutante a glimpse of a few saloons. How does she look?"

"Breath-taking," Ken said. "All girls are breath-taking these days. It must be vitamins or something. . . . Look, Speed, can't this hotel give me an air-conditioned suite? I'm dying."

"I'll work on it," Speed said.

"You'd better," Ken said. "Marya Manners said her apartment is artificially cooled. You wouldn't want a scandal on your hands, would you?"

"Not with her," Speed said. "If you need freezing, it'll have to be with a bigger name."

KEN telephoned Kay confirming their date that evening, and the poor girl was touchingly grateful and pleased. Later, as he put on the white coat that represented his working clothes, Ken was aware of an obscure excitement. He put it down to the heat and the natural exhilaration of a worthy charity. Certainly, after all he'd been through, a redhead with her heart downtown was no novelty.

Clad in a soft green dress that set off her hair and skin in an ideal fashion, and failed to conceal the fact that she was as gorgeous as any lady in the joint, Kay Dunnigan dined in state with Ken at a midtown restaurant. She was demure and charming, but rather too stiff, especially when a photographer took a shot of them.

"You'd better hold my hand in plain sight and look as if you're going to swoon," Ken said. "Otherwise, Partridge, Calverson, Gray and so forth may not get the point."

Kay said, "You mean Kraft, Barton, Harris, McKinstry and Morgan. That other firm is my brother's. Here's my hand."

"That's enough," Ken said a little later, and relinquished her hand and fanned himself with a menu. "I feel as if my radiator was boiling. New York has done me in."

They had time for only one night club, but Ken discovered that Kay danced divinely, and he enjoyed holding the lovely girl in his arms. The band leader presently flashed a spot on him and begged him to sing, and the other dancers all applauded. Ken reluctantly sang I Strolled By Last Night.

"A funny thing happened," Kay said, as they left. "When you sang, Ken, cold chills ran over me—the way they do when Paul says something that seems to indicate that ——"

"You may only be catching cold," Ken said. "You could, in that dress. With air conditioning and —— Say, that reminds me. I have to take you home now."

She was most understanding about being rushed off, and in the lobby of the apartment house Ken asked if he might kiss her good night. "I hate to get out of practice," he said, and grinned falsely.

"Why not?" Kay said. "You're an old friend of the family."

Ken kissed her. It was precisely like kissing any other girl, except it was much more fun. The heat seemed to him overpowering.

"I must run now," he said, "before I faint."

"Who is the lucky girl on the late shift?"

"A kid named Marya Manners."

"Who?"

"Marya Manners. She's in a Broadway musical—you've probably seen her."

"I've heard of her," Kay said. "Good night, curly."

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Marya was in white again and looked handsome and bare, but she appeared depressed. Even the party, which was on Park Avenue and very well dressed, failed to cheer her. She said as much, as she and Ken danced.

"Here I go again," Ken said. "Tell me your troubles."

"Well," Marya said, "evidently they read the papers down at Partridge, Calverson, Gray and Maloney's."

"Where?" Ken said.

"Partridge, Calverson ——"

"Yes, yes, of course. So Mr. ——"

"Never mind," Marya said. "He shall be nameless. Suffice it to say that he ain't pleased, on account of the firm and himself, and I can't seem to think of a good explanation. What would you suggest?"

"Have you thought of killing yourself?" Ken said. "That always makes them feel ashamed of themselves, especially if you leave a note."

The host requested him to sing, and he practically bolted to the piano. He sang for an hour. Returning to Marya, he found the emotional girl mysteriously cheered, and they had a good time until four o'clock in the morning. She suddenly kissed him good night in the lobby of her apartment building.

"What should I take for this feeling of prostration?" Ken asked. "Salt tablets?"

"For your information," Marya said, "I've got chills all over me. I have had ever since you sang I Strolled By Last Night."

It is very hard to be simple enough to be good. —EMERSON.

"I don't wonder, the way girls dress these days," Ken said. "Well, so long, Miss Manners."

"Why don't you come up and cool off?" Marya said. "I'm not leering at you, am I?"

"No," Ken said, "but apparently you are forgetting Partridge, Calverson ——"

"—— Gray and Maloney," Marya said. "You didn't remind me a minute too soon. Good-by, Troubadour."

The next day Speed Burgess reported a casualty. He said Miss Manners had phoned and said she had a migraine headache and that she'd like to call time out for a couple of days.

"She's a sweet kid," Ken said, "and we must extend her every courtesy. Suppose I just fill in with Dunnigan until Manners is on her feet once more?"

"I've checked on her," Speed said. "The family is good Main Line stuff and she has traveled the usual rotogravure-debutante circuit, but that's not enough, Troubadour. I would ordinarily be thumbs down on the babe, except that I'm intrigued by the freckles angle. I'm willing to let the romance ride for a day or two."

"Thanks a million, Speed," Ken said. "and take your hand off that telephone. I have to make a call."

Kay sounded glad to hear from him, and he lunched with her at a restaurant on 52nd Street where only the elite could sit down. His Irish friend was wearing a white cotton dress and a slight air of doom, and he was reminded somehow of Marya Manners. But he didn't allow it to depress him; all his female acquaintances seemed to be that way.

"My, it's hot, isn't it?" he said. "Have you heard from Partridge, Calverson ——"

"That's the law firm," Kay said patiently. "Paul is with Kraft, Barton, Harris ——"

"—— McKinstry and Morgan," Ken said. "I remember now. Joking aside, have you heard from Paul?"

"Yes. He's good and mad."

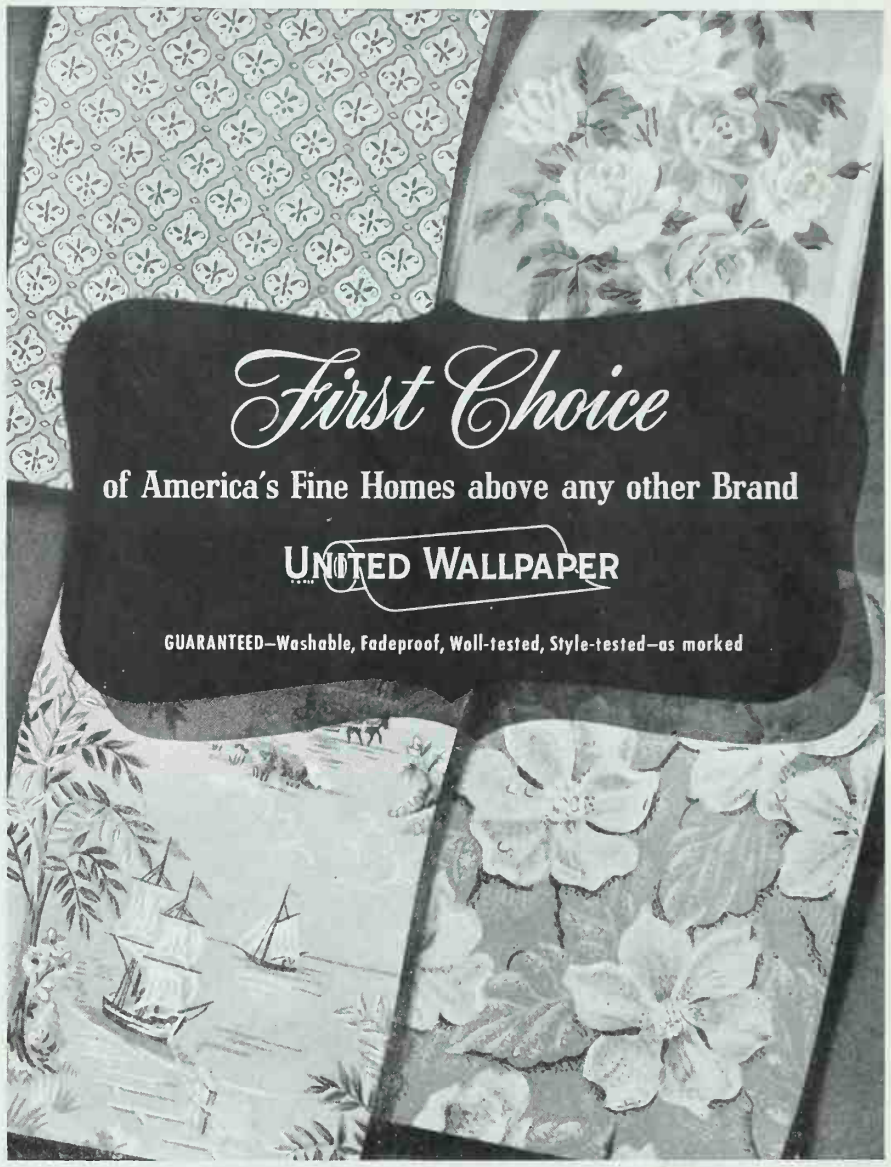
"At you?"

"No, at you. He doesn't blame me, other than incidentally. He said that you were irresistible to little fools, and I said you weren't. We had a fight."

"Did he propose?"

"He might have," Kay said, "and I didn't hear him. I was hollering a good deal."

(Continued on Page 139)



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(Continued from Page 137)

"Well," Ken said, "let's be sure our work s done with a will. Let's be positive he's ealous. What are you doing tonight?"

"Going out with Paul," Kay said hesiantly.

"If you don't mind my advising you," Ken said, "if I were you I'd take every preaution. Suppose you spend an evening with im and you're still Miss Dunnigan? You'll urse yourself for not having taken that xtra ounce of prevention."

"You're right, curly," Kay said. "I'll reak the date."

That night, inevitably, they went to a ight club. Kay wore the same green dress nd apologized for it.

"It's my lucky dress," she said. She ooked queerly at Ken. "I'm afraid to take it ff, now that things are going so well."

"Never break a winning streak, Irish," Ken said solemnly. "Anyhow, I love that ombination of red and green. If they veren't good, would the city have used them or traffic lights?"

A queer giddiness possessed him—the eat, no doubt—and he welcomed an invi ation to sing. Clutching the microphone rmly, he did I Strolled By Last Night.

When he went back to the table, Kay aid, "I feel cold all over. Is there some hing the matter with me?"

"Nothing whatever," Ken said. "You're he most perfect girl that ——"

Somebody tapped him on the shoulder, nd he got up. A big young man with a crew aircut said he was a lousy bum and should e calling hogs in Chicago.

"Okay," Ken said tiredly. "I know you're oaded, and I know how tough you are. I on't want to fight. Go home to Elk's ooth, Kansas, and tell em I'm yellow."

The young man started roundhouse swing. Step ing inside of it, Ken tunned him with a left ook. Waiters carried the oung man away. The naitre d' apologized and said Ken owed the lub nothing. Kay thought she'd better go ome.

Ken kissed her good night in the lobby. If we should happen to have any more dates o make Paul jealous," he said, "you'll have o get used to drunken characters assaulting ne. There's a kind of an American tradition bout taking pokes at great lovers. Maybe ven Paul will get around to it."

"That was Paul," Kay said gently. "Good ight, great lover."

Brooding somewhat, Ken taxied to his otel. A man awaited him in the lobby. It vas good old Terry Dunnigan, and Ken vasn't particularly surprised.

"Why," he said, "if it isn't good old ——"

"Look, you lousy baritone bum," Terry aid, "you're either going to stop hanging round Marya Manners and my sister or 'll beat your ears off. Now make up your nind."

"I'll give up one," Ken said. "Take your hoice."

"Then leave my sister alone. She's only a id."

"That was the wrong choice, Terry."

"In that case, Casanova," Terry said, put up your dukes."

THE following few seconds were busy ones or Ken. As he was remembering that Terry ad been the intercollegiate boxing champion of his day, the lights in the lobby suddenly went out. He was being helped to his uite by two assistant managers when he recovered. They wanted to know if he cared to ummon the police.

"Oh, no," Ken said. "You have to be philosophical in this game."

There was a rush on the following morning. Speed Burgess arrived early, loaded with newspapers, and intimated that Ken, as a figure in the public eye, ranked only a cut under the late Benedict Arnold and the ate Emperor Nero. He said Mr. Franklin was on the way to New York by plane. Many, many people telephoned that morning, including Marya Manners.

"I've had a terrible battle with the guy who shall be nameless," she said. "It's all over between us, Troubadour."

"So have I," Ken said, "and it's all over between us too."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I said. Good-by, honey."

But there was no call from Kay Dunnigan.

Mr. Franklin came late in the afternoon, and instantly went into special session with Speed. Ken walked restlessly up and down the suite, listening to them and humming I Strolled By Last Night.

"THIS is the worst publicity in the world," Mr. Franklin said. "Now instead of a romantic character in the daily papers, you're a two-timing bum. The reporters have got to those two guys and they've spilled the whole story. Unless we do something quick, this little episode is going to cost us a hundred grand."

Speed sprang to his feet. "Wait a minute, fellas! I got it! The freckles and the lotion!"

"What?" Mr. Franklin said.

Speed told him. Mr. Franklin ran an unsteady hand along his bare scalp. His long, long brow was wrinkled.

"A little girl," Speed said, "yearning from childhood for America's lover boy. But she's plain and homely—no chance of interesting the idol of the ether. Years—lonely years—pass. She grows up, solacing her aching heart by listening to the Troubadour. She hears about the magic lotion. Suddenly the freckles are gone and she's beautiful. Once more she meets the man of her maiden dreams. Despite the fact that she's already got a fiancé, nothing can stop the sweep of this great love. And now, because of the lotion, the Troubadour is mad for her. Hand in hand, tied in with a great product, the two lovers march to bliss."

The best way out of a difficulty is through it.

"Maybe . . . maybe," Mr. Franklin said. "What does this dame look like?" he wanted to know.

"A dream," Speed said. "An unfreckled dream. A debutante."

"A debutante, eh?" Mr. Franklin said. "The sponsor would like that."

"Do I have to marry her?" Ken asked.

"That's a silly question," Speed said. "Naturally you have to marry her. Where would our campaign go if you didn't?"

"Okay," Ken said. "I'll give her a call."

"Hold on," Mr. Franklin said. "How do we know she'll marry him?"

"After the publicity we've given him?" Speed said. "Do you think any dame would turn him down?"

"Call her up, Kenny," Mr. Franklin said. "Make her happy. Come on, Speed—we'll have to get set for this."

Alone in the room, Ken cleared his dry throat and asked for Kay's number. He waited tensely. The heat had him again.

"Hello," Kay said.

"This is the Troubadour," Ken said. "In other words, a mere figment of the imagination. The great lover in the newspapers. The guy who sings I Strolled By Last Night like an organ. Since I flattened Paul and your brother flattened me, I've had some bad publicity. Now they want me to marry you so they can mention your freckles and plug their lotion. I wouldn't have any part of it, if I were you."

"You wouldn't, huh?" Kay said.

"No, I wouldn't," Ken said. "I love you and I wish we could get married and I could get away from all those beautiful girls and everything, but this is too commercial. Go back to Paul, angel."

"He's gone back to Kraft, Barton, Harris, McKinstry and Morgan. It's too late."

"Well," Ken said, "I'm sorry. I guess I sang too much. As I was saying, I think you'd be a fool to ——"

"Dad and mother are here," Kay said. "They came up from Washington in a big hurry. They're awfully grateful for your help in breaking up Terry with that divorcee."

"Dad and mother, eh?" Ken said. "I wish I could call them dad and mother."

"You can if you hurry up over," Kay said. "What are you waiting for?" THE END

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ATTENTION, coconut-lovers! (And aren't we all?) Sweet 'n luscious Baker's Coconut is here again!

Coconut delights are making the comeback of the year . . . in bakeries, in fine food shops, in home kitchens everywhere.

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Ask your grocer for a package or can of Baker's Coconut today!

Look! New recipe book full of grand new ways to use Baker's Coconut—only 10¢. Address Baker's Coconut, Dept. LHJ, Battle Creek, Mich.

Coconut Birthday Cake Frosting

2 egg whites, unbeaten
1½ cups sugar
⅓ cup water
2 teaspoons light corn syrup
1 teaspoon vanilla
1½ cups Baker's Coconut

Prepare according to frosting directions on your Baker's Coconut package (either style). Flavor or tint as desired. Spread between layers, on top and sides. Sprinkle with delicious, munchy-fresh Baker's Coconut.



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QUICK AND EASY *for two*

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

A GOOD dinner shared with another gives you a sense of well-being and comfort—forecasts a pleasant evening. It doesn't have to be an elaborate or costly meal, or one that takes much kitchen time, to elicit an expression of pleasure and satisfaction from the person who sits opposite you. But it must taste good, look good and be offered in gay humor. Joyless stoking isn't dining. Forget your troubles and the day's problems when you come to the table. Here are some little dinners meant to be enjoyed:

ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER

Tomato-Potato Soup
Curried Corn and Clams
String-Bean-and-Beet Salad
Fruit Cup
Coffee

Maybe you never have anything left over after a meal at your house. But generally when there are just two mouths to feed there is—that is, of some things. One package of a frozen vegetable or fruit or one No. 2 can of vegetables or fruit, for instance, provides more than enough for two servings, unless you both have big appetites. You wouldn't think of wasting what's left—but at times a dab of this or that may not inspire you very much when it comes to getting the next meal. Personally, I like having leftovers. I call them starters. When you're late getting home, it's comforting to know that you have something to incorporate into the evening dinner without starting from the very beginning. Many times I make more of some things on purpose—and just for this reason. In the following little meal every dish has one ingredient that hinges on a meal past. Make your own variations on soup and salad according to what you have.

Tomato-Potato Soup

You may often end up with a lone boiled potato after a meal if you misjudged appetites. You save it. What to do with it? Here's one answer: To 1 can condensed tomato soup and an equivalent amount of water, add the potato cut into small cubes. Season with a good pinch of sage and a daintier pinch of celery salt—salt and pepper to taste. Heat together and you have a very good soup.

String-Bean-and-Beet Salad

Leftover Frenched green beans and a partly used jar of pickled beets may not be kicking around in *your* refrigerator, but if they are, mark them for the salad bowl. Chop 2 pickled beets. Combine with the leftover beans. Add 1 onion, sliced and separated into rings. Seas and toss together with salad greens a French dressing.

Curried Corn and Clams

Drain a 7-ounce can minced clan Pour liquor into measuring cup and a enough milk to make 1 cup liquid. M 3 tablespoons butter or margarine ir small saucepan. Add 3 tablespoons flo Blend in well until smooth. Add the c of clam juice and milk. Stir until smoot cook until smooth and thick, stirring co stantly. Add the drained minced cla and ½ cup whole-kernel corn, drain (one often has just this much left fro 12-ounce can of corn after having serve once for two as a vegetable). Season wi ¼ teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspo grated onion, and salt and pepper taste. Fill 2 scallop shells with the m ture. Top with cracker crumbs and c with butter or margarine. Bake in mo erate oven, 350° F., 15 minutes un bubbly and brown, or broil under mo erate heat to the same stage.

Cracker Crumbs

And while I have cracker crumbs my mind, here's a hint that will save y time if you go in for scalloped dishes a casseroles frequently. While you're ro ing out cracker crumbs for one dish, enough for several. Store in covered j I happen to like buttered crumbs bet for toppings than using crumbs on t of the casserole and then dotting the t with butter or margarine. After you prepared the crumbs, melt butter margarine in a skillet. Add the crumb toss together. Store these in refrigerat tightly covered. They keep for a week two and are all ready to use.

MODERN OLD-FASHIONEDS

Baked Corned-Beef Hash
Bread-and-Butter Pickles
Coleslaw
Applesauce Tapioca
Ginger Cookies
Coffee

A real New Englander would consider skillet of homemade corned-beef ha

(Continued on Page 142)

Real "CENTERPIECE" FRUITS

...THAT'S THE QUALITY LIBBY USES FOR THIS DELICIOUS FRUIT COCKTAIL



ONE OF THE LOVELIEST TABLE DECORATIONS you can create is a centerpiece of fresh, whole fruits—colorful, handsome! When you select those beauties and arrange them, remember this: At the height of the harvest season, in Sunnyvale, California, Libby selects fresh, whole fruits *just as luscious* as yours..makes them into a *superb fruit cocktail* for your year-round enjoyment.

Fresh, whole peaches, pears, seedless grapes and cherries—all *hand-picked* in America's finest orchards and vineyards—are carefully chosen and prepared. To them is added Libby's own peak-flavor pineapple from Hawaii. Five fruits of "centerpiece quality" combined to start your dinners with sparkle or finish them in triumph! Get *plenty* of Libby's . . . made in the world's largest and "newest" Fruit Cocktail Kitchen. You'll never want any other fruit cocktail once you've sampled Libby's.

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(Continued from Page 140)

served with pickles, coleslaw, johnnycake, a deep baking dish of amber-colored apple tapioca, and fat ginger cookies, a first-rate supper for anybody. And so would you if you had the time to prepare it in the classic way. You haven't—but you can still have a New England hash supper with its homely flavor and atmosphere, yet be able to prepare it in very little time. You can buy really good ginger cookies, you know—thin, crisp ones, if not the puffy soft ones—and the sliced cucumber pickles that come in jars can't be beat. You may not have time for stirring up a johnnycake, but corn-muffin mixes to which you need add only water can be baked as a johnnycake too—you'll have some left to toast for breakfast from the one package of mix. Your coleslaw can be just as good as your mother's—but you won't make homemade dressing. Canned corned-beef hash is a wonder product and will make you a dish of which you'll be justly proud. Choose your favorite brand. To go on to dessert: while old-fashioned baked apple tapioca can't be beat, it does take time; and a quick second cousin—applesauce tapioca—can be made in ten minutes.

Applesauce Tapioca

Combine in saucepan: 1 cup canned applesauce, 1 tablespoon quick-cooking tapioca, ⅓ cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons seedless raisins and a pinch of salt. Stir together. Bring to full boil. Cook 10 minutes over moderate heat, stirring now and then. When tapioca is transparent, add 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Sprinkle with cinnamon and nutmeg. Mix in. Pour into a bowl and cool, although personally, I like it warm. Serve with cream.

Baked Corned-Beef Hash

Open 1 can corned-beef hash. Break up with a fork. Mix in 1 small onion, minced. Heap into two individual casseroles, or one big enough to hold two servings. A glass ovenproof pie dish is a good choice and it can come to the table with just as much dignity as any casserole. Smooth the top with a spatula. Season ½ cup sour cream with salt and pepper and 1 tablespoon prepared mustard. Mix well and spread over hash. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake 25 minutes in moderate oven, 350° F.

DINNER AD LIB

Shrimps Kitchenette
Buttered Peas with Avocado
Raw-Vegetable Relishes
Peaches with Maple Cream
Coffee

There comes a night when the menu you planned the day before just doesn't fit into your life and time. You had materials in to make shrimps creole and had ambitiously planned to make your husband's favorite dessert, which you call Swedish Vermonts—tiny Swedish pancakes with a Vermont maple cream sauce. But these are a bit of a do. You're tired—decide to forget the script here and there—do a quicker and easier dish with the shrimps and serve the maple cream on canned peaches, promising the pancakes for another time.

Shrimps Kitchenette

Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add two 5-ounce cans shrimp, drained. Cook 5 minutes. Add ⅔ cup canned tomato sauce, or catchup, and 1 cup freshly cooked rice. Season with minced onion, salt and pepper to taste.

This dish has many variations. You could fry 2 slices bacon, cut into small pieces, sauté the shrimp in the fat. You might add chopped parsley—you could add minced green pepper. Just as long as you have shrimp and rice to start with.

Peas with Avocado

The next time you cook peas (fresh or frozen are better for this particular dish) add ¼ avocado, peeled and diced, and the juice of ½ lemon when you have drained them and added the butter or margarine and seasonings. The avocado shouldn't be cooked with the peas—just tossed in last. I discovered how good this combination is one night when a forage in the refrigerator brought forth the last quarter of an avocado. I wasn't having a salad—just crisp raw vegetables; wanted to use it so it wouldn't spoil, as it very well might have in another day or two.

Peaches with Maple Cream

Drain 1 or 2 large canned peach halves per person. Put in sherbet glasses. Whip ½ cup heavy cream until stiff in a small bowl. (It's hard to beat so little in a bowl too big. It just doesn't whip right.) Add 3 tablespoons maple sirup—4 if you like maple—to the cream and pour over the peaches. Any chopped nuts on your shelf? If so, sprinkle over the top.

INFORMALLY YOURS

Scrambled Eggs au Moment
Bacon
Fruit Salad
Hot Chocolate

Maybe you don't *ever* feel laekadaisical in the true sense of the word; but if you've had a hard day and your mind is still busy with business, there's no better surcease than a relaxing evening of books and bathrobes, preceded by a simple, easy-to-digest supper of scrambled eggs and bacon, fruit salad and hot chocolate. No matter how often you have scrambled eggs, you can always add another flavor change. Here's one:

Scrambled Eggs au Moment

Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine. Add ½ teaspoon dried rosemary. This is an herb—a shrub really, but we call it an herb. It's a very good seasoner for many things. Let stand 5 minutes. Beat 4 eggs slightly with 2 tablespoons cream and ½ package cream cheese, crumbled into small pieces. Add salt and pepper. Heat fat sputtery hot. Add eggs. Turn heat down low. As the eggs cook, lift the cooked portions up from the bottom gently. Never stir eggs madly when you scramble them. Remove from heat while they are still soft and creamy.

FOR YOU ALONE

Italian Veal with Peppers
Riced Potatoes
Grapefruit-Avocado Salad
California Dressing
Coffee

To be alone is good. I like it too—at times. But to be alone to dine—well, it has many pleasures, but you must make them yourself. One way to make it a pleasure is to provide yourself with a good dinner as an advance for your evening. Here's a meal for just you. *For two*, double the quantities.

Italian Veal with Peppers

Have your butcher give you 2 thin pieces of veal cutlet pounded as thin as for *scallopini*—⅓ to ½ pound is plenty for one, as it's all solid meat. Season cutlets with salt and pepper and dust with flour. Remove seeds from 1 large green pepper and cut it into ½-inch strips. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a skillet. When hot, add the cutlets. Brown on one side. Turn. Add pepper strips and 1 onion, sliced. Add ¼ cup water. Cover with a lid. Turn down heat and simmer about 20 minutes or until tender.

California Salad Dressing

To ½ cup mayonnaise add 2 tablespoons chili sauce, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and 1 tablespoon chopped onion. Season with salt and pepper. Thin and make tart enough for your taste with lemon juice. Serve with sliced avocado-and-grapefruit salad. THE END

Startling... delicious... *Cheese Soufflé* with a "top hat"!



How to make this KRAFT CLASSIC

1. Melt 4 tablespoons of butter or Parkay margarine in the top of a double boiler. Add 4 tablespoons of flour, 1 teaspoon of salt and a dash of cayenne. Add 1½ cups of milk, blending it in well. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly.

2. When the sauce is thick and smooth add ½-lb. of the smooth-melting Kraft pasteurized process cheese of your choice, sliced; the famous Kraft American for *medium*-mellow flavor or, for *sharper* flavor, "Old English" Brand.

3. Stir the sauce until the cheese is melted. Remove from the heat and add 6 beaten egg yolks, stirring constantly. Cool slightly.

4. Carefully fold this cheese sauce into 6 egg whites beaten stiff but not dry. Cut and fold the mixture thoroughly but lightly so that it is well blended.

5. Pour into an ungreased 2-quart casserole. Now to make your soufflé puff up with a "top hat" as it bakes, do this: Run the tip of a teaspoon around in the mixture 1 inch from the edge of the casserole, making a slight "track" or depression.

6. Bake 1¼ hours in a slow *steady* oven—300°. Serve at once. You'll amaze folks with your skill (needn't tell 'em *how easy* it was!) and delight everybody with *this* grand-tasting main dish.

For medium-mellow cheddar flavor most folks like best, get Kraft American in the 2-pound economy loaf or have your dealer cut sandwich slices from his 5-pound loaf. Half-pound sizes, too.



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A connoisseur's delight with salad or for dessert with fruit . . . velvety-crusted Casino Brand Camembert! Wrapped wedges come in a sparkling reusable transparent box.



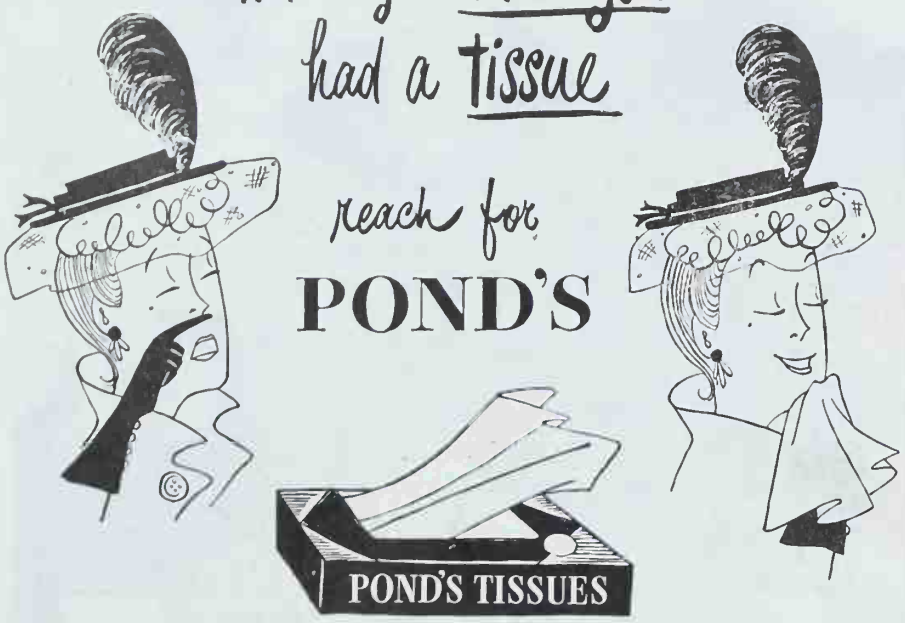


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POSSIBLE PRESIDENTS

(Continued from Page 37)

old mansion in a way that delighted the youthful "Teddy." Bob Taft was a student at Yale when his own father became President, but he spent considerable time at the White House, and had his own room right over the front portico.

Senator Taft was born in Cincinnati, on September 8, 1889, in a Victorian house with colored-glass windows and a scroll-trimmed porch, overlooking the gray, meandering Ohio River. When he was less than six months old he made his first move to Washington, where his father had just been appointed Solicitor General of the United States. William Howard Taft was a doting parent—"There is something charming about Bobbie that I don't see in any other baby," he wrote to his wife—and he proudly pushed his son's baby carriage through the streets of the nation's capital.

A few years later the elder Taft became a Federal Circuit Judge, and the family moved back to Cincinnati. They occupied a house across the street from Engine Company 10, where Bobbie Taft acquired an intimate knowledge of firemen's horses and alarm-bell signals (of which he kept a chart in his bedroom). His favorite sport was chess, which he tried to teach to his disinterested schoolmates while he was still in knee pants.

In 1900 he was taken on a long trip to the Philippine Islands, where his father had taken on the difficult task of setting up a civilian government while American troops were still subduing the inhabitants. Ten-year-old Bob Taft came down with diphtheria in Japan, was stung by a jellyfish while swimming in the Pasig River, and made an exciting trip with troops on horseback to Baguio, soon after that area had been opened for travel. In the fall of 1902 he returned to the U. S. and enrolled in his Uncle Horace's school for boys in Connecticut.

There he began to accumulate the monotonous string of "firsts" which, in later years, proved somewhat depressing to his own four sons. He was first in his class at Taft, first all the way through Yale, and first at the Harvard University Law School. Younger than most of his classmates, and subject always to astigmatism and farsightedness, he joined but did not excel in sports. He was on the scrub football team at Taft, and the varsity captain later complained that "Bob hit me just as hard as if he were going to win a letter."

When he was a Yale junior an event occurred which might have induced lively reactions in many youngsters: his father was inaugurated President of the United States. Bob Taft's principal recollection is that it was an extraordinarily slushy and muddy day. He consciously shrank from shining as a President's son, and became even more shy and studious than ever. He didn't go with his father on any of his campaigns or presidential tours, and is sorry now that he didn't. (His own sons often accompany him.) He dodged photographers and reporters as though they were poison.

His Christmas vacations at the White House were lively affairs, however. Bob would bring down several friends from Yale or Harvard, and his sister Helen would line up an equal number of girls. There were dancing parties almost every night (the "Boston" was then in vogue), and rides out in the early morning for breakfast at an old mill in Rock Creek Park.

Charades, sardines and clumps were the favorite parlor games of the Bob Taft crowd, and dark-eyed, vivacious Martha Bowers, daughter of President Taft's Solicitor General, was the favorite of Bob Taft. (They were married in 1914.) On one occasion "the old gentleman"—i.e., the President—on coming out of his second-floor study from an important conference, found Bob, Martha and some of their friends going through the motions of strangling, decapitating and butchering one another in a charade on the word "dynasty" (die-nasty). The President broke into a roar of laughter. "He loved it," says Martha Bowers Taft.

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Sardines was a game peculiar to the 1910 generation. As explained by Martha Taft, it was "just the opposite of hide-and-seek—one person would hide and the others tried to find him and hide with him. Or maybe two hid together, and that made it more interesting. The idea was for everybody to be hiding in the same place except the last person." Often there would be quite a crush—hence the name "sardines."

The players hid under beds, in closets, behind drapes, everywhere, in fact, but in the President's oversized bathtub. More than one arriving guest, entering the White House for the first time, would sit down in the Red Room, only to have Bob Taft and Martha Bowers leap out from behind the portieres, and deliver a startling welcome.

Clumps was a guessing game, played by two sides. One side would conjure up the most remote idea possible. (Extreme example: "What is the favorite Sunday pastime of the best friend of the man who stole the Mona Lisa?") The other side then tried, by a series of elimination questions ("Is it hot or cold?" "Is it on land or sea?") to ferret out the answer.

When the old Boer, Paul Kruger, was President of the Transvaal, an excited burgher came to him with a complaint. The proprietor of a hotel had denied receiving from him the sum of $100 in gold which the burgher had left at the hotel for safekeeping.

"Take another $100," advised Kruger, "and in the presence of two witnesses, ask the hotel proprietor to put it in the safe. Go the next morning alone and ask him for it. He will give it to you because he knows you have two witnesses. The next day go with your two witnesses, and ask him for the $100 they saw you hand him. He will then be bound to give you the money. You have him where he had you in the beginning, his word against yours!"

Among the regular devotees of White House clumps and sardines were George Harrison, who was Taft's classmate at Yale and is now president of the New York Life Insurance Company; Tom Bowers, Martha's brother, who became a prominent New York banker; Carroll Glover, Jr., now chairman of the Riggs National Bank, in Washington; Steve Philbin and Walter Logan, both New York lawyers; and Frances Noyes, of the Washington Star family, who wrote a murder mystery, Hide in the Dark, based on a game of sardines.

BACK HOME IN CINCINNATI

In 1913, after Bob's graduation from Harvard Law School, he went back to Cincinnati, where he had been only a visitor since 1900. This decision to return to the family base was strongly abetted by his father, who announced it in a talk to the Commercial Club of Cincinnati—he said, "While it has been pressed upon him [Robert] and on me to have him go to some place where possibly his emoluments would be larger, I am determined, and he sympathizes with me, that he shall go to the home that knew his great-grandfather and his grandfather and his father, and that there he shall work out his life. . . ."

For Bob Taft to establish a law practice in Cincinnati was, of course, about as hard as for a tadpole to learn to swim. Both his grandfathers and his father had been leaders of the bar of the city. His uncle, Charles Phelps Taft, had married the city's richest heiress, Annie Sinton, and owned the most prosperous newspaper, the afternoon Times-Star. Bob's first clients were his uncle and aunt, who were delighted to have a younger member of the family look after their widespread interests in real estate, business and civic affairs. They lived in a famous old white house on Pike Street, which had once been the home of the first Nicholas Long-

(Continued on Page 147)



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Feed 'em and Reap!



Hearty meals that reap compliments are good to *look* at—good to *taste*—and good *for* you!

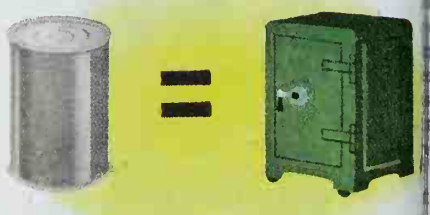
There's a knack to fixing a "pretty" meal. And there's also a trick to the flavor and nourishment angles. For raw foods can lose flavors as well as vitamins in transportation, in storage, and—yes—in improper home-cooking!

The trick is to depend* on *canned* foods. For each can is really a miniature "pressure cooker" that captures and holds flavor and nutritive values.

*For scientific facts on vitamins in canned foods, see October, 1946 "Journal of Nutrition."



Tomato soup, crackers, corned beef hash, corn on the cob, coffee; baking powder, shortening, and California cling peaches for that luscious new "Boston Peach Cream Dessert"... and they all come to you in cans!



"KEEPERS" FOR LEFT-OVERS

No dish in your whole house is any safer cont for left-over food than the can in which it c Simply leave unused portions in the can, cove top and store in the refrigerator. "Safe," say U. S. Department of Agriculture.



"EVERYTHING FROM SOUP TO NU

Yes, that's *literally* true. Just *think* of the gre riety of hearty soups, tasty meats and fish, t vegetables, luscious fruits, desserts and spec *that come to you in cans.* And all so co ient. No bothersome paring, scrapir other messy "fixing."



"HALO HASH"

Three cheers for the goodness of real old ioned hash served in this grand manner: R hash from can intact. Cut in half, then q halves and fry to a luscious light brov separate skillet, quick-fry a generous amo onions and green peppers sliced in thin "h seasoned to taste. Serves 4.

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INTERNATIONAL

Robert A. Taft, at 30, is third from the left in the back row in this group at the family summer home. Mrs. Taft stands behind former President William Howard Taft, who holds their oldest son, named for him.

(Continued from Page 145)

. This was the house which was locally n as "the Taft mansion." But Bob is careful to point out that it never be- d to his branch of the family—"The Tafts had all the money," he says.

ft got his bearings for four years with ld Cincinnati law firm of Maxwell and ey. In 1917, when the United States ed the first World War, he tried to and was rejected for defective eye- A friend introduced him to Herbert er, who made him assistant counsel of Food Administration in Washington. drew up most of the complicated regula- of that celebrated wartime body—a ic but difficult job. Later he went d with Hoover's postwar relief organ- n, spending most of his time at head- ers in Paris, keeping the supplies flow- noothly. He visited Vienna and War- where thousands of children in bare iled onto an athletic field and greeted nd Hoover with songs and flag-waving. eceived Polish, Belgian and Finnish ations which he never wears.

s wife was with him, and neither of them nuch impressed by the mixture of gold and power politics which permeated the Peace Conference. Moreover, the top of the Conference was the Democratic dent, Woodrow Wilson; and Bob Taft ever wasted much respect on Demo- From Paris he wrote to his father was busily making speeches for Wil- League of Nations plan) that "The dent and the League of Nations are ily losing ground. . . . The nebulous character of his League of Nations does not gain it any advocates. . . ."

In 1919 he returned to his Cincinnati law office, and when his younger brother Charles finished law school, organized the firm of Taft and Taft. The firm (now called Taft, Stettinius & Hollister) took no criminal or marital cases, but soon became a leader in corporation practice. It represented such important local firms as Gruen Watch, Globe-Wernicke, Cincinnati Milling Machine Co., and the Cincinnati Union Terminal, as well as large outside concerns like the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Most of his professional business, however, has always been in handling estates and trusts—especially those of his Uncle Charles and Aunt Annie, who died in 1929 and 1931, respectively. Uncle Charles' biggest asset was the Times-Star, whose stock was appraised for tax purposes at $5,000,000. Bob and his brother Charles each inherited $250,000 worth of the stock, and their Cousin Hulbert, who runs the paper, received $500,000 worth. The rest went to two married daughters of Uncle Charles.

Annie Sinton Taft's estate was worth at least $8,000,000, of which half was in good downtown real estate. She left about $2,000,000 of this to civic and cultural groups, and Bob Taft spent much of his time following through these bequests. He helped run the Cincinnati symphony orchestra, which his mother founded, and often attended its concerts. He worked out the plan whereby the "Taft mansion" was converted into an attractive public museum, housing the paintings, tapestries, porcelains

ACME



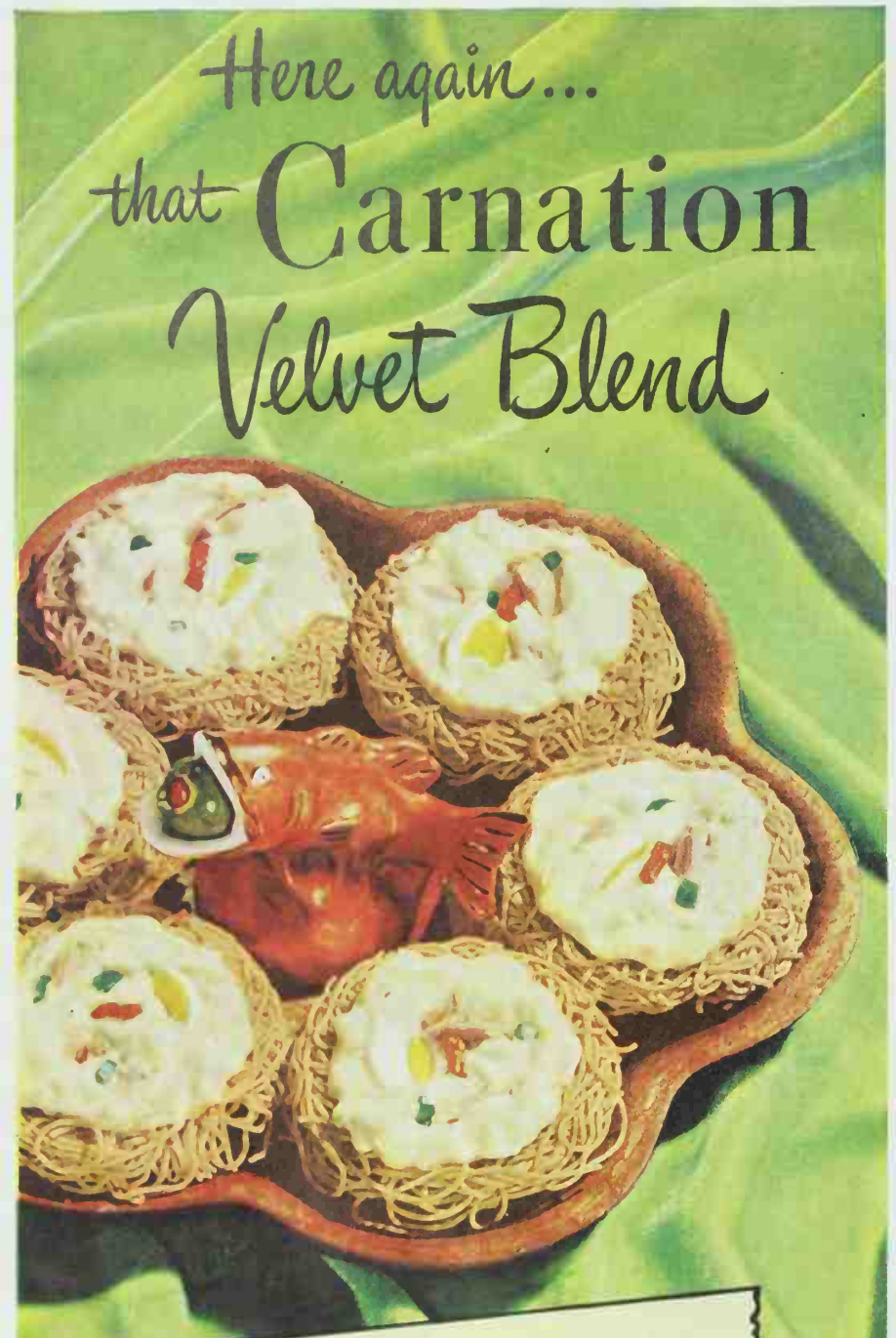
After the wedding of their son, Lloyd, and the former Virginia Stone, Senator and Mrs. Taft (right) pose with the bride's parents. Anti-Taft-Hartley Act pickets paced in front of the church during the ceremony.



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3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1⅔ cups (1 tall can) Carnation Milk
⅓ cup water
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
1 7-oz. can tuna fish, drained and flaked
3 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
6 noodle nests or 6 slices roast

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour and stir until smooth. Add Carnation Milk and water gradually. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Stir in salt, green pepper, lemon rind, tuna fish, and hard-cooked eggs, and heat through. Serve in noodle nests or on toast. Garnish with a dash of paprika and sprig of parsley. Serves 6.

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and Early American furniture which his aunt and uncle had collected.

NABOB OF INDIAN HILL

Way back in 1904 Lincoln Steffens called Cincinnati the worst-governed city in America. Things were not much better when Bob Taft came back from the war. The Republican boss, Rud K. Hynicka, ran the city by telephone and telegram from New York, where he operated a string of theaters. As late as 1923 the city's services and many of its buildings were a municipal shambles, while seventy-two of its policemen were in Atlanta Penitentiary as Federal liquor-law violators.

Bob Taft's approach to this situation was typically calm and collected. He first established himself and his family on a sixty-acre farm on top of beautiful Indian Hill, twelve miles outside the fog-and-smoke-hung city. It was not a fashionable section at the time—the Tafts started with kerosene lamps and a pump—but it has become increasingly swank in recent years, and is now thickly clustered over with homes of the Fleischmanns and Krogers and other wealthy families. The Tafts still live there, too, but in semirustic style, with a magnificent view of the Little Miami River, and a lawn dotted with magnificent forest trees.

Having picked a suitable home, Taft began to take a cautious interest in politics. There was a strong demand for reform among some of the city's "better elements," but Taft did not join this group. Instead he was run by the Republican organization (headed by Boss Hynicka) for the state legislature, and was elected in 1920. He served six years at the state capital in Columbus, working mostly on a complete overhauling of the complicated state tax structure. Through his efforts an additional $2,000,000 a year in state funds was funneled into the Cincinnati city treasury.

Meanwhile the good-government movement triumphed at home, and the Republican machine was crushed by an uprising of reform-minded voters. On January 1, 1926, a new city charter went into effect, with a city manager and the first proportional-representation plan in the United States. Charlie Taft, Bob's younger brother, took a leading part in the charter crusade, but Bob stayed aloof. (He believes he helped indirectly, however. "I've always felt that the tax reforms I accomplished made it possible for the charter government to succeed," he says. "In a way, I co-operated.")

Taft's dominant instinct was for straight party regularity. This helped carry him on a steady rise from "precinct executive" of the Republican organization for Indian Hill, to chairman for Columbia Township, and eventually chairman of the Hamilton County (which includes Cincinnati) Republican Committee itself, thus succeeding the notorious Hynicka and a long line of stanch party bosses. Cincinnatians still regard Taft as by far the biggest power in local Republicanism.

After a 1931–32 term in the Ohio senate, Taft stayed out of active politics until 1936, when he staged a premature "favorite son" campaign prior to the Republican convention which nominated Landon for President. In 1938 he decided to run for the United States Senate, contrary to the wishes of another powerful Republican regular, State Chairman Ed Schorr, of Columbus. Schorr thought Taft was "too cold," and he had picked as a candidate a grinning, hand-shaking judge named Arthur Day. Taft went ahead anyway, plugging earnestly around Ohio with a speech called "A Republican Platform," which aroused practically no excitement whatever. One day his wife, Martha, grew restless in Indian Hill, jumped into her own car, and drove to Columbus to ask Boss Schorr if he would let her speak at some women's meetings. He gave her a polite but unmistakable run-around.

"When I came out of his office I was so boiling mad," says Martha Taft, "that I made up my mind I'd speak somewhere that very night."

She learned that a Negro women's group was celebrating Lincoln's Birthday that night, and that Judge Day, her husband's



Leftovers

TURN A LITTLE MEAT INTO A BIG TREAT WITH HERB-OX!

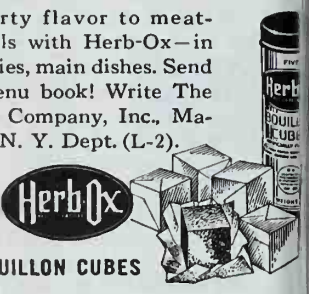


How to Make "Chop-Chop"

Brown in 2 tablespoons fat, 2 cu cubed meat (pork, lamb, or veal). D and add 1 cup onion, 1 cup c ery, ½ lb. mushrooms. Add 1 c bouillon made with 2 Herb- Bouillon cubes. Cover pan a cook slowly for 10 min. Thick with 2 tablespoons cornstar mixed with ¼ cup cold water a 2 teaspoons soy sauce. Serve w hot boiled rice.



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opponent, had been invited to speak. She hurried around to the chairwoman of the affair and asked if she could speak too.

"All right, but it will have to be about Lincoln," she was told.

"I agreed," she says, "but by the time I got through it was hard to tell where Lincoln left off and Bob Taft began."

She stayed in Columbus four more days "with nothing but a spare handkerchief in my pocket," and spoke at a dozen meetings. Then she returned to home base in Cincinnati and really went to work. Before the campaign was over she had received more invitations to speak than her husband (who spoke 600 times), and accepted most of them. Once she overturned her car to avoid hitting a dog on the highway. She left the near-by fields strewn with campaign literature, and hurried on to make her speech. "That ought to get us the S.P.C.A. vote," she told her audience.

Her favorite line at meetings was to deny the impression that the Tafts were millionaires and one of America's ruling "sixty families."

"It's hard to be blamed for having all that money—and then not have any of it," she would sigh, rolling her brown eyes, and

It is quite fitting and proper that a person of importance should be called a "bigwig."

In middle age, King Louis XIV began wearing long, flowing wigs. Out of respect, great nobles adopted the custom and within a few years it spread to England.

Custom regulated the type of wig which a man might wear, and only judges, bishops and the nobility were permitted the full-length style, still worn by members of the High Court of England.

Since ordinary persons wore short, or little, wigs, it followed that anyone adorned with a big wig was a man of prominence. It was entirely natural that such a magnate should be termed a "bigwig"!

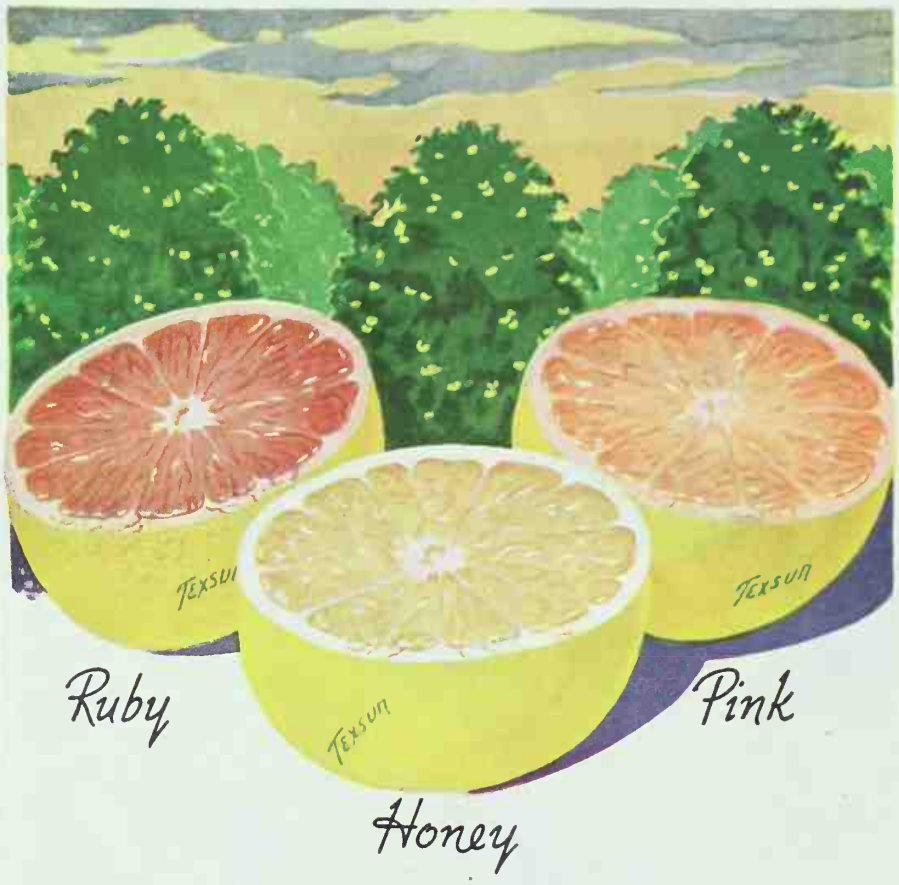
getting a laugh every time. Ohio politicians credited her with winning the all-important Senate seat for her husband that year.

Martha Taft still has her sharp political wit, and uses it with deadly effect. It was she who recently described the Administration in Washington as "Delirium Trumans," and gave currency to the phrase "To err is Truman!" In 1940, after the Willkie whirlwind had temporarily postponed her husband's hopes for the Presidency, she is reported to have told Boss Joe Pew, of Pennsylvania, "Joe, they say this was the first unbossed convention in the party's history. I hope to heaven it's the last!"

BOSS OF THE SENATE

Bob Taft, in repose, is a big, calm-looking man who likes to stretch back comfortably in a chair, so that his large but not portly stomach is in full view. His conversational voice is a firm but agreeable baritone, far different from the grating, dogmatic tone which he sometimes gets into in a debate or political speech. He has large gray eyes, thinning light-brown hair brushed back, sandy eyebrows, slightly protruding teeth and wide-angled, box-shaped jaws (both these latter characteristics are from his mother's family). Occasionally his eyes twinkle and his lips part in a faint semblance of the "Cheshire grin" of his hearty father, but he spends little time in joking or idle chatter.

He plays golf every Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning—at the Burning Tree Club course in Washington, or the Camargo in Cincinnati. He does not smoke, but he takes an occasional whisky and soda, and is a regular at the locker-room "nineteenth hole." He is totally indifferent to clothes, sometimes wearing the same pair of pants for office work in the morning, golf in the afternoon, and a dinner party at night. The family calls them "Taft's all-purpose pants." He buys two suits a year (plain blue and



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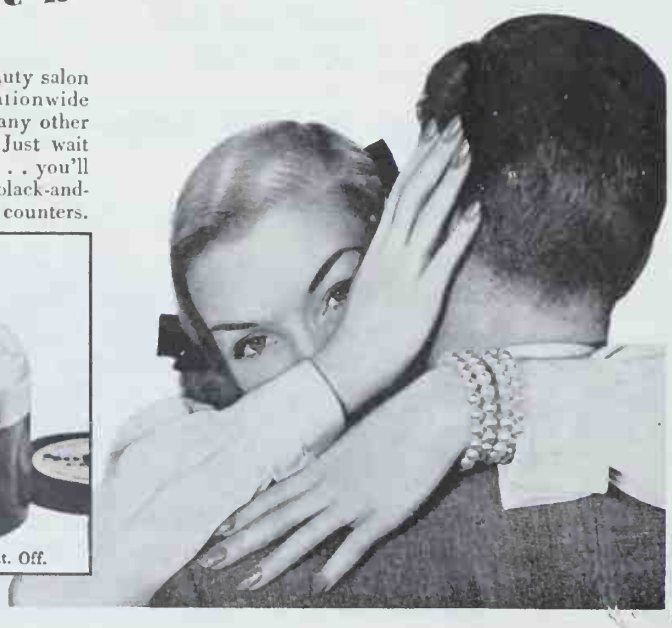
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plain brown), and never lets his wife select his neckties because her taste is "too splashy." He is, in these respects, a rather typical American male.

Mrs. Taft once explained her husband's stern public front by saying, "Bob is not austere—he's just departmentalized." The department of humor, in Taft's life, has been largely centered around his family life and his car, which he drives himself. His wife tells of a dinner they attended at the fashionable Sulgrave Club in Washington; as they started to leave the doorman loudly shouted, "Senator Taft's car!" "It's a good car, but it won't come when it's called," remarked the senator, as they strode off to the parking lot, and climbed in by themselves.

On another occasion the whole family was driving back from a party at R. R. "Red" Dupree's home in Cincinnati (Dupree is the president of Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati's most famous industry), when Taft lost control of his car on an icy hill, backed into a ditch, and had to walk a mile through the snow in dancing pumps to get hauled out. "Gee, dad," piped his youngest son, Horace, "how can you steer the ship of state if you can't steer your own car?"

Horace is currently a junior at Yale, after three years in the Army. The other sons are William Howard, III, aged 32, who is an instructor in English at Yale; Robert A., Jr., 31, who is a junior associate in the Taft law firm in Cincinnati; and Lloyd Bowers, 25, who was recently married, and has started work as a reporter on the Taft-controlled Times-Star.

Bob Taft's dominant position in the Senate today is due largely to his unusual willingness to shoulder any and all burdens of detailed work that come his way, and even some that might go to others. In the last session of Congress, which was the first organized by the Republicans in eighteen years, Taft made himself the chairman of the Republican Policy Committee, which drafts all legislative plans and programs for the Senate; chairman of the Labor and Public Welfare Committee, which is economically the most important; senior member of the Finance Committee (taxes), which is chairmanned by Millikin, of Colorado, with Taft as the real guiding power; and chairman of the Joint Committee on the Economic Report, which is drafting a new blueprint for the whole U. S. economy. Taft also handpicked all the other important committee chairmen, and helped write most of the key bills that were passed or submitted. Only in foreign affairs, which are under the direction of Vandenberg, of Michigan, has Taft taken a secondary role. And even there, his firm grip on finances and the Senate calendar gives him the last word on everything that is done.

It has been the same during the present session, which started with a call from President Truman, but almost immediately settled into a schedule that was plotted and carried into effect by Taft. He is the firm and unhesitating boss of the Republican majority.

He has had to step on toes to get where he is—and they were not all Democratic toes.

"Taft makes a lot of us fellows sore," a young Republican senator blurted out one day. "He assumes to speak for everyone, and a good many of the boys don't like it."

But Bob Taft is much too busy—and too honest—to be tactful with everyone he works with. He believes quite sincerely that he is the best all-around man the Republicans have, and therefore it is his duty to take charge. He has the same self-assured attitude toward the White House—all he needs is to be elected, and he could handle the job very well.

He defines himself as a "conservative liberal"—which he admits is an apparent contradiction.

"A liberal," he explains, "is one who is willing to accept change, who believes in freedom for others, and is sufficiently open-minded to be able to consider any proposal that is made to him. A conservative is one who knows and appreciates the importance of stability. While I am willing and ready to consider changes, I want to be darned sure—*darned sure*—that they are really better than what we have got." **THE END**



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TOLEDO MUSEUM OF ART

(Continued from Page 23)

Little Jo Anne, just four, hops up the steps eagerly, holding her mother's hand. Her long dark curls bob and jump as her bright brown eyes dart to the right and left. Too young for a Saturday class, she can hardly wait to see again her favorite picture, Gordon Sanstay's portrait of a scrubwoman. Behind Jo Anne, nine-year-old Harry, acutely conscious of his new Roy Rogers sweat shirt, alternately hits and races with his best friend, Spike.

Richard, fifteen, walks more slowly. This is his second year—he comes Sundays too—and he is more interested in deciding, *What shall I paint today? A stained-glass window? Or something using the technique of the French impressionists? Or shall I model a bowl out of clay for my mother?* Does he like the museum? "Yes, ma'am!"

That children like and flock to the Toledo Museum of Art is no accident. The museum has been called the first in the world to become child-centered—"Children are naturally our most responsive public; their minds are most plastic, and their preconceived ideas the fewest," explains Molly Ohl Godwin, wife of the director and dean of the School of Design.

Children unaccompanied by adults—"non-shackled" children—roam at will in the Toledo Museum, unhampered by the conscious and unconscious limitations of most museums. The few guards in the galleries are identified only by an inconspicuous badge. They have little to worry about—"Sometimes we slow down a boy who thinks this is a good race track, or ask a little girl not to touch the sculpture, but on the whole the children behave amazingly well."

> **Let us remember this, as we turn aside from the wrong-doer: A happy person never yet has done wrong, and let us rather pity than condemn.**
>
> —BERT FINCK: Musings on the Lounge.

The Toledo Museum maintains a broad program of art education free to all. Its purpose, in the words of its director, Blake-More Godwin, is "bringing beauty into the greatest possible number of lives, especially children's; leading people to like art, to apply its principles to their daily living, and to discriminate between good and bad pictures, sculpture and music." You can see the children on Saturday—some sprawled on the floor painting or drawing, others sitting on bright green cushions listening to a museum teacher, still others wandering alone or in groups studying the extensive glass collection left the museum by its founder, Edward Libbey. Democracy at work—a democracy where people don't *think* about it; they *believe* it. Especially where children are concerned, the original tenet of Mr. Libbey is maintained with firm conviction: "Education should be free; entertainment paid for."

"My boys were especially lucky to come to the museum when they were very young," says Mrs. Marion H. Rorick, a museum volunteer who first heard of the museum when her children talked so enthusiastically of it. "Schoolwork and athletics crowd out the opportunities later on."

More than 227,564 people—75 per cent of the city's estimated 305,000 population—took advantage of museum opportunities last year, a record surpassed only by the National Gallery of Art in Washington, and the De Young Museum in San Francisco. This was a "slow" year for the Toledo Museum. For many years before the war repeaters and out-of-town visitors brought its attendance record to more than 100 per cent—300,000 to 369,000 people.

While Toledo's population ranks thirty-fourth in the country, the quality of its museum ranks fifth—a tribute to the ideals and working faith of a whole community, made possible by the lifework of three men: glass manufacturer Edward Drummond Libbey; director George Stevens; and his successor, Blake-More Godwin—each actively assisted by his wife. At Edward Libbey's death the museum inherited the bulk of its present collection—valuable paintings by Holbein, Hals, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Reynolds, Gainsborough and Raeburn.

Figures can't even begin to tell the whole story, however. Figures don't show that most of the children come to the museum voluntarily; that many stay from nine to five; that some won't even take time out to go home for lunch, but carry it in a paper bag and eat downstairs in the small room with maple benches and tables provided by the museum. Figures don't show the looks on their faces.

How do people make their first acquaintance with the museum? Many children hear through their schools—particularly those presided over by principals like Sadie J. Galvin and Edith Militzer, who have been energetically promoting museum activities for more than twenty years.

Miss Galvin, for instance, has been teaching since 1921 in an exceedingly low-income area that has changed from an 18 per cent Negro population to the present 82 per cent. "For many youngsters," Miss Galvin explains, "the museum is the most beautiful thing in their lives. Here little girls learn to admire the museum's beautiful clean look. So frequently they comment on the fact that they see no dust or dirt. It influences their behavior and their dress. On museum days the children make a special effort to make a good appearance."

Other children are like eleven-year-old Allan, who paid his first visit "because all the other kids in the gang were coming," and liked it so much that "I'll probably come for quite a few years." Parents start their children in, too; particularly parents like Mrs. Funk, who came herself as a child, and found museum training in color and line of real help in professional dancing, and later in advertising. Her daughter, Karen, was "brought up" in the Toledo Museum. And to reverse the pattern, many parents are introduced to the museum by their children—parents like Mrs. Busick, who came early once to pick up eleven-year-old Marie, looked through the gallery, and has been early on purpose ever since.

"Cultural training for our children carries over into the whole community," says Mrs. Godwin. "Classroom teachers learn the teaching of art here with their children. Neighbor schools in the fall and spring bring the little children from the first grade through the sixth. Older children come the year round. Our staff sends out a complete plan for the year's work, suggesting how teachers may use the museum in art, geography, history and social-studies classes. Staff members keep in close touch with the teachers."

This close relationship with Toledo's schools is one big reason why the museum has had such overwhelming success. "The people at the museum seem most anxious to co-operate with the schools in every way," says Elizabeth Gilmartin, public-school art counselor. "Because of this, we feel close to the Godwins and other staff members."

Art becomes a *game* with the Treasure Hunt. Furnished the explanation that "painters love jewelry for its flashing color and its glowing light," children are on their own for an hour hunting answers to questions like: "A king's jewels and decorations of nobility—what king and what artist?" . . . "A blue necklace—what living artist painted it?" The Treasure Hunt teaches sixth, seventh and eighth graders to be keen observers, and is so popular now that adults like to "play" too.

In Saturday classes children do art work themselves. These children, 1½ per cent of each school body, are selected by their teachers—*first for interest*, second for creative ability. But if a child who has not been chosen comes anyway, and there is room, he,

(Continued on Page 155)

(Continued from Page 152)

ıay join the class. Mr. Godwin affirms eaffirms: no child is *ever* excluded if is a place for him—and the museum ever yet turned a child away.

e third-year class spends the morning e French Impressionists' Gallery. The en are trying to show color and texture ush strokes, and they use for their ex- e Pierre Bonnard's The Abduction of ba, which shows great expanses of blue one in tiny brush strokes. Wide-eyed who's twelve, works hard on a Christ- ree, while next to her Nancy is busily ng an opera singer with two ladies in ıg at her feet. Nancy is very concerned letails: Do the people look real? Is the she is telling clear?

wnstairs, younger children are painting impressions of a circus. Their pictures more imagination, but the story they not so clear; their characters are large nassive. Robert thinks of a clown—a fat, shapeless clown with a big head flat, unexpressive face. Solomon, who's paints a clown, too, but his clown has nite outline and a jolly smile.

xt week the children may move to the h Gallery or the English Gallery, until e time they reach high school their edge of art is the knowledge of those ıave learned through menting themselves. ile the Toledo Mu- is not primarily in- ed in finding and ping artists, the di- s feel that "no great s are developed in n country." Mu- "graduates" today ainters, illustrators, ıers, singers, pianists, and art and music ers—etcher Morris Hibbes, painter Sue r Robinson, and pianist Mary van ı among the more famous. But many are plumbers, butchers, storekeepers ousewives. And in these fields they, too, with them the effects of their museum ence—its lasting contribution to their lives.

rough the George Stevens scholarship, d in 1926 after the first director's death, ıuseum helps financially young artists he directors feel will make a contribu- ıot to Toledo, necessarily, but to hu- y in general. Mary Dean, who used holarship to study industrial design in en, married a Swedish architect and has returned to Toledo. On the other Sister Jane Catherine, who studied at go's Art Institute, is one of the mu- s most active supporters. Other schol- holders are doing art work in cities all he country; some return occasionally to at the school and exhibit their paintings.

RE in art classes you see, in music s you *listen*. Four- and five-year-olds once a week with Mrs. Evelyn Wahl- Summers. They sit around her on ns in a large circle. The piano plays t music," and Jo Anne, in the bright red r and red leather shoes, shows how a walks—big, loud, clumping steps. Then ano plays "elf music," and Johnny tip- round the circle like an elf. Finally ten en stand up. The piano starts with t music" and they stamp around like . Suddenly the music changes to "elf " Some of the children hear the piano e; others are slow to change their pace. y the end of the year they learn to ap- te music both intellectually and emo- ly.

a result, children jam the Greek peri- o hear special afternoon concerts by me artists who play in the evening for ıseum's two paid-concert series. More 1600 children and 100 teachers hear concerts, after the former have been ed in concert behavior by Mrs. Sum- Pretending onstage that she's the con- , Mrs. Summers shows the children ey can tell when and when not to clap tching the conductor's motions.

ually, concerts in Toledo are on an all- very-day basis. Through the museum's library of 5000 records, children know not only artists they've heard at the museum, but all important artists. Schools and colleges use museum records in their classrooms—children sing American folk songs, dance to the Hungarian polka. Both adults and children borrow records to hear at home, and attend, in the peristyle, free Sunday-afternoon concerts endowed by a gift from Florence Scott Libbey.

MUSEUM music and art departments once worked separately—like the right hand which didn't know what the left was doing. But today they work closely *together* in correlation programs which began in 1940 with a program illustrating the art and music of the Elizabethan period for children who were studying Shakespearean drama in school. Twelve schools have participated in correlation programs in the past—12,000 children in all—and the number this year may reach 20,000.

The museum's main bugaboo is transportation. Yet when principal Edith Militzer found that her students were too far away to get to the museum alone, and had no money for transportation, she organized a hike—"an hour each way, no longer than a scout hike"—and walked right along with her children. In Beverly, on the south edge of town five miles away, four families take turns being chauffeur so that Harry, Spike, Spencer and older sisters Nancy and Marilyn can attend art classes. Today schools in outlying city districts hire busses for correlation classes, charge the children five cents each way, and make up the deficit.

The great pleasure of a dog is that you may make a fool of yourself with him and not only will he not scold you, but he will make a fool of himself too. —SAMUEL BUTLER.

The history of the Toledo Museum is the history of community participation. Back in 1901, 120 Toledo citizens got together with Edward Libbey and agreed to pay ten dollars apiece for the support of a municipal museum in rented rooms in downtown Toledo. Its first exhibited item was a single mummified cat. But after only two years the collection, by then larger, was moved into a remodeled house, and the museum acquired as director George Stevens, author, editor and painter.

The educational program developed so rapidly that by 1908 the museum was overcrowded. Seeing this evidence of community interest, Mr. Libbey offered $50,000 toward a new building if the public would raise an equal sum. The town's share was pledged in twenty days. Mr. and Mrs. Libbey then donated five acres of the present site, and a central building was opened in 1912. Four years later Mr. Libbey offered $400,000 toward maintenance if the public would give $200,000. It did. And Mr. Libbey responded by completing the central building.

When Mr. Libbey died in 1925, he left the museum trust funds amounting to more than $4,000,000 and a residuary estate of roughly $13,000,000. Both are handled by testamentary trustees and the income is used by the museum for maintenance, operation and increasing its collection. Except for four years during which the city contributed a total of $60,000, no public funds or taxes have been collected for the museum. And when an art-school wing and a music wing were built in 1930, they were paid for with two $1,500,000 trusts especially designated in Mr. Libbey's will. Today museum frontage covers a city block.

Most people in Toledo agree with the little three-year-old boy in the tan Eton suit, with the Eton cap stuck on the back of his slicked-down blond hair, when, after touring the museum with his mother, she wanted to leave and he didn't. He stamped his feet on the hard marble floor, and jumped up and down screaming loudly, "More! More!" And it wasn't until his mother promised, "We'll come next Saturday," that he consented to leave peaceably. A smile lit his face. He would go home now, but he would be back next week. And that is the way most of the children feel. THE END



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How we save on $71 a week

The personal story of Lewis and Mary Dickson, who pared their living down to basic essentials to save for the home they yearn to build for themselves and their two daughters.

by LEWIS M. DICKSON

Seventy-one dollars a week. It looks big in cold type. Ten years ago it would have spelled luxury. And even today, for millions of Americans it would mean almost paradise.

We thought it would be, too—before we started living on it, buying furniture, paying dentist bills, budgeting today's inflated costs. But we soon changed our minds. It wasn't luxury. It wasn't poverty. But it was a battle—and we won! We licked the high cost of living and saved money.

During the past six months on $71 a week total net income from salary and other sources we've paid our way, bought $314 worth of furniture and household goods, and banked $428!

That's a net "capital gain" of $123 a month, and we think that it was quite an achievement. It meant a constant battle calling for all the attributes of management, planning and finance on the higher levels.

Here's how we did it.

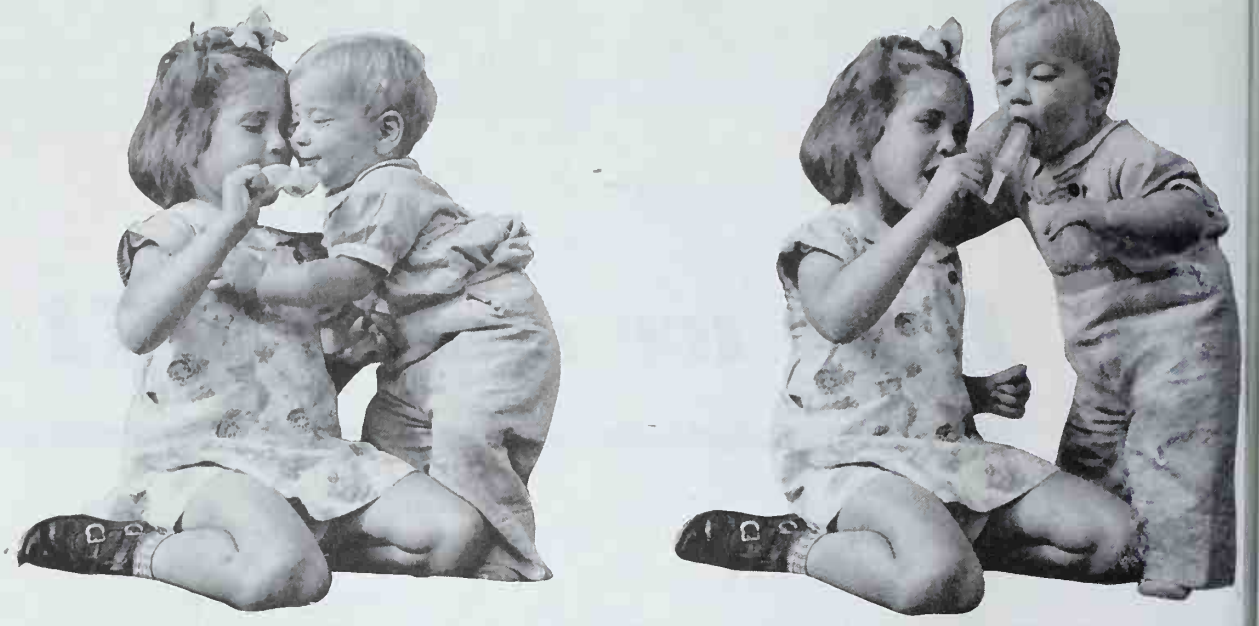
Statistically, there are hundreds of thousands of families who added nothing to their savings in the past six months. Some earn more, some less than we do. Perhaps our method will help them—whether they are away up in the dizzy hundred-and-more-a-week class or down in the less-than-fifties. Perhaps you, too, have budget trouble.

Photographs by OTTO HAGEL



Lew Dickson's housing tip: "Make something else 'do' until you can get a better deal on your dreams." They rent four rooms for $36.50 in a project.

The Dicksons don't budget their happiness —and love costs them nothing at all.



Mary, a Canadian by birth, grew up in foster homes and boarding schools; her mother died when Mary was four. Lew, a salesman's son, was born in North Dakota. Both graduated from high school during the depression. They met in Vancouver, Canada, in 1936 at a meeting of an organization that hoped to revolutionize society by organizing human energy. Mary was 21 then, a governess making her board, keep and $20 a month; Lew, 25, was helping his father in a dry-cleaning shop. A year after they met they got married in city hall and spent their honeymoon traveling to New York with friends. For eight years they worked together in the same editorial office, but with the coming of Barbara, their partnership took on a different shape. When Lew was drafted, Mary and the baby followed him to camp, and homeless, caught in the Army's vast machine, they dreamed rosy dreams of the wee bit of land, the home, the loving family they were going to make theirs, willy-nilly, when peace came. "Now," Lew says, "we are bent on making those dreams come true. We are trying to carve a little niche for ourselves . . . seeking within ourselves an answer to insecurity."

The children are in bed by 7:30, the door closed on the room and the apartment, warmed by the wood stove, is relaxed. Because of their slim wardrobe, Mary washes and irons three times weekly; Lew brings the budget book up to date nightly.



First of all, it was fun. It had to be, or we couldn't have done it at all. There had to be loving co-operation and a spirit of adventure. There had to be give and take, and we had to develop ourselves and use our home for recreation and entertainment—which is a dividend that does not show on our books.

There are four of us: self, wife, daughter aged 5, and daughter going on 2. I am 36. Mary is 32.

We came out of the Army a little over a year ago, wondering what to do, where to go and how to get there. We had believed, and still do, that we should be receiving some of the benefits of the American way of life. We had it planned beautifully—a new home, a new car and all that fine stuff of which dreams are made.

It took us six months of loafing, having our new baby, policy making and job hunting to get to the point of starting again.

When I landed that good job we were down to scratch. No car. No house. No radio. No furniture (that was sold six months after Uncle Sam's historic greeting came). We had a few clothes:

Wife: Some house frocks, one or two street dresses, a four-year-old winter coat, a good spring coat, a few flimsies.

Self: One civilian suit, a supply of G. I. underwear, socks, khakis, no overcoat, no hat, one pair of shoes.

Little Girl: Well equipped with toys, dresses, books.

Baby: A bountiful supply of woollies and other mysteries.

Stir well, add a couple of trunkfuls of books, papers, sheets, blankets, ash trays, and you have it. You could have carried it all in an ordinary car—without a trailer.

We had $250 in the bank.



Lew earns $15–$20 a month free-lance writing. Week nights he works from 8 to 9:30. The house plan (at left)—symbol of why he's working overtime—spurs him on. During the day he is an advertising copy writer.



Soon came the harsh realities. Soon came a quick revision and the scrapping of dreams. Seventy-one dollars a week was not enough to carry out our plans. There was to be no new house, no new car—none of any of the wonderful stuff.

Failure? Not a bit of it. There were new dreams to be made. We saw the red light. That was all!

Instead, our program was reduced to groceries, rent, new pots and pans, and, where we had to have it, a piece of furniture for our domicile. All the frills were ruthlessly trimmed. What was left went into the bank toward that still-shining new car, and that future G. I. home.

We set ourselves for the long pull. And we've found that there's only one formula: careful planning, budgeting, and that everlasting, loving co-operation between spouse and spouse.

Here's what we mean by planning and budgeting. Here's the "how to":

We buy only what we *must* have. We record in our account book every cent we spend. We enter every cent we make. We allow ourselves only a minimum of cash to avoid the temptation of frittering.

We stay away—but stay away—from night clubs, theaters, cafés and bars. We keep charts and graphs and watch their fluctuations with more interest than that of any billion-dollar board of executives watching the fluctuations of sales, profits and stocks.

But we don't try to balance our accounts. Life is too short for auditing, scrutinizing, accounting. And life is too short for pecuniary recriminations like, "Where did that dollar go!"



Mary makes her own clothes, the children's, slip covers and curtains. "Most of what I make now was something else before. Bobby's winter coat was my sister's: the slip covers were an old spread."



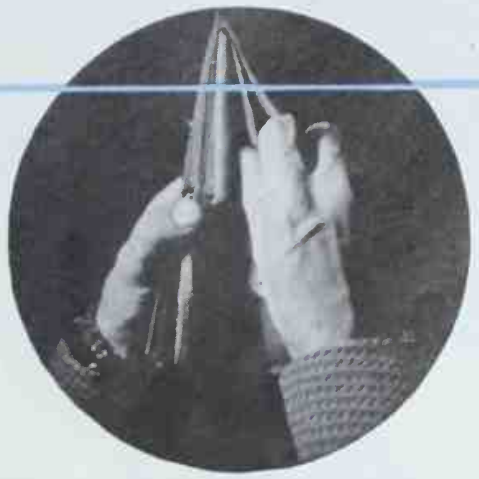
Sylvia, sometimes called "Silver," was born just after Lew's Army discharge in 1946. Mary bathes her in the kitchen sink because there's no tub; Barbara, five, takes a shower. Lew put up the shelves over the sink; Mary painted old cans blue for sugar and coffee.

Lew reads Barbara her good-night story on the couch while Mary washes dinner dishes. Bobby, a gravely sweet child, goes to kindergarten from 12:30 to 3, while Sylvia naps. "They get along well; I let them work out their own differences," Mary says.



How the Dicksons spend their money . . .

he . . .



carries four or five dollars in his wallet, but is chary with his spending. A day's usual outlay is 37 cents: 20 cents for bus fare to and from work, 11 cents for a pint of milk to go with his homemade lunch, 6 cents for coffee at the office "recess." He also gets a carton of cigarettes a week, and once in a while yields to the lure of a bookstore and gets a collection of short stories—his favorite reading—or invests about $2 a month in magazines to keep up with his trade. Hemingway and Steinbeck are his favorite authors. . . .

she . . .



handles the bulk of the family cash, spends an average of $20 weekly for groceries—she walks a mile to a supermarket, pushing Sylvia in the baby carriage while Bobby runs ahead, three mornings a week, to keep it down to that. Now and again in the evenings she goes to a movie while Lew, who says movies are a waste of time, stays with the children. Her reading—she likes detective stories—comes from the public library, as do the children's books. When she dreams of the home they are working for, she starts to plan the garden. . . .

they . . .



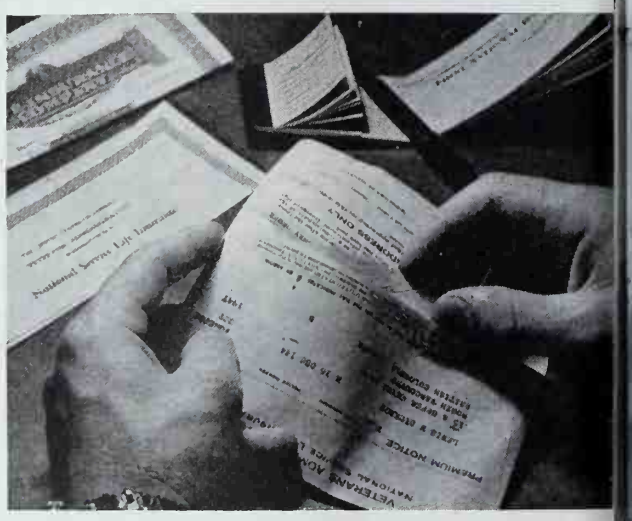
can make their budget work because their hopes and ambitions are one dream, because they have what Lew calls "loving co-operation." Their major investments come in equal shares: a typewriter for Lew, a sewing machine for Mary; their next major splurge will be a car and some clothing for both of them. Their budget demands the watchfulness of a buzzard, but it's now such second nature that "if" has gone out of their minds, and "when" has replaced it. "Only the proper frame of mind can keep you happy on a zero entertainment budget," they say . . . .



"Our eating out consists of my having coffee with the men at the office once a day." Here Lew pays his six cents.



"When I buy groceries, I buy basics and bargains. Don't ask me what pickles cost—I walk right by things like that."



"We carry $13,000 life insurance on Lew—$10,000 G. I. and $3000 group. We're going to get hospitalization too."

We're human beings—not misers or walking ledgers. Our accounts are merely to help us, to let us see where we are going, and how to do it better next week.

Our total "take home" income for the six-month period was $1846. Out of this we bought and paid for $314 worth of permanent household goods and banked $428, a total of $742. The difference between this "capital gain" and our total income was $1103.

That $1103 went down the drain. That's what it cost us to exist—an average of $42 a week for two adults and two children in this year of inflation.

Our largest single item of expense, as with all other average-income families, was food—groceries, meat, milk, vegetables. Our food bill added up to $518, or an average of $19.92 a week.

Twenty dollars a week for groceries! To ration-harried Britishers, to Europeans on below-subsistence calorie levels, our weekly grocery bundle would be heaven on earth. On the other hand, to many Americans it would doubtless seem Spartan. How much depends on the accident of location on this earth! We think that it is low, very low. But we are thoroughly and palatably nourished. My dear, take a bow!

It is done, my partner tells me, by not buying the expensive cuts of meat, by not buying the higher priced cans of fruit, by not buying some modest delicacies that we would like—say, real cream for our coffee. Perhaps this is what is called "the buyers' strike." We don't think so. *We want* to buy more and better. We just call it living according to our income, and I call it a superlative monetary, dietary and culinary achievement.

Subtraction of the grocery bill leaves us with $585 for spending money—rent, clothing, entertainment, bus fares, cigarettes, doctors' bills, insurance, fuel and all those other odds and ends that bob up every week in the life of every householder.

Our next biggest item was rent. We could have rented a house at $75 a month. We could have plunged on heavy monthly payments for a $9000 or $10,000 house. But we took a "furnished" apartment in a temporary war housing project. Some people call them potential slums,



I had to charge through a gang of clamoring women, but I ot two shirts for $2. I was down to my last three."



"We bought our furniture secondhand, but I've worked over it. Paint and stain and elbow grease don't cost much."



"We talked about swearing off smoking, but we never did anything. We stick at five packs a week each, though."



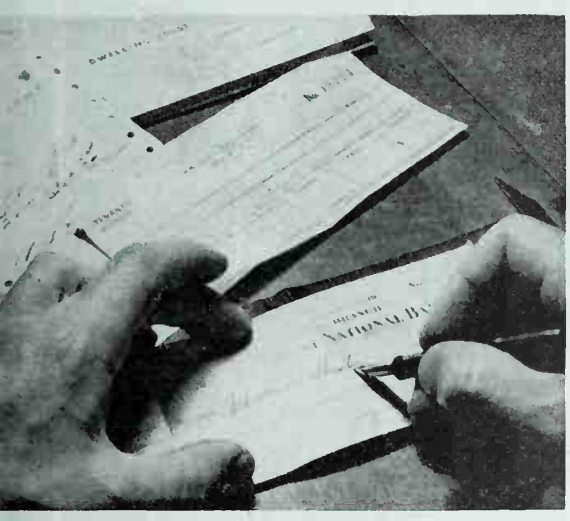
Bobby needs three pairs of $2.98 shoes a year, Sylvia's sed only one pair so far. Me? A $15 pair every two years."



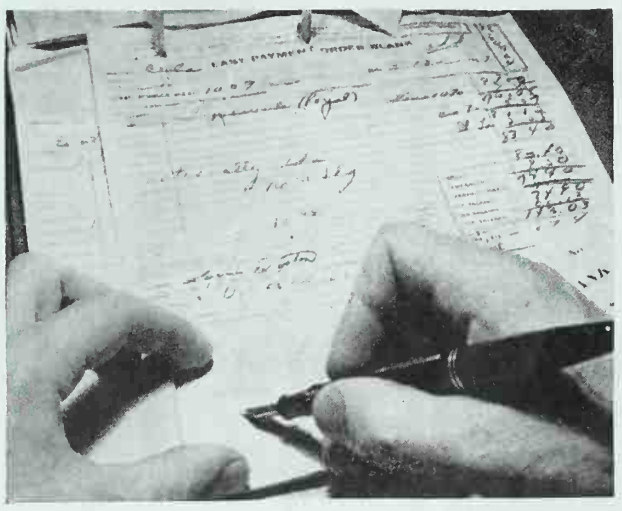
"We spend little on drugs or doctors, but we all take vitamins to ward off colds, and I take the girls to the clinic."



"I call Looly about once a day from the pay phone." It's in a booth on the sidewalk near their house.



Our $36.50 monthly rent includes electricity. But wood for ooking runs us $40 a year—and you still have to chop it."



"We got the sewing machine, typewriter and washing machine at Sears, Roebuck on time. Payments run $15 monthly."



"Maybe it's silly, but we decided not to get a savings account until we had $500. Makes pennies important."

and they are *not* very pretty in the mass. But our apartment is comfortable. We have a green lawn around it, and a flower bed. We like it, and we pay only $36.50 a month.

It is the one and only item in our budget which is not inflated. As consumers we say: "More power to Government housing and to rent control!" It is a godsend, and we do not think that it is impoverishing the economy of the U. S. or stifling private enterprise! At least not ours.

Included in the "Rent" column in our accounting system is $7.30 a month for G. I. insurance, and $1.50 a month for group insurance, also our bill for coal and wood. The six months' total was $339.93, or $13.08 a week.

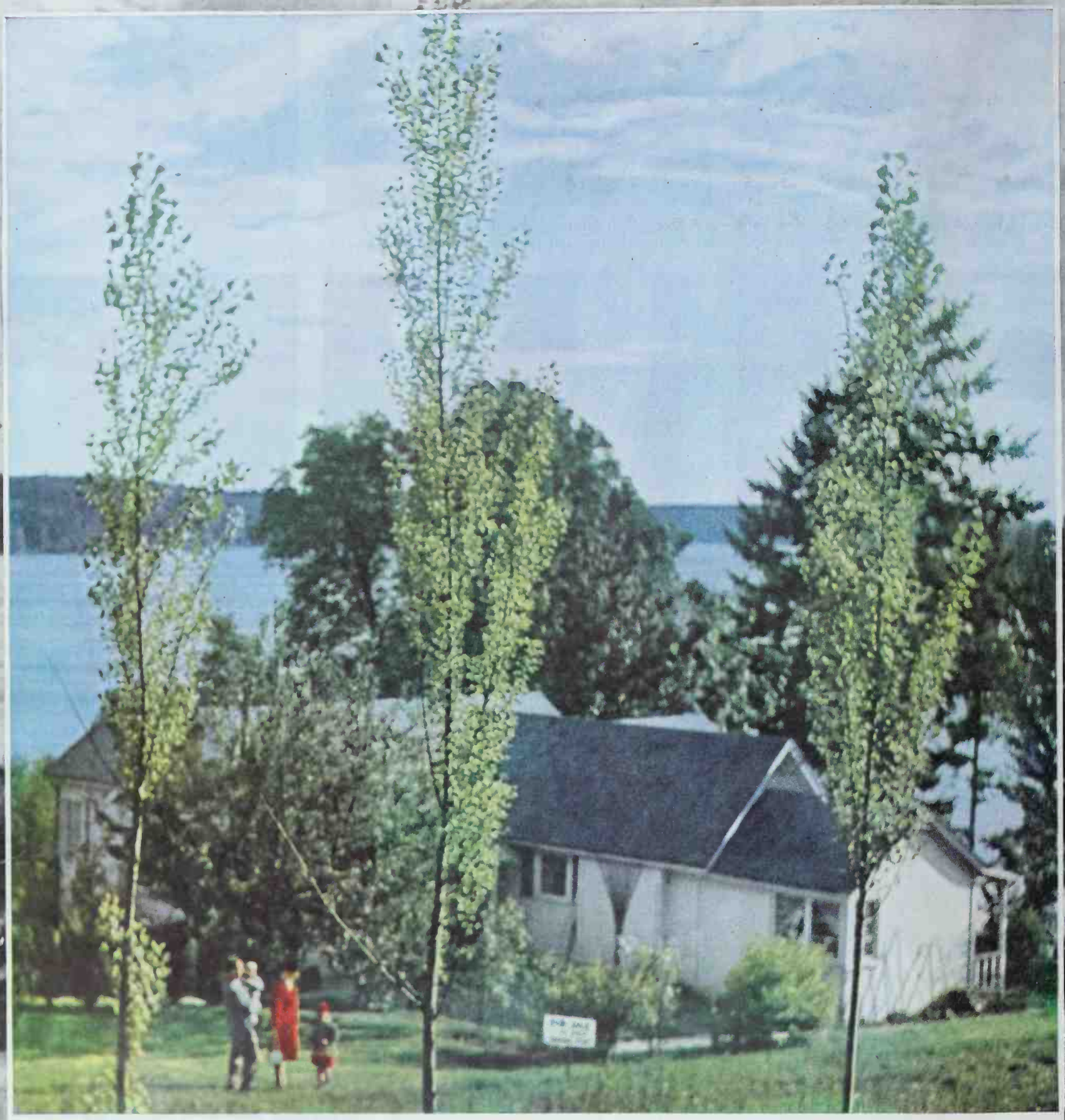
Our tip: Do not plunge over your head on housing. Make something else "do" until you can get a better deal on that ever-present home of your dreams.

Our housing arrangement and our care with the food bill we consider our two master strokes. Any other policy would have shriveled our bank account to less than zero.

The Dicksons' Seven-Column Budget for Six Months

Food (approximately $20 a week)	$ 518.00
Rent, insurance and fuel	339.93
Extras (everything from a dentist's b l to beer)	175.00
Clothes	78.00
Furniture	314.00
Routine (bus fare, cigarettes, phone cal s)	78.00
Savings	428.00
Total	$1930.93

"Yes, we know our total income was only $18 6. Where did that other $85 come from? Well . . . who cares We told you that we are not accountants."



"We want a new house, a new car, all the fine stuff of which dreams are made. This would be nice—if you had $14,000."

After rent, our records show that we still had $245 to spend.

Column 3 in our ledger. We call it "Extras." It is a catchall ranging from dentist's bills to a rare bottle of beer. It includes cleaning, postage stamps, haircuts, magazines, and all we have of entertainment costing money—a very infrequent movie. Our total for this is $175, or $6.72 a week. Heavenly days! Once upon a time we frittered that on unnecessary restaurant suppers and cocktails alone!

Do we mind it? Do we miss the carefree fun of those far-off days when we couldn't bring ourselves to spend an evening at home? We not only *don't* mind it, we like it *better* this way. And here's another tip: Only the proper frame of mind can keep you happy on a zero entertainment budget. When you have that, you'll find your entertainment at home, and you'll save money—if you *want* to save money.

Oh yes! Clothes. In spite of our original low ebb, we have spent only $78 in six months on clothes! And we do like clothes! The one suit is still giving respectable service, and the new sewing machine—partly paid for—is doing yeoman work in running up a few items for the distaff side *(Continued on Page 177)*

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COLOR HARMONY IN SEATTL

By Leslie B. Hohman, M. D.

Professor of Neuropsychiatry, Duke University School of Medicine

NO discrimination because of race or color! That's the rule, according to the Federal Housing Authority in Seattle, Washington. Lewis and Mary Dickson, with their two children, moved into a four-room row house of one of the Seattle war-housing projects with that provision clearly known. Two doors away—in this jerry-built but comfortable group of houses—lives a Negro family. Across the street live several Negro families. There were some restrictions about the kind of folk to whom these houses could be rented: they had to be war workers; now, they have to be veterans.

The nearest schoolhouse for grade-school children has the same rule of no discrimination because of race or color. There you can see Chinese, Japanese, Negro, Filipino and white children studying, learning and playing together without disharmony.

On my visit to Seattle, the very efficient Dicksons had arranged to have me talk to a number of people who live in the neighborhood, both in the Housing Authority houses and in near-by private houses. I added less-planned information gathered from taxicab drivers who shepherded me to the school, to the officials of the Housing Authority, and back to the Dicksons.

My purpose in reporting how this no-discriminating policy works is not to argue the problem of the rights and equalities of the Negroes and the whites or the Orientals and the whites. I wish rather to report how these people live together amicably and the rules they follow to achieve this end. I believe the rules they follow, either consciously or unconsciously, can be turned to good purpose by anyone when he finds himself having to adjust to a human relationship which by prejudice, or choice, he would avoid. Most of the families I interviewed did not talk about their neighbors as Negro or white, but discussed whether they were good or bad neighbors.

One woman told me that she didn't like the Negro family across the street because the children were badly behaved and "ganged up" unfairly against her boy. She hastened to say that that wasn't true of all Negro families, but only this particular one. The Negro children down the block were the best behaved in this housing project, and she added hastily that one of her best friends at a former housing was a Negro woman who had helped her out tremendously when she went to the hospital to have her last baby. She was returning the bread cast upon the water by taking care of two white children of a sick neighbor.

Mrs. Dickson agreed that this woman's estimate of the various children was the same as her own. She added that the Negro family down the street was as well-mannered and as good neighbors as anyone could wish. No, they didn't exchange visits, but then nobody in the neighborhood had much time for visiting except a little on the street to and from their way to do some shopping. Everybody was too busy with housework and the care of young children. This same story I heard from everyone. They used a simple first rule which can be stated simply:

Judge your neighbors by their deeds, not by their color.

My first taxicab driver lived in a housing project, and he told me that he was going to move out as fast as possible because he was afraid to leave his wife alone because of the terrible behavior of the Negroes in the terrible crimes of rape they commit in his housing project. This young vet was a nice, decent-looking lad, and I am certain that he thought he was telling the truth about horrible facts. No fact I interviewed could verify any criminal behavior. If any attacks on women or children by anyone had occurred they had never heard of it. I asked the heads of the Housing Authority themselves, and they gave the complete lie to this taxi driver's frightened statement that there had been no evictions of any Negro for any violations of the law of any kind. There had been necessary evictions for nonpayment of rent, but this was less common among the Negroes than the white. I am sure that the people I spoke to had heard similar talk and rumors, but they had rejected vicious talk until they had evidence to the contrary. The second rule they found was:

Reject bad rumors about neighbors unless you have verified bad facts.

A trip around the corner to visit the young father and young mother of a very sick child who was partially recovering from a prolonged and very costly illness next door me some moving and illuminating information. The illness of the child had been so costly that the parents had to sell their home. They left their upstairs quarters and rented the basement floor of their own house, which they sold to someone else. The sale price was less than they had hoped. The real-estate dealer appraised it for less than it might have brought because Negroes now lived close to the property.

> **When God wishes a man well, he gives him insight into his faults.**
>
> —MOHAMMEDAN PROVERB.

The father said quite simply, "Of course I would have been much better off at this time, with such large hospital bills, but I don't resent having Negroes in the neighborhood. They have the right to live and have their children in a decent neighborhood. They're American citizens." His wife nodded approval, and we then went to discuss the young boy's illness. It was striking to me to hear these people—all of them, except my taxi drivers—discuss their problems in a very calm and unemotional way. I could detect none of the heated feelings that any discussion of race prejudice often engenders. They seemed to have quiet, fixed convictions, and stated them. Their convictions can be stated quietly and sincerely: all American citizens have a right to a chance in life. One of the most important parts of that right is the chance to have decent housing. I can now give you a third rule which these people follow:

Do not resent any American citizen's opportunity to move into decent housing. Their children, especially, have a right to it.

I was surprised and pleased at the way the elementary school in the neighborhood was run. When I got there, the principal welcomed me and was completely open in his attitude toward the discussion of the problems of his school. He said they had no problem in the school as far as race was concerned—he hastened to add, "there is between races of different color." There had been some trouble two or three years ago when two factions of older Negro

(Continued on Page 220)

New lotion sensation works wonders for your whole hand!



NEW LOVELINESS for your "whole hand" *instantly* with New Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream! Proved, *longer-lasting* protection—no matter what your work or the weather!

NEW SMOOTHNESS for elbows, arms and legs with New Hinds! It's marvelous as a powder base, too . . . makes cosmetics go on *smoothly*, cling hours longer! Now in new, *larger* Beauty Bottle—four sizes, 10¢ to 1.00.

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK

Now in NEW Beauty Bottle



Hinds
Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream

The Journal's LITTLE GEM of a wardrobe



PHOTOGRAPH BY SIMONE

umpkin-colored coat with flared back falling from rounded yoke. Can also be ade in longer length. Vogue Design No. 6228, sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40. 75c.



COAT	$22.75
SUIT-DRESS	22.65
PRINT DRESS	7.59
COTTON DRESS	3.82
WOOL SKIRT	4.16
BLOUSE	2.53
NAVY HAT	15.00
BERET	1.50
NAVY PUMPS	10.00
NAVY GLOVES	3.50
YELLOW GLOVES	1.50
NAVY BAG	5.00
TOTAL,	$100.00

Blouse; Vogue Design No. 6159, 12 to 40. 40c.
Tailored skirt; No. 6357, 24 to 32 waist. 35c.

© VOGUE



Pumpkin-colored coat over print dress. Blue hat and bag.



Coat over gray dress. Pumpkin-colored beret, blue shoes.



Coat over blue wool dress. Blue hat, bag and shoes.



Blue flannel jacket with plaid skirt. Yellow gloves.



Coat over plaid skirt a cotton shirt; blue bag, sho

n a budget. . .

many people $100 means only a new suit, but to Mrs. Lewis Dickson neans a complete new spring wardrobe. We worked with Mrs. kson on a versatile wardrobe that she could wear now and right ough summer. Starting with navy blue wool flannel for basic dress and jacket, we selected a lovely pumpkin color for her rt topcoat; a yellow print for her afternoon dress; and a gray enlike cotton for a daytime dress. The extra skirt in blue-and-yellow id and her white blouse combine with her blue jacket to ke a perfect sport suit. Round-the-clock accessory changes include ressy blue felt hat with a perky feather; a pumpkin-colored beret; air of blue and a pair of yellow gloves; blue suède pumps and lue faille box bag. The four-skin kolinsky scarf (budget ced at about $85) is optional but adds great charm. Our price imates of each individual garment includes the price of the ric, the pattern and all findings. You may be able to buy your rics for even less . . . perhaps a remnant skirt length or a ing-sale fabric. When choosing your fabrics, make mental es of what you want to wear with what . . . even ry little samples in your purse of the clothes you eady have, to make sure. ★ BY NORA O'LEARY

Slim flannel dress that goes under matching jacket. Wear separately with furs

Charming print with pretty peplum. Vogue Design No. 6234, 12 to 20, 60c.

Shoulder detail on pale gray linenlike cotton. Vogue Design No. 6254, 12 to 20, 50c.

One-piece dress and matching jacket in navy blue wool flannel. Vogue Design No. S-4814, 12 to 20, $1.00.

DRAWINGS BY MARGARET SOMMERFELD

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, postage prepaid, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 21 Dundas Square, Toronto, Ontario.

Back Views, Sizes and Prices of these patterns are on page 224

PHOTOS BY HAL REIFF



A.M. *Unbecoming hair-do and make-up camouflage Mrs. Dickson's own good looks.*



P.M. *(Same day) Flattering hair-do, make-up and neck-line—the new Mrs. Dickson!*

WELCOME CHANGE





Above: A.M. *Mrs. Dickson in her two-piece suit which gives her a bulky look. Below:* P.M. *Mrs. Dickson groomed and gracious in a slenderizing dress.*

THE photographs of Mrs. Lewis Dickson on this page illustrate a "new look" that was brought about in less than a day. Not by tricks of the camera—but by *beauty tricks* available to every woman who wishes to end a little time on making the most of her appearance. Mrs. Dickson's iginal and too severe hair-do was replaced by a new, more flattering one. ne tried several different styles before she found the most becoming, then had r hair cut and permanented accordingly. Her eyebrows were plucked from nderneath to give a cleaner eyebrow line. A manicure, complete with pretty olish, was next. Accustomed to wearing only a sketchy amount of lipstick nd powder, she was delighted to discover what more detailed make-up ould do for her. To play up her fair coloring she chose a creamy foundation ith a pink undertone, and smoothed it with her finger tips evenly over her ce and neck. Next, a little dark mascara on her upper eyelashes, followed ith a tiny amount of soft, green eye shadow on her eyelids, brought out the olor of her eyes. Her lipstick was applied with a brush for the first time and roduced a new and prettier shape for her lips by widening them slightly. nally, a light dusting of warm, beige powder for her face and neck.

Because Mrs. Dickson feels her best at her present weight of 133 pounds he is 5′ 4¾″ tall), it is wisest for her to develop an illusion of superslim-ess through the choice of her clothes, rather than a diet. A girdle, carefully osen, can "take off pounds." With all eyes focusing on today's tiny waist-ne, a high-waisted girdle, firmly elasticized, is most effective. And one with lenty of length to avoid bulging at the upper thigh too. For flatter midriffs ere are wonderfully constructed bras that fit high under the bust and con-nue down in a controlling way right over the upper edge of your girdle. ith two items such as these as a basis for a trimmer figure, Mrs. Dickson's im black crepe dress with its longer skirt added glamour and produced an lusion of more height than her own. Sheer dark stockings and pretty umps completed her picture from head to toe.

Perhaps there is a whole new world of beauty for you too. It may e hidden behind an unbecoming hair-do, bad posture, the wrong choice f clothes, or even careless grooming. Honest self-analysis followed y an over-all organization of your appearance will bring out your most ttractive features. Your "new look" will be a welcome change for you—s well as for the people around you! ★

BY DAWN CROWELL
Beauty Editor of the Journal

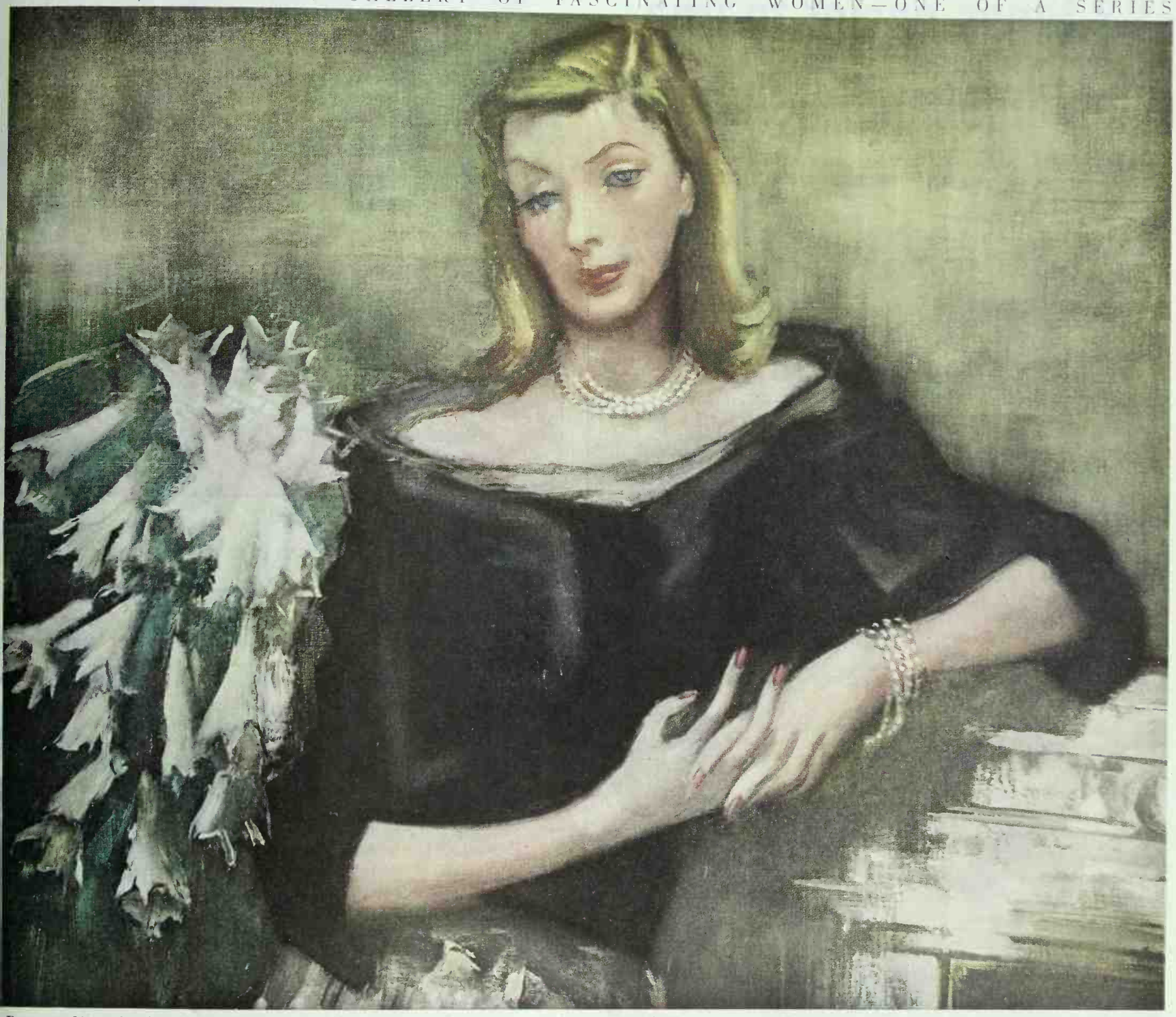


Practical shoes and stockings are necessary for everyday wear, but ——



Mrs. Dickson tries sheer stockings, pretty pumps, to add glamour for "dress-up."

THE DOROTHY GRAY GALLERY OF FASCINATING WOMEN—ONE OF A SERIES



Portrait of Miss Cynthia McAdoo, daughter of Mrs. Tackaberry McAdoo of New York, painted by the distinguished artist, John Carroll, who is represented in the Whitney Museum in New York, the Los Angeles Museum, the Pennsylvania Academy; also in Boston, Omaha, Indianapolis, Toledo, San Francisco and Detroit collections.



Beauty Basics...

. . . for a portrait-smooth and lovely skin

Make the Dorothy Gray secret of loveliness your own . . . it's as simple as 1, 2, 3 . . . first, gentle, thorough cleansing, so essential for a young-looking, radiant skin . . . then refreshing stimulation . . . finally, the important lubrication to help keep the skin supple, ward off fine lines due to dry skin. Only a few moments daily will accomplish a fresher, softer, brighter complexion, a really lovelier You. Beauty Basics guard you against Winter—make you prettier for Spring.

1. CLEANSE.... FOR DRY SKIN . . . Dry-Skin Cleanser, $1 to $4
FOR NORMAL SKIN . . . Salon Cold Cream, $1 to $4
FOR OILY SKIN . . . Liquefying Cleansing Cream, $1 to $3.50

2. STIMULATE.. FOR DRY OR NORMAL SKINS . . . Orange Flower Skin Lotion, $1 to $3.75
FOR OILY SKIN . . . Texture Lotion, $1 to $3.75

3. LUBRICATE.. FOR DRY OR NORMAL SKINS . . . Special Dry-Skin Mixture, $2.25 to $8
FOR OILY SKIN . . . Suppling Cream, $1 to $2.75 *(All prices plus tax)*

Dorothy Gray

"3 times easier to iron my husband's shirts!"

WRITES MRS. ARTHUR STARK,
SHELBURNE FALLS, MASS.



Mrs. Arthur Stark, a pleased Satina user, with daughter Kathy.

"I have 8 or 9 shirts to do up each week," says Mrs. Stark. "Adding Satina to the starch makes them *3 times easier* to iron. The iron moves so easily!"

Satina is not a starch. It's a wonderful product you *add* when you fix starch. Dissolved in hot starch, Satina makes your iron glide along.

With Satina, clothes smell fresher, look newer, stay clean longer, too. *Here's how two more fans put it:*



"Satina leaves a very pleasant fragrance in starched clothes," writes Mrs. G. D. Pierce, of McPherson, Kansas. "I use it regularly and recommend it especially to those who must hang clothes inside."



"I find I can't do without Satina for my starched clothes," writes Mrs. Alfred Haffey, of Swanton, Ohio. "It makes the clothes 3 times easier to iron!"



Fine compliments like these — and we've received thousands of them—make us sure *you'll* think Satina is wonderful if we can just get you to try it once. We're so sure of this that we're offering you a *free* full-size package. Enough for 4 big starchings! Just try it for your own clothes and judge for yourself!





FREE! FULL-SIZE PACKAGE!

SATINA, Dept. 16, Battle Creek, Michigan
Dear Sirs: Satina sounds good to me. Now I'd like a free full-size package to see how much easier it makes *my* starched ironing.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

Put SATINA in your starch

It makes ironing "3 times easier"

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS



Keeping up with the clock makes time for good times all together!

AROUND THE CLOCK WITH Mary Dickson

BY JUDY BARRY

"Homemaking is my job," says Mary Dickson simply, "just as working at Sears' is Lew's."

The Dicksons' four sparsely furnished rooms are lived in hard, for "home" is synonymous with "entertainment" on their Spartan budget, and Mary has little laborsaving equipment to help her; yet she keeps those four rooms shining clean and very comfortable. Actually, Mary doesn't like housework for its own sake any more than many of us do, but she'd rather do it early and often than live in anything but order.

"That's one good thing," she smiles, "about not having many possessions, no rugs or silver or pretty drapes. It does make housework easier!" (And another good thing, of course, is to have a philosophical point of view like that. It makes not only housework but all life and living pleasanter!) That's Mary's contribution to the fund for the home they're saving for—not money, but something perhaps far more important: doing her job well and willingly, lightening their present do-without days with laughter and understanding.

"I just get going and do it!" was Mary's cheerful answer to our question as to how she managed to keep up with daily cooking, cleaning, baby tending, shopping, sewing and washing, plus being a good companion and typist for Lew. Which, after all, is the ultimate answer to getting anything accomplished, isn't it? She is the steady keep-in-step sort of housekeeper; her days follow a rhythmic pattern that carries her along smoothly, as you can see from the clocking on the opposite page. Mary's way is to do the things she enjoys least first—"to get them over with while I still have pep enough to be firm with myself"—and to make the most of her working hours by doubling up jobs wherever possible.

Mary is clever about dovetailing necessary jobs, to make more time for the things she likes to do—playing with the children, typing manuscript for Lew, running up a little dress for Sylvia or Bobby. While the clothes are dancing away in the washing machine, she whisks through the breakfast dishes, or prepares the dessert for that evening; while dinner is cooking in the wood stove, she bathes and feeds the baby; while she keeps Sylvia company in the back yard on a sunny afternoon, she works in their tiny garden, or knits or mends. There's nothing of the dawdler in Mary Dickson!

"I'm a constant picker-upper," she says, "because I so dislike a cluttered look. With so little space, it just must be orderly." Mary feels that even such a little girl as Bobby may be trained to pick up her toys and clothes neatly if there's a convenient place to put them away. Consequently, there's a low toy chest in the children's room, closet pegs placed within easy reach of a five-year-old's hand, and the constant example of "being like mother," who is a firm believer in putting everything back in its own place promptly.

"But children are so much fun." Mary says warmly, "that they're ell worth any extra work they cause!" Bobby is baby Sylvia's ardent dmirer and champion, capably shooing off the other children when she eels, in her five-year-old wisdom, that the back-yard play is becoming too oisy and violent in the baby's vicinity. Like any other sisters, they ave their small quarrels, too, of course, which sometimes require lary's settlement—just one of the myriad interruptions every mother arns to take in her stride. It's those small interruptions, as every ousewife knows, that upset the best-laid morning's plan: the telephone iat shrills just as you get elbow deep in suds; the well-meaning neighbor ho pops in to "just say hello"; the grocery boy, the laundryman, the an to read the gas meter! In spite of them all, every housewife and other needs to take time out every day.

"I've made myself learn to rest after lunch." Mary told us, "for found that unless I did, I was mighty poor company for Lew at night. etter to take time out, than to chance being a cross-patch."

Mary's up and doing again after half an hour's rest, to get in some ewing or typing before waking Sylvia for a walk or a back-yard airing. y four, Mary's always back in the kitchen to start the wood fire for nner. Lew chops a week's supply of wood each week end, leaves it eatly piled near the door on their little stoop. By the time Lew gets ome about six, hungry and tired, a fine hot dinner is always ready, the nby is bathed, fed and contented in her high chair, drawn up comnionably close to the table where the others have dinner together.

Mary works at her job as hard, as conscientiously, as pridefully her husband does at his. And Lew is as proud of Mary's way with a ashing machine as she is of his prowess at the typewriter; each member this partnership understands and admires the job his partner is doing make the firm of Dickson and Dickson successful!

Mary Dickson's Clocking of a Typical Day

6:30 A.M. Get up, light fire, dress. Cook breakfast for family. Pack Lew's lunch.
8:00 A.M. Wash breakfast dishes. Make beds, sweep and mop floors, tidy house generally. (Every two weeks I clean thoroughly and wax floors.) Bake if necessary, make dessert for dinner.
9:30 A.M. Laundry every second day. On nonlaundry days, I do grocery shopping.
11:00 A.M. Prepare lunch. Start Bobby dressing for school.
11:30 A.M. Lunch.
12:00 N. Put Sylvia to bed. Start Bobby to school. Wash dishes and tidy kitchen.
12:30 P.M. Rest.
1:00 P.M. Sew, iron, or type.
2:30 P.M. Get Sylvia up, dress. Work in garden, hand sew, knit or read while baby plays.
4:00 P.M. Light fire. Start dinner preparations. Bring in laundry.
5:00 P.M. Set table for dinner. Read daily paper.
5:30 P.M. Bathe baby, feed her.
6:15 P.M. Dinner.
7:00 P.M. Put Sylvia to bed, bathe Bobby.
7:30 P.M. Lew reads to Bobby. I wash dishes, make breakfast porridge.
8:00 P.M. Read, sew, iron, or write letters while Lew writes.
10:00 P.M. Talk or read what Lew has written.
10:30 P. M. Bedtime.

he laundry's on the line, so Mary is free to kibitz while Lew mends a chair.

PHOTOS BY OTTO HAGEL



"Color's bad, needs FELS-NAPTHA"



. . . and the good 'doctor' might well have added —"or it won't last long".

A shirt that shows Tattle-Tale Gray is, actually, a 'sick' shirt. That dingy color proves there still is dirt in the fabric. Hard rubbing that *may* remove dirt, *surely* shortens the life of the garment.

Fels-Naptha will help make all your fine linens and delicate things last longer. This mild *golden* soap, combined with Fels naptha, removes imbedded grime and perspiration stains with almost no rubbing or bleaching. It brightens colors, keeps all washables fragrantly clean and *white*.

If your washes suffer from Tattle-Tale Gray—try the Fels-Naptha 'treatment'. It works!



Golden bar or Golden chips—

FELS-NAPTHA banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

SWIFT'S stands out...



the one with Tender BEEF Added!

nds out in FLAVOR!
now how delicious either good pork or beef can be alone. But blended to- the special Swift Prem way, the is twice as delicious. Try the unique dual Prem loaves—and see.

nds out in NUTRITION!
et more of certain vital food nutrients k . . . more of others in beef. Blended ner in Swift's Prem you get *all* the nts of both . . . high quality proteins, tant minerals and B vitamins.

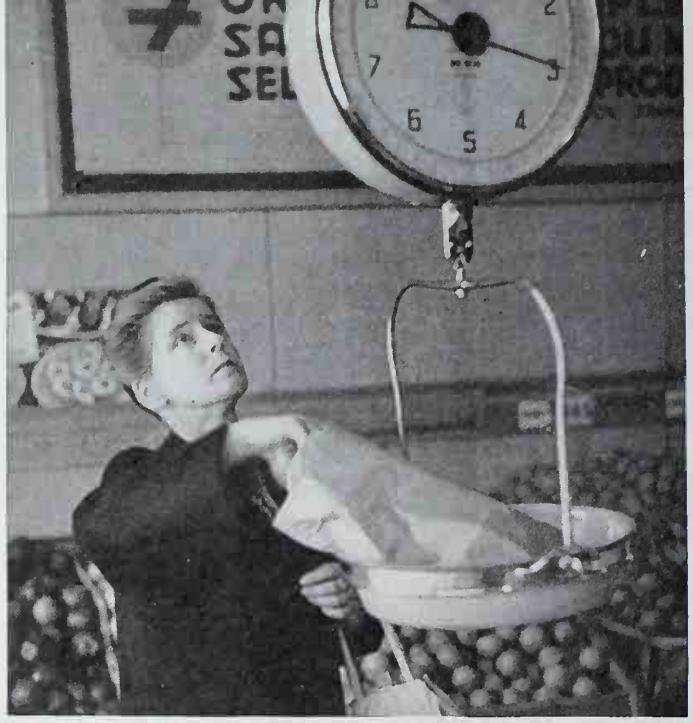
Stands out in VALUE!
Swift's Prem is *all* meat—solid, nourishing meat . . . with nothing to waste. Served hot or cold, it's delicious to the very last bit.

WOMEN PREFER beef added! Tender beef was added to Swift's Prem because a majority of homemakers wanted it. From experience they knew that beef and pork combined was bound to be better. So try Swift's Prem soon . . . see how much better it is.

ts SWIFT'S... Say PREM!



INDIVIDUAL MEAT LOAVES. *Cut whole Prem loaves into halves. Top with orange marmalade and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 20 minutes. Serve with sweet-sour red cabbage — or other suitable tart relish.*



Food in the balance—Mrs. Dickson buys just what she needs.

HOW FAR WILL $20.00 GO

By Louella G. Shouer

THIS is the story of a grocery list and the meals it produced for the D son family. Penny for penny and pound for pound, it's all here. Ke ing accounts is a Dickson hobby—the food ledgers are Mary's dep ment. Her record of the week's purchases that she sent to us not o included food, but the ice bill and an item: Gum . . . .08. That's l accurate she is.

Maybe keeping track of every penny seems too much bother for yo but keeping your grocery bills down within a limit is of interest to alm every woman in these days of changing food prices. Mrs. Dickso economies may help you do just that. Mrs. Dickson cannot buy food large quantities, as some mothers can. She just doesn't have the stor space. Three times a week she bundles up Sylvia and makes a trip to supermarket.

Below is a list of actual groceries she used in the one week's me showing just how much each item cost in Seattle at the time of purchas during the week of September 17–24. Some time later we went shopping the same items here in a New York supermarket of another chain. Our t was $17.34, as against her $16.43. As usually happens when compa prices from coast to coast, there is a variation of prices of some foods, cording to locality. Fish, for instance, costs more here—some vegeta cost more there. Prices of some staples, too, changed in both areas du the month's time.

In her original account to us, Mrs. Dickson set down the foods she chased during the week—what she actually used of the foods purchase what she used of canned foods and staples she had on hand before the w began. For instance, one buys a 1-pound-4-ounce package of oatmeal a cents. But Mrs. Dickson only used ½ pound. Thus, the following quantities and cost are based on amounts *actually used* during the week. that takes some accounting, as you well know if you have ever tried t this kind of figuring.

Purchases made in supermarket, Seattle, Wash., week of Sept. 17-24

Meat, Poultry, Fish	*Amount or weight*	
Hamburger	⅓ lb.	$0.15
Rump roast	3½ lb. commercial grade	2.02 @ .59
Deviled ham	3¼ oz. can	.17
Potted meat	3¼ oz. can	.08
Fish fillets	1 lb.	.34
		2.76
Eggs	2 doz. (AA small, AA medium)	1.33
Flours, Cereals		
White flour	2 lbs.	.20
Pancake mix	14 oz.	.10
Graham wafers	6¾ oz.	.14
Bread—whole-wheat	3 loaves	.54
Wheat germ	8 oz.	.12
Oatmeal	8 oz.	.10
Farina	5 oz.	.05
Baby cereal	8 oz.	.10
Pudding	2 pkgs.	.14
Lemon filling	1 pkg.	.07
		1.56
Leafy, Green and Yellow Vegetables		
Squash	2 lbs.	.15
Carrots	2 lbs.	.14
Lettuce	1 lb.	.05
Turnips	2 lbs.	.12
Peas	1 lb. 4 oz. can	.13
Broccoli	1 lb.	.17
Baby spinach	1 can	.08
		.84
Citrus Fruits and Tomatoes		
Oranges	8 lbs.	.80
Lemons	1	.05
Tomato juice	2 qt. can	.20
Tomatoes	2 lbs.	.22
Grapefruit	1 lb.	.06
Grapefruit juice	1 pt. 9 oz. can	.10
		1.43
Potatoes	5 lbs.	.20
Other Fruits and Vegetables		
Celery	1 stalk	.06
Canned corn	12 oz. can	.17
Bananas	2½ lbs.	.40
Pears	2 lbs.	.29
Raisins	½ lb.	.10
Prunes	1 lb.	.25
Beets	1 bunch	.13
Cauliflower	2 lbs.	.18
Canned peaches	1 lb.	.15
Apples	8 lbs.	.83
Chopped baby food	3 cans	.22
Vegetable soup	1 can	.16
		2.94
Milk, Cheese		
Milk	10½ qts.	2.10
Cheese	½ lb. pkg.	.34
Mushroom soup	1 can	.16
		2.60
Fats and Oils		
Shortening	1 lb.	.34
Margarine	2 lbs.	.72
Salad dressing	½ pt.	.17
		1.23
Sugar, Preserves		
Sugar	5 lbs.	.46
Gelatin dessert	1 pkg.	.07
		.53
Miscellaneous		
Coffee	1 lb.	.47
Tea	½ lb.	.43
Chicken noodle soup	1 pkg.	.11
		1.01
Total		$16.43

(Continued on Page 174)

Food for the Dicksons costs about $18 a week—would cost more if Mary weren't such a good manager.

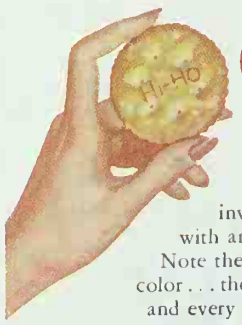
PHOTOS BY OTTO HAGEL



You've tried the others...

NOW TASTE Hi Ho





Compare!

FOR APPETIZING APPEAL . . .
In appearance, Hi Ho Crackers invite comparison with any other cracker. Note the golden-brown color . . . the uniformity of each and every Hi Ho.



Compare!

FOR FINER FLAVOR . . .
Taste Hi Ho . . . try them on your family and guests. No other cracker has the distinctive flavor that belongs only to Hi Ho!

Compare!

FOR FLAKINESS . . .
Turn a Hi Ho cracker edgewise. Note the crisp flakiness, the delicate texture . . . sure sign of expert baking.

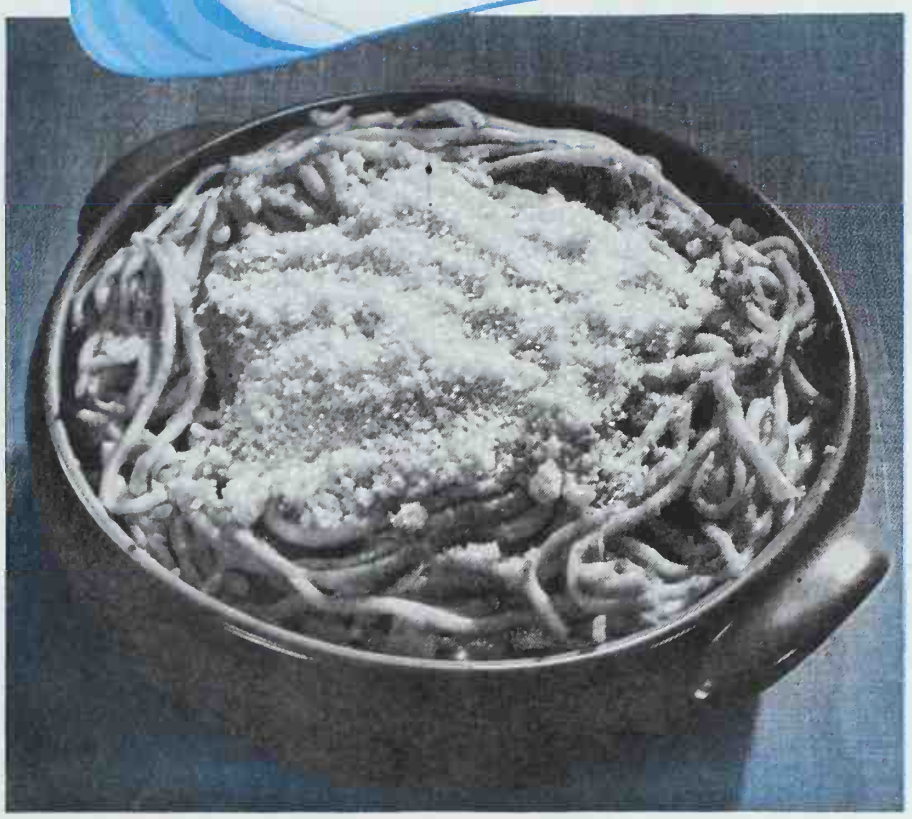




..it's Hi Ho for Finer Flavor!

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF *Sunshine Biscuits,* INC.

How to fix a grand meal CHEAP!



Do this ARRANGE a layer of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti in a buttered casserole. Crumble leftaver hamburgers ar meat laaf over spaghetti. Repeat until yau have used one tin of spaghetti, 2 cups meat. (Spaghetti should be on tap.) Sprinkle with 2 Tbs. grated cheese. Bake till hot.



Do this SERVE this delicious spaghetti casserole with French ar Italian bread. Provide a giant bawl af green salad with raw vegetables in it—sliced cauliflower, carrots, cucumbers, tomataes. Far dessert, have Biscuit Tartani—vanilla ice cream sprinkled with crumbled macaraons.



Now do this TASTE that Heinz Spaghetti! *Really* taste it. Nate haw firm yet haw tender are the strands. Heinz makes its own spaghetti, you knaw, of tap-quality durum wheat. We use aur awn "Aristocrat" tamataes, and rare spices for the sauce. Heinz Cooked Spaghetti is luxury faad—at a law price!



HEINZ Spaghetti 57

Here are Mrs. Dickson's menus just as she cooked and served them one week this past September. They could be used any week in the winter merely by substituting vegetables that may be lower in price at the time you shop.

With a note of apology in her voice, Mrs. Dickson said when she visited the Workshop, "These aren't fancy meals. We eat very simply. We have to." Our comment was one of praise. Simple food can be exceedingly good, and we know that Mrs. Dickson is a good cook.

Checking her menus with her grocery list, for nutrition requirements, we found that they measured up very well. Slightly more green leafy vegetables and several extra quarts of milk would have brought her menus up to an almost perfect score on should-haves.

As a money manager, she is a wonder. Stretching a 3½-pound rump roast over five days, for instance, is quite a feat in any household. She manages to do this by serving only small quantities of meat or fish—accompanied by a variety of vegetables. Just enough vegetables are cooked for the one meal—with perhaps sufficient left over for Sylvia's lunch the next day. A fair-sized cauliflower or one bunch of broccoli does for two meals at their house. Bobby is a small eater, particularly when it comes to vegetables. Oranges and apples are important items on Mrs. Dickson's shopping list every week. She encourages the children to eat them instead of bread or cookies between meals.

Mr. Dickson carries a box lunch every day. The cost of the makings for his sandwiches, fruit and cookies is all figured in on the total grocery bill. To supplement his noon lunch, he buys coffee or milk at the cafeteria—sometimes both. This amounts to $1.10 each week, bringing the actual cost of their food for this particular week to $17.53.

Dickson Menus

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Orange Juice
Farina
Toast—Margarine—Marmalade
Coffee
Bobby and Sylvia—Farina, Toast, Milk

Lunch

Hamburger (leftover)
Buttered Carrots Green Beans
Whole-Wheat Bread—Margarine
Sliced Bananas
Tea—Milk (for children)

Dinner

Rump Roast of Beef
Baked Potatoes Baked Hubbard Squash
Buttered Beets
Applesauce—Graham Wafers
Tea—Milk
Sylvia—Milk, Baby Cereal, Applesauce

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Grapefruit
Poached Eggs
Toast—Margarine—Marmalade
Coffee—Milk
Sylvia—Farina, Stewed Prunes, Milk

Lunch

Cream of Mushroom Soup
Raw Sliced Carrots
Applesauce
Bread and Margarine
Tea—Milk
Sylvia—Chopped Beets, Mashed Squash, Baked Potato, Chopped Roast Beef, Applesauce, Milk

Dinner

Cold Sliced Roast
Scalloped Potatoes Green Beans
Cauliflower
Fruit Salad (peaches, apples, oranges, raisins)
Gingerbread
Tea—Milk
Sylvia—Same

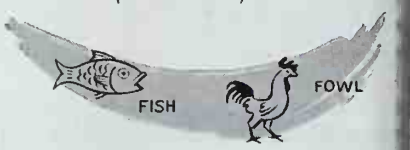
America's Most Distinguished Packaged Rice

WALTON'S WondeRice TRADE MARK REG.

isn't Particular
it goes with any meal



REGULAR—in blue and yellow carton. CHOOSE FROM TWO VARIETIES LONG GRAIN—in green and yellow carton.



Make meals better with a low-cost, tempting vegetable. WondeRice fits all menus. Fits all appetites. Its many uses make WondeRice as handy as any of your frequently-used vegetables. So easy to prepare—no peeling, no scraping.

And WondeRice *still* costs very little—helps you s-t-r-e-t-c-h that budget. Make WondeRice a regular main vegetable for your family. It's rice at its peak of perfection.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

WALTON RICE MILL, INC., STUTTGART, ARK

Sell EXCLUSIVE STATIONERY 50 MONOGRAMMED SHEETS & 50 ENVELOPES for $1
Pen-'n-Brush STUDIOS
EARN EXTRA $ NEW BONUS PLAN earns you up to and OVER 100% PROFIT
FREE SAMPLES — other n Personal Stationery items. Compl top-quality, top-profit line, "every-da Box Assortments, Gift Wraps. A for new $1.00 All-Occasion box ON A PROVAL. Write today.
PEN-'N-BRUSH Studios, Dept. I 154 Nassau St. New York 7, N.



Fish with a "second-helping" flavor because you added 5 drops per serving of Frank's Red Hot Sauce. Just a few drops of this savory sauce make a BIG difference when it comes to steaks, chops, stews, roasts—almost any meat or fish. Keep it in the kitchen. Serve it at the table. It adds zest! A full 3 ounce bottle for only 10c.

write Frank Tea & Spice Co., Dept. 2L, Cincinnati 2, Ohio, for a special new recipe—"Fish Delish" with cheese sauce.

Frank's RED HOT SAUCE



REE TO HOUSEWIVES



IS BOOKLET TELLS YOU
W TO SAVE UP TO 39%
ON GAS BILLS!



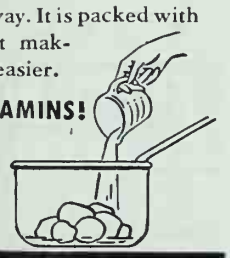
After reading this attractive, fully illustrated booklet, you will want to be sure your gas range is equipped with the fas Harper Center Simmer Burners. ghteen leading gas ranges are pped with Harper Center Simmer ers. These burners are superior to ther top burners because each er burner is really *2 burners in 1.* hown in the diagram below, the *uter* burner brings foods to a quick Turn handle until it "clicks" and *ig burner* goes out, leaving only small efficient *inner burner* lit to the cooking.

Enjoy These Advantages

nly the *separate* Harper Center ner Burner gives you the *controlled eats* you need to keep foods warm erving . . . to eliminate pot watchnd boiling dry . . . to keep proper sure cooker heat . . . to allow cookwith little water, which saves time gas. Cooking with the tiny *inner er* keeps the average kitchen 9 des cooler, and enables you to save o 39% in fuel. *Only* the *separate* er Center Simmer Burner can you so much in your cooking!

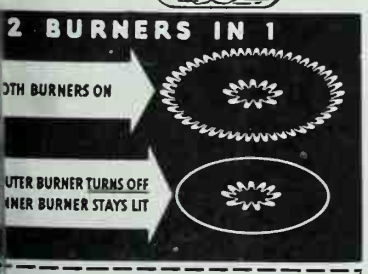
nd for your FREE copy of the book"Modern Methods of Top Burner king" right away. It is packed with rmation about makour cooking easier.

VE THE VITAMINS!



ook with a
ingle cup
water . . .

2 BURNERS IN 1



TER-WYMAN COMPANY LHJ-2
Vincennes Ave.
go 20, Ill.
ase send me the illustrated booklet, ern Methods of Top Burner Cooking."

State

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Orange Juice
Boiled Eggs
Toast—Margarine—Marmalade
Coffee—Milk
Sylvia—Oatmeal, Toast, Milk

Lunch

Open Deviled-Ham-and-Cheese Sandwich
Lettuce, Celery and Tomato Salad
Applesauce Gingerbread
Tea—Milk
Sylvia—Roast Beef, Chopped Cauliflower, Baby Spinach, Chocolate Pudding, Milk

Dinner

Cold Sliced Roast
Remainder Scalloped Potatoes with Cheese Added
Canned Green Peas Canned Corn
Sliced Bananas
Sugar Cookies (homemade)
Tea—Milk
Sylvia—Baby Cereal, Banana, Cooky, Milk

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Orange Juice
Griddlecakes—Margarine—Sirup
Coffee—Milk
Sylvia—Oatmeal, Prunes, Milk

Dinner

Tomato Juice
Roast-Beef Hash
Mashed Potatoes Canned Peas
Mashed Turnips
Stewed Pears
Sugar Cookies
Tea—Milk
Sylvia—Same

Supper

Tomato-Celery Aspic Salad
Toasted Cheese Sandwich
Stewed Prunes
Sugar Cookies
Tea—Milk
Sylvia—Vegetable-Beef Soup, Banana, Milk

MONDAY

Breakfast

Tomato Juice
Corn Flakes
Poached Eggs
Toast—Margarine—Marmalade
Coffee—Milk
Sylvia—Farina, Stewed Prunes, Milk

Lunch

Canned Vegetable Soup
Crackers—Raw Celery
Wheat Bread
Bananas
Tea—Milk
Sylvia—Roast Beef, Baby Spinach, Mashed Potato, Applesauce, Milk

Dinner

Stew from Remains of Roast
Wheat-Germ Muffins
Lettuce—Salad Dressing
Fruit Gelatin with Sliced Banana and Stewed Pears
Gingerbread
Tea—Milk
Sylvia—Vegetable Soup, Milk, Fruit Gelatin

(Continued on Page 176)

WITH THE CHILDREN

"I hate Fridays; that's the day the house gets cleaned good and you are so busy you are not such a good mother."

"The day we went to the zoo our teacher didn't act like she does in school. Fresh air is very good for her."

—KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR FOOD BILLS

with easy...safe...wonderful to use

NATIONAL Presto COOKERS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE
UL
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Now available in sets of 2 or 3, or in individual units.

6-quart "MEATMASTER"
For large portions of meat, chicken, fish, etc. Holds 5 pint-jars for canning.

4-quart "COOKMASTER"
(As illustrated) For the average family of four. Holds 3 pint-jars for canning.

3-quart "VEGEMASTER"
Ideal for the "all-alone" homemaker; yet, large enough for cooking foods in servings for 2 or 3 people.

These "Best-Kitchen-Helpers" Pay for Themselves at Least 10 to 20 Times Over in a Single Year



Hi-speed PRESTO Cooking reduces meat shrinkage as much as 25%. Less expensive cuts of meat are cooked to delicious tenderness in mere minutes. For example: (with cooking temperature reached) a 4 lb. rump or chuck roast in 35 minutes; ham shanks in 35 minutes; flank steak in 25 minutes, etc.



Imagine a tough old rooster becoming succulent in 35 minutes! That's PRESTO Cooking! And, PRESTO Cooking of all poultry adds to their eating enjoyment, and makes them safer for storage.



Inexpensive combination dishes, such as spaghetti and macaroni casseroles, stews, cheese and vegetables, prepared in a PRESTO COOKER are highly taste-tempting and nutritious.



PRESTO Cooked vegetables, ready to serve in a fraction of ordinary cooking time, retain more of their natural vitamins, minerals, food flavors and colors. Peas, asparagus or spinach cook in 1 to 2 minutes; broccoli or carrots in 2 to 3 minutes; sweet potatoes in 6 to 7 minutes, etc.



Soups supreme . . . even those made with "left-overs" . . . are ready to tempt lagging appetites in a "jiffy". Highly nutritious PRESTO Cooked soups are kind to your food budget.



PRESTO Cooking means economy in foods for baby. It works wonders in the preparation of cereals, puree of vegetables, fruits, custards, etc. A PRESTO COOKER too, is the safe, sure way of sterilizing baby bottles, nipples, and small utensils.



And, don't forget the economy that home canning makes possible . . . the processing of fresh foods at the height of the season for out-of-season enjoyment. The U. S. Dept. of Agriculture and other leading food authorities recommend pressure canning as the only safe method for processing non-acid foods, including vegetables, meat, fish and poultry.

Be sure to look for this name plate when you buy . . .

NATIONAL Presto COOKER

COPYRIGHT 1948 N.P.C. CO.

BACKED BY MORE THAN 33 YEARS of scientific research, thorough testing and ingenious pressure cooker manufacturing experience, more PRESTO COOKERS have been purchased by American homemakers than *all* other makes *combined.* Users everywhere are most enthusiastic in their praises of the ease, the safety and the performance of these remarkable utensils. One user tells another . . . that's one of the many reasons why more than 6 million homemakers have selected PRESTO COOKERS in preference to all other pressure cookers.

PRESTO Cooking saves up to 300 kitchen hours in a single year. Only PRESTO COOKERS have the 5-10-15 pound positive indicator-weight for canning and cooking . . . the easy-to-use HOMEC Seal . . . the combination anti-vacuum valve and over-pressure plug. And, only PRESTO COOKERS give you a complete 128-page Recipe Book with easy-to-follow illustrated instructions on pressure cooking and canning. PRESTO COOKERS are available wherever quality housewares are sold.

$20,950.00

GIVEN IN PRIZES!

1,054 PRIZES TO BE AWARDED AS FOLLOWS:

1st Prize $1,000.00 in Cash | 3rd Prize $500.00 in Cash
2nd Prize $750.00 In Cash | 4th Prize $250.00 In Cash
50 Additional Cash Prizes of $50.00 Each
1,000 Prizes of 1 "Companion" PRESTO COOKER Each

"My PRESTO COOKER helps me Save Money on my food bills because . . . . . "

Finish the above sentence in 25 additional words or less. One Thousand and Fifty-Four (1,054) prizes, with a total value of $20,950.00 will be paid for the best letters submitted, in the opinion of the judges. You can win one of the 54 CASH AWARDS or you can win one of the 1,000 "Companion" PRESTO COOKERS. No labels to send. No facsimiles. Here's all you do.

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES:

1. Finish this sentence in 25 additional words or less: *"My Presto Cooker helps me save money on my food bills because . . ."* Write your complete sentence on an official "Save Money On *Your* Food Bills" contest entry blank . . . These may be obtained wherever PRESTO COOKERS are sold.

2. Print plainly your name and address. MAIL to PRESTO, Box 201, EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN.

3. This contest is subject to all federal and state regulations. Any resident of the continental United States may compete, except employees of National Pressure Cooker Company, members of their advertising agencies, and their families.

4. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. Correctness of grammar, while desirable, is not important. Judges' decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of National Pressure Cooker Company.

5. ALL ENTRIES MUST BE POSTMARKED BEFORE MIDNIGHT, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1948. PRIZE WINNERS WILL BE NOTIFIED BY MAIL.

To help you be a winner in this contest, read in this advertisement, how PRESTO COOKERS pay for themselves 10 to 20 times over in a single year. See your PRESTO COOKER dealer. Have him tell you what wonders PRESTO COOKERS perform in the saving of food bills. Act now! Get your entry in as soon as possible!

NATIONAL PRESSURE COOKER CO., Eau Claire, Wis.

Now 3 Magic Dromedary Mixes!

Save 40% ON YOUR MOST DELICIOUS TREATS!

☆ And all so quick, wholesome, sure-fire perfect!



RICH DEVIL'S FOOD:
Rich, *yes!* A velvety, chocolaty dream-cake . . . with no fuss, no bother, *no failures!* AND a cool 40% CASH SAVING! 40% *less* than the same fine ingredients would cost you! *Try* magic Dromedary Devil's Food Mix. Just add water . . . bake . . . and dish up the finest chocolate cake that ever made a man say *a-a-ah!*



HOT SPICY GINGERBREAD:
Everybody *knows* no gingerbread compares with DROMEDARY. It has that tantalizing deliciousness that made this recipe so famous in Washington's day! *And so wholesome, so thrifty!* Package makes 8 big servings, less than 4¢ each! *Serve warm-m.* Use Dromedary Gingerbread Mix for cookies too. Over 50 from 1 pin-money package!



CRUSTY CORN MUFFINS:
Newest Dromedary Mix is a magic box of menu tricks! Makes *wonderful* muffins, finest you ever ate! *Delicious for dessert too!* Just fill muffins with jam before baking. Package makes 12 to 18. *And so easy!* 2 minutes from package to oven. 15 minutes to bake!

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Orange Juice
Fried Eggs
Toast—Margarine—Marmalade
Coffee—Milk
Sylvia—Farina, Stewed Prunes, Milk

Lunch

Vegetable Soup (remainder of Monday's)
Crackers
Whole-Wheat Bread—Margarine
Blackberry Jam
Raw Apples
Tea—Milk

Dinner

Sautéed Flounder Fillets—Lemon Slices
Mashed Potatoes Broccoli
Diced Turnips
Carrot, Celery and Raisin Salad
Lemon Pie
Tea—Milk
Sylvia—Same except for fish, and banana for dessert

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Grapefruit Juice
Boiled Eggs
Toast—Margarine—Marmalade
Coffee—Milk
Sylvia—Oatmeal, Stewed Prunes, Milk

Lunch

Chicken Noodle Soup
Remainder Carrot, Celery, Raisin Salad
Vanilla Pudding
Applesauce
Tea—Milk
Sylvia—Minced Broccoli, Mashed Turnip, Mashed Potato, Applesauce, Milk

Dinner

Creamed Fillet of Flounder
(leftovers from Tuesday)
Buttered Carrots Boiled Potatoes
Stewed Tomatoes
Lemon Pie (leftover from Tuesday)
Tea—Milk
Sylvia—Same except for vanilla pudding for dessert

You may have wondered how Mrs. Dickson could use up 5 pounds of sugar in a week. She bakes her cookies, of course, never buys them. But this week was her week to make marmalade. Periodically, as the supply runs low, she makes a batch. A pound jar of orange marmalade costs 25–30 cents. By making her own, she can get 6 glasses for 55 cents, or at a cost of 9 cents a glass—certainly an economy. And it's good marmalade too. We tried it.

DICKSON MARMALADE

Cut 1 orange, 1 lemon and 1 grapefruit into small pieces. Remove seeds. Put through food chopper. Measure fruit and juice. Add 3 times the quantity of water. Let stand 24 hours. Cook until rind is transparent, tender, and liquid has reduced somewhat. Remove from heat. Measure again. To each cup of liquid and fruit, allow 1 cup sugar. Mix all together well. Let stand 24 hours more in cool place. The next day, simmer over moderate heat until a small quantity thickens to the consistency you like when it is cool. Pour into hot sterilized glasses. Makes 6 glasses at a total cost of 55 cents.

At least once a week Mrs. Dickson makes wheat-germ muffins. She knows wheat germ to be a rich source of vitamins, minerals and protein, and this is a good way to use it. Have you ever tried it? Most chain groceries carry it in 1-pound and 2-pound packages.

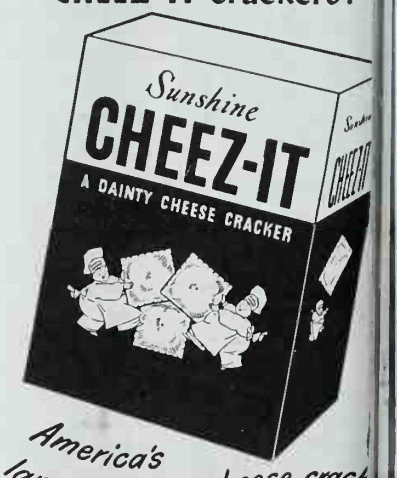
WHEAT-GERM MUFFINS

Mix 1 cup wheat germ, 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar and 2 teaspoons baking powder together. Work in 2 tablespoons shortening with a fork until mixture is crumbly. Add 1 cup milk all at once. Mix just enough to blend ingredients. Fill greased muffin pans ⅔ full with batter. Bake in hot oven, 400° F., 30 minutes. Makes 7 muffins. THE END

MAN GOING



for that distinctive tangy flavor of **CHEEZ-IT** crackers!



America's largest selling cheese cracker

A Quality Product of Sunshine Bisc

EXCELLO KITCHEN TOWELS with a Tradition

● Extra Abso Lin Extra "Th Lau F



VOSS WASHE and only VOSS h the ELECTRO S Pressure Extract

VOSS BROS. MFG. C DAVENPORT, IOWA

Time Tested Since 18

KNITTING YAR

for over 35 years WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE CARD Pre-war quality

WRITE DEPT E-1 CLIVEDEN YARNS 711 AR PHILA

ADD A GAY NOTE TO YOUR TABLE with "Hostesse"



● SANITARY P
● SAFE TO WASH AND

FEDERAL *Practical* HOUSEWARES

Smartly modern in design...comes in com ary colors, red and ivory. Molded of long-li that can be washed and scalded—*safely*— effect on material or color. A popular, prac

Mfd. by Federal Tool Corp., Chicago 12,

AT DEPARTMENT, HARDWARE, 5c to $1 S

Stop slavin' away!



Nix on *scrubbing* scorchy pans with a lazy, flimsy dishrag. Use a sturdy metal-fiber Brillo pad!

BRILLO
shines 'em fast!



Brillo has gumption! Whisks off cooked-on food and scorch in no time flat! Leaves pans *shining!* Use Brillo every day and see your pots and pans keep sparkling like new!

GREEN box—pads and cake soap
RED box—soap-filled pads



contains JEWELER'S POLISH!

Shines aluminum fast!

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Earn money quickly, easily, pleasantly showing Greeting Cards, Stationery, Wrappings. No experience needed. Up to 100% profit. Send today for Everyday assortment on approval. FREE personal Stationery Folder.
Thomas Terry Studios, 304 Union Ave., Westfield, Mass.

GRAVY MASTER
makes gravy rich brown-full-bodied
GET A BOTTLE—TRY IT—COMPARE

CAKES STAY FRESHER



WAXTEX
HEAVY WAXED PAPER

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

A PRODUCT OF MARATHON CORPORATION, MENASHA, WISCONSIN

HOW WE SAVE ON $71 A WEEK

(Continued from Page 162)

of the house. Later, we promise ourselves when that bank roll reaches one thousand, there will be a splurge for all!

Finally comes our "Routine" column—bus fares, cigarettes, phone calls. It's down to rock bottom—about $3 a week.

That's all there is to it.

We've acquired one brand-new typewriter (not all paid for), one bed with box springs, one typing desk, one crib, a high chair; a miscellaneous collection of pots, pans, cutlery; a set of dishes, curtains, an electric iron, some tools, a tricycle, a radio, a few books, and most wonderful of all (wife says) a brand-new electric washing machine and a new electric sewing machine (not all paid for).

We did it and we're continuing to do it because we wanted to build permanently for ourselves on our salary. We wanted to get out of that hand-to-mouth rut. We wanted to exercise that basic desire—to own, to possess. So we worked out our formula—planning, budgeting and loving co-operation.

There can be no complaints on either side, no grousing, no weeping. Husband and wife have each to try as hard as the other, have each to think twice about "that lovely spring hat," or "that favorite bottle of bourbon." Think twice and then think about something else—working on the plans for that new house, planning a trip for the summer after next.

There can be no sneaking a dollar here or there for "something special."

And above all there can be no arguments, or even thoughts of arguments about money. The money in this house doesn't matter. The things that we might have do not matter. The extra money which we might make "if" does not matter. There are no recriminations, no faultfinding.

We start out each week with $20 for housekeeping and 3 or 4 dollars for other expenses. The rest goes into the bank to be drawn upon by check when necessary. It's in the bank. It's forgotten.

And we've found out what a lot of fun there is at home. Fun playing with the children, reading them stories before bedtime. Fun doing our little chores around the apartment. Fun making out our accounts. Fun talking—talking about more things than we ever had time to talk about before. Fun to read. Fun rediscovering ourselves in a way that is impossible in the distraction of a night-after-night chase for "outside" entertainment.

Saving, as someone has said, is only deferred spending. We're going to spend that money, when we have enough to make a splash; but in the meantime, we have found, the only way to save is *not to spend!* Hold that dollar, brother!

Incidentally, according to figures given in this article, our grand total of spending, added to what we banked, is $1931. Our total income was $1846. Where did that other $85 come from?

Well—who cares? We told you that we are not accountants. But we're making progress anyway.

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Conquestion

By Dorothy B. Griswold

My mother once cautioned me never
to flirt,
No handkerchief could I let drop.
Which brings up a question quite
bold and impert:
I wonder just how she got pop?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A treat! A change for Lenten meals



STUFFED EGGS AU GRATIN

6 hard-cooked eggs
½ teaspoon dry mustard
1 tablespoon vinegar
2 tablespoons Wesson Oil
1 teaspoon anchovy paste
½ teaspoon salt

To make this different meatless dish, first peel eggs. Cut in half lengthwise; remove and mash yolks; add all other ingredients. Mix well. Fill whites with mixture. Place in shallow casserole brushed with Wesson Oil. Cover with sauce made as follows:

CHEESE SAUCE

3 tablespoons Wesson Oil
3 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
dash of pepper
½ teaspoon basil (if desired)
2 cups top milk
½ cup grated cheese

Heat Wesson Oil in a saucepan, blend in flour and add salt, pepper and basil. Gradually add milk and cook over low heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Wonderfully easy, too, because sunshiny Wesson Oil mixes so smoothly, blends so readily. Pour over eggs, sprinkle with cheese. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 25 minutes or until browned. Serves 6.

SPEAKING of Lent, try frying fish in pure, delicate Wesson Oil. You'll have juicy, flavory fish sealed in a tender, delicious crust. And *so* digestible! Wesson Oil is specially convenient for muffins, waffles and brownies. You don't have to "melt the shortening" or wait for Wesson Oil to cool. Simply *pour* to measure and mix in a jiffy! Use Wesson Oil...America's favorite salad oil...in your cooking and for your salads often!



TIP: Next time you broil tomatoes, dip the slices in Wesson Oil first. They'll brown more *evenly,* and have more flavor!

Wesson Oil FOR SALADS & COOKING



HOT POTATO SALAD

(Light, delicate Wesson Oil heightens the flavor of any salad)

6 medium-sized potatoes
½ cup finely chopped celery
3 or 4 sprigs finely chopped parsley
2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar
2 tablespoons cider vinegar
4 tablespoons Wesson Oil
1 slice lemon, ⅓ inch thick

Wash potatoes and cook in boiling salted water until soft. Cool, remove skins, and cut in very thin slices. Cover bottom of baking dish with potatoes, season with salt and pepper, sprinkle with celery and parsley. Mix together tarragon and cider vinegar, and Wesson Oil, and add lemon slice. Bring this mixture to boiling point, pour over potatoes, and let stand in oven until the salad is thoroughly warmed. Makes 6 servings. A hit-the-spot dish with a hearty, full-bodied flavor that's clear and zestful.



Bright Promise of Happiness

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THE FINEST STERLING

The permanence, the ever-improving beauty of fine solid silver, gives the promise of enduring happiness. That promise has been fulfilled for generations of brides who have chosen Reed & Barton Sterling. You, too, will really enjoy owning a lovely solid silver pattern by Reed & Barton.

HELPFUL HOSTESS HINTS: *For fascinating and valuable booklet, "How To Be A Successful Hostess", send 10 cents to Reed & Barton, Box 990, Department L, Taunton, Massachusetts.*

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Report to

New laundry lighteners are baby bibs which may be thrown away after spinach time. The bib, made of sturdy, absorbent paper, is slipped over Junior's little head, and an extra protective fold, designed for the purpose, tucked under his little chin. Boxes of 50, or packable flat travel kits of 12.



A great big convenience, reduced to the minimum in size—a miniature ball-point pen to carry on one's key chain. There's a colorful retractable cover to protect the point; the pen carries red, blue or green ink. Made for a full year of use in jotting down notes or making lists, though it is not refillable.



To the rescue of studio-couch squirmers, a ready-made wall cabinet that converts the couch into a sofa of comfortable sitting width, and provides storage space for bedding behind three slide-up panels. The unpainted-wood unit has a slight slant for comfort, is easily attached to the wall.



Hands may stay safely out of water, if they use this new Venetian-blind cleaning gadget. A dip of the rubber-sponge sections into soapy water, a squeeze of the handles to free excess, a slide along the slat, and it's clean, without any danger of soiling tapes, or dribbling water. May be used for waxing too.



Dream-come-true: a broiler grill, planned and priced to be thrown away after chops are cooked, with its companion roasting pan, which is easily cleaned by rinsing with hot water, and may be used several times before discarding. No scouring! This scrub-saving pair is made of aluminum-foil-lined asbestos.

Chronic key-forgetters should be interested in a new type of keyless lock, which allows the door to be opened only when the proper combination is punched out on its push-button dial. The lock, made of forged brass, fits standard 1¾" doors. Of course, it's important not to forget the combination!

the Housewife

BY JUDY BARRY

PHOTOS BY STUART



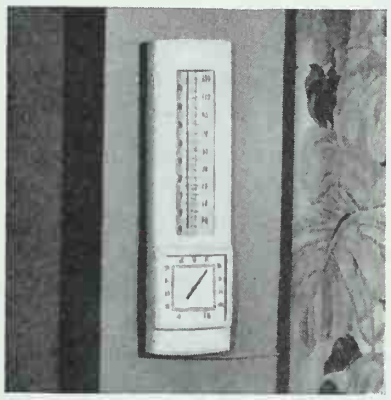
The lid of this capacious new aluminum saucepan locks on tightly, allowing liquid to be drained away completely (to be saved for soups and sauces of course!), with no need to hold the cover, and so no danger of burned fingers. The lid is plainly marked "Open," "Cook," "Drain"; a slight twist does the lock-up.



This new iron keeps a cool head, for comfort while working; a curved base fits around armholes or necklands conveniently; there's a button bevel all the way round, a rest bumper on each side. We especially liked the flexibility of the cord attachment—makes it easy to work with any point of the iron.

By now, pastel felt hats that were delectable in October are likely to look murky as a February sky. What to do? Knead a wad of the puttylike kind of wallpaper cleaner; stroke the felt with it lightly, and as the pliable cleaner picks up dust, fold the soiled portion inward. Results, very good!

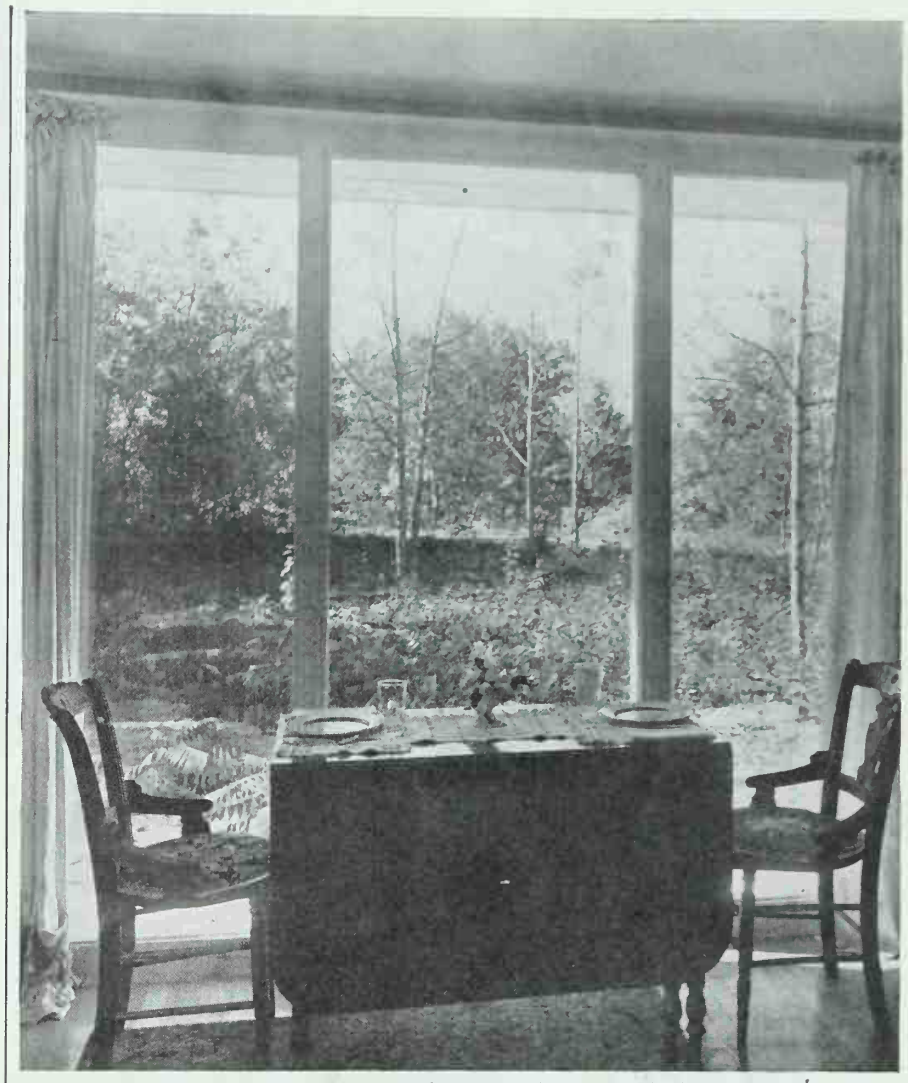
Further pickups for winter-weary hats: Put the curl back in snow-draggled ostrich feathers by gently drawing each separate frond, working from base to tip, between thumb and the back of a knife blade. Press veils between layers of wax paper with a warm iron to make them crisp and Lilly Dache again.



If you'd like to know how cold it is outdoors, and at the same time know, to an exact degree, how cozy it is in your living room, this double-feature thermometer is for you. It's hung in its plastic case adjacent to a window; the tube for outdoor readings is connected to an exposed bulb placed outside.



Something brand-new to dress up your kitchen: a set of four brilliantly colorful canisters of translucent plastic, topped with crystal-clear covers. Highly practical, too, since they're nonshatterable, soap and water keeps them sparkling, and it's easy to see at a glance if sugar is running low!



Architects: Ketchum, Gina & Sharp, New York

Open Up Your Home to Nature's Beauty

Bring in the view you like best... through GLASS. Enjoy your lawn or garden, woods or lake... in rooms kept warmer in winter, cooler in summer... with *Thermopane**.

This first complete transparent insulating unit makes Picture Windows... even window walls... practical in all climates. It reduces heat loss through glass, eliminates window drafts, cuts down condensation on glass, even keeps rooms quieter. With *Thermopane*, you don't need to put up, take down or store storm sash... *and* there are only two glass surfaces to wash.

Thermopane is made of two or more panes of glass with dry air between. The metal-to-glass *Bondermetic Seal* around the edges guards against dirt and moisture entering the insulating dry air space.

Your architect knows that *Thermopane* makes it practical to bring the outdoors inside... through glass. Over 60 standard sizes are available to meet the requirements of both small and large windows. For further information, write for our *Thermopane* book. Libbey·Owens·Ford Glass Company, 628 Nicholas Building, Toledo 3, Ohio.

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a Great Name in GLASS



Breakfast Magic

Put SUNSWEET Prunes in a dish and Presto! See what you get!

When it comes to breakfast you simply can't beat a dish of SUNSWEET Prunes...for downright good eating...and the downright good they do you. Here's real breakfast magic!

Rich in quick-energy fruit sugar. Rich in natural vitamins. Rich in natural minerals. And unequaled as an aid to regular habits.

Be sure they're SUNSWEET. For SUNSWEET Prunes are *sun-ripened for flavor..."Tenderized"* for extra tenderness and quick-cooking... hot-packed *in foil* to protect them from light, heat, dust, and air... packed and guaranteed by the *growers themselves.*

Surprisingly economical, too. SUNSWEET Prunes are one of your best buys in food. They cost less than *2½c per dish*...two good servings for a nickel!

Sunsweet TENDERIZED PRUNES

SUNSWEET "TENDERIZED" PRUNES, PEACHES, APRICOTS AND SUNSWEET (THE ORIGINAL) PRUNE JUICE—Packed by California Prune & Apricot Growers Association, San Jose, California

NEVER A DULL MEAL

By Emily Post

Mrs. Post, as charmingly conservative about food as she is about questions of etiquette, tells us that she keeps a "guests' preference book" in which she records dishes for which her friends have expressed a special liking. Here, also, are listed those foods to which any of her friends may be allergic. And Mrs. Post has one unbreakable rule when planning for guests: she never includes in her company menus a new and untried recipe.

THE following menus are those of a week's typical pattern in my own house. Monday's lunch alone with my assistant is a rarely broken introduction to the week's work. Monday dinner is also habitually a family dinner for four, in which the two men are especially considered in the menu. Tuesday, a lunch for eight is also typical, since on this day, almost without exception, I either go to or give a lunch party. Wednesday, three associates for lunch. Wednesday evening, a member of my own family comes to dinner. Thursday, a business-meeting dinner. I have found the dinner menu for that day to be invariably popular with men. Friday, lunch for two newspaper associates. Friday evening, two friends dine with me. Sunday night, two neighbors come for dinner. The other menus follow my general pattern.

★ ★ *Monday* ★ ★

LUNCH FOR TWO

Liver with Bacon
*Hashed-in-Cream Potatoes
Broiled Tomatoes
*Fresh-Bread Toast
Baked Apples
Coffee

DINNER FOR FOUR

*Black-Bean Soup
Roast Beef
Potatoes Baked in Pan
Spinach
Mixed-Greens Salad—*French Dressing
Fruit and Cheese
Black Coffee

Hashed-in-Cream Potatoes: Into the top of a double boiler place 1½ cups cold baked or boiled potatoes, diced, and 1½ cups white sauce made with cream. Mix well, cover and heat over boiling water for 20 minutes or more.

Fresh-Bread Toast: Slice fresh bread ½ inch thick and remove crusts. Toast both sides to a deep brown, the centers remaining soft. Spread liberally with butter or margarine, and serve at once.

Black-Bean Soup: Wash and pick over 2 cups black beans. Soak overnight in water to cover. Drain. Place the beans in a saucepan with a bouquet of herbs (a sprig of parsley, a sprig of thyme and 1 clove) and cover with 3 cups cold water. Brown lightly in 1 tablespoon butter or margarine 1 onion, sliced, and add to the beans with ¼ teaspoon celery salt or a stalk of celery, diced. Let boil slowly until the beans are tender, adding a little more water if necessary. When beans are soft, remove herb bouquet and pass beans through a purée sieve, reserving water in which they were cooked. Add to the bean purée and water 1 cup brown stock to make a soup the consistency of thin cream. Thicken with a *roux* made with 1 tablespoon butter or margarine and 1 tablespoon flour cooked together until brown and blended with ¼ cup stock. Cook soup and *roux* together five minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Add thin lemon slices and slices of hard-cooked egg.

French Dressing: Into a pint jar with a screw top place ½ cup salad oil, 3 tablespoons vinegar (2 of wine vinegar and 1 of tarragon), 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon marjoram and a few grains cayenne. Shake well, store in the refrigerator and shake before serving.

★ ★ *Tuesday* ★ ★

LUNCH FOR EIGHT

Clear Madrilene Soup with Lemon
*Fried Breasts of Chicken, Mushroom Sauce
Fried Hominy—String Beans
*Chocolate Ice Cream, Beaten Soft
Macaroons
After-Dinner Coffee

(Continued on Page 182)

. . . "how to give the Folks a 'Break' for Breakfast"

NOTHING LIKE a cheery start in the morning . . . and a good breakfast 'll do it every time . . .

Like, f'rinstance . . .

Piping hot pancakes . . . made extra tasty by adding two tablespoons of KARO* Syrup to your favorite batter . . . drenched with dee-licious, energizing KARO . . . or maybe a few special deluxe Cinnamon Buns so easy to make with KARO . . .

Well . . . what more do I hafta say? . . .

Excepting . . . perhaps . . . these are about as low in cost as any hearty breakfast a thrifty gal can fix.

THE KARO KID

*KARO is a registered trade-mark distinguishing this product of the Corn Products Refining Co., New York, N. Y. © C.P.R.Co., 1948



RICH CINNAMON BUNS

- ¾ cup KARO Syrup, *Blue Label*
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- ¼ cup brown sugar
- 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ½ cup shortening
- 1 cup milk

Place first three ingredients in a saucepan; bring to a boil over medium heat and boil 1 minute. Pour into 9-inch square cake pan. Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt; cut in shortening with pastry blender or two knives. Add milk to make soft dough. Turn out on floured board. Roll into rectangle ¼ inch thick. Spread with Raisin Nut Filling. Roll as for jelly roll. Cut into 1-inch slices and place cut side up in syrup. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 45 minutes. Let stand in pan about 2 minutes. Invert pan to remove buns. Makes 16 buns.

Raisin Nut Filling: Combine ¼ cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label and 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine; spread over surface of dough. Sprinkle with ¼ cup brown sugar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, ½ cup raisins and ½ cup chopped nutmeats.



meet

the cooking treat of the year!

It lights without matches!

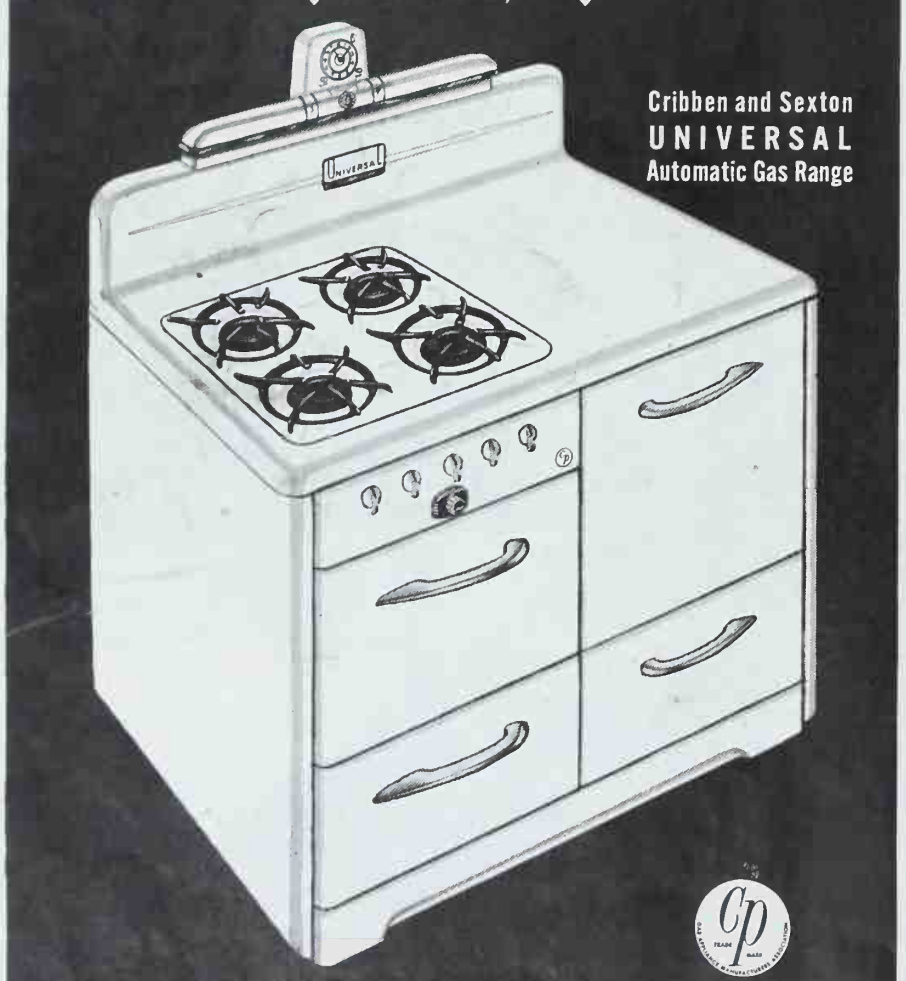
Instant high speed, dozens of heats! And remember this: *Nothing* else cooks as fast as Gas!

Broils without pre-heating!

Broiling as you want it, every degree from char-type to "done through." Only Gas has such flexibility!

Automatic... Clock-controlled!

Cooks complete oven meal by itself! And only Gas air-circulated ovens can bake and brown so evenly!



Only the new automatic Gas ranges give you so many cooking advantages—*inside and out!* What's more, they're faster, simpler, more economical to operate! This new Cribben and Sexton UNIVERSAL Gas range is just one of the many "makes" and models built to "CP" standards. Go to your local Gas Company or Gas appliance dealer's and choose one for your "New Freedom Gas Kitchen"*!

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION, 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

*Cert. Mark, Amer. Gas Assoc., Inc.

it's the new automatic **gas** *range!*

(Continued from Page 180)

SUPPER

Milk Toast
*Compote of Three Fruits
Coffee

Fried Breast of Chicken: Remove skin from breasts of roasting chickens, cut into serving-size pieces and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dip in beaten egg diluted with a little water and roll in fine white-bread crumbs. Place in a frying pan with a little fat, add 1 onion, sliced, for each whole breast, a stalk or two of celery, diced, and several dashes of gravy flavoring. Cover tightly and cook until the chicken is tender—about half an hour. Remove chicken and keep hot. Strain the fat in the pan, return to pan, and add 4 teaspoons flour to make a sauce, adding 1 cup chicken stock and 1 cup light cream. Pour over the chicken, and garnish with sautéed mushroom caps.

Ice Cream Beaten Soft: If ice cream is frozen hard, place in a bowl about fifteen minutes before serving time and let it stand at room temperature. Just before serving stir quickly to the consistency of mashed potatoes, adding 1 teaspoon almond or any flavoring you like.

Compote of Three Fruits: In my refrigerator I always have Mason jars filled with assorted stewed or canned fruits. I like to choose three different fruits for a compote.

★ ★ *Wednesday* ★ ★

LUNCH FOR FOUR

*Swedish Meat Balls with Mushroom Sauce
French Fried Potatoes
Stewed Celery
French or Italian Bread
Compote of Three Fruits
Cheesecake
Black Coffee

DINNER FOR TWO

*Reheated Slices of Beef From Monday's Dinner
*Hashed Browned Potatoes
Purée of Carrots
Hearts of Lettuce with Roquefort Dressing
Brown Betty
Coffee

Swedish Meat Balls with Mushroom Sauce: Have the butcher grind together 1 pound lean beef, ¼ pound veal, ¼ pound pork and 1 slice bacon. Beat together 2 eggs and ½ cup light cream, add ½ cup bread crumbs and let stand half an hour. Chop 1 onion very fine and add to the mixture. Add the meat, salt and pepper to taste, and mix very thoroughly. Roll into small balls—1–1¼ inches in diameter. Brown lightly in a heavy skillet with a closely fitting cover. They will make their own fat. Remove the balls from the pan, leaving the fat in the pan. Blend 1 tablespoon flour into the fat, add ¼ pound mushrooms, sliced, and 1½ cups light cream. Reseason. Add the meat balls, cover and simmer for half an hour. This recipe will make about 40 small meat balls. They may be reheated the next day.

Reheated Slices of Beef: Cut ½-inch-thick slices of cold roast beef and place in a heavy frying pan in which 1 tablespoon butter or margarine has been melted and heated with ½ cup meat stock, salt and pepper to taste and a dash of gravy seasoning. Turn the slices and cook only just long enough to heat them. Serve quickly on hot plates with the hot liquid in the pan poured over them.

Hashed Browned Potatoes: Allow 1½ medium-size cold boiled potatoes per person. Chop into small pieces. Sauté in butter, margarine or bacon fat in an uncovered frying pan over low heat. Keep the potatoes moving and turning while they brown on all sides. This should take about half an hour.

★ ★ *Thursday* ★ ★

LUNCH FOR ONE

Tomato Surprise
*Spinach Omelet with Cheese
Apple Pie
Coffee

DINNER

*Turtle-and-Pea Soup
Roast Loin of Pork
Fried Apple Rings
Mashed Potatoes
Cream Puffs with Chocolate Sauce
Black Coffee

Spinach Omelet with Cheese: A little chopped cooked spinach is mixed with the omelet before it is put into the pan to cook. More spinach and 1 heaping tablespoon grated Parmesan cheese are spread on the omelet before folding. Serve with spinach around the omelet and sprinkle liberally with grated Parmesan.

Turtle-and-Pea Soup: Heat together 2 cans green-pea soup and a 2-pound can clear green-turtle soup. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Serves six.

★ ★ *Friday* ★ ★

LUNCH FOR THREE

*Creamed Finnan Haddie with Hard-Cooked Eggs and
Sliced Boiled Potatoes
Vegetable Salad
Melba Toast
Compote of Three Fruits
Spongecake
Coffee

SUPPER FOR THREE

Appetizer
*Cheese Soufflé
Boiled Halibut with Egg Sauce
Boiled Potatoes
*Scalloped Eggplant with Tomatoes
Compote of Three Fruits
Coffee

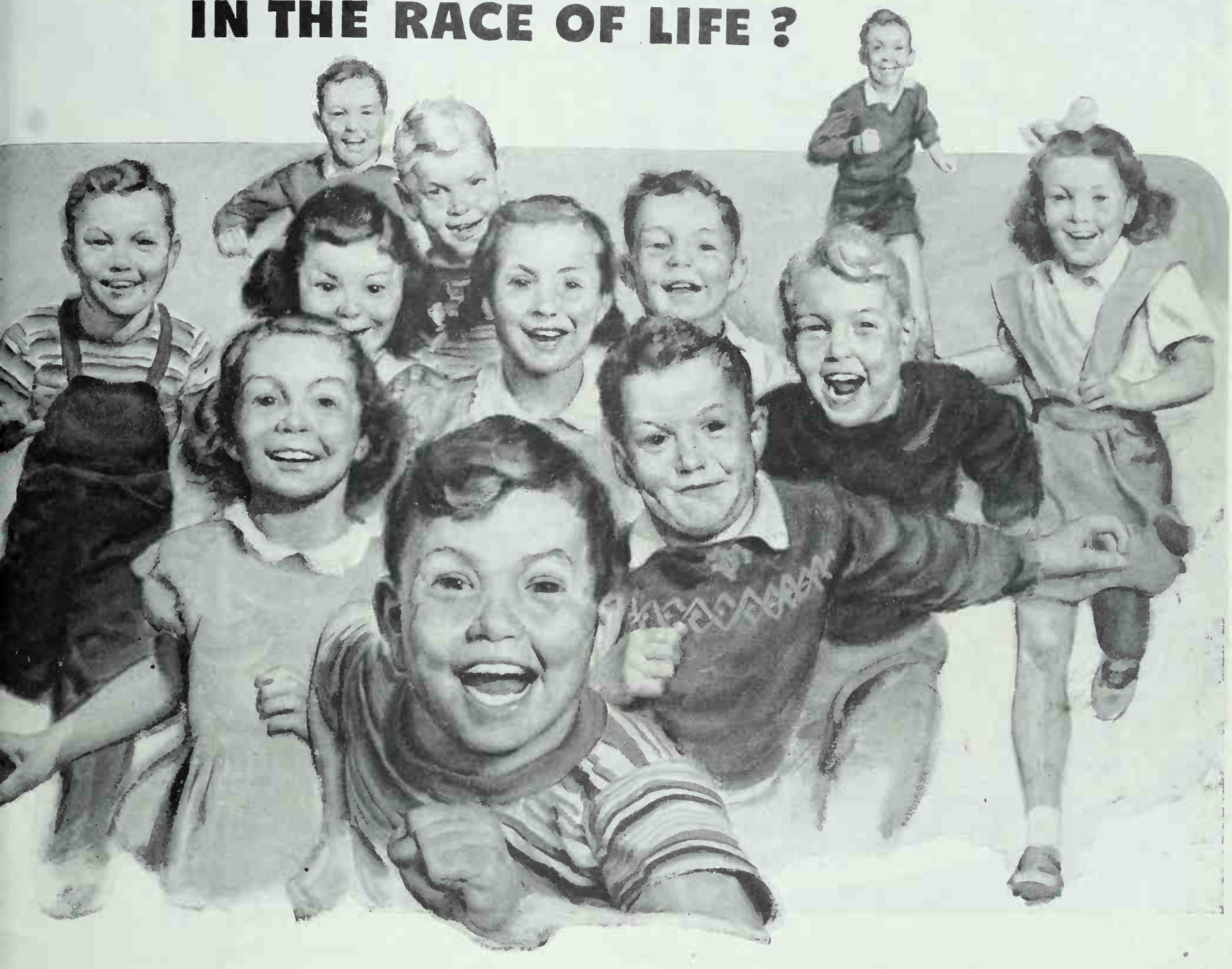
Creamed Finnan Haddie with Eggs and Potatoes: Soak 2 pounds finnan haddie in cold water for an hour. Drain. Place in a pan and cover with half milk and half water, bring to a boil, and simmer gently 20 minutes. Pour off the liquid. Flake the fish, removing any bones and bits of fat or skin. Add it, with 2 medium-size boiled potatoes, sliced, 4 hard-cooked eggs, sliced, to 2 cups hot white sauce. Season with pepper and with salt if needed. Heat and serve on toast.

Cheese Soufflé: Melt 3 tablespoons butter or margarine in double boiler, add 2 tablespoons flour, blend well, then add 1 cup milk. Stir and cook until thick. Add 1½ cups grated American cheese and stir gently until the cheese is melted. Then add the well-beaten yolks of 4 eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and a dash of cayenne. Allow to cool. Then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Turn into a greased baking dish, set the dish in a pan of water and bake one hour at 325°–350° F.

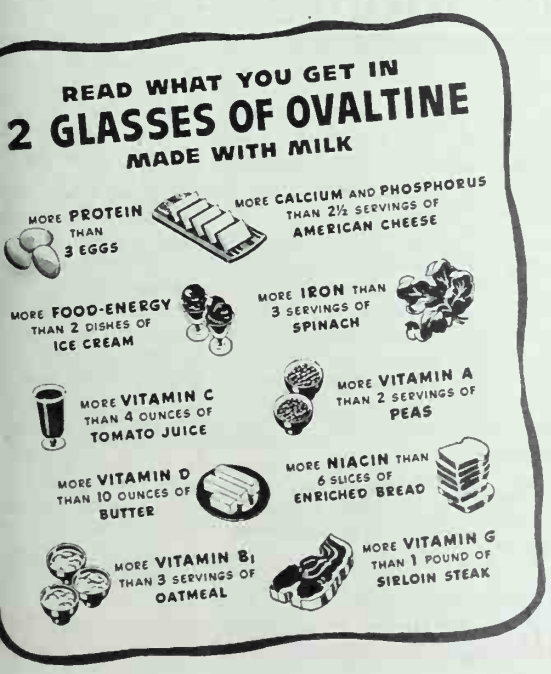
(Continued on Page 185)

Will your child fall behind

IN THE RACE OF LIFE ?



Here's one thing you can do for him every day — to give him a good healthy start !



As you prepare your child for life, your thoughts, of course, turn first to health—to keep him robust and strong. And so it is well to remember, if a child becomes thin and nervous, frail or under par, the most common *correctable* cause is faulty nutrition. And this cause is one which you, the mother, can do something about.

That's why, in situations like this, many mothers turn to Ovaltine. Because Ovaltine contains a very wide variety and scope of food elements, both common and rare—particularly those elements that are most apt to be lacking.

For Ovaltine is a rich supplementary food that fills in the gaps, the chinks, and the loopholes of an otherwise "good" diet. It contains, for example, the important vitamins A, B_1, C, D, G, Niacin, the valuable minerals Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus, besides high-quality proteins and quick-energy foods.

And when you give two to three glasses of Ovaltine a day, plus normal meals, you can be certain that you have done just about everything *you* can do to improve nutrition.

A New Flavor

The postwar freeing of many materials has enabled us to produce an improved, sweet, chocolate flavored Ovaltine which children *really like*—an important consideration in getting children to take the nourishment they need.

So why not give your child Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine every day for 30 or 60 days and carefully note the results. When you consider all the food values which Ovaltine supplies, the price is economical.

OVALTINE

SWEET CHOCOLATE FLAVORED AND PLAIN



Men go for this country-corn flavor—

sure as our name's Del Monte



Del Monte

CORN

the brand that always puts flavor first

Piping hot and steamy—that's the way they like it. Every plump golden kernel fair to bursting with sweet corn flavor.

We specialize in corn like that and call it Del Monte Vacuum Packed Whole Kernel Corn. Delicate, extra thin-skinned kernels . . . cut from the cob at their golden promise of full sweet flavor.

What's more, you'll also enjoy Del Monte Brand Golden Cream Style Corn. Yes, that cream style is something to try—smooth, creamy, with plenty of tender-skinned kernels to round out the good eating.

For corn that's corn, sweet and good—look for the brand that puts flavor first—Del Monte.

CORNPATCH SUPPER PLATTER

Open **2 cans Del Monte Golden Whole Kernel** Fry until brown **1 lb. bulk sausage meat**, stirring fork to separate bits of meat. Drain. In 4 to 6 of the drippings, sauté till tender **½ cup each: cut celery, minced onion, chopped green pepper.** cooked meat, **½ to 1 tsp. chili powder, 1 can Del Tomato Sauce,** ½ cup of the corn, salt to taste. thoroughly; spread between Corn-meal Pancakes. with a tomato-cheese sauce if desired, and the r the corn, heated and seasoned.

CORN-MEAL PANCAKES

½ cup yellow corn meal
½ tsp. each, salt and sugar
1 tbsp. drippings
½ cup boiling water
1 egg, beaten
¼ cup milk
¼ cup sifted flour
1 tsp. baking powder

Combine corn meal, salt, sugar and drippings. A boiling water gradually. Add combined beate and milk. With a few strokes, stir in flour and b powder, sifted together. Bake on ungreased or l greased griddle. Makes 4 to 5 very large pan

(Continued from Page 182)

oped Eggplant with Tomatoes: an eggplant. Cut ¼-inch-thick slices, le each slice with salt and press under a t for 20 minutes. Dry between towels. n lightly in butter, margarine or salad Grease a shallow covered casserole. a layer of thinly sliced onions in the n, cover with the eggplant slices, then layer of sliced tomatoes, sprinkling ayer with salt and pepper, and dotting utter or margarine. Cover and cook ur in a 350° F. oven. A quarter cup ed green pepper may be added to the . This dish is good hot, or served cold appetizer.

★ Saturday ★ ★

LUNCH

Chicken with Noodles and Curry
*Glazed Onions—Celery
Compote of Three Fruits
Coffee

SUPPER FOR ONE

anned Chicken-Noodle Soup and
Boiled Rice, Mixed
Chocolate Rennet
Coffee

ken with Noodles and Curry: Ar- boiled buttered noodles in a heat- glass pie plate to form a ring. Brown oven. Fill the center of the ring with of cold cooked chicken. Make a curry with 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, espoon flour, ½ cup cream, ½ cup n stock, ½ teaspoon curry powder, and nd pepper to taste. Pour the hot sauce he chicken just before serving.

ed Onions: Peel about 1¼ pounds white s, prick each through the center two ee times, and simmer them 15 minutes ups beef stock seasoned to taste with salt and pepper. Remove the onions to a skillet containing 3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine and brown lightly, turning the onions gently so as not to break them. Sprinkle with a little brown sugar and add 2 tablespoons of the meat-and-onion stock. Simmer 10 minutes, adding brown sugar and stock three or four times, using in all 7 to 8 tablespoons stock and 2 tablespoons sugar. Place the pan in a moderately slow oven—325° F.—and at the end of 5 minutes, baste with the stock in the pan. Turn the oven to 500° F. and cook 5 more minutes.

★ ★ Sunday ★ ★

LUNCH

Corned-Beef Hash—Poached Eggs
Carrots
Raw Spinach Leaves with a Rather Oily French Dressing, and
Finely Chopped Crisp Bacon
Coffee

SUPPER FOR THREE

*Risotto
Frenched Lamb Chops
Tomato-and-Water-Cress Salad
Coffee

Risotto: Have ready 5 cups hot stock (chicken or beef). Cook 2 onions, chopped, and 1 leek, chopped, in ½ cup butter, margarine or other fat until light brown. Add 1 cup raw rice. When the rice has absorbed the fat, add 1 cup of the stock. Cook over moderate heat, stirring occasionally, and add more stock from time to time. Try to keep the rice moist, but do not have much liquid, and avoid burning. After 45 minutes, all the stock should be used and the rice should be moist and tender. Add salt and pepper to taste, stir, and then add 3 heaping tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese. Stir and serve with additional grated cheese to be added at the table.

MARIA, THE TEMPERAMENTAL OUIJA

(Continued from Page 68)

uess my voice sounded so scared the or was convinced. She let me through ut question. When the desk sergeant red, I asked for Tom Reynolds, the Again I repeated the story. Chief lds described his reactions in a few nosen four-letter words and promised uld be over immediately.

er I placed the receiver back, I called from the shop, much to her annoy- and went back to unter. Frank had d his six feet two over it and was talk- nestly to the woman. ave you gotten the " I asked, a shade ightly.

here's not much to Frank told me, his brown face serious. says the mill's going to be burned down t and we'd better take the camera out can get some good pictures."

ow that's very kind of you, Mrs.——" ealy." The woman turned dark eyes on Mrs. Amanda Mealy."

was an odd-looking little woman, not five feet and very frail looking. Her as sweet too—not what I imagined a g would look like.

ell, I surely am glad you came in, Mrs. ," Frank said in a loud voice. Then the corner of his mouth to me, "What eynolds say?"

old on to her and he'll be right over," I ered back.

e woman seemingly had not noticed. st thought, since you folks like to get es of things like that, you'd be in- ed."

ut how do you know it will burn down?" d.

friend told me." She was vague. hat's all she'll say," Frank told me. , Mrs. Mealy, why don't we go back to my desk over there so you can tell me some more about this?"

"That's all I know," she said suspiciously. "I've got to be getting home."

"But I want to know some more about you. You must be new here, since we haven't met before, and Laura and I always like to meet our friends."

You'd have thought he was Van Johnson or somebody, he was so charming.

She smiled. "Well, I guess I'm not in such a big hurry. You folks are just real nice to me."

We put her in my chair, which is the only one with a cushion in it. Then Frank and I sat down, one on either side of her.

"You know we just love to know about new people in town," I was telling her. "Now I'll just get your name and address and where you came from and what you do down, so we can put a little item in the paper."

She just beamed.

Chief Reynolds dashed into the office. Frank met him and made a short explanation. There were friendly introductions all around. Another chair was added to the circle and the chief sat down and wiped his red face with his handkerchief.

The wireman came by and laid the new papers on our desks. Not a soul made a move to get one.

"My goodness," Mrs. Mealy said proudly, "I always wanted to have my name in the paper, but I never suspected it would be as easy as all this."

Her name I already had in my notebook. Painstakingly all three of us put down that she lived at 420 Oak Street, that she was sixty-eight and had been a widow ten years, and that she had recently moved to our town from Tulsa. She still had a married

(Continued on Page 187)

Women are strange and incomprehensible, a device invented by Providence to keep the wit of man well sharpened by constant employment. —ARNOLD BENNETT.

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shows you how to serve TEMPTING, THRIFTY main-dish meals



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(Serves 6)

Grapefruit Juice Cocktail
Spaghetti with Meat Souce
Tassed Green Solod
Pineapple Upside Down Gelotin
Caffee ar Tea

SPAGHETTI WITH MEAT SAUCE

1 lb. pockoge spaghetti, cooked
½ lb. graund beef
2 cups thinly sliced anions
1 green pepper thinly sliced
1½ cups water
2 bauillon cubes
1 cup thick tamota souce
1 tsp. Worcestershire souce
1 tsp. solt
Dosh of pepper
1 tsp. vinegor
½ cup groted cheese

Seoson meot with solt and pepper and fry lightly in hot skillet. Remove meot, leoving fat from meot in pon. Add anions ond green pepper; cover and caok 5 minutes. Add meot, woter, bauillon cubes, tomota souce ond seosonings. Simmer gently 10 minutes. Pour aver spaghetti. Serve with cheese.

*Menu and recipe tested and priced by A&P Test Kitchen. *Costs based on average prices in A&P Super Markets at time of going to press.*

A&P TESTED

(Continued from Page 185)

ter living there, she said. She had
a schoolteacher, but had been forced
re by bad health. She had a small in-
left her by her husband.
ally she stood up. "Really, you've all
o nice and friendly."
was nothing," I said politely.
don't know many people here yet."
xcept the one who told you about the
Frank suggested.
n, yes. Yes, of course, but then she
doesn't count as a person. But I do
you would all come and see me." She
tiful, she wanted us so badly.
ef Reynolds cleared his throat and
his 225 pounds from the chair. "Me
ne of the boys is going out your way
police car. I reckon I could take you
"
oked quickly out the plate-glass win-
of the office to the black police car
d in front. A plump man in plain clothes
ere. I could imagine where he would
the night.
n, we'll both come out and see you just
n as we can," Frank and I promised
ally.
will be very happy to let you know
lots of things. Now I think I'd better
me."
nehow I couldn't keep my mind on the
is disasters in the newspaper after
Mealy. I noticed Frank was fidgety
sat and watched him a moment. He
prawled out in his chair and was appar-
reading the sports page, most of which
d written. He looked more like an
e himself than a sports writer. Now,
h, he seemed suddenly stopped by the
n the big story of the day. He looked
or five minutes straight.
ally he looked up at me and grinned.
ngs like that sorta give you the creeps."
odded.
ou know, it's just a hunch. I know
be watched and all that, but I'm going
d the camera and take it home with me
nt."

N I left the office at five, the sky in
northwest was black. More rain, I
ht to myself gloomily, and hoped it
dn't start before I got home from the
ing I was attending that night. To make
I took my umbrella and raincoat, but
I finally reached the apartment at
y eleven, the sky was threatening and
s of lightning ran races around the
on to the north and west. The atmos-
was still dry, however. I put down all
indows and went to bed.
woke up suddenly. The room was il-
ated by unearthly green flashes and
was coming down in torrents. Thunder
led and ranted angrily over the town.
a sharp flash rattled across the sky,
ed by an ear-splitting crack of thun-
der. A few moments later I heard the fire siren shrill its message out over the city. A fire engine went out, then another. More could be heard coming from the other fire station across the town.

Curious, I got up and peered out the east window. The tall tower of the mill that could be seen silhouetted against the sky was now lighted by darting orange tongues. The air was filled with the moan of fire sirens still. I was suddenly very glad Frank had the camera.

I OVERSLEPT the next morning and was late to work. The two other reporters and the boss were busy typing and gabbing when I got there.

I slipped into my chair. "How bad was the fire?" I questioned.

"It burned down," Frank said tonelessly.

The boss took his pipe out of his mouth. "Say, Laura, has Frank been stringing me about this dame telling you about the fire yesterday afternoon?"

"No, it's true. Ask Chief Reynolds."

"Well, I'll be darned," the boss observed pleasantly. "Frank, have you checked with Reynolds yet this morning?"

"Yeah. They had her covered all night. She didn't go out of the house, didn't call anybody and no one came to see her. No, it was the lightning. Not a soul in the world was responsible for that fire."

"Thanks to her, though, you got some swell shots, friend." The boss put his pipe back in his mouth and thought hard. He pulled the tip of his mustache, a thing he should never do, since it's already too small for his round baby-pink face. "Laura, you aren't too busy today, are you?" he questioned persuasively.

"I've got a missionary section and this wedding so far."

"You don't have much space anyhow. How'd you like to get off society today?" He knew I'd been aching to try my hand at something else.

"What is it?"

"This Mealy woman. She liked you pretty well, didn't she?"

"Almost painfully so. She practically adored all of us, including Chief Reynolds."

"Boy, this sure has got the chief guessing." Frank grinned. "He's ready to swear she's a witch."

"Get a statement from him on it," the boss ordered crisply. "You, Laura, make her your bosom pal. Find out who or what her mysterious friend is. Get her to tell you all the other things that're going to happen. Frank will come out later this morning and take a picture of her."

"You mean I'm to spend the morning there by myself?" I asked sharply. "Nothing doing."

He looked thoughtful. "Listen, Laura. We know she didn't have anything to do with it. Besides, Tom Reynolds has a man



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Chateau Cheese Chops!



Chateau Cheese Chops!

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4 tablespaans butter, softened
2 teaspaans prepared mustard
1 teaspaan salt
¼ teaspaon pepper
1 tablespaan finely chapped parsley ar chives
2 eggs, beaten
1⅔ cups cracker crumbs (abaut 20 crackers) ar 1 cup fine dry bread crumbs

Combine all ingredients—making sure your cheese is Borden's Chateau. (You see, other cheese foods don't give you Chateau's own zesty Cheddar cheese flavor.) *Shape mixture to look like meat chops.* Pan-fry over low heat till lightly browned on both sides. Serve with horse-radish sauce or Creole sauce. (Makes 6 chops.)

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THE BOX WITH THE BOW ON TOP

out there all the time. Get her outside. Take her sight-seeing in a bus or something. You'll have that cop breathing down your neck."

I relaxed a little. Policemen have always inspired confidence in me.

The boss took me out there in his car. Mrs. Mealy lived in a pretty little white bungalow with a green roof, and shutters at the windows. A wide lawn dotted with flowering shrubs and great old trees, green with spring, added to its charm.

The boss followed me up the path and waited while I rang the doorbell. "I don't see that cop," he muttered impatiently.

I was on the verge of telling him that good cops are never obvious, when Mrs. Mealy came to the door. Her black dress looked shabby, but a bright apron helped quite a bit.

She welcomed us pleasantly. "Come right in, Miss Hastings. And you're the editor. My goodness, I am honored to have such people come here. Won't you join Mr. Johnson and myself for a cup of coffee? I do just love coffee."

We were led into the living room. A small table had been placed before the fireplace and the chairs and sofa were placed around it. In one chair was the policeman, happily consuming a fragrant cup of the beverage. He looked very guilty when he saw the boss.

THE boss eyed him grimly. "Hello, George. Does the chief know you're here?"

"Of course he knows he's here," Mrs. Mealy replied. "He put him here, didn't he? He's been here since Miss Hastings and that nice young man at the office called the police yesterday afternoon. They all thought I was going to burn it down."

I sat down and watched with satisfaction while the boss tried to explain that we just weren't taking any chances, and of course no one thought that about her now. His pink skin turned scarlet in his anxiety. At last he said he was very busy and left hurriedly.

Mrs. Mealy came back from the door and sat down. "Really," she commented, "he shouldn't lie like that. When a person knows something, she knows it."

She poured me a cup of coffee and filled it to the brim with heavy cream. Then she added a piece of caramel-crusted coffeecake to the plate.

"How did you know I liked my coffee like that?" I asked her curiously.

She smiled. "Maria told me. Maria's my friend. She's going to be your friend too. She told me so."

I nearly choked on my coffee.

The policeman called George eyed me with sympathy. "Maria told her how I liked my coffee too. She ain't going to be my friend though. I don't appeal to her."

"Mrs. Mealy, who is Maria?" I asked.

She paused a moment. "Is that the first question of the interview Maria said you were going to write?"

I gulped. "You could call it that."

"Maria is my dearest friend, so please don't laugh. Maria is my control when I use my ouija board."

I set my cup down. I suddenly didn't feel as if I could hold anything. The hair on the back of my neck crawled.

"You—you mean a ouija board told you about the fire?"

Mrs. Mealy smiled serenely. "Yes, she tells me lots of things that way. Sometimes I don't even know what she's talking about at the time. She talks about people I don't even know, you see."

"I used to have one of those things, but I always thought we unconsciously pushed it ourselves. And it said such silly things."

"That's because you asked silly questions. They don't like to be teased." She paused, then asked, "Didn't you have more trouble playing with some people than with others, my dear?"

"Yes, I noticed that. Sometimes it wouldn't do anything."

"Did you ever try it by youself?"

"I thought you had to have two people."

"No, I do it by myself all the time."

"Don't you take no money or we'll haul you in," George warned.

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"Take money for what Maria says, like a common fortuneteller? I wouldn't think of such a thing. Maria's my friend. I just use her advice to help other friends sometimes. Like I'm helping Miss Hastings here."

"I'm going outside and look official," George announced. "If this friend treats you bad, Miss Hastings, you just holler and I'll be here quicker'n scat."

"Maria never hurts anyone," Mrs. Mealy told him with dignity. "However, since you're leaving I'll introduce her to Miss Hastings. Maria doesn't like to come when there are unsympathetic people around."

I suppose you've seen ouija boards. The one Mrs. Mealy brought from the closet was one of those fancy kinds, made like a tray and painted in rich blues and greens, picturing imaginary spirits and mysterious hands. The indicator was large and heart-shaped with heavy felt padding on the legs.

"Is this your first board?" I asked.

"Oh, dear me, no. I met Maria when I got my first one shortly after my husband died. It was just a cheap piece of wood, and Maria and I wore it out in such a short time. She told me to get this kind then; so I did. This is my third one of these."

"But has Maria been with you all the time, no matter what board you had?"

"Yes. Maria's my control, you see. Everyone has his own control and Maria is mine. I had an awful time contacting her at first. I would sit with my hands on the board for fifteen or twenty minutes. Now, though, she comes right away. Maria was a little Mexican girl and lived in a village called San Dimas. She died many years ago. She was only nine years old."

In moments of crisis my nerves act in the most extraordinary way. When utter disaster seems imminent, my whole being is instantaneously braced to avoid it; I size up the situation in a flash, set my teeth, contract my muscles, take a firm grip of myself, and, without a tremor, always do the wrong thing.
—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

My skin crawled and my hand shook so hard I could hardly get her statements into my notes. I have never been overly superstitious, but I was willing to go home.

Then Mrs. Mealy stood up. "I'll fix the chairs so you can play with me."

I have done a lot of things since I joined the Herald staff, but never anything more reluctantly than sitting down facing Mrs. Mealy and putting my shaking fingers on the indicator.

Immediately the thing began moving so fast my hands were thrown off. Mrs. Mealy paid no attention, but watched the indicator.

"What does it say?" I asked anxiously.

"She says for you to be kind to her in your paper and she'll do nice things for you."

"Such as ——"

"She says to tell you Marguerite Flanders is eloping tonight. Do you know anybody by that name?"

Did I! Marguerite Flanders was the only granddaughter of the town's richest man. Old Zeb Flanders had his heart set on her marrying into high society back East.

"Who's she marrying?" I asked suspiciously.

The question was repeated. The indicator moved again. "Somebody named Henry. Maria says he's a sailor."

I thought over the statement and decided Maria and her mistress were both crazy. A thing like that couldn't happen.

The indicator was moving again.

"Maria says you don't believe her, but you go find out."

After a few more responses, most of which were exceedingly dull, Mrs. Mealy put up the board. The rest of the morning I looked at her quilts, her crocheting, her old china and photographs of her family.

At noon, after Mrs. Mealy had had her picture taken with all that was visible of

(Continued on Page 191)

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(Continued from Page 189)

aria, I went down to write the feature. I cided to take a chance and hunt up Mar- erite Flanders. Maria had been right on fire; it might pay to check.

I found Marguerite at the beauty parlor. hear you're going to elope tonight with nry," I remarked casually.

She turned a pale green. "Where did you r that?"

"A Mexican girl who's been dead forty rs told me," I replied.

She didn't believe me. She threatened to come quite nasty about it, but I held the ip hand. I finally promised to hold the ry a day if she would get the pictures and details to me.

went home and tried to sleep awhile after paper came out. I kept dreaming about a ja board eloping with a sailor in a mill t was burning down, so I got up and went vn to the corner drugstore for a soda.

The proprietor came over to me and sat vn. "You know," he said, puzzled, "I n't know why, but I've sold about six ja boards this evening. I wonder why the h on them."

suggested the reason was in the paper I returned home.

After that one feature, I was officially semaid to the control. Frank was No. 1 stant, since I couldn't handle all that society too.

The response on the feature was over- elming. The boss had warned us to ex- t letters telling us Maria was dangerous that Mrs. Mealy should be in jail. We those. We got lots saying she was a witch should be strictly ignored since burning he stake was no longer permissible. But stly we got questions for Maria to answer. The funny thing was that everybody med to consider the control an individual. oticed that even I was doing it. Like arlie McCarthy, overnight Maria be- e a personality that far outshone that of mistress.

E boss started a little column for her, Maria Makes Talk," named by the control self. Frank and I took turns writing ria's suggestions and answers. Some of answers turned out to be woefully wrong. en, when Mrs. Mealy scolded the thing, sulked and wrote over and over, "Maria d, Maria mad, Maria mad."

Maria was also very strict on moral issues, act that pleased her mistress a great deal made our work more difficult. For in- nce, she simply refused to answer some stions and was never backward about telling why. Some of the things she said would have brought libel suits by the score on the paper had we printed them. Unfortunately, she was always right on these accusations, as far as we could check.

The column was a success from the first, but it took a lot of our time. The telephone strike was off by then, you remember, and we were swamped with calls. And still the letters rolled in for Mrs. Mealy and Maria. Circulation was booming, so the boss hired a girl to write Mrs. Mealy's column. Maria didn't approve of her, though, so we had to fire her.

WHERE Mrs. Mealy had once been lonesome, she was now besieged with callers. George, who had been posted originally to keep Mrs. Mealy from harming the people, now stayed there to keep the people from harming Mrs. Mealy—and, what was more important, Maria.

Maria said she didn't like the publicity, but her mistress was wonderfully pleased. I suppose that's why Maria kept on with it. The Mexican spirit continued to give us tips that developed into top-notch stories, though sometimes she was exceedingly disagreeable about it.

All this took place within a month after the fire. It was summer then and the state primaries were two months away when Mayor Hackman decided to run for governor. Besides being mayor, he was president of the town's only bank, but he had political aspirations. I think he had his eye on the White House.

I never liked the man. He was a pompous little fat creature and he croaked like a frog when he talked. Then, too, he rubbed his hands together too often. I have never trusted anybody who does that since I saw Uriah Heep in the movies. Luckily he was a bachelor and I did not have to come in contact with him very often.

The boss, Frank and the other reporter didn't like him either, though, but for more personal reasons. He had a habit of withholding important news and he often changed his mind about stories after the dead line and kicked up a fuss about them.

We figured he probably had a pretty good chance of getting in, though, since the people who were voting for him didn't know him very well.

Then he decided to go see Mrs. Mealy and ask Maria's advice on his campaign. He came into the office one afternoon and announced his intentions personally. He stood up at the counter and pounded on it until I got up and went to him. "I want to see

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

HERE'S no more important five minutes in a day than the five you don't spend in on a school morning.

watched child always boils.

No one is ever warmed by wool pulled over eyes.

The job of getting a house these days is the game of musical chairs—without the ody.

ieting: A system of doing without which les a person to live up to his fullest acities.

or the egoist the word *I* is a hitching post hich he manages to tie all the conversa-

Modern version: No matter how good the setrap, it must be advertised.

heme song for misunderstood adoles- s: "How drear to my heart are the es with my parents."

Wonder if that cringing, creepy feeling that runs up and down nylon-covered legs, at the scent of old chairs and rough baskets, will ever become innate in the female child?

One sure way to lose another woman's friendship is to try to improve her flower arrangements.

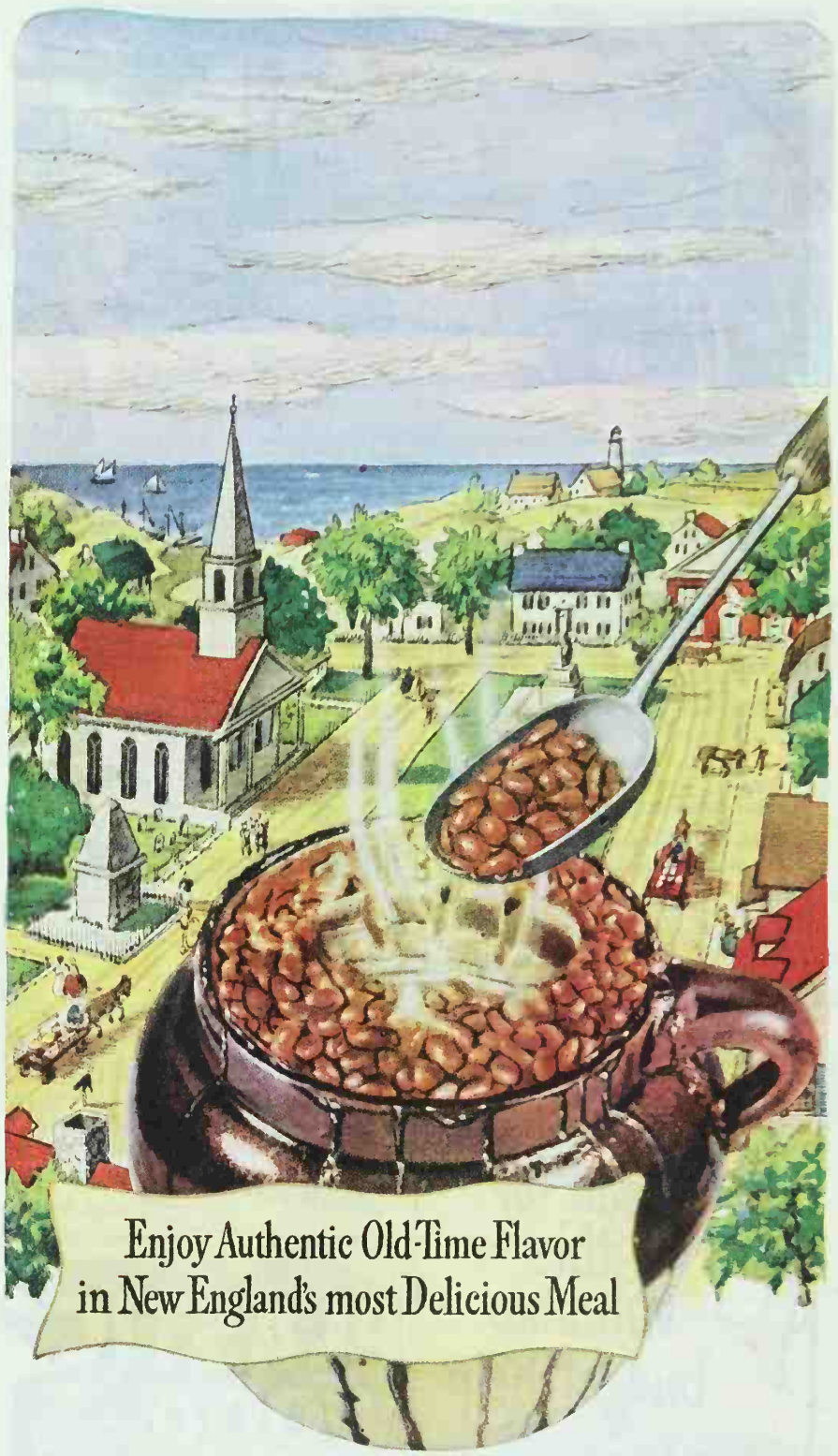
A woman who marries an older man is always young, no matter what her age.

Little girl: "When I see water come out of pipes it helps me understand electricity."

Why is it that the "trouble man" who comes to repair the telephone always seems to have a wonderful disposition?

My Irish grandmother once lost her almanac. "Now we won't know the kind of weather we're having," she mourned, "until we've had it."

Early training with children is the same as perforating a music roll: the tune is determined in advance of the playing.



As traditionally a part of New England as its village greens and white church spires is the unmatched, old-time flavor of this famous "Down East" meal. Beans baked with the marvelously delicious and extra-appetizing goodness with which they have been baked in New England kitchens since Revolutionary times. Baked (not steamed) for one entire day . . . with lots of juicy pork and spicy, old-recipe sauces. Baked mealy and tender and golden brown in brick ovens and savory open bean pots "Down East" in Portland, Maine. You are sure to prefer these authentic, New England baked beans to the ordinary kind. Why not try 'em next time . . . and see?
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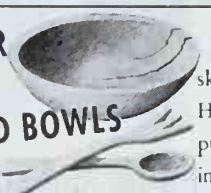
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At leading hardware and department stores

your editor," he demanded in that queer voice of his.

"I'm sorry, he's not in. Would you like to speak to Mr. Hedges?"

He said condescendingly that he guessed he would have to, so I went over and interrupted the story on the baseball game.

"His honor up here wants to converse with you, you lucky man, you."

Frank said something very unflattering and unwound his long legs from the chair. "Hello there, Mr. Mayor," he called out, just as if they were the best of pals.

Hackman's face managed a weak smile. After all, this was the press. "I have been reading your articles on this—ah—spirit with some interest. Of course, it's just foolishness."

I went up and stood beside Frank. "She's mostly right," I said hastily. "About seventy-five per cent of the time, anyhow."

He looked down at me. "Young woman, you don't expect me to believe that?"

I didn't know what to say then, so I said nothing. After all, I really didn't ask him to believe that. As much of a nuisance as they were, I liked Mrs. Mealy, and I felt a personal regard for Maria, even though as far as I was concerned she looked like the indicator on the ouija board.

"However," Hackman declared impressively, "I am going to visit her to have her advise me on my campaign."

I worried over that visit all afternoon. I called Mrs. Mealy and told her to be careful. I even asked her to warn Maria. She promised to do so.

The next morning early, while I was fixing breakfast, the doorbell rang. It was Frank, unshaven and sleepy-eyed. "They got Mrs. Mealy in jail," he announced.

"Why?" I heard my voice shrill.

"I don't know. Hackman had her put in. The boss is out in the car. We're going down to bail her out."

The boss was also unshaven. He was so mad he was purple. He could have bitten a hole through the bars had not the cop in charge been prompt with the keys.

Mrs. Mealy was crying and, from the appearance of her face, had been for hours. She was pathetically glad to see us.

The evening had started off badly from the first, she said. Maria had refused to move at first. She had finally tried to fake it, but Hackman had accused her of being crooked.

"Then I had to let Maria do it," she sobbed. Maria, the willful, had informed the world what she thought of our mayor in choice language.

"But surely he didn't have you arrested for that," the boss commented.

"No, it wasn't that. Finally she said he was taking money from the bank for his campaign."

"Surely you didn't tell him that. Even if he were, you should have told us first and let us handle it."

"I had to tell him. He made me do it. Honestly, he saw most of it and I didn't dare lie. Oh, he was dreadfully angry."

"Then what happened?"

"He said a lot of terrible things. Then he broke Maria over his knee!"

Hackman had gone home then. Mrs. Mealy had been worried and had sat up. She was still up when George Johnson came and sorrowfully told her the mayor had given an order for her arrest.

"He said he had proof that I took money to tell fortunes," Mrs. Mealy wept. "He said the money you folks were paying me for the column was just like the other."

The boss blew up then. He said a lot of things about taking it through court. I knew then nothing would ever happen. The whole thing was finished, completely washed up. Oh, the boss could get Mrs. Mealy off by threatening the mayor, but the column was dead.

After we bought Mrs. Mealy a new Maria at the drugstore and took her home, we went to a restaurant and talked a long time over our coffee. Then, while they disappeared to shave and clean up, I wrote a little note saying that we were sorry, but Maria's column had been discontinued.

Two Washing Tubs— Just what I need, For Cleaner washing— Double speed!



Only Dexter Twin Has Two Washing Tubs, and Does Your Week's Washing *-in one hour or less!*

Imagine! Your entire weekly washing—*cleaner, whiter* and *brighter* than ever before—completely done in *one hour or less.* That's what Dexter Twin—and only Dexter Twin does for you. Two washing tubs wash all clothes twice. That's *Double Sudsing*—the fastest, best washing method. No other can compare! Clothes washed cleaner—last longer—look better!

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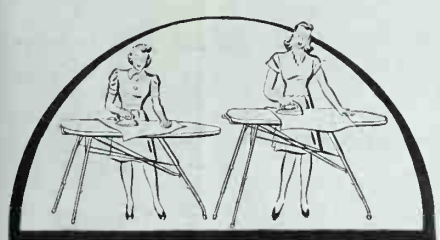
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The boss came back in and called the mayor out of bed to describe him and his immediate ancestry. Then he slammed the receiver back and went to work on an editorial.

The mayor withdrew the charges that morning. After a week or so he and the boss even made up. They had to. Ours was the only paper in town.

The investigator found nothing wrong with the bank funds. Evidently his honor had put back what he took.

Mrs. Mealy continued to drop in at the office from time to time. She seemed to think she was under some kind of pact, though, for she never mentioned Maria except once. Then she only said they were both glad to be free of the responsibility now. We got no more tips.

Then the bank was robbed.

We hadn't heard anything about it. The office was quiet that morning when Mrs. Mealy stopped by for a social call.

She spoke to me and turned to Frank. "Are you writing about the bank robbery last night?"

"What robbery?" he demanded.

"Our bank was robbed last night," she informed him.

Frank grabbed the phone and checked with Chief Reynolds. The boss, who had been writing an editorial, snatched another one to get the news service.

Frank hung up his phone and turned to us. "They were keeping it quiet to prevent a panic," he said. "The robbers got about a hundred grand."

"Blast Hackman and his secrets," the boss said savagely, holding the receiver aside. "We'll give 'em a streamer and see how they like it."

"Who robbed the bank?" I asked Mrs. Mealy, who was interestedly watching the procedure.

"I don't know," she replied cheerfully. "Maria won't say. She doesn't like Mr. Hackman, remember."

"Neither do we, but this isn't just Mr. Hackman. It's all the people who had money in the bank."

"They'll get it back." She was maddeningly serene.

That's all we could get out of her. She was no longer news, so we didn't mention it in the paper. False or not, the arrest had convinced the town.

The police suffered over the robbery, and the boss wrote many editorials on the general incompetency of the police, the mayor and of the bank officials. Frank and

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

White Moment

BY HELEN THROCKMORTON

Snatches of happiness fulfill our days,
Fleeting like sun-gold on some magic tree,
Singing like autumn, dancing with hours,
Coming unto itself with ecstasy.

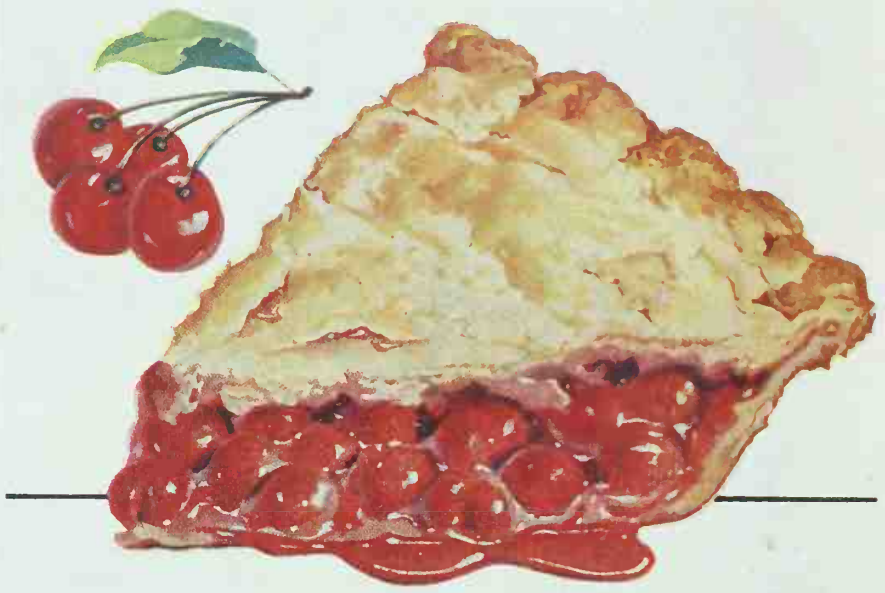
From all the myriad promise of our living,
Fragments of loveliness await us still,
As when we climbed the wide stairs to discover
Pigeons alight upon the window sill.

Quiet and lone, together as we two.
And what of their significance?
Ah, none
Save that we stumbled into that white moment
Quite breathlessly and knew that we were *one*.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

It's more than a Cherry Pie to him...

It's Your Cherry Pie!



You can make it .. better .. with the new

Pillsbury PIE CRUST MIX

We say a pie like this will make most any husband *glad* to dry the dishes. Try it on your man and see. With the new Pillsbury Pie Crust Mix you just add water, mix, roll out and fill. Could anything be quicker—easier? Just try this marvelous new Pillsbury Pie Crust Mix. Ann Pillsbury's special cherry pie recipe on every package.

Tender, "short" crust—the flaky kind
Rich flavor of fine shortening
Cuts at touch of a fork
Mixes quickly. Rolls out easily
Doesn't stick to hands or rolling pin
Doesn't break apart when lifted into pan
Fast—fix in less time than it takes oven to heat
All you do is add cold water out of the tap, mix, roll out



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Here's chocolate flavor beyond your dreams!

THE FLAVOR SUPREME IN MILK DRINKS...
AND NEW 'N' EASY DESSERTS LIKE THIS



BOSCO REFRIGERATOR CAKE

(Serves 4)

¾ cup heavy cream

12 large vanilla cookies

Bosco

Chill cream, whip rather stiff. Blend in 3 tbsp. Bosco. Spread between cookies, stacking upright in pan. Chill overnight. Slice diagonally and pour on Bosco. *What a dessert*—with chocolate flavor more glorious than any you've ever tasted! Because Bosco is delicious *extra-strength* . . . it tastes *richer*—goes *further* in making chocolate-flavored whipped cream, frostings, puddings, cakes. **Makes hot or cold milk a delight for a child—adds important Iron and Vitamin D, too!** Get Bosco at your grocer's today—it's the *finest-quality* chocolate-flavored syrup there is!



THRILLING SHOW! Tune in "Land of the Lost" Saturday mornings, A.B.C. Network.

the other reporter wrote reams of copy. I worried over weddings and engagements galore. Finally other stories pushed the robbery, still unsolved, off the front page.

Another month or so passed.

Mrs. Mealy had made several calls, but this morning she brought a box of homemade cookies. I was munching on them and chatting to her when Frank breezed in, nodded at both of us, crammed his mouth full of cookies and sat down to begin typing away a mile a minute.

"Did you get a nice story for the paper about the robbers?" Mrs. Mealy asked politely.

Frank stopped and looked at her. "Okay. What did the Mexican gal tell you that I don't know?"

"Oh, not much. The mayor hired those two men to do it so he could get campaign money."

"Mayor Hackman robbed his own bank?" I couldn't believe it. I thought his dishonesty took a more subtle course.

Frank looked surprised. "Sure. The police caught the two guys that did it. One of them's dead already and the other one's in the hospital. He's the one that did the talking."

"But what about the mayor?"

"Reynolds and the boys have gone out to his house to get him."

Mrs. Mealy stood up. "It's really better this way. He would have made such a bad governor." She told us both good-by and left.

The details came later just as she had said. The mayor signed a full confession.

The boss was deliriously happy. "Get that woman back. We'll take some more pictures. We'll start the column again. She'll be the biggest thing in the country. We'll send her to Washington!"

We drove out to her house, but the door was locked. When we peeked inside, the furniture was shrouded in sheets and all her personal belongings were gone. There was a note in the door addressed to me. I read it aloud:

"'Good-by to you all. You have been grand. Maria and I have both enjoyed knowing you so much, but Maria feels that I am too old to take up the column for the paper again. And she doesn't like people, you know. So we are going away. I shall think of you often.'"

That's about all there is to it. The boss checked with Tulsa, but they had never heard of either her or her daughter. We sent her name, description and the picture Frank had taken to the Bureau of Missing Persons. They're still hunting her.

The other day, though, I got a card. The postmark was too blurred to be legible. It said, "Blessings to you both, my children." It was signed, "Mrs. Mealy and Maria."

The thing is that Frank and I haven't told a soul we're engaged. THE END



Virginia McCall designs new features for the plastic cases of war.

NEW FACES—FOR A NEW LIFE

THE "room of masks" at Valley Forge General Hospital is both a record of tragedy and a proof of Man's humanity to Man. It is also a tribute to the courage and skill of Miss Virginia McCall, winner of a Gimbel-Philadelphia award for service to the wounded of World War II.

This room is the workshop where she creates the masks that play so vital a role in giving those wounded a new face. The masks depict a soldier's exact appearance at the time he entered the hospital; successive ones record the changes after operations. Plastic surgeons can examine them and talk about the case and plan the next phase without disturbing the patient.

Hundreds of these masks have been made by Miss McCall, who yielded her peacetime palette (her canvases were on exhibit at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the Chicago Art Institute and the Salon in Paris) to work as a Red Cross volunteer.

What Miss McCall has given her countrymen is in the real sense a resurrection. Like the gift in work to the trumpet player whose mouth was shot away but who now plays again. Or in friendship to an artist who lost both arms at the elbow, yet learned to paint with hooks and has recently held a one-man show. From them, as from so many, to Miss McCall, the one word: "Thanks."

Nourishing MEAT



Regardless of how much meat the family budget permits, this little girl needs complete, high-quality protein of the type that meat supplies.

You will note that, on the chart below, the requirements of a girl or boy of 10 are actually equal to a grown man's.

And of course you know that meat has an abundance of the complete, high-quality protein without which sound growth is impossible.

You can, even in these days, provide protein and be thrifty with meat. Hunt out your recipes that make the meat go far. Shop carefully for good values. For all meat—any kind or cut—has the same kind of complete protein. And even less familiar cuts have the good meat flavor that youngsters, as much as grownups, enjoy.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
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HOW CHILDREN'S DAILY PROTEIN NEEDS INCREASE



By age 10 the protein needs of both boys and girls approximate those of a grown man. From 12 to maturity, boys' needs are higher than girls'; both are above a grown man's. The protein of meat is of high quality, capable of meeting the protein needs of growth at every age level.



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This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.



Yards of spaghetti, meat rolls and a heavenly sauce—a dinner that's as easy to serve as to eat. Begin with antipasto, Italian-style, and top off with chilled fruit plus your favorite cheese and crackers. Buffet's the style, and count on seconds all round.

PHOTOS BY STUART



If you're the kind of hostess who'd like another pair of hands, try an electric hot plate. It keeps food warm, never overcooks.

Conversation Piece



For an imaginative dessert, candy some orange and grapefruit peel. Dates go round this, stuffed with cream cheese and pecans.

BY RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

THERE must be people who don't like good spaghetti with a fine Italian sauce, but firsthand I couldn't prove it. Of all the notionate eaters I have known—and I've known some honeys—not one has ever said "No, thank you," when this famous dish has been passed.

That's assuming, of course, that spaghetti, meat and sauce are as they should be. Spaghetti can be spoiled by overcooking, and the sauce can lack the necessary pungency. But with care spaghetti can come to the table with its long strands intact, chewy—with not a hint of mushiness about it. A small quantity of meat, some vegetables, a lot of seasoning—and again care—can combine in a sauce that won't soon be forgotten. And the meat will register too. It's not exactly easy—don't let anybody tell you that the Italian cuisine is simple as compared with, say, the French. But when a people as appreciative as the Italians dote on a dish as they do on spaghetti, it must be worth a little trouble. It is.

(Continued on Page 199)

Only the dew drops got away . . .



"GREEN GIANT" AND "NIBLETS" BRANDS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. © MVCCO.



Yes, all the rest is saved. The tender freshness of the *fleeting moment of perfect flavor*. The sweet, sweet flavor. The dainty skins. For Green Giant Brand peas are born with flavor, grown to youthful perfection, then rushed from vine to can literally within three hours or even less, through a scientific system of vigilant controls that is unique in the canning industry.

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Every cake rates a kiss—thanks to Spry with Cake-Improver!



Lighter, finer, more delicious cakes so easy now

Your cake-baking is sure to have a happy ending now! Spry with Cake-Improver brings you thrilling new success.

You mix a cake in two-thirds less time thanks to the easy One-Bowl Mixing Method Spry makes possible. And what light, lovely layers you take from the oven! Whether you make this festive "Sweet Story" cake or a simple one- or two-egg cake, your family'll love it. The cake will do you proud . . . richer-tasting, more delicious—food to win you rapturous compliments.

Remember—no other type of shortening has Spry's special Cake-Improver secret. Spry is grand for everything you bake or fry. Get it today.

All Spry contains Cake-Improver.



"Now take pride in your more delicious cake—feather-light, more moist—made with Cake-Improver Spry!"



Try my "Sweet Story" Cake

- 2½ cups sifted coke flaur
- 1½ cups sugar
- 3½ teospaans boking powder (tartrote powder, 5½ teospoons)
- 1 teaspaon salt
- ½ cup Spry
- ¾ cup milk
- ¼ cup maroschino cherry juice
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 teaspoons almand extract
- 4 egg whites, unbeaten
- 18 maraschina cherries, well-drained and very finely chopped
- ½ cup walnuts, very finely chopped

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder, and salt into mixing bowl.... Drop in Spry.... Combine milk and maraschino juice. Add ¾ cup of this liquid. Add flavoring extracts. Beat 200 strokes (2 minutes by hand or on mixer at low speed). Scrape bowl and spoon or beater .... Add remaining liquid and egg whites and beat 200 strokes (2 minutes on mixer at low speed) .... Add cherries and nuts and blend.

Bake in 2 deep 9-inch Sprycoated layer pans in moderate oven (375°F.) 20-25 minutes. . . . Cool. Cut layers into heart shapes, using paper pattern. Kids love the tasty trimmings. Spread with Pink Valentine Frosting. With a toothpick, outline a short Valentine message, such as "I Love You." Fill in letters and outline edge of cake with silver dragees.

PINK VALENTINE FROSTING

- 2 tablespoons Spry
- 2 toblespoons butter
- 1 teaspoon vonillo
- ½ teaspoon olmond extract
- ½ teospoon solt
- 4 cups sifted confectioners' sugor
- 9 toblespoons scolded cream (obout)
- Red coloring

Combine Spry, butter, vanilla, almond, and salt and blend. Beat in ½ cup sugar. Add hot cream, alternately with remaining sugar, beating well after each addition. Add only enough cream to make a nice spreading consistency. Add a few drops of red coloring to tint frosting a delicate pink before spreading on cake.

with Cake-Improver

Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

(Continued from Page 196)

This will not be an Italian dinner where spaghetti is only one of many courses. It will be an Italian *spaghetti* dinner, which is quite another matter. Yards of spaghetti we'll have, with meat rolls and a heavenly sauce, but no soup before and no chicken and vegetables to follow.

We'll start with a nice variety of *antipasto*, six in all and each different in texture and taste. I could make a meal of *antipasto*, but that isn't the idea, because next comes the spaghetti with meat rolls and sauce and two kinds of salad. There's a question of internal space to be considered. For the grand finale, ice-cold fruit, a tray of cheese and wafers and—next door to candy—a dish of stuffed dates and glazed and sugared grapefruit and orange peel. Satisfied? I think I can guarantee it.

We'll plan dinner for eight, and it can be served buffet or at the table.

ANTIPASTO

1. Celery Palermo. Separate a fine big stalk of pascal celery and cut the pieces into chunks about 1½ inches long. We'll use the outside pieces, and the heart can be saved and eaten raw. (Of course any kind of celery can be used, but the lovely pale-green color of the pascal makes it desirable.) Boil the celery chunks in bouillon to cover until tender. Drain and store in refrigerator. The celery can be cooked the day before. Several hours before using, pour over it a marinade of 3 parts salad oil to 1 part vinegar, a little sugar and 3 or 4 mashed fillets of anchovy. This is found to be a popular number, so make plenty. Besides, it's comparatively inexpensive.

2. Salami-Cheese Rolls. Buy some very thin slices of garlic salami—about a 2-inch diameter is a good size. Buy some very thin slices of Swiss cheese. Cut disks of cheese the same size as the salami, using the salami for a pattern. Fit a disk of cheese on each salami slice, roll and fasten with bright-colored toothpicks. The cheese will be on the inside of the rolls. These can be made ahead of time and wrapped in wax paper.

3. Garlic Ripe Olives. Several days before needed, transfer contents of a can of large ripe olives to a jar, add 3 cloves garlic cut in half, put on lid and store in refrigerator. Shake now and then so that the garlic taste will be evenly distributed through the olives.

4. Sardines. Open 2 or more cans of imported or domestic sardines and sprinkle with salad oil, a little lemon juice and some finely chopped chives. If you can't get chives use parsley—but how about having a pot of both parsley and chives growing in your kitchen? Very handy.

5. Pickled Mushrooms. These can be bought already pickled, but I like to do the job myself. At least a day ahead of time drain a can of large button mushrooms. Boil together for 15 minutes ¼ cup vinegar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 clove garlic, split 1 small bay leaf, a little freshly ground black pepper and ¼ teaspoon salt. Strain, and when cold add 3 tablespoons salad oil and 1 tablespoon catchup. Pour over mushrooms and store in refrigerator. If fresh mushrooms are used, be sure that they are firm and white. Clean, remove stems and boil 4 or 5 minutes in salted water to which the juice of ½ lemon has been added. Drain, cool and cover with marinade.

6. Hot Finger Peppers. These can be bought in many grocery stores and in practically all Italian delicatessens. Pick out a jar that has both green and red peppers. They taste alike, but we might as well consider their beauty. They are mildly sour and more than mildly hot, but they won't take the roof off your mouth.

To serve, arrange the *antipasto* in separate dishes and garnish with salad greens. Have a pepper mill and cruets of oil and vinegar handy for those who want them.

MEAT ROLLS AND SPAGHETTI SAUCE

For the rolls you will need 4 slabs of round steak cut ¼ inch thick, each weighing ½ pound or a little more. The slabs should be as nearly oblong as possible and the meat should be solid. If you let your butcher know ahead of time just what you want, he can save you exactly the right cuts. After the meat is cut, ask the butcher to cover the pieces with heavy paper and pound them flat, as for *Wiener Schnitzel* or *scallopini*. When pounded, the pieces should be approximately 5 inches wide and 10 inches long. Lay the slabs on a board, cut away fat if there is any and spread a little finely minced garlic over each. I use 1 medium clove garlic for each piece—and that's quite some garlic. If you're a little standoffish about garlic, use less.

Now to the stuffing for the rolls. Crumble 7 slices white bread into a bowl and add ¼ cup chopped parsley, ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese, 5 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 6 tablespoons salad oil, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper, 1 teaspoon dried sweet basil and ¼ cup cold water. Blend thoroughly and taste for seasoning. Have 4 hard-cooked eggs and some canned pimiento at hand and you're ready to make the rolls.

Divide stuffing equally among the 4 meat slabs and pat it down firmly over entire surface. Cover each with thin slices of hard-cooked egg. Cut pimiento into thin strips and put 8 or 10 strips on each slab. Now roll firmly, beginning at narrow end, and fasten with toothpicks all around so that the stuffing won't leak out during cooking. Put some salad oil in a skillet, and when hot add meat rolls and let them brown delicately on all sides. Don't let them form a crust, or you'll have trouble when you slice them. Put browned rolls in the bottom of a large earthenware casserole or a heavy saucepan. Put 3 or 4 finely minced cloves garlic and 1 Spanish onion, chopped, in the skillet in which you browned the meat, and when delicately browned add 3 cups tomato purée, 1 small can concentrated tomato paste, 2 cups water, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper, ¼ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper, 1 large green pepper, chopped, 5 tablespoons chopped parsley and 1 or more cans button mushrooms, liquid and all. The mushrooms can be omitted, but they're a mighty nice addition. When this mixture boils, pour it over the meat rolls, cover, put casserole or kettle over low heat and cook gently for 2 hours. Stir occasionally, but be careful not to jab the spoon into the meat rolls. You'll have to add a little water during the cooking unless your utensil has a tight-enough lid to prevent evaporation. When cooking time is almost over, do a good job of tasting and add more of any seasoning you think is needed. This is the sauce for your spaghetti, and it should be energetic.

The meat and sauce can be cooked the day before and reheated before serving. I've done it that way and it's very good, but not *quite* so good as if it is cooked the day of the party—and, really, that's so easy to do. Make meat rolls the day before. Have all ingredients for the sauce measured, chopped and mixed, except for onions and garlic. It will take only about ten minutes to brown meat, garlic and onion, heat the sauce and put the whole business on to cook.

Use a large saucepan of heavily salted boiling water for the spaghetti and allow 12 to

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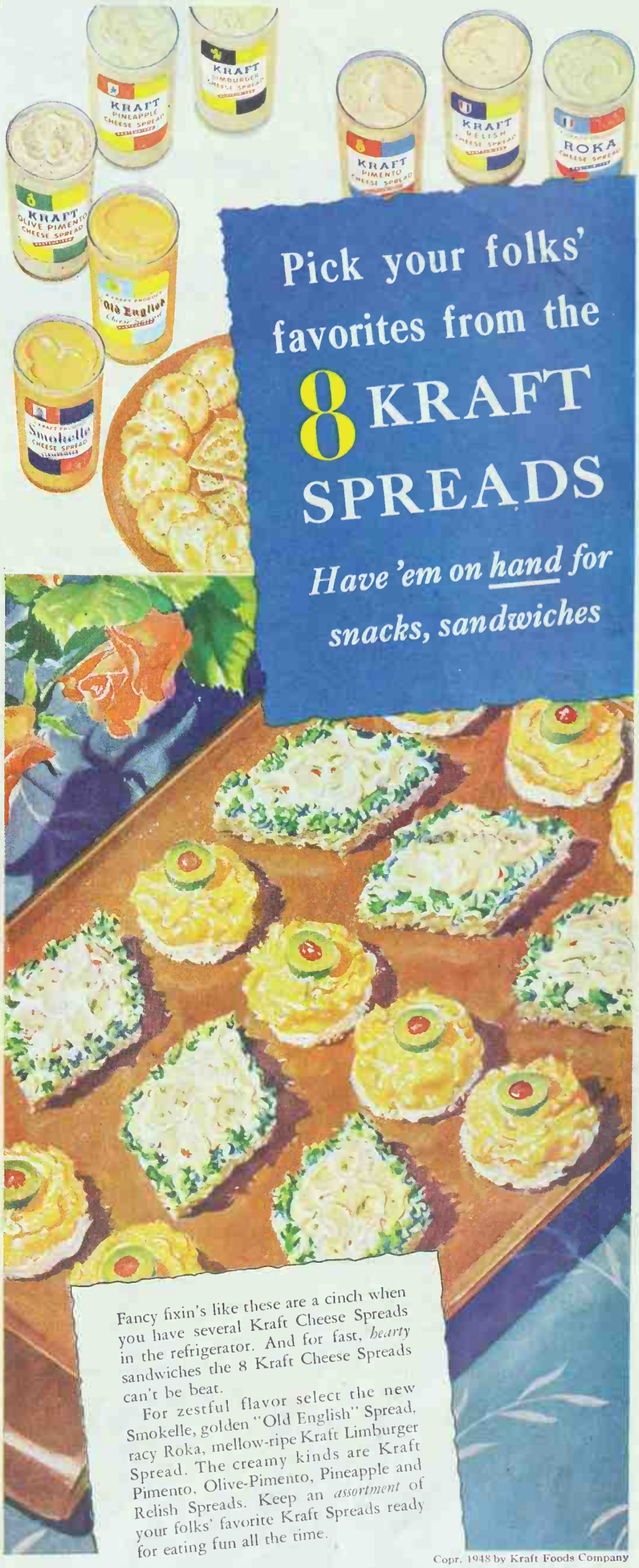
February

By Marguerite Hollingsworth

Late winter is a time of waiting;
No sounds but snow-cloaked
branches creaking,
Restless whispers of the wind,
And silence unto silence
speaking.

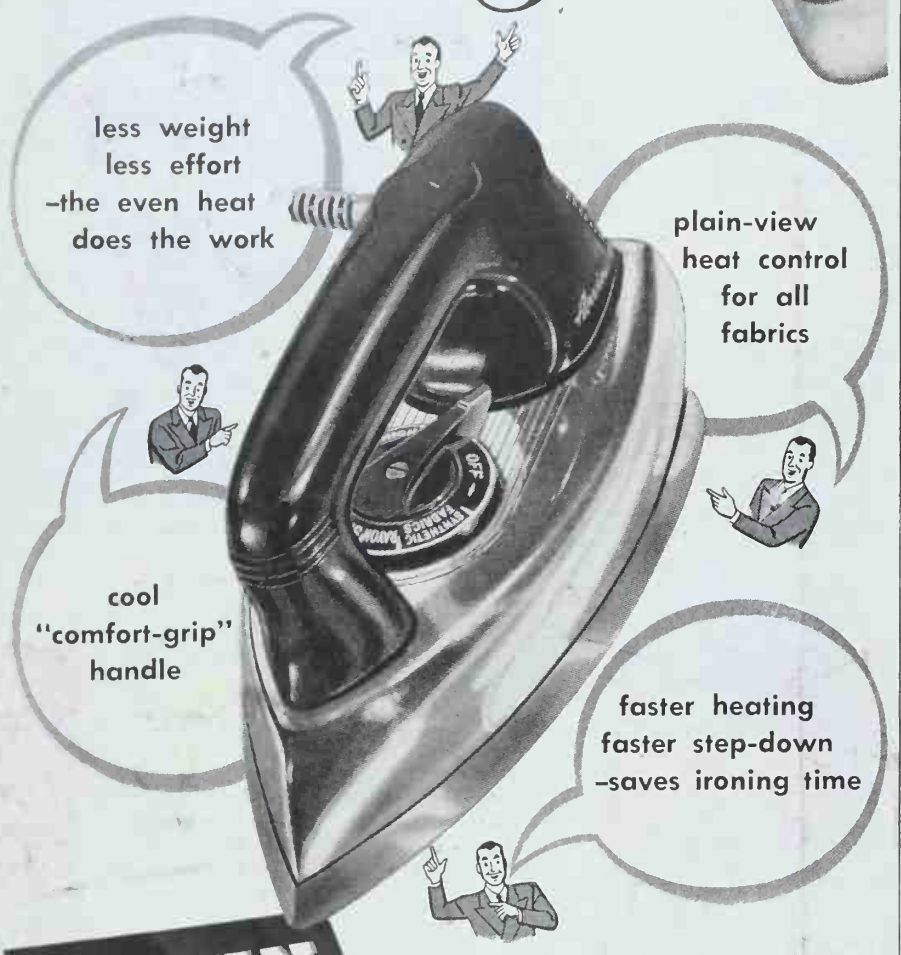
Late winter is a breath suspended—
A pause; till with a sigh indrawn
and slow,
The frozen waters of the stream are
shattered
And spring trails flower-
footprints through the snow.

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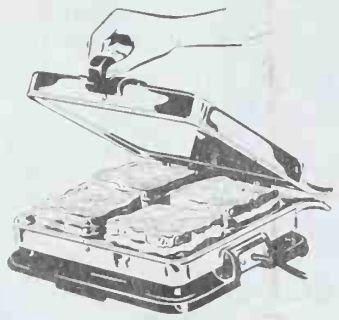
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15 minutes for the cooking of it. Get Italian semolina if you can, and don't break it. Cooking time will vary slightly both for different brands and for different sizes of spaghetti. After 10 or 11 minutes, remove a strand and taste it. When done, the spaghetti should be chewy, not soft—*al dente* is the idea. Drain, pour boiling water over it and drain again. Return spaghetti to kettle in which it was cooked and ladle a lot, but by no means all, of the sauce over it. Toss with two large forks until each strand is coated with sauce. Remove toothpicks from meat rolls, and with a very sharp thin-bladed knife cut across into 1-inch slices. The slices will look like pin wheels and they'll taste even better than they look. Turn spaghetti onto a platter, sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese and ladle on some more sauce. Make a border of meat-roll slices and garnish with parsley. Pour the rest of the sauce into a bowl and serve it and a bowl of grated Parmesan cheese with the spaghetti.

MIXED GREEN SALAD

Get as good and varied an assortment of salad greens as you can find—Boston lettuce, endive, escarole, water cress, and so on. Mix in a wooden salad bowl that has been rubbed with garlic. Pour over them a French dressing made with 3 parts salad oil to 1 part vinegar, a few drops lemon juice, salt, freshly ground black pepper and paprika. Toss the greens and mash gently, but don't bruise the life out of them. *Bien fatigué* can be overdone too easily. A pinch of sugar may be added if you like. I do.

VEGETABLES IN SOUR CREAM

Slice unpeeled cucumbers and radishes very thin and cover with ice cubes to make them crisp. Slice medium-size onions and separate into rings. When you are ready to mix the salad, drain cucumbers and radishes and dry on towels. Put them in a bowl with the onion rings and toss with sour cream, salt, sugar, *orégano* and horseradish to taste. Sprinkle with chopped chives and paprika and serve very cold.

> Men, too, sometimes have brains. But that is a rare, rare man, I venture, who is as steadily intelligent, as constantly sound in judgment, as little put off by appearances, as the average woman of forty-eight.
>
> H. L. MENCKEN: In Defense of Women (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)

BREAD

Buy a loaf of Italian bread and cut almost through bottom crust into fairly thick slices. Spread slices apart and butter all cut sides. Use margarine instead of butter if you like. Press back into loaf shape, wrap in heavy paper, and just before serving put it, still wrapped, in a 200° F. oven for 10 minutes. The bread can be brought to the table in loaf shape or be separated into slices before serving.

FRUIT AND CHEESE

A more mouth-watering sight than a beautiful arrangement of fruit with a tray of cheese and wafers beside it I don't know—but then that's my favorite dessert. I have my favorite teams, too, when it comes to fruit and cheese. Apples and Gruyère I've talked about before, but pears and Camembert make another team that's hard to beat. Let's have both this time. Arrange some beautiful big pears and apples—shined within an inch of their lives—on a tray or in a bowl, and top them with a bunch or two of grapes. Put wedges of Gruyère and Camembert on a cheese tray with stacks of thin crisp wafers. If you have access to an Italian delicatessen, you may be able to find some very, very thin poppy-seed wafers. They're wonderful, I think.

So far no work for you on this desert, but I'm not quite finished.

CANDIED ORANGE AND GRAPEFRUIT PEEL

Cut grapefruit and orange peel into long strips to make ½ pound of each. Put in separate pans, cover with cold water and bring to a boil. Drain and repeat four more times so that the peel will have been boiled in five waters. The last time add ½ teaspoon salt to the water. For each ½ pound of peel stir together 1½ cups sugar and ¾ cup water and bring to a boil. Add peel and boil until sirup is absorbed. Separate strips, place on cooky sheet, and when cool roll in granulated sugar.

STUFFED DATES

Slit large dates the long way on one side and carefully remove pits. Mold dates gently with your fingers to make little boats. Mix cream cheese with a very little cream and blend with chopped walnut or pecan meats. Use plenty of nuts and be sure they are crisp. Fill date shells high with cheese-and-nut mixture and roll the dates—not the cheese top—in granulated sugar.

Fill a dish or small platter with the three confections—and don't be surprised if there isn't a snibble left when the party's over. These piquant sweets are the perfect finish of a dinner that has had no sweets up to now.

Service. We're all set for a completely informal but rather swish party. I think self-service is indicated, whether the food is eaten at the dining table, at small tables or from trays. The *antipasto* would be clumsy to pass, and the same thing is true of the spaghetti, fruit and cheese. Self-service will give you a chance to set out a tempting buffet, and it will give your guests a chance to be selective about what they put on their plates. There's a pretty wide assortment of foods on this menu—six *antipasto*, two salads, three kinds of fruit, and so on—and everyone should be able to indulge personal taste enthusiasms. Also, it will make the service problem easier for you—which is something worth considering.

If you have an electric hot plate, everything but the dessert can be set out at one time, and that would make for smooth service and a minimum of running into and out of the kitchen. (I'm assuming that you'll be swinging this deal singlehanded. If you have help, that's fine.) But to go on about electric hot plates—and I've done quite a bit of that from time to time in these articles. I have two, and without them I'd manage somehow but not nearly so well. One is oblong, 24" by 14". It doesn't have a cover, but I made one of the top of an oblong roaster that exactly fits the hot plate. It will hold a platter and a couple of other dishes, or the platter of spaghetti and the bread as it did for this party.

My other one is smaller and oval in shape. I use it for vegetables or hot hors d'oeuvres. They both have heating units so low that food placed on them will not continue to cook, but it *will* stay as hot as it was when placed there—which is exactly what we want. I once kept a thick rare steak both hot and rare for an hour on my hot plate—quite a recommendation.

Of course the hot plate isn't the only answer to the keeping-food-hot-at-the-table problem. An electric table stove, turned very low and covered with a couple of asbestos mats, would be fine too. And lacking any such contraption, you could fill the platter and keep it hot on the kitchen stove over a pan of gently boiling water.

All this pressure about heating devices is aimed at eliminating the only problem I see in the service end of this meal—the arranging of the spaghetti-and-meat platter. That does take some time and care, and if it could be taken care of before the serving of the *antipasto*, smooth sailing would be assured.

If you're a purist on the subject of spaghetti and insist that it must be cooked at the last possible split second—that's okay too, and you won't care for my helpful hints. But I think spaghetti isn't hurt by a little waiting *if* it is kept hot and *if* it doesn't continue to cook, which is a convenient opinion to hold if spaghetti is the main dish for a party.

If this meal is as successful with your guests as it is with mine, it will become one of your stand-bys. Here's hoping.

THE EN

How to make a Wonderful Stew Thrifty, too—*with*



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WITH FOOD PRICES SO HIGH, some families have stew—and they do this:



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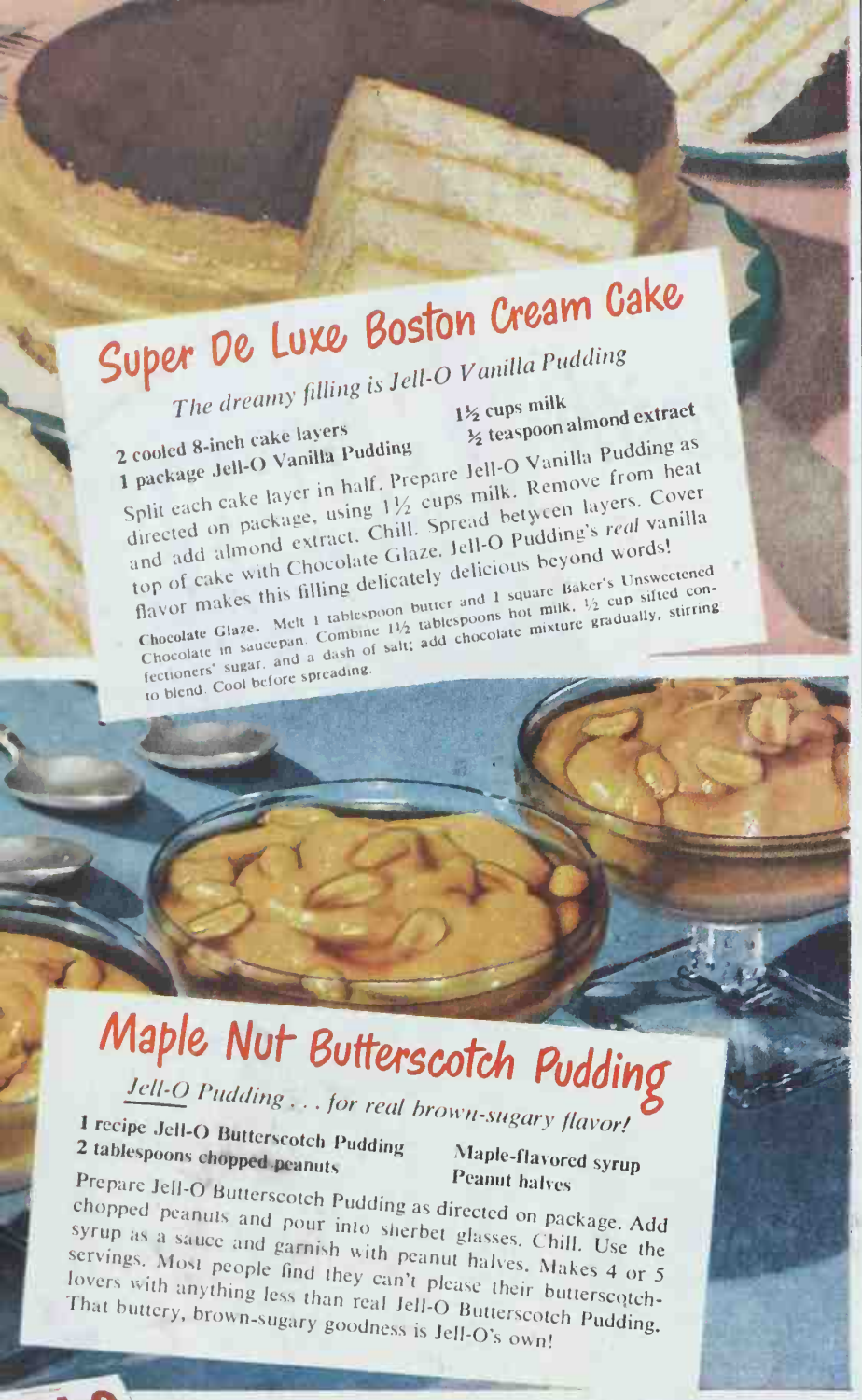
BEEF STEW—HUNT STYLE

2 lbs. lean beef	*6 onions*
2 tbsp. flour	*6 potatoes*
2 tbsp. fat	*1 cup green peas*
2 cups water	*2 tsp. salt*
1 can Hunt's Tomato Sauce	*¼ tsp. pepper*
6 carrots	*½ bay leaf*
	⅛ tsp. thyme

Wipe pieces of beef with damp cloth, roll in flour. Brown in fat in heavy kettle or saucepan. Add water, Hunt's Tomato Sauce, and seasonings. Cover tightly and cook over low heat until almost tender—about 1½ hours. Then add prepared onions, carrots and potatoes. Cook about 30 to 45 minutes longer. Just before vegetables are tender, add the green peas. Serves six.

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Hunt Foods, Inc., Los Angeles, California



Super De Luxe Boston Cream Cake

The dreamy filling is Jell-O Vanilla Pudding

2 cooled 8-inch cake layers
1 package Jell-O Vanilla Pudding
1½ cups milk
½ teaspoon almond extract

Split each cake layer in half. Prepare Jell-O Vanilla Pudding as directed on package, using 1½ cups milk. Remove from heat and add almond extract. Chill. Spread between layers. Cover top of cake with Chocolate Glaze. Jell-O Pudding's *real* vanilla flavor makes this filling delicately delicious beyond words!

Chocolate Glaze. Melt 1 tablespoon butter and 1 square Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate in saucepan. Combine 1½ tablespoons hot milk, ½ cup sifted confectioners' sugar, and a dash of salt; add chocolate mixture gradually, stirring to blend. Cool before spreading.

Maple Nut Butterscotch Pudding

Jell-O Pudding . . . for real brown-sugary flavor!

1 recipe Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding
2 tablespoons chopped peanuts
Maple-flavored syrup
Peanut halves

Prepare Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding as directed on package. Add chopped peanuts and pour into sherbet glasses. Chill. Use the syrup as a sauce and garnish with peanut halves. Makes 4 or 5 servings. Most people find they can't please their butterscotch-lovers with anything less than real Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding. That buttery, brown-sugary goodness is Jell-O's own!

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FEBRUARY FARE

(Continued from Page 73)

cheese, 2½ tablespoons finely minced onion, 1¼ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, 1½ teaspoons salt, a dash of cayenne pepper, and a good sprinkling of black pepper. Mix well. Pour into the pie shell. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese. Bake in a hot oven, 450° F., 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 300° F. and bake 35–40 minutes or until the pie is set. Serve hot with bacon curls—and pretty good, I'll say.

What is left unsaid? When better things are written about tomatoes, may I be spared to write them. At the moment words fail me—but tomatoes, never. In salads, broiled, baked, scalloped, fried; well, they are wonderful, beautiful, salubrious, sublime. And you can't go wrong when it's a tomato you're dealing with.

BAKED TOMATOES

Cut off blossom ends of 8 tomatoes. Season with salt and pepper. Put a mushroom cap on top of each, cup side up. Put 1 teaspoon butter or margarine in each cap. Bake along with the pie in last 15–20 minutes. After 10 minutes, turn caps over and finish baking.

A beet is a beet is a beet. Figure that out, if you can. But take a cup of sliced beets (you who have winter ones, all right, cook them); the canned ones come peering up into your eyes all ready to use and need only a thorough draining to fill any bill.

BEET-AND-ONION SALAD

Take, as I said, a cup of beets and arrange slices according to your fancy, alternately with as many sliced Bermuda-onion rings on a bed of crisp, cold greens. Serve with a French dressing. This is a good salad to serve right along with the main course of your meal. I remember loving beets with sugar and vinegar at one time, but I got cured.

Without benefit of flour. Can you think of a muffin without flour? Seems as if that's the first thing you think of: "Sift two cups of flour with ——" well, you know the rest. But here's a bird of a different song, and it's just delicious. And leave that flour *be*. Better hot, as all good muffins are, but, from experience, I can tell you that if you wake up in the night hungry, one of these, *not* so hot, but split and buttered, tastes out of this world. You might try it.

OATMEAL MUFFINS

Put 3¾ cups quick-cooking oats through the food chopper, using the fine blade. There should be 3 cups of oatmeal, and it should have a texture similar to corn meal. Mix it thoroughly with 1½ teaspoons salt, 4½ teaspoons baking powder and ½ cup sugar. Mix 1 cup milk with 2 well-beaten eggs and 6 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Add the liquids to the dry ingredients and fill greased muffin tins ⅔ full of the batter. Bake for 25 minutes in hot oven, 425° F. This makes 1 dozen muffins. None too many, either.

Planned for a plank. Not for steak, no for chops, not for lobster bring out the well worn plank. Oil and rub it—and, should be *new*, oil and rub and *heat* it well. If th plank was left behind last time you moved there are tin sheets and glass platters tha stand anything, 'most. So cast discretio where it will do the most good, and serve brand-new, beautiful and delicious planke fruit dessert. Here it is—sauce and all.

PLANKED FRUIT

If you do not have a plank, bake or bro the fruit in a shallow pan, or use a hea proof glass platter. Drain 8 canned peac halves. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Fill th centers with canned or frozen sour che ries. Sprinkle with sugar. Dot with butt or margarine. Should you use cherry jam cut out the sugar on *that*. Drain 8 slice canned pineapple, and 8 canned apric halves. Place an apricot half, cup side u in the center of each pineapple slice. Pu a spoonful of jelly in the center of eac apricot half. Sprinkle the tops of th pineapple slices with sugar. If you're go ing to use a plank, rub the top with sala oil. Rub it in—rub it hard. Preheat minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. L the fruit on the plank, sprinkle with cup melted butter or margarine and ba on the plank in a hot oven, 450° F., abo 15 minutes or until the fruit heats an browns slightly. Remove from the ove Wipe off the plank around the edge Serve from the plank at the table. Tiles hot pads are called for underneath th plank or the glass platter, if you love yo table as I do mine. Serve the orange sau with the fruit. If you broil or bake the fru on a tin, take it off and arrange on a h platter for serving. Kinda nice, don't yo think?

FLUFFY ORANGE SAUCE FOR FRU

Beat 1 egg yolk. Add ¼ cup sugar, 2 tab spoons orange juice, 1 teaspoon grat lemon rind and 2 teaspoons grated oran rind. Cook in the double boiler until thic stirring constantly. Cool. Fold into 1 c heavy cream, whipped. Fluffy is the wor Melts on the tongue.

February—short she is. I guess nobo likes February. You get pretty fed up this time with cold and snow and you to wishing *something* would happen. W it will.

The snow will go. Remember that Jan ary thaw? That was a promise. And wat the new moon. Watch the last Friday in month; that will tell you what March will like. Up to then, it's anybody's guess. that last Friday is sure-fire.

Now, I'll leave you to February fa Good fare, so fare well. ANNIE

"What kind of breakfast food shall I get, doll cutouts, comic book, bird picture, junior-detective badge, model airplane, circus performers, miniature village or jungle animals?"

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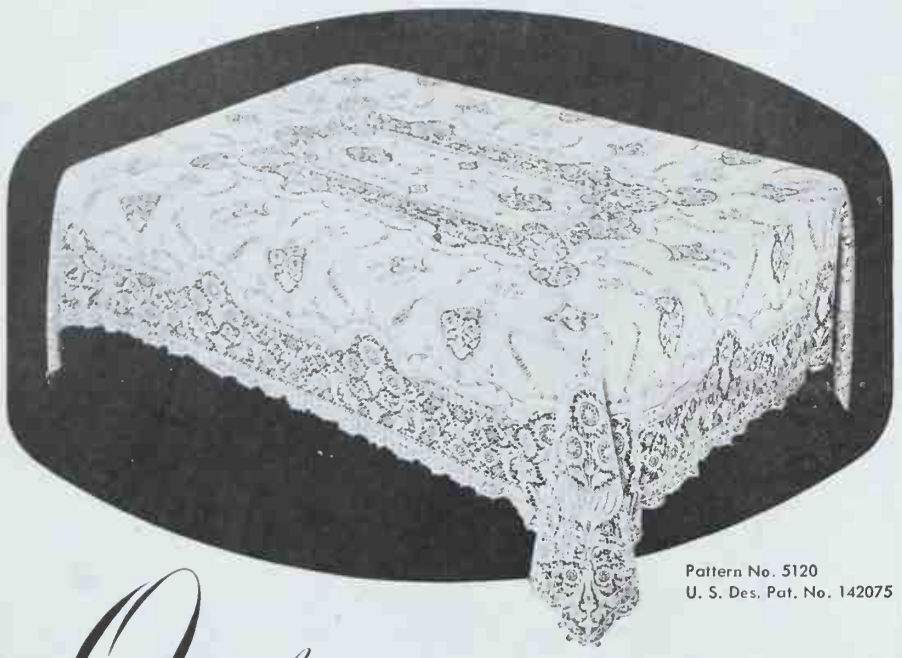
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TIME OF PERIL

(Continued from Page 40)

April 20th and I asked whether there were any matters of equal importance that had claimed his attention during this time. By this time I had the Cabinet in a roar of laughter. To my amusement, however, they took the subject of athletic sports up from my lead and debated it for over an hour and a quarter with such seriousness and diversity of opinion that the President suggested that he would appoint a committee to determine it. We all turned on him and said that this was a matter of such importance that he must decide it himself. This he was evidently afraid to do, but he finally said he would give it very serious consideration and let us know later. But it was the first gleam of really vigorous and wide-dispersed fun that we had had in the Cabinet for many months." (Diary, May 21, 1943.)

The disagreement over the Army-Navy game was fit material for a joke, but it was nevertheless symbolic of a problem which was one of the most serious that Stimson faced. The Army and the Navy were called on in the second World War to act with a co-operation and a mutual trust for which they had never been properly trained, and it required all the wisdom and self-restraint of which both sides were capable to achieve the astonishing success that was in general attained.

Although Army-Navy co-operation was close to Stimson's heart, the Army was closer still, and his view of the wartime relationship between the services is not to be taken as wholly dispassionate. Like everyone else involved, he occasionally lost his patience with the opposite service; still he always did so in private, and one Army reserve officer who indulged in public squabbling with an admiral found himself summarily silenced by order of the Secretary of War. Stimson went out of his way to give his personal gratitude to naval officers who had served with distinction and good will in combined operations under Army command; cordial relations were conspicuously the rule in the European war, and Stimson personally decorated both Admiral Hewitt of Africa and the Mediterranean and Admiral Kirk of Normandy with the Army's Distinguished Service Medal.

Stimson and his civilian staff maintained intimate and friendly contact with their colleagues of the Navy Department. Frank Knox was a man of robust integrity, without any trace of pettiness. He and Stimson were close friends whose mutual respect was not shaken by their occasional disagreement. A similar if somewhat more cautious friendship seemed to exist among most of the senior generals and flag officers. But on many issues friendship gave way to interest.

Differences between the Army and the Navy were frequent. Many of them were simply the inevitable clashes between two agencies of strong will; there were similar disagreements between the Ground Force and the Air Force, and between smaller subdivisions of the War Department. But some of the Army-Navy troubles, in Stimson's view, grew mainly from the peculiar psychology of the Navy Department, which frequently seemed to retire from the realm of logic into a dim religious world in which Neptune was God, Mahan his prophet, and the United States Navy the only true Church. The high priests of this Church were a group of men to whom Stimson always referred as 'the Admirals.' These gentlemen in Stimson's mind were both anonymous and continuous; he had met them in 1930 while working for naval limitation; in 1940 and afterwards he found them still around, still active, and still uncontrolled by either their Secretary or the President. This was not Knox's fault, or the President's, as Stimson saw it. It was simply that the Navy Department had never had an Elihu Root. 'The Admirals' had never been given their comeuppance.

A striking illustration of this general situation was the Navy's refusal to share the

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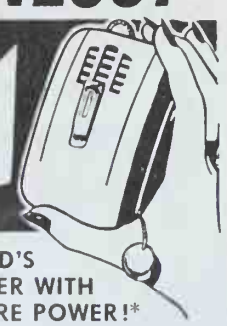
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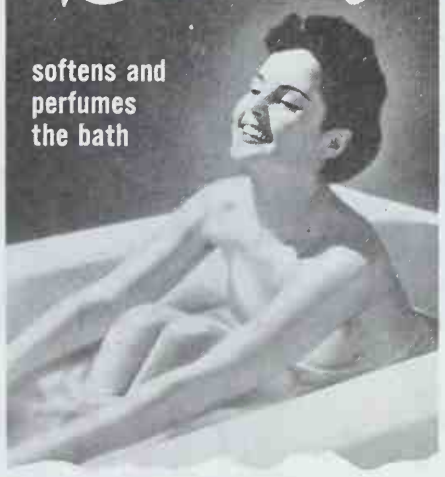
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Pentagon Building. Such a sharing was originally suggested by Admiral King; it was enthusiastically taken up by Marshall and Stimson, supported by the President and Knox, and finally blocked by resistance in the Navy Department. Since the suggestion was made at a time (October, 1942) when it would have provided a badly needed public demonstration of genuine Army-Navy solidarity, this naval obstinacy seemed to Stimson particularly irresponsible. 'The Admirals' wanted more of the Pentagon than the Army offered. Yet the Army offered space in the new building for as large a proportion of the Navy in Washington as it would keep for the Army itself. When it became apparent that the bright hope of October was to be smothered in November, Stimson told his diary (November 19) that "The Bureau admirals are holding Knox up, and he is as helpless as a child in their hands. As a result, it seems as if this really important improvement of having the Navy come in to our building and share it with us in such a way as to assist united command will break down simply from the crusty selfishness of some Bureau officers. . . . " And he continued with his only major criticism of the Navy: "The Navy presents a situation very much like that which confronted Elihu Root [in the Army] in the first part of the century. The Navy has never had the benefit of the changes which Root made in the Army and which have removed from the Army the bureaucratic service officers who used to dominate the Department and defy

The fundamental truth of democracy is the belief that the real pleasures of life are increased by sharing them.

—HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK.

the Secretary of War and the Commander-in-Chief of the Army." The Navy in World War II had in Knox, Forrestal and King three strong men at its head; they accomplished much in moving their Department forward. But in Stimson's mind it was no discourtesy to remark of them that not one was another Elihu Root.

Other disagreements with the Navy revolved around somewhat different issues. The question of the Negro struck against strong Navy prejudice, and so did the ending of volunteer enlistments. General MacArthur was a constant bone of contention; Stimson was bound to admit that the extraordinary brilliance of that officer was not always matched by his tact, but the Navy's astonishing bitterness against him seemed childish. Another interservice difference was on the question of five-star rank. The whole idea of a new grade above that of general or admiral seemed absurd to Stimson and Marshall, who inclined to believe that a good officer would not need it, while a bad officer should not have it. But the Navy disagreed and eventually had its own way, even to taking half the new ranks while providing only one third of the armed forces.

But the bare rehearsal of all these disagreements is hardly helpful. What seemed important to Stimson, in retrospect, was to look behind the disagreements toward their causes, in an effort to prevent or minimize their future occurrence. The best way to do it is to study one particular disagreement in some detail. And the one with which Stimson was most deeply concerned was the prolonged struggle over antisubmarine warfare.

A CASE HISTORY AND ITS LESSONS

In the first sixteen months of American participation in the war, from December, 1941, through March, 1943, German submarines destroyed over 7,000,000 tons of Allied shipping, mostly in areas of American responsibility. The submarine was the only weapon with which the Germans could take aggressive advantage of American weakness, and they used it energetically. The complete history of the American defense against this attack will not here be told; the battle was

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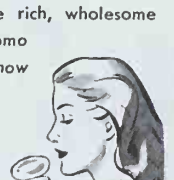
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a naval responsibility. But a combination of circumstances brought Stimson into closer contact with antisubmarine warfare than with any other single campaign of the war, and the story of his experience is instructive.

The battle of the Atlantic, whoever might be in charge of it, was a matter of vital interest to the War Department and its Secretary. The basic strategic purpose of Stimson and the General Staff, as we have seen, was to move American air and ground forces against the Germans as quickly and strongly as possible. Ship losses on the scale of those in 1942 and early 1943 were destructive of this purpose. However great the accomplishments of the shipbuilders, continued sinkings meant losses of both bottoms and equipment which seriously limited the effective deployment of American striking forces in Europe. Though submarine success might hurt naval pride, it was the Army which more seriously felt the pinch.

If its effect on the Army's grand strategy had been his only connection with the submarine, Stimson might have confined himself to proddings and complaints, but it happened that one branch of the Army was directly concerned with antisubmarine warfare, and the weapon which gave that branch new and vastly increased effectiveness was one in which Stimson's interest was personal and intense. The Army Air Force, by ancient agreement, retained in 1941 and 1942 the general responsibility for all shore-based air operations, although late in 1941 General Marshall had granted a Naval request to share in the use of long-range land planes. And the development of radar, in particular of micro-wave, 10 centimeter air-borne radar, provided for aircraft a weapon of search at sea which in Stimson's view revolutionized the essential contest of submarine warfare, changing it from a battle between unseen U-boats and surface vessels into a battle between frequently surfaced submarines and far-ranging planes with superhuman power of vision. For a long time this view was not shared by the naval officers directly responsible for antisubmarine operations, and in the resulting conflict many of the complexities of Army-Navy relations were clearly illustrated.

Stimson's interest in radar dated back to 1940. In that period, during the battle of Britain, the primary military use of the electronic eye was the detection of enemy aircraft from ground radar stations. Airborne radar was a later development, the tactical importance of which was first brought home to Stimson during his study of the defenses of Panama in early 1942. From the use of radar by aircraft to detect approaching enemy surface vessels it was an easy step to proceed to the idea of radar as an air-borne antisubmarine weapon, for submarines (until the annoying invention of the Schnorchel pipe in 1944) had to spend a substantial part of their lives on the surface.

This advance in Stimson's thinking roughly matched the development of radar sets suitable for this type of work. In the spring of 1942 ten preproduction sets of 10 centimeter radar were installed in Army bombers, B-18's with no other combat value, and in antisubmarine operations off the Atlantic Coast these aircraft immediately demonstrated their power, catching and attacking their first submarine on April 1.

Stimson at once began to push for increased emphasis on this new weapon. He lectured the President and Secretary Knox; after having himself flown out over the Atlantic to observe the new radar set in action, he asked Marshall and Arnold, on April 23, to follow his example. He put Lovett to work to make sure that radar production was at its maximum speed, and he ordered a reorganization of Army antisubmarine training along lines worked out by his radar consultant, Dr. Edward L. Bowles.

Under the combined pressure of air operations and increased escort protection, German submarines soon withdrew from the Atlantic coast, shifting their attack first to the Gulf of Mexico and then to the south-

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eastern Caribbean. Meanwhile there came into the open a serious disagreement with the Navy over the tactics and control of antisubmarine aircraft.

For the War Department, the model of antisubmarine air operations was to be found in the work of the British Coastal Command, a division of the Royal Air Force which was charged with the primary responsibility for all British-controlled shore-based antisubmarine air operations. Coastal Command had been set up in early 1941 and had been increasingly successful in destroying submarines. Although it was under the "operational control" of the British Admiralty, it operated with a very high degree of autonomy, exercising direct and complete control over all of its subordinate groups and wings. In the commands on each coast of the British Isles, air and naval officers operated as partners and friends in combined headquarters, but there was no attempt by the local Navy commander to guide and control the operations of the air. Thus autonomously organized, with no restrictions on its tactical doctrine, Coastal Command had developed and applied with striking success the theory of the antisubmarine offensive. Granting the essential function of the convoy, this theory assigned to aircraft the primary mission of searching out and killing submarines *wherever* they might be, and although it regularly responded to Admiralty requests for convoy cover in critical areas, Coastal Command devoted the weight of its effort to the direct attack on U-boats.

A ship in harbor is safe, but that is not what ships are built for.
—J. A. SHEDD.

The American setup in 1942, with all units, sea and air, Army and Navy, under Naval command, was entirely different. It was the conviction of the Navy, forcefully expressed by Admiral King, that escort was not merely one way of defeating the submarine; it was the *only* way that gave any promise of success (letter, King to Marshall, June 21, 1942). It followed that the appropriate function of aircraft was to provide additional convoy cover, supplementing the basically important labors of surface vessels. The Navy, furthermore, was not persuaded that aircraft were effective submarine killers. As late as June, 1942, Secretary Knox, apparently unconverted by Stimson's missionary work, was reported in the *New York Times* as telling congressmen that no airplane had ever sunk a submarine; Knox corrected himself when questioned on this statement, but that he could make it at all was indicative of the blue-water attitude.

Finally, the Navy wholly differed from the Army in its view of the command and control of aircraft. Instead of permitting the concentration of Army aircraft under the direction of a single air officer, it insisted on assigning aircraft to the command of individual Sea Frontier commanders, thus effectively preventing the concentrated use of air power against the points particularly threatened by U-boats. Although Stimson pressed on Knox in July, 1942, the desirability of centralized control of both air and naval operations, his proposal was rejected; the Navy preferred to place its trust in making all areas independently strong, unconcerned by the waste of force and delay in action which in the Army view this solution necessarily involved. The result of this decision soon appeared in the statistics of the antisubmarine battle. In November and December, 1942, over thirty merchant vessels were sunk by U-boats in the Caribbean area and none in the Gulf and Atlantic Coast areas; during this period the Navy's own experts estimated that ten German submarines, on the average, were working in the Caribbean area and only one in the Atlantic and Gulf areas combined. Yet during the same two months Army and Navy aircraft flew 45,000 hours on patrol in the almost unattacked northern areas, and only 9000 hours in the beleaguered Caribbean.

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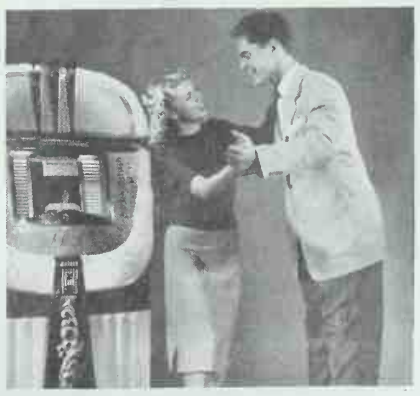
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½ cup BLEU CHEESE, crumbled
1 tablespoon melted butter
¼ cup vinegar
1 small clove garlic, minced
½ cup salad oil
1 teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon salt

To garlic add salad oil, paprika, butter and salt. Mix well. Add crumbled BLEU CHEESE. Mix, using fork. Add vinegar gradually to suit taste. Mix. Serve on tossed green salad or head lettuce. Ah-h-h, this *is* good living!

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In the entire month of December no aircraft in the northern areas made any contact with a submarine. And the shift of U-boats from the Gulf and Atlantic coasts had already been evident in September, two months earlier. With all allowance for the logistic difficulties of a shift in air strength to meet the U-boat move, Army officials contended that this sort of situation clearly demonstrated the need for integrated control over the relatively flexible air arm; sea-frontier commanders were not likely to part with their aircraft, once allocated, nor could they be expected to visualize the "big picture."

Throughout 1942 Stimson continued to urge upon the Navy the advantage of both a truly co-ordinated antisubmarine command and an aggressive attitude toward the submarine. The Army in the autumn of 1942 expanded its originally experimental organization into the Anti-Submarine Air Command, but this command remained much less effective than Stimson had hoped; its aircraft under Navy direction continued to be assigned mainly to defensive operations. But not all of the difficulty in organizing the Army antisubmarine forces came from the Navy, by any means. If the Navy was enamored, in single-minded fashion, of convoy and escort, the Army Air Force was at least equally devoted to the concept of strategic air power, and for many months its antisubmarine command remained a good deal of a stepchild.

> **Liberty consists in the power of doing that which is permitted by the law.**
> —CICERO.

In March, 1943, the whole problem was reopened in a big way. During the first three weeks of that month U-boats, operating mainly in the North Atlantic southeast of Greenland, in an area only partly covered by air search, sank over three quarters of a million tons of shipping. The President sent a sharp note of inquiry to Marshall and King as to the air dispositions planned to meet this threat. The War Department, fortified by a comprehensive and extremely able report prepared by Bowles, began a final effort to win for Army aircraft the autonomy and full naval co-operation needed for a prosecution of offensive operation.

This effort failed. Stimson suggested to Knox the establishment of an autonomous, offensive air task force for antisubmarine work; the suggestion was rejected. Then Marshall urged on the Joint Chiefs of Staff the creation of a new over-all antisubmarine command embracing all air and surface unity, and responsible like a theater command directly to the Joint Chiefs. King rejected this solution, but he indicated his awareness of the problem by creating instead the Tenth Fleet, under his direct command, to co-ordinate all antisubmarine operations in all the sea frontiers. Then Arnold urged the appointment of an Army air officer to co-ordinate all shore-based air operations under this Tenth Fleet; King did not immediately reject this proposal, but in detailed negotiations it became apparent that the difference between the Navy and the Air Force on the meaning of "operational control" was irreconcilable. The Air Force, strongly supported by Stimson and Marshall, believed that antisubmarine air operations *must* be co-ordinated and directed by an aggressive air commander like Air Marshal Slessor, of the British Coastal Command, subject only to the most general guidance of his naval superior. Admiral King believed this concept to be wholly mistaken and insisted that air operations must be directly controlled in each area by the local naval commander. The impasse was complete, and finally, in June, General Marshall reached the conclusion that there was no future for the Army concept so long as the Navy retained final control of antisubmarine operations. In return for certain concessions in other fields of conflict, he turned over to the Navy, with Stimson's approval, the entire responsibility for antisubmarine air activity. The Army squadrons assigned to this mission were gradually withdrawn, and in November, 1943, two months later than it had at first promised, the Navy assumed full responsibility for the work. Stimson shared the disappointment of his British friends, Churchill and Slessor, that so much training should be so arbitrarily discarded, but he agreed with Marshall that it was no use to fight a battle in which grudging naval concessions would be no concessions at all, since true co-operation was the only condition of success.

Meanwhile the crisis of the submarine war had passed; Allied air power, partly shore-based and partly carrier-based, had closed the North Atlantic gap in the spring, and had done such damage to the U-boat "wolf packs" that by June they had withdrawn almost entirely from the North Atlantic convoy route. After that time the submarine was reduced, in Admiral King's words, "from menace to problem."

In assessing the questions involved in this prolonged and mutually unsatisfactory conflict between the Army and the Navy, Stimson found himself convinced that on the tactical issues the Army was proved right, and the Navy wrong. The record of Allied antisubmarine activity in all areas where the Germans operated clearly demonstrated in his view the effectiveness of aggressively employed air power. From 1942 onward—and it was only in 1942 that airborne radar began to be extensively used—aircraft operating at sea destroyed more German submarines than did surface vessels, and more than five sixths of the submarines destroyed from the air were killed by shore-based aircraft. Moreover, the vast majority of these shore-based kills were accomplished by aircraft flying under the control of Slessor's Coastal Command in accordance with the principles of air autonomy and aggressive search so long and vainly urged by Stimson on the American Navy. The early Navy notion that convoy escort was the *only* way of fighting the submarine was in Stimson's view completely exploded by the brilliant operations of the Navy's own hunter-killer groups in 1943 and afterward, not to mention the shore-based campaigns of Coastal Command first in the Bay of Biscay and later in Norwegian waters.

But the issue of tactics was not the most important matter to be reviewed. Far more important lessons were apparent to Stimson in the contest over antisubmarine warfare. The first was the importance of listening closely to the scientists. Scientific contributions to antisubmarine warfare were enormous, and they extended far beyond the merely technical. Scientists like Bowles and Bush proved themselves to be capable of sound strategic comment and of constructive proposals for the tactical control and use of antisubmarine weapons. They were far wiser than either naval or air officers who had become wedded to a limited strategic concept.

The second lesson of the antisubmarine campaign was the critical importance of the doctrine of command responsibility. Much of the continuing failure of both the Army and the Navy in antisubmarine matters rose out of the absence of any central and clear-cut command. At least until 1943 the Navy Department was not organized as was the British Admiralty, with a vigorous and independent group of senior officers conducting antisubmarine warfare as a continuous campaign. There was no officer who could be held responsible for that mission and only that one; antisubmarine warfare, both in the Navy Department and in the Army's high command, was everyone's business and no one's. And if General Arnold's officers were thinking largely of strategic air power, Admiral King's were concerned mainly with the Pacific. With rare exceptions, antisubmarine warfare received only the partial attention of the first-rate officers, while actual operations, especially in the sea frontiers, were left to commanders not always chosen from the top drawer. Comparing this arrangement with the method ap

(Continued on Page 210)



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CHOCOLATE BITS COOKIES

½ cup shortening
¼ cup granulated sugar
½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup plus 2 level tablespoons sifted flour
½ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup chopped nuts
1 package Rockwood Chocolate BITS

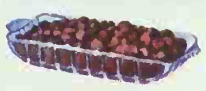
Cream shortening, two sugars and vanilla until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat. Sift together flour, soda and salt, adding to first mixture. Stir in nuts and chocolate BITS. Mix thoroughly. Drop from teaspoon on lightly greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) 10–12 minutes. Makes 50 cookies.

Use standard level measurements.

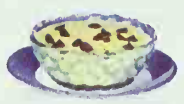
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"Whisk up a batch of smooth, melt-in-your-mouth Chocolate Bits Cookies—then sit back and wait for the cheers! *Everyone* loves the crisp, golden goodness of these famous cookies—*you'll* love them because they're so quick and easy to make. Try 'em and see!"

Always keep Rockwood Chocolate Bits on the shelf for cookies and scads of other uses—they're pure, semi-sweet chocolate in the handiest form ever. For tested Bits recipes, just drop a postcard to Consumer Relations Director, Rockwood & Co., Brooklyn 5, New York.



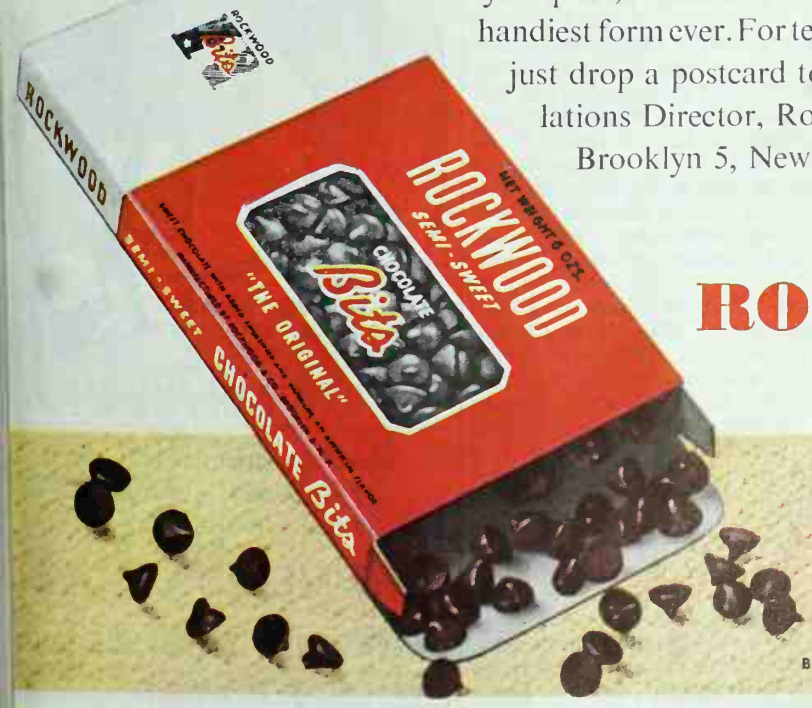
EAT BITS JUST AS THEY ARE—Kids love them—they're grand for company. Not too sweet—packed with food-energy.



SPRINKLE 'EM ON PUDDING—Take Bits just as they come from the box—sprinkle them on your favorite pudding for a treat you'll never forget!



SWELL FOR BROWNIES—The free Rockwood recipe book tells how to use Bits for Brownies, Ginger-Bit cookies, syrup, and dozens of other good things to eat.



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When baby's tears come from "Childhood Constipation"



..give **Fletcher's Castoria!**



"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

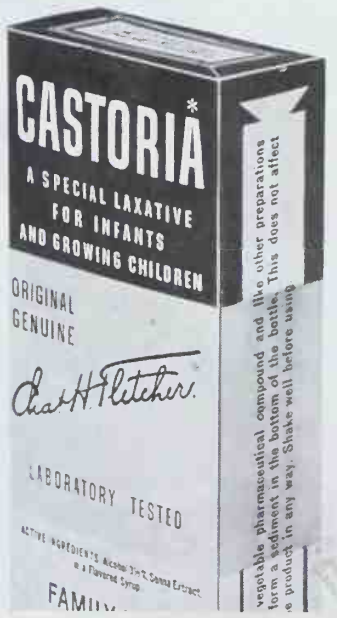
WHEN your baby's happy smiles turn into tears and bad temper merely because of "Childhood Constipation"... Be a wise mother and give him *Fletcher's Castoria*.

Thorough and effective—yet so gentle, it won't upset sensitive digestive systems.

Made especially for children—contains no harsh drugs, will not cause griping or discomfort.

So pleasant-tasting—children love it and take it gladly without any struggle.

Get Fletcher's Castoria *at your drug-store today. Look for the green band on the package. It identifies the original and genuine product.*



Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The original and genuine

(Continued from Page 208)

plied in Africa and Europe and the different theaters of the Pacific, Stimson concluded that it provided the proof, in failure, of the wisdom that set up the other theaters under single strong full-time commanders.

A third important lesson was that the Joint Chiefs of Staff was an imperfect instrument of top-level decision. Certainly it represented a vast improvement over anything that had existed before, and on the whole it was astonishingly successful, but it remained incapable of enforcing a decision against the will of any one of its members. It was an exact counterpart in military terms of the Security Council later established by the United Nations: any officer, in a minority of one, could employ a rigorous insistence on unanimity as a means of defending the interests of his own service. Quite aside from the question of which service was right as to antisubmarine strategy, there was no justification for a situation in which the Army and the Navy worked at cross purposes for more than a year, each appearing to the other as an ignorant, presumptuous, interfering bungler. And if Marshall had been as narrow a man as some previous Army Chiefs of Staff, the impasse might have continued throughout the war; the right of the Army to operate antisubmarine aircraft was one on which he could have stood his ground forever. Only the President was in a position to settle finally any disagreement, and Mr. Roosevelt's general position was that disagreements should be adjusted without forcing him to act as judge. This seemed to Stimson a sensible attitude, since the President could hardly be expected to take time for a thorough study of dozens of differences, large and small. The President remained as a court of last appeal, and fear of his displeasure frequently forced compromise agreement in the Joint Chiefs of Staff. But the absence of any constantly operating and truly decisive authority placed a heavy obligation of self-restraint on the Joint Chiefs, and the whole system might have well broken down completely if all its members, and Marshall particularly, had not been determined that it should reach and enforce decisions at least on points of primary importance. Stimson was appalled at the thought of what might have happened among the Joint Chiefs if Marshall had been replaced by any officer, however able, whose interests and attitudes were limited by a service viewpoint.

The fourth—and most important—feature of the antisubmarine affair was that it provided an almost perfect example of the destructive effect of the traditional mutual mistrust of the two services. Though the focus of the discussion was a question of tactics, it was surrounded by all sorts of interservice recriminations. It was unfortunate that the Army side of the question should have been mainly an Air Force operation, for the Navy and the Air Force had a mutual grudge, of over twenty years' standing—the Navy feared that the Air Force wished to gain control of all naval aviation, while the Air Force saw in the Navy's rising interest in land-based planes a clear invasion of its prescriptive rights. To the Air Force,

Knowing as we do that the foundations of national greatness can be laid only in the industry, the integrity, and the spiritual elevation of the people, are we equally sure that our schools are forming the character of the rising generation upon the everlasting principles of duty and humanity? It becomes, therefore, a momentous question whether the children in our schools are educated in reference to themselves and their private interests only, or with a regard to the great social duties and prerogatives that await them in after life.

HORACE MANN.

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CRADLE BOUNCE

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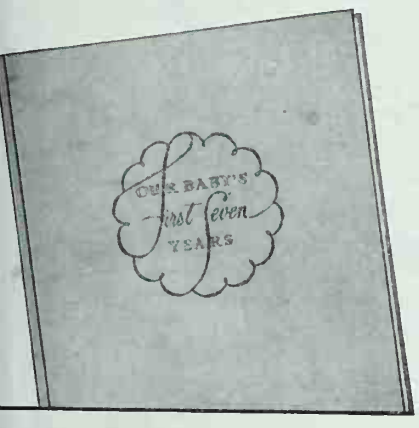
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Smart, youthful styles for Morning, Street or Afternoon. Also Maternity Corsets & Lingerie.
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More than 700,000 copies of "Our Baby's First Seven Years" have been bought because this attractive record book helps mother keep valuable records of baby's growth, gives helpful guidance in baby's development. Illustrated by renowned children's artist. Handsomely bound. A gift that becomes more precious as the years go by! . . . . . *only* $3.00

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Keep Baby SAFE from S-P-I-L-L-S



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STURDY FOLDING SAFETY CHAIR

Tuck your young squirmer in this low, tumbleproof chair for feeding or play. Patented safety features. Folds for easy carrying or storage. Converts to many-use junior table. Grand baby-gift. Doctor-approved.

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Not sold in stores. See phone book for authorized agency or write today for helpful illustrated folder.

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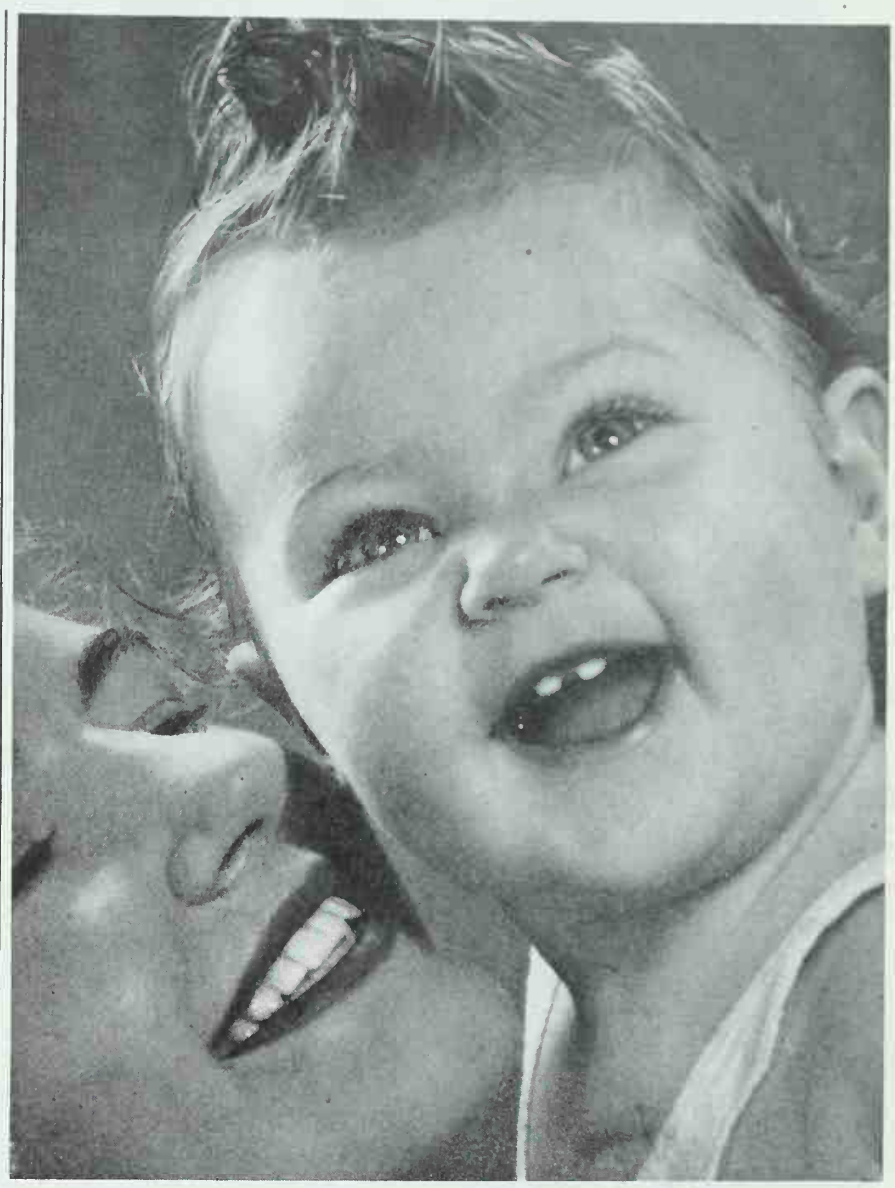
the Navy was a backward service with no proper understanding of air power; to the Navy, the Air Force was a loud-mouthed and ignorant branch which had not even mastered its own element. Thus it happened that many an incident which friendly commanders could have used as a signpost to improvement became instead a source of added bitterness. Although in many cases local and junior officers of both services established extremely friendly relations, what too often came to Army and Navy headquarters in Washington were emotionally embroidered reports of the incompetence of the other service. The simple fact of being under the Navy was no fun for the airmen, whose autonomy in action was their most jealously guarded tradition, and that the Air Force should be sinking submarines at all was to some naval officers an affront. What should have been simply a question of tactics thus became at all echelons a question of feelings, and on neither side was much attention given to the vital importance of seeing the other man's point of view.

This matter of attitude seemed to Stimson the fundamental issue in the Army-Navy relationship. On the whole the war marked a new high in mutual good feeling. Especially in their great joint ventures in the complex art of amphibious warfare, the Army and the Navy learned to respect and like each other; a similar if less intense good feeling developed among the men in Washington who were of necessity thrown together in planning and supplying these vast overseas undertakings. But a strong residue of mutual disapproval remained. Stimson himself was not exempt. On October 20, 1942, at a meeting with Knox and Hull, "After I had expatiated on fruits of the bombers . . . Knox . . . rather unnecessarily put in the remark that the Navy didn't think much of high-altitude bombing anyway. I then rose in my wrath and tore him to pieces. In fact the debate grew so hot I could see Hull pulling his legs in under his chair and generally gathering himself into a fighting position lest he be hit by flying fragments!" The two Secretaries attacked each other's sore points, trading unpleasant opinions about bombers, MacArthur, Guadalcanal and logistics. "But finally we wound up with a laugh, and the smoke blew away." Though Stimson was by long training and predilection an Army man, Knox had no such background as a naval advocate; these pejorative views were the daily and insistent atmosphere of the separate departments, and they sank imperceptibly into the minds of the most balanced men.

His wartime experience with the difficulties of Army-Navy relations made Stimson an early and ardent advocate of the unification of the services which was finally achieved in 1947. He hoped that unification would reduce waste and conflict to a minimum; he hoped still more that it might lead to a gradual ending of the interservice rivalry which was so deeply rooted in the tradition of the armed forces. The Army, the Navy and the Air Force, he believed, must now learn, or be taught, to live together in genuine friendship.

Yet he feared that he himself would always retain, in some matters, a prejudice in favor of the Army. During the first two years of the war, he strongly opposed the holding of public Army-Navy football games in large cities, on the grounds noted at the beginning of this chapter, but in 1944 he somewhat changed his tune, and for an interesting reason. "The President wanted my advice as to whether or not he should shift the Army and Navy football game to New York. That comes a week from next Saturday. For two years we have been having semi-private football games at the homes of the two Academies . . . but now the pressure is for having it a public one. The fact that the Army has a very good football team this year and has a darned good chance of beating the Navy makes me a little more lenient to it than I was before." (Diary, November 13, 1944.) The game was held in New York, and the Army won, 23-7.

(Additional portions of Secretary of War Stimson's biography will appear in succeeding issues. Ed.)



As I watch you from day to day,
I long to *understand* you . . .

"When you laugh or cry, I want to know what you are trying to tell me. I want to be close by, doing everything I can for you . . ."

"Besides giving you my love and understanding, I want to help you build: a well-shaped head, a fine, full chest, a strong back and straight legs. Next to being loved and understood, nothing will be more essential to your self-confidence as you go through life. Starting today, I am going to help you build these physical assets!"

Key to a fine physique

Your baby needs Vitamin D to help him develop his bones soundly, to build sound teeth. Follow the advice of physicians, and see that he gets Vitamin D *every day*. By giving Squibb Cod Liver Oil, a dependable source, you will be sure your baby receives enough. Start him on Squibb's now and give it regularly *every day*.

What about his chin?

Many mothers, looking at a chinless new baby, wonder if his jaw bone is ever going to develop. Once started, however, it grows faster than almost any other bone in baby's framework.



Remember that to help your baby build *all* his bones strong and sound, to help him develop a well-shaped head and sound teeth, give Squibb Cod Liver Oil. Get it today.

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The priceless ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker

Smocking for toddlers



Plaid cotton, with saw-tooth smocking, 2334, sizes 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6.



Blue stripes with red smocking, same dress, 2337.

DRAWINGS BY LILLIAN EDGERTON

Paris doesn't overlook the little girls. These cunning, smocked frocks were made there, but the apple of your eye can wear one too. LADIES' HOME JOURNAL *has had patterns for the dresses and the smocking transfers made up of all these models, so that with needles and scissors and a little time you can give your own youngster her first lesson in French femininity.* ★ **BY RUTH MARY PACKARD**

Patterns for dresses, including smocking transfers, are 25¢ each. Send amount in stamps or coins, stating size, to Journal Reference Library, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Order by identifying numbers given.



White linen with smocked yoke, 2335, sizes 1, 2 and 3.



Latticework smocking, 2336, sizes 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6.



Rows of smocking on bodice of che gingham, 2337, sizes 2, 3, 4, 5 a



Smocked top on a summer sun dress, 2338, sizes 1, 2 and 3.

I'm calling to say: Use a real germ-killer these days!



That's *extra*-timely advice, important to all homemakers, in this season when illness is at its height.

Yes, these days, even more completely than usual, be on your guard against sickness in your home! With colds . . . flu . . . going the rounds, be sure to use potent, germ-killing "Lysol" brand disinfectant *everywhere and every time* you clean!

Ordinary household cleaners have no power to kill germs. But efficient, reliable "Lysol" actually *kills every germ it contacts . . . including the tough, ultra-microscopic flu virus!* "Lysol" helps protect your home against epidemic.

So always make sure "Lysol" is in the cleaning water (2½ tablespoonfuls to each gallon of water) when cleaning floors, walls, woodwork, furniture throughout your house. It's quick, easy, economical.

IF SICKNESS should be brought in from outside, keep the sickroom hospital-clean, the hospital way—with "Lysol." And have other sickroom necessities ready when the doctor calls for them. Check with your druggist today!

ALL AROUND THE HOUSE, EVERY TIME YOU CLEAN—DISINFECT WITH

"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

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Your health and happiness . . . and that of your family . . . may so often owe so much to the knowledge, skill and unfailing dependability of your doctor and your druggist.

Right now your druggist is featuring Sickroom Needs—the items your doctor is most likely to call for, in the event of sickness in your home. Check your needs today! Be prepared!



Nursery by Kay Hardy. Hand-painted Whitney Crib 8809, with wood cut-outs of gamboling lambs. Matching Chifforobe 8911.



A place for everything, which the Dad-To-Be can build.

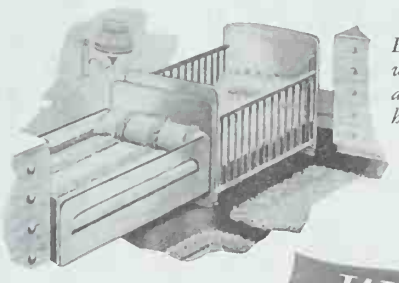
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Full directions are given for making this lovely canopy, to keep Baby safe from drafts and strong light.

IT'S SUCH FUN to plan a room for Baby . . . and so easy to follow the many suggestions in "Let's Plan Your Baby's Nursery." This new, profusely illustrated booklet is packed with fascinating and practical ideas. Leading magazine editors and other well-known authorities have designed colorful and convenient nurseries especially for this book. There's work for the man of the family . . . sewing suggestions for you . . . color schemes . . . economical planning . . . more than sixty-five easy "how-to" ideas. Send 50¢ for your copy of *"Let's Plan Your Baby's Nursery"* today. Use coupon below.



Brother shares a room with Baby, or Little and Big Sister are happy here.

Look for the Whitney Juvenile Furniture at your favorite store.

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JUVENILE FURNITURE · HAMPERS
BABY CARRIAGES

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Enclosed please find fifty cents (50¢) for a copy of "Let's Plan Your Baby's Nursery."

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WHAT CAN YOUNG MARRIEDS AFFORD?

(Continued from Page 128)

Good basic furniture now comes in "muslin" which isn't muslin at all, but heavy sateen in glorious style colors such as watermelon pink, leaf green, bright stripes, and a variety of reds. The idea is for you to make do as is for a while, if you are working up to a scheme not yet decided upon, waiting for your budget to grow, or not yet ready to select fabrics for either permanent upholstery or slip covers. Most good stores now have these basic pieces, with good lines, substantially built, and giving you what actually amounts to custom-made service. This is something to think about when you are figuring those precious dollars with an eye to squeezing every penny of value out of them.

Plan to buy a rug, a sofa, at least two upholstered chairs, a larger table, and two or more smaller tables. The chest is not necessary, but handy if you can afford it. Here are the "musts" in selecting good furniture for your living room:

A Sofa with lines so simple it stays in style for years. The one shown is of the Lawson type, which is always good taste. A Lawson sofa may be shorter or longer than the one shown, have either three or four cushions, be lower or higher, have shorter arms, and so on, but will in general resemble the one in the picture. One can even sleep comfortably on a Lawson-type sofa. Eighteenth-century period sofas are good taste also, but decidedly more elegant and less adapted to general use.

At first our success is always a matter of surprise to us. Later, however, we assume an air of nonchalance about it, for it is in our nature to consider what we happen to possess as justly merited.

—PAUL ELDRIDGE:
Horns of Glass
(Harbinger House).

A Man's Chair. Buy a chair to fit the man in your life and have him "try it out" before you buy it. Don't make the mistake of selecting one too deep, too low or otherwise unsuited to his proportions. A good club chair is as basic as your sofa, and the most satisfactory ones have broad seats, low arms and are not too deep. For a tailored effect you can leave it plain; for a dressed-up summer ensemble you can slip-cover it gaily.

The plainer the lines the better, and be sure to ask about springs in both seat and back. This is not only for comfort, but because such springs indicate good construction and are identified with chairs and sofas that keep their shape.

A Feminine Chair. Let this be a taller, lighter version of the man's chair, but choose a style with a graceful back and a more feminine look. Wing chairs, fan-back and barrel types are good lasting styles, but watch that the upholstering job looks simple, for innovations creep into this type of chair, making it difficult to slip-cover or reupholster.

Your Important Table. It's new to have a big living-room table, and it's heavenly to have one that folds up, drops down or otherwise adapts itself to varied use and space. As young marrieds, you use such a table for just about everything. As a big lamp and magazine table, it gives your room an air; for guest suppers it is luxurious; and with the leaves dropped it retires and holds its own with any heirloom.

Smaller Tables. In buying lamp and accessory tables, go to a good store and ask to see their best commercially built tables.

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UNDERWEAR
"for Any Child of Any

NEW IDEA to
you buy you
baby's underw

Just tell the
girl your in
WEIGHT as
as age, and
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correct size E-
derwear for l
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sturdy, durable in
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twist — has no butto
get in baby's mouth.

Send for our FREE bo
"Let the Scales Help
Mothers find weigh
eharts a great help i
ting proper underwea
for baby — and
and girls as

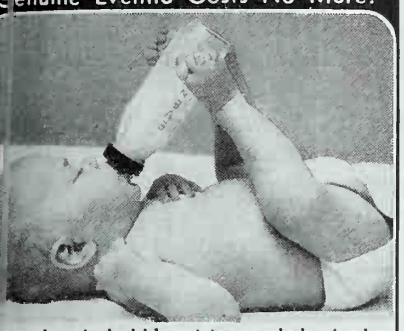
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Knitters
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New Customers send 10c for
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Genuine Evenflo Costs No More!



...te the air bubbles rising as baby feeds

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Babies instinctively take to modern Evenflo Nursers because their air-valve, ...ple action is just like breast feeding. ...cause of Evenflo's smooth nursing ...ion, babies finish their bottles easier ...d make better gains in weight. Evenflo ...rsers (nipple, bottle, cap, all-in-one) ...e at baby shops, drug, department ...res. Ask for genuine—

Evenflo*

"America's ...ost Popular Nurser" ...breathes as it feeds



In ...- and 8-oz. sizes

...4 oz. for feeding ...tiny babies and ...for giving water, ...orange juice, etc. ...to older babies.

*Patented ...ramid Rubber Co.

...ere's Only One Evenflo—Ask For It.

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Show lovely All-Occasion Greeting Cards, Stationery—to friends, neighbors, co-workers. NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED—FREE BOOK shows any beginner how to make money! Write for samples. If friends don't snap them up, return at our expense. BLUEBIRD STUDIOS, Dept. L19, Fitchburg, Mass.

MOTHER!

THUMB SUCKING IS UNHEALTHFUL AND UNBECOMING TO A CHILD

USE THUM TRADE MARK 50¢

use like nail polish easy to apply—

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

When I travel I use Chux DIAPERS!



SOFT-ABSORBENT 100% DISPOSABLE

CHICOPEE SALES CORP., NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

Most of them will be derived from period styles and will be graceful yet strong. The cost is not more than for cheaply built furniture and the finishing will be good. Your small tables should last a lifetime and serve many purposes. We used a drum table which holds a few books, an English coffee table, and a drop-leaf Pembroke style at the end of the sofa.

The Chest. In apartments or small homes especially, a chest of drawers fits into any odd space and is useful for holding guest linens, photographs, stationery, and other items. It also adds the essential spot of solidity needed in a well-arranged room.

THE COLOR SCHEME

Styles in color schemes change as do fashion colors in dress. Right now we are using clear, bright flower colors, lots of textured cottons, gay chintzes, dramatic prints, and handsome wool rugs with novelty textures.

For the decorated look you find so charming in today's rooms, select a good color scheme and stick to it. Don't be afraid of "too much" of your good basic color. Be sparing with your accent colors. For instance: if you choose chalk blue or gray-green, yellow or rose-pink, as we did, for your basic color, use a lot of it on all backgrounds. Even some of your furniture may be upholstered in it. If your room is small or you want a dignified room, you may use it for your draperies also.

With your background so unified, you may then upholster or slip-cover your furniture as gaily as you wish. Of course, if you are using strongly patterned wallpaper, you must subdue your furniture covering, eliminating design altogether, except for stripes or self-toned textures.

The Chintz. The most decoration for the money is to be had in a really beautiful chintz—lots of it. From it you get your color scheme, and the dash and style that new rooms need. Simple sewing makes both draperies and slip covers until you are ready for permanent upholstery on your muslin pieces.

The Carpet. Fine wool carpets are easy to find these days, and in just about any texture, tint or shade you prefer. It is wise to select your carpet first, actually just as soon as your scheme is decided upon, for not every quality comes in every shade, and you might find that the one perfect carpet to go with your $1.39 chintz comes only in an expensive luxury weave. Matching up your carpet and fabrics before you buy saves trouble and disappointment.

You don't have to have an absolutely plain rug with patterned wall or draperies. The new tone on tone, and textured patterns in self-color, as well as twists and nubby weaves, are in effect plain but do not conflict with the average wallpaper design. The carpet in our color photograph is a heavy wool twist in one of the new neutral grays.

THE END

How to Order Patterns on Pages 66 and 67

The accessory and sweater patterns are JOURNAL patterns. The blouses, skirts and petticoats are tissue patterns graded in sizes. Skirt patterns should be ordered by waist measure.

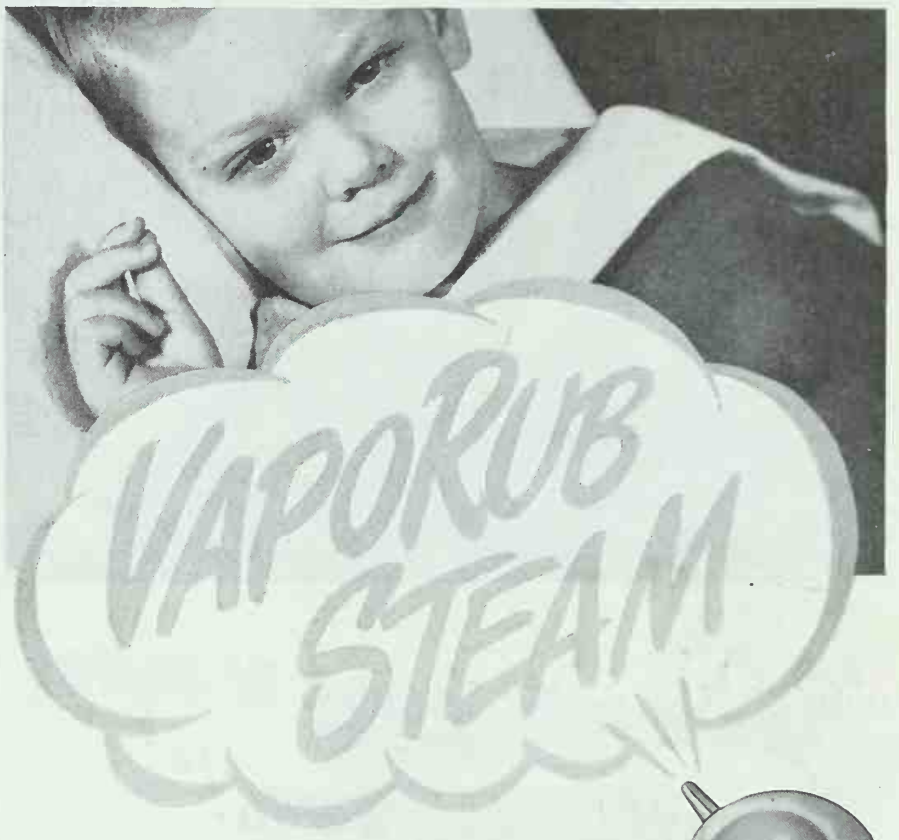
Send money in stamps, coins or money order, to JOURNAL Reference Library, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, *and give your size!*

2422. Jersey shirt, sizes 10 to 18. 25c.
2423. Corduroy skirt, 24 to 30 waist. 25c.
2424. Bag-and-belt set. 10c.
2425. Patchwork skirt, 24 to 30 waist. 25c.
2426. Jumper dress, sizes 10 to 18. 25c.
2427. Jersey shirt, sizes 10 to 18. 25c.
2428. Swoopy skirt, 24 to 30 waist. 25c.
2429. Piqué hat and capelet. 10c.
2430. Daisy belt and muff. 10c.
2431. Bowknot cape. 10c.
2432. Knitted strapless sweater. 10c.
2433. Calico petticoat, 24 to 30 waist. 25c.
2434. Taffeta petticoat, 24 to 30 waist. 25c.
2435. Classic knitted cardigan. 10c.
2436. Classic knitted slipover. 10c.

Yes, it's grand for kiddies! Great for grown-ups too!



It's Grand! It's Easy Relief for CROUPY COUGHS of Colds



A Special Way To Use Good Old Vicks VapoRub

You *know* how wonderfully effective Vicks VapoRub is when you rub it on throat, chest and back at bedtime.

Now . . . here's a *special* way to use VapoRub that's especially effective for raspy, croupy coughs of colds. It's *VapoRub Steam* . . . and it brings almost instant relief!

Multi-Medicated Vapors Bring Relief With Every Breath!

This wonderful *VapoRub Steam* carries VapoRub's *multi-medication* deep into cold-congested upper bronchial tubes. It quickly soothes irritation . . . loosens phlegm . . . relieves night coughs and croupy coughs of colds with every single breath you take. Try it!



Best-known home remedy you can use to relieve distress of colds is Vicks VapoRub

Vicks and VapoRub are registered trade marks.



"You're not s'posed to enjoy this ride, mom!"



BABY: This may not be any joy ride for you, Mom—now that *you're* being *me* for a day!

MOM: Joy ride! I should say it isn't! Wriggling around in these straps makes my skin so uncomfortable I could *howl!*

BABY: I hoped you'd get to see it my way, Mom! *Now* maybe you see why you ought to keep my skin protected with Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder!

MOM: Write your own ticket, lamb! But tell me now, why do you need *both?*

BABY: A cinch, Mommie. Pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil to smooth me over after my bath. And more of the same at diaper changes, to help prevent what my doctor calls "urine irritation."

Other times, Mom, lots of soft, soothing sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder, to chase chafes and prickles and keep me purring!

MOM: Angel, I've been an awful flat tire about this! Just step on the gas and let's be on our way to the nearest headquarters for Johnson's!





Let's Stop Epidemic Diarrhea!

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen

President, Chicago Board of Health

EPIDEMIC diarrhea of the newborn is an unpardonable blot upon an otherwise admirable record in cutting down infant mortality in this country.

This is a disease that goes through hospital nurseries like wildfire when once it gets a foothold. In some epidemics as many as three fourths of the babies in a hospital have become sick, and as many as one third of the infected ones have died. Nor is the toll confined to that reported in the nursery. Sometimes parents take home a baby that appears perfectly well, only to have the symptoms appear after a few days, perhaps with fatal consequences.

Worst of all, epidemic diarrhea is on the increase, as a result of crowding in hospital nurseries. It is high time we drop the hush-hush that has surrounded these epidemics and make a vigorous attempt to stop the pitiful and quite unnecessary infant deaths which result.

What is diarrhea of the newborn? Caused by an unknown organism thought to be some kind of virus, it is highly infectious. The tiny victim develops loose, greenish, watery stools, which are expelled violently from four or five to nine or ten times a day. Often mucus and blood show up in the stools. The baby becomes listless and lethargic, rejects food, and may vomit. Normal color fades to ashy pallor, and the infant loses weight. Unless a skilled doctor gets on the job quickly the baby may die, and this sometimes happens in spite of everything that can be done.

Of course, when these signs appear after the baby has been taken home from the hospital, the doctor should be called at once. Until he comes, no food or fluid of any kind should be given. During the period of illness the baby must be nourished intravenously and observed constantly. The best place for this is the hospital. Once the baby is sick, there is nothing more to be feared from infection by others.

When diarrhea strikes hard, the baby's little body is drained of needed water and salts. Recently, one group of doctors studying this disease has found that large amounts of potassium salts, especially, are lost while the diarrhea is raging. By restoring potassium through intravenous injections, these doctors say, many of the sick babies can be saved.

More important yet, however, is to prevent epidemics of diarrhea from ever getting started in hospital nurseries. W young parents and parents-to-be know facts as I know them, I believe all will mand that public-health and hosp authorities take the steps necessary prevent them.

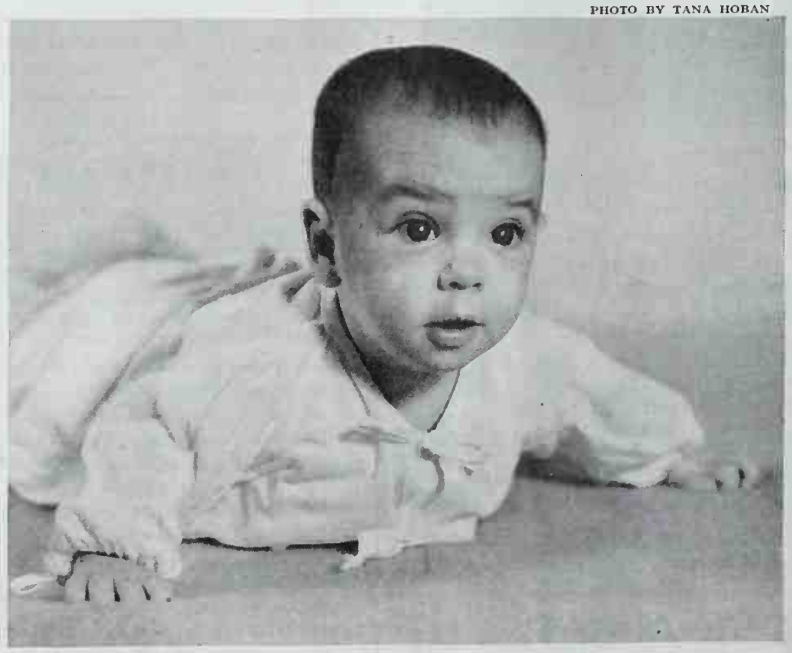
What are these facts? First, that wh epidemic diarrhea starts, *it is because th has been lack of understanding of mod methods, or, worse still, carelessness neglect.* In our present stage of und standing of this disease, it is impossi to keep an occasional baby from c tracting it. But when an epidemic curs, *hospital technique is somewhere fault.*

Second, when proper hospital techniq are rigidly enforced, there is no chance the disease to spread from one baby to a other. In Chicago, we have insisted u strict observance of nursery regulations the past ten years. During that time we ha had a few isolated cases of diarrhea amo

(Continued on Page 219)

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

PHOTO BY TANA HOBAN



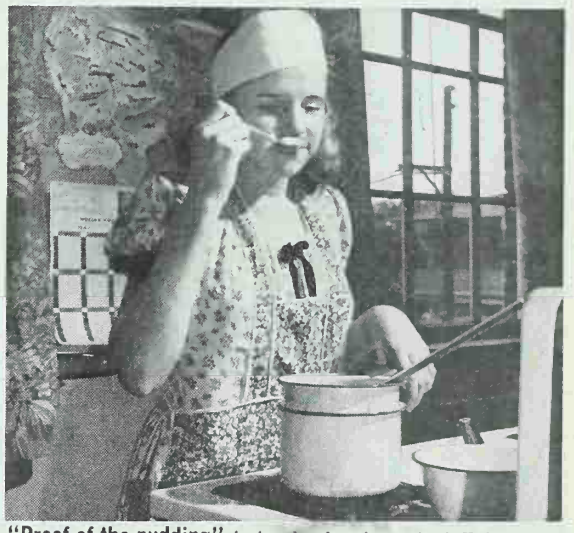
If epidemic diarrhea spreads, hospital technique is somewhere at fault. Demand that hospital authorities take the necessary steps.



A Sonotone Consultant's biggest thrills come from helping children, when their doctors suggest they try a hearing aid. Zula F..., now a capable scholar in her second year of high school at 14, kept up with her studies with great difficulty until she received her Sonotone at the age of 11. Many youngsters who suffer hearing loss are wrongly considered deaf or even "slow"—when their hearing can often be greatly increased by medical help and hearing aids.



Like one of the family—Consultant Coldren calls regularly at Zula's home to give audiometric hearing "checkups" and counsel. Zula has five sisters—one attending teachers' college. Her father and two sisters are in business and her brother Calvin manages the farm.



"Proof of the pudding" is in the *hearing.* And Zula—now hearing and understanding easily—has gained poise and charm beyond her years through her achievement. A happy girl with a well-rounded life, her example will encourage others whose hearing can be helped.

"—AND SHE HEARD HAPPILY EVER AFTER!"

OU COULD TALK to pretty, sparkling, 14-year-old a F*. . . of Etters, Pennsylvania, you'd hardly guess ver had any serious trouble in hearing and under- ling people. If you could see her school marks you inly wouldn't guess it—for Zula will graduate from school at 16, far ahead of her age. And, happily, ow hears very well indeed—thanks to the loving ulness of her family and teachers and to the never- g, patient care of a Sonotone Consultant.

he story of Zula F. . . is the story of the difference een wearing a Sonotone and almost any other hear- id. Like thousands of American children, Zula lost at part of her hearing ability after a severe child- illness. But unlike too many thousands of these ren, Zula's hearing story has a "happy ending"!

hree years ago a kindly neighbor told Edwin ren, Sonotone Consultant, "You ought to go see fine little girl up at F. . .'s farm!" And so Mr. ren, with the entire experience and resources of the l's largest hearing aid organization behind him, to work for Zula—with the result that you see in photographer George Karger's pictures!

Sonotone care succeeds for two reasons. First—*Sonotone can and does take the responsibility of giving the fullest possible hearing aid help.* Second—from 15 years of experience with nearly 400,000 people with hearing loss, Sonotone has perfected the most complete and practical program for hearing aid users ever offered to the public. This program not only includes providing the finest modern instruments for every hearing need. It also includes fitting these instruments by audiometric measurement and speech tests to give the fullest correction possible for each individual's hearing loss.

Most important of all, it includes the skillful, constant, unselfish care of 984 Consultants like Edwin Coldren in over 300 permanent U. S. Sonotone offices. From early morning to late night, year in and year out, they work for the users who are their friends—making regular calls for hearing "checkups", supplying necessary repairs and accessories, offering the trained counsel and encouragement that keep each user's hearing *happy!*

**Name omitted in accordance with medical principles*





"You need hearing to learn how to live"—Zula attends handsome, well-equipped New Cumberland High School—and "loves it". Domestic science instructor above is one of the teachers who have encouraged Zula to achieve high marks and a bright future.

our hearing deserves the BEST! See the newest addition to e Sonotone line, the beautiful rhodium-cased New Miniature onotone "900", with batteries inside. Light, tiny, easy to wear a wristwatch! Yet it combines *finer hearing quality, more wer and economy than any previous miniature!*

This wonderful miniature, produced by the world's largest boratories devoted exclusively to hearing aids, joins with the eat Sonotone "700" and other famous Sonotones to give best aring for every individual need.

MORE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN FITTED WITH SONOTONE THAN ANY OTHER HEARING AID

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

SONOTONE, BOX 90, ELMSFORD, N. Y.

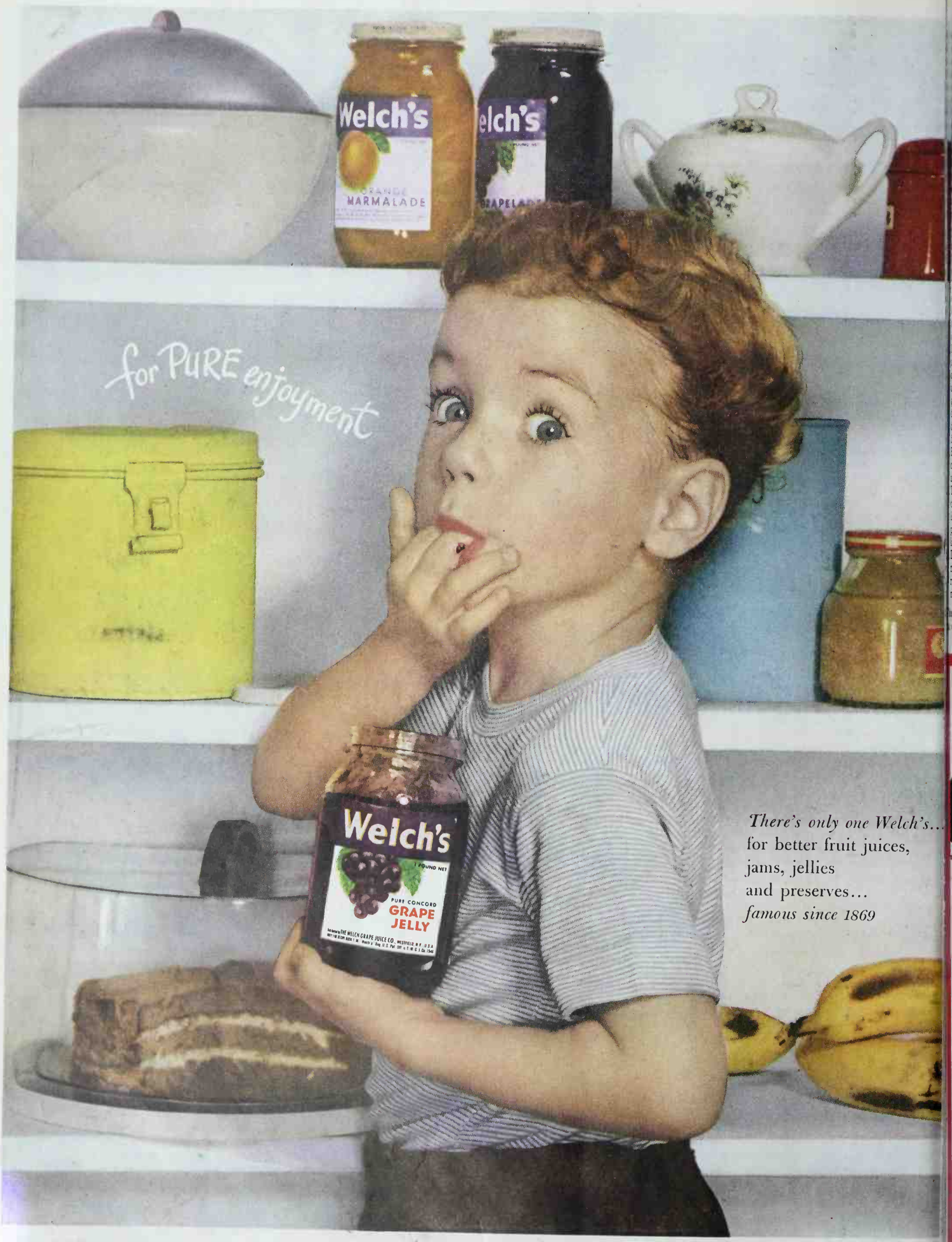
Please send the new FREE booklet, "Freedom From Fear", which tells the story of Sonotone's plan for better hearing, and of the New Miniature Sonotone "900".

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ADDRESS_____

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for better fruit juices,
jams, jellies
and preserves...
famous since 1869

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(Continued from Page 216)

rn, but we have had no epidemics of id that have taken dozens of lives in a ys in other cities. Our experience here, iat of a number of hospitals in other is proof that the same results may be ed everywhere with the same methods.

en parents trust their infant to a hospital y, they have the right to know their infant safeguarded. What can you, as parents ymen, do about this situation?

at is needed is scrupulous, painstak- erm-killing *cleanliness*. So when you e your hospital ask your doctor to ut if the following essentials for the of your baby are followed faithfully:

The nursery itself is kept absolutely lean by daily scrubbing and dusting.

There is a space of at least six inches be- ween bassinets at all times.

Linens, clothing, utensils and other upplies are kept separately for each nfant. It's especially important that here be an individual thermometer, n sterilizing solution, for each baby.

Every doctor, nurse or other person oming into the nursery scrubs hands nd arms for several minutes with soap nd water, then puts on a sterile cap, own and mask. After caring for one aby, the nurse "scrubs up" before liapering, feeding or otherwise caring or another.

Feeding, whether by bottle or breast, is arried out with the proper technique to void contamination.

There is systematic, daily observation f all infants to detect possible signs of nfection. Infants showing any sus- icious indications are immediately iso- ated.

Daily observation of mothers and urses is made to detect signs of diar- hea, colds or other infection which ight be transmitted to the babies.

ere is a further important point. Be- of hospitals where mothers boast gaily that they "can have all the company they want." Every outsider who comes to the floor is potentially a carrier of germs which may be carried to the babies' bassinets. In Chicago a valiant effort is made to limit visitors to the father and grandparents of the baby, and in any event to allow only one visitor each day in addition to the father. No visitor with any sign of cold or other infection is admitted, and no children are allowed to visit the obstetrical floor.

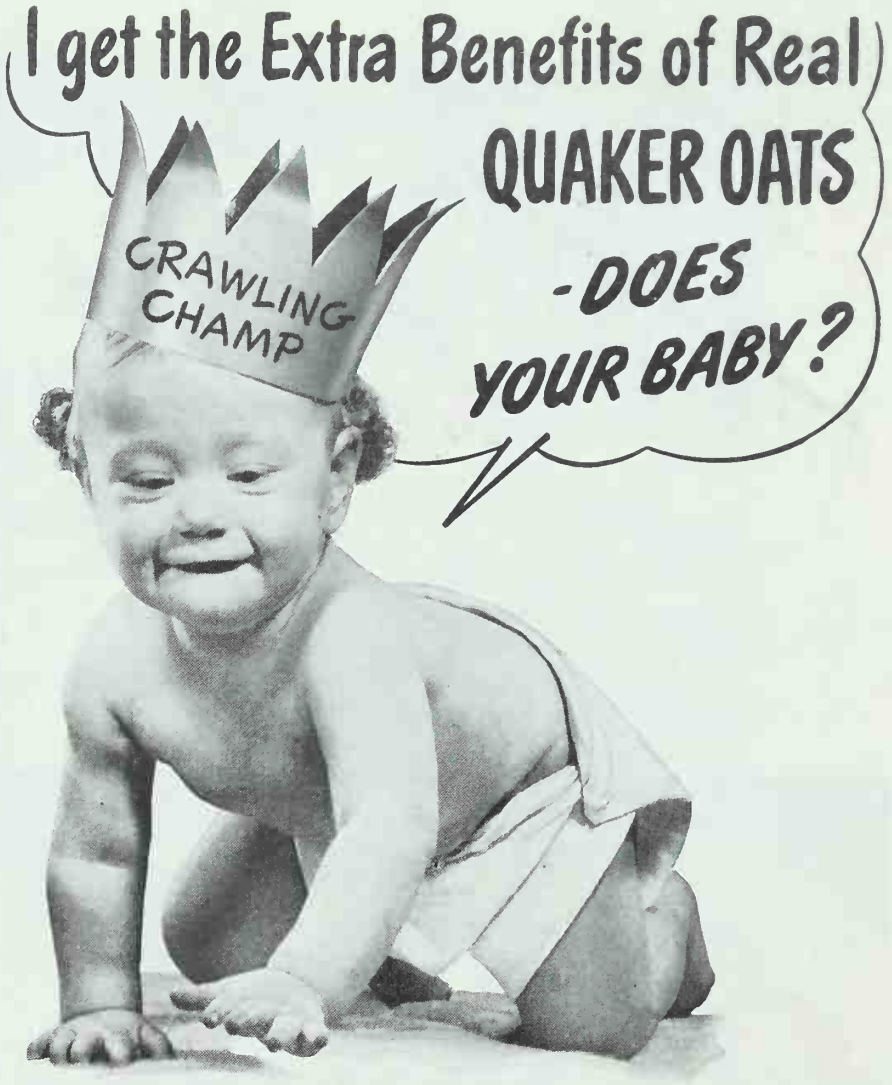
This may seem like a hard rule, but its purpose is to safeguard not only your baby, but all the babies in the nursery. You can help the hospital authorities do their job properly by accepting it gracefully.

To those unacquainted with the fatal possibilities of a nursery epidemic, the foregoing regulations may sound far-fetched. Indeed, when our rules first went into effect in Chicago, there was heavy pressure from influential patients, and even from a few doctors and hospitals, to modify them or at least to make exceptions in certain cases. We were convinced then, however, and I am even more convinced today, that we owe our babies all the effort it takes to safeguard their lives against infection, and doctors and hospital authorities here were quick to see that to relax the rules would be to open the door to that single, small break in the technique that may be all that is needed to start epidemic diarrhea, with its terrible death toll.

Your baby and other babies in your community deserve just as much protection as our babies have had, and it is up to you and other mothers to see that they get it. If you do not think your hospital is doing all the things that need to be done, talk it over with your doctor. If you approach the doctor and hospital authorities in a spirit of helpfulness rather than of criticism, you are sure to get the results you want in most cases. In that way, you can help save many lives that might otherwise be lost in infancy. One of those babies might be yours—why risk a tragedy that you could never forget?

THE END





Famous Quaker Oats Plan Promotes Growth, Resistance



All 10 "Magic Aminos"!

I have to have these strange, hidden Protein substances to thrive and grow. Moms and Dads *need* them for stamina. Oatmeal leads *all* cereals in Protein!

That Wonderful Iron!



Why, Doctors even give extra iron to little babies sometimes, that's how much they need it to build good bones and rosy cheeks! And oatmeal gives me Food Iron—more than any other natural cereal! Mom needs Iron too, even more than Dad does!



Wealth of Vitamin B_1!

A keystone of energy, good digestion, sound nerves! Little babies without it get irritable, and so do grown-ups. Oatmeal is better'n any other natural cereal in B_1.

That isn't all, Mom! Quaker Oats brings me other key elements. And gentle Quaker processing doesn't remove *anything*. I get *all* the whole-grain goodness, the way Nature made it!

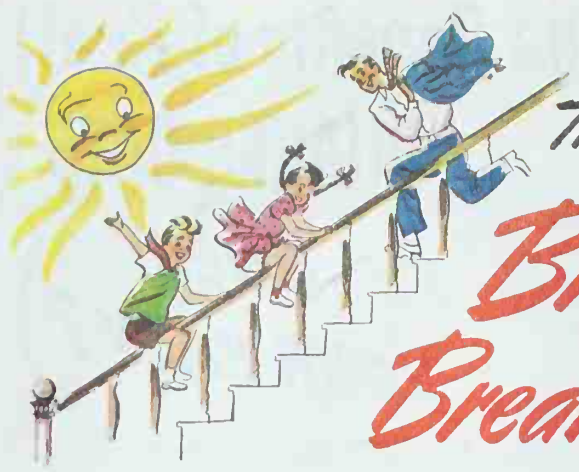
Let's *all* eat delicious Quaker Oats. Costs less than 1¢ a serving. Quick Quaker Oats cooks fast as coffee!

Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats are the same.



QUAKER OATS

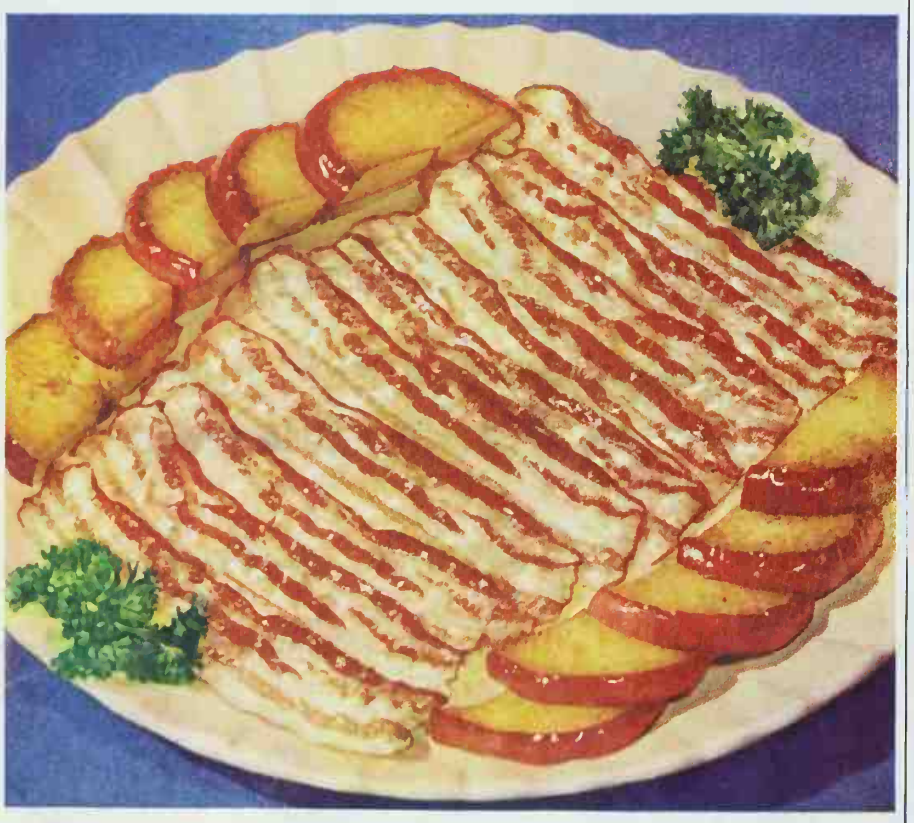
The World's Best-Tasting Breakfast Food



This way to...

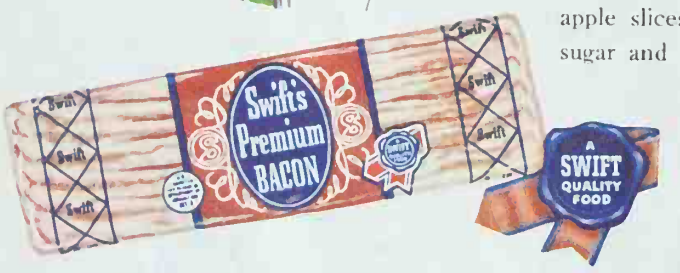
Brighter Breakfasts!

HURRY ON DOWN, cherubs . . . Dad's right behind you! There's Swift's Premium bacon for breakfast—a treat to be treasured these days. What a savory, flavory way to spark the brighter breakfasts active minds and bodies need! So rich in food energy, with that everytime-dependable quality and famous *sweet smoke taste* . . . no wonder America actually prefers Swift's Premium Bacon to the next *25* brands *combined!*





CAREFUL COOKING SAVES WASTE: Place slices of Swift's Premium Bacon in cold frying pan. Don't overcrowd. Cook slowly; turn often to cook evenly. Drain on absorbent paper. For crisp bacon, pour off fat as it accumulates (and save for future use). Serve with unpeeled apple slices dipped in brown sugar and fried in bacon fat.



Swift's Premium Bacon

with the sweet smoke taste!

COLOR HARMONY IN SEATTLE

(Continued from Page 164)

began to quarrel among themselves about the Civil War. The Southern Negro children were defending the South against the Yankees. The principal said there were good and bad Negro and white children in the school, and children of Oriental blood behaved like the general run. Before interviewing a group of teachers, we went onto the playground, and there we found a large group of very merry, happy children. If there was any separation according to color or race, I couldn't see it. If the principal felt any difference between these children, I was completely fooled.

Most of the teachers behaved the same way. One thought the Negro children tended to stay together when they first started in the kindergarten, but this lasted only a short time. Another teacher was somewhat militant against the poor educational opportunities some of the Southern children had had, but she said, "Look at them now, after two years in this school." Then this gray-haired, hearty, loving woman blurted out, "I'd be ashamed to call this nation a democracy if we didn't give every child an equal chance at a good education."

In the last schoolroom I visited, they were just finishing a lesson in current topics, and the teacher permitted the children to exhibit their newly completed written exercises. I passed down an aisle, looking at each paper as I passed. I thought I would try to praise the work of a nonwhite child, but I found myself forgetting color and looking only at the work. I was following the same rule the teachers did. It can be stated thus:

Teach young children as children needing teaching, and you forget their color or race.

My next survey of the situation was a visit to the officials of the Housing Authority. They had the same calm attitude about the problem of no segregation. They were instructed by law to enforce the rule, and they did. They told me that they found that people had little difficulty in adjusting to one another once they lived together as neighbors. One case seemed movingly to prove their point. A group of white people living on a court in one of the housing projects came in a body to protest the proposed renting of one of the houses to a Negro family. The authority informed the group that if the Negro family proved itself to be objectionable or lawless, it would be simple to evict it. The group had only to bring the authority the facts and the evidence. About three months after the Negro family moved in, the Negro woman presented herself at the office to bring the rent for a white family that was about to be evicted because of nonpayment of rent. It was the unwanted family that had collected from the other families of the court to pay the rent of the white family when illness and misfortune had laid it low. This seemed to me a powerful argument to prove what people will find out about one another if they can get to know one another. The rule these people a learned to follow is:

Judge your neighbors and people you know them, not before.

My last encounter with the problem my taxi driver who drove me to the air I can't print all the things he had to say the upshot was that he didn't want Ne in his taxi because they were so demar that they wanted to be carried even t front door. I was ready to get out of the when he said, "Now don't misunders me. I'm not talking about the Negroes have always lived in Seattle. Why, I next door to a Negro family for five years you couldn't have found better neighb I didn't let this man know that I though attitudes some inconsistent, b felt happy inside he had had the c age to knock ove prejudices about ficult customers had given me evidence at the I think this man followed a rule w everyone can us profit in his relat ship with peopl different race color:

Weigh the dence about pe on all sides, and the good as wel the bad influe your judgment.

In looking back my survey of situation, I can h estly say I h given all the fact got. I realize t the people who in these housing p ects find it diffic to live anywhere because of the ho ing shortage, a that, therefore, t had little choice the matter. T teachers in t schools and the p ents of the child had no choice but accept the no seg gation princip Nevertheless, t social experiment forced though was—proved to that the theory democracy is sound. This principle impl that people are people and can live togeth amicably accepting, if only approaching, t principle of equality.

One final example is given to prove th knowledge of people does—and very effec ively—break down barriers, perhaps for time.

A veteran was called to a Southern ho pital for treatment of his war neurosi The treatment group was made up of whi men in a ward receiving only white patient When it was discovered that this particul veteran was a Negro, the group of whi veterans was left to decide whether t Negro was to be admitted. The spokesma of the group said:

"We fought the war beside them and w were in hospitals together overseas. We can see any reason why we shouldn't be treate together now."

Christian doctrine insists that one shoul love one's neighbor as one's self. In th Northwest section of the United States, the seem to use the sound rule of "Know th neighbor as thyself" as the most direct wa of peacefully living with thy neighbor.

THE EN

Can Love and Spunk Beat the High Cost of Living?

TOM and Dorothy Sullivan and their four kids know that items like these aren't on their shortage list. But food? Clothing? That part of their story might almost seem to show that the average factory worker can make ends meet only if he doesn't have children. As Tom puts it: "A man ought to be able to afford a new suit every two years without depriving his kids. But I can't."

Although the Sullivans' income has gone up $800 since 1941, it hasn't kept pace with rising prices. Although a sturdy roof is over their heads, three members of the family have to share one bed because savings won't stretch for a new one. What's to be done?

For one family's answer to the problems of today read

The Sullivans' Struggle

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

HOW AMERICA LIVES

The March Journal

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FOR ENERGY

MOTHER KNOWS BEST—that energy food at breakfast helps start the day bright. *More mothers buy Kellogg's Variety for their children than any other assortment!* Your choice of corn, wheat, rice—in flakes, shreds, pops! All packed with energy—all Kellogg's good! What's more, Variety includes . . .

***KELLOGG'S* PEP**—made for he-man appetites! Every fresh crisp flake is rich in tasty goodness. The day's need of sunshine vitamin D—plus *more* vitamin B_1 than the good whole wheat it's made from! Your grocer sells it in thrifty big packages, too . . . Eat a Better Breakfast—start with PEP!

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COMBINATION SUN AND HEAT LAMP

AS A SUN LAMP
(Ultraviolet)
Tans 3 times faster than sun. Helps body make Vitamin D for health. Good for all the family.

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(Infrared)
Relieves aching joints and muscles. Use for sinus, rheumatism and lumbago when prescribed. Takes chill off rooms; warms cold feet. Dries hair, nail polish.

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The only lamp with all these Features

- Gives choice of sun or heat rays
- Height adjustable
- Turns any direction, any angle
- Use as floor or table model
- Bulbs are protected
- Costs little to use
- Plugs in any 110-120 ac outlet (50-60 cycle)

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DEALER

Everyday GREETING CARDS BRING YOU MONEY



Exclusive • New • Beautiful
The Everyday Assortment offers cards for Birthdays, Anniversaries, other occasions. 14 different Assortments. Stunning designs, luxurious papers, unusual values.

MONEY IN YOUR POCKET
You make up to 100% cash profit. Taking orders brings you steady income all year. Handi-Notes, Gift Wrappings, Humorous Gift Cards, other boxes retail 60 cents to $1.00. Also Personal Stationery.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED
Just show samples. They'll get the orders and BIG PROFITS on sight. Start your own business. Sample 15-card Everyday Assortment sent on approval. Write today.

NEW ASSORTMENT OF 15 STUNNING FOLDERS Sells for $1

GET SAMPLES

FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS, Inc., 232 Adams Street, Elmira, N. Y.

KNITTING YARNS

SEND TODAY FOR NEW FREE SAMPLE BOOKLET

POSTAGE FREE! MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! Direct from our own great factories
YARN HEADQUARTERS, Dept. 'L'
718 CHESTNUT ST., PHILA. 6, PA.

WEAVERS

Write for low money-saving prices, carpet warps, rug fillers. Looms, repair parts for all looms, accurate and inexpensive beam counter.
OR. RUG COMPANY, Dept. 2845, LIMA, OHIO

New Easy Way to GET $25

Show Doehla All-Occasion Greeting Cards, Stationery—to friends, neighbors, co-workers. Make $25 on only 50 $1 boxes. So lovely they sell on sight! NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED—FREE BOOK shows any beginner how to make money! Write for 2 sample boxes on approval. If friends don't snap them up, return at our expense. HARRY DOEHLA COMPANY, Dept. L9, Fitchburg, Mass.

FREE SAMPLES
Name Imprinted" Stationery. Sell it on sight for only $1 per box.

Campho-Phenique Helps SOOTHE AND HEAL MINOR CUTS



RELIEVE PAIN! COMBAT INFECTION! That's the 2-way help you get from Campho-Phenique, the liquid antiseptic that relieves pain too!

APPLY CAMPHO-PHENIQUE QUICK, to minor cuts, burns; cold sores, fever blisters; scratches, non-poisonous insect bites. Relieves pain and aids Nature to heal by combating infection.

USED BY MANY DOCTORS, dentists and nurses. Ask for "Cam-fo Fen-eek". Soothing and stainless. Popular more than 50 years.

CAMPHO-PHENIQUE
THE PAIN-RELIEVING ANTISEPTIC

BABY COMING ?



Start right with this improved, easy-to-clean, Hygeia nursing unit. Fewer parts—just nipple, bottle, and cap. Prepare full day's formula at one time. Only necessary to remove cap when feeding. Cap keeps nipples germ-free. Handy for out-of-home feeding. Useful as container for baby's other foods. Famous breast-shaped nipple has patented airvent to reduce "windsucking." Sold at your druggist's complete as illustrated or parts separately.

Also Available in 4 oz. Size



Hygeia
NURSING BOTTLES NIPPLES WITH CAPS

CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY

SISTER ACT

(Continued from Page 34)

small and slight, with large gray eyes, a camellia skin, and shining blond hair brushed back from her narrow, high-cheekboned face in gleaming, glistening rolls, the like of which no Bronxville hairdresser could duplicate; though, on Monday morning, many of them were to be asked to duplicate it.

So there it was, the lovely picture in its lovely frame, complete to the white-haired, chiffon-frocked mother weeping noticeably if inaudibly in a front-row seat; the tall, distinguished-looking father who had looked quite handsome in his striped trousers and cutaway as he moved with slow solemnity down the narrow strip of white-canvas aisle to give his daughter away. And there was even the younger sister, Barbara, who was eighteen, and who would be married herself before you knew it, from the way young Pete Larson was gazing down upon her now. She was a bridesmaid, of course. A bridesmaid in a charming, ice-blue frock that exactly matched her eyes; and Pete was best man. This was a little surprising, when you considered all the famous men who were close friends of the groom and who might have been called upon to officiate in this capacity. But for some reason known only to the bride and groom, Pete had been selected for this honor, and all that anyone had to say about it was:

"Well, but isn't that just like Muriel, really? And, of course, it undoubtedly was Muriel's idea—as what isn't?"

And that was what they said—that was the conclusion that was reached—when the very few people standing beside the groom's car, later, overheard the remark which Muriel made to her younger sister, Barbara. There were some, of course, who simply refused to believe that it was ever said. And, mercifully, no one reported the remark to Muriel's mother. But of the ones who were ready and willing to believe that Muriel Hunter *might* have said something of the sort, the conclusion and the explanation for such captious behavior was merely:

"Well, but isn't that just *like* Muriel?"

But of these, some meant it in one way and some, like Barbara herself, meant it in quite another.

MURIEL, herself, had another explanation for it. An explanation that was never given to anyone but Muriel, who accepted it to herself with a kind of sad, ironic amusement. A sad, ironic amusement was, in fact, the manner in which Muriel had intended to accept the entire wedding: This firm if gentle insistence of her mother's that Muriel appear in public in a gown of ivory satin which had been worn, in turn, by Muriel's grandmother, and by Muriel's mother, and, finally, in the year nineteen hundred and forty-seven, by Muriel. This ancient symbolism of a lace veil to trail out behind you for yards and yards, and to be deposited, finally, by two nervous and visibly perspiring little girls, borrowed from a friend of Eunice Hunter's. This delightful, if somewhat tedious wedding reception, to which the friends of the bride and groom came in proper chiffons and floppy hats and white jackets and altogeth the wrong attitude. As Mrs. Hunter co fided later to her husband—when her ne shoes were off, at last, and her aching fe were perched comfortably on her own chai longue in her own delightfully cool be room—she had never in her life seen peop drink so much in a broiling summer's s with so little apparent effect.

"OF course," said Mrs. Hunter, tryin hard to believe it, "Muriel is twenty-eig years old, and she's certainly old enough handle her own affairs. But just the sam George, I must say, now that I've met h friends—I mean, *really* met them—I'm little—well, almost—*relieved* that Muriel married. Of course, I never did approve Muriel's going to live in that wretched litt apartment in New York, though it all d turn out very nicely in the end. I just hope

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Ann Rutledge

By Ethel Barnett de Vito

Great? Even had it happened in my span
I think he'd not have troubled overmuch
To know I could not think of him as such
And saw him not a monument, but a man.
I might have known it from the way he stood
Like to a mountain overlooking all,
But kindly: trying not to be so tall,
To let men match his size—as though they could.

Oh, he was gentle; you could never guess
Such big hands, that in another might do hurt
And never know it, held such gentleness.
These things I loved, and for that other part,
Greatness, I might have guessed how far he'd climb—
But we were meant to have so little time.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

worried Muriel mother aloud, "th Barbara isn't goi to take her cue fro Muriel and do t same thing, becau while it did work f Muriel, Barbara- well," finished Mr Hunter lamely ashamed of makin this noise like an old fashioned mothe "Barbara's . . . di ferent."

"Now, mother, comforted her hu band, tugging at h four-in-hand with ev dent relief, "don you start worryin about Barbara. Thes kids today aren't bit different than w were, and *we* grew u all right. Barbara got a good head o her shoulders and don't think she's eve going to get very fa away from Pete Lar son, for all her tal of her great career i Art. And we don' have to worry abou Pete. We've know him and his famil all our lives." Mr Hunter paused in hi undressing long enough to come ove and kiss his wif deeply and gently o her soft, pretty mouth, and to say, with a sudden, suspicious moistness in his fine blu eyes, "I'd say you've got just about one year mother, in which to rest your feet and your mind, and then we'll probably be dolling ourselves up again for another wedding day just like this one."

But their older daughter, sitting quietly beside her brand-new husband in the brand-new blue car that was carrying them swiftly to a chalet in Quebec, did not think so. She *had* thought so, there for a minute, back at that charming reception in that charming garden where she had played as a child, and where she had discovered that Barbara was no longer a child. All at once, and quite suddenly, she had seen that her younger sister—her "baby sister," as she had always referred to her, with Muriel's familiar whimsey concerning all things to do with home and with family and with Bronxville—might, indeed, have a wedding day precisely like this one that Muriel had had. And that, of course, was what had prompted that remark at the car an instant before Muriel's departure. And yet, none of that would have come about—not the sudden flash of understanding, or the single, vividly remembered and much-quoted sentence—if it had not been for that

(Continued on Page 224)

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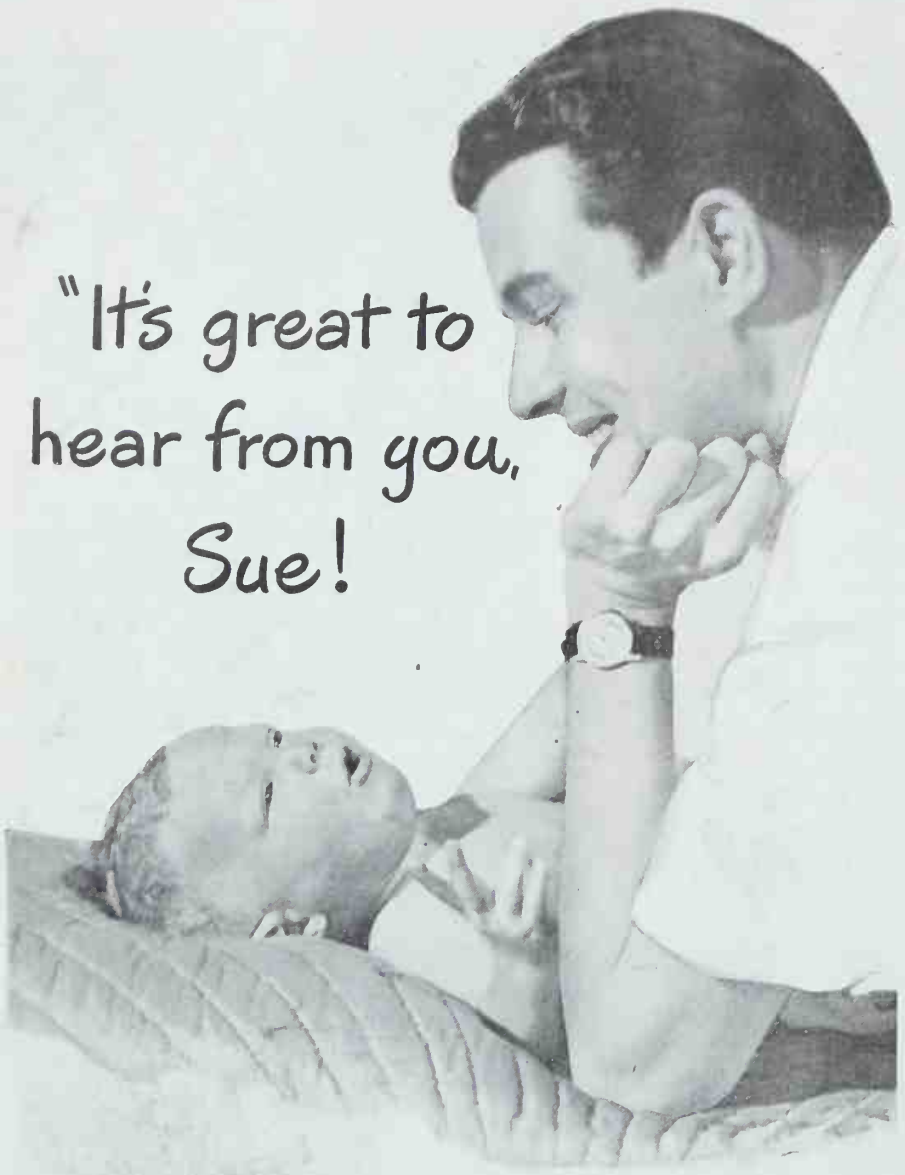
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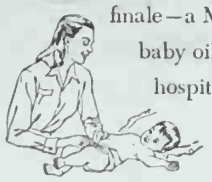
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Mennen Baby Powder | Antiseptic Baby Oil

Two of the world's finest baby products

(Continued from Page 222)

song. That song chosen and requested by Barbara for the first—and the last—waltz of the bride and groom.

"I know it's one of your favorites," Barbara had admitted in a quick whisper, there at the long, flower-banked table that was sacred to the bride and groom and their immediate families. The immediate family of the bride, as it turned out, since the family of the groom was somewhere in Utah, and Muriel had never met them. "I've watched you and Phil dancing to it a hundred times, when I've been out with you in New York, and I knew that—well, that it meant a lot, somehow, to both of you."

And indeed, thought Muriel, it did. That song of yesterday and of yesteryear. That song that could take her heart out of her breast and put it in her eyes as they swept upward on a dance floor to look deeply and meaningfully into the eyes of Phil Longworth. And always, her eyes had made the same promise, and the same renewal of an old one:

If I had my life to live over,
I'd do the same thing again. . . .
If I had my life to love over,
I'd still fall in love with you. . . .

"And I would, darling," her eyes had always said to him. "Everything about it that was horrible, and everything about it that was lovely. Everything that hurt so much I thought I couldn't bear another minute of it; and everything that made me so happy I wept. On your shoulder, usually. In your arms, while you hunted around for a handkerchief, and for the reason that makes women cry in all the wrong places, at all the wrong times."

The deepest principle of human nature is the craving to be appreciated.
—WILLIAM JAMES.

She had told him that, and she had meant it. The only time she had reneged, the only time she had faltered in her promise to him and, more important, to herself, was that sudden, sunlit moment when she sat in the room that had been her room; before the mirrored dressing table that had been her critic as she dressed for a thousand boy-and-girl dates. She had been reaching for a brush to give a last burnished smoothness to hair that was already burnished and smooth. The music was still playing—perhaps by popular request—and its sad, haunting, nostalgic melody drifted up to them. To her and to Barbara, who was holding the scrap of yellow hat that matched the yellow linen going-away suit.

It was then that the thing which Muriel had merely glimpsed, had merely guessed at, down there in the garden when she happened to glance across Phil's black-coated shoulder to watch her sister dancing with Pete Larso had come alive in Barbara's face. That se sitive, delicate, blue-eyed face that, like t faces of all Barbara's contemporaries, all h generation, looked at once so much older a so much younger than it really was. A fa whose only make-up against the warm, su browned tones of the clear skin was lipstic more skillfully applied than Muriel's own. face framed by short, crisp, yellow ringle that were casual and loose and became shoulder-length pageboy in back. A fa that mocked the world and that did n think much of grownups or of the mess th had cooked up for Barbara's generation grow up in. A face down which Muriel ha watched the tears slide when the name Slats Henderson, Barbara's first beau, mere child, a mere infant, really, appear on the Bronxville High School honor r with a gold star to mark it like an epitap

Something had happened to Barbara th time, too, and of course. And the thing th had happened—or part of it—was being r solved in this pink-and-blue bedroom who starched organdy curtains blew idly at th window and through which trailed the scen of Mrs. Hunter's prize roses, planted in suc profusion below it. And standing there wit the silly hat in her hand, and with the n *bouffant* skirt of the ice-blue bridesmaid dress already somewhat wilted, Barbara ha listened to the music—had noticeably an definitely listened to it an for it, and out of the smal hurrying silence that ha fallen between the sister Barbara had said, ea nestly and soberly:

"Muriel, you're such neat sister! You reall are. I mean, I've alway thought you were so wonderful. So clev and—well, the way you stood up to mothe and dad, years ago, when they were so dea set against your having your own apart ment in New York and working. I was jus a kid, of course—seven or eight or some thing—but even then I—I thought you wer pretty super."

"Darling," said Muriel, quickly and deeply touched and trying to find the light touch—the touch that Muriel Hunter was quit famous for finding, among the casual, bored indifferent people who made up her small successful world. "Darling, you want some thing. But I love you just the same—I adore you—and I am deeply touched—literally," she had chuckled, "as well as figuratively."

"No," said Barbara, still in that earnest vein that was so unlike her, that was so . . . disturbing. "You *are* wonderful, and you've always had the courage to do what *you* thought was right without getting all pussed up about what a lot of people might think

(Continued on Page 226)

Back and Other Views of Vogue Patterns on Pages 166 and 167

Vogue Design No. 6228. Coat, sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40. Cost: 2⅜ yds. wool @ $6.95—$16.50; lining, $5; pattern, 75c; findings, 50c.

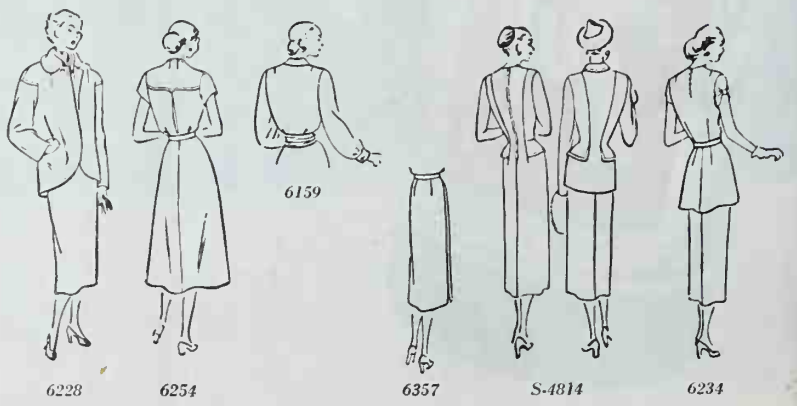
Vogue Design No. 6254. One-piece dress, sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. Cost: 3¼ yds. cotton @ 79c—$2.57; pattern, 50c; findings and buttons, 75c.

Vogue Design No. 6159. "Easy-to-Make" blouse, sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40. Cost: 2¼ yds. cotton @ 79c—$1.78; pattern, 40c; findings, 35c.

Vogue Design No. 6357. "Easy-to-Make" skirt, sizes 24 to 32 waist. Cost: 1⅛ yds. wool @ $2.98—$3.36; pattern 35c; findings, 45c.

Vogue Design No. S-4814. One-piece dress and jacket, sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. Cost: 4 yds. flannel @ $3.95—$15.80; lining, $5; pattern, $1; findings, 85c.

Vogue Design No. 6234. One-piece dress, sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. Cost: 3¼ yds. @ $1.98—$6.44; pattern, 60c; findings, 55c (slide fastener, 25c; thread, 5c; binding, 25c).





A quiet moment between chuckles. Cary Grant's stories go over big with the ladies—even the little ones!

What an idea for a picture!

nk back. All the pictures you really remember wonderful ideas behind them. The kind of ideas found, for example, in "The Best Years of Lives"... the kind of ideas that have made uel Goldwyn's pictures gather so many awards.

In "The Bishop's Wife" he has another great picture with heart-warming ideas that are rich in humor, tender in emotion, and deep in understanding.

It's a picture in which Cary Grant plays an out-of-this-world guy with a worldly touch—that does wonderful things for some wonderful people (including Loretta Young, David Niven, Monty Woolley, James Gleason and Gladys Cooper).

Watch for it... "The Bishop's Wife" will do some wonderful things... to *you!*

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At all drug and department stores.



$1 PLUS TAX

Lipcolors *by Lady Esther*

Clear, living colors for your lips to wear

ady Esther

(Continued from Page 224)

about it. And," she had continued, floundering a little now, growing a little pink beneath that smooth, golden tan, "it's all worked out beautifully, hasn't it? I mean, that's why that song they're playing is—is so much *your* song. If you had your life to live over—*all of it*"—and this with special emphasis, with a special, knowing, urgent emphasis—"*you'd* do the same thing again, wouldn't you?"

And that's when Muriel had known. That's when she had thought, stunned, stupefied, *Why, you baby, you* —— And when she had thought, *Oh, darling, no!* And when she had thought in further dazed, slow realization of this sudden blow that had fallen, *Phil was right then, and she does know. She did know. Not for five years, no. But for one. Possibly, even, two. And all this while she's been watching, and she's been waiting, and she's been wondering, and now here it is. Here's the end of the story, and it's not an unhappy ending, as they might have told her—and as she might have thought—but a divinely happy ending, complete with a wedding cake, and with a veil, and with a ring.*

It was only an instant that she sat there without an answer, and that she might have appeared to be searching for one. She wasn't searching for one because she had one—she had several, in fact—right to hand, ready and waiting. But they weren't any of the answers that Barbara wanted, nor, Muriel began to perceive, were they any which she would be apt to accept or to believe in. In that furious instant while the reel of the past five years unrolled on the sound track of her mind, Muriel Hunter saw the photomontage flash of a dozen pictures, none of them very pretty, none of them very pleasant:

The picture of herself, that scorching August evening, lying white and ill and suffering on Phil's bed in Phil's apartment, and Phil's own face, contorted, agonized, while he groaned, "You shouldn't have done it. I shouldn't have let you do it. Never mind money and jobs and success. We should have been married. Muriel, do you realize you almost died?"

The picture of Sandra Howe, smooth and dark and clever; of Sandra's cool, amused gaze; of Sandra's cool, amused voice going over the sound track, "Darling, I can't bear it. *Not* a veil. *Not* that touching symbol of chastity and purity and trembling maidenhood on the threshold of becoming a woman! Thank heavens you're clever enough to make a joke of it on yourself, sweetie, because it *is* pretty funny, considering." And how it had hurt. How it had scorched her pride. How it had made her weep, later, telling it to Phil.

"You know I don't really care what they know or what they think, darling. I never have. But just the same, now that we're really going to be married, I wish it were all different, that's all. I wish that I didn't have to pretend that it was all very funny and amusing, because it's not. Sometimes, darling—sometimes when I see the way women look at me, and I hear some of the things they've said, I—I hate it, Phil. But never you, darling. I love you. You know I love you. I'd die for you."

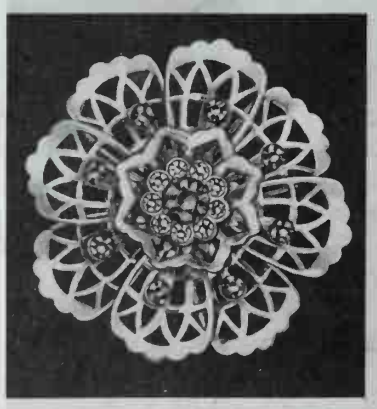
And the picture of Phil leaning above her. The picture of Phil's lean, dark, good-looking face that was tender with her at last, really tender; that began to tell her all the different ways a man feels about his wife, and about a girl who is not his wife, even when she's one and the same girl:

"Once," Phil had said gently, worshipfully, "you almost did. I'll never forget it. I'll never let anything wrong ever happen to you again. It's different, now. You know that, don't you?"

And it was, and she told him so, and yet . . . it wasn't. It was not so different as it might have been, and as it should have been. Something—some vague, nameless, formless something—was wrong about the day that appeared to be so perfect. It pursued her, it haunted her like the song they were playing still, it had dogged her footsteps all the way to Bronxville, and it dogged them now. If she could find it, if she could put a finger on it, she would have the



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answer for which her efully sobered, carefully thoughtful face eared to search. An answer to give to Bara that would show her the false note, t off-key dialogue in this happy ending thaad been tacked on to a not-so-very-happxory. But whatever the thing was, it contued to elude her. And none of the old answs would do. She had covered her tracks thoroughly to retrace them now.

She couldn't say, "I kw, Barbara, but don't you remember the te ——"

Because if Barbara rembered the time at all, she remembered it something gay and exciting in the gay a exciting life of this sister she adored anho had worked out her life so beautifully

So instead, she hear herself saying stupidly:

"You mean, if I had it do over again, I'd still marry Phil? I'till go to New York and chop out a eer for myself and fry in a one-room apanent all summer and be glad to give it all uat twenty-eight, for the blessed and holy sta of matrimony? Is that what you mean?"

Blue eyes and gray eyeset and held. The faintest smile touched the de, red mouth of Barbara, though whether was a smile of derision at being thus put by someone she had looked to for the tru, or a smile of understanding, Muriel did ot know.

"I guess so," said Barba. And persisted, "*Would* you?"

And now the brush wa picked up and carefully and skillfully wield to smooth the yellow rolls over which th absurdly small hat was carefully placed. ow Muriel rose abruptly, anxious to be out of this room, and out of this house and outof his hideous spot in which Barbara had plced her, and which Phil had warned her of, ong ago, when he'd said, "Do you really thin you ought to have the kid in overnight, considering ——"

Considering the odds and ends of male occupancy which you gre accustomed to, you no longer noticed. Considering the few friends they allowed themselves, and all of whom knew, and any on of whom might make a slip. Considerin that it was not, after all, a very edifyin example to the young. Especially when th young happened to be your kid sister whom you worshiped and for whom you wouldcheerfully kill a man who dared to suggesto her . . . what Barbara herself was now suggesting—because that, of course, w what she was doing. She was seeing herself in Muriel's place—a successful youn woman with a successful job and all the freedom that went with your own pay chec and your own latchkey. And she was seeng Pete Larson, with whom she was so muh in love that it hurt you to look at the two of them together, in the place of Phil Longworth. And being, after all, only ten year removed from Barbara's generation, Muiel thought she

(Continued on Pa 229)

SPINSTE

In its original use spinster was exactly that, one ho did the spinning. In Anglo-xon households it was common expect that no woman had fitted herself properly for marriage until she was a *spinster* had made table line bed linen, slips and petticoats r her hope chest. Since all the pinning was left to the unmarri girls, the spinsters were those no were not yet married. Not alwa, of course, were the more persuable young ladies the good spinrs. In time, the task of doing thepinning fell more and more to th lot of the sisters who did not et married. After a girl was marri she had so many family responsibilities that she had little time for spnning compared with the unmarried girls. Thus the transition of meaning from one who spins t one who is not married was easy nd gradual.

—DAVT. ARMSTRONG.



famous stars agree on this...

"Cream for your hands as well as your face"

Each one of these stars relies on a cream for soft white hands. Pacquins Hand Cream!

YOU *CREAM* your face for a smooth, soft complexion. Why not give the skin of your hands this same care?

Well-groomed women everywhere are switching to *creams.* Overwhelmingly to Pacquins. And now *more women use Pacquins than any other hand cream.*

"Why not, indeed! But of course!" say these famous stage stars, and they *know.* Knowing all the "hows" of skin grooming is a vital part of their profession. They *must* keep their hands soft, smooth, white, enchanting . . . eloquent!

Try this—starting tonight: Smooth on a dab of snowy-white, quick-melting, flower-fragrant Pacquins. Notice how your skin gratefully welcomes its soothing, smoothing moistness. Pacquins cream smooths away dryness, roughness.

And Pacquins isn't sticky or greasy. It *disappears* almost instantly. It's as delightful to use as its results are thrilling to see. A 12-second rub-on with Pacquins—morning and night—will keep your hands smooth, soft, lovely.



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for "dream" hands—cream your hands with

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At Any Drug, Department, or Ten-Cent Store.



NO WONDER I couldn't hold Bob's roving eye with that stringy, drab, unmanageable hair I used to have. No amount of fussing and laboring with it helped. I simply couldn't make my hair behave. It seemed hopeless UNTIL . . .



A MIRACLE HAPPENED! A top-flight hairdresser gave me a Lustre-Creme shampoo and soon I saw a lovelier Me, hair gleaming, soft, beautifully gomed. "Lustre-Creme," he explained, "is *not* a soap, *not* a liquid but a dainty, new, rich lathering *cream* shampoo. Created by Kay Daumit, famed cosmetic specialist, to tame unruly hair and bring out its natural glamour. That's the Lustre-Creme 'magic' you are looking at now!"



"USE IT AT HOME," the hairdresser urged. "Lustre-Creme Shampoo gives hair this three-way loveliness: (1) Makes it fragrantly clean . . . free of dust and loose dandruff; (2) highlights every hair strand with a lovely glistening sheen; (3) leaves your entire head of hair soft, pliable, easy to manage. And here's why: Lustre-Creme's instant billowy lather is a rare blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the natural oils in a healthy scalp."



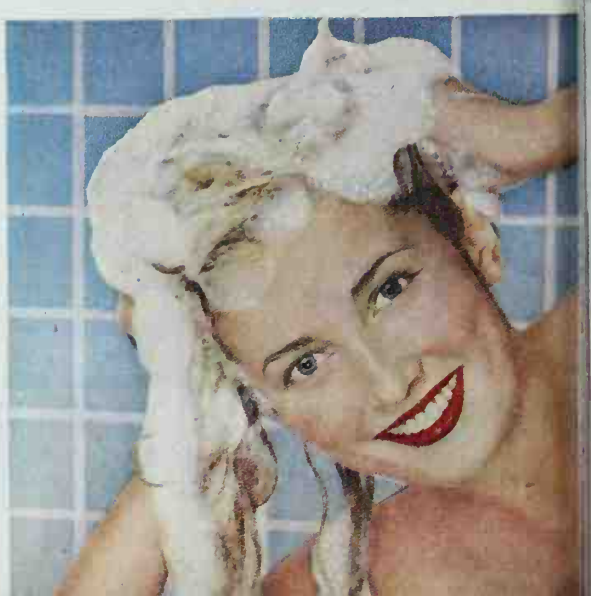
THE GLEAMN BOB'S EYE that night matched the gleam in my Lustre-Creme lovely hair. He looked raptly at my shimmering locks . . . adoringly caressed a soft curl as we danced . . . was just plain *smitten*. (Besides his new-found interest in me Bob made another discovery! Through my praises of Lustre-Creme Shampoo, he found a new and quick way to keep his own hair clean, sleek and well-groomed.)

He whispered DREAM GIRL when I became a "LUSTRE-CREME" GIRL

NOW . . . Bob's eye is no longer roving. It centers on me! Shortly after he first whispered, "You're my DreamGirl," our wedding date was set. Maybe it's too much to call a shampoo a matchmaker. But with its blend of secret ingredients, plus gentle LANOLIN, wondrous Lustre-Creme *did* bring out my natural hair beauty and *did* help attract my man.



YOU, TOO . . . can have soft, glamorous Dream Girl hair with this new, magical Lustre-Creme Shampoo. So easy to use at home. Lathers lavishly, instantly, in hard or soft water. (*No special rinse needed.*) Just a single Lustre-Creme shampoo will amaze you with its "three-way loveliness" results. Your hair is sweetly clean . . . gorgeous in its sheen . . . so soft, so easy to manage and lovely to caress. Try it! 4-ounce jar $1.00. Also 30¢ and 55¢ sizes, at all cosmetic counters. Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor), 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago,



(Continued from Page 227)

ht even, dryly and caustically, have sup-
d the dialogue that went with all this:
's silly to wait. We'll lose each other if we
And nobody does, you know. Not any
re."

Not even your older sister! Your older
er who was saying now, a little quickly
l even a little sharply, "Darling, *nobody*
ows what he'd do if he had something to
over again." And then she said, not lightly
pointedly, and very carefully so, "Don't
silly, Barbara."

She hoped that got home, but she doubted
And during the next ten minutes, she
ed several other approaches to this sub-
t that was approachable only through in-
endo and through implication. But none
them got very far, none of them wiped
ay that faint, derisive smile or changed
, "Okay, don't then, but I know what I
ow and it *is* all right," expression in the
ie eyes in the childishly sunburned face.
one of them got through, and the reason
ey didn't get through, of course, was that
en now, gazing horrified upon the debacle
e was causing or had caused—even now,
r woman's pride, or her woman's vanity,
her own bitterly hurt heart that refused
be hurt again if there were any way it
uld avoid it, refused stubbornly to say
e cold, simple facts
at might have
t through.

When Barbara,
apping the bride's
ue-striped suitcase
ut, observed criti-
lly, "Gosh, Muriel,
y didn't you treat
urself to a new
e? This character's
etty badly beat
," she only said,
Oh, I'm so used to
at one. I have a
sitive affection for
in fact"; when she
ght have said,
Phil wouldn't hear
a new one. He
d this one had
ne with us on so
any honeymoons
ere wasn't any
ason why it
ouldn't go with us
a legal one!"

That might have shocked her, and shock,
course, was what the silly, lovesick kid
eded. But unfortunately, on this particu-
day, it would have shocked Muriel, too,
cause Phil had said, "It's different now,"
d Muriel wanted to believe him.

ND when Muriel finally stood, hatted and
oved and ready for departure and looking,
e knew, as lovely as God and her hair-
esser and an excellent tailor could make
r look; and when Barbara gave a gasp of
smay at the grandfather's clock striking
o and cried, "Oh, we've been up here over
hour. Phil will be having perfect fits,
oor lamb. He's probably doing a Dagwood
umstead, with the front door open and his
g in his teeth," Muriel only said:

"No, darling, not in his teeth, in the trunk
the car, where he neatly and carefully re-
embered to put it this morning"; when she
ight as easily have predicted, "My sweet,
I know Phil, he's buttonholed a favorite
oon companion and is seeing how much of
e champagne he can finish before we have
leave. After all, no man rushes to catch a
ain that's taking him someplace where he's
en before and where the scenery remains
nchanged!"

But she did not say it, of course, and she
ould not, and she even said irritably, to
erself, *Oh, come now, Muriel. This isn't like*
u. All this grim cynicism, all this bitter intro-
pection! It has been a lovely wedding, and you
now it, and Phil does adore you, and you know
at too. As for Barbara, she'll probably snap
t of this by herself, and there's no reason why
ou can't give her a good heart-to-heart talk,
ith some horrible examples that do not include
ou and Phil, when you get back.

She felt better, thinking that. A little of the suffocating weight of conscience was lifted, even though, in her heart, she knew it had been lifted falsely. And it was because she knew that, and because she knew herself to be a weakling and a coward, that she forgave Phil for what he did to her. Because let alone and left alone, Muriel herself could not have done it. Never in a million years, and never in this life, and it had to be done. Or, at least, it certainly should have been done, and it was done, though not at all as she had expected or anticipated. Had she known; in fact, had she had any remote idea of what was waiting for her in that plant-filled sunroom at the other side of the big, old-fashioned Colonial house, Muriel Hunter Longworth would have turned and fled. But she didn't know, and she could not have dreamed, and it was all a mistake—a ghastly and hideous mistake—but one which, perhaps, had served a purpose, which was certainly more than could be said for most mistakes.

THE house was empty and echoing when she and Barbara reached the foot of the stairs and paused, uncertain as to where they ought to go in search of the missing groom. He might still be outdoors, saying his farewells and receiving his congratulations. Or he might have gone to check the car and see that everything was in order.

"Now where," cried Muriel in mock despair, "*can* that man have vanished to? Where is my groom, my supposedly faithful spouse? Honestly, Barbara, if he's fortifying himself with another pint of champagne, I shall start to think about putting something in his coffee, so help me. These newspapermen! There's no saving them, even on their wedding day!"

And then they heard them. Or, rather, they heard a low burst of masculine laughter and then the heavy sound of masculine voices—two, or possibly three of them—and like bloodhounds on a scent, they started in pursuit of them. They crossed the green-carpeted hall and the dim living room where the blinds were carefully drawn to protect the lovely, polished mahogany of antiques. And in the big sunroom that had been the girls' playroom when they were young enough to need a playroom, they found Phil, and Phil's best friend on the Reporter, Bud Stearns. They paused there on the threshold of the cheerful, sunny room with its wicker chaises and its bright, beady-eyed canary. They paused, womanlike, to survey this sorry evidence of masculine ebullience on a wedding day: Bud's flushed face and unsteady stance that braced itself with a hand on Phil's broad shoulder; Phil's dark hair looking as though it hadn't been combed, with all the tight, black curls every which way on his well-shaped head, and Phil's short burst of somewhat raucous laughter that might have been in reply to one of Bud's frequently not-so-funny stories.

And they should not have paused there, as Muriel realized later. Or, pausing, they should have given some sign of their presence. Because this was man to man and men among men, and naturally—or so Muriel argued with herself later—naturally barriers were down and things were said that otherwise would not have been said, or that were not even intended in the way in which they sounded. But maybe this had to be. Maybe it had to be that Phil, whom Barbara thought super and nat and sharp and dreamy by turns, and according to his moods, and who had given Barbara the beginning of this story she was watching so intently; maybe it

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Domestic

By Letha Parrott Nims

February is, I think,
The Thursday in a week.
With muddy footprints everywhere,
With no domestic hand to care
That dirty dishes line the sink,
That unmade beds are dreary,
bleak.

And March is Friday, with a broom
Of wind beneath her wing.
She garnishes an unkempt world
To greet the week end—spring!

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simply had to be that it was Phil, himself, who gave her the ending. And indeed, it was an ending, of a good many things. It was the thing for which Muriel had searched, and which she never wanted to find. Because it told her that she had been right, and it wasn't different, now that they were married; or, at least, it wasn't different enough.

This was a scene, and these were words, she might have stumbled upon in the old days. The old, buried, hoped-to-be-forgotten days. But it was not a scene she had expected to walk in upon now. Now that they were married. Now that she was his wife. Now that she wanted so desperately to forget a time when she hadn't been. And now that she had thought that Phil and Bud and Sandra Howe and all the other bright, brittle young people who lived as Muriel and Phil had lived had forgotten too.

But as Phil raised his glass for another toast—a toast which Bud insisted upon with stubborn, drunken insistence—the toast that Bud gave and the words that he spoke were loud and clear and merry, and you could not have missed them if you tried.

"Well, fella," said Bud, "let's hope it'll be as good as it's always been, eh?"

And then they saw the girls—or, rather, Phil saw them, since Bud was almost beyond the point of seeing anything. Across the sunny room, Phil Longworth's dark eyes met the shocked, sick gaze of the girl who was now his wife. And perhaps it was in that instant that he saw it—saw what those five years had meant to her, and what they had done to her. Maybe it was in that instant that his man's heart understood at last what a girl gives up when she gives up her honor, and her self-respect, and her friends, and even, at the end, her wedding day. Because he was at her side almost immediately. His arm was about her shoulders, and though his mouth was smiling, his eyes were grave, trying to tell her more than the words he said so quickly to cover up the unbelievably ugly words that Bud had said.

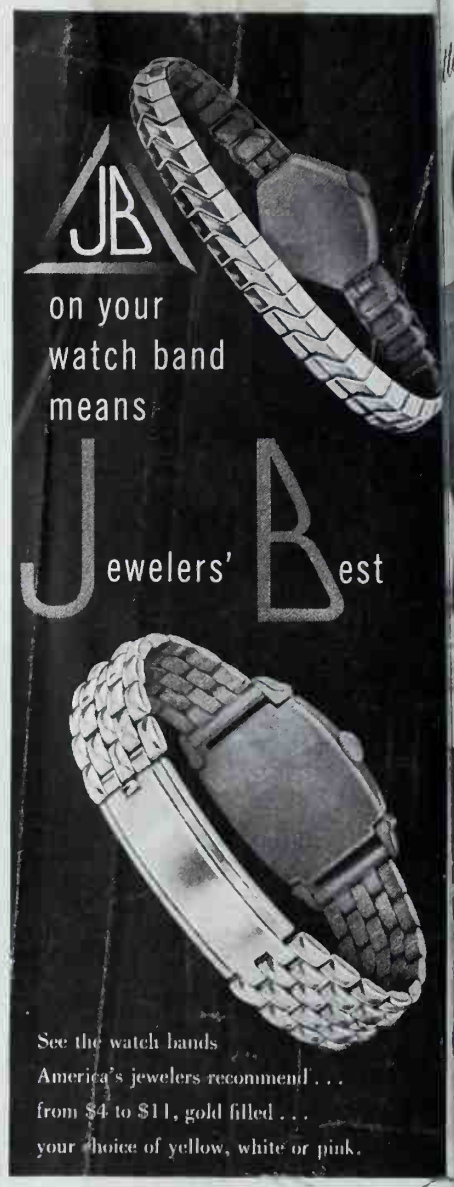
"Of course we'll be as happy as we've always been," said Phil. "Happier, in fact. Won't we?" he urged.

"If you'll give your bride a glass of champagne too," said Muriel, amazed that her voice could come out sounding so light, so casual, so natural, "instead of hogging it all for yourself, I'd be willing to say our marriage at least had a chance."

But though she smiled for him, and though she even had a pleasant word for Bud—who was looking as though he felt small enough to climb into the cage with the canary—it was as though the sun that had shone for them all day long had suddenly gone behind a cloud. As though the fragile champagne glasses had splintered in their hands, and the bottles cracked in their silver buckets. It was as though the world had come to an end; Muriel's world, that was just beginning. Because her wedding day was ruined for her, and she would never be able to forget those words; never in a million years. She would remember them in the short, ugly quarrels which all married people have occasionally, and she would remember the five years that went with them. She would throw them up at Phil, she would blame him for everything wrong that had ever happened to them. She would try not to, but she would.

"And even on my wedding day," she would cry, "I had to be humiliated, just because you were too selfish to marry me years ago, and because I was too dumb to say no!"

She knew that, now, and possibly she had known it all day long. That was the thing that had haunted her, and had eluded her: this realization that a marriage such as hers had been would never look, to the world, like anything more than the legalizing of an *affaire*. That's how it looked to Bud Stearns, and to Sandra Howe, and to all the people who made up their world, and who would be a part of their new life that would never let her forget what the old life had been like. She was not a bride at all, really, since it took more than a wedding cake and a ring and a bright June sun to put back into a girl's heart the things that five shabby, furtive years had taken out.



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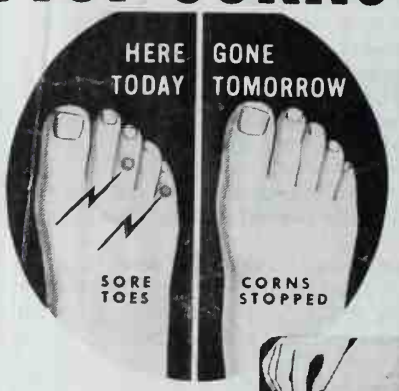
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But the moment—and it was no more than that—passed. A moment when a man had had a little too much champagne and said something he shouldn't have said and for which he was immediately sorry. A moment they all covered up and tried to forget, like hastily putting together an unmade bed when company arrives. They had a last glass of champagne before the guests came at them with rice and glad cries and little shrieks, and Muriel took Phil's hand and they ran toward the waiting car.

It was then that Muriel said the thing which was repeated with such horrified dismay, and not believed by many people. In the car beside the handsome groom, looking serene and lovely, Muriel waved a gay little handkerchief at her mother and at her father, who was audibly clearing his throat. She cried, "Good-by, darlings. Good-by," and then she turned to Barbara, who was standing beside the car that was just beginning to inch away from the curbing. She hadn't been able to look at her, back there in the sunroom, but she looked at her now. She looked long and searchingly into the cool, level, blue eyes that just a few moments ago had been so full of a knowledgeable wisdom and a hard, young defiance. And what she saw there seemed to satisfy her, for she sat back—sank back, really—and said with sudden emotion:

"It's all right, darling. Only—you wouldn't want to have a wedding day like this one, would you?"

Disraeli, who fearlessly wielded empires, developed a rash on the backs of his hands whenever he touched violets.

Walt Whitman would not read anything written in the first person.

Théophile Gautier would not eat bread.

Whether Phil had heard the remark or not, Muriel did not know, and would not ever know. But he might have. Or perhaps it was only that he, too, had seen the confused embarrassment on Barbara's face, and the way her eyes had swerved away from him, there at the end, as though she no longer liked him quite so well as she had liked him. Or perhaps it was the way Pete Larson, tall and blond and fresh-faced, had come to stand beside Barbara and to say worshipfully:

"Gosh, honey, just think—one of these days pretty soon, you and I'll be doing this."

And the serene, quiet way in which Barbara had replied, "That's right, darling. A wedding—a real wedding—*is* worth waiting for, isn't it?"

It might have been any or all of those things that prompted Phil to reach for Muriel's hand, there in the suddenly silent car, and to say, as a thousand men have said before him, and as other thousands would say after him:

"You know, honey, there *is* something to being married, isn't there? I mean, it *is* different and—well, it sounds pretty corny for an old beat-up newspaperman of thirty-two to say, but . . . I sort of wish . . . I'd married you a long time ago."

"What sentiment! And from you. Darling, you disappoint me."

But she was snuggled close against him now, very close, with her face buried against his sleeve so that he couldn't see the thoughts that must be revealed there. The thought of a son, or a daughter, which they had lost. The thought of the years—the first, young, important years—which they had also lost. And the thought of an adored kid sister, who had lost a few bright young ideals today in order to learn that it took more than a wedding ring to make a girl a bride. And though she said, "I love you, darling. And I wouldn't change a minute of any hour we've had," the words were a lie, and not even Muriel could believe them any more. She kept her face close against him, so that he couldn't see the tears, as their car raced on through the bright June day.

THE END





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OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 4)

nurses in its history. But at the same time there is an unprecedented demand for nursing services, a demand so great that it is impossible for nurses to give service to all who need it.

Some of the reasons for this enormous demand are: the great expansion of public health programs, the rising birth rate, a vast increase in hospital building, the growth of voluntary prepaid medical and health insurance plans, and an increasing number of veterans obtaining medical attention from the Veterans Administration or at private hospitals under the G. I. Bill of Rights. A shortage of auxiliary hospital personnel frequently makes it necessary for the graduate nurse to assume the duties of ward maids and orderlies.

Despite the resultant need for more nurses, there are two major factors deterring young women from studying for the profession, and discouraging many registered nurses from continuing their professional activity. These are:

1. Economic insecurity and unsatisfactory conditions of employment;
2. Lack of adequate legal control of nursing by the states.

An examination of these socio-economic factors responsible for the present crisis will make it easier to understand why it is impossible for our citizenry to obtain nursing care wherever and whenever needed.

There can be no doubt of the substandard economic conditions to which nurses are subjected. According to the latest available U. S. Department of Labor statistics, cash salaries for nurses in all fields average only $170 to $175 per month. The majority provide their own living quarters. One out of every four nurses receives less than $145 per month.

Many still work fifty-four or more hours a week because of increased patient loads. The vast majority of nurses work at least a 48-hour week. More than half of them receive no overtime compensation whatever.

Legal control of nursing in this country is a tragic patchwork of inconsistency. Although all 48 states have laws providing standards for the registration of professional nurses, and 26 states have laws requiring licensure of practical nurses, only one state has a law requiring licensure of all classes of nurses. Without such laws in all states, the public is often at the mercy of unqualified and unlicensed persons. In addition, because of lack of controls, too many hospitals have set up schools of nursing in order to obtain an inexpensive supply of nursing service and have sacrificed the educational needs of students in so doing. Patients suffer from this apprentice type of nursing service.

The American Nurses' Association in conjunction with the state nurses' groups is doing everything in its power not only to alleviate the immediate nursing crisis but to get at the basic causes of it. But any permanent solution will be achieved only by the active interest and co-operation of the total population.

There is strong evidence that leading social groups and publications are aware of the underlying causes of the nursing problem, for many of them have endorsed the positive program of the nursing profession. As the New York Herald Tribune noted editorially:

"The nurses have a program: better pay, better hours, social security, such benefits as sick leaves, vacation pay and pay adjustments for night and overtime work—in short, enlightened recognition of the personal and professional status which should be accorded them. They ask action, spurred by an informed public demand from civic and community groups, to put this program into effect. And they ask it, in all sincerity, not only in behalf of the nurses themselves but in order that high-standard nursing care to meet the American people's needs may be maintained."

Mrs. Palmer's major thesis seems to be that "nurses don't want to nurse the sick." It seems incredible that such a charge should be leveled against a public-spirited profession. The tr... this: more registered professional ... than ever in our history are now ... the sick, despite the fact that these ... are systematically overworked, ... paid, and almost completely den... protection of social security and ... ment and unemployment benefits ... aren't nursing for money or for glor... those conditions. Our nurses work ... profession because they want to c... the sick and for no other reason.

Mrs. Palmer seems to assume th... *private duty* nurses care for the sic... has been misinformed. More than ... registered nurses are engaged in ... nursing either as general duty nurse... private duty in hospitals. There are... head nurses and their assistants ... bedside nursing in addition to their... visory duties. An added 31,000 ... duty nurses do bedside nursing on... time basis outside of our hospitals... totals more than 170,000 nurses ... United States giving bedside c... patients.

When we consider that more th... of our registered nurses are theret... gaged in bedside nursing, we can... see how untounded is the charge th... "don't want to nurse the sick." ... remaining nurses, 30,892 are eng... administrative, teaching and supe... positions, without which the actu... side care given would be as valuel... ship without a rudder. There are... 21,000 public health nurses who ... vital function. T... these 21,000 ... health nurses a... ing 16,200,000 ... approximately ... 000 families—or... of every nine ... in the United St...

The oldest known bit of writing in the world, the Prisse Papyrus, is in the municipal museum at Constantinople. It dates from about six thousand years ago, and the first sentence reads: "Alas, times are not what they used to be. Everyone wants to write a book, and children are no longer obedient to their parents."

In her articl... Palmer implie... home care for t... dependent upon ... service by a skil... fessional nurse. ... flatly not true. ... a notion were ... upon, it would ... cally reduc... available nur... nurses and make it still more ... than it is for needy patients to ... their services. First of all, it is po... engage a nurse for a limited time ... the day and to have nonprof... duties performed by members of th... for the remainder of the day. It is ... fectly feasible to engage a practic... to stay with the patient all day u... supervision of a visiting nurse. Th... to be construed as meaning that ... fessional nurse does not want to ... the sick," but rather that she is rea... ing and able to make her skills go... so that she can adequately car... greater number of patients.

Mrs. Palmer also gives the im... that she regards education as a da... thing. She writes derisively tha... are now required to take such co... "sociology," "cultural aspects ... ing," and "nursing as health c... tion." The true hallmark of any p... is its desire continually to bro... horizons so that it may be of grea... ice to the general public. The nurs... fession has done this. Certainly it... to keep pace with advances in s... medicine and other fields with wh... ing is directly related are worthy ... rather than belittlement.

Nurses are quite as aware as ... Palmer that conditions in the nur... fession are far from perfect. Mrs. ... however, attacks the conditions ... they are and then attempts to ... blame for these conditions upon t... ders of those who are doing the ... correct them. Nurses have e... upon a constructive program to e... the basic causes of the nursing cri... they cannot do it alone. Every ... our society must work shoulder to ... with the nurses in this struggle ... guard the nation's health standa...

Very sincerely yo...
ELLA BEST,
Executive Sec...
American Nurses' ...

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ELIZABETH GOUDGE

Born in 1900 in the cathedral town of Wells in Somersetshire, Elizabeth Goudge had only a neighbor family of boys to play with. When this family left Wells she "trailed round and round the garden weeping bitterly—always was a watery child." She consoled herself with a Shetland pony, a dog, a pair of lovebirds, a guinea pig and sixteen rabbits. She must now be fully consoled by the several distinguished novels she has written—among them *Green Dolphin Street*, recently filmed, and *Wayward Pilgrim*, which begins in this issue of the JOURNAL.



GEORGE R. STEWART

"I started down the academic groove and followed that line to become a professor of English at the University of California. I wrote my first novel in 1938, when I was at an age novelists are more likely to stop than to begin. I think it is wrong to expect a reader to enjoy something a writer has not enjoyed writing, so I like new and original subjects. To write the novel *Storm* I nearly became a meteorologist. To write *Fire*, I did become an honorary member of the U. S. Forest Service. Luckily, I have never wanted to write a murder story."

PRITCHETT-BRANDT



FRANCES TOWERS

Everyone who likes Charlotte Brontë's classic *Jane Eyre* or little children (and that should include everyone) will enjoy having *Tea With Mr. Rochester* in this issue. Frances Towers is not only a sensitive writer, but also a capable businesswoman, having served on the staff of the Bank of England for many years. Born in India, she came home to England when she was nine and went to school at Bedford, where she learned to love the Brontës—like the little girl in her story. Since the war she has been teaching English at a girls' school near London.

JOURNAL

MARCH

Vol. LX

NOVEL CONDENSATION

FIRE . . . . . .

FICTION

WAYWARD PILGRIM (First part of fou
TEA WITH MR. ROCHESTER . . . .
OPERATION ORCHID . . . . . .
THE WIDOW . . . . . .
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SUÈDE IS A FASHION. . . . . .

ARCHITECTURE AND IN

OUTSIDE CHARLESTON . . . . . .
A ROOM THAT CAN TAKE IT . . .

FOOD AND HOMEMAKIN

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LINE A DAY. . . . . .
CONVERSATION PIECE . . . . . .
QUICK AND EASYS FOR TWO. . .
MEALS BY MEN . . . . . .
REPORT TO THE HOUSEWIFE. . .
CURTAIN WISE . . . . . .
BEST MEAT BUYS ON YOUR BUDGET
TRADITION FOR TOMORROW . . .

POETRY

IF YOU ARE YOUNG . . . . . .
CHERCHEZ LA FEMME . . . . . .
MITIGATOR . . . . . .
MAN AT WORK . . . . . .
LADY IN WEIGHTING. . . . . .
BLUEPRINT. . . . . .
FACTS OF LIFE, 1948 . . . . . .
THE CARPENTER WORKS IN THE F
EARTHBOUND. . . . . .
FOR SHERRY . . . . . .
LAST SONG . . . . . .
PROGRESS . . . . . .
DANGER . . . . . .
CONSTANT APPLICATION . . . .
ALIEN . . . . . .
THEY CALL THEM TEENS . . . .

Cover Desi

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NEW BATH-SIZE CAMAY-

ear for life!

[AND 553 OTHER CASH PRIZES]



Get the whole family to enter the Camay Contest!

THE GRAND PRIZE WINNER MAY BE RIGHT IN YOUR HOME!

This Camay Contest is so easy to enter! Even a child might win! Just choose a name you think is suitable. Then complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less *"I would name the girl on the Camay wrapper_____because . . ."* Here are a few examples which may help you.

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OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK AT YOUR DEALER'S !

Our Readers Write Us

Marriage Takes Two Partners

Centerville, Iowa.

Dear Editors: You keep ding-donging that women should be better wives until it would seem we ladies are entirely responsible for the status quo, and all marriages hinge on whether we keep beautiful, are good cooks, understanding helpmates, budget-wise, etc.

On the other hand, masculine magazines inflate the male ego and *also* blame the weaker sex for every known marriage failure. Really, this is going too far. Especially one club column which pictures a man sitting atop the world with his foot in a woman's face. My sense of humor is by now a bit strained.

The L. H. J. surely does not mean to deflate our ego or have us lose our self-esteem, so please take pity on us, the weaker sex. Sincerely yours,

MRS. BYRON DUNHAM.

The average wife, walking down the street with her husband, looks as though she were out for a stroll with a plumber in his working clothes.

Women are now buying more than half the ties, shirts, underwear and socks sold to men. But until women also buy men their hats, suits, overcoats—and teach the Sloppy Joes how to wear them—we fear men will never have "the new look."

We doubt that men's magazines can or will remedy this deplorable situation. First: men's mags are invariably run by men. So the editors, themselves, *just don't realize.* Second: though men, impelled by the powerful urgings of the life force, do slick up a bit in their late teens, they actually prefer to be sloppy. So, once married, they slump. And men realize, as do all smart women, that marriage is more important to women than to men.

So, it is better for all women to go right on looking beautiful, dressing smartly, cooking wonderfully, and miraculously handling the week's wage so it will go round.

Let the men continue to run the world so it looks, as they do themselves, like a mess. That's the way they love it, poor dears. ED.

Families are for Fun

Old Town, Maine.

Dear Editor: Honestly, I don't want to be mean, but I just can't help laughing at the letter, Women are the Labor Unions. That woman doesn't know how lucky she is! She can still figure a week's work into a week's time! And only two youngsters!

There's no sense in a tight-fitting schedule because it just won't work! "The housework will always be with us—the children won't!" So even if the dishes are sky-high in the sink and there's ironing that would choke a horse, if the youngsters (five of 'em under seven) want to have fun—we have fun! (In the end they usually get rung in on the dishes, so it comes out even anyway.)

Sure, it's hard to be a modern mother and squeeze all that must be done into a "never-enough-hours" day, but the most important thing in the world is to give happiness to your children, and in turn receive it from them. Anything else is a darned poor substitute.

Sincerely,

MRS. S. J. CRAWFORD.

P. S. Our picture tells more than all the words I could ever write. They helped plant the garden, cared for it and finally gathered in the harvest. We did it together and we had *fun*.

Right You Are!

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Maureen Daly: Sex was never a hush-hush matter in our household. Quite a few years ago, I was shown that, aside from the moral standpoint, it was injurious to indulge in necking because of the inability to call it "quits" when you wanted to. I have lived a happy and normal teen-age life, but have been twice as careful of whom I kissed, and it has never injured my popularity rating. If more people were able to see that adolescents were reasoning people, the reactions of adolescents would be more reasonable.

Sincerely,

(Name withheld by request.)

Women—Japanese Style

Tokyo, Japan.

Dear Miss Brookman: As part of my extracurricular activities I've been conducting an English Conversation class at Nippon University "for men only"—122 eager (and how!) students. In response to an assigned topic, "Should men and women have equal rights in Japan?" I received 121 affirmatives and 1 negative. The dissenting voice was so revealingly Japanese male, I thought American women might find it something to think about. Cordially yours,

BERYL KENT.

Here is the composition:

"My title is 'Should men and women have equal rights in Japan?' It is laughable. Certainly woman is excellent for making meal, needlework and education of children. But is she clever and healthful? Very famous philosopher, A. Schopenhauer, say 'Woman is ill-sharped and imbecile.' It is common knowledge that women's brain is bad than mens is. I don't know only one gossip that woman more clever than man, but I know many gossip that woman more fool than man.

"There was one company which all directors was occupied by womens but it was bursted in about three months.

(Continued on Page 6)



Five little Crawfords. Kids come before dishes.

TO INTRODUCE THE NEW BATH-SIZE CAMAY -

$1,000 a year for life!

[AND 553 OTHER CASH PRIZES]



Just name the girl on the Camay wrapper

AND TELL US WHY YOU SELECTED THIS NAME

Bath-Size Camay is the beauty news of the year! It's bigger! It gives you more luxury . . . more lather. Bath-Size Camay brings to all of your skin the finest kind of complexion care.

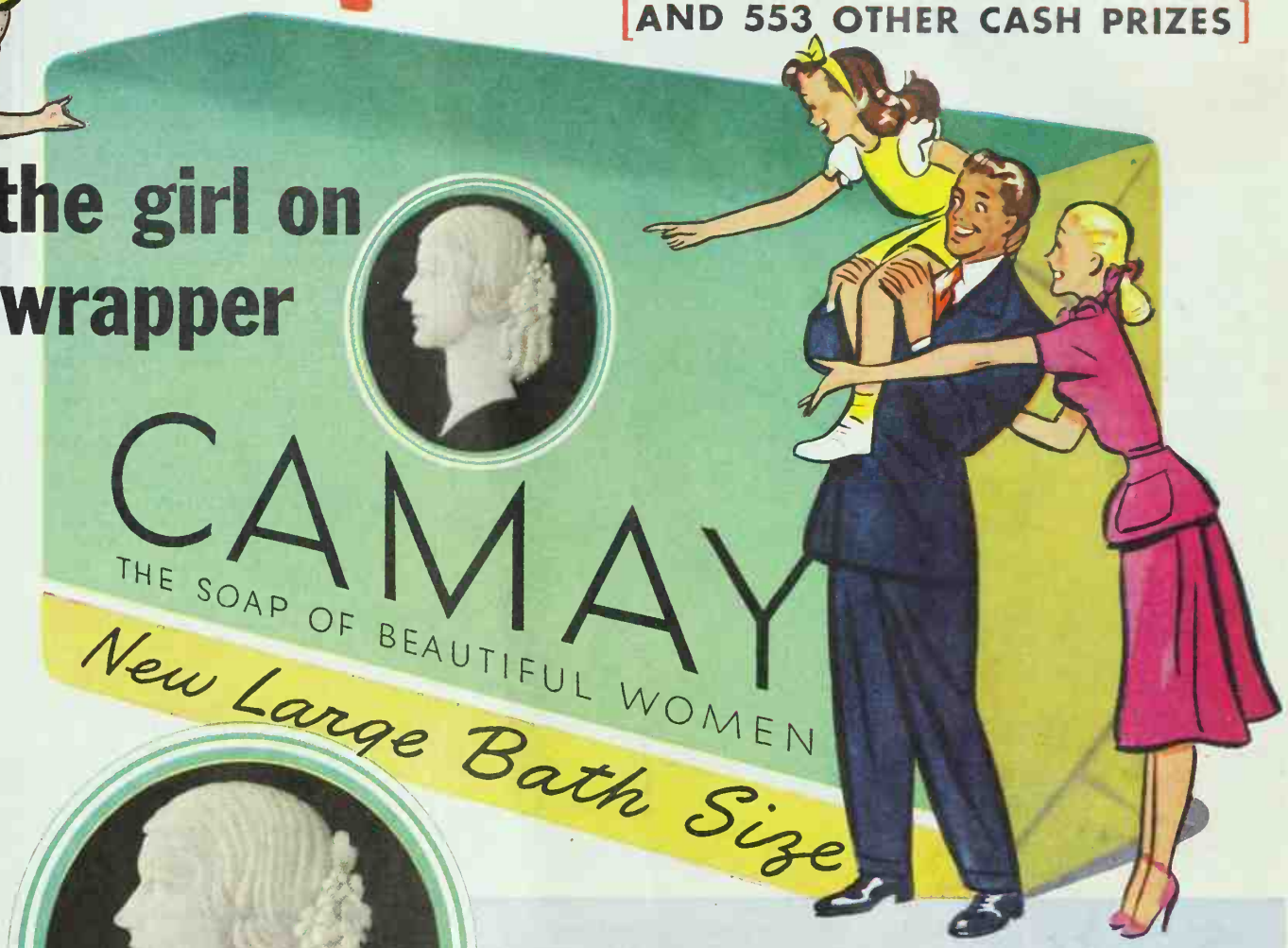
Here's More Wonderful News!

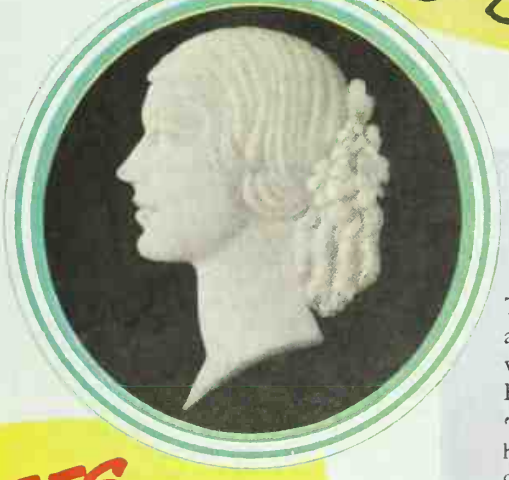
Now here's a sensational contest to introduce Bath-Size Camay! YOU MAY WIN $1,000 A YEAR FOR LIFE, or one of 553 other cash prizes. Just name the girl on the Camay wrapper and tell, in 25 words or less, why you chose this name.

A Few Helpful Hints!

In thinking of a name, think of Camay. The girl on the Camay wrapper is just like Camay itself. She is gentle. She makes friends wherever she goes.

She is a symbol of beauty and romance. And . . . well, you can think of lots of other nice things about Camay and the girl on the wrapper! Things that suggest names to you—names that may win a big prize! So enter today!





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554 PRIZES...

Grand Prize

$1,000 A YEAR FOR LIFE

[Or $20,000 cash in a lump sum payment, if the winner elects.]

2nd PRIZE . . . $1000 CASH IN ONE PAYMENT

3rd PRIZE . . . . $750 CASH IN ONE PAYMENT

4th PRIZE . . . . $500 CASH IN ONE PAYMENT

50 PRIZES OF $100 CASH IN ONE PAYMENT

500 PRIZES OF $10 CASH IN ONE PAYMENT



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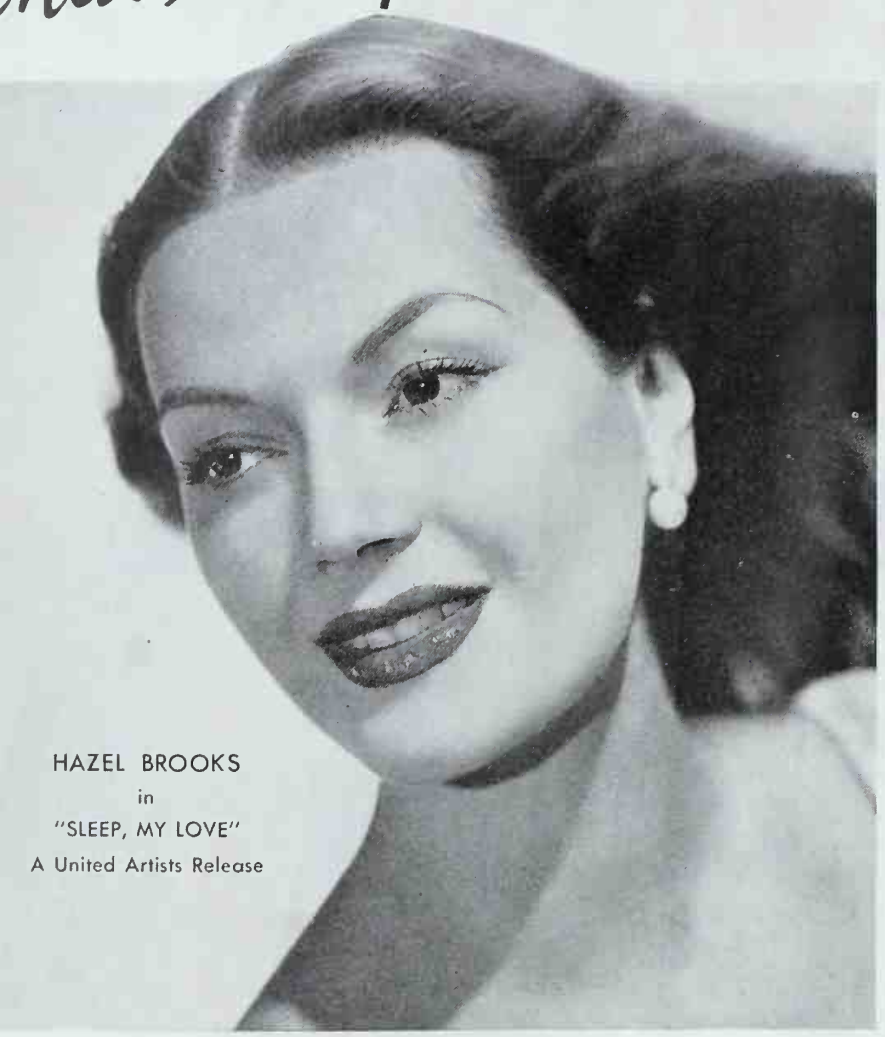
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ENTER NOW - GET OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK AT YOUR DEALER'S!

BE ROMANCE-READY WITH

that Always-Fresh look



HAZEL BROOKS
in
"SLEEP, MY LOVE"
A United Artists Release

Try
Hazel Brooks'
Beauty-glow
Cleansing

"First—smooth on Woodbury Cold Cream," says Hazel. "Tissue off—deep cleansing oils lift away make-up, grime. Now pat on more Woodbury for softening. Yes, four special softening ingredients smooth dryness. Tissue again, rinse with cold water. Look! Skin is glowing clean... you're the girl with the Always-Fresh look."



ytime: Before Hazel shows up on the ovie set, she makes sure her complexion ll be perfection in close-ups. "Woodbury old Cream is my wake-up-and-glow cial—deep cleansing for flower freshness."



Datetime: "Away from studio lights I date Woodbury first. Its richness cleanses and smooths dryness. I'm off to a date with a soft to the touch, romance-ready complexion."



Woodbury Cold Cream

(Continued from Page 4)

Women's fault—to lack decision, vanity, jealousy, to be easily excited and incompetent—destroyed their company.

"If women acquire social station she must abandon the woman's duty and joy. Because if we have working wife, when we are liberate from business, our children crying and weeping. If we give her the woman's rights, not only she loses her home but she loses woman's joys.

"In my opinion for women the weakness is strong weapon itself. For man tear is more effective weapon than tear gas.

"In Japan most woman do not want equal, in fact she says 'Woman should obey man.' But there are a few young ladys who claim equal. If women claim to equal she must have dislike to obey the man. But in her instinct she want to be under the control of man so she can not challenge man. For these facts and reasons in the present in Japan man and woman should not equal."

Tell Them the Truth

Dear Editors: Letters to Joan were very good. Could you run similar articles dealing with small children and sex? I believe in complete frankness in the home from the cradle on. It certainly has paid dividends in this house.

Our son, 9½, has refused to join three friends, 10–12, who practice sex play with young girls in a "hideout" they've built for this express purpose. These three boys come from *good* homes. They are not underprivileged children. If I told their mothers, they would say I lied!

Our daughter, 5½, had an encounter with an older male friend who used slang expressions to suggest sex play, and hurried away when she said she'd have to ask me first. *Our* children have been given a weapon to fight wrong sex practices because they have been told the truth *early and often*. Not one discussion has been forced on them. All talks have been started by their questions. Several mothers have told me that their children are self-sufficient about sex—they never ask a question! That is because sex wasn't discussed early enough—and *that* is the parents' responsibility. The home is founded on our desire to mate, and a happy mature sex life should be held up to youngsters at all times as the reward for a chaste youth. Sincerely,

(Name withheld by request.)

TB Veterans Can Readjust

Garwood, New Jersey.

Dear Editors: Did you ever realize how many TB patients there are who have spent several years in a sanitarium and are now leading happy, normal lives?

My husband and I each had advanced TB and received the pneumothorax treatment, spending over two years in the hospital. My husband was discharged first. He found employment in an aircraft factory and all during the war worked the same number of hours as any other employee. Five weeks after my discharge we were married and two and one half years later are leading an extremely happy and normal life. I do all my own cooking, shopping and housework except laundry.

What about children? My doctor tells me I may have a baby next year and will probably have less trouble than a "normal" woman because I am trained to take the best care of myself and follow a doctor's orders explicitly. Yet there are still people who believe we are invalids and that this baby would have no chance of growing up free from the disease.

Sincerely,

(Name withheld by request.)

College Girl's "Dream Man"

Camp Hill, Pennsylvania.

Dear Sir: I wonder why no one has ever taken a poll on the college *girl's* "dream man." True, the men must, in most cases, ask the girl for the date, but remember—the girl always has the privilege of refusing. And lately at college, I have noticed more and more such refusals because the "men" were not necessarily "gentlemen."

I have always been considered an average American college girl. I am 5'3¾" tall, weigh 104, have red hair, gray-green eyes, and a fair complexion. My physical requirements for a "dream man" would not be hard to fill because I have never had any set standard to go by. A man any-

(Continued on Page 8)

GOODBYE HEADACHE



Alka-Seltzer brings Relief
No matter where you roam.
It pays to keep an *EXTRA*
At work and in the home.

There's nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer! Millions have discovered bubbling, effervescent Alka-Seltzer brings wonderfully fast and dependable relief from the pains of a headache.

Upset Stomach



You can *depend* on Alka-Seltzer for quick relief for stomach upsets and acid indigestion! Next time try Alka-Seltzer yourself—and discover why it's so popular!

Aches and Pains



Alka-Seltzer's analgesic brings fast, effective relief from muscular aches, neuralgia and similar pains. Alka-Seltzer is popular with millions because it's dependably effective.

Discomfort of Colds



Alka-Seltzer's unique formula brings quick relief from the "ache-all-over" feverish feeling and other discomforts of a cold. Makes an effective gargle, too.

BUY 2 PACKAGES INSTEAD OF 1

It's wise to buy an extra package, so you'll have it when you need it. 30c and 60c—all drugstores, U. S. and Canada.

Alka-Seltzer



Beautiful Hair

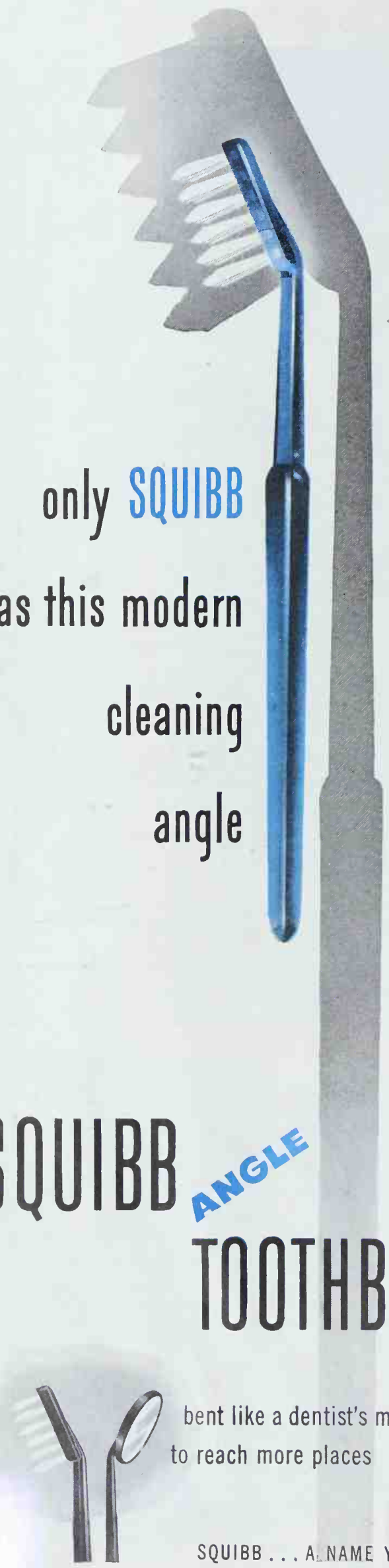
BRECK



The Breck aim is to merit the reputation of producing the finest preparations for the care of the hair. The aim in sports is not only to win but to try always to better your best record. In much the same way as you improve in sports, you improve the appearance of your hair. To keep your hair looking its best you give your hair regular care in your home. You do this to supplement the service you receive in your Beauty Shop. When you buy the Breck Preparations simply state whether your hair is dry, oily, or normal and you will be given the right Breck Preparation for your hair condition. If you once become accustomed to using a Breck Special Hair Lotion, a Breck Special Hair Cream as well as a Breck Special Shampoo we believe you will never again depend on a shampoo alone for the care of your hair.

Breck Special Shampoos: Breck pH8 Lather Oil Shampoo for dry hair, Breck Lacene Shampoo for oily hair, Breck Regular Shampoo for normal hair. Breck Special Hair Lotions: Breck Hair Lotion 1A for dry hair, Breck Hair Lotion 1B for oily hair. Breck Special Hair Creams: Breck No. 1 Hair Cream for use before the shampoo, Breck No. 2 Hair Cream for use after the shampoo. Breck Preparations are available in Beauty Shops, Drug and Department Stores throughout the United States and Canada.

JOHN H BRECK INC · MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS · SPRINGFIELD 3 MASSACHUSETTS
CANADIAN ADDRESS · 310 SLATER STREET · OTTAWA



(Continued from Page 6)

where above 5'9" would be nice because then most girls could at least wear a medium-height heel. Dark hair and eyes are a nice combination, and I prefer a man who is not handsome, but nice looking in the sense of being clean-cut.

I have given more thought to a man's characteristics. You mentioned that a girl should dress properly for the occasion. There is nothing more discouraging to a girl than to have a man invite her to an "informal" dance. There are many degrees of informality and the man never seems quite sure of the degree. Therefore he ends up the invitation by saying, "Oh, well, wear whatever you think will be suitable."

Promptness! This is a virtue that the male being was not blessed with. He must remember that the minute he arrives at his destination the girl cannot always appear on the scene. In school dormitories, we girls must get our gloves and purse, and put on our coat, turn out the light, sign out in the register book, and walk down to the reception rooms—usually a distance. So if the date is supposed to go off near the scheduled time, the man had better be on time.

One of the requisites is neatness. If a man is careful about his appearance in smaller things, then he can usually be counted on for larger ones. There is nothing more unattractive to a girl than a date with someone who had not shined his shoes, cleaned his nails or taken care to see that his trousers are well pressed.

So many times college men and girls go to a college "hang-out." Though the men complain about the girls' running forever to the powder room, the men are, meanwhile, running over "to see the boys." One can usually see a large group of boys talking together, and the girls sitting at the different tables. My escort should devote most of his attention toward me and the crowd he is with.

Many qualities a man wants in a girl are the same that a girl wants in a man. If the college man wants to date, he will have to be satisfied with us on the terms of our own looks and the best manners that a lady can possess.

Very truly yours,
BARBARA GREEN.

The Deaf Child Can be Helped

Los Angeles, California.

Dear Editor: Someday I hope you will feature one of the many families, like my own, who come to the shocking realization that their child does not hear. They know their baby is slow in learning to speak; he often seems inattentive and frequently disobedient—but profound deafness happens only to other people's children.

Many of my friends acted as though they might hurt my feelings if they acknowledged that they knew our Judy is deaf.

No matter how much money you spend you are very fortunate if you find an otologist or any other expert who can give you any practical advice. Although 5 to 7 per cent are acoustically handicapped, the average otologist contacts relatively few profoundly deaf infants. However, if he did nothing but recommend the Volta Review (1537 35th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.), a publication which furthers the interests of the deaf, his fees would not be a complete waste.

Thousands are gradually learning about John Tracy Clinic, located at 4548 Jade St., Los Angeles, Calif. When the Spencer Tracy family found they had a deaf child they were as bewildered as any of us. John is now grown and Mrs. Tracy decided to start a definite program to help mothers of deaf babies.

The Tracy Clinic (so called because of research done) is not the only place where the deaf are trained early enough to become good lip readers and achieve good speech. There are some excellent public and private schools, but the clinic is the only place we know in the world where mothers are taught along with the children.

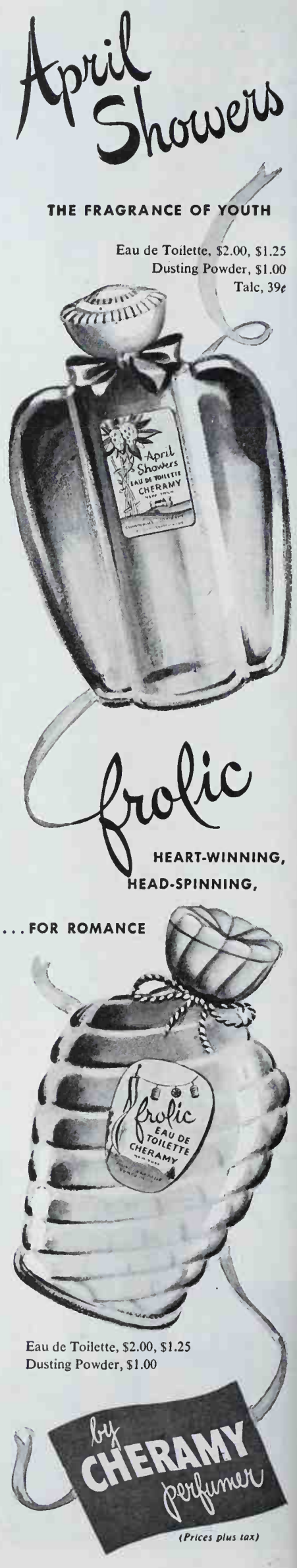
Sincerely,
VIVIAN PETERS.

Marital Counselor Likes Articles

Los Angeles, California.

Dear Mr. Gould: As a marital counselor, I know of the powerful influence such articles as Doctor Adams' can have. He is providing essential and constructive information.

Cordially yours,
ROBERT M. TAYLOR.
American Institute of Family Relations.



How smart are you about COLDS?



Of course, you may score 100% on the precautions suggested here, and still you may have colds . . . even severe colds. For there is no known specific for this troublesome and often serious condition. Certainly, we would not represent Listerine Antiseptic as a specific.

Yet tests conducted over a period of twelve years provide evidence that this safe and pleasant-tasting germicide is often a remarkably effective aid.

Fewer Colds In Tests

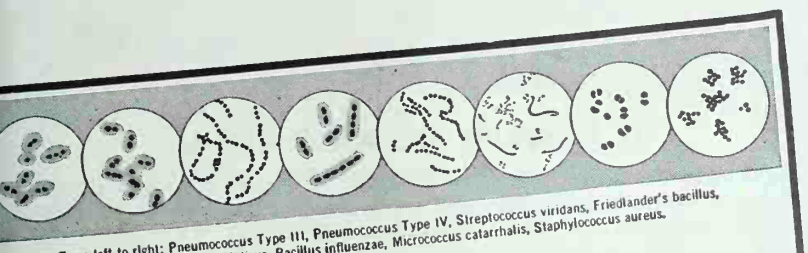
Time and again these tests revealed that people who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and fewer sore throats due to colds than non-garglers. Moreover, when Listerine Antiseptic users *did* contract colds they were usually less severe and of shorter duration.

The explanation is, we believe, that Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs known as the "secondary invaders" on mouth and throat surfaces . . . attacks these threatening bacteria before they can invade the tissue and aggravate the infection.

Impressive Germ Reduction

In fact, clinical "bacteria counts" showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% even fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic . . . and up to 80% an hour after gargling.

No, we can't promise that Listerine Antiseptic will *always* stop a cold or reduce the severity of a cold that has started. But in the light of Listerine Antiseptic's remarkable record of success in many, many test cases, we think you will agree that it merits your serious consideration as an aid in cold prevention and treatment. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*



From left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus, Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

The "Secondary Invaders"



Above are some types of "secondary invaders", millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack them before they get the upper hand.

Note How Listerine Antiseptic Reduced Germs

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

Score Yourself!

Count 10 for each precaution you regularly take

(60 is a fair score . . . 70 is good . . . above 80 is excellent)

DO YOU AVOID PEOPLE WITH COLDS . . . ESPECIALLY DIRECT CONTACT?	A sneeze, a kiss, even a handshake may spread infection, so don't take chances. Stay out of crowds. And if you have a cold, don't expose others.	
DO YOU EAT PLENTY OF "PROTECTIVE" FOODS?	Green and yellow vegetables, whole wheat, eggs, meat and milk help keep up your resistance.	
DO YOU AVOID GETTING WET, COLD FEET?	Wet, cold feet may lower your resistance, give germs a chance to get the upper hand and aggravate the infection.	
DO YOU KEEP OUT OF DRAFTS . . . AVOID SUDDEN CHANGES IN TEMPERATURE?	Getting hot, then cold, also may lower your resistance and make you easy prey to a cold.	
DO YOU GARGLE LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC TWICE A DAY...AND OFTENER IF A COLD THREATENS?	Tests over a twelve-year period suggest that this precaution is often a very effective aid. It kills hosts of the "secondary invaders" on mouth and throat surfaces.	
WHEN A COLD STARTS, DO YOU GO TO BED AT ONCE?	This is very important. Rest, warmth and relaxation will do much to help your body overcome the infection.	
WHEN YOU GET A COLD, DO YOU MAKE A POINT OF EATING VERY LIGHTLY?	This, too, is important. Burdening yourself with heavy foods may be unwise . . . may raise your fever.	
DO YOU DRINK LOTS OF FRUIT JUICES AND WATER DURING A COLD?	This is helpful because it aids elimination. Take a glass of water or fruit juice every hour.	
DO YOU AVOID BLOWING YOUR NOSE TOO HARD?	Blowing your nose too hard may spread the cold infection into sinuses and ear passages. Blow your nose gently.	
DO YOU STERILIZE YOUR HANDKERCHIEF OR USE DISPOSABLE TISSUES?	A handkerchief may carry an infection if not sterilized. Many cold victims find the disposable tissues more convenient.	
TOTAL		

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT—LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—*Quick!*

Which is the cutest Ivory Baby?...



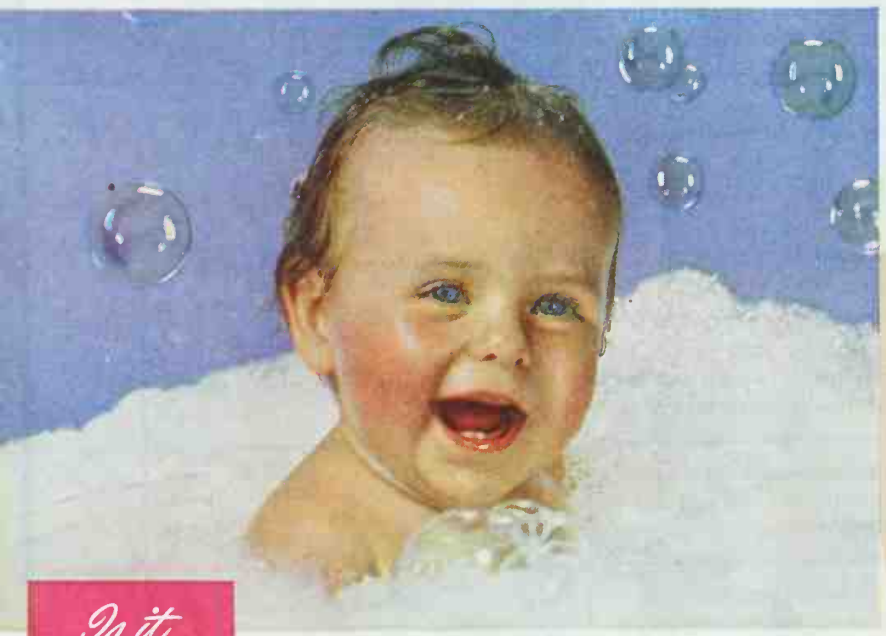
Is it Linda?

Don't you just love those chubby cheeks, those big brown eyes and that Ivory-pampered pink and white complexion? Is *Linda* your favorite? Then write in right away.



Is it Susan?

What a little lovely! Turned-up nose, sparkling eyes! And those cheeks—smooth and rosy, cared for by pure, mild Ivory. Is *Susan* your favorite? Then send in her name!



Is it Barbara?

Isn't she a darling? Big smile, deep blue eyes, a skin so soft and lovely—thanks to Nature and pure, mild Ivory. Is *Barbara* your favorite? Write her name on your entry!

...and why is Ivory her "Beauty Soap"?

$50,000.00

in Cash Prizes for the Best Answers

5 BIG WEEKLY CONTESTS

These Cash Prizes Every Week:

5 PRIZES...$1,000.00 EACH

10 PRIZES...$250.00 EACH 100 PRIZES...$25.00 EACH

575 PRIZES IN ALL. ENTER OFTEN!

LOTS OF PRIZES—ALL CASH! Lots of opportunities to win—5 big weekly contests! And how could any contest be more fun?

HERE IS THE CONTEST SENTENCE: "I think _____ is the cutest baby —and I think Ivory is her 'beauty soap' because. . . . . ."

HERE IS EXACTLY WHAT YOU DO: First, simply write in the space provided the name of the baby you think is cutest. Then in not more than 25 of your own words finish the contest sentence by telling why you think Ivory is the baby's "beauty soap."

What could be more fun? Picking the cutest baby is easy. You can't miss on that—just name your own choice. And you know how wonderful Ivory is—so it should be easy to think of many reasons why Ivory is the soap for care of baby's tender skin.

HINTS TO HELP YOU WIN: Remember, what *counts* is how well you tell why you think Ivory is the baby's "beauty soap." Here are some examples that may help you write a winner:

"I think Linda is the cutest baby—and I think Ivory is her 'beauty soap' because such pink cheeks and smooth, tender skin stay at their best when bathed regularly with pure, mild Ivory."

or

"I think Barbara is the cutest baby — and I think Ivory is her 'beauty soap' because the mother of such a lovely baby would naturally bathe her with Ivory—famous for its purity and mildness!"

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES!

1. Here is the contest sentence: "I think _____ is the cutest baby —and I think Ivory is her 'beauty soap' because. . . . . ."

2. Complete the contest sentence this way: First, write in the space provided the name of the baby you think is cutest; then, in 25 additional words or less, finish the contest sentence by telling why you think Ivory is the baby's "beauty soap." Write on entry blank obtainable at your dealer's, or on one side of a sheet of paper. Print your name and address plainly.

3. Mail to Ivory Soap, Dept. A, Box 357, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. You may enter the contests as often as you like, but each entry must be accompanied by two wrappers or facsimiles from any size cake (Large, Medium or Personal) of Ivory Soap.

4. The prizes in each weekly contest will be: five first prizes of $1,000 cash; 10 second prizes of $250 each; 100 third prizes of $25 each. The first prize winners will receive $100 cash extra if the winning entry is submitted (a) on an entry blank obtained from a dealer or (b) on a sheet of paper on which a dealer selling Ivory Soap has signed his name and address.

5. There will be five weekly contests, each with an identical list of prizes. Opening and closing dates are:

CONTEST	OPENING	CLOSING
1st Contest	Now	Sat., Feb. 28
2nd Contest	Sun., Feb. 29	Sat., Mar. 6
3rd Contest	Sun., Mar. 7	Sat., Mar. 13
4th Contest	Sun., Mar. 14	Sat., Mar. 20
5th Contest	Sun., Mar. 21	Sat., Mar. 27

6. Entries received before midnight, Saturday, Feb. 28 will be entered in first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. Entries for the final week's contest must be postmarked before midnight, March 27 and received by April 12, 1948.

7. Sentences will be judged for originality, aptness of thought and sincerity of the reasons given why Ivory is the baby's "beauty soap." Judges' decisions will be final. In case of ties, the full prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

8. Any resident of the United States may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and their families. Contests subject to all Federal and State regulations.

9. The first prize winners' names will be announced approximately three weeks after each weekly contest over Ivory Soap's radio program: "The Right to Happiness." All winners will be notified by mail. Prize winner lists will be available approximately one month after the close of last contest.



$100 BONUS!

Get an official Ivory entry blank at your dealer's. If you win a first prize ... and have your entry on an official entry blank or have your dealer sign your entry—you'll get $100 extra!



More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap—99 44/100% pure—it floats

LADIES' HOME
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Blood Can be Shared

"THE blood is the life," speaks the Old Testament. Advanced medical knowledge has proved this less mysteriously but still miraculously so. The use of whole blood, plasma and other blood derivatives in World War II established a life-saving record never before approached in the history of warfare. This miracle can be performed in peacetime as well.

Recent medical research has shown the necessity for wider use of blood and blood products in medicine, surgery and disease prevention, but when obtained through commercial sources the cost is greater than most families can pay. The goal of the National Blood Program of the American Red Cross is to provide for medical use, without charge for the products, sufficient blood and blood derivatives throughout the nation to help save lives and prevent needless suffering. Community chapters of Red Cross, working closely with medical societies, official health agencies and hospitals, will have the responsibility for the general conduct of the program.

There is no satisfactory substitute for human blood—the only source is people. To supply the need, it is conservatively estimated that about one person in every 35 in the United States would have to give blood each year. The National Blood Program of the American Red Cross will call for and deserve the continning support and active co-operation of all the American people.



TWENTY-FIVE INCHES OF SNOW

By Dorothy Thompson

IT started during the night, and in the morning the city was white. All day long it snowed, without storm, the flakes falling silently, tenderly, but persistently. In the little garden of our old-fashioned city house, a round metal table had been left outside, from the summer, and the snow, falling without wind, piled up on its surface, perfectly round, like a great fluffy white cake. It stands outside the dining-room window, and as we passed through we could see how the cake was rising. When, finally, the newspapers and radio said twenty-five inches had fallen, and it was the greatest snowfall in the recorded history of New York City, we could see that the cake was just that thickness.

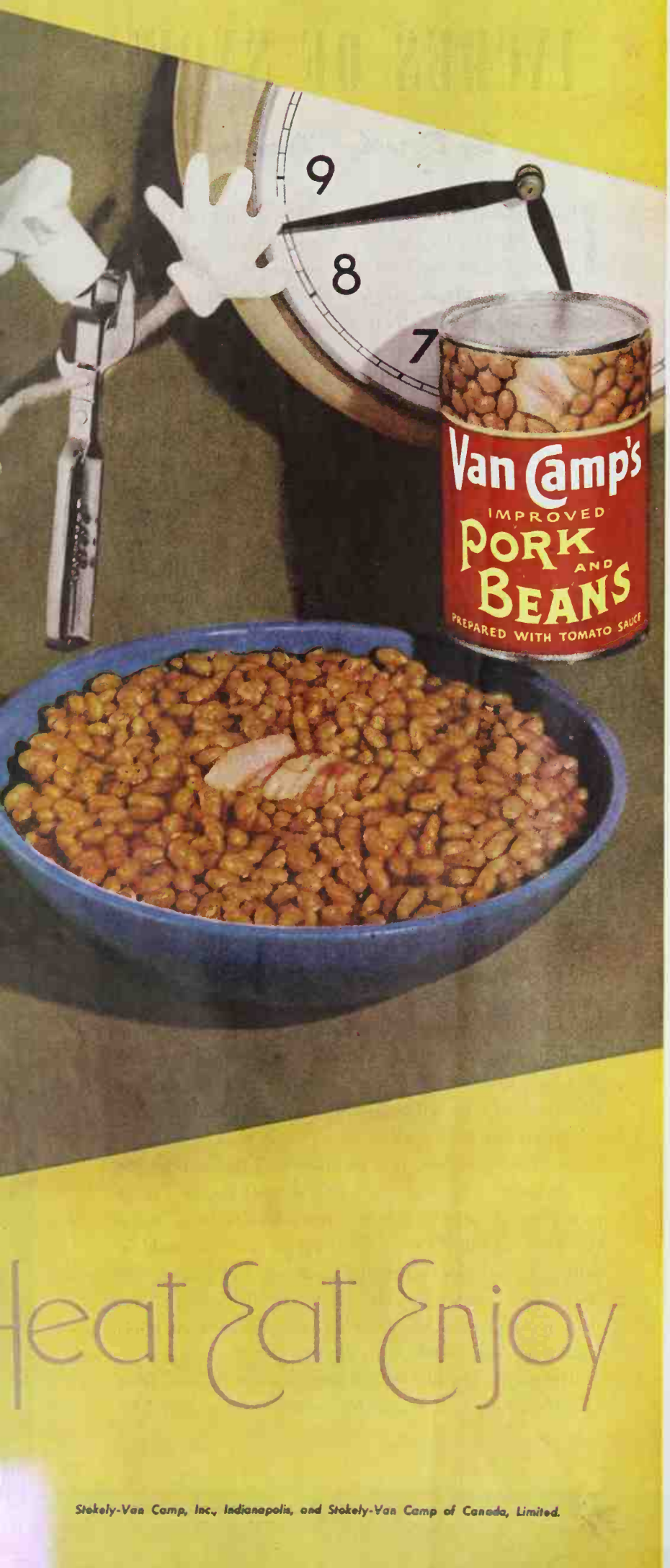
The snow not only blanketed the streets and the trees, burdening the buildings, piling on ledges to half cover windows, turning wires into strings of popcorn and parked cars into streets of igloos; it blanketed sound too. When we went out into the streets the noisy, teeming metropolis was quiet as a snowbound Maine village. Not a vehicle moved or could move. Midtown, at the corner of 48th and Third, little boys were tunneling into a bank, excavating themselves a snowhouse, with passages and rooms, as we used to do when children, in the country, upstate. Near Saks Fifth Avenue, on that first day, I saw a booted, mufflered father pulling two little girls on a sled. Such childish glees made the only clear sounds in the still air.

The first ways of passage were narrow paths on the sidewalks cut between the banks of snow. Two persons could not pass each other on these paths. One would have to step off into the deep snow. Now could be observed a phenomenon strange in New York. Nobody jostled, or glared, or pushed or shoved—no one I saw. But one could see the pantomime of people bowing to each other, smiling with the politeness of Manchu gentlemen. Each would step out of the path to face the other again, knee-deep in drift, and each would wave the other to return to the path.

In a few hours New York confronted what might become a catastrophe. In great cities where most people live in pantryless apartments, nobody keeps stores of food. If the city were not quickly cleared so that oil and coal could be delivered and food distributed from central markets to stores, people could quickly suffer cold and hunger. But there was no panic. I heard of no case of housewives plowing through the snow to buy out markets.

The mayor flew in from far away; energy radiated from City Hall; the call went out for volunteer snow shovelers,

Always a time saver



Heat Eat Enjoy

Stokely-Van Camp, Inc., Indianapolis, and Stokely-Van Camp of Canada, Limited.

and more responded than could be employed; it was announced that it might cost three—five—seven million dollars to dig out the city, and there was not even a debate about it. Great machines, supplementing the hand shovelers, rumbled into action, pushing, lifting, moving the snow. House porters, doormen, children and householders scattered salt on the streets.

The first busses began to run, on a few streets, hugely overcrowded; but instead of glaring at new passengers, people already riding squeezed themselves cheerfully together, or reached a hand to help newcomers on. The subways were less packed than usual, for many could not get to a station. But other passengers showed, by their helplessness, their confusion and their worried studies of arrows, that they had gone underground for the first time in their lives. A lady in a mink coat so dark and rich that it rated a limousine and uniformed chauffeur praised the marvels of the subway to a Negro workman sitting opposite her, and he did not scorn her naïveté but grinned most friendlily.

The first adventurous taxi drivers crawled out and were celebrated like Arctic explorers.

Busses, streetcars, shopping centers took on something of the atmosphere of the country-store cracker-barrel club. Strangers talked with one another, matching stories of discomfiture or exploit. Suddenly there had been created a community, in which everybody, without exception, was sharing a common experience, hazardous, adventurous, humorous and very inconvenient—but universal.

Then, in two days, life began to return to normal. The streets were gradually opened, wholly or partially cleared; the taxis came back in force; the delivery wagons rumbled. The piled-up snowbanks shrank under rain. The crowds shoved again, passing one another, or sitting with one another, glared in indifference, hostility or boredom. The snow was dirty, and so were many looks. The crisis was over.

I have often pondered the amazing way in which people react with their best natures to a catastrophe of Nature. It is something that no one can blame on anyone else. It is most obviously not the fault of the Democrats, the Republicans, the communists, the manufacturers, the labor unions, the rich, the poor, or the Politburo. It is "it," not "they." Being "it," it is something to be overcome by mutual energy or endured with cheerful patience. "It" unites people, instead of dividing them.

The same thing happened when, some years ago, the Mississippi burst its levees in dreadful life-snatching floods. Then, in communities where race tensions and class distinctions are normal, white men swam out, at great risk, to rescue marooned Negroes, and Negroes white men. There has never been a lynching during a natural catastrophe, when suddenly every life becomes precious since every life is threatened.

THE STRUGGLE against Nature, when Nature appears in her less beneficent aspects, appears to furnish what William James was seeking: the moral equivalent of war. What has been called "the front spirit," because it is so familiar to soldiers, asserts itself. The presence of an enemy is apparently necessary to produce that consideration of others, that self-sacrifice which elevates men and women above their "normal" spiritual capacities and unites them in something approaching a brotherhood. This is the moral *gain* of war, to deny which would mean failure to understand one psychological element in war's recurrence, as a cement of societies.

But must mankind forever wage war on men? Must the enemy always be "they"? Cannot the enemy be "it"?

The United Nations is an arena struggle, not co-operation. Even most the things that the great states ha agreed upon have been directed again other peoples or parts of other peopl causing new dissensions and new huma woes. Yet one instance of internation co-operation, without benefit of the Unit Nations at all, spontaneous and genuin has occurred in the last months, and one of the most troubled and disputed over sections of the world: the Midd East.

THE SOURCE of the co-operation was dreadful physical disaster: a cholera ep demic in a region where modern medicin has hardly penetrated to the masses of th people, and where there was a tragic shor age of immunization serums. Both th United States and Russia rushed to th rescue, war planes from each country fly ing in medical supplies, and there was n indication that anyone from either coun try cared a hoot whether the precious elixirs to halt the spread of the plagu came out of privately or publicly owned and administered laboratories. Nor wa there any disagreement about *how* to figh cholera, for though there are many way in which societies can be constructed an many disagreements about them, medic knowledge is universally shared by physi cians; each grasps eagerly and gratefully the discoveries of the other, and all agree—without veto—on such matters as quaran tine, immunization, sanitation and re moval of bodies.

Large parts of the world are still subje to plagues long removed from more a vanced societies. Ov large areas people st perish miserably fro cholera, yellow fever, ty phus, malaria, dreadf parasitic diseases, eve smallpox and bubon plague, though the med cal arts know how to pr vent, mitigate, cure or even eradicate thes riders of the "pale horse" whose name Death.

I wondered, as I watched in my hom city the energy and co-operation that wer called forth by twenty-five inches of snow why the members of the United Nation do not start to co-operate on a grandios scale, in an area where there is alread unanimous agreement. Nobody—not V shinsky, Austin or Bevin—could even star a debate on the question: Should Cholera be Supported?

Might not the United States, Grea Britain and the Soviet Union, and th smaller states band together, therefor against the inimical "its"—in a mutua war against the bacteria that devastat and debilitate peoples more, sometime than war itself?

The specter of bacteriological warfar now haunts mankind as a possible menac far worse, even, than the atom bomb. Bu is it conceivable that nations who ha fought side by side in a war *again* bacteria, who had mobilized all their hea ing and preventing skills *against* the *bac terial enemy*; who had celebrated the mutually won victories in United Nation halls, the world press and the world radio *could*, then, unleash a bacteriological wa against each other? Would it be psycho logically possible? Could any peoples b made reconciled to it, after they had partic ipated in a heroic effort to war against th wars bacteria wage without the help o man? I think it would be impossible, un thinkable.

Can we not wage war against th enemies of all mankind, who are not them selves human? Or will a revolting Natur prove beneficent even in her furies, an restrain men's hands from fighting eac other, halting their works and frustratin their antihuman adventures, by drowning them in floods, burying them in earth quakes, and silencing and restraining ther behind soft, deep, impenetrable barricade of snow?

THE EN

When it comes to borrowing trouble, a man's credit is always good. —ANON.

For tender light-as-air pie crust every time

LET LUCKIE MAKE THE PIE







*Good Luck Food Co., Inc., Rochester, N. Y. Subsidiary of The R. T. French Co.

Roll out perfect pie crust in 5 minutes!

With Good Luck Pie Crust Mix you never fail. Tender, flaky crust, delicate flavor—every time. Just follow the simple directions on package. Good Luck is easy to handle, easy to roll out because shortening has been "cut into" flour in exact proportions, skillfully blended by our exclusive process.

Made of finest shortening and pastry flour

Fine pie crust can be made only from top-notch ingredients. Special pastry flour made from the finest soft white winter wheat and the highest grade hydrogenated shortening are used exclusively in Good Luck.



Sniff! It's fresh!

Open a package of Good Luck Pie Crust Mix and *sniff!* What a fresh, clean odor! That's because only the finest hydrogenated shortening is used in Good Luck. Keeps fresh and sweet on your pantry shelf!

Good Luck with GOOD LUCK* another fine French's product!



... THREE REASONS WHY WOMEN CHOOSE CUT-RITE :



You can have more delicious dishes when you give the family leftovers flavor-saved by Cut-Rite! The minute you take meat off the table, wrap it in extra-heavy Cut-Rite. Waxed through and through—not just surface-waxed—to protect expensive foods!



Save time, save using extra dishes! Mix meat loaf, roll pie crust on Cut-Rite. Doesn't split. Moist foods won't soak through. Strong flavors don't "smell through"! Folds and twists easily. Wrap half a lemon or onion in it, to save icebox space.

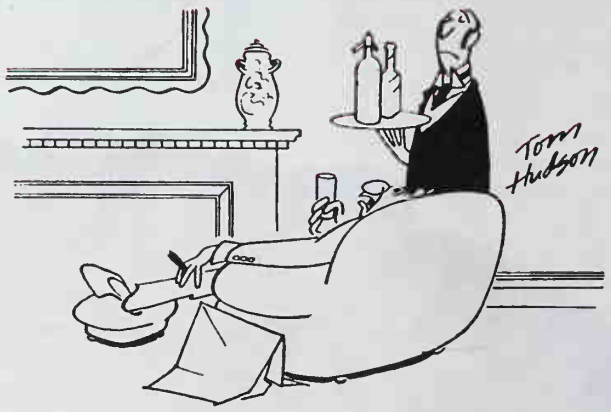
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No waste to Cut-Rite. Cut-Rite's famous cutting edge tears evenly, always. Makes it convenient and easy to use. Keep Cut-Rite always handy! A Scott Paper Product.

More women use Cut-Rite than any other Wax Paper!

UNDER-COVER STUFF



"By the way, Hodges, ah—I don't suppose you have an old suit of mine you could spare?"

REPRINTED FROM THIS WEEK MAGAZINE © 1946 UNITED NEWSPAPERS MAGAZINE CORP.

By Bernardine Kielty

THE English take their troubles very well, as everyone will tell you, but there is a slight edginess discernible in many of them when they get to writing about their government. Take the delightfully mild ***Angela Thirkell,*** for instance, whose novels may have ridiculous situations, but whose people are real as crumpets. "What worries me," says one of them in PRIVATE ENTERPRISE, "is the deliberate extinction of the upper middle classes. We aren't running to seed yet, as some of our betters are. There are some very honorable families of old title who really need suppressing altogether, because all the brains and vigor have gone to the women, and the men are spineless or fanatics. But I think we have still a few generations of good work to do. The people in power know it, and they are frightened of words like patriotism or integrity, or incorruptibility. So they hope to tax us till we die out. I daresay we will." . . . Then ***A. L. Rowse***—the historian—in A CORNISH CHILDHOOD: "A labor man myself, the son of the working people, when my middle-class friends of the intellectual Left assume the political capacity of the people, their rationality and responsibility about public affairs, I know to the roots of my being what nonsense they are talking. . . . They idealize the people because they do not know what they are really like; they see them from outside, rather patronizingly, hopefully, as a schoolmaster, if young and optimistic, sees his pupils growing daily more like himself. Because I belong to the people, born and bred among them, and have never lost contact with them, I have no such illusions."

• • •

Osbert Sitwell, **who has spun such an entrancing web of the near past in his three books, LEFT HAND, RIGHT HAND! (about ancestors), THE SCARLET TREE (about his own Edwardian childhood) and now GREAT MORNING (about the days of youth in London before World War I), says in his foreword that the purpose of these books and of the two to follow is "to fix a lifetime in the eye of eternity and the infinite. . . . I want to leave, if I have time, a record of the world I saw, and of how I saw it, before the alterations and cataclysms occurred."**

(Continued on Page 16)

FROM WEST AND EAST ENDS OF LONDON BY R. H. DAVIS



"One often sees the cotillon begun in a clear sunlight."

Tulip Trimmings

Easy-to-fix trimmings to set off the rosy richness of your Swift's Premium Ham: The day before, make individual salads of lime gelatin; substitute lemon juice for part of the water; add finely shredded cabbage, carrot, and unpeeled chopped apple. To make the most of Swift's Premium's matchless flavor, *just follow the easy cooking directions on the tag that comes with every ham.* Glaze with apricot jam. At serving time, top each salad with a tulip cut from orange peel. Garnish the ham with larger tulips; cut stems and leaves from cucumber peel . . . then serve it proudly, confidently. For its beauty is more than skin deep! The unvarying quality of Swift's Premium Ham —famous for more than fifty Easters—has made it truly America's traditional favorite . . . by far the best-liked ham of all.

Easter feast at your house . . . with America's traditional favorite

Swift's Premium Ham



HAM QUICKIES, a grand way to use leftovers: Brown ¼ c. diced onions in hot fat; add 2 c. soft bread-crumbs, ½ c. milk, 1 c. ground cooked ham; season to taste. Chill thoroughly. Shape into 4 patties; brown in hot fat on both sides.



MAIN DISH SOUP: Cover ham bone with water. Simmer slowly 2 hrs. Remove bone. Return trimmed-off bits of ham to broth. Add 1 lb. split peas; 2 carrots, diced; ½ onion, minced. Cover; simmer 1 hr. Season to taste. *Both recipes from Martha Logan.*



2 styles! For easy cooking at home, look for the Blue Label. The Red Label brings you ham that's fully cooked—ready to eat. Both kinds are Brown Sugar Cured and smoked Swift's special way over genuine hardwood fires.

Now! no chance of rubbery, rancid taste in your coffee!

Only the New CORY is

ALL-GLASS . . . which everyone knows brews the finest, richest coffee.

RUBBERLESS . . . no rubber parts to wear out, to replace, to mar pure coffee flavor.

FLAME-TESTED . . . to assure you the highest quality heat-resistant glass.



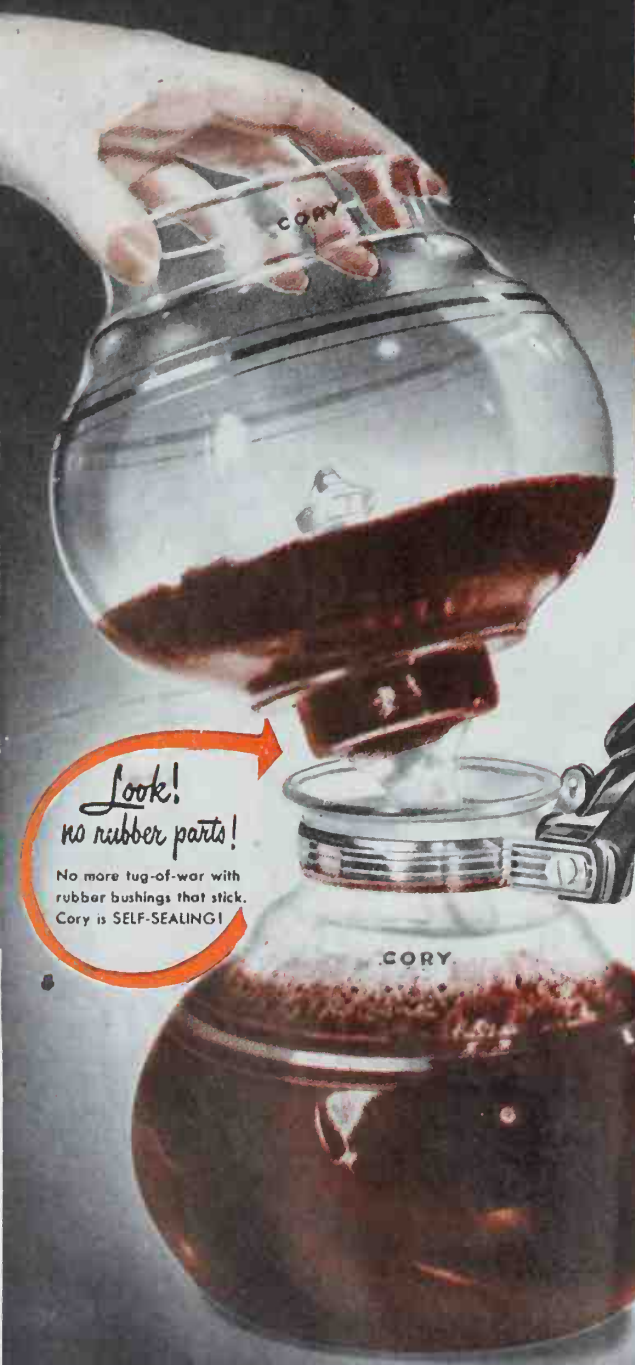
Merely place upper bowl on lower bowl. There's no more forcing...no twisting. Less accidental breakage.



Old grounds can't accumulate to give a rancid taste. The RUBBERLESS Cory brewer is easy to keep sanitary and sparkling bright.



Only Cory glass gets an intense blow-torch heat treatment. It's FLAME-TESTED for quality!



Look! no rubber parts!

No more tug-of-wor with rubber bushings that stick. Cory is SELF-SEALING!

Cory on the brewer means perfection in the cup

CORY

the only All-Glass coffee brewer



Famous Cory Glass Filter Rod improves coffee flavor in any vacuum coffee maker. Fits all standard brewers ...only 50c

© 1948, CORY CORPORATION, CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

(Continued from Page 14)

Any page you choose to read in this beguiling book concerns a world irrevocably gone. Take the picture of himself and "Alex" (the future Field Marshal Viscount Alexander of Tunis) when they were both young guards officers, in 1912: "I remember many long walks back to Wellington Barracks late at night in his company, from some dance or supper party. . . . Sometimes the conversation would take a more thoughtful turn, ill suited to our attire; for we were dressed, with the dandyism of a time when in England cleanliness was really believed to be next to godliness—instead of being regarded, as now it is, as an unjustifiable antisocial extravagance—in evening clothes, wearing broad-braided black trousers, white waistcoats, starched shirts and white ties, white kid gloves, with a white carnation or gardenia in the buttonhole of our coats, and carried gold or tortoise-shell-topped Malacca canes. Such was the convention, and, strange as it seems now in the shabby, broken-down London of today, we walked for miles clad in this manner, and, moreover, crowned with either a silk hat or a gibus."

The Sitwell books make no attempt to give a full picture of England before and after the turn of the century. They present the wealthy, aristocratic country gentry, and the London life of the sons of those houses. *Great Morning!* is tragic with the overtones of the war which we know was to annihilate most of the country's youth, but of which in June, 1914, when the book ends, the country was still innocently and happily unaware. "We belonged to a doomed generation, and the enlightened statesmen then in power, men of the highest principles and attainments, and of great forensic ability, presented to it—among whom were included some of their own sons—the 1914 war as a coming-of-age gift." Sitwell relates one odd incident. Early in 1914 several of his fellow officers in the Guards had gone to a palmist celebrated at the time, whom Winston Churchill, among others, was said to consult. The officers went to her to learn how their love affairs would prosper, when they would marry, how their careers would develop, and so on. In each case, however, just when the palmist began to read the fortune, she threw the outstretched hand from her, crying, "I don't understand it! It's the same thing again! After two or three months, the line of life stops short, and I can read nothing!"

The greater part of *Great Morning!* has no concern whatever with an undivined but steadily approaching war. This, like the other volumes, remains a family book. Here specifically we have the picture of Sir George, the father of Osbert, Edith and Sacheverell, blown up to more than life size. It is Osbert's long-awaited chance to get even. Sir George's contempt for his inefficient and unconventional son who liked to read better than to hunt, who preferred music to the army, is surpassed only by the son's contempt for his father's Philistinism. He describes a dinner conversation:

"I meant to ask you, Sir George, what do you think of Freud and his theories?"

"Nothing, Miss Finglestone, nothing whatsoever."

"And of Einstein, Sir George?"

"Nothing—nothing at all."

"With such ease," comments the author, "can great territories of the human spirit be abolished."

Sir Herbert Tree, the actor, and his wife, Lady Tree, were a source of delight to Osbert Sitwell in his salad days, and it's easy to see why, what with Lady T.'s epigrams. "Ye cannot serve both Cod and Salmon," she said upon being served two kinds of fish at dinner. And, when haddock was passed: "Buy haddock and let slip the dogs of war!" It was Sir Herbert who went to a post office

(Continued on Page 18)

My-T-Fine lots more Chocolaty!





Cheery start

FOR WINTER MEALS

Try Herb-Ox Consomme

—served piping hot, its delicious piquant flavor is heartening, satisfying —makes mealtime pleasure time. Just one Herb-Ox cube in an 8-oz. cup of boiling water—

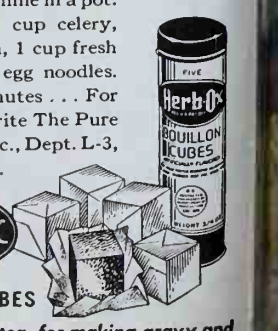
Bouillon, Chicken, or Vegetable

—yum, yum!



Quick-trick Soup Recipe

To serve 4, put 4 cups of Herb-Ox Chicken Consomme in a pot. Chop and add ½ cup celery, 1 tablespoon onion, 1 cup fresh mushrooms, 1 oz. egg noodles. Cook about 10 minutes . . . For free menu book, write The Pure Food Company, Inc., Dept. L-3, Mamaroneck, N.Y.



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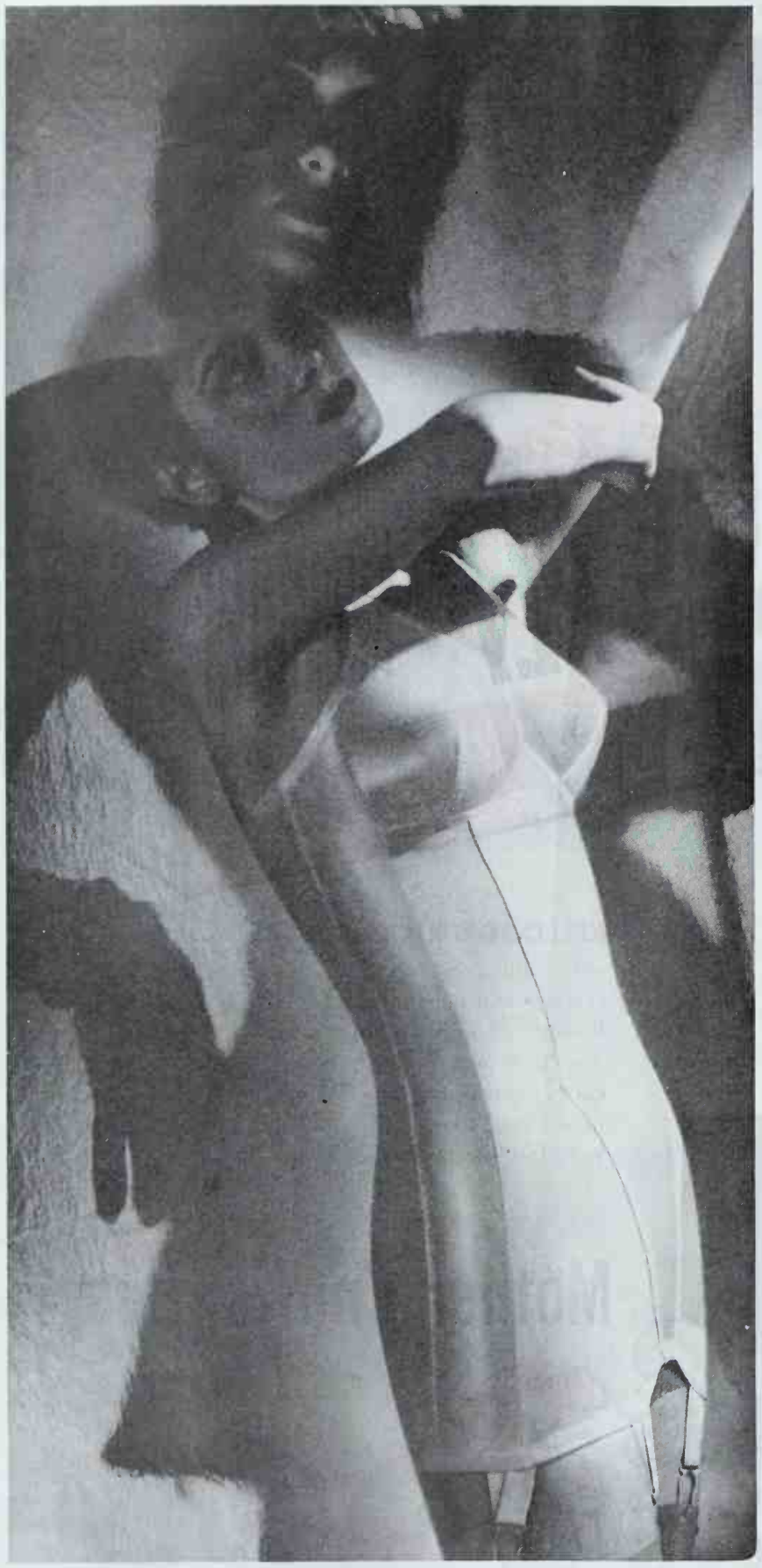


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start

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(Continued from Page 16)

and asked for a penny stamp, which the post clerk gave him. "Have you no others?" he demanded, and after a sheet of stamps had been produced and he had considered them head by head, he pointed to a stamp in the very center and said decisively, "I will take that one!" . . . There was also Mme. Amboise, Sitwell family hanger-on, a Russian married to a Frenchman, and beloved, or so she inferred, by none less than the Italian d'Annunzio. Mme. Amboise was afraid of domestic animals, and once when walking in the Sitwell gardens was rudely startled by a young heifer. When she arrived at the house, excited and out of breath, she rushed to the drawing room. "My friends," she explained, "I have met a bull child in the park—and he has put me into pants. Since then I am in them always!"

CULVER SERVICE



Movie star Jane Wyman, no aelurophobe, and her adopted kittens.

Those who suffer from aelurophobia (*ailouros*, Greek for cat, and *phobia*, fear) will shy away from THE CATS OF WILDCAT HILL, by *Charis Wilson* and *Edward Weston*, but the rest of us love it—most entertaining pictures and text about just ordinary cats.

• • •

The Sitwell books and a new biography, MIRABEAU, by *Antonina Vallantin*, are way up top on this department's list of recent reading choices. Like *Great Morning!* the *Mirabeau* is also a recapitulation of the antagonism between father and son—in this case the vitriolic hatred of father toward son. The Marquis de Mirabeau, father of Gabriel, hated his own wife and took out his spite, after she had left him, on his son. "I have often said that if this eldest boy had not come into the world at a place where there were no visitors, I should have believed him to be a bastard." He educated him with the deliberate intention of undermining any self-confidence that the boy might have, sending him to the roughest and strictest of military schools. Later he had him committed to prison, his recommendation to the governor of the prison being that the youth was "headstrong, cross-grained and a liar by instinct." This was the same young man who was to become first citizen of France in the most dramatic period of her turbulent history.

In this book the French Revolution becomes a reality—to this reader—for the first time. We get it close up, not in cold perspective. We see contemporary letters, journals, decrees. We're hurled into a vortex of meetings, conferences, secret communications with the king. Where it was all leading neither Mirabeau, Louis and Marie Antoinette, nor Lafayette, nor even a young radical named Robespierre, knew. A tremendous upheaval not unlike an earthquake was occurring, but a slow one which did not at once upset the routine of Paris and France. Life managed to go on, and people, however involved, still went home each night to bed.

(Continued on Page 21)

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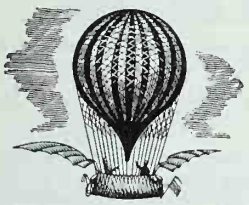
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(Continued from Page 18)

Mirabeau's personal life knew no quiet passages. His childhood was tragic, his love affairs were gross, unhappy, devitalizing, and he was always in debt. Though he lived luxuriously—probably because he lived so—he didn't leave money enough when he died to pay the funeral expenses. This is a long and absorbing book; to our way of thinking, a great biography.

• • •

Percy Lubbock, **who in his latest book has given us Edith Wharton, and who before that edited the letters of Henry James and wrote a definitive analysis of James' work (as well as that of Tolstoi and Flaubert) in THE CRAFT OF FICTION, is himself a figure out of a past and regrettably lost era of cultivation. In this day of the brief ease and the plane, the ever-present fear of annihilation and the seamy distrust of one half the world for the other half, it is understandable that a man like Lubbock should find inspiration in the past. THE PORTRAIT OF EDITH WHARTON, interrupted by the war, was some seven years in the writing. It is a disturbing book, because to an admirer of her writing, Edith Wharton turns out to be a disappointing person. This is no paean of praise. Nor is it the anecdotal and gossipy account to which her story might lend itself. Edith Wharton, the lady of the world who could take time out of a busy social life to work as hard as any poet in his garret and, once back at her teas and little dinners, give no hint of that other secret existence; that ultra-conservative, almost frivolous woman whose philosophy baffled even those, like Lubbock, who knew her best, was bound to present an enigma. In his book Mr. Lubbock includes long letters from persons who at one time or another, and in the various countries in which she lived, knew Mrs. Wharton well. These letters represent documentary evidence of how she lived and how she responded to friends, acquaintances, servants. But they do not explain her, and it remained to the author to make the final analysis. To the surprise of the literary world, Mr. Lubbock's final judgment is that, with a nature rich and full of possibilities, Edith Wharton was warped—warped by one man, not her husband, but the man to whom she listened all through her adult life, and beside whom she is buried. Few people who read the book have ever heard his name. His immortality—if such it can be called—lies in his narrowing influence on a woman shy and unsure herself, but of immeasurable and unrealized potentialities. It is a subtle, evasive psychological situation, and Mr. Lubbock has thought long upon it.**

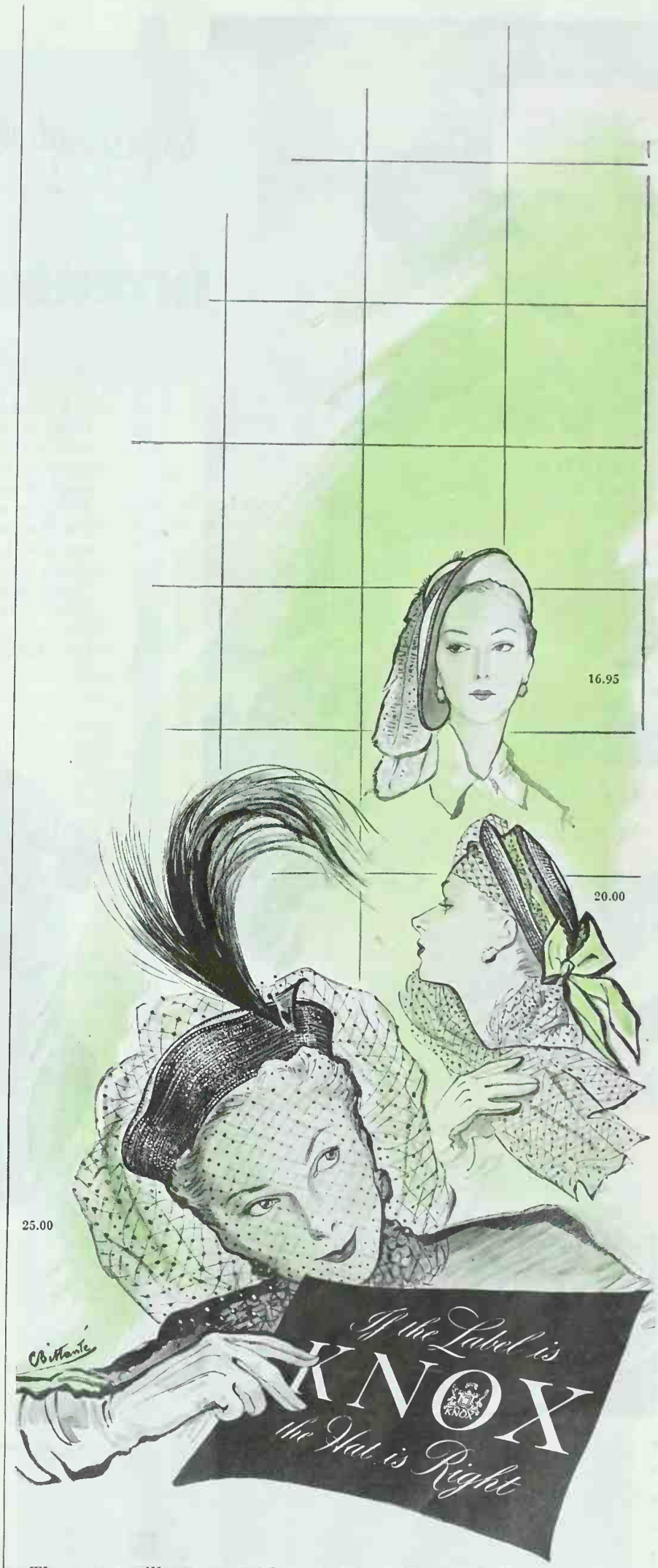
• • •

When a city man bought a turkey from a farmer and didn't even watch when it was weighed, the farmer figured something was wrong. He wrote down the city slicker's license number, then took the $20 bill he'd been paid for the turkey to the bank. At the bank he got the answer. The bill was counterfeit, the man was caught and through his arrest the nation's biggest ring of counterfeiters was rounded up.

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"Daddy, will you make me a nickel?"

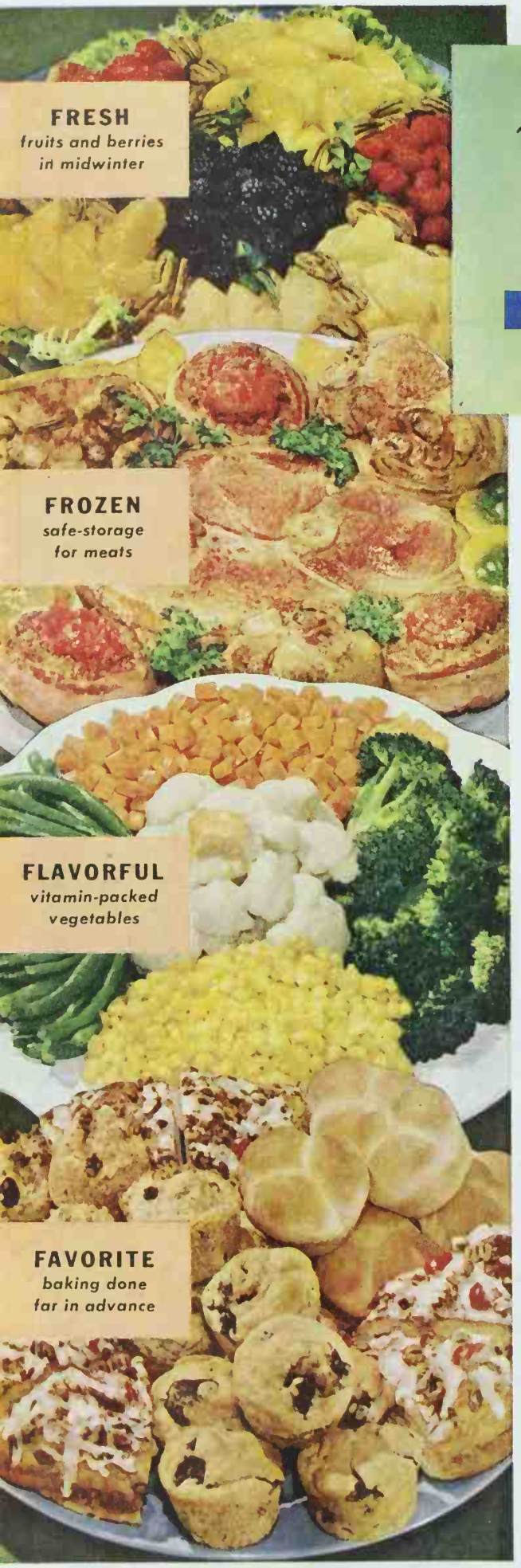


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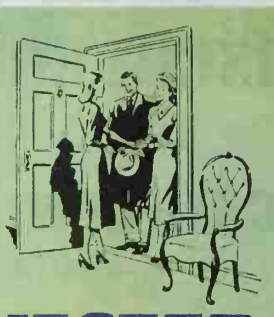
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"THY KINGDOM COME"

Louisville's Committee on Institutions

CHURCH WORK FOR VOLUNTEERS

by MARGARET HICKEY

THOUSANDS of earnest people leave church each week fired with inspiration to go out to do God's will. Translating that inspiration into constructive action in their daily lives is difficult. Sunday's firm resolve becomes Monday's forgotten purpose.

One group of churchmen found an answer. Religious resolves developed into real civic accomplishment. They sought out the forgotten man and woman—the institutionalized ones in their state and community—and made these lives richer, fuller, more normal.

Word of Louisville's Committee on Institutions has spread to other communities where men and women have wondered how church denominations, divided in creed, might be united in deed. Louisville methods can easily be fitted into community activity to make the influence of the church radiate from Sunday into the remaining six days of the week.

At the suggestion of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, the Prison Committee of the Council of Church Women with the B'nai B'rith group is devoting its efforts to the rehabilitation of prisoners. Classes in crafts, music programs and religious services are held weekly. The Carnegie Library has been persuaded to open a small branch for the circulation of books among the prisoners. Inmates upon their release are assisted in securing job contacts.

About two years ago, the Inter-Church Conference of Washington, D.C., made a city-wide study of conditions in the public institutions for children. They found the Industrial Home for less seriously delinquent children from 9 to 17 needed recreational facilities. The Chevy Chase Presbyterian church began the program on V-J Day. Beginning modestly, the group has now expanded to include seven Washington churches and three large service organizations. Each week 30 volunteers, drawn from a pool of 300, assist with a schedule of 20 activities. There are music lessons, club meetings, square dances and stunts. Children who spend a part of their lives in this institution need friends, and friends they are getting.

This friend-to-friend approach has answered for the young church members the difficult question of how to do their part. They have been able to translate humanitarian groping into direct action. They have been able to shift from disappointing talk of human relief and the imperfections of world social and economic order to real and stimulating work.

In Tacoma, Washington, the Council of Churches sponsors a recreational program that grew out of questions presented by three teen-age girls. "Why are the churches all closed to young people at night?" they asked Dr. Loyal H. Vickers, local minister. "Why don't the churches do as much for youth at home as they did for youth in uniform?" Today the United Churches Youth Center, with headquarters in a big downtown building, is in the hands of the youth it serves. It is open nightly, with rules and programs planned by girls and boys. The group includes both nonchurch and churchgoing young people. Laymen and ministers serve on an advisory board.

The church influence, be it cathedral, synagogue or temple, is needed. Fathers, mothers, children, troubled youth, all need the helping spiritual hand. The example of Louisville's churchmen points the way to wider fields of service. The church needs the community, and the community desperately needs the church. THE END

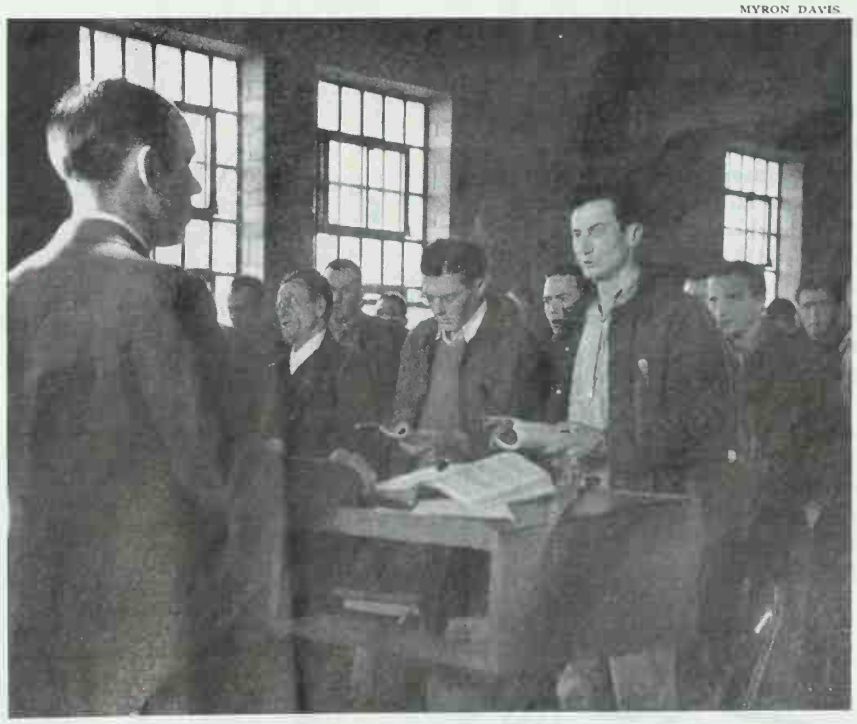
SHORTLY after noon one bright Sunday morning in Louisville, Kentucky, men and women began to file cheerfully out of the wide doors of one of the city's prominent churches. There were the usual friendly greetings. As the minister stood shaking hands with members of the departing congregation, a brisk, gray-haired man stepped up to say, "Well, Doctor Williams, wish me luck. I'm spending the night in the city jail."

Strange words, you might think, from one of Louisville's most prominent citizens and faithful church members. But this man was only one of a group of Louisville's churchmen who found that seeing for themselves what went on inside the walls of the city's institutions was the best way to bring about improvements. Out of their firsthand experiences came institutional reforms which are a model of community progress.

This group of men, who called themselves the Committee on Institutions of the Louisville Council of Churches, were proud Kentuckians. They held dear the traditions of their state for beauty, hospitality, fine horses, good living. The inexcusably poor record which their city and state institutions had was a stench that they determined to obliterate. Their action on the city jails is typical.

Beginning one Saturday at midnight, and continuing to Monday morning, two-man teams, working in six-hour shifts, visited the city jail. They ate prison food, slept in prison beds, checked on toilet facilities. They talked to those prisoners who would talk. After a few hours of gazing at dirty walls, scribbled with unprintables, resting on dirty bedding, looking at dirty men with despair written on their faces, these men of Louisville had plenty to say about what was needed. Results? The jail was cleaned up, physically, politically. Magazines and books were provided for the prisoners, visits from ministers of all faiths were arranged, entertainment scheduled. *(Continued on Page 268)*

MYRON DAVIS



Prison windows are no barrier to religion. Here youths and first offenders who voluntarily attend services are seriously singing a hymn led by the reformatory chaplain.

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Signs of Spring

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- Look—just a few deft flicks of your Hughes hairbrush—and you change from night-time siren to daytime sophisticate.

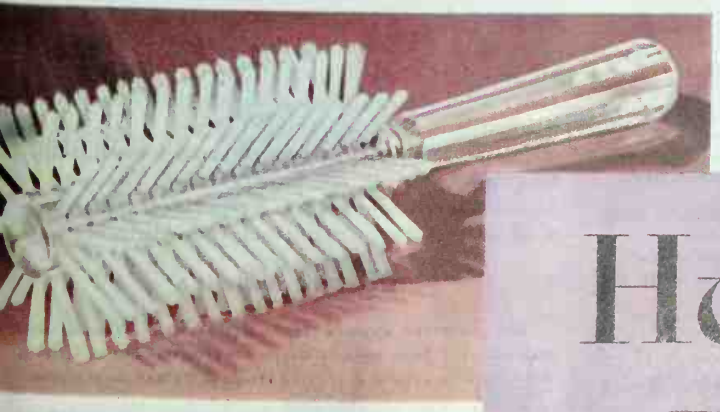
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MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

Most marriages give a warning crack before they break. How keen are your ears?

BY CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph. D., The Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

THAT OTHER WOMAN

JUST how many divorces grow out of triangles is not definitely known, but the proportion is not less than a third; it may be as high as half. In the story of the Cranes, a single episode from my files, we find the basic factors underlying most triangle situations.

First, there is always some serious dissatisfaction in the marriage.

After eleven years, Helen Crane would have said her marriage was happy, and Jim, her husband, wouldn't have called it unhappy. They had a comfortable home, two attractive young sons, and Jim, at thirty-four, had already attained a top executive post.

But the atmosphere of partnership and sharing was lacking from the home. Servants ran the house, while Helen devoted herself to social activities; a maid even arranged the flowers. If Jim called to tell Helen of some business development, she was out, playing bridge or golf. When he came home exhausted by his wartime duties, Helen was too busy with outside activities to provide the companionship he needed. Jim came to feel that his chief role in the family was to pay the bills.

Because he has more opportunity to meet another person, the husband is more likely to get entangled than the wife.

Jim had frequent necessary business contacts with Ruth, an attractive young advertising woman. Over a period of time, she and Jim found they had many things in common besides their work, and business came to be an excuse for being together.

Jim had no desire to break up his marriage, and he recognized the danger. Without mentioning Ruth, he told Helen of his misgivings; and at his insistence, they worked out a definite program for putting more into their marriage.

The plan worked well at first. But Helen gradually began to suspect that another woman was involved, and a few inquiries strengthened her suspicions.

Sooner or later, the wife is almost sure to learn of the existence of "another woman"; on her reaction to the knowledge depends the hope of preserving a worth-while marriage.

At this point, Helen still had a chance to save her marriage. Another woman can seldom cause real trouble unless the husband is already dissatisfied. If Helen had accepted this fact; if, instead of blaming Ruth, she had recognized her own failures and made a sincere effort to improve, she might still be Jim's wife—and on a sounder basis than before. Instead, vengeful and self-righteous, Helen sought outside interference to oust Ruth and punish Jim. Armed with evidence obtained for her by a detective, she went to Jim's boss, demanding that he lecture Jim, and replace Ruth with a man. Jim's boss refused, and Helen confronted Jim with her evidence. Unable to forgive her spying, Jim asked for a divorce. Helen refused, then, after months of bitter quarreling, finally agreed.

Though the settlement stripped Jim of every dollar, he and Ruth are now happily building a new life together. Helen, lonely and embittered, is looking for another husband. But she has still to learn that it is a wife's obligation—and her privilege—to create a happy home for her husband, just as it is the husband's obligation to earn a living for the family.

What can a wife do to minimize the possibility of a broken home?

Here, if ever, is a situation where prevention is more important than cure. Long before any friction arises, a wife with insight knows that things aren't going well. She realizes that the happiness of the marriage and the home depends primarily on her. She makes the home as comfortable and inviting as she knows how; she improves her appearance; she becomes more attentive to her husband, and tries to create an atmosphere of partnership.

She looks for the cause of the tension. Whether it be sexual maladjustment, money worries or inadequate companionship, she seeks out the basic problem, and makes every effort to improve the situation.

If a third person comes on the scene, she tries even harder. This is no time for crying, accusations and running to relatives. Instead of blaming her husband or her rival, she tries to make herself and her home more attractive to him. Doing this isn't easy, but—if she wants her husband—she does it.

As never before, she is patient, cheerful, affectionate. Time is her ally, and she makes the most of it. She takes him off the defensive. He has no grounds for divorce. There are no excuses he can give their friends or his boss for leaving his wife. You can be sure he will think twice before taking further steps.

She may still lose her husband. But this way she has a real chance of keeping him; and if the crisis can be weathered, the marriage may be happier than ever before.

Ask Yourself

IS HE PROUD OF YOU?

When answering these questions "Yes" or "No," *don't* give yourself the benefit of the doubt.

1. Does he enjoy taking you to dances and parties?
2. Are you *very* stout, or conspicuously thin?
3. Does he compare you favorably with other women?
4. Is your voice rather loud and attention-getting?
5. Do you select your clothes to please him?
6. Are you a chain cigarette smoker, or unwise drinker?
7. Do you dislike arguing about politics and religion?
8. Are you good at cracking wise and making pointed remarks?
9. When you talk, does he listen without interrupting?
10. Do you often fish for compliments?
11. Are you careful about your hair, skin and nails?
12. Do you enjoy telling risqué stories?
13. Are your grammar and pronunciation usually correct?
14. Do you use profanity to enliven your conversation?
15. At cards or games, does he like you as partner?
16. Do you make it a point to acquire and use the latest slang?
17. Are you good at complimenting people, especially him?
18. Do your manners definitely need improvement?
19. Are you frequently invited to parties or social affairs?
20. Do your views seem radical or unconventional to others?

Odd-numbered questions should be answered *yes*, even-numbered ones *no*. If married, a score of 15 or more correct answers is desirable. A single girl should score not less than 16. The higher the score, the more you are esteemed. With a score of 13 or less, use your incorrect answers as clues to self-improvement—for this quiz might equally well be called "*Can* he be proud of you?"

KEEPING A MAN'S RESPECT

THOUGH a girl may be respected and not loved, if she is loved she is always respected. And a wife cannot hope to hold her husband's love without winning and keeping his respect.

- The rules for winning your husband's (or fiancé's) respect are not much different from the rules for winning the same regard from other people. And since people tend to accept your estimate of yourself, the first step in winning the respect of others is to acquire confidence in yourself.
- Most inferiority is imaginary. If you feel inferior try this: List your good qualities, including any special abilities. Note every favorable characteristic you possess. Then compare yourself with your friends. You may be surprised to find that you have as much to offer as other people, maybe more.
- This simple exercise may help you to develop the self-confidence you need. But to be self-confident, you need not be smug; there's always room for improvement.
- People respect us for many reasons. Let's look at some of the more important ones:
- Honesty is basic. Not being a thief or swindler isn't enough. Intellectual honesty is essential. Sincerity, truthfulness and willingness to support your convictions are parts of it.
- Your behavior must be in keeping with what you say you believe. Trite as it may be, to practice what you preach is a sound principle. Hypocrisy is never admirable, least of all between husband and wife.
- Your standards and ideals must be acceptable to your friends. You can be tolerant of the conduct of others—but you must be critical of your own. The girl who gets drunk, who pets recklessly and indiscriminately, or who otherwise disregards community custom, is sure to forfeit the community's good opinion.
- Any talents or special skills will bring you recognition. Be really expert at something! What it is doesn't matter if you get satisfaction from it and people approve it. Athletics, hobbies, music, church work are a few of the possibilities; yours may be different. If you have a flair for cooking, develop it to the point of an art. If you're not good at sports, perhaps you can make a smart slip cover. Don't worry about the talents you lack—foster those you have.
- Be informed. Judgment and understanding are based on knowledge. Do you read a daily newspaper? Do you make it a point to know what's going on—in your community, your country, the world? Do you keep abreast of the best current fiction and articles? Last but not least, are you thoroughly familiar with current developments in the special skills, interests and responsibilities of your own sex—from interior decorating to labor legislation?
- Respect is not easily won. When achieved, it must be cultivated or it will dwindle away. Too often, a foolish indiscretion destroys a reputation and changes a whole life. Don't risk it—or your husband's love.

DO YOU AGREE?

My parents expect the impossible of me and constantly talk of my duty to them. Do children owe more to their parents than parents owe them?

No. A child has to take his parents for better or worse. Whatever he is, good or bad, they are largely responsible for it. If they have done a good job, he profits from it. When that is true, children do not fail their parents.

THE END



THE NEW *Vogue* IN TABLE SETTINGS...

that begins with these

STYLE NOTE: There's a definite trend towards Holmes & Edwards silverplate these days!

Know why?

Women have discovered that Holmes & Edwards spoons and forks are *inlaid* with two blocks of sterling silver . . . instead of the common method of protecting silverplate against wear like *over-plating* (actually just an extra-plating).

Here's why Sterling Inlaid is so much better...

Two blocks of sterling silver are invisibly **inlaid** ***at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks. If wear should come, there's sterling underneath, and your lovely pieces will stay lovelier*** **longer.**

One more word of advice: to be sure you buy Holmes & Edwards, look on the back of the teaspoon handle for the mark INLAID.

Youth Danish Princess Lovely Lody

HOLMES & EDWARDS

STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE



HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

WHICH PATTERN? Three to choose from, Youth, Danish Princess and Lovely Lody, all made in U. S. A.

HOW MUCH? Surprise! The prices have not gone up since 1945. Still only $68.50 for 52 pieces, service for eight with chest. (No Federal Tax).

WHERE TO BUY? At most jewelry and department stores.

WHAT ABOUT DELIVERY? Though demand is still very very great, the chances of prompt delivery are good.

Copyright 1948, The International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Div., Meriden, Conn. Sold in Canada by: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd. °Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Do Girls Like You?

THE SUB-DEB. . . . EDITED BY MAUREEN DALY



NOBODY loves you? Well, honeychile, it might be all your own fault! I know that in high school it's always so important to be popular, to feel you are "one of the girls." But it takes a friend to make a friend, and maybe you're *forgetting* some of the little things that could make other girls like you. To tip you off on some inside information, to give you the opinions of some experts on the subject, we held a special meeting with one of our favorite Sub-Deb clubs, six teen-age girls who have been friends and members of the same Sub-Deb club through all four years of high school. We talked about the pros and cons of friendship, the importance of *acting* friendly, loyalty to one another, gossip—and a lot of other things. I've decided to pass on to you some of the big problems which the round table decided could make or break a gal-pal friendship—maybe these are things you just never thought about before.

This business of borrowing. . . . Since teen-age clothes always seem to look smarter in the other closet, many gals get into the habit of "borrowing" from their friends to make with the extra sweaters, red net formals, plaid suits and endless other items which won't fit into their own clothes-'n'-movies budgets. And what do friends think of this? Here's what the experts have to say.

Most girls are glad to lend *some* things *sometimes* to their best friends *only*. So if you borrow for a good reason and just once in a while, your friends will probably say, "Fine, wear mine!" But be a good sport about your borrowing. Don't ever ask for "favorites"—such as the blue tulle formal that Anne wore the night Roger asked her to go steady, or the bracelet that somebody's soldier uncle sent from India, or anything else that might have a personal and important memory attached. And don't ask to borrow clothes that will make you a personal rival to the kindhearted gal who took it out of her closet for you. It wouldn't be quite fair, do you think, to ask to wear Jane's good black ballerina date dress when you're both going to the same party? After all, does Rita Hayworth ask for Ginger Rogers' dancing shoes?

One of our experts pointed out that while *she* doesn't mind lending things to friends, her mother won't allow it because "it's difficult enough to meet the family budget, without having a string of happy teen-agers on hand to wear things out faster!"

Double-date this week end. . . . Then be sure all *four* of you have a good time. The quickest way to lose the love of a good girl friend is to turn on a glamour act for her beau boy. With some high-school girls, collecting class rings, frat pins and other girls' boy friends is a kind of frantic hobby—but on a double date, just keep your charms for the happy character who is officially your lad for the evening. And if the other girl is a new member of this dating foursome, turn the conversation her way occasionally, have a comment or two about her dress, dancing or attractive hair-do—just to make her feel she belongs. Our Sub-Deb experts, veterans of many date evenings on the double, agreed that a friend is a friend forever—if she knows how to be a good gal pal when the fun is made for four.

And how about that date with the girls? . . . Many a teen-age girl thinks that Friday-night movie plans with the club or Sunday-afternoon arrangements for a hen party are dates just made to be broken—if something better comes along. It's not so, say our Sub-Debs! A date with a boy is always important; but here, here, honeychile—you wouldn't leave your best girl friend with an empty evening and a snubbed feeling just at the last minute, would you? If there is enough fun left to go round for everyone, if no one's feelings are hurt, there's no harm in making with the "Johnny just called me" excuses. But don't use your girl friends as fillers for empty evenings—or you'll be finding a lot of empty evenings on your hands!

Ever indulge in cat chatter? . . . Well, maybe a little; but then, what else is there to talk about if you don't discuss your girl friends, their clothes, their homes and their date lives? There's lots to talk about and it's all right if you talk your head off—as long as your conversation isn't filled with green-eyed and caustic comments, such as: "Well, honestly, you'd think she'd have more sense than to go out with him, and if she weren't my best friend I'd tell her!" But, of course, if you *were* her best friend you wouldn't be talking behind her back. A good friend is one who *will* tell you candidly—but kindly—if there is anything she thinks you should know, about clothes, dates, schoolwork or more personal matters, and who won't discuss you in gossip with other people. Give yourself the "gossip test," say our Sub-Deb experts. Just listen to your own conversation—and if you hear more catty comments than compliments, you have some changes to make!

Too "touchy" for friendship. . . . One of the most frequently used expressions in the teen-age vocabulary is "good sport." What does it mean? It means that when all the gals have decided to go bowling, you're all set to join the fun. If Mary Ann gets a new dress, you can say "how smooth" without sulking. If one of the girls suggests you wear a darker lipstick, you give that shade a try without brooding, moping and getting that nobody-loves-me feeling. During the teen-age years, when most emotions are topsy-turvy anyway, it's especially hard to be good-natured, friendly and keep your sense of humor *all* the time. But try hard, suggest our Sub-Debs, not to nurse hurt feelings and spells of the blues, don't sulk, don't hold grudges, because the best way to keep a friend is to keep friendly yourself, and most girls will like you—if you just like them first!

A FELLOW NEEDS A GIRL. . . .

Sure, we all agree with friend Frankie on that, but how come some of those lonely lads don't come looking *your* way? Maybe you could use a pointer or two on how to KNOW YOUR MAN! (That's the title of Sub-Deb booklet No. 1532.) Just send 5c to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Phila. 5, Penna.



Trushay, the "beforehand" lotion—rich, fragrant, fabulously different from other lotions.

A wonderful skin softener, yes. But, OH! so much more. Smoothed on *before* daily soap-and-water tasks, Trushay protects hands *even* in hot, soapy water—guards against drying damage.

Once you see what Trushay's beauty extra can do for your hands, you'll use Trushay for *all* your lotion needs.



• Give your hands the benefit of Trushay's *beauty extra*—its exclusive "beforehand" protection. Apply Trushay before doing dishes or undies to guard your hands from the drying damage of hot, soapy water!

TRUSHAY



The "Beforehand" Lotion

* PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



YOUR EYES are windows

Just frame it in the picture window of your eye. Drive it for the pleasant world it offers. Own it because it is a perfect woman's car, as half a million husbands know.

It is all-fluid driven for your ease and comfort.

Its brakes are extra-powered for your security. Its style and trim are as rich and fine as your own good taste.

Dodge

SMOOTHEST CAR "AFLOAT"

Lowest Priced Car with Fluid Drive



M. R. ZWEIG

The Clines were their own contractors in building this economical home.

An Excellent Small Home for $3750

BY JERENE CLAIR CLINE

WE bring hope for any person desperately squeezed by the housing shortage. We recently finished our two-bedroom home: cost, $3750; the total expenditure—including lot, financing and escrow costs, and lawns—was $5000.

We do not say we had an easy time, but it can be done, and there are no strings attached. We built with no special advantages. Our lot was bought when land prices were at their highest. We had no previous experience in building or buying. We did not have the time or the knowledge to do the basic work ourselves. We knew no one who could help us obtain scarce materials. Nobody donated any construction work (except my husband and me). From ground breaking until moving in took four months, at a time when only 7 per cent of houses started had been finished after nine months.

Our house was built in Alhambra, a suburb of Los Angeles. Because of the balmy climate, houses do not have to be so weathertight as those in the East. Provision must be made for heating, but a large central unit is not essential.

When we began to investigate the possibilities of building for ourselves, we found most contractors uninterested in a small residential contract. The few unguaranteed estimates quoted ran from $7.50 to $10.00 a square foot, which meant our house and lot would cost $7250 to $9250. With many fears and misgivings we decided to do the contracting ourselves. We bless the day.

Since my husband was busy all day and I had a small son to care for, almost everything had to be done by phone. To locate the rarest item on our list, stucco wire, I made 1800 calls. Nothing else approached this record, but several items required 100 calls. Prices of materials and labor have increased, but both are easier to get.

Several factors account for the savings we achieved. We drew our plans with great care not to waste an inch and with economy constantly in mind. We did our own contracting, and we shopped hard for the lowest possible bid. We did our own painting, a job not so monumental as it sounds; exterior stucco and all interior plaster except in the kitchen and bath were self-stained.

We also saved on construction costs by selecting our lot carefully: *level* (the cost of hillside building is high), and with all utilities and sewage in. We checked to be sure there were no assessments, that we were close to markets and transportation, convenient to my husband's hospital, and in a zone restricted to homes and desirable for my young son. The other homes near us are attractive and well kept; they have been selling for $12,000 to $15,000. Our lot is 40′ x 130′—narrower than we should like, but the alley at the rear helps by eliminating a driveway. The price was $1100, about 2½ times the prewar value.

Our house is 29′ x 27′, only 800 square feet, and we were afraid we might be oppressed by lack of space. However, the place has proved to be ultraconvenient and livable, and we are never conscious that it is small. Much of this feeling of spaciousness is due to our 24 feet of storage wall, which runs down the center of the house, and provides ample cabinet space in the living room, bedrooms, hall and bath.

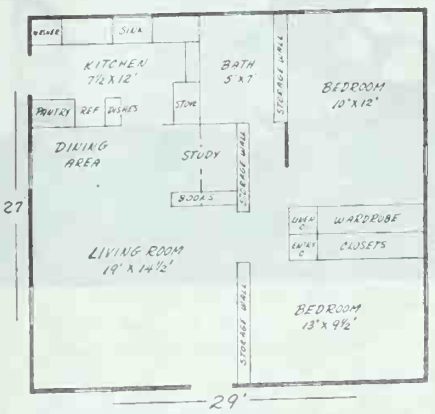
The floor is poured concrete, both because this method is less expensive than the conventional floor and because we prefer it. No rodents and few insects can get in. The floor stays at a constant temperature of 70° F. Children play on it safely and comfortably in the winter. In the hot days of the summer, its coolness keeps down the temperature of the whole house.

Asphalt tile is used on the floor throughout the house and has proved both attractive and highly practical. For a house in which a young son lives and loves to have his friends, we think the tile would be difficult to improve upon. The uniform floor covering is a decorating trick for increasing apparent floor area.

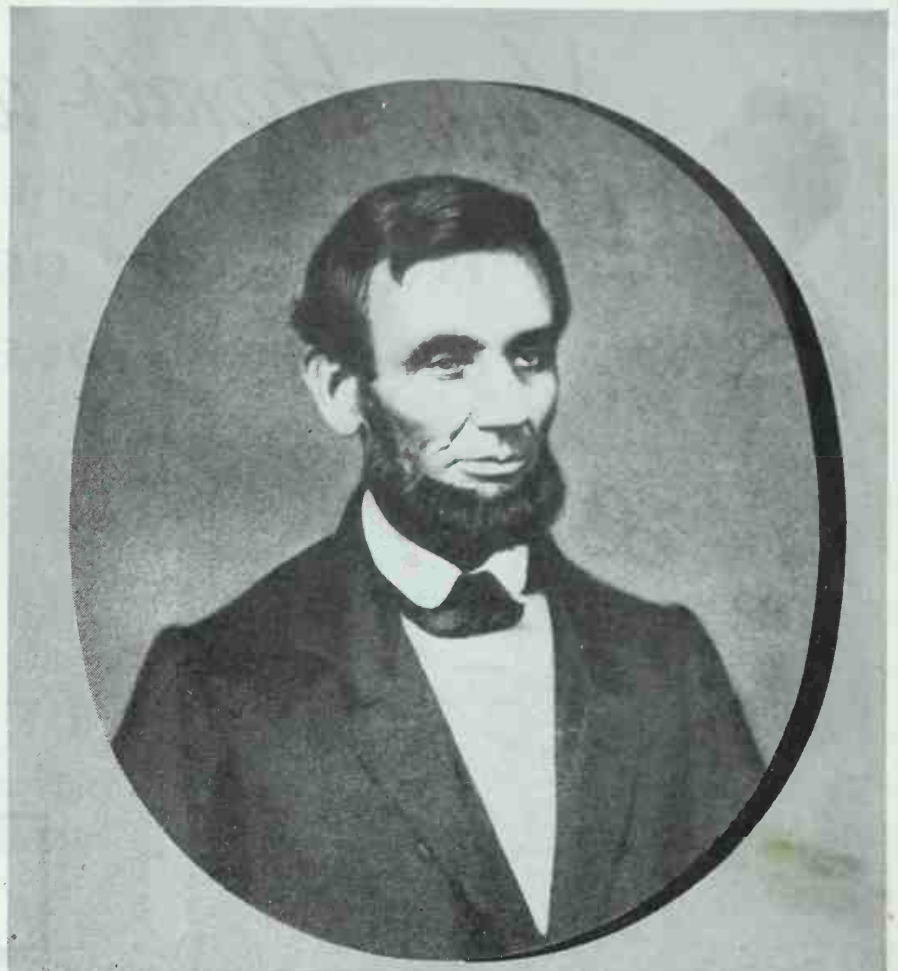
I shall now admit that we made some mistakes, though, I believe, no major ones We have been told, by men who should know, that the house is soundly constructed. We *know* it is well designed for living. However, in our drive for economy and livability, we ignored the exterior. All books said an unbroken rectangle was the least expensive plan; therefore, we permitted no jogs. We put no special windows in front. As a result, the façade, if not erring on the Hollywood Renaissance side, is rather plain. A little knowing design and work would probably remedy this fault—perhaps by some expert landscaping we cannot now afford.

We also learned in building that a *little* extra footage, with no added rooms, would have made almost no difference in the final cost. We have learned that door handles that stay together are a good investment; however, knobs of lasting quality were not available when we bought. We put on some cabinet door catches which were too stiff, and until they're replaced we must use a strong arm and expect a vigorous *sna-a-a-a-p!* In the living room we placed the electrical outlets so that they would be covered by the edges of planned furniture pieces; a neat contest could still be aroused on availability vs. appearance. Otherwise, experience has shown us nothing we would want to change.

THE END



The essentials of good living can be seen in this floor plan. Every partition contains closet or cabinet space and shelves.



For Mrs. Lucy G. Speed, from whose pious hand I accepted the present of an Oxford Bible twenty years ago.
Washington, D.C. October 3, 1861 A. Lincoln.

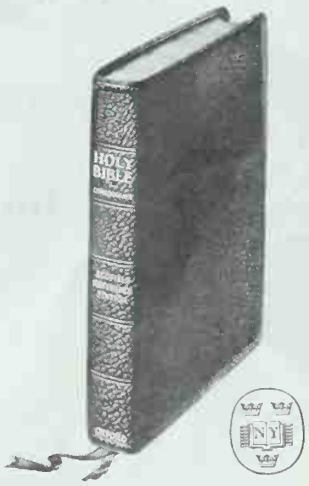
Photograph taken especially for the mother of Lincoln's dearest friend, Joshua Speed. The inscription is in Lincoln's own hand.

THE beautiful Oxford Bible you give this Easter to one you cherish will, like Lincoln's, be long-read, long-remembered. *Long-read* . . . because the Oxford is made for reading and not for the shelf. It lies light in the hand—1600 pages printed on Oxford's exclusive India paper are less than an inch thick. The type is easy to read, the bindings soft, rich, enduring. You will be giving that masterly combination of beauty and readability that has made Oxford America's gift Bible for centuries.

And your gift will be *long-remembered*... because a Bible given in love and read habitually may mean the rebirth of a spirit. Young Lincoln, haunted by failure and futility, accepted his Oxford Bible with the prophetic words, "I intend to read it regularly. It is . . . the best cure for the blues." And as President he said it had made him "a better and a happier man."

An Oxford Bible is the one gift you cannot afford *not* to give your son, your daughter, a young friend. In their hearts, as in Lincoln's, it may well kindle a flame that will one day warm the world.

THE "SCOFIELD," one of the great Oxford editions, brilliantly interprets great Biblical themes, gives help on every page where needed, yet keeps the King James text intact.



OXFORD

America's gift Bible since 1675



Your Hands will tell you why!

IVORY SNOW KEEPS DAINTY WASHABLES LOVELY LONGER

Prove it!

MAKE THE HAND TEST



This week let your hands tell you why Ivory Snow keeps your daintiest washables lovely *longer!* Just wash your dishes with Ivory Snow. When you see how gently it helps guard the soft whiteness of your hands—you'll *know* it's ideal for lovely colors and fabrics.

Here's why. Ivory Snow is tops in safety! 99 44/100% pure! The only soap *both* Ivory-mild *and* in granulated "snowdrops" that burst into rich, instant suds in safe lukewarm water—*even in cool water!*

To keep frilly lingerie, kitten-soft woolens, or gay prints, lovely *longer*—just follow directions on the package. Pretty things *deserve* wonderful Ivory Snow!



Precious Stockings

STAY LOVELY LONGER

with Ivory Snow care every night. It guards colors and fit, reduces runs, carries protection a step farther than soaps *not* Ivory-mild!

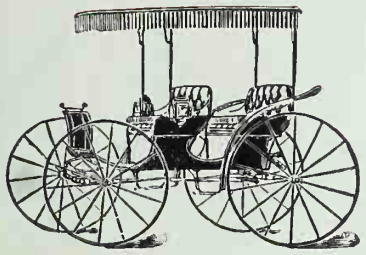


No other soap like it!

. . . for Lovely Nylons

IVORY SNOW – the only granulated soap that's Ivory-mild

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal



IN March, 1898, President McKinley demanded of Spain the freedom of Cuba, handsome 22-year-old Prince Albert of Belgium was staying at the Waldorf, and St. Louis had a blizzard on March 23. Who Put the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder? led the hit parade, and Philadelphians patriotically offered their homing pigeons to the Navy to carry messages to sea in the coming war.

And in the March, 1898, JOURNAL a Wisconsin schoolteacher with two children tells how he manages to save half of his $400-a-year salary. "My wife wears calico at home, for underwear she makes us garments of flannel. She also knits our stockings. Our rent for the year is $36, groceries $46, and we spend $10 a year for meat."

New Easter capes: "An enormous bow, usually of chiffon, is tied under the chin or else the ends are drawn about the waist and tied sash fashion in the back."

What to take for acute dyspepsia: "A glass of cool water, followed by a cup of warm water. Then three ounces of milk mixed with one ounce of barley water. This schedule should be followed every three hours throughout the day for an entire week."

From an R & G corset ad: "It doesn't give. It doesn't stretch. It is stretched over a steam-heated form of iron until it loses all elasticity. The world's leading corset—one dollar."

Some little courtesies: "When a gentleman has escorted you from evening services at church, thank him at the door, but do not at that hour invite him to come in."

Paper beds: "A very satisfactory mattress for a child's bed can be made from old letters, but do not use the envelopes, as the sharp corners are apt to poke through the casing."

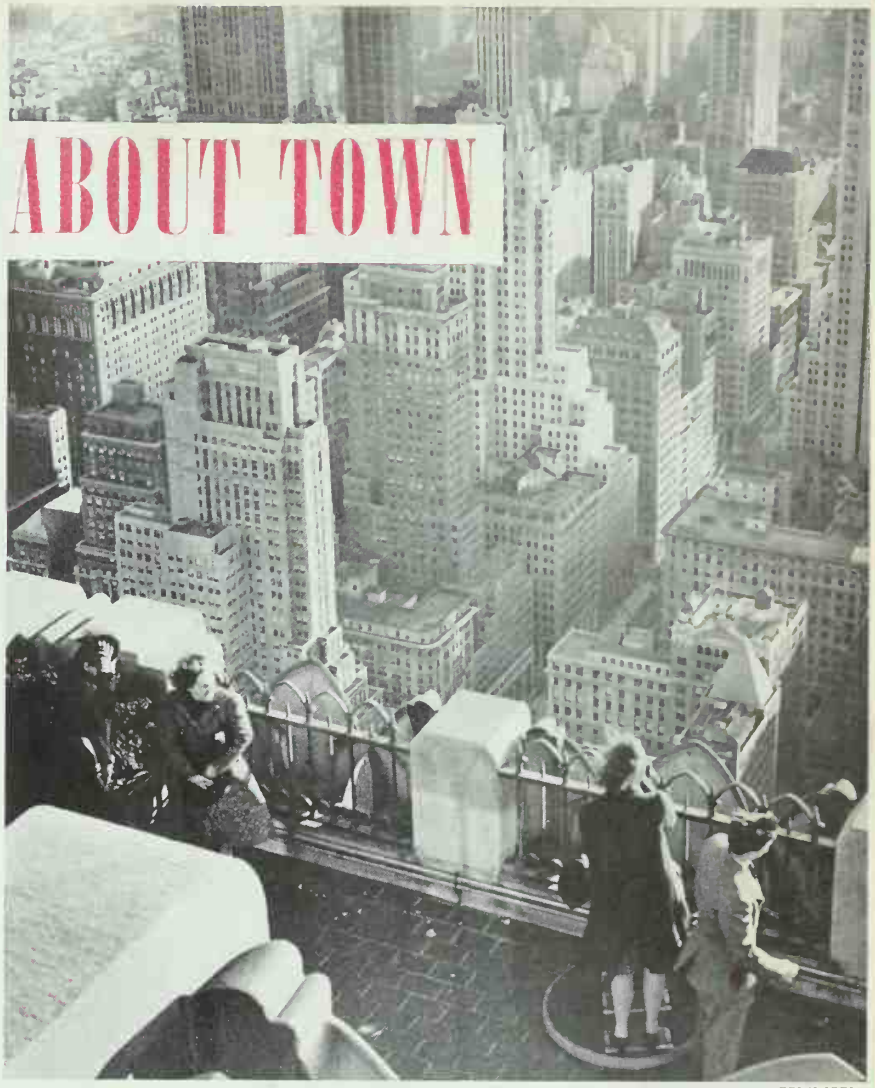
"Yes," says cooking expert Mrs. Rorer, "I should give a four-year-old child a small amount of beef juice or scraped beef for his noonday meal. A child of nineteen months should be left almost entirely upon a milk diet."

Complexion hint: "If the tip of your nose is red, do not eat cereals. Use whole-wheat bread, and masticate it thoroughly."



JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

★ **GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW, EDITORS YOU LIKE AND WHAT GOES ON IN NEW YORK**



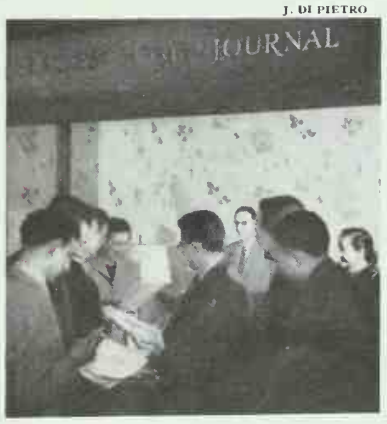
FEININGER

More than 1300 sight-seers a day brave the gales atop the towers of Radio City.

THE best place we know near by to brush the cobwebs away in a hurry is next door to the Workshop. Take an elevator to the top (70 stories in 38 seconds in the fastest elevator in the world), and get out in a gale—if it's March. Along with 1350 other visitors a day you look down on a city where people are making 20,000,000 telephone calls every twenty-four hours, of which 125,000 are wrong numbers; patronizing 22,000 soda fountains and 10,000 taxis; where every five minutes a baby is born, and every seven there's a marriage—with a lower divorce rate than any other big city in the land. The tower's not quite so tall as the Empire State, but just as windy. And when the world's tallest celebrity, General de Gaulle, was up there a while back, the only thing he said was, *"Où est* Brooklyn?"

Every other Wednesday our usually serene reception room becomes a noisy welter of pipes, portfolios, mustaches and "gag chatter"; for Wednesday in New York is the day when cartoonists come out from behind their drawing

J. DI PIETRO



Gag day at the Workshop.

boards to proffer their wares to the cartoon editors—the job held by ***Judy Barry.*** Judy figures she sees about sixty cartoonists each alternate Wednesday; smiles at a thousand drawings, not to mention the thousands a month that come in by mail; from all of which she culls the dozen or so we use in each issue of the JOURNAL. One recent Wednesday, with the customary crowd waiting to see Judy, her husband came in to pick her up for lunch. "You'll have to wait," the new receptionist told him, taking him for another cartoonist. "There are fourteen ahead of you."

The police department here has had so many calls from housewives who find themselves in various predicaments at home, with leaking refrigerators, children who lock themselves in the bathroom, rings they can't get off, jewels down the drain, pet cats on the roof, and other matters more or less serious, that there are now Police Home Emergency cars, fully equipped with everything from ring cutters to ripping bars, refrigerator tools, grappling irons and first aid for fainting. We asked a lieutenant at headquarters what made rings get stuck and why it was serious. Said things like bruising, stings and poor circulation cause swelling, and bumps bend rings out of shape. Only serious, he said, when women get too excited. "But I guess that's why we have these emergency cars, when you come right down to it."

"One reason I bought this last story of yours," *Bruce Gould* told author *George Bradshaw*, "was so I could change the name of that very unpleasant character in it whom you call Gould." . . . "Well, now I know how to write a story you will buy," George said. "Just give the villain your name."

According to a recent ruling in a San Jose, California, court, a woman is entitled to a divorce if her husband pretends heart attacks and feigns death in order to get out of domestic arguments. . . . ***Bette Davis*** was once a lifeguard and won medals for her rescue work. . . . According to one psychologist, the average secretary marries at 23 after four years of work, and because of her business experience usually makes an excellent wife. If she waits until 28-35, she is likely to make a superlative wife.

Way back in September, 1916, the Architectural Department sent a reader a set of floor plans she'd requested. As it was the department's only set, they asked her to return it, which she did—but not until just the other day, more than thirty-one years later. What caught ***Richard Pratt's*** *eye about the plans was that for a two-story house—four bedrooms, big living room with fireplace, dining room and kitchen—the price in 1916 was $1500.*

Nora O'Leary came back from duPont the other day with this picture of a pleated nightgown of nylon tricot, called Black Rhythm, thinking that people who like pleated nightgowns would be glad to learn that pleats can now be really permanent, that they spring right back into place, even after thirty washings—no ironing. Black Rhythms, duPonts told Nora, don't have to be worn only as nightgowns. High-school girls are wearing them as evening dresses.

KRAININ



Nylon night—and evening—gown.



THERE WAS A SECRET THEY BOTH SHARED—ONE WHICH SHE MUST PRETEND HE DIDN'T KNOW. . . .

BEGINNING A NEW SERIAL BY ELIZABETH GOUDGE

THE sun, shining through the uncurtained east window, woke Sally to a new day. It spread a long cloak of gold over her body as it lay upon the bed, and the loving warmth reached through to the very soul of her and she woke up smiling, stirred a little, rubbed her knuckles childishly in her eyes, then stretched and lay still again, happy and completely unafraid. She always woke up happy, because she had been born happy and didn't seem able to help it. And she was not afraid because nothing had yet happened to her to make her afraid. But the thrill of tranquil happiness with which she awoke was followed always by a slight sensation of guilt. Other people were not born happy. Other people were afraid. Her immunity seemed very wrong and she was ashamed of it. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry," she whispered now, and she spoke to all those people who hadn't her transcendent luck. She would, if she could, have taken them all into her arms and rocked them as a mother her child. But it couldn't be done; and knowing it couldn't, she suddenly abandoned herself to joy like a bird to the wind, leaped from bed, her tall body in its yellow pajamas like a sword of gold in the sun, flashed into the adjoining bathroom, banged the door, stripped, sprang into the bath, turned on the shower and broke into loud uproarious song.

Her father had gone yesterday to spend two nights at Bournemouth, visiting Important Personages who wanted their portraits painted, and she was alone in the flat. She wholeheartedly loved her father, but he was quite extraordinarily untidy and she enjoyed a few days on her own getting the flat straight, for she had an *(Continued on Page 78)*

Copyright, 1948, by Elizabeth Goudge

Sally looked again at the portrait and a sudden rage took possession of her. Her father had not been fair to this man.

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

FIRE

FIRST DAY

SUDDENLY ablaze with lightnings, the piled-up thundercloud swept across the tops of the mountains. With celestial unconcern the blasting strokes fell here or there—to splinter a snag-top fir on Donner Peak, bring down a telegraph pole at Blue Canyon, play around a water tank at Emigrant Gap, split an oak tree by a nameless meadow and kill the buck that was standing beneath. Intermittently the flashes pierced the dimness of the shadowed afternoon, thunder echoed along the canyons, and rain fell spottedly. Then the drumming showers diminished to scattered drops; the cloud edge faded from greenish black to gentle gray, and the atmosphere grew lighter.

The lookout turned off the broadcast. All she could get was one Reno station. Its program was not much at best, and during the last few minutes had been interrupted by squawks and crackles, as if a thunderstorm must be somewhere at work. After she had flipped the switch, the telephone rang. She listened—*long*, *short*, *short*, *short*—her signal.

She answered: "Cerro Gordo lookout speaking."

"Hello, Judith." She recognized the voice of the ranger.

"Oh, hello, Bart."

"Say, there's a lightning storm working up on us from the south. Hit the Sequoia Forest high country two days ago. We may be next. Don't sound too bad. Just the same, I thought maybe a kid like you ——"

"Look here, Bart, you don't need ——"

"I beg pardon! I know you're twenty-one; still, that seems kind of young to me. Don't forget you're a lookout in the Ponderosa National Forest. If the lightning ain't quite knocking your front teeth in, swing your alidade on every strike you see, and get us a bearing. Write the time down too. That's all. I've got to call some other lookouts."

The girl hung up with a rising sense of excitement. She had been only two weeks on the job. She had seen some smokes, but they'd been far off, beyond the limits of her responsibility.

She went out through the screen door to the narrow catwalk which skirted four sides of the lookout. The storm was coming from the south, but with a child's sense of saving the icing till the last, she looked first toward the west, next went around the catwalk to the north and east. There was nothing unusual. Then, looking out over the gently swaying tops of some pines, she gazed southward.

She was disappointed. Every afternoon she had seen fluffy white clouds build up over the endlessly stretching confusion of long forested ridges and pointed bare peaks which formed the backbone of the northern Sierra Nevada. This afternoon the clouds seemed no different.

"You . . . little . . . fool!" was all he could gasp. It seemed the most natural thing that he should have his arm around her

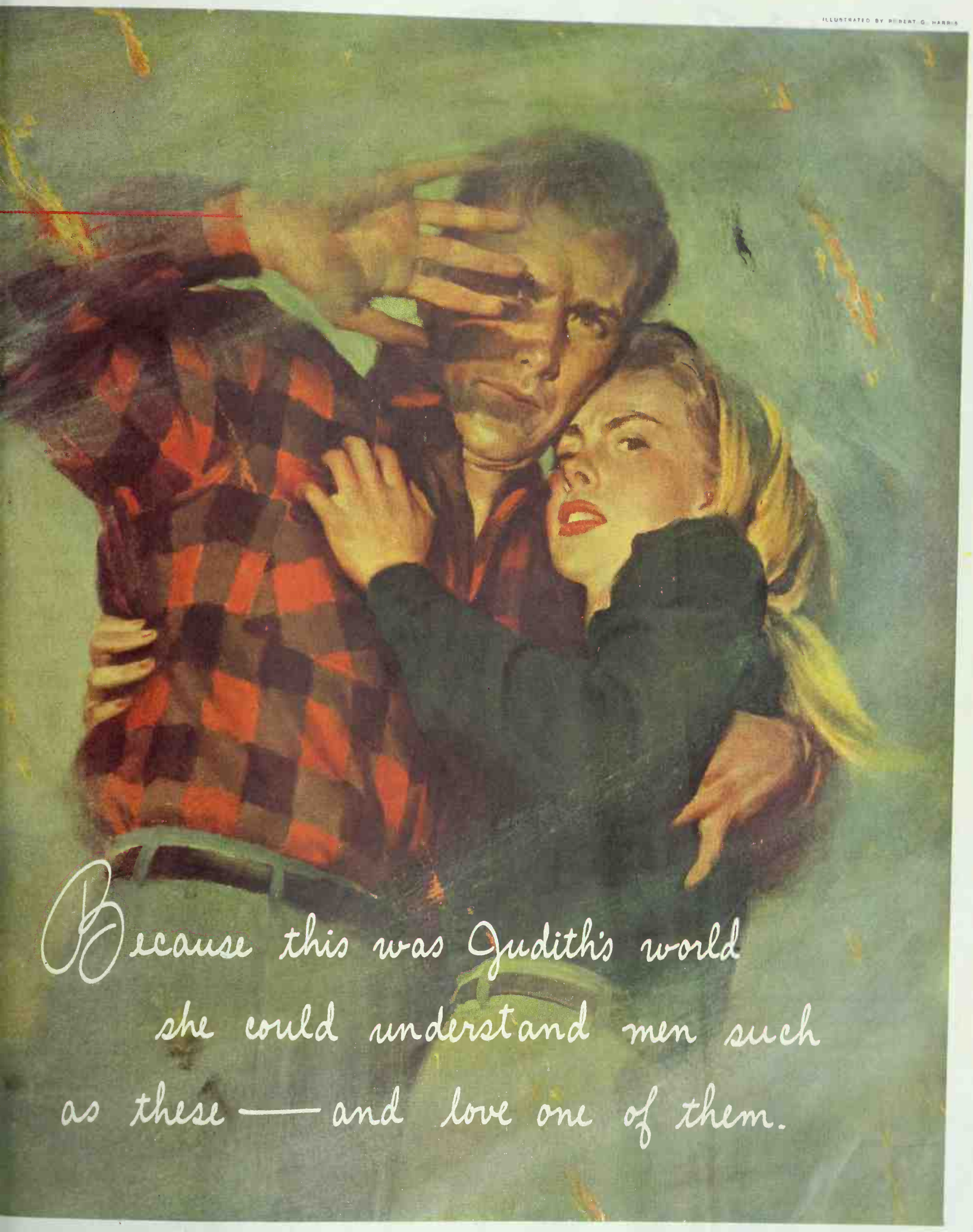
She raised her hand, and undid the top button of her dark green man's shirt. Only afterward did she realize that she had acted spontaneously because she was too warm.

She walked to the west again. Because of the convex slope of the mountain, she could not see to the bottom of the deep gorge, but she ignored the heavy gray column rising from it. That was from Magna lumber mill, one of her "permanent smokes." She looked farther off through the haze of the afternoon heat. Miles away she could barely make out the light gray smoke column of a big grass fire which had sprung up about noon. That also was no problem of hers. It was what she had already learned to call a "state fire," because it lay outside any national forest and was the business of the fire crews of the State Division of Forestry.

She moved to the east to get out of the sun, swung around to look south, started, and looked again. Among the clouds that had been so vague, one stood out now—taller, obviously closer. She made out its bulging at the top.

Going inside, she swung the alidade of her fire finder and sighted roughly at the center of the cloud column. "One-four—let's see—six," she read aloud from the azimuth scale. That was somewhere south of southeast. *(Continued on Page 157)*

★ *Copyright, 1948, by George R. Stewart. This is a condensation of the novel soon to be published by Random House.* ★



THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE NOVEL ❧ BY GEORGE R. STEWART

NO. 3 IN A SERIES . . . BY ROGER BUTTERFIELD

Possible Presidents

HARRY TRUMAN

"We are facing an era of prosperity and progress such as history has never known." In this optimistic spirit President Truman awaits November as the Democratic Party's most likely candidate for the White House.

ACME



Born May 8, 1884.

PRESIDENT HARRY TRUMAN, who will almost certainly be the Democratic Party's candidate to succeed himself at this year's election, is a man who has reached the pinnacle of American public life by his friendly disposition, his capable performances as an Army officer, county official and Senate investigator, and some extraordinary strokes of luck. He has never sought great prominence or power, and he was pushed into his present eminence largely by two men who are now dead: the late Thomas J. Pendergast, political boss of Kansas City; and the late Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Truman is not a forceful or domineering executive; he genuinely dislikes to order other people around, or do things which drastically upset the lives of millions. He lacks the conviction—which many Presidents and candidates for President have had—that he knows what is best for the country by some kind of inner light or intuition. He is really a modest man who has, as one commentator remarked, a great deal to be modest about.

At the same time he can be very stubborn—"mulish" is the Missouri word for it—when his temper is aroused. He has been known to stick out his chin and say in an angry voice, "*I* determine American foreign policy!" He can be harsh, as when he asked Congress to draft the railroad strikers into the Army and punish them for mutiny if they failed to work.

In his ordinary face-to-face encounters with people, Truman is cheerful, good-natured and extremely easy to get along with. He likes to shake hands, pose for photographers, wave at crowds, and chat with visitors in a neighborly but inconsequential way. He is fond of baseball games, evening parties and bourbon highballs, and before he became President he played a considerable amount of poker for low stakes. He is probably the best offhand storyteller who has lived in the White House since Lincoln.

He thoroughly enjoys playing the piano—for fun, for relaxation and to entertain people. The first autumn after he became President, while he was vacationing at Caruthersville, Missouri, he spotted an old upright piano in the dining room where he was being fed a chicken dinner by the ladies of the Methodist church. He walked over and sat down on the stool and plunged enthusiastically into Paderewski's Minuet. When he was through he spun around and said with a happy grin, "The last time I played that, Stalin signed the Potsdam agreement."

BLACK STAR



Four years old.

His face, which often appears dark gray in photographs and newsreels, is actually a weather-beaten red in color, like that of a prosperous retired farmer. Truman is, in fact, the only American President who ever farmed for his living for an extended period of time—from the age of twenty-two to thirty-two he plowed, fertilized, raised corn, and fed pigs and cattle on a 600-acre black-dirt farm near Grandview, Missouri. It was healthy work, and Truman is still in splendid physical condition for his age (sixty-three, the same at which Franklin Roosevelt died). His figure is lean and pulled in

he 1936 Democratic convention the senator Missouri chats with Thomas J. Pendergast, an who aided Truman's early political rise.

PRESS ASSOCIATION



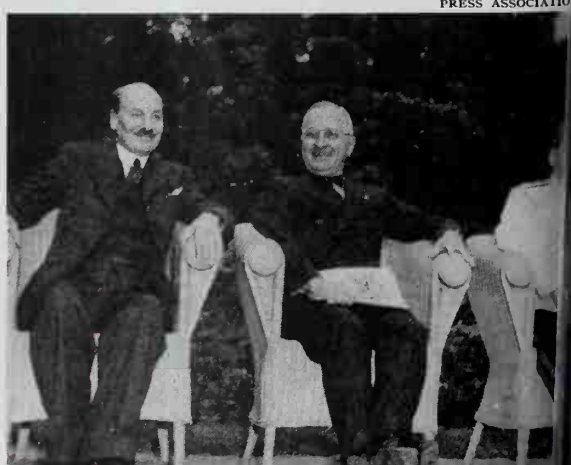
Atop the piano in the National Press Club canteen sits movie actress Lauren Bacall; at the keyboard: Vice-President Truman. He often plays Paderewski Minuet.

PRESS ASSOCIATION



The "big three"—Attlee, Truman and Stalin—relax at the Potsdam Conference after decidin the terms for Japan's unconditional surrende

PRESS ASSOCIATIO



. . AGAIN?

INTERNATIONAL



A bookish lad, age 15.

at the waist, and he wears tight double-breasted suits with flaring lapels, with an effect that might also be called "sharp." When he became President in 1945 he weighed 172 pounds and could still squeeze into the khaki uniform he wore during the First World War. But after nearly three years at his White House desk he has gained seven or eight pounds, and the old uniform is a trifle too small.

Truman is a great gum chewer, drinks milk with his meals, and has never taken up smoking. He pitches horseshoes with his left hand, and signs letters with his right, which makes him the first ambidextrous President on record. He gets his exercise by taking brisk morning walks around Washington at an hour when most of the city is asleep—6:15 to 6:45 A.M.—and by splashing vigorously but none too gracefully around the White House pool in the late afternoons. He swims with his glasses on, and consequently has to keep his head well out of the water. He has worn glasses ever since he was eight years old. The lenses are large and thick, and magnify his hazel-colored eyes out of proportion to the rest of his features, which accounts for the owlish look that many of his pictures have.

Truman's glasses, like those of President Theodore Roosevelt, have had an important effect on his life. As a boy he was too near-sighted to take part in games or athletic contests, and spent most of his spare time practicing the piano or reading books from the public library in Independence. He once estimated that he had read between 4000 and 5000 library books, including a complete encyclopedia, by the time he finished high school.

INTERNATIONAL



Capt. Truman, 1918.

He particularly liked history, and he read with relish such solid patriotic tomes as Lossing's Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution, and the Thirty Years' View of Congress by Missouri's great old-time Senator Thomas Hart Benton. He also read and memorized large sections of Mark Twain's novels, Shakespeare's plays, and the Bible. He can still recite long passages from his boyhood reading.

"I have been somewhat of a student of history," he once told a committee on universal military training, "and I have discovered that great republics of the past always passed ont when their peoples became prosperous and fat and lazy, and were not willing to assume their responsibilities. In other words, when the Romans and the Greeks and some of the ancient Mesopotamian countries turned to mercenary defense forces, they ended."

Truman's head is crammed with all sorts of odd facts about historical personages. He calls this his "useless information," and he has added to it constantly during his career. "The last time I saw William Jennings Bryan he was sitting in a Kansas City hotel eating a bowl of radishes dipped in melted butter," he recently told a visitor.

Like Teddy Roosevelt, who also wore glasses as a boy, Truman developed an early admiration for the strenuous—and particularly the military—life. His boyhood heroes were Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Jeb Stuart, George Washington, Genghis Khan, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick the Great and Napoleon Bonaparte, in about that order. One of the bitterest disappointments in his life came in 1901, when he was appointed to West Point by a *(Continued on Page 133)*



INTERNATION

The President likes to wave at peopl Noted for his modesty and his genialit he dearly loves the American small tow

The first family of the United States. Mrs. Truman avoids the limelight, but daughter Margaret tours the country to sing on the concert stage.

PRESS ASSOCIATION



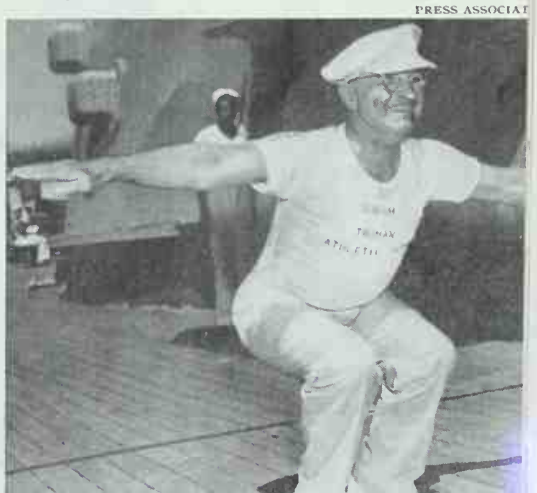
The President likes to fish, but this salmon he is holding up for Senator Warren Magnuson to see is the gift of a luckier angler during a summer fishing excursion.

PRESS ASSOCIATION



At 63, the same age as F.D.R. at the the time of h death, the President has a trim physique. has gained 8 pounds since becoming Preside

PRESS ASSOCIAT





Tea with Mr. Rochester

QUITE BY ACCIDENT, PRISSY LEARNS HOW TO FLATTER A MAN ☆ BY FRANCES TOWERS

SCHOOL was an unpleasing Victorian building, the color of carbolic disinfectant, with a pseudo tower perched on top of it, a shrubbery of laurels and rhododendrons, and asphalt tennis courts. Prissy knew she would hate it.

That first afternoon they had tea in Miss Pinsett's study, because Aunt Athene had brought Prissy, and she was not the kind of person to be sent away without tea. Nor was she the kind of person to pay Miss Pinsett the deference that Prissy felt was due to a headmistress. She put her elbows on the table and held her cup between both hands, not bothering at all to be gracious or to say anything clever. Her hair was done in two unfashionable gold shells over her ears, and a veil floated from her absurd little hat. Miss Pinsett, in her gray coat and skirt and white frilled shirt, looked very neat, like a prim zinnia near an untidy rose. Their voices were different too. Aunt Athene talked in a rose's voice, a yellow tea rose's, and Miss Pinsett in a zinnia's, crisp and chipped.

Presently Aunt Athene put down her cup and wagged her left forefinger at Miss Pinsett. "Not too many mathematics, Miss Pinsett, but as much music as possible. I think music is the most important thing in life."

"But, shurly ——" began Miss Pinsett.

"Yes, yes!" said Aunt Athene. "When all else fails, there is still music, Miss Pinsett. What consolation has algebra ever been to a broken heart?"

The diamond in her ring welled up with light that flashed like a star and fell as she moved her hand to adjust the little hat. There was a faint pink smudge on the teacup where her lips had touched it—Prissy hoped Miss Pinsett wouldn't notice—but the rock cakes and sandwiches had been left undisturbed. Prissy was too miserable to eat, and Aunt Athene never did, anyway.

"Good-by, *chérie*. You had better run away to the other girls now, while I talk to Miss Pinsett."

"Shurly, shurly, Priscilla is not going to cry."

Aunt Athene made a funny little face that said as plain as plain to Prissy, but not to Miss Pinsett, *Isn't she an old idiot?*

"Cry?" said Aunt Athene, raising her gold eyebrows. "Prissy has Spanish blood. She is as proud as Lucifer, and as detached as—as a fish. Believe me, Miss Pinsett, I shouldn't care to look into the notebook marked 'Private' that she sums us all up in. No doubt *you'll* figure in it too. Oh, you'll have a chiel amang you taking notes." She laughed her four glassy notes, so pretty, so heartless.

Aunt Athene had her own cruel way of being kind. She had saved the situation by making one quite thankful to see the back of her. How did she know about the notebook?

Miss Pinsett rang the bell and handed Prissy over to the school matron. It was the last she was to see for a long time of the study with its Axminster carpet and Medici prints and rows of encyclopedias. Aunt Athene's gardenia scent seemed to follow her out into the hall.

"Was that lady your mother, dear?" asked matron.

"My mother is dead. It was one of my aunts."

"Aren't you a lucky girl to have an auntie with such luffly hair! Pure gyold!" bubbled matron, wiping her mouth. *Gush*, thought Prissy. It made her feel as stiff as a poker—quite hard and cold.

Prissy discovered that one was too tired at school even to dream. No sooner was one's head on the pillow, no sooner, it seemed, had the gargling and hair brushing ceased and the cubicle curtains been rattled back, than the rising bell clanged rudely and noisily in the corridors. One's spine ached where it had bridged the sag in the middle of the mattress. A sharp peppermint smell of tooth paste in the dormitory mingled with the smell of burned toast coming up from below.

But the worst thing was that there wasn't a moment of the day to play ball by oneself. She had "played ball" ever since she was nine years old. She could not "make up" without her ball. She needed solitude and secrecy and the rhythm of the ball's being bounced on a mossy path to spin out of herself an imaginary world and people it with characters as real as any of flesh and blood.

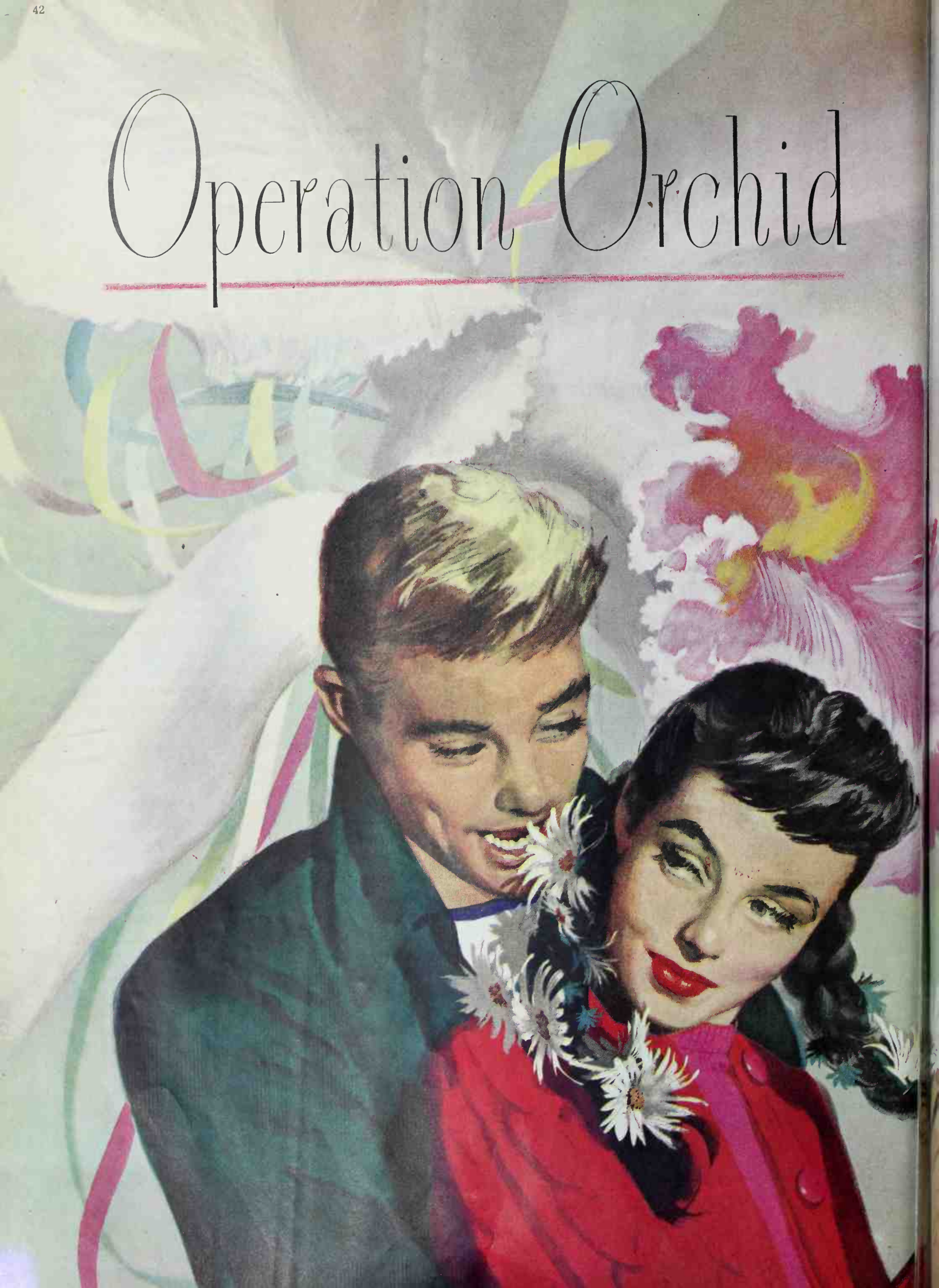
It was so safe—much safer than hours spent with pencil and paper, which might have led to inquiries—because no one could guess what was happening. If one came in looking rather pale and mad, with smudges under one's eyes, they might say one was a queer little fish and had been overdoing it out there alone in the garden, they might give one hot milk and send one to bed; but they couldn't *know*. Not even Aunt Athene, with her piercing look, could ever catch a glimpse of that other world.

All the same, said Prissy to herself, thinking of the holidays, *one must watch out for Aunt Athene.* It was queer about that notebook. Not that she would ever look at anything marked "Private." Oh, no! She was much too fastidious a person.

The notebook was a comparatively recent affair. It was a kind of diary, really, and was concerned only with the real world. Somehow, Prissy knew that the *(Continued on Page 273)*

eeply shocked sound came from Aunt Athene. "I am ashamed of you," she said in a hissing whisper.

Operation Orchid





Certainly no other sitter in Crestmont would have been caught dead.

ON December ninth Mr. and Mrs. Owen stood looking at each other in the living room of their home in Crestmont, and they had come to one of those times when there weren't any words. Beth Owen parted her lips from time to time and Hank Owen cleared his throat, but nothing came of it.

"You had better start over from the beginning," Hank suggested at last.

"What's the use? I've told you all of it. And don't look at me as though it might be my idea." Beth sat down and bit her lip and looked at her husband carefully. Every time anything came up about Barry—that look. As though, sixteen years ago, she might have produced a freak, and all on her own.

"A Tuxedo and an evening at the Mandarin Room," he said heavily. "Does Barry know what the Mandarin's cover charge alone is on Christmas Eve?"

"He only knows that the rest are going. It's to be his Christmas gift from us. He doesn't want another thing."

"I should hope not. We wouldn't get out under a hundred dollars, not even if we bought the cheapest kind of suit."

"What do we usually get out under?" Beth spoke in the tone of one simply asking for information. "He won't grow any more, therefore he'd have the Tuxedo. I'm just stating facts," she added hastily.

"Well, I'll state a fact. We are buying equipment for the model railroad this year, like always. . . . Say it." He rattled his paper irritably. "Who but me looks at the railroad these days? Bring it up about his ego. It's time for that. Who are these girls whose parents let them gallivant to the most expensive drink dives in the city?"

"The Mandarin Room isn't a dive." Beth stated more facts. "What they do is go there and dance, and order soft drinks at spaced intervals. Evidently the girls may go. The Kings and the Wierleys are driving them in and will go to the theater and then hang around and wait to bring them home. Ellen King says that's better than worrying. I think it's crazy, too, Hank."

"Who cooked it up in the first place?"

"I think"—she hesitated—"it was Barry. There's a new girl in school, Karen Benton, and he seems to have some sort of determination that she's to go steady with him. She's holding off. As I *(Continued on Page 113)*

Fate smiles sweetly on fools and lovers—

not being sure which are which ★ By Brooke Hanlon

ILLUSTRATED BY

Jon Whitcomb

"You," he said roughly. "Somebody ought to tell you the facts of life."

Teaching

. . . . JOB OR PROFESSION?

MAKING GOOD TEACHERS REQUIRES MANY EXPENSIVE INGREDIENTS—ONE PRICELESS ★ BY JACQUES BARZUN

WHEN a candidate for entrance to medical school is interviewed by the admissions committee, he is usually asked why he chose medicine and whether there are any doctors among his relatives. This practice might suggest that doctors want to become a close corporation linked together by family ties. But that is, of course, not the purpose of the question, which is simply to find out whether the intending M.D. has any *vocation;* or, as used to be said of ministers of the gospel, whether he "feels a call" for the work he is embarking on.

The question further assumes that if a young man or woman has seen at close hand what a doctor's life is like, he or she will not entertain exaggerated ideas of its glory, power or wealth. And lastly, if a child has grown up in a physician's household, it is almost certain that he will have picked up words, knowledge and ways of thought which will give him an invaluable head start in his preparation.

Exactly parallel advantages could be forecast if the same precautions were taken in our selection of teachers. Or to put the same conclusion in another way, when we ask "What personal qualifications should we require of teachers?" we should answer—in order of importance—a sense of vocation, an awareness of the duties and opportunities involved, and a predisposition for the work through home-grown familiarity with knowledge and ideas.

But just as the needful supply of doctors cannot be exclusively recruited from men thus circumstanced, so we cannot expect for many years to come that a majority of our teachers will possess these prerequisites. Still, that is no excuse for delay in making a beginning—if we are convinced that the qualities here implied are actually the most important. What is the case for thinking that they are?

First, why do we bother about this intangible feeling of professional calling? Isn't it a purely private matter, of importance exclusively to the person who chooses teaching as a career? Not at all. It is essential to the public good we are aiming at. The difference between a job done and a professional service rendered is that the job is relatively easy to judge; the ditch digger has either dug his ditch or he hasn't; his rate of speed or the evenness of the trench can be gauged at a glance. In securing professional aid, on the contrary, you are entirely and forever at the mercy of the practitioner's conscience. You cannot really measure effectiveness even when you think you can. A bad doctor or dentist will patch you up at the cost of later trouble. A bad teacher will cram your child and get him through one or more examinations. But there will come a time when the child's actual ignorance or poor habits of work will show up and stop him.

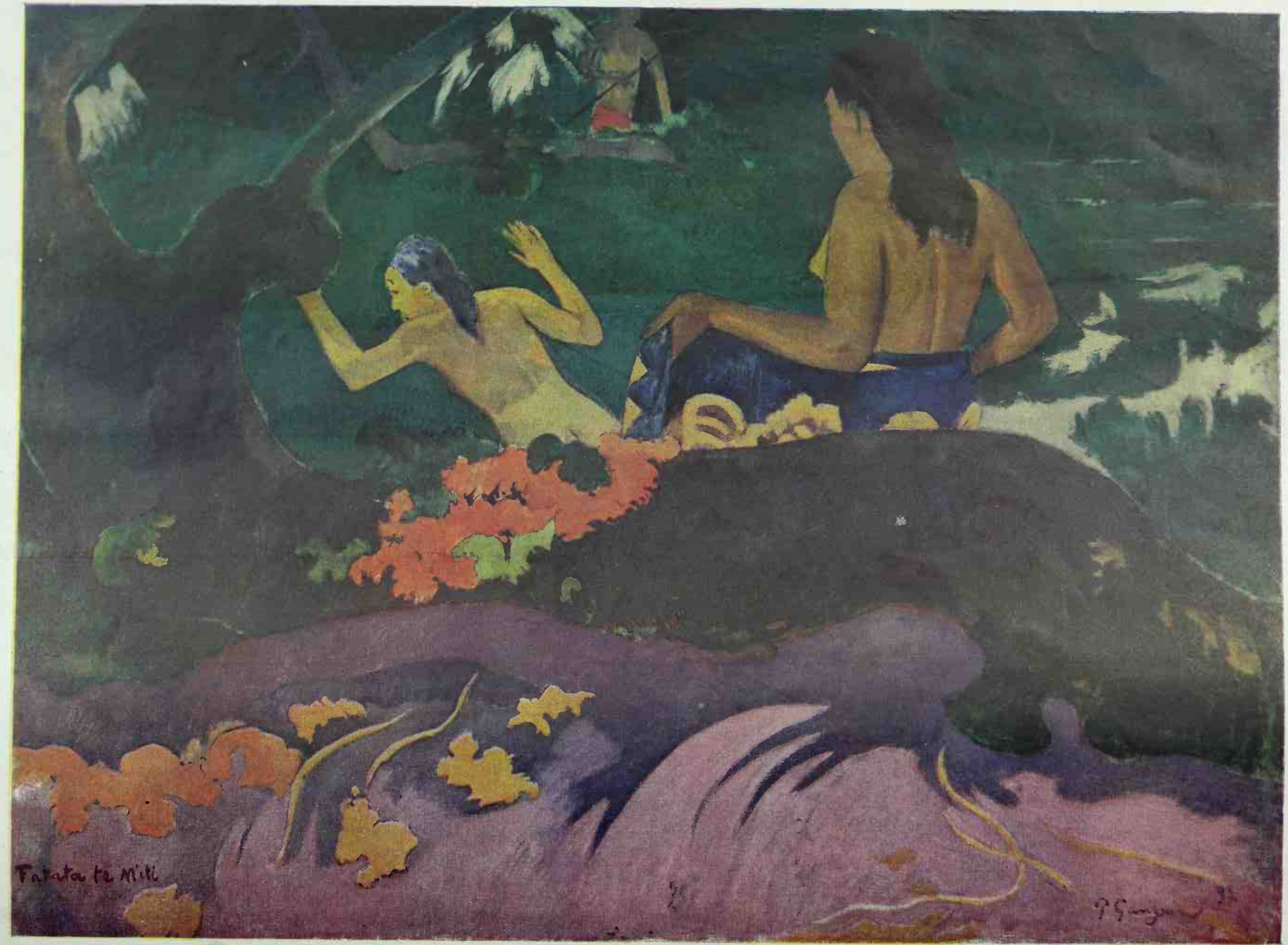
(Continued on Page 142)

PAUL GAUGUIN 1848-1903 . . .

. . . when already a man of middle age, abandoned his prosperous brokerage business, his wife and children, and ultimately all civilized life, to devote himself to painting. Some daemon of creativity drove him toward an exotic world: first to Panama, where he worked as a digger on the canal; then to Martinique, where the climate nearly killed him; and finally, after three years of poverty in France, to the tropics again, first to Tahiti and later to the Marquesas and a solitary death at La Dominique.

The present picture, dated 1892, was painted a few months after Gauguin's first arrival at Tahiti. Disgusted with the European character of life at Papeete, he had withdrawn to the interior of the island to live among the Maoris. Téhoura, a native of great beauty, became his vahine and probably posed for the figure of the girl on the right removing her sarong. It was during these brief, halcyon days that Gauguin developed his theories of the analogy of color to music. "Are not these repetitions of tone," he was later to ask, "these monotonous color harmonies (in the musical sense) analogous to Oriental chants sung in a shrill voice to the accompaniment of pulsating notes which intensify them by contrast?" In all his canvases painted in the South Seas, complementary colors—orange and blue, yellow and violet, green and red—at their highest intensities, and without modulation of values, are balanced harmoniously against each other, forming beautiful, almost abstract patterns. *Fatata Te Miti*, which means "Beside the Sea," is a masterpiece of the painter's newly created style, in which he uses color as arbitrarily as a composer uses sound. It may have been this picture which Mallarmé, the symbolist poet, had in mind when he said of a canvas by his friend Gauguin, "It is a musical poem, it needs no libretto."

—JOHN WALKER, *Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art*



REPRODUCED COURTESY CHESTER DALE COLLECTION, NATIONAL GALLERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fatata Te Miti — By Paul Gauguin

Jean said, "It's going to

The Widow

She had a great gift—one that many women have, though few know how others need it.

By Mary Hastings Bradley

AFTER a time she began to wonder why no one came upstairs to her. She had told them, when they came back from the funeral, that she wanted to be alone; but surely, after a time, some one of the children should have come to her. They must know what it meant to be alone in this room from which Jim was gone forever.

No, they could not know. They were too young. All they knew was mating and begetting, and that was only the beginning of knowledge. This was their first loss, the loss of their father, and the grief was only semigrief, for they were out of the home now, absorbed in their own lives, and their father had been ill so long that they could speak of his death as a "release" for him.

It had been a release. That was part of the bitterness: that Jim had become so frail that death could be accepted as release. It had been a slow, hard way for her, conditioning her to the coming end, so that she was not shocked now at the finality, but only deeply, unbearably sad.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

l on us and hard on her. Poor dear, we'll have to keep trying to bolster her up."

She sat looking at the picture which had been on her bureau since they became engaged. A young, eager Jim looked at her, with unclouded eyes and a wholly sweet smile. That Jim had been lost to her for a long time, she mused, just as the smooth-skinned, bright-eyed young Ellen had been lost to him; but the death of youth had been almost imperceptible, not leaving her alone, giving her another Jim, older, firmer, not so merry but wryly humorous, always considerate of her and tender, the cherishing husband, and then—and this imperceptibly, too, at first—that vigorous man was gone, replaced, through one illness after another, by a tired, sick man, older than his years. But even then there was the dear familiar body to care for, the touch and sound of Jim for comfort. Now there was nothing.

She could not cry any more. All the tears had been shed. Now there were dry eyes, a leaden weight on the heart and a feeling of awful emptiness. She began to move about the room, putting away gloves and hat and the dreadful black veil, thinking how strange it was that she would never be picking up Jim's ties or handkerchiefs or socks again. Never.

Queer, none of the children came up to her. She could hear their voices in a vague murmur in the living room below. They were probably trying to face the reality, to make plans for her.

Well, she had thought out her plans for herself. She knew she could not afford to keep this house, now Jim's salary was gone. The firm had been generous through all the illness, but this income was ended. It was not their house; it belonged to an estate held in trust, but they had lived twenty years in it and leaving would be a wrench. She would go quickly, while she was still numb from this greater loss.

James would feel she ought to come to him, since he was the oldest, the best off, and he and Agnes had a nice home on the North Shore, not too far from this familiar Oak Park. But Agnes had never been congenial, though she had tried to hide it,

(Continued on Page 252)



Outside Charleston

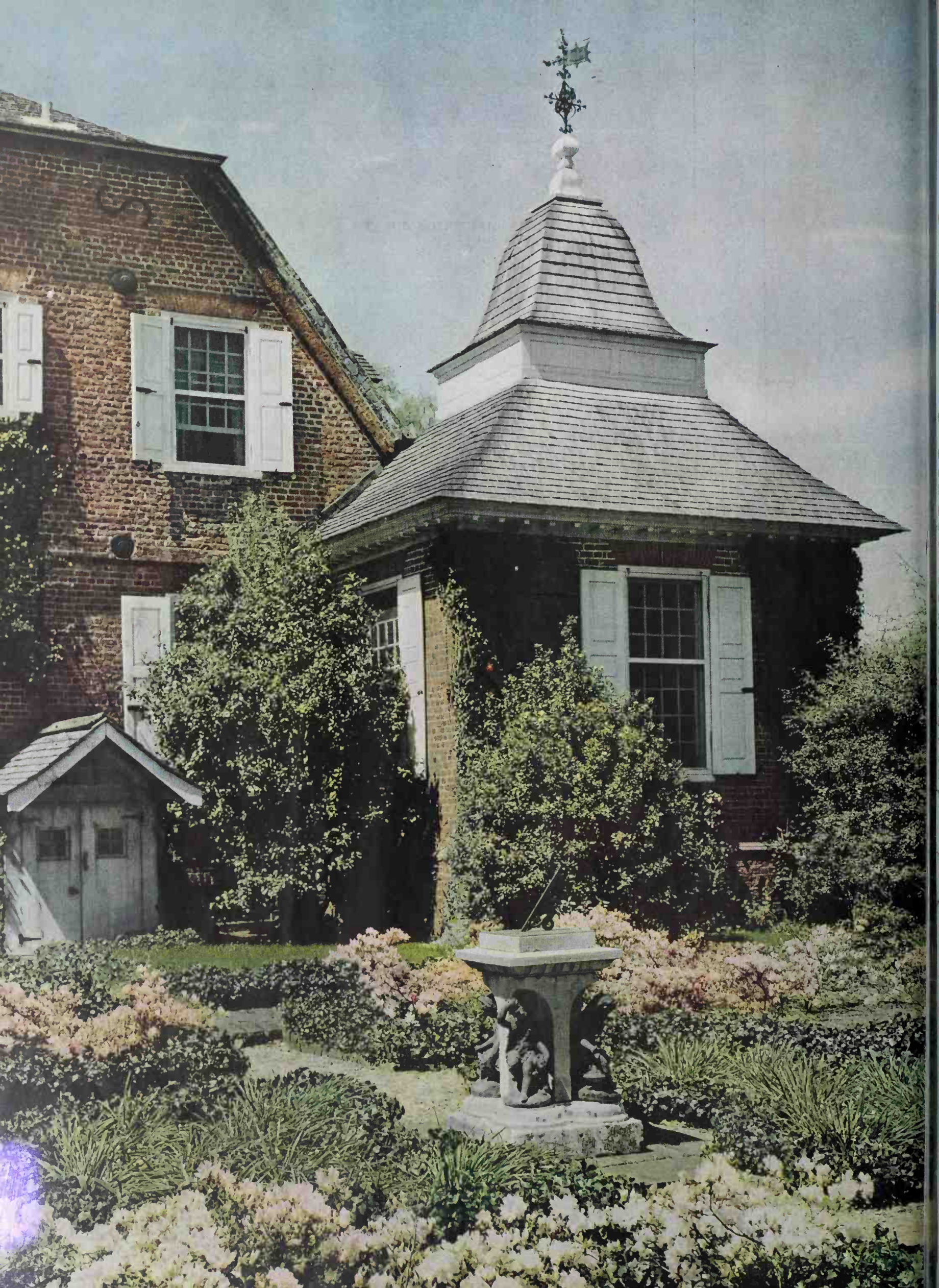
BY RICHARD PRATT
Architectural Editor of the Journal

A LITTLE man with a golden tube let into his liver, Lord Ashley, was the colonizing genius of the Carolina Low Country. He created his own nobility; laid out what was at first called Charles-Town, after the current king; prepared the way for the great eighteenth-century plantations, and left a kind of cavalier tradition, traces of which you still encounter in the manners of the region after nearly three hundred years.

The lazy rivers that finger out from "town" into the Low Country are less heavily jeweled with handsome old houses at present than they were when the wealth from rice and indigo permitted the gentle planters to lead the lives of pioneer patricians. Yet in addition to some rare old country mansions, there are gardens of spectacular beauty which cry out for visitors, and spring is the time to visit them—Low Country spring, from March to May, which opens with the glow of camellias and closes with azaleas bursting into flame.

Take this scenic memento of Lord Ashley's domain, which fills the rest of these two pages with romantic reflections. Much more modest in scale and scheme than its neighboring gardens of Middleton Place and Magnolia, whose size and extent make any single portrait seem inadequate, the watery glade of Ashley Barony gives at a glance a very complete picture of lush Low Country languor. By contrast, Cypress Gardens are a dramatic tour de force, as you will see farther on. And out near them, an hour from town, is the earliest—and to my mind the most engaging—of the great South Carolina plantation houses, which follows here immediately.

The gardens of Ashley Barony are almost entirely the inspiration of Nature.



Mulberry Plantation



Mulberry looks out over the Low Country from one of the locality's few hills.

THIS fascinating old house, of a most remarkable design, with four low corner towers, called flankers, of Jacobean baroque, and a generally sumptuous air, owes its opulence to the richness of the ancient rice fields down along the river. Its style and elegance can be credited to an early planter-politician, Thomas Broughton, who built it in 1714—some years before he really took title to the site; a lapse which causes local antiquarians still to raise their eyebrows.

But regardless of the manner in which Broughton acquired the property, the same authorities contend that as far as the house itself is concerned, the owner modeled it after the Broughton family seat in England. The old homestead must have been a house quite out of the ordinary, for Mulberry, as you can see, is not by any means the customary Colonial; in fact, it could be called unique. Principally, of course, because of the four little corner wings with their playful hoods above the lower hips, all topped with ornamental weather vanes. These wings, or flankers, have long been the cause of considerable controversy, one school of experts believing them to have some military significance, for the house did serve as a sort of fortress during various early wars with the Indians, and ancient cannon have been uncovered from what is now the lawn.

But other specialists point out that if these wings had been designed for defense, their large windows would have made them extremely vulnerable, even against arrows, and that slender slits in the brick would have offered more practical means of protection. At any rate, the flankers, for whatever they were meant, give the house great architectural charm, and provide breakfast room, study, office and pantry. The interior woodwork of the living and dining rooms is delicately Adam, and was probably installed by an owner in the early 1800's. The present owners have put the whole place in splendid condition—the lawns, walks, woods and waterside, as well as the house itself—and make Mulberry accessible in spring to the public as one of the loveliest relics of Low Country plantation life.



Beyond the dining room's Sheraton and Hepplewhite is one of the flanker rooms.

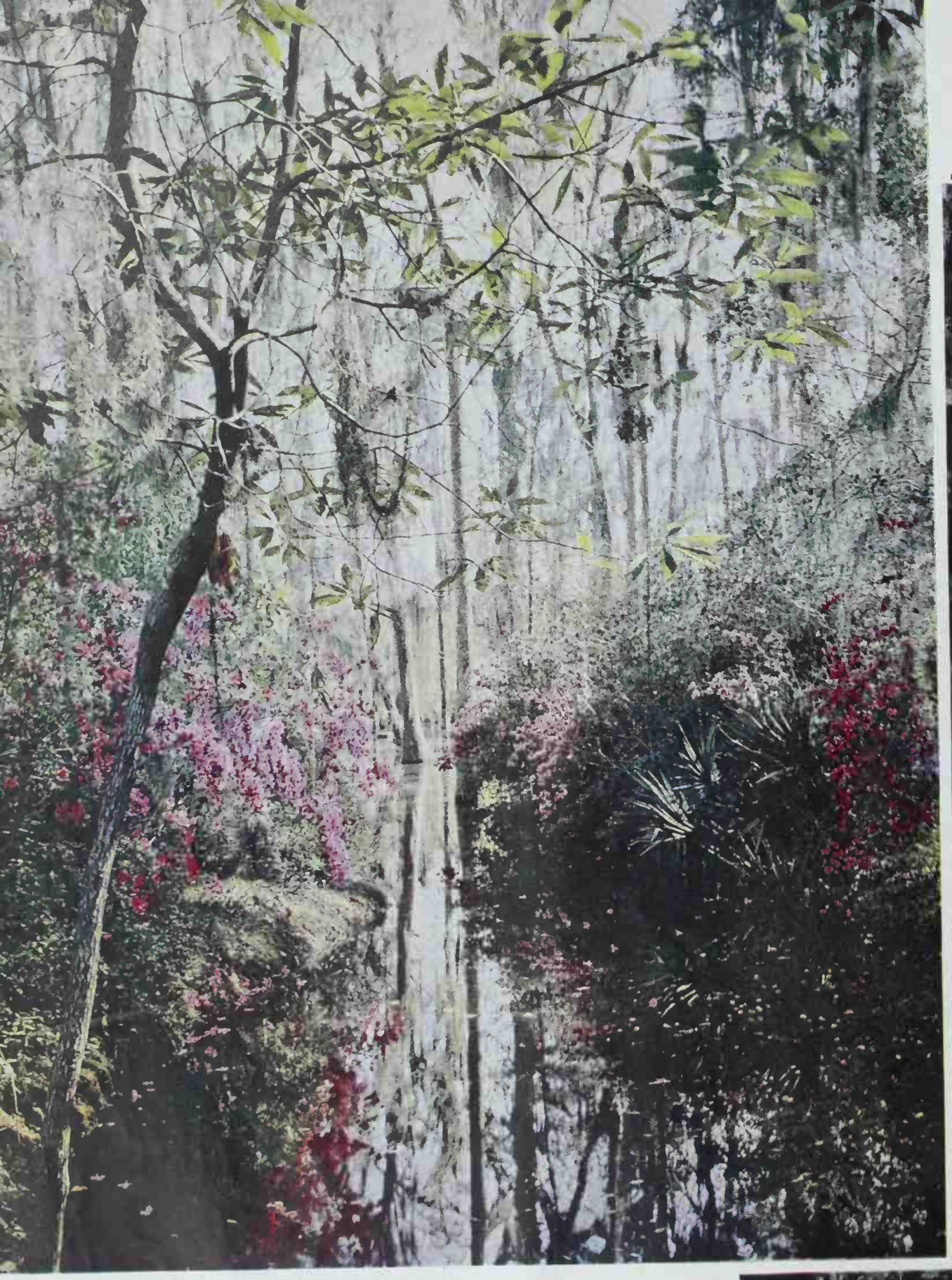


Mulberry's living-room furniture is mostly from the eighteenth century.

A flanker-wing study stands above the near azalea garden.

The gardens are a maze of lakes a

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD PRATT



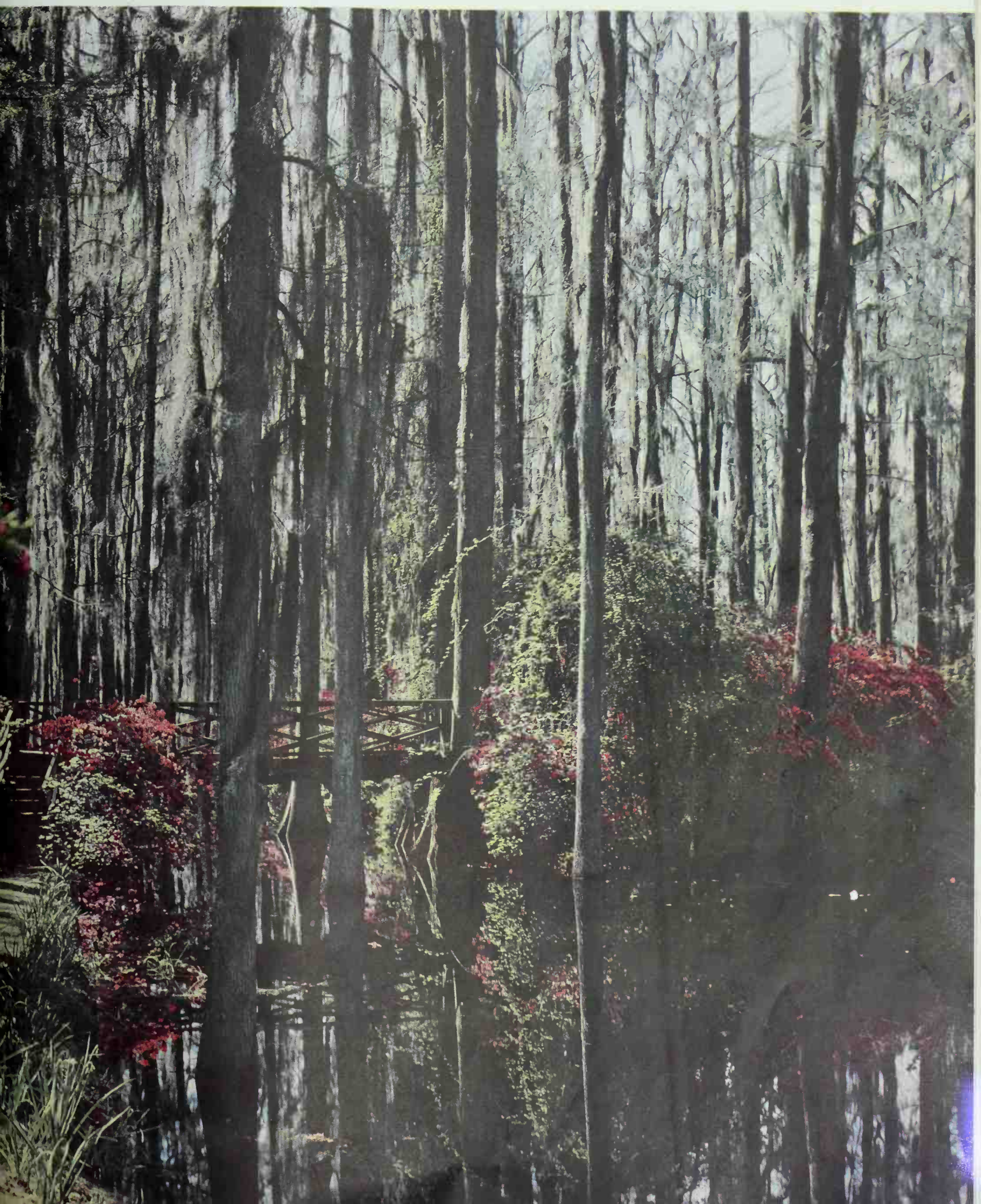


Cypress Gardens

NOT far from Mulberry, one of the most extraordinary spring spectacles of the whole Carolina Low Country rises from a watery floor like a vast cathedral, banked and bordered with a staggering array of flowering plants more brilliant than any stained-glass windows in the world. Cypress Gardens cover two hundred acres, of which a hundred and forty are flooded to make a mirror for these amphibious trees that tower into the sky and back into their reflections below. You weave your way through this really enchanted forest either by skiff or by footpath, breathing the air that is heavy with the fragrance of Daphne Odora and burning with blossoms. What used to be a great water reserve for the plantation rice fields has now been thus transformed into one of the most magical sights of the South.

nels, the sunlight filtered through a canopy of gauzy moss draped from every branch.

of pathway entwine the gardens, and dozens of rustic bridges carry you over the little canals that connect the tree-laden lakes.



The Haunting Years

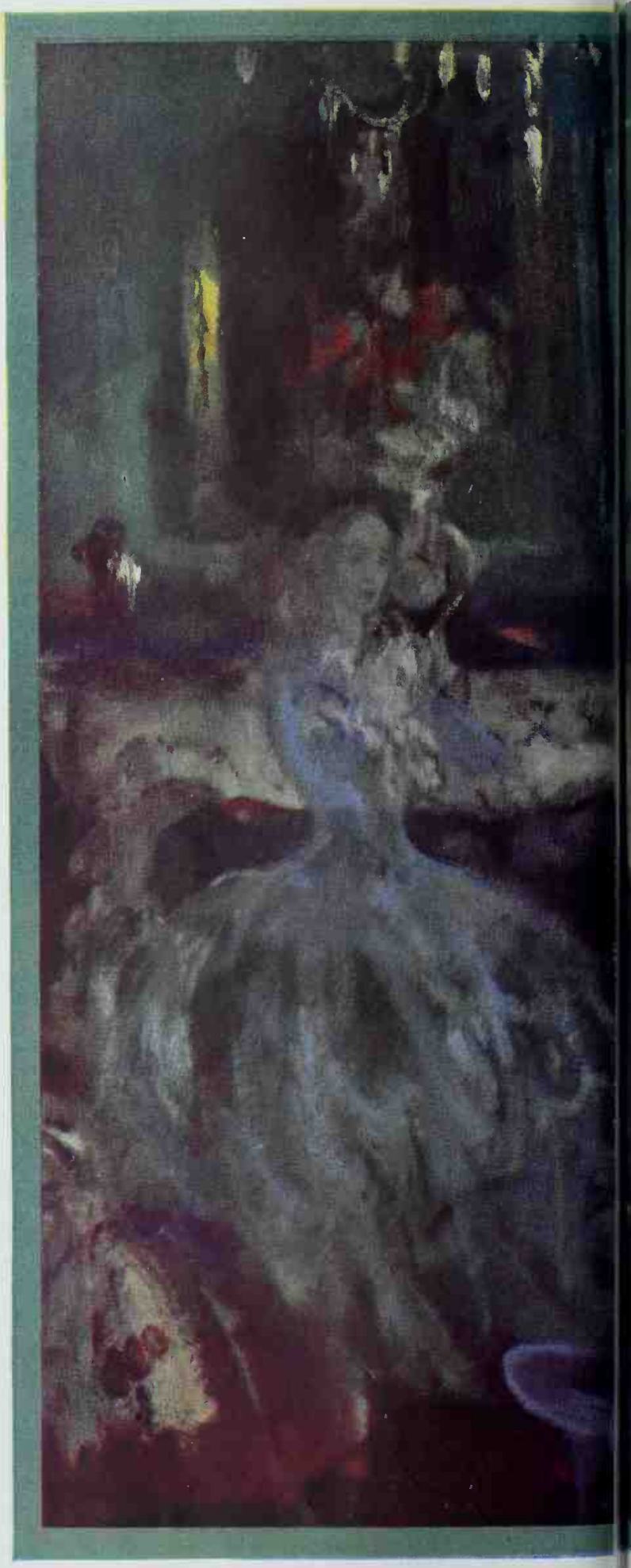
By Beth Hodgson

PHOEBE was a timid ghost. But that was only natural, for in the days before she had become a ghost she had never been able to assert herself either. Looking backward, Phoebe realized that she never would have borne fifteen years as governess to those spoiled Van Ney girls if she had possessed a grain of spunk. And the rigid training she had received in the Official College for Ghosts, after that dreadful accident on the stairs, had failed to imbue her with the fire and color so necessary for a ghost of character and distinction, a ghost whose name people would whisper with awe and respect.

But that, she knew, was the fault neither of the educational system, which had been extremely thorough, nor of her professor. No one was quicker than she to admit that the old Indian who had conducted her classes on The History and Technique of Ghosting had known the secrets of his profession inside out. Had he not been haunting the ruins of a village in the Himalayas for well over a thousand years? Unquestionably he had been a ghost of unequaled practical experience as well as a brilliant theorist. But, as he had remarked when he finally handed her the badge of Ghost, Beginner Class, along with her first assignment here in the old Van Ney home in New York, she really was not cut out for the profession and it was a pity that circumstances had thrust her into it.

Time had more than proved him right. She had been ghosting for well over eighty years now and she was still a Ghost, Beginner Class. However, this lack of advancement did not overly distress Phoebe. She had never been one to push herself.

But there were certain facets of her existence which Phoebe would have liked to change. For one thing, she most certainly did wish that someone would move *(Continued on Page 228)*



Even a lady ghost need



For a moment Johnny seemed to hang in the air, then he began hurtling downward.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

e man around the house.

PHOTOS BY FONSSAGRIVES

Springtime's lightweight navy mixture tweed with velvet collar, the skirt with a slender flare, the midway-length sleeve, the white straw beret worn completely on the side.

Sheerest navy wool, the barrel skirt with all-around fullness, tiny-waisted jacket, lingerie blouse and white straw breton.

ALL THE FASHIONS ON THESE PAGES ARE BEN
RAIN ORIGINALS DESIGNED BY OMAR KIAM.

THE NEW LEAF... SPRING 1948

One of the best things about a change of fashion is that it changes your attitude about clothes. You turn a fresh new leaf. You revalue your figure, as well as your needs. You look in a long mirror as you try a new silhouette; and you try not one, but a number of styles and colors to see which is most becoming. This spring the word is "pretty."

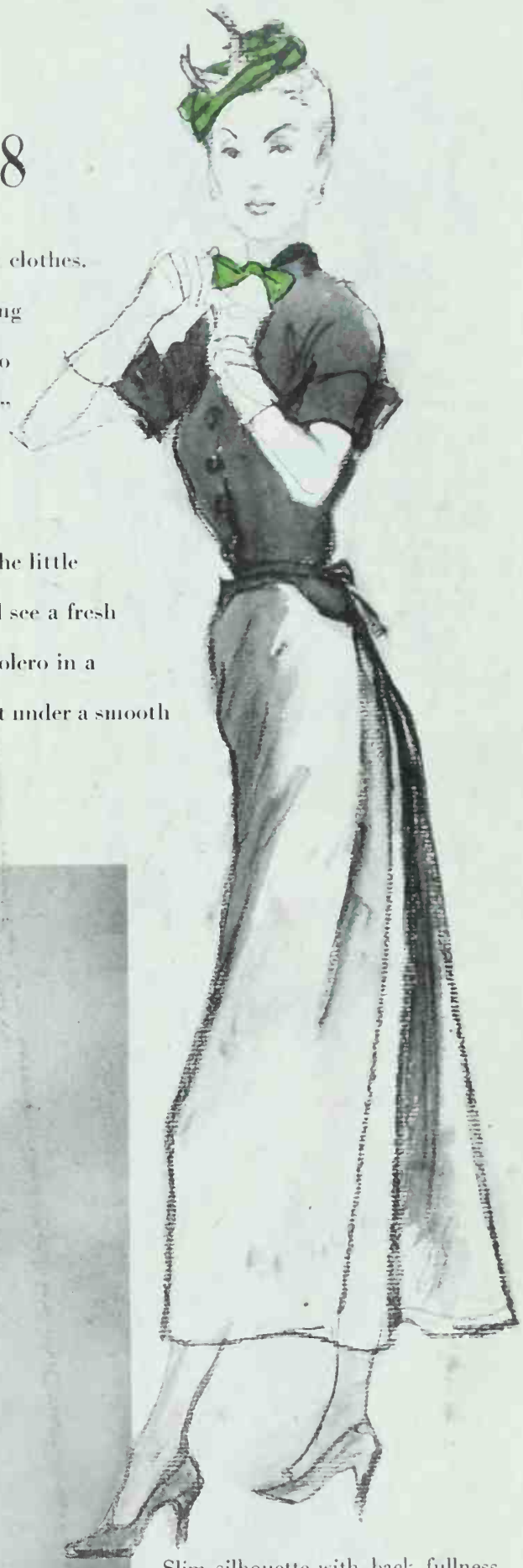
The changes which seemed so extreme and difficult in the fall have evolved into fashions with great appeal and variety enough for all. The lingerie blouse, the little velvet collar, the hat with a veil are born charmers. You'll see a fresh pink linen jacket over a navy-blue jersey dress, a cape bolero in a brilliant shade over a dark wool, a suspender skirt under a smooth jacket worn with a dream of a little tie-silk blouse.



The double-triangle silhouette: bolero flaring from sloping shoulder; skirt flaring from small waist.



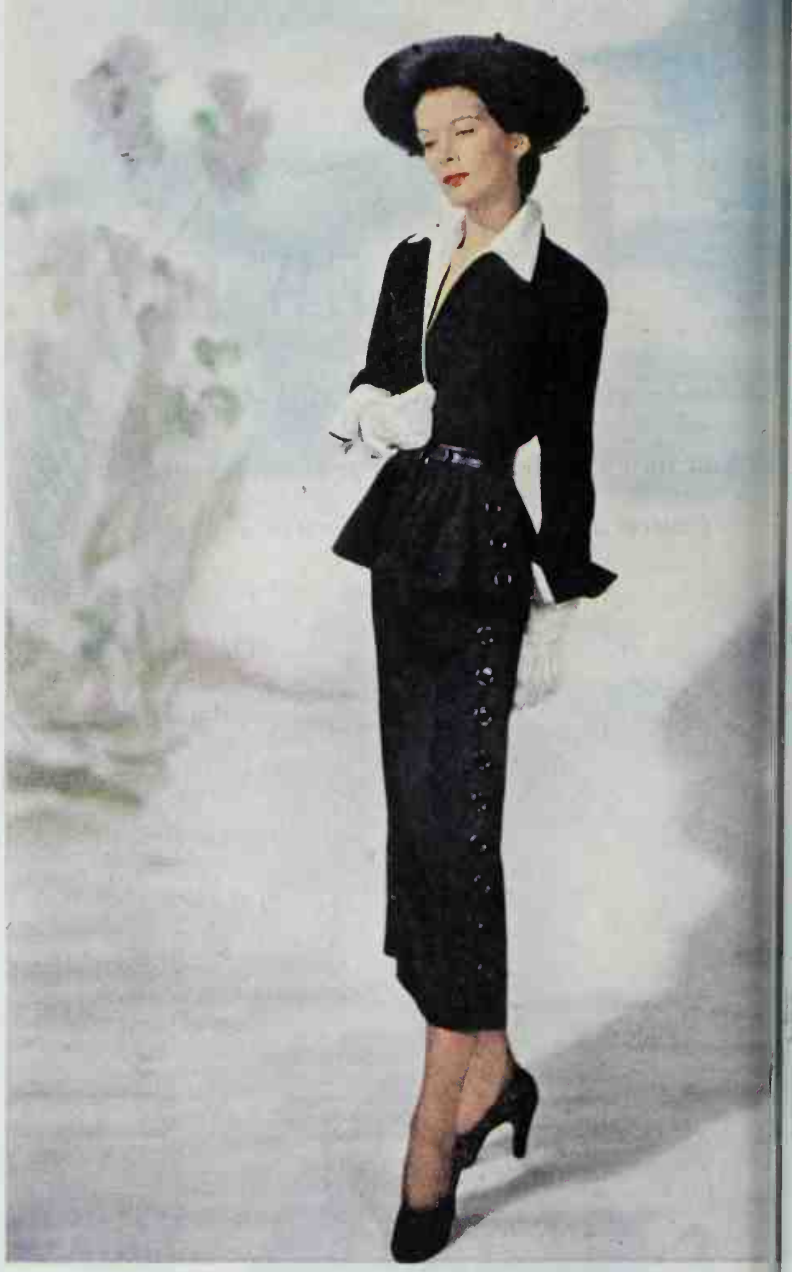
Weskit-jacket suit with the easy fit. Gray wool with navy taffeta blouse, designed for many changes.



Slim silhouette with back fullness, natural shoulder, neckline bow, in black wool crepe with white gloves.



Pockets and petticoats: the print with natural shoulders, full skirt over dotted Swiss.



The stem-line suit with a peplum jacket: black sheer wool with white piqué and a patent-leather belt.



Terra-cotta fan-pleated print over taffeta with a tightly buckled copper-colored leather girdle.

THE NEW LEAF... SPRING 1948

You'll turn before your looking glass, judging between the skirt that is full from waist to hem and the one that flares from a slim hipline . . . between the slim-as a-pin, the back flare, the all-around accordion pleats. You'll love the rustle of taffet petticoats, but know there's a time and a place for them. You'll find many (an such wearable) silk suits in polka dots, small prints, plain Shantung, ribbed tie-sil or faille. You'll like the return of navy-blue serge for its slimness and its basicness t wear with white, bright red, sharp green. Dress-weight mixture tweeds in blue o pinkish gray make daytime suits that will take a pastel scarf and hat. Tucked o shirred chiffon afternoon and dinner dresses remind you once and for all tha femininity is a lovely thing. Among your prettiest accessories: a little hat in yello straw, multicolor pearls, fastidious slim pumps, sheer stockings in lighter shade And still to be watched—your hemline. You'll see many exaggerated length but there are indications of a slightly rising trend. ★ **BY WILHELA CUSHMA**

Fashion Editor of the Journal



PHOTOGRAPHS BY FONSSAGRIVES

Basque jacket suit with a lantern skirt—
pretty young fashion in many fabrics.





Navy wool over plaid taffeta for afternoon, becom
a simpler daytime dress over a plain navy-blue sli

The little silk suit, simple fashion for spring a
summer, fresh and wearable in polka-dot Shantur

BASQUE JACKET AND PEPLUM JACKET SUITS BY BEN REIG; ALL OTHER FASHIONS BY ADELE SIMPSON.



to change, to match dress or suit.

IT ALL BEGINS WITH AN EASTER BONNET



Suit and coat hat, ribbon quill.

. . . but an Easter bonnet is only the beginning of a spring wardrobe. Since you're a Sub-Deb, and do lots of your own shopping, you know that a wardrobe can't be pulled out of a hat—like a rabbit. It takes what your father might call "an orderly mind" and your mother "a feeling for clothes." It works like this: If you fall in love with a little navy hat with a red quill, and have your heart set on one of the new two-color suits—you choose the suit in light blue and navy, not pink and brown. Then you can wear a red coat, the one you had last year, or a new one with a swing back. And your short party dress can be navy-blue taffeta or the gayest red-and-white print.

This year, many of your fashions come straight from older clothes. You'll love to lengthen your skirts, but not want to look droopy. You'll adore full skirts, and ruffles and petticoats, but you needn't be like a period doll. Your jackets will be short and should fit well. Small round collars, high round necklines, trim shoulders and touches of white piqué give you the neat look—and something tells you that "sloppy Josie" is not in the picture at all. It's easy and not very original to want a lot of new clothes—much more clever to know how to buy a few. Plan colors that go together. Learn the difference between a passing fancy and a true love—and you'll have two pretty important secrets at your beck and call.

BY CYNTHIA McADOO

AND MARY JEAN STRAIN



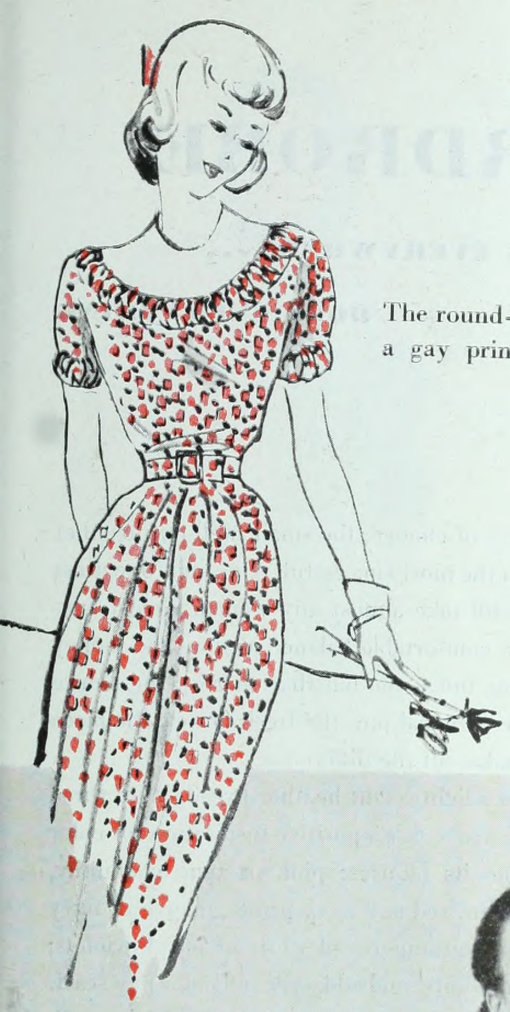
PHOTOGRAPH BY LEOMBRUNO-BODI

vest Easter suit has a pastel jacket—any shade like—with a skirt in navy, brown, black or beige.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOFFER



Coat with a flare: in red, navy, brown or beige, to suit your colors. Piqué pillbox.



The round-neckline dress in a gay print for afternoon.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEOMBRUNO-BODI



Short party dress, copied from Paris: crepe and taffeta, swishy and full, with taffeta belt.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOFFER



Memory-book evening dress: ankle-length marquisette over rustly taffeta, with black lace, by David Klein.



Chanda's daisy hat for a dressy dress, starts in spring, lasts all summer.



Change for Sunday afternoon, spring or summer; bright, bright skirt and short dark top, rayon-linen.

THREE-PIECE WARDROBE

GOES EVERYWHERE . . .

DOES EVERYTHING



An important white blouse with fagoted sleeves, $12.95; a pure silk scarf.



Heather tweed suit ($65.00) starts the day with a white piqué beret, collar and gloves; coral-red bag.



A taffeta blouse, in plaid or plain color, dresses your suit for afternoon.



Above: Dressy pink hat goes with suit or navy dress.

Especially in times of change, the small, well-put-together wardrobe is often the most successful. One suit, one dress and a coat will still take almost any woman almost anywhere—leaving a comfortable balance of time and money for the connecting links: the hat that charms, the blouse that changes, the personal pin, the fresh flower, the piece of ribbon that makes all the difference.

1. THE SUIT in a lightweight heather tweed. With three soft colors in the weave, it's a positive inspiration for color changes. Imagine its blouses: pink or blue chambray, white crepe or linen, red and navy prints, mauve or navy taffeta. Make its boutonnieres of white or purple violets, pink or blue cornflowers, and add a second color in a scarf. Wear a bandeau, a beret, a sailor or a soft hat with a veil, and choose them to go with coat and dress as well. An important purchase at any price, this one-and-only suit should have a lasting quality. Its easy straight skirt, sleeve-length jacket and slightly padded shoulders belong to this year, or next.

2. THE COAT in coral-red wool. If you've never owned a bright red coat, you've missed one of the gayest and most surprisingly versatile fashions in the world. This spring, it's a natural over navy dresses and monotone suits . . . a beauty over last year's black dinner dress or next summer's white crepe, and with any print in red or navy or gray. Its hem-length, slightly flaring silhouette is the one most adaptable to most women.

3. THE DRESS is navy crepe. That wonderful one that would suit a hundred women, but becomes a personal fashion with your own magic touch. Always simple in line, this spring it will have a certain fullness or flare, or may well be an old love—the princess silhouette. Necklaces of pearls or multicolor beads will circle the neckline or drop to the waist. Coral-red geraniums or carnations in two or three colors will be tucked into the neckline or the belt. A length of pink or pale green ribbon makes a sash or ties through your pearls. Its gloves may be long or short, its hats large or small. The accessories on these pages vary in price as they do in any woman's wardrobe. Suit, coat and dress in this JOURNAL-suggested basic-three total around $159.00.

BY RUTH MARY PACKARD



The coral-red coat ($69.50), bright complement to a suit or dress; the navy bandeau and navy pumps go with all three.

The navy crepe ($25.00) is a princess dress with high, round neckline, short wing sleeve. A bow through your pearls for afternoon.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONSSAGRIVES



The feminine hat, the fresh flower, beige gloves and a navy bag—also for afternoon.



The navy bandeau, twisted pearls and white piqué gloves make it simple enough for all day.

Princess silhouette

Among the fashions seen last fall in Paris, the princess silhouette seems to have grown more and more beloved. This spring we see it again in many versions, always with the soft fullness and slimly molded line that is so appealing to most women. It comes in wool or bengaline coats, silk or wool dresses, tie-pattern prints, in a jumper for morning, an ankle-length faille for afternoon. It is one of the few fashions that are almost universally becoming.

★ BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



The little dolman, perfect jacket for a princess dress in plaid taffeta, extra full.



The princess dress in lightweight navy wool, touched with white, worn with a little flat sailor.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FONSSAGRIVE



The belted princess line with its fullness in the front. Sheer navy wool with white piqué.



The jumper, new in the princess line, basic in navy rayon with a white crepe blouse.

PLAID TAFFETA BY HATTIE CARNEGIE; BENGALINE DRESS AND COAT, NAVY WOOLS AND RED WOOL BY PAULINE TRIGERE;

Double-breasted princess with the low circle neckline. Navy faille with cut-steel buttons.



The bengaline dinner or theater dress with a coral chiffon scarf drawn through neckline in a new way.

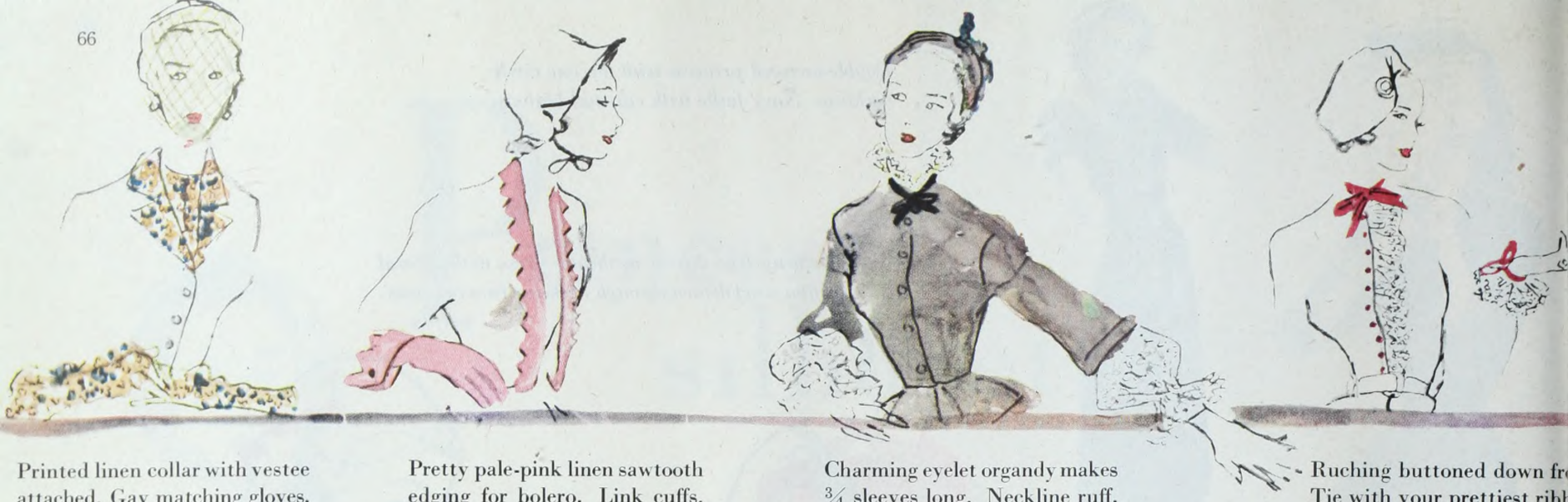






The princess coat in bengaline, ensemble with the bengaline dress, or a pretty summer print.

Sheerest red wool, the princess dress for special lunching, dinner at home, Sunday afternoon.



Printed linen collar with vestee attached. Gay matching gloves.

Pretty pale-pink linen sawtooth edging for bolero. Link cuffs.

Charming eyelet organdy makes ¾ sleeves long. Neckline ruff.

Ruching buttoned down fr
Tie with your prettiest ribb

SPRING PICK-ME-UPS AND LET-ME-DOWNS

These are idea pages . . . pages that suggest possible ways of "picking up" and "letting down" last season's clothes. Try adapting them to your problem clothes. For sketches of dresses before they were changed, turn to page 230.



DRAWINGS BY MARGARET SOMMERFELD

Slim ribbed-knit yoke in matching yarn. Let out side seams for extra width through hipline. Can add 4 inches

Rustling pleated taffeta godets make a straight six-gore skirt full. Just open front and back seams, and insert.

Be bold and cut a skirt in half. Sew a contrasting and the lower part of original skirt to a new undersk



hine pastel linen flared col-
d cuffs. Jeweled buttons.

As springlike as a robin.
Starched white piqué bib-front.

Perky cape . . . frosting for
dark dresses. Pretty in print.

Pleated sheer in a face flatter-
ing neckline. Try dotted Swiss.

Spring wouldn't be spring for most of us without one last look through our closets for clothes will take "a touch of eyelet" or "a longer skirt." Your favorite dress or suit from last year can be just as popular again this season. Hem trouble isn't so impossible as you may think.

here are at least three points in a skirt where length may be added: at the waistline, at the hemline, or in the middle of the skirt as an insertion or a tier. There are all sorts of ways of doing it. Try itted yoke on a tweed . . . three graduated ribbon bands on a ol-jersey dress . . . pleated petticoats . . . a taffeta or satin tier in a wool or crepe dress. To give added fullness to a skirt, leated godets in the seams; make them of rustling taffeta in matching color, or in a contrasting in matching fabric. We think the most springlike fabrics are pastel rinted linens, eyelet organdies, rched piqués and printed fou-lards. Used in small doses, get the ultimate in re-lts. A bright flower for your hat, a new rib-or your blouse . . . and will look as fresh and as the first crocus.

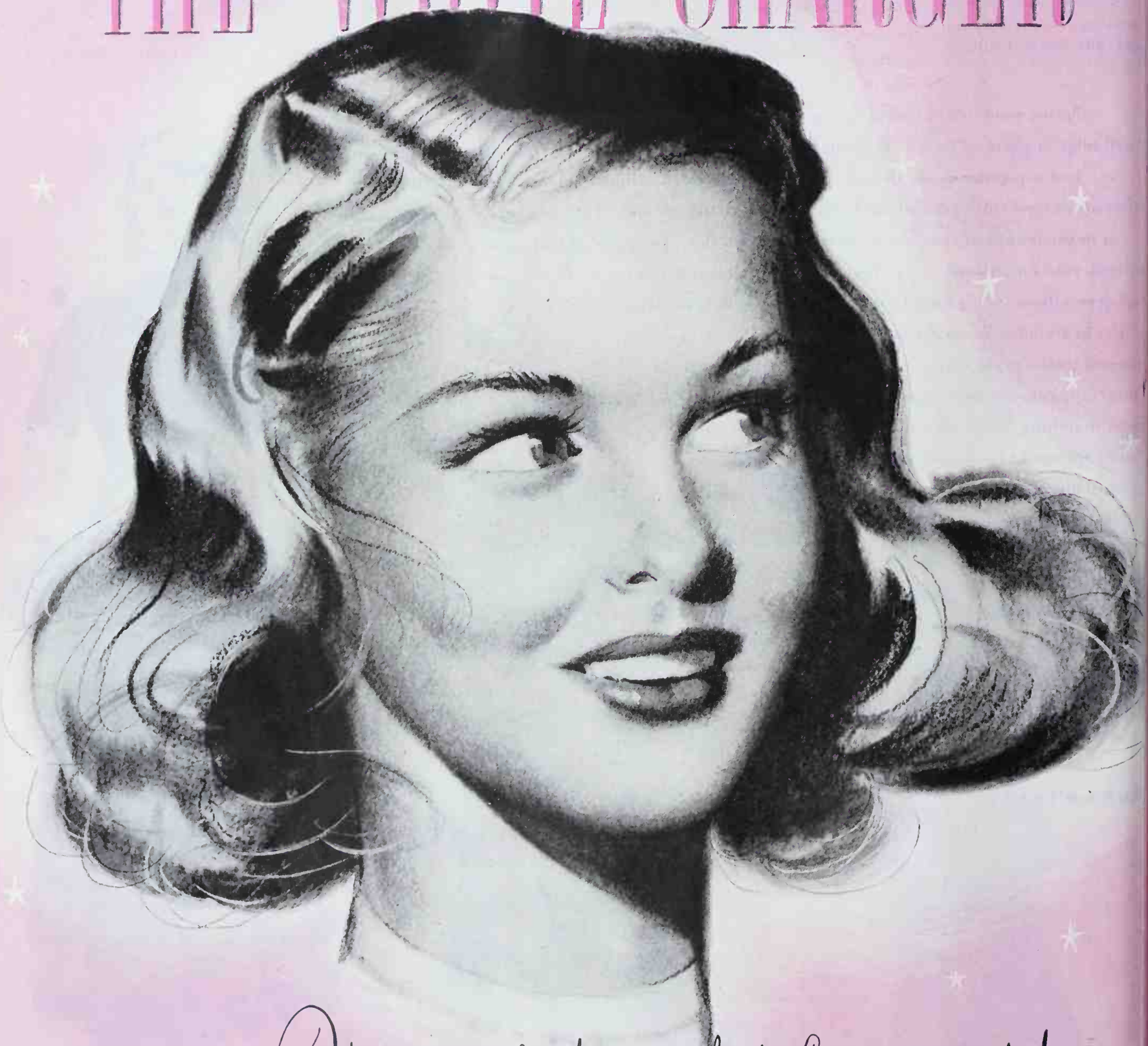
NORA O'LEARY

Petticoats go everywhere—under everything. Ours is a pleated ribbon border on a plain slip. Ribbon bow at neck.

Scallop the bottom of your favorite print dress, add a harmonizing border. Do same to sleeves, looks like new.

Ribbons in graduating widths add not only length but charm to a wool or crepe dress. Pretty with polka dot.

THE WHITE CHARGER



It was all there, what Eddie wanted.
Could he forget the past and take it?

By Steve Mc Neil

EDDIE sat in the study hall with his left arm curled protectively around his notebook so that no one, in passing, could see what he was writing. He had been writing the same thing, in different phraseology, for twenty minutes, and knew in his heart that he wouldn't have the courage to give it to her, or send it to her, even if he wrote it in deathless prose. He looked at the last group of words. "Dear Anne," he had written, "I know you'll think I'm nuts, but I have been trying for two weeks to get up courage enough to ask you to go to the Spring Dance with me ——"

He folded the page to the back of his notebook and sighed heavily. He looked across the aisle. She too was writing something. Her head was bent slightly, and the afternoon sun came in the window and lost itself in the blackness of her hair. When she was writing, or doing anything that required some measure of concentration, she licked her lips and twisted her mouth into fascinating positions, and she was doing that now.

Eddie watched her with a deep hunger; the nerves pulled in his legs and there were moths fluttering in his stomach. He could never look at Anne Mitchell without filling up with moonbeams. He knew that anyone who cared to look would know. He knew he was no good at concealing his feelings, so he didn't look at her except at times like this—in study hall, or in one of the classrooms, when she wouldn't know.

He had taken Latin, which he hated, because she was taking it, and because he hoped that he would be seated very close to her. When the teachers seated the students in a new class he always waited in an agony of suspense, for fear that they wouldn't seat alphabetically, but they always did. Michael, which was Eddie, and then Mitchell, which was Anne. If she ever noticed that Eddie appeared in nearly all her classes except Domestic Science, she never let him know, and he would have died in agony rather than admit that he had passed up Auto Shop and Radio to take, that year, Latin I.

He had never talked with her—not really. He and she had never sat companionably in the Sweet Shop, drinking milk shakes and writing in each other's notebooks. He had never walked up to her after school and said, "Hi, beautiful, gimme the books." He had never danced with her or played tennis with her or swum, summertimes, at Madrona Beach. He had never stood hand in hand with her and looked out to sea on a picnic, or huddled with her in a blanket at a football game, or yelled himself hoarse beside her at a basketball game. Those things were reserved for Mike Tranic and Lee Martinson and Johnny Franklin; especially Johnny, whose father owned the Franklin Mill Co., and who had his own car.

Eddie's contacts had been limited to the few times in class when she had turned in her seat and had said, just before class or when the teacher was out of the room, "Hello, Eddie." It was just because there was no one else in the room to talk to, he knew that. He wished that he could be gay and smooth, like Johnny, who was ready with the latest wisecrack, but he never was. He'd say, "Hello, Anne," and that would be that.

Only once, in all the times that he had followed her out of the school building, was she alone. That time he had hurried up to her, intending to say, "Hello, Anne, gimme the books and we'll have a milk shake," but he hadn't. He had walked up to her, all right, but he had become tongue-tied. He had said, "Hello, Anne," and she had said, "Oh, hello, Eddie, how are you?"

"I'm fine," he said.

She smiled then, and said, "Going home?"

Eddie nodded, wondering if she were trying to get rid of him—if she were waiting for Johnny.

Then she said, "So am I," and handed him her books.

Weeks later, he remembered that walk. He tucked it into his heart and went over every word of their conversation, trying to find hidden meanings, trying to give his phrases a quality of gay nonchalance. But sometimes, in moods of black despair, he realized that their conversation must have been, to her, utterly dull and lifeless.

"Why don't you ever walk home with me?" she said.

He wanted to blurt out, "Because to share you with Johnny Franklin would be like a knife in the heart," but he didn't. He said, "I dunno."

"You never do," she said.

"I know."

"I like to walk," she said, and then stopped abruptly, as if someone had cut off the sentence with a sharp knife. They didn't, either of them, say anything then for a block, and the silence lay between them, heavy with meaning, because what she had said was something she thought she shouldn't have said. They were both thinking of Eddie's leg.

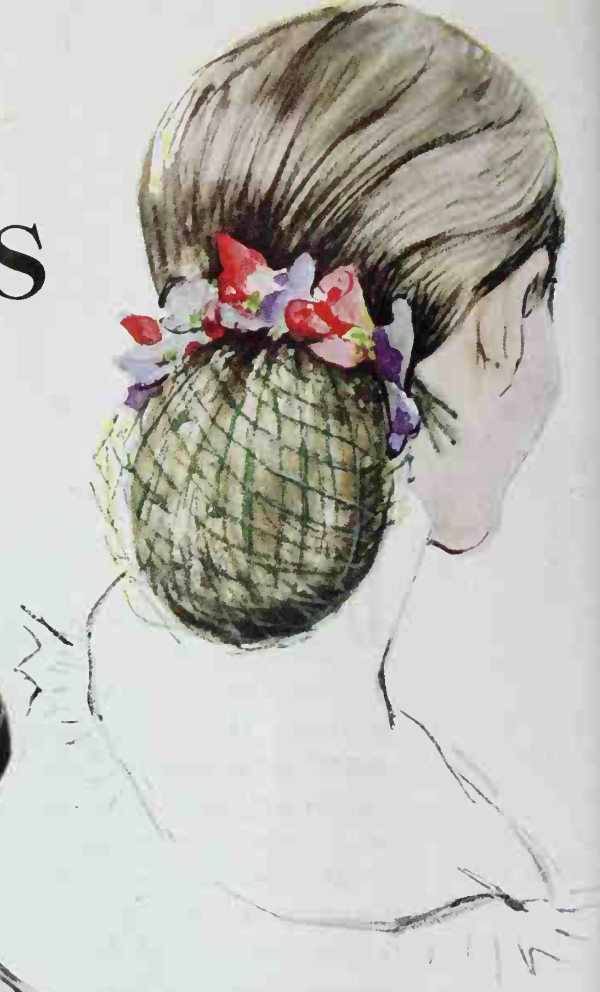
The leg didn't bother him any more, not physically. He had a decided limp, but it wasn't the way people thought. Anyway, it had been five years ago that he had been knocked down with poliomyelitis. The *(Continued on Page 150)*

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

Spring headlines

This year hair moves forward over your ears in wide waves, pretty rolls or soft curls. Refreshingly different from the skintight arrangements of yesterday, these new hair-dos will flatter most faces—play up femininity. A few inches cut from a long bob allows shorter ends to curl up or under, gently breaks a too-severe hairline, maintains a trim, well-groomed look. Front hair can comb into bangs or curls or brush aside into high waves. Crisp veiling, gay flowers, twisted scarves ingeniously decorate as well as secure a new hair-do. All to give you that ladylike look for spring! ★

BY DAWN CROWELL
Beauty Editor of the Journal



Spring veiling and flowers net long back hair prettily. A chignon, puffed-out bun or loose page-boy gives a look of fullness.



Cropped to two or three inches in length, this hair-do can be combed variously to give a little-girl or sophisticated look. Soft permanent gives effect of natural curls.

Covered ears are news this spring. This hair-do, short and curled in front, longer to turn u under in back, is a compromise for the girl who wants to combine a new look with long h



weep all hair to one side, leaving other side sleek or a side hat, a pert new look. Hair is secured back with pins, arranged in wave over one ear.

e of Peril

tmental struggle of Stimson's career" was the battle in which the Secretary of War roy the mines and heavy industry of Western Germany. . . . President Roosevelt, th Churchill at Quebec, said he had "evidently done it without much thought." . . . y disquieted by two events—indicated changing policy toward Russia. . . .

[CE, by ex-Secretary of War HENRY L. STIMSON and McGEORGE BUNDY.

PEACE

we have now to study policy for the establish- I. Not only as Secretary orced to learn in 1931 peacemaking, he was postwar settlement. was an objective which

not be sufficient to keep the peace—here Stimson differed somewhat from those who felt that an Anglo-American coalition could somehow assert its virtuous will throughout the world. But without the maintenance of close relationships with the British, Stimson did not see how America could hope to be an effective member of world society.

Division from the British would neutralize in mutu



Twine two scarves together, then roll up the ends of your hair to your desired length. Pretty pin secures scarves at top.

Diagonal side part goes right down the back of your head. Hair on either side is tied just over the ear with pretty ribbons.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUBEN SAMBERG



The ends of a smooth hair-do look newer turning up, instead of under. Center part, wide waves, graduating roll.

For back views of these hair-dos, turn to Page 280.

Spring headline

This year hair moves forward over your ears in wide waves, pretty rolls or soft curls. Refreshingly different from the skintight arrangements of yesterday, these new hair-dos will flatter most faces—play up femininity. A few inches cut from a long bob allows shorter ends to curl up or under, gently breaks a too-severe hairline, maintains a trim, well-groomed look. Front hair can comb into bangs or curls or brush aside into high waves. Crisp veiling, gay flowers, twisted scarves ingeniously decorate as well as secure a new hair-do. All to give you that ladylike





"Hello . . . are you there? I asked if you'd like to go out on a date tonight . . . hello . . ."

the group that we are working in, if in the main it seems to cover the ideas held by the people of the United States as far as the State Department, and we ourselves, have been able to gauge through contact with organizations, the press and any private sources of information or contact that any of us may have.

The State Department, through the committee of representatives of organizations which it has established, and through its interdepartmental committee in which all questions touching the interests of different departments are carefully canvassed and discussed, really makes a great effort to bring both the experts on particular subjects and the general public into consultation. A representative of the Government on any commission or in the General Assembly is kept in very close touch at all times with whatever is being done and with the general thinking developed along the lines of its specific activities and responsibilities.

My home-economics class would like to know the order of serving at a formal dinner at which the President of the United States and his wife are guests of honor. Which should be served first?

The President and his wife very rarely go out to dinner while they are in the White House. There used to be a custom that every cabinet member gave a dinner every year for the President and his wife, but during my husband's terms of office he was too busy and this was changed and the cabinet gave a combined dinner once a year.

It is usually the custom for service to be started first with the President, but almost simultaneously with his wife. In the White House when guests from some other land are being enter-

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

Her girl friends have dates for week ends and she stays home. She dresses well and makes a good appearance. Can you explain to me what is wrong? She doesn't complain, but I know she is not happy.

I am afraid without knowing a great deal more about your daughter and your home, it is difficult to give any explanation. I wonder if perhaps there is not something which prevents her from freely asking her friends into her own home. If she does that, the dates will follow automatically, I think; but it is imperative that she feel free to invite young people and that when they come they feel comfortable and welcome.

Is there anything an average American citizen can do about the report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights?

Yes. See that your representatives in Congress are in favor of pushing for the recognition and establishment of the recommendations made by that committee, and in addition see to it that your own community lives up to those recommendations, and live up to them in your own life. That is the best way to make that committee's recommendations become a reality in our nation.

I am sending my question from Formosa. I know Mr. Roosevelt was a famous collector of postage stamps. Please tell me where the collection is at present.

My husband's collection of postage stamps was part of his residuary estate and the trustees were directed to dispose of it in any way they saw fit. They sold it at auction and I imagine a great many different people own portions of that collection.

What, in your opinion, will happen to the financial structure of this country if we continue aiding the European countries, who, for the most part, have already taken all but a few remaining steps to communism? Nobody in Washington seems to consider the eventual end to our continually mounting Federal deficit.

There are a great many countries in Europe who have not taken any steps toward communism. Socialism is not communism—in fact, it is very far from it—and if you consider the present government in Great Britain, for instance, is on its way to communism, I think you would find that the British people would vehemently deny your conclusion.

The real value of aid to existing democracies is that they must get on their feet, since chaos and despair are the way to force acceptance of economic communism. If democracies do not make a comeback in the economic field, we will find ourselves facing a constantly increasing area of communism in the world.

I wonder if you have given much thought to what that would mean to our economy. Our only hope of preserving for our people their present standard of living lies in bringing the countries of Western Europe back to economic stability in order that they may be politically stable as well. In Eastern Europe, communism is the answer they have chosen—and perhaps it is the only possible answer to their economic plight—but with our aid it should not be forced on those who have known other standards.

People in Washington are considering very carefully the mounting Federal deficit, but have you considered what would happen if you faced a completely communist Europe? This mounting Federal deficit, as it looks today, would look like a golden age to us.

Incidentally, it would be well for a great many people to realize that even the states which have accepted communism have done so in large part because their economy had reached a point where there seemed to be no other economic solution. I believe, of course, that aid for rehabilitation should go even to the communist countries, since with a better standard of living there is bound to be more insistence on individual rights.

I realize that no person who has accomplished as much for the good of our nation as you have could help but step on a few toes. This is where the malicious rumor I am constantly hearing must have had its origin. It is generally believed in this part of the country that you are part Negro and that is why you are taking up for them. Could you manage to let them know the truth?

Anyone who cares to look into the genealogy of the Roosevelts—and I happen to be descended from the Theodore Roosevelt side of the family—can also look into the collateral branches and can find the answer to your question. As far as I know, I have no Negro blood; but I suppose if any of us could trace our ancestry back far enough we would find that in the tribes from which we are all originally descended, all kinds of blood is mixed. It always seems quite foolish to me to begin to wonder what strains you might have beyond those you actually know about!

Time of Peril

The "most violent interdepartmental struggle of Stimson's career" was the battle in which the Secretary of War opposed the Morgenthau Plan to destroy the mines and heavy industry of Western Germany. . . . President Roosevelt, after signing statement with Churchill at Quebec, said he had "evidently done it without much thought." . . . In spring, 1945, F.D.R.—deeply disquieted by two events—indicated changing policy toward Russia. . . .

Excerpts from ON ACTIVE SERVICE, by ex-Secretary of War HENRY L. STIMSON and McGEORGE BUNDY.

THE BEGINNINGS OF PEACE

The main object of war is peace, and we have now to study Stimson's part in the framing of American policy for the establishment of a lasting peace after World War II. Not only as Secretary of War but as a man who had been forced to learn in 1931 and afterward the consequences of bad peacemaking, he was deeply interested in the problems of the postwar settlement.

But it should be remembered that peace was an objective which depended first of all on victory, and, by reason of his official position as well as his natural inclination, Stimson's work until the latter part of 1944 was almost wholly concerned with winning the war. In this respect his attitude was little different from that of the President and most of the Administration. Even in diplomatic questions, the major consideration was almost always the advancement of military victory.

It was only in the summer of 1944 that high officials outside the State Department began to give their close attention to postwar problems. The extraordinary success of the great invasion lifted from men's minds all fears and doubts about the basic strategy of victory; at the same time it created a pressing need for attention to new problems. The Normandy landing and the great Avranches breakthrough precipitated a situation in which victory was certain and apparently close, and as General Eisenhower's forces approached the German border it became clear that the armies had outrun the policy makers. From this unsettled situation there developed in September the most violent single interdepartmental struggle of Stimson's career—the issue over the "Morgenthau Plan" for the treatment of Germany. In order to set Stimson's part of this struggle in its proper focus, it will be useful to consider briefly his two most firmly held general views about the peace settlement.

His first and great commandment was the maintenance of friendship with Great Britain. Of itself, such friendship would not be sufficient to keep the peace—here Stimson differed somewhat from those who felt that an Anglo-American coalition could somehow assert its virtuous will throughout the world. But without the maintenance of close relationships with the British, Stimson did not see how America could hope to be an effective member of world society.

Division from the British would neutralize in mutul opposition two nations whose fundamental principles and purposes were so much alike that their opposition could only work to the disadvantage of both. Friendship with Great Britain had been cardinal in Stimson's policy as Secretary of State; in 1939 and 1940 his advocacy of "intervention" had been based on his belief in the fundamental unity of Anglo-American interests; it was a belief which he saw no reason to discard. Several times during the war he expressed forcibly to various groups of Administration leaders "the conviction I am getting more strongly every day that our plan must be a plan to continue after the war the same controls as have saved us during the war, namely, close association with the English-speaking countries." (Diary, May 11, 1943.) This was a view which he found general among his colleagues; indeed, much of his later disagreement with Mr. Roosevelt over the Morgenthau Plan rose out of a misplaced Presidential eagerness to help the British.

Stimson's second great principle was that the essential basis of enduring peace must be economic, and here again his opinion was based on his own experience. The sermon preached by Keynes after Versailles had acquired deep and poignant meaning for Stimson when as Secretary of State he had wrestled with the results of that economically impossible treaty. Now he hoped for a settlement which would involve no burden of debts, no barriers to the internal trade of Central Europe, no politically independent and economically helpless group of "successor states." Evidence that these objectives were being ignored *(Continued on Page 236)*

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Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birtha

PHOTOS BY STUART FOWLER





Turtle soup, with avocado floating in it, opens the proceedings.

MARCH'S CHILD

By Ann Batchelder

So it got about that sometime in the month of March I had a birthday. I have tried to conceal it. I belong to that strange band of serious thinkers who feel that after the age of ten or so it is best to take the eraser and wipe the blackboard clean and forget the whole thing. Let the years slip by—they are pretty much alike; and after the snap crackers and paper cap and London Bridge is Falling Down business is disposed of, it is well to forget.

But folks won't have it so. There are those who are pushovers for birthdays. They yearn to *do* something about it. And that's how that yearning came to be translated, by my loyal and forthright staff, into a birthday party for me. A surprise for *me*. As if all life wasn't one surprise after another, they go and add another. And it was such a lovely one I want to share it with you.

What I can't share. I can go just so far and no farther on this sharing idea. Tell you about the beautiful luncheon, yes. Give you some idea of the quiet elegance and the soft radiance that made the table and its appointments memorable. But the feeling of having all this created just for me, the fun and laughter and jokes and music—those I must keep and treasure in my heart. For these were the companions who work with me in the vineyard, these young women who went to town to remember my birthday. And I can tell you I was pleased. Though how they found out, unless it was via the grapevine, I never hope to know.

(Continued on Page 126)

readers, Happy Birthday to you

Line a Day

BY ANN BATCHELDER

1 Greatness is not always a strong and shining thing until after death; then it emerges as a knight in armor and we say of him or her who wore it, "Where were our eyes and why did we shut our ears?" Now that he is dead, the greatness of John Gilbert Winant is revealed simply and sincerely in his book, LETTERS FROM GROSVENOR SQUARE. As our war ambassador to London he rendered such service as will not be forgotten. If you read his unforgettable book, you will understand why.

2 In the orchard there's a crab-apple tree that's quite something when it blossoms. Looking at it reminds me that spiced crabs are marvelous with ham, and the sirup is excellent for glazing purposes.

3 Diced avocados make a wonderful garnish for cream or vegetable soups. And chicken-and-puréed-avocado soup is a rich treat. Seasoned with ginger and grated rind of orange, it's pretty exotic. The very thing for that "end-of-the-season" luncheon. Serve it with hot crisp toast fingers, liberally buttered.

4 And one more thing. If you think a fruit cup is old hat and nobody loves it any more, think of its long career and give it a fresh start by cutting all your fruits with a melon-ball cutter. Balls of avocados with whatever fruits you choose add a lovely color. Have lime or lemon and honey in the sirup. And *chill.*

5 Don't stop me if you've heard this one about mixing some caraway seed with salted creamed cottage or cream cheese for celery stuffing. You like caraway?

6 One of the desserts I dream about is a bread pudding made with cream by a farmer's wife in Vermont. Hanging around underfoot, I asked her how she could use rich Jersey cream in such a "common" dish. She said, "Well, you see, I had some bread going stale on me and guessed I'd use it up." She also had the cream. But the pudding was sure worth it.

7 When you roast a chicken or capon, do as the beefeaters do: Pare medium potatoes and roast in the pan (last half hour or more), and—wait a second—put in the pan some ears of corn, frozen or canned; baste both with melted butter or margarine and serve on the platter with the chicken.

8 *Answer to query:* My dear Fanny, you will not find any song records by Zucchini. It's an Italian vegetable, not a tenor, long like a cucumber and green as one too. Fried, baked, made into fritters or plain sautéed, it's very good. Now you can stop that fruitless hunt.

9 A delicious quick luncheon dish is one of my favorites. Maybe you'll like it too. Make two cups of rich cheese sauce and mix it with two cups or more of cooked rice. Add a chopped pimiento—two won't hurt any. Season well. Now fill parboiled green-pepper shells, cover with buttered crumbs and bake until nicely browned and the peppers are done. You may bake it in a casserole if you'd rather. But the peppers *are* so good you'll need two halves to a customer.

10 Another rice-and-cheese helper-outer is a shrimp-rice au gratin. This is done with a tomato sauce, plenty of grated cheese, perfectly cooked rice and a large can of well-drained shrimp. Put these together, turn into a casserole, and cover with buttered crumbs. Bake.

11 Why does spinach get so much attention? Propaganda, that did it, and it just goes to show! Anyway, spread a shallow glass casserole with seasoned cooked spinach. Make nice nests up and down this dish and carefully break an egg into each. (Don't *break* the yolks.)

12 *Part two:* Dust the eggs with salt and pepper. Cover eggs and spinach with seasoned cream and plenty of grated cheese over all. Bake in a 350° F. oven until eggs are set and done. Garnish with sautéed mushrooms.

13 Want to hear about an omelet—once more, maybe? Well, prepare some crab meat Newburg, or just creamed crab meat. When it's time to fold your omelet, spread it well with this, fold and get it to the table as if going to a fire. Serve the rest of the creamed crab separately with heaps of buttered toast triangles.

14 For a canapé to keep folks frowning (trying to guess what it is), cream a can or tureen of *pâté de foie gras* with an egg white beaten stiff and seasoned with a few grains of onion salt. Spread on crackers. Run under the broiler.

15 Have you seen, heard of, eaten or served green-turtle soup with tomato, half and half? It's elegant. Lemon slices on top.

16 For supper some Sunday night, prepare a good rich Newburg sauce. Then sauté a can of well-drained little mushrooms and add to the sauce, with as many oysters as you need. Heat until the oysters curl. Serve hot on toast.

17 *News item:* It beats the Dutch what folks think up. Remember "cracklin's"? Well, they do a stunt now with bacon rind that is definitely new. You find people everywhere eating these crisp chips like popcorn. Marvelous, too, to crumble over pea, corn or bean soup. Try them on succotash. But *try* them.

18 Butternuts have come out of hiding up in Vermont, and there's one enterprising lady making such a maple-butternut fudge as never was. Goes everywhere too. Arrives fresh and creamy. And the butternuts aren't so scarce as oysters in a boardinghouse stew, either.

19 Just the time of year for an Indian pudding. A superb dessert in its own right. But add a dozen chopped pitted dates and two or three tablespoons of very finely chopped crystallized ginger. Ice cream, whipped cream and plain cream are beauteous sauces for this pudding, or a fine *hard* sauce. Plenty of it!

20 For inland lobster lovers, there's a pretty delicious lobster bisque that comes all "ready to heat and serve." How prosaic. Add a tablespoon of cream for each cup and at the last a teaspoon of salted whipped cream.

BROKEN TRYST

I came to meet the spring,
  But where is she?
There is not anything
  To tell where she may be.

I will not wait to find
  How long she'll keep
A lover out of mind
  And out of sleep.

Deceitful as a dream,
The flower, the dormant stream.

21 For those with lobsters at hand, that Lobster Cardinal sticks in my mind. Sounds complicated, but here's the idea. Select a lobster with plenty of coral. Take a cup of diced cooked lobster and add to two cups of cream sauce, mash the lobster coral and mix in. If low on coral, color the sauce with a drop or two of vegetable coloring. Serve in patty shells.

22 Now let's take up the subject of stuffed eggs again. Boil enough to serve two halves for each consumer. Peel them, cut them in two lengthwise and take out the yolks. Mash these with *pâté de foie gras,* seasoned with lemon juice. Mix in as many finely ground pistachio nuts as the traffic will bear, and stuff the egg whites. Serve in lettuce cups adorned with rosettes of mayonnaise sprinkled with paprika and touched ever so tenderly with celery salt. And don't say that this ends all stuffed eggs.

23 *From an old cookbook:* "This pernicious habit of searching every nook and corner of the market for strange vegetables will certainly shorten life and lead to a deterioration of our national health. Better a sound roast than all the glorified grass women are so addicted to." And the men all yelling, "Bravo."

24 Being very stylish, slice preserved stuffed oranges very thin and serve with a sharp lemon French dressing on crisp white lettuce. This is the passementerie on the dolman.

25 Or you can drain your oranges from the sirup, add lemon juice to the sirup (to taste) and cook down a little while. Cool and season with vanilla. Have some hot, perfect rice and serve the oranges sliced or quartered on the rice, with the sauce poured over. One orange goes a long way.

26 Nice big hamburgers draw the eye as the magnet gets a strangle hold on the needle. Serve your hamburgers cooked as should be, and atop each put a good spoon of chopped sweet mustard pickle. Anybody dissent?

27 I used to loathe beets, but you know I'm getting quite fond of them, in a limited way. For a change from cucumbers with fish, try beets, sliced thin and marinated in French dressing with a tingle of mustard.

28 A rice pudding, made with cream, full of marinated raisins, is delicious in anybody's language. Start with well-cooked rice, sweeten slightly with brown sugar, flavor with vanilla. Put the pudding in ramekins, cover with brown sugar and a little very heavy cream. Put them in a hot, hot oven for about five minutes. Chill well.

29 One more very small but very different addition to your collection of what to have when you set up a buffet: Make little griddlecakes, thin ones, in the chafing dish, fill with highly seasoned chicken livers, roll up and everybody help himself.

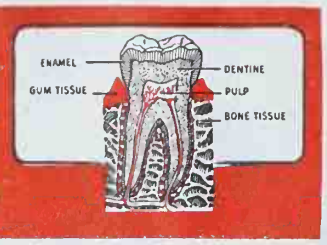
30 I've been pretty generous this time. A little bit of about everything and hoping, at the last moment, that you made those apple turnovers and fried them in deep fat.

31 The month of March is notable for wind, rain, snow, the beginning of the sugar season and the first day of spring. It also sees the return of the first adventurous robin and his wife—looking up suitable quarters, same as you.

DRAWING BY R. C. ATHERTON


GIFT OF THE GOLDEN SUMMER
...for your enjoyment NOW!
Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP
...Luscious beauties all! To make the soup most folks like best!
What a soup those red-ripe tomatoes do make—along with fine table butter and gentle seasoning, all according to Campbell's exclusive recipe. Add milk instead of water for an extra-delicious and extra-nourishing cream of tomato. Serve it soon—and often!
Campbell's
TOMATO SOUP
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Your teeth look like this



When decay starts, it eats through the hard enamel and spreads into the softer dentine. Unless checked, this infection reaches the pulp chamber from which it may enter the blood stream, causing damage in other parts of the body.

Periodic examination, cleaning, and treatment of teeth by your dentist can usually check decay before serious damage occurs.

Gums must also be guarded. Bleeding gums, pyorrhea, and trench mouth can indicate infection. *See your dentist regularly to help safeguard your health!*

Good teeth deserve good care

Dental authorities urge that you clean your teeth and gums carefully after meals and before going to bed.

You can help to maintain healthy gums, and to retard the rate of decay in teeth, by keeping your general level of health high. Eat enough of such foods as milk, eggs, vegetables and fruits.

The right diet is especially important for young children who need foods rich in minerals and vitamins to help build strong, sound teeth and healthy gums.

Vigorous chewing of tough, crisp foods aids in keeping teeth and gums healthy. Fruits, preferably at the end of the meal, help to clean the teeth and prevent decay. They are also helpful in preventing bleeding gums.

Don't wait for pain to drive you to the dentist. Visit him every six months, or at such intervals as he suggests. His examination usually can detect hidden trouble such as abscesses at the roots of apparently healthy teeth. Prompt treatment can generally correct the condition before it may impair your health. For further helpful information on teeth and gums, send for Metropolitan's Free Booklet, 38-J, "Good Teeth."

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

WAYWARD PILGRIM

(Continued from Page 34)

innate love of order. And of course she wasn't really alone, for Mrs. Rutherford, in the flat above, kept an eye on her; as she was reminded by a faint remonstrance of tapping on the floor overhead. She remembered suddenly that Mrs. Rutherford's bedroom was just above, switched from Gloria in Excelsis Deo to a crooning song and turned off the shower.

Back in her bedroom, she tried to shut drawers quietly and not to fall over anything. For though she was orderly, she was also a bit clumsy. She was twenty-one years old, but she had not yet outgrown the colt-like stage. Like all only children, she was in some ways too old for her age, and in other ways too young; she still fell over material things as though she were fifteen, but immaterial things, such as friendships, the griefs of little children, the desires of men and the jealousies of women, she handled with an instinctive sensitiveness that a woman of thirty-five could not have bettered.

There were those who thought Sally Adair beautiful and those who thought her the reverse. She was tall and straight, big-boned and muscular, and perhaps when she was forty she would have to take steps if she did not want to grow fat. But there was no danger of that yet. She played games hard whenever she got the chance, and was at her happiest on a horse or rowing a boat, and there was not a scrap of laziness in her. She had a glorious mop of unruly red-brown curls, the white skin that goes with such hair, and golden eyes like a lion's that looked you straight in the face with a lion's courage. Her voice was deep and beautiful, and the Scotch nanny who had looked after her through her childhood had imparted to it a Scotch lilt that increased its beauty. But she had no beauty of feature. Her face was too broad across the cheek-bones, her mouth was too large; her nose turned up and had freckles on it. Though her hands were big, they were beautifully shaped, with long fingers, but to her shame she took sevens in shoes. Those who did not think her beautiful had a clear case, but those who thought otherwise had not only the hair and the eyes to back their opinion, for there was in Sally an indefinable quality that affected them as the hearing of a perfect piece of music affected them, or the sight of a perfect picture. It was not a quality that could be analyzed, but her father came closest to it when he said that in Sally there was no distortion. She came nearer to being what she had been meant to be than anyone he had known.

> I like a friend the better for having faults that one can talk about.
>
> —WILLIAM HAZLITT.

SALLY'S mother had died at her birth, but that had not been the tragedy it might have been, for the fatherhood of John Adair was the best thing in him, as fine a thing as the deep, innate maternity of Sally herself, and any tendency to indulgence in him had been counteracted by the stern discipline of Janet Gillespie, the Scotch nanny who had stayed with Sally until she had been packed off to boarding school at the age of fourteen.

At eighteen Sally had left school and, turning her back upon all tempting offers of privileged war work, had unhesitatingly gone on the land, where she had worked at all sorts of backbreaking tasks until her extraordinary gift for handling living creatures had been discovered, and she had become a shepherdess in the Cumberland hills. Sally had been in her element. Motherless lambs brought up on the bottle by her had not known that they were motherless.

Sally, demobbed, had been offered by her father Somerville, the Slade, the R. A. D. A., anything she liked to mention, but, insisting that she had no more intellect than one of her own sheep, she had installed herself in his flat as companion-housekeeper, to the infinite delight and contentment of the two of them. For Sally maligned herself when she said that she had no intellect. It was true that at school she had never passed an examination by anything except the skin of her teeth, but when it came to the business of living she was a clever woman. She liked everyone she met, she enjoyed everything she did so intensely that her relationships and her activities were touched with that spark of light that men call genius. A room arranged by Sally, a meal she had cooked were as unforgettable as her father's pictures.

AN upbringing by a father who had been middle-aged when she was born, and by a stern Presbyterian Scotswoman, a sojourn at school for four years only and then a complete concentration upon lambs, had made Sally a curiously individual person, of neither her father's generation nor her own, and so in some ways a little lonely. She had worked hard in the war, but she had not suffered other than vicariously. In the presence of young men who had faced death day after day, night after night, for years, and of girls who had worked in the war hospitals, she was ashamed. The men sensed her shame and loved her for it; and they loved, too, the ignorance of which she was ashamed: it rested them. But the girls misjudged her humility, her unself-consciousness; it was pose, they thought. So her closest friends of her own generation were men rather than girls. And for this, again, the girls disliked her. But none of the men were very close friends, for her shame made her inward withdraw herself a little.

In appearance, as well as in speech and manner, Sally was individual. A dusting of powder over her distressing freckles was her only concession to make-up. She gave her copper curls a hard brushing every day, and washed them every week, but that was all she did about them. Most of her clothes she made herself, and though she was enough her father's daughter to make her sense of color and line unerring, their simplicity was childlike.

Dressed in a clean green overall, and singing snatches of a hymn tune alternately with snatches of the latest musical comedy, Sally moved about her shining kitchen, getting her breakfast. She laid her tray daintily and sat down to the kitchen table to eat and review the coming day. After breakfast Mrs. Baker would come, and they would start the housework, and then while Mrs. Baker was having her elevenses she would go to the greengrocer's and perhaps she would nip in the five children there and talk to them. They were usually there about eleven in the holidays, buying lettuce for their mother and sometimes they brought their Pekingese. She loved those children and their Pekingese, and she wished they were hers. And then she would come back and finish the housework, have lunch, go for a walk by the river and watch the sun on the water and hear the sea gulls crying. After that she would come home and put on her new frock and go to Jan Carruthers' party. That would be fun.

The morning worked out according to plan. Leaving Mrs. Baker to wield the broom in the rest of the flat, Sally tackled her father's studio. Their Chelsea flat was a lovely, luxurious place, the home of a rich and famous man who loved beauty. To Sally's mind it was a bit too full of things, but then it was not John Adair who had given to Sally her love of order, simplicity and space. Provided everything he ate out of, trod on or sat on was a thing of beauty, he did not mind how jumbled up everything was. The studio was so jumbled up that Mrs. Baker when first required by him to clean it a bit, had been taken with the palpitations and had gone home. So now Sally dealt with it.

There was a big portfolio in the studio full of lightning sketches that her father had made, sometimes of the men and women whose portraits he was painting, but

(Continued on Page 81)

Here it is!

Your new spring complexion!

ACCEPT

Pond's wonderful lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream

GIVEN TO YOU

with purchase of 69¢ jar of Pond's beautiful, snowy Cold Cream



For the first time in 6 years

Pond's special cream bonus thousands of women used to look forward to

Just in time for Spring. Just in time for you to do *something quick* about that tired-of-everything look that faces get at the end of winter . . . Pond's brings you this lovely spring bonus. You get *two* Pond's Creams—no finer anywhere at any price. And you get them *both for only 69¢.*

It's really a spring special you can't afford to miss. But you must *hurry!* The supply of this Pond's 2-Cream special is limited. Don't wait until tomorrow to get yours. Your face needs a bit of pleasant pampering with these two beautiful creams smoothed and stroked and patted on it right *now*—today!

"This is a wonderful opportunity," says Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III, "to get these two beautiful creams at a real saving. Pond's Dry Skin Cream is marvelous. I've never found anything quite like it. And Pond's Cold Cream is a treasure. I'm never *without it."*



The you that others see first is in your Face

It is not vanity to care for this face of yours beautifully. You want your face to look lovely so that it can be a charming reflector of the real, lovable *inner self* that is you.

New—"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Use Pond's Cold Cream in this new way that *acts on both sides of your skin.*

Hot Water Stimulation

press face cloth, comfortably hot and wet, against face—to stimulate blood flow to skin.

Two Creamings—to "condition" skin

1) *Cleanse* . . . work Pond's Cold Cream briskly over warm, damp face to sweep away dirt. Tissue off.

2) *Rinse* . . . with more Pond's Cold Cream, massage briskly to rinse off last traces of dirt. Tissue off.

Cold Freshener Stimulation

a cold water splash, then pat on the tonic astringence of Pond's Freshener.

Special 2-Point Softening Care

Use Pond's Dry Skin Cream to bring your skin the *extra* softening, smoothing help it needs this time of year. It is lanolin-rich and homogenized to soak in better. Use it like this:

Lanolin-Soften by Night

after your "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream, work lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream well over face and throat. Leave 5 to 15 minutes, or all night.

Lanolin-Protect by Day

smooth just a very little Pond's Dry Skin Cream over your face before putting on make-up. It gives a protective, soft screen to shield skin from dryness all day. Holds powder amazingly.

Remember **you get both these Pond's Creams for the price of the Cold Cream alone—*but for a short time only.* GET THEM NOW!**

Have you discovered pantry-shelf ham?

Now you can just reach up on your pantry shelf when you want some really delicious ham for breakfast or dinner! That is, if you're the foresighted type and have brought home a few tins of Armour Star Chopped Ham from the handy Armour Canned Meat Department of your favorite store. Like all the other wonderfully different Armour Star Pantry-Shelf Meals this grand ham is mighty versatile. It's such good eating cold or hot—served simply or in fancier party dress—for any meal at all! Your family will love it each and every time—and so will your hard-working meat budget!



ANOTHER ARMOUR STAR PANTRY-SHELF MEAL!

It's ARMOUR Chopped HAM

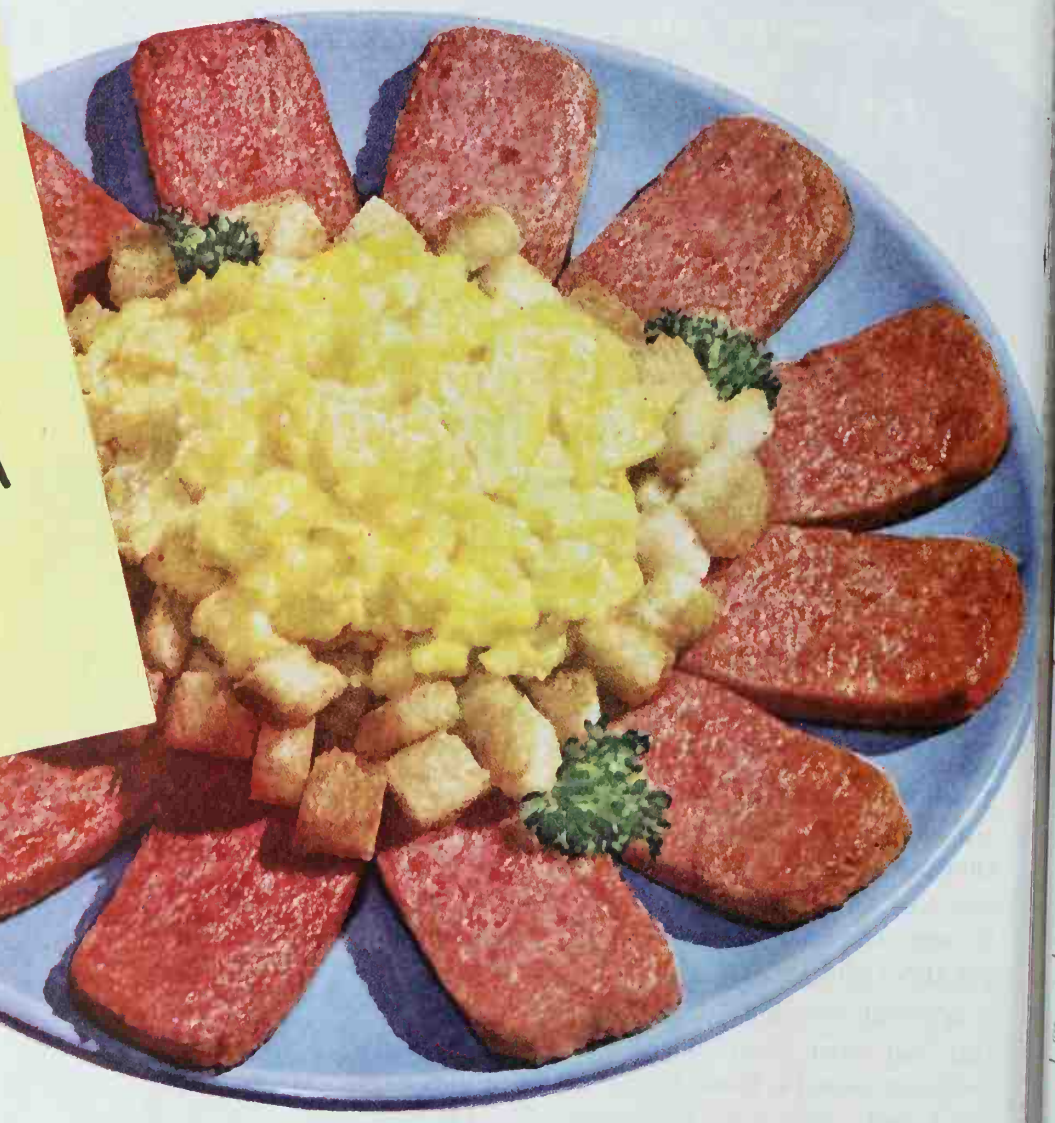
It's ALL HAM
—whole ham boned and chopped

It's SUGAR-CURED HAM
—pressure-cooked in its own juice

It's QUICK-TO-SERVE HAM
—delicious cold or quick-heated

It's SWELL-TASTING HAM
—nothing added but seasoning

It's ECONOMICAL HAM
—no bone or waste





Ham 'n' Eggs—with a New Twist!

Add a touch of novelty to breakfast tomorrow—serve your scrambled Clover-bloom Eggs with lightly browned slices of Armour Star Chopped Ham and fried bread cubes! Fry the ham slices (1½ minutes to the side) and six slices of bread (cubed) together in a little fat—that's all! It's so easy—and so good! And a good idea for lunch, too!

For other new recipes for Pantry-Shelf Meals, write Marie Gifford, Dept. 221, P. O. Box 2053, Chicago 9, Illinois.

The best and nothing but the best is labeled ARMOUR



(Continued from Page 78)

f some stranger's face that had caught
ıcy. When she had finished cleaning the
, Sally always rewarded herself by
down with the portfolio and looking
e latest sketches.
ere was quite a batch of them today,
ıe chuckled at the audacity and insight
hasty scribbles. But there was one
vas not so hasty. At the bottom of the
of paper John Adair had scribbled
C. at rehearsal." Evidently he had sat
erved in the theater and drawn this
s he worked upon the stage. Sally put
her sketches back in the portfolio and,
this one, went to the window seat and
ere, studying it. She had never seen
ıce before, she was quite certain, and
e knew it, and would always know it.
sketch had been faintly colored, and
o this man smooth pale-gold hair, blue
fine tanned skin, a finely shaped head
erfect features. John Adair, to whom
ıtional beauty was an exasperation, had
led this much grudgingly, as though he
ted it, and then had drawn with vigor
ıt was individual in the face: the hard
showing almost savagely through the
kin; the hollowed temples; the dark
beneath the eyes with their curious
f vacancy, contrasting so oddly with
enness of the rest of the face, the ob-
e line of the jaw, the suggestion of bit-
s about the mouth. It was a young
ith the youth of it crossed out, as it
by the lines slashed mercilessly by
Adair's pencil. Behind the head the
had sketched a vague suggestion of a
e dark wood.
y looked again at the portrait and a
ı rage took possession of her. She
ure her father had not been fair.
ıst dislike this man, for he had cruelly
uated the obstinacy, the bitterness,
ıow was she to put it?—threadbare
f the face.
en, looking again, she was not so
bout the cruelty, for there was noth-
ersonal about it. This was not only
rait of D. E., whoever he might be;
a portrait of many men whom she
That was how countless men had gone
gh the war, with that same bitterness
ɔstinacy, men who were now sick at
because now that the thing was over
not seem to have accomplished much.
away in the flat, miles away it sounded,
tchen door slammed. Mrs. Baker's elevenses were long overdue. Without looking at it again, Sally put the drawing back in the portfolio and returned to her duties.

Mrs. Baker comfortably established with a pot of steaming hot tea and a rock bun, Sally put on her white woolly blanket coat, took her shopping basket and sallied forth to the greengrocer's. The heavenly beauty of the spring day sent her mercurial spirits soaring, and she sang softly as she walked along the street swinging her basket. There was something to be said for London on a day like this. At first, after her open-air life on the hills, she had found it hard to be cooped up in London, but she was getting acclimated now. She quickened her pace. It was always round about eleven that the five children and the Pekingese were in the greengrocer's shop.

They were not in the shop when she arrived, and she took as long as she could buying lettuce and rhubarb for lunch, and a glorious bunch of flame-colored tulips for the dining room, and a bundle of asparagus as a gift for Mrs. Rutherford, and a bunch of violets for she did not know whom because they looked so lovely and she could not resist them. She spent a long time stowing it all away in her basket, still hopefully waiting, and then just as she turned to go they arrived.

The Pekingese, as always, arrived first, a round, assertive young thing with exquisite snow-white fur, wearing a scarlet harness attached to a scarlet lead. Attached to the other end of the lead were the twins, aged about five. They were beautiful children, and Sally, whose acquaintance with five-year-olds was not as yet intimate, would have given all she possessed to have them for her own. They both had dark softly curling hair, the little girl's cut as short as her brother's, dark eyes and small yet strong bodies. They always wore the most enchanting clothes, and some loving and careful person had always seemed to look them over before starting out, for there was never a button undone or a hint of anything showing that should not show.

Sally guessed that this loving and careful person was their older sister. She always came just behind them, her small face a little anxious, her gray-green eyes squinting a little in an effort to keep the twins and the Pekingese all in focus together. Once, when Sally had asked her age, she had whispered that she was twelve, but she did not look as much. She was small, thin and freckled,

JENNIFER



"I don't know why I hafta learn to cook—my husband will probably say his mother's the best cook anyway!"

Meet the Girl with the

GLOW OF HEALTH



SHE'S FOUND *these 8 big health benefits*
IN LUSCIOUS FLORIDA CANNED ORANGE JUICE

1. A gold mine of VITAMIN C
2. Other VITAMINS and MINERALS
3. Helps fight COLDS and FATIGUE
4. Helps maintain ALKALINE RESERVE
5. Helps build STRONG BONES and teeth
6. Stimulates DIGESTIVE juices
7. ENERGY from fruit sugars
8. MILDLY LAXATIVE



© 1948, Florida Citrus Commission
Lakeland, Florida

FLORIDA

CANNED ORANGE JUICE



with straight, fair, bobbed hair cut in an old-fashioned fringe across her forehead. Sally had the feeling that she was beset by many fears but was not in the habit of mentioning them. At least not in the presence of the brother next to her in age, who would certainly have laughed at them.

Of all the children, Sally liked this brother least. He was in his middle teens, tall and dark and amazingly handsome, so brimful of laughter and vitality that his presence struck one like a blow in the face. Sally was sure that what he wanted in life, that he would get. He was generous and affectionate, but he had very few sensitivities.

The same could not be said of the eldest brother; he looked a bundle of them. He was tall, thin and bony, with a sallow skin and lusterless dark hair, but when his quick, sudden smile touched his thin lips, and his shy fawn's eyes lit up with delight, his face was alive as very few faces ever are. Sally hoped almost with desperation that things would not be too hard for him.

John Adair had an amusing habit of planting people in their appropriate centuries, and Sally had caught it from him. She had no difficulty with those three. The girl had strayed from a page of Kate Greenaway, the handsome boy had sailed with Drake upon his piratical expeditions, but the elder had come from a much earlier age: from the age of chivalry. The very first moment Sally had set eyes on this boy she had been reminded of a picture she had seen somewhere of a young Chevalier riding through a wood.

Her purchases completed, she stood watching the children make theirs, smiling and receiving their answering smiles. Though she saw them almost daily in the holidays she had never asked where they lived or what their name was. In spite of her friendliness, her innate humility made Sally reticent, particularly with those who most attracted her.

The defects of great men are the consolation of the dunces. —DISRAELI.

That they loved, even worshiped, their mother was obvious. It was always "for mother" that they seemed to be shopping. They chose with care the crispest lettuce for her, and they asked repeatedly, and generally in vain, if there wasn't just *one* grapefruit for her. Today, as they turned to go, their eyes were caught by the great basket of violets. They turned out their pockets, but there was nothing worth mentioning in them. The dead mouse in the little boy's pocket and the skeleton of a rabbit's head in the Pirate's pocket were doubtless interesting relics, but of no commercial value.

SALLY dived into her basket and came forward quickly, the violets in her hand. "Please, will you take them to your mother?" she said. "I just bought them because they were so lovely. I'd no reason to buy them."

The quick delight of a fellow feeling rippled over the Chevalier's face. Then he flushed and gave her a stiff, awkward little bow. "I couldn't take them," he said gently. "You could wear them yourself. You could wear them on your coat."

At this point a long-legged child exploded suddenly from the back of the shop with great news. "The bananas have come," she said. "Dad's unpacking 'em."

"Then you'd better take yours along now," said the lady of the shop to the children. "Two to each blue ration book by rights, but never enough to go round really, so if you don't they'll be gone in no time. Vi, tell dad to give you ten for the young Eliots."

The Chevalier looked eagerly at Sally. "Are you overage for bananas? If you are, have some of ours."

"Thank you," she said. "Yes, I *am* overage for bananas, and I haven't tasted one for seven years. I'd like one very much."

"Oh, more than one," pleaded the Chevalier.

"Two," said the Pirate, and, the bananas appearing, he dealt them around, one each to the Chevalier and Kate Greenaway, two each for Sally, himself and the twins.

"Thank you *very* much," said the Chevalier. as he took the violets. "Thank you; mother will —— Mary! Mary, stop it! Mary!"

Mary, the Pekingese, had perceived mongrel three times her size outside in t gutter. With a sudden wrench, she jerked h lead out of the hands of the smaller tw and dashed outside. The mongrel fl squealing, Mary after it and the childr after Mary, and Sally was deserted.

Well, anyway, she thought as she walk home, she knew their name now: Eliot.

The rest of the day continued to work c according to plan, and at six o'clock Sa found herself starting out for Jan Carruthe party in her new frock. To save coupons s had made it herself out of a very fine gr wool, soft and thin. It had a flared skirt a a soft crossover bodice. With it she wor little gray-squirrel coat, and she had spe her very last coupons on gray silk stockin and gray suède shoes.

SHE had been a little late in starting, a she arrived in Jan's beautiful sea-gre drawing room a little flushed, with her cu tossed by the wind. Jan's husband was v nearly, but not quite, as distinguished portrait painter as John Adair, and the ro was seething with the kind of people wh the drawing rooms of distinguished peo do seethe with. Sally felt suddenly scar She had thought this party was going to fun, but just for the moment it seemed though she did not know anybody. And other woman in the room was wearin homemade frock.

Jan, ten years older than she and years more sophisticated, descended u her. "Darling!" cried Jan, though t scarcely knew each ot "Lovely to see you. Ro get Sally a drink. Wh is the man? Must h bolted to the studio. I hopeless. Charles! Sally a drink." And duty done by Sally, was gone.

Charles, however, an elegant young m of tender years but immense self-confide was immediately appreciative of Sa charm. He got her a cool drink, a sausag a stick and half a cheese straw, and enga her in deeply intellectual conversation. found her, however, distressingly lackin intellect, though upon this discovery he not leave her, for he thought her pretty

Adjusting himself to her lower menta he observed that there were quite a nur of Big Noises in the room. "Eliot's here, told her.

Eliot? Sally had been interested be but now she was thrilled. Could he poss be the father of her five children? "W he?" she asked eagerly.

"Why, David Eliot. He's back on stage after years as a bomber pilot."

"I don't think I know about him," Sally humbly. "You see, for the last t years I've been looking after sheep in Cumberland hills."

Charles cupped her elbow in his h "I'll show him to you," he promised ki "I might even be able to introduce hi you." He piloted her through the th "There!" he said. "Coming this way."

The man edging toward them throug crowd replied courteously, if a little vag to Charles' greeting. He was much young to be the father of those childre

Sally stood very straight and still, lo at the face that she had felt she had al known, when she had seen it in her fat drawing. Only this face was not quit the face of the drawing. That had be unmasked face. This was the same face masked. She didn't feel anything very ticular; only rather odd and tired. She dered vaguely if this was falling in love. said in books that one felt so wonderful one fell in love. She wasn't feeling won at all. And Charles seemed to have forg about the introduction. Another girl v have recalled herself to his mind by m forward a little. But not Sally. She t the way and made a gentle moveme

(Continued on Page 84)

DOWN THE YEARS THAT LIE AHEAD..



WILL HE HAVE HIS CHANCE IN LIFE ?

Here's one little thing you can do every day to give him a good healthy start.

Of course he will "have his chance", if you keep him healthy in heart and body and mind. All three go hand in hand. And so, if your child shows signs of being nervous and tired, begins to look frail and underweight, remember always that the most common *correctable* cause is faulty nutrition—even among supposedly well-fed children. And this cause is one that you, the mother, can do something about.

That's why, in situations like this, many mothers turn to Ovaltine. Because Ovaltine contains a very wide variety and scope of food elements, both common and rare—particularly those elements that are most apt to be lacking.

For Ovaltine is a rich supplementary food that fills in the gaps, the chinks, and the loopholes of an otherwise "good"diet. It contains, for example, the important Vitamins A, B_1, C, D, G, Niacin, the valuable minerals Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus, besides high-quality proteins and quick-energy foods.

And when you give two to three glasses of Ovaltine a day, plus normal meals, you can be certain that you have done just about everything *you* can do to improve nutrition.

A New Flavor

The postwar freeing of many materials has enabled us to produce an improved sweet, chocolate flavored Ovaltine which children *really like*—an important consideration in getting children to take the nourishment they need.

So, why not give your child Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine every day for 30 or 60 days and carefully note the results. When you consider all the food values which Ovaltine supplies, the price is economical.



OVALTINE

SWEET CHOCOLATE FLAVORED AND PLAIN



(Continued from Page 82)

withdrawal. Something in the sweet humility of the movement caught David Eliot's eye, and he turned.

Charles remembered his manners.

"This is Sally," he said. "I don't know her other name. She used to keep sheep in Cumberland."

David smiled charmingly at Sally and gave her a little half-mocking bow. "A shepherdess. As far as I know, the first shepherdess I've ever met."

It was sweetly spoken, charmingly done, yet somehow it made Sally feel wretched. It didn't mean anything. She knew that he said the right thing, performed the appropriate action so unceasingly day after day, night after night, that it had become automatic. She could not force a reply. She just stood there, the color draining from her face.

Her silence, her stillness tugged at David's attention. The noise, the crowd, the heat melted into a sort of dark blur against which he saw with strange vividness the straight, sturdy figure in the soft gray dress, the mop of rumpled curls, the tawny lion's eyes with their clear glance, and a rosy face from which the color drained.

"Come this way," he said quickly and, taking her arm, opened a door. He knew his way about the house. Beyond was a dim cool passage, with a window and a cushioned window seat. He took her to the window seat and opened the window. "Better?"

"I wasn't feeling faint," said Sally.

"Weren't you? You looked as though you were. Sorry. Like to go back?"

"No," said Sally with her usual abrupt truthfulness.

He laughed and sat down beside her. "Nor would I. Infernal din in there. Why must human beings always make such a noise?"

He went on talking nonsense in his clear, rapid, beautiful voice. Sally, making quiet, appropriate answers, wished they could pay proper attention to each other. Talk like this was like a nebulous mist between them. Perhaps that was the reason why people did talk like this; they wanted to isolate themselves. . . . She remembered that it is always the sick animal that wants isolation. When her old sheep dog had been sick, and hidden himself away in a dark corner, she had had to give him a dose.

"You're rather a silent shepherdess. What are you thinking of?"

"My sheep dog."

He laughed suddenly, delightedly. "Tell me about your life with the sheep."

She clasped her hands in her lap and tried to obey. She told him about the old farm where she had lived, about the loveliness of summer mornings on the fells, looking down at the enclosed, enchanted valleys below. She told him about the lambing season and the fight to save the lives of motherless lambs. She found it very hard to tell it to a bomber pilot, and she was hot with the old familiar shame, because she had suffered nothing at all in this war except cold and fatigue and the stiffness of chilblained fingers and toes.

David Eliot, meanwhile, leaned back in the window seat, and listened with the queerest sensation of relief. It was extraordinary how restful it was to be with someone who knew nothing whatever about war, who had not, it seemed, even heard a bomb exploding. Someone who was not nerve-racked or tired to death, who had taken no part in the torture and death of the innocent, who was not trying to forget. He knew he was in an idiotically morbid state. But this girl's mouth was like a happy child's, and her steady eyes were full of light.

She had no more to say, and so was silent.

"That was a queer sort of life for a girl like you. What does it feel like to come back to civilization again?"

She looked at him wonderingly, as though she questioned his apparent conception of civilization. Then she smiled. "I'm happy in London. But I miss Cumberland."

Sally suddenly remembered of whom David had reminded her when he had laughed. There was no likeness of feature between him and the young Chevalier, but in a moment of delight their faces came alive in just the same way.

"You're the seventh Eliot I've met today," she said. "No, the sixth; one was a dog."

"In our family the dogs are counted in," said David. "Don't tell me you've met my young cousins, and their Pekingese?"

She described the Chevalier, the Pirate and Kate Greenaway, the twins and Mary, and he laughed again.

"They are my young cousins all right. Their father is my uncle. Were they on their own?"

"They're always on their own," Sally said. "I've never seen their mother, though I've made a picture of her in my mind. I imagine her very lovely."

"Yes," said David. "She is very lovely."

She did not understand the tone of his voice, though it chilled her to the bone. She got up, feeling desolate. "I think I ought to be going now."

They went back to the smoke-filled room and there was such noise they could say good-by only wordlessly. David's gesture of farewell, in the brief moment before the crowd absorbed him, was memorable for its grace, but so mechanical that Sally felt he had pushed her straight out of his mind and slammed the door. She went away at once, and all the way home, though the sun was shining, she hugged herself in her fur coat because she still felt cold. She made no plans for seeing David Eliot again, though with such a famous father that would have been easy. She did not mean to question her father about him, or about the portrait in the studio. Sally had too much pride to batter against a door that had been shut.

The woman who sat with her eyes shut in the corner of the railway carriage was attracting a good deal of attention. She was vaguely aware of it, even as she was vaguely aware of the sun on her face, but she was as used to the one as to the other. She was that kind of woman. And the man who was sitting opposite to her liked that kind of woman.

He had been studying her since he had got into her train at Winchester. He'd add her portrait to the ones he kept in his old portfolio, those he drew as studies for his commissioned portraits, or simply because a face interested him, as David Eliot's face had interested him.

Yes, she was highly paintable. Most people, regarding beauty as the perquisite of youth, would have said, "How lovely she must have been," but to his eye she had not

(Continued on Page 86)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

If You are Young

By Isabelle Bryans Longfellow

If you are young, and feminine, you will wear
Crucial wardrobes with vague, indifferent air
As though they just happened on you. And you will walk
Loosely in flat-heeled loafers, and flow your talk
Casually in a current. You will keep
Purpose in an inside pocket way down deep,
And carry lipstick imperatively as cash.
You will follow your swirling desires in one fluid dash—
Limp yet ecstatic; caring, yet flip of care;
Rider of tall surf; skier down slopes of air;
In a rushing convertible, wind in your stream of hair!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Chocolate Lover's Dream!

MAKE IT WITH A DOUBLE BOILER AND A CLEAR CONSCIENCE!

You'll see why more women buy Swans Down than any other packaged cake flour in America!



Saving up for a big occasion?

Here's one richly-luscious cake you can make with a clear conscience!

Saves eggs!

Only two eggs! Yolks for the cake, whites for the frosting.

Saves shortening!

Only 4 tablespoons of shortening —that's a record!

Saves chocolate!

You mix the whole cake in the double boiler in which the chocolate is melted. You use every particle of your precious Walter Baker's.

Saves dishwashing!

The batter is made so quickly and easily—no mixing bowl to wash. No extra tablespoon, no egg beater.

Yet for all its hurry-up mixing —its food-saving economy—this cake looks, tastes, feels *rich*.

Fine, fine Swans Down imparts its own downy-soft tenderness to even the simplest cakes!

Remember — this quick, easy recipe was worked out just for Swans Down. It's guaranteed . . . but not with any other flour.

Try it, next time you need a cake. Enjoy the compliments, the eager questions, the thrill of pride that only a home-baked cake can give!

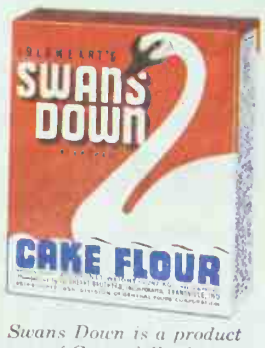
SWANS DOWN BLACK MAGIC CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 4 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate
- 4 tablespoons shortening
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 egg yolks
- ¾ cups milk
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour (and be sure it's Swans Down!)
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 teaspoon soda

Melt chocolate and shortening in top of a 2-quart double boiler. *No creaming!* Remove from boiling water and cool to lukewarm. Then add sugar and mix well.

Combine egg yolks with 1 cup of the milk; add to chocolate mixture and blend. Add salt and flour and beat until smooth. Add vanilla and ½ cup more of the milk and stir until smooth. Dissolve soda in remaining ¼ cup milk. Stir quickly into batter. (Batter will be thin. But tested and retested—sure to succeed—with Swans Down!)

Turn into two 9-inch layer pans which have been lined on bottoms with paper, then greased. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes, or until done. Gently fold (do not beat) 2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted and cooled, into seven-minute frosting after removing from heat. Spread between layers and on top and sides of cake.



Swans Down is a product of General Foods

Watch for marvelous new recipes in every Swans Down box!

Bake a better cake with Swans Down



When Mom-in-law was due to visit,
Marge was in a daze.



Windex made her windows gleam
In time to win her praise.



Phyllis couldn't fix her hair
(The wind made it unsightly).



A dash of speedy Windex made
Her mirror sparkle brightly.



A dusty, dirty picture glass
Made Daddy's medals zero.



A spray of Windex cleaned the glass
And proved he was a hero.



Just a spray, and just a wipe,
This Windex is a dream!



So quick and easy to give glass
That special Windex gleam!

WINDEX is a must for house cleaning! No dust with WINDEX! No streaking, no film. Insist on WINDEX every time. Don't trust cheap substitutes.

Get Brighter Windows Quicker With—

WINDEX

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by The Drackett Co.

Costs less than a penny per window—even thriftier in the big 20-ounce size

Copr. 1948, by The Drackett Co.

(Continued from Page 84)

yet attained to the beauty of which she was capable. And she never would, unless she stopped stewing in her own juice and made up her mind one way or the other, for her mouth in repose was the strained, bitter mouth of a self-pitying woman with divided allegiance. Otherwise the pure oval of her face was flawless. Her features were clear-cut, her neck long and slender, her figure slim and boyish; yet he guessed that when she moved it would be with the most excellent feminine grace. He admired her clothes: the absurd little black hat adroitly poised upon the shining dark hair, faintly streaked with gray at the temples; the worn, yet perfectly cut black dress and coat; the beautiful silver-fox fur; the immaculate black gloves and shoes; the string of pearls. He wondered if she was a widow, for the only touches of color about her were her lipstick and the bunch of violets on her coat. If she was, he decided, she would not be one for long, for she was wholly desirable.

Ten minutes later, the train jolted to a standstill. She opened her eyes, and their glances met. Then, dismissing him from her mind, she took off her gloves, opened her bag, took a letter out of it and settled back to read.

It interested him to see that the letter was written on cheap note paper, and that the beautiful slim hands now revealed to him were ringless except for a wedding ring. He decided that she was not a widow, but wore black because it suited her. He decided that she had escaped the burden of children, for there was nothing maternal about that exquisite figure.

But here he was wrong, for Nadine Eliot had borne five children, and was going down into the country to interview a prospective nanny for the twins. If she could get hold of a nanny, she thought, she could go on living; if she couldn't, then her dearest wish would be for extinction. She was not an unloving mother, but she was not naturally a child-lover, and she was so desperately tired. The birth of the twins had been a harrowing experience and she had never fully recovered.

She ought not to have had them, of course, for after the birth of her third child the doctor had told her she should not have another. But just before the war she had been reunited with her husband, from whom she had been separated for some time, and then had come the war, and George had fought hard and gallantly before the wound which had returned him to England and a safe appointment at the War Office, and she had admired and pitied him, and so—well—the twins had come. She could yet make a success of them, she thought, and of her married life, and of her motherhood of her three older children, if she could find a really good nanny.

She looked down at the letter in her hands and read it again:

Dear Madam: I saw your advertisement for a nurse. Before the war, when your three children lived at Damerosehay, I was nursemaid to them. You may not remember me, for you did not come to Damerosehay often. I was Jill Baker, and I married Alf Watson, who helped in the garden at Damerosehay. He was killed at Dunkirk. I have no children. I have been working in day nurseries for children, but now I am living with my Auntie Rose at the Herb of Grace, the old inn. I have not seen your twins, but if they are anything like Master Ben and Master Tommy and Miss Caroline, I shall love them.

Yours faithfully,
JILL WATSON.

It was both a revealing and a rather startling letter. To begin with, Jill did not even mention the matter of wages. Then the patient understatement in the two sentences, "He was killed at Dunkirk. I have no children," was oddly touching. There was, of course, the hint of disapproval contained in the sentence, "You did not come to Damerosehay often." But then a nanny was always disapproving of the mother.

It was true that in the days when Nadine had been separated from George, and the children had lived with his mother at Damerosehay, she had not gone there very often,



Chase him away with new double-action VANiSH. Cleans quickly... leaves your bathroom fresh and sweet. Buy new VANiSH in the big blue can and you'll never be "old-fashioned" again... you'll go modern with new VANiSH!

New VANISH KILLS TOILET ODORS AS IT CLEANS



DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

If you find that new, double-action VANiSH doesn't do *all* we say it will, return the partially used can to us and we will refund double the money you paid for it.

JUDSON DUNAWAY CORPORATION, DOVER, N. H.

Free! TISSUE TOILET SEAT COVERS



Now you can use public powder rooms with confidence. And daintiness. Just draw a sanitary tissue toilet seat cover from this SANITOR cabinet. Free—a compliment to you from the management. Place the clean SANITOR tissue cover over the seat. It flushes away by itself. Nice?

Purse-size Package, 10c

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but she did vaguely remember Jill, a thin, pasty-faced little creature, hardly more than a child.

Jill's letter had arrived only two days ago, and Nadine had not wasted time. She had rung up her mother-in-law and asked for a bed for three nights. Lucilla Eliot's instant eager request that George and the children should come too she had refused with the information that George could not leave the War Office. (She simply *must* have a rest from George and the children.) Then she had written to Jill and said that she would come and see her. Then she had summoned a cousin to look after her husband and children, shut the door of her elegant, but servantless, Chelsea house behind her, and caught the train for Hampshire.

Nadine put the letter down on her lap, and the draft from the window blew it to the floor. John Adair stooped politely and picked it up, and the words at the top caught his eye: "Herb of Grace." Carefully he memorized the unusual address, then handed the letter to the woman opposite, who put it back in her bag and drew on her gloves, for they were approaching the station where she must get out. With a tired sigh she gazed up at the dressing case in the rack above her head. The sigh had the effect she intended.

"Allow me," said the man opposite, and lifted it down for her.

"Oh, thank you!" she cried, with a delightful surprise that did not in the least deceive him.

"Got anything anywhere else?" he inquired. He knew she hadn't, but he wanted

All that time is lost which might be better employed. —ROUSSEAU.

to hear her speak again, for she had a beautiful voice, and her smile was enchanting.

"Nothing else, thank you."

"Lovely day."

"Lovely."

Now she looked at him with real attention. For his voice, also, was arresting. *Nice old thing*, she had thought before, when he had got in at Winchester. But now she saw that she had been deceived by the baldness of his head, and by his tawny graying beard, for he was not old. Only sixtyish. He had a good figure, tall, strong and upright. His face looked as though the features had been shaken up and then assembled anyhow. Yet it was an attractive face, redeemed from ugliness by the humor and expressiveness of the mouth, the kindliness and penetration of the tawny lion's eyes. His shabby, loose-fitting tweeds had been expensive once, and he wore them with a careless grace.

Grandmother would like him, she thought. *He's a gentleman.*

"Good-by," he said, opening the carriage door for her.

"Good-by," she answered, and stepped out of the carriage and moved gracefully down the platform, to where her brother-in-law Hilary was blinking shortsightedly through his spectacles at every part of the train except the right one. "I'm here, Hilary," she said.

He swung round, smiled at her, took her case in his left hand and seized her right hand in a grasp that made her wince. Yet she returned the grip and gave him the very sweetest smile she could possibly conjure up. Nadine and Hilary had little in common and they were, in addition, slightly scared of each other.

"It's sweet of you to meet me, Hilary."

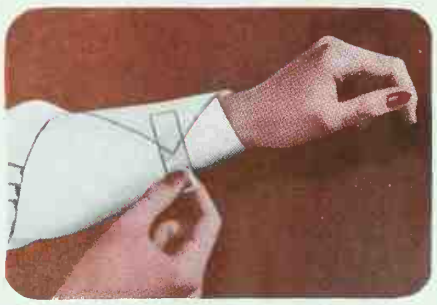
"I had to," said Hilary, with his usual devastating truthfulness. "The village taxi has broken down again and mine was the only car available. Get in, will you?"

Hilary had been badly wounded and gassed as a chaplain in the First World War, and had a permanently lamed and painful leg. Because of this he had been appointed to a small country parish and had now been Vicar of Fairhaven for twenty-seven years. He was sixty-six years old, the eldest of Lucilla Eliot's five children, and so the

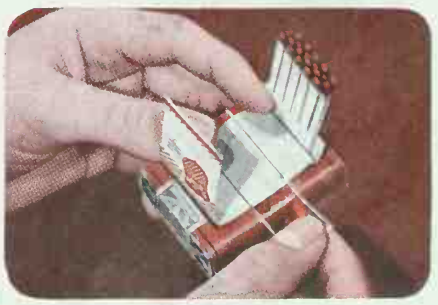


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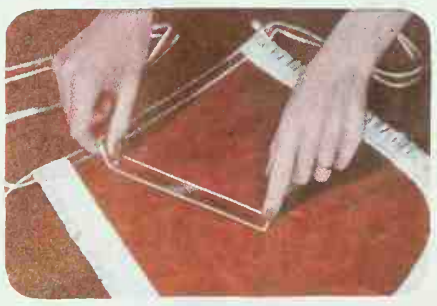
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nominal head of the Eliot family. But it was Lucilla who ruled. In looks all the Eliots were either very beautiful or very plain, according as they took after Grandmother or Grandfather Eliot. There were no half measures. They were either one thing or the other. Hilary was the other. He was bald and stout and looked already an old man. Yet he had the Eliot charm, a complete lack of affectation, a simplicity that was wholly disarming and yet a little misleading. Nadine was always uncomfortably aware that Hilary's kind brown eyes saw a great deal more than most people realized.

Fairhaven consisted of two hamlets, Big Village and Little Village. Big Village, a few miles inland, had one of the loveliest and most ancient churches in all Hampshire, and its cottages, with their thatched roofs and whitewashed walls, squatted around it like white chickens round a gray old hen. Little Village had grown out of the mysterious sea marshes that linked the peaceful beauty of the green inland pastures to the terror of the sea. Little Village, consisting of the old house of Damerosehay, sheltering behind its wind-twisted oak wood, the shop and coast-guard station, the Eel and Lobster, a few fishermen's cottages and the harbor, boasted no white and gold gleaming in the sun. Its fuchsias and tamarisk trees clustered about solid walls of gray stone, and the shadows of the wheeling gulls touched with dim blue roofs of slate that were the color of a sunless sea.

It was a matter of temperament which of the two hamlets one considered the more beautiful. Adventurous hearts preferred Little Village, and of these was Nadine.

"How's grandmother?" she asked.

"Eighty-six years old."

"Not failing?" she asked anxiously. Grandmother was to the Eliot family what the hub of a wheel is to the spokes.

"Not in herself," said Hilary cheerfully. "Mentally and spiritually, she's as alert as ever. But physically she's very tired."

The car swung to the right into the rutted lane, and the cool tang of the sea came to meet them. They were silent while Nadine watched for the two cornfields that marked the place where the lane swung toward Little Village.

"It always seems a little odd," Nadine said, "to come home to Damerosehay and not be welcomed by the children."

In the prewar days, when Nadine had been separated from George and had been managing an antique shop in London, her three elder children, Ben, Tommy and Caroline, had lived at Damerosehay.

"Odd and wrong," said Hilary decidedly. "Children ought to live in the country."

"Ben and Tommy and Caroline are at school in the country most of the year," said Nadine tartly, "and they thoroughly enjoy the contrast of the London holidays."

"You'll be glad of a cup of tea," said Hilary, sensing agitation in her. It was the chief thing that he knew about women: that they could always be calmed down by the prospect of a cup of tea.

But the beauty of the marshes, even more than the prospect of tea, was already calming Nadine. It was that moment of approaching sunset when the flaming patches of gorse, the wild marsh flowers, the sea grasses, the crimson peaty earth, the creeks and gullies of blue water were yielding to the last demands of the sun all that they possessed of glory. The line of the distant sea was jade green, the sky turquoise.

And now they were in Little Village, with the glinting harbor to the right, and before them the old oak wood that protected Damerosehay, with the broken gate leading into it.

"Is anybody ever going to mend that gate?" asked Nadine.

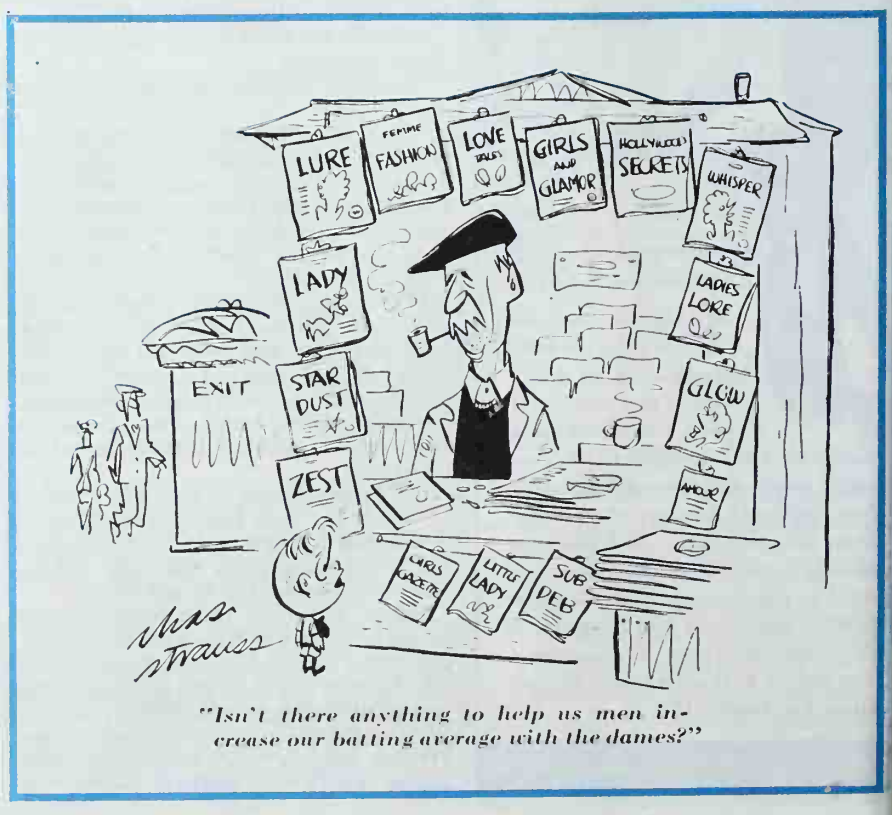
"I shouldn't think so," said Hilary. "It always has been like that."

"If that isn't Damerosehay all over!" said Nadine. But she spoke more in pleasure than exasperation. It was because Damerosehay did not change that it was a place of such comfort.

The moss grew thickly on the drive, and on the lichened boughs of the old gnarled oak trees the new coral-tipped young leaves were burning like candles. To the left, the beautiful wrought-iron gateway that pierced the high red-brick garden wall gave a glimpse of heavenly color. The scent of the flowers came over the wall, and somewhere in the unseen garden a blackbird was singing in the ilex tree. Hilary's car gave a final bounce, collided with the mounting block beside the front door and rocked to a standstill.

The house of Damerosehay boasted a porch, added in the eighteenth century to the much older building. The front door was of beautiful old mahogany, with a brass knocker and a big brass door handle. Hilary turned the handle and they went in to the dim stone-flagged paneled hall, with the beautiful old staircase curving away into the dimness. Everything was just as it always was: the old carved-oak chest in its accustomed place, with a bowl of glowing tulips set upon it; the dogs' leads hanging from their accustomed hook, set incongruously beneath the beautiful French mirror on the wall. And the smell of Damerosehay was just the same, the mingled scent of wood smoke, flowers, furniture polish, dogs and

(Continued on Page 90)



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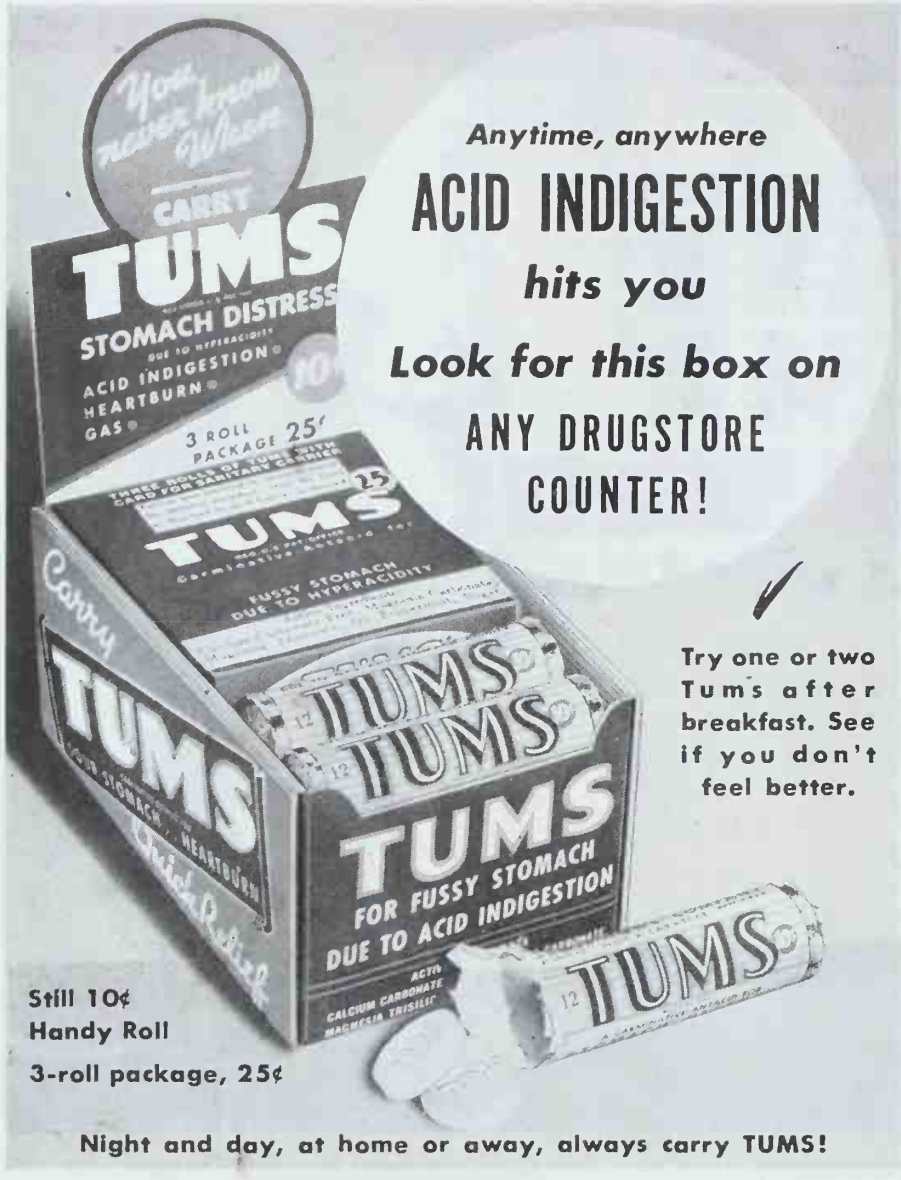
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(Continued from Page 88)

oil lamps. The Eliots were always going to install electric light, but something always seemed to happen to prevent them. Besides, they rather liked the soft light and the smell of oil and were loath to part with them; with the exception of Margaret, grandmother's daughter, who did the lamps.

"Here's the Mongrel," said Hilary, as a curious mass of gray fur, like an animated hearthrug, came scurrying from the shadows with frantic yappings and barkings of delight, cast itself at Nadine's feet and slobbered ecstatically over her shoes.

Nadine sighed patiently, for her shoes were new. Also, she could never feel for the Mongrel that intense affection felt by other members of the family. The Mongrel was of a great age, seventeen years, and had lived at Damerosehay all his life. The mainspring of his existence was a passionate devotion to the Eliot family, and he found his joy in life in the expression of it.

It was otherwise with the chow, Pooh-Bah, to whom the maintenance of personal dignity was of prime importance. In this he was like Nadine, and they had always got on very well together.

Grandmother sat in her armchair by the wood fire in the drawing room. She had always been beautiful, was beautiful now, and had every intention of remaining beautiful until the end of her days. She did not in the least begrudge the spending of a great deal of time and trouble upon the outer façade of beauty, or the curtailing of her activities by the elimination of those which she could no longer accomplish with grace.

"Nadine, my dear, I am so glad to see you," said grandmother. "You're alone?"

"Yes, grandmother. Did you expect me not to be?"

"I just thought, dear, that perhaps George and the children might have come with you after all."

"The whole family would have been too much to inflict on you," said Nadine lightly. "And George can't leave the War Office. I told you that, you know, when you rang up. Darling, how are you?"

Nadine bent to kiss her mother-in-law with mingled love, resentment and exasperation. She did most deeply love Lucilla, but she did not forget that, when it had come to a battle of wills between them, grandmother had won, and she could never quite accept with acquiescence, as did the rest of the family, the fact that this frail old woman molded the entire Eliot clan.

It was the opinion of her children and grandchildren that dear grandmother had felt the war very little, but as a matter of fact, the six years of the war had been for Lucilla a time of mental and spiritual activity and suffering, as great as any she had known. In the First World War Lucilla had lost two of her five sons, one of them Maurice, the great love of her life. In this war, of the three sons left, Hilary, George and Stephen, only George had been fighting, but the two sons of her son Stephen, the lawyer, were in service, and also David, Maurice's only son, whom she had brought up from babyhood. Stephen's sons had been killed, one in Norway and one in Greece, and day by day she had waited for news of David's death in the air. The fact that by some miracle David had come through safely had not altered the fact that for six years she had expected it to happen. It had left its mark, and Nadine, who had not seen grandmother for more than a year, was saddened at the change in her.

"You're just the same, grandmother," lied Nadine, as she bent to kiss her.

Lucilla smiled as she returned the kiss, and did not contradict the lie. She answered it with another: "So are you, my dear."

Then they looked at each other and laughed with complete sympathy and comprehension; two beautiful women who had a very low opinion of the stark realities of life and a very high opinion of covering them up with a little persiflage.

Nadine straightened herself and looked about her. Great cities had been wiped off the face of the earth, but the Damerosehay

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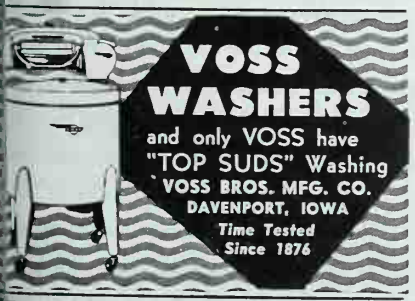
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drawing room had not changed the position of a single ornament. The Dresden shepherds and shepherdesses, lambs and cupids stood just as they had always stood upon the mantelpiece; the Sheraton chairs stood in the same positions upon the same Persian rugs. The drawing room was not what it had been seven years ago; there were many more darns in the rugs, more cracks in the chintz, and the dents and scratches presented to the chair legs by the kicking feet of the grandchildren had been added to by those of the evacuees. Like Lucilla, it had suffered a slight tarnishing of the outward façade of its beauty, but the essence of it was unchanged.

Margaret entered, deprecating, shy. She had been a slave all her life long to Damerosehay and the Eliots. Margaret was now sixty-three, though she did not look more than fifty. Like all keen gardeners, she had become weather-beaten at an early age, so that when she got to fifty she could not well become more so. She was tall, but bony and awkward, not soft and graceful like Lucilla. Her thick, rough, gray hair was cut short in a desperate effort to keep it tidy. She wore heather-colored tweeds, faded by the sun and pulled out of shape by wind and rain, and a jumper deplorably knitted by herself in a shade of bright yellow that was all wrong with her tweeds.

"How are you, Margaret?" asked Nadine.

"I'm quite well, dear," Margaret said in her soft, gentle voice, a very young voice, oddly touching in contrast to her appearance. "And you? You look tired out. And the children? Is London agreeing with them?"

"Perfectly."

"George, when he wrote not long ago, said something about Ben having a cough," put in Lucilla softly.

A weed is a plant whose virtues have not been discovered.
—EMERSON.

"Just the remains of a cold. The children are splendid," said Nadine decisively.

Margaret poured the tea into Lucilla's delicate Worcester cups, and they settled down to their tea with the dogs at their feet.

"You'd scarcely recognize the twins now, they've grown so much," said Nadine, watching for the little light of happiness that always sprang into Lucilla's eyes at any mention of her beloved grandchildren.

The flame leaped, then died. "It's such a long time since I've seen them! Or Ben or Tommy or Caroline either."

"Why, grandmother, George brought the older children to stay with you three months ago!" said Nadine.

"Four months," corrected Lucilla. "And he did not bring the twins."

"Only because they had chicken pox, grandmother."

"George and the children ought to have come down with you," said Margaret.

"I thought it would be best to interview Jill by myself," said Nadine. "Also, I wanted a rest from George and the children."

Margaret, who had lost her lover in the First World War and had idealized marriage ever since, looked shocked, but Lucilla agreed placidly, "One does. I'm so glad you're going to have Jill, dear."

"But I don't know that I am, grandmother," Nadine said. "I'm only going to interview her."

"As soon as I saw your advertisement in the paper, dear, I went over at once to see Jill. Hilary drove me over. The only difficulty is that, being a country-bred girl, I do not know whether she will want to take a permanent post in town."

Nadine flushed a faint and lovely pink—she had the rare gift of looking really beautiful when angry—and gripped her hands tightly together on her lap.

"But grandmother," she said, "our living in the country is quite out of the question. George has this job at the War Office."

(Continued on Page 93)

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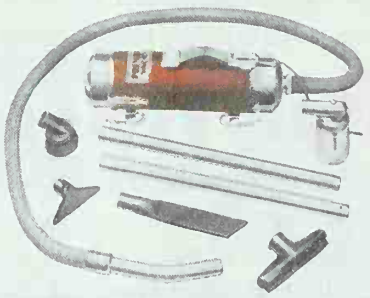
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(Continued from Page 91)

"I know you dislike the country, dear," said Lucilla, "but I think you should consider George and the children. Town life is always bad for children, and after all he has been through in the war George would have better health in good air. He could resign his War Office appointment."

"No, grandmother. He couldn't afford to. We have the children's education to think about."

"My son George, dear, though a stupid man in many ways, has always had a clear head in practical matters. He would find ways of augmenting your income in the country. You would have George's pension, and your legacy from your Aunt Anne."

"There's not as much as you'd think, grandmother. Not with income tax."

"Income tax," murmured Lucilla meditatively, "comes in very useful. When people could quite well afford to do something they ought to do, but don't want to do, they always plead income tax."

No one's feelings were hurt. There were times nowadays when Lucilla uttered aloud the sentiments that she thought she was only thinking.

She said more loudly, with intention to be heard, "I've arranged about your interview with Jill. She's to come over with the bread and go back with the meat. Our tradesmen are always so kind and obliging. That's one of the good things the war has done—made us all more friendly together."

"If we've finished I'll clear," said Margaret.

"I'll help you wash up," said Nadine.

"Don't bother," said Margaret. "Not your first evening. Tomorrow you shall help."

The Damerosehay dining room, in spite of its beautiful paneling, lacked the charm of the drawing room and was detested by all the Eliots except Lucilla, Hilary and Margaret. It had heavy mahogany furniture, heavy crimson curtains and carpet, heavy silver upon the sideboard. A massive portrait of grandfather in his legal wig and robes hung over the mantelpiece. Lucilla, who had not loved Sir James Eliot in the early days of their marriage, nor the children that she had borne him either, had become in the end a pattern wife and mother and had created that tradition of faithfulness in an accepted task, faithfulness at whatever cost, which was now the special tradition of the Eliots and Damerosehay. Nadine knew the story of Lucilla's youth; and indeed it had been her story, more than anything else, that had reunited her to George.

It struck Nadine almost like a blow in the face, when she entered the dining room, to see Jill standing straight and stiff beneath the portrait. Nadine felt suddenly caught. Then, compelled by the Damerosehay tradition, she had broken with the man she loved and come back again to her unloved husband, had been with a scarcely recognized inner reservation. While David, who loved her, and whom she so desperately loved, was alive, still loving and desiring her, the door was not shut. If it did not work with George, if it once more became utterly impossible, David was still there. She had never said this to herself in so many words, but the thought of that secret stair of escape was always with her. Now, looking at Jill, it was as though the door to the stair, always ajar, began to close a little. For this was a woman without reservations. She paused for a moment, not knowing what to say.

It was Jill who spoke first. "Good afternoon, madam," she said. Her voice was timid and soft, and at the sound of it Nadine suddenly lost that ridiculous feeling of panic.

"Good afternoon, Jill," said Nadine, shaking hands graciously. "It's nice to see you again. Do sit down."

"Thank you, madam," whispered Jill, and perched, stiff as a ramrod, upon the extreme edge of one of the chairs.

JILL was twenty-four years old but, in spite of marriage and widowhood, still looked like the child-nursemaid Nadine had briefly known before the war. She was thin and undersized, with a plain, pale face redeemed by very beautiful eyes of a clear shade of green. Her mouth was tender and her chin was strong. In her neat gray-flannel coat and skirt and white blouse she looked already the nanny she aspired to be.

Nadine opened her mouth to ask the usual questions and did not ask a single one of them. All she said was, "Jill, you will love my children."

"Yes, madam."

"And help me to do my best for them," Nadine went on.

"Yes, madam."

Desperately Nadine groped after the questions she had prepared, but succeeded in capturing only one of them. "Lady Eliot is afraid you will not be willing to live in London."

"I'll be perfectly willing, madam. I did tell Lady Eliot, when she asked me, that I liked the country best, but, of course, wherever the children are I will make myself contented."

Nadine smiled suddenly, aware that Lucilla stood corrected of a slight exaggeration to gain her purpose.

"I'm glad you feel like that, Jill," she said. "You see, General Eliot has an appointment at the War Office, and we have a very nice little house at Chelsea and so we are not likely to leave London."

"I shall like Chelsea, madam," said Jill. "There is the river and the gulls—like there is at the Hard."

"You love the Hard?" asked Nadine.

"Yes, madam. I'm sorry my Auntie Rose is selling the Herb of Grace."

"Is she? I didn't know that."

"Yes, madam. She lost my uncle a little while back. She don't feel she can keep on the inn alone."

"When can you come to me, Jill?"

"Well, madam, I'd like to get Auntie Rose settled before I leave her. In a month?"

Another month! Nadine's heart sank. She had been hoping for next week. "A month from today," she said firmly. "I'll write to you from London, and tell you the train."

"I'll try to give satisfaction, madam," said Jill as they shook hands.

She slipped unobtrusively away into the shadows, opening and closing the door so softly that Nadine was hardly aware that she had gone. "I'll try to give satisfaction."

(Continued on Page 95)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Cherchez la Femme

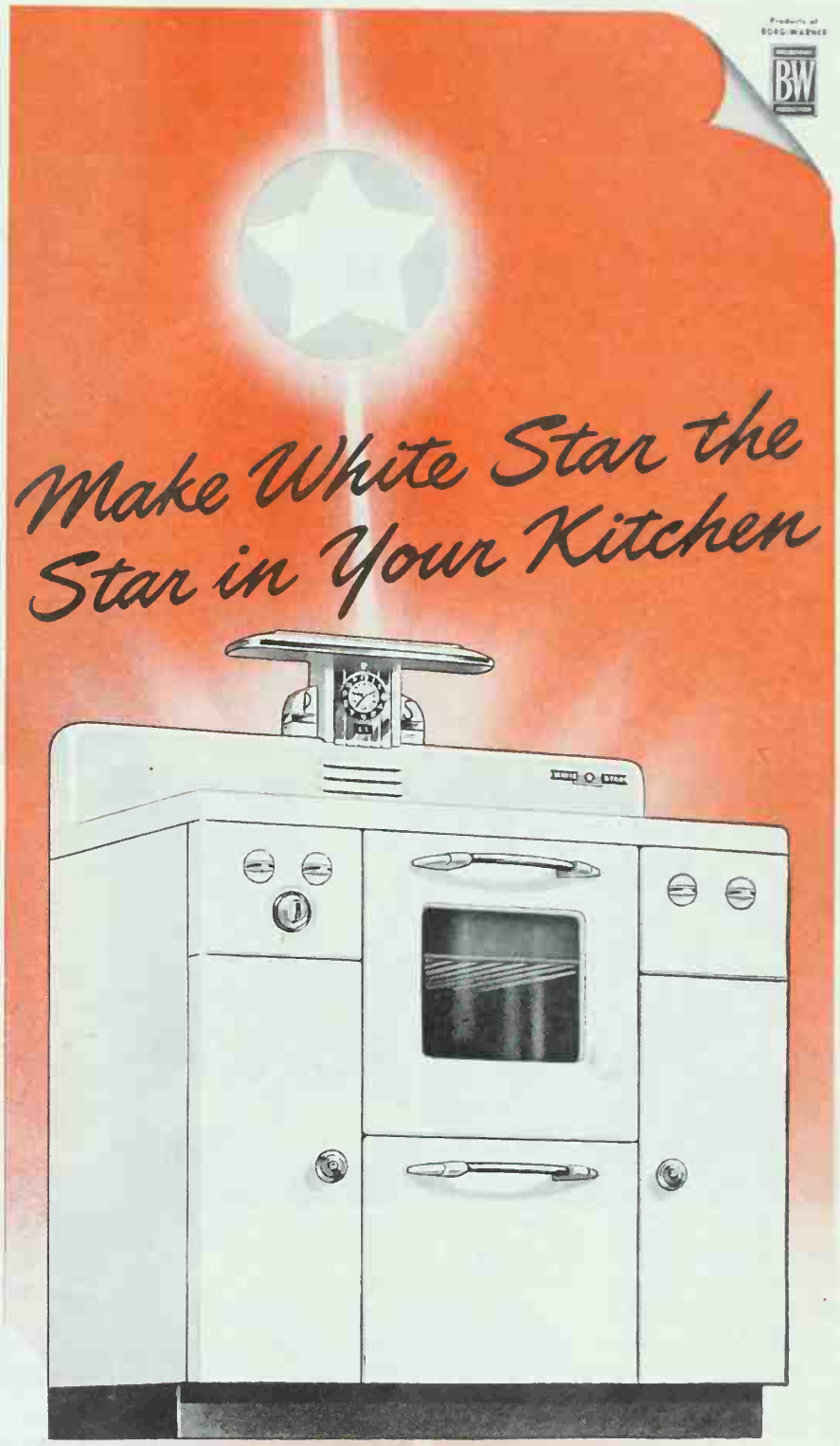
By Ethel Barnett de Vito

There comes a time in the tides of men
When they grow from an unworldly ten
And leave behind the turbulent years
When mothers had to plead with tears
To *comb your hair* or to *wash your neck*
And *wear something else, you look a wreck.*

And with no cajolings, threats or pleas
They suddenly change into pants with knees
And never leave their doors behind
But go forth polished and combed and shined.

The answer, of course, lies in the smile
Of the brown-eyed girl across the aisle
Which sends the mothers praising heaven
There comes a time when a man's eleven!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Add sparkle to your kitchen with this gleaming white range. It's easy to clean—and keep clean! It's new . . . smart . . . attractively designed—you'll love to cook on it.

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Talk about perfection . . . Spiro-Speed burners help you cook a tastier meal quicker . . . insulated oven insures even, economical heat for savory roasts, cookies, pies and cakes.

Save extra steps . . . keep all your utensils handy in the two large swing-door storage compartments. And, you can use 4 large pots or pans on the burners—there's plenty of room.

It's so comfortable cooking at this modern range . . . the table-top work surface is convenient . . . the recessed base allows toe-room for better working posture.

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is this new dinette set that makes mealtime a gay adventure. The graceful oval table has a handy center extension that zips smoothly out when you need more elbow room. The shining table top is Daystrom's own unique plastic—won't char or chip or stain. Not even a steaming casserole can mar that bright surface! And so easy to keep clean—a swish of a damp cloth does the trick! With sturdy chairs cushioned in washable plastic upholstery.



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chrome furniture for casual living—featured by stores from coast-to-coast

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DAYSTROM
AN ATF ASSOCIATE

(Continued from Page 93)

t was years since Nadine had heard that old-ashioned remark. Satisfied. No one ever vas. The whole world was crying out with hunger of some sort.

She stood still for a moment, one hand over her eyes, desperately conscious of her own particular hunger. For rest. For peace. For David. Most of all for David, because it seemed to be only with him that she could find the other two. During the war it had been comparatively easy to put aside her love for David. There had been so much to do and bear, and one had been so keyed up to the doing and the bearing. Now David was back in his old place in the family, Lucilla's favorite grandson, George's nephew. She saw him often, and every time she saw him the longing for the love she had put from her grew more intolerable. Suddenly she hated it all: Damerosehay, Lucilla, George, the children, her duty. How idiotic it all was. Life was going by so quickly and she had never yet done a thing she wanted to do.

"Nadine!" It was Lucilla's voice calling her, and automatically she obeyed and went out to the hall. Lucilla was sitting beside the telephone, a modern invention which she hated, holding the receiver in her hand. "It's someone ringing up, dear. But I can't hear. I'm no good at the telephone."

Nadine took the receiver. "Why, it's George. . . . Hullo, old boy. You all right? Children all right? . . . You've only just got grandmother's letter? What letter? . . . What did you say? . . . You can get off for a few days and come down with the children?"

"I think, dear, that this call is really for me." Lucilla, abruptly recovering from her hatred of modern inventions, gently but firmly removed the receiver from Nadine. "It's mother, George," she said, and thereafter there was silence while she listened. "Yes, dear," she said at last. "Come down tomorrow and bring the children. A little holiday will do you good." Still holding the receiver, she turned to Nadine, a smile of sheer happiness irradiating her face like sunshine. "I wrote a little note to George, dear, after you had said over the phone that he would not be able to come down. I said to try his hardest and to bring the children."

Lucilla's joy was so lovely a thing to see that Nadine could say nothing to quench it, but she found it difficult to force an answering smile, for if George was driving them all down in the car they'd be here by lunchtime tomorrow and her period of peace was not going to last very long. Also, George had said something that she did not quite understand: "Only just got mother's letter. Tell her I'd like to have a look at the old place." He might, of course, have been referring to Damerosehay, but she had a feeling that he was not. What old place had Lucilla suggested he should have a look at?

She bent and very gently took the receiver from Lucilla's hand. "You still there, George? Darling, bring my slacks down with you, will you? Good-by, darling." And she hung up the receiver. Lucilla hated slacks, and out of deference to her sensibilities Nadine had never worn them at Damerosehay. But now she was just going to.

ALL her life Lucilla had changed her dress twice in the day, once for tea and once again in the evening, and she still did so. She made her plans during those two periods, at two o'clock and again at six-thirty, when she went to her room, rested and changed her dress. Increasingly, as the years went by, her beautiful bedroom had become for her a sort of sanctuary. There was a deep peace in it; she did not quite know why, unless it was that for so many years it was here that she had prayed most deeply and most often.

Having toiled up the stairs on this particular spring evening, Lucilla entered her room and shut the door. She took off her dress, put on her soft gray dressing gown and lay down on the sofa. She prayed a little, and then placed upon her lap the big black-velvet bag which contained her handkerchief, spectacles, bottle of cologne, tablets for her indigestion, and the current letters from her family. She searched through the bag, took out her spectacles and the last letter from her son George.

LUCILLA'S chronic difficulty in realizing that her children were not only grown up, but elderly, was further increased in the case of George by the fact that he never had fully grown up. He was a brilliant soldier, a fine mathematician; he had won nearly every honor which it was possible for him to win in his profession, including the Victoria Cross; but yet there was a part of him that had never grown up. The part of his mind that he applied to religion, politics and domesticity had not developed very much since his school days. His love for his wife was the unwavering worship of a good dog for his master, and his love for his children the protective, infinitely careful affection of a good master for his dog; in neither case was it very discerning.

He had been an inarticulate little boy and he was an inarticulate man. Only Lucilla understood the power of his loving and the suffering it caused him; only she had been able to solve his personal problems for him, because only she had succeeded in knowing about them without being told.

She unfolded the letter she had taken from her bag and read it again:

Dear Mother: Hope you and Margaret are well. How's the rheumatism? Better, I hope. Seems some while since I wrote. I'm a rotten correspondent. Dead beat by the end of the day. Haven't been feeling too fit lately. Nothing to worry about, but I'm not as young as I was. Looking forward to the day when they put me out to grass. Never had much liking for office life, nor town life either. But Nadine likes it, so must keep on for the present. She's well, though very tired. We see a certain amount of David. Nadine likes him and they have a lot of friends in common, writers and so on, all far too highbrow for me. The children are all right but the house seems a bit full of them in the holidays, especially the twins. They need a garden. How's the Damerosehay garden? I'd like to run down and take a look at it sometime, and perhaps sail a bit and have a spot of fishing. I've a bit of leave owing. I'd like to take the boys sailing. Criminal to keep boys cooped up in town too much; or anyone, for that matter. Well, good-by, mother. Take care of yourself. Love to Margaret.

Your loving son,
GEORGE

It was the longest and most revealing letter George had ever written to her, and the only one, so far as she could remember, that had ever contained even a hint of personal complaint. He did not know, of course, that when Nadine had left him and come home to England, leaving him in India, she had fallen in love with David, and he with her, and had only been waiting for the divorce which George had promised her to get married. Lucilla had succeeded in stopping the marriage, in reuniting Nadine and George, and had agreed with Nadine that George should never be told. But George must sense something. He obviously did not like David and Nadine being so much together—nor did Lucilla. She did not know whether or not they were still in love, but even if they were not, it was playing with fire to be together so much.

She lay back and rested for a little while. She dozed off for a moment or two, then got up and began the slow, laborious business of washing her hands, changing into her black-lace dress and arranging her beautiful white hair afresh.

Nadine and Margaret (Hilary had gone home) were waiting for her in the drawing room. Nadine had knotted a light, gauzy scarf about the shoulders of her black dress,

The rearing of children in a house fit to rear them in, not an apartment house, is a full-time job, but it is one that we have to get done for us somehow, or else our nation, all that is best in it, and our civilization, all that holds it, must go under within a hundred years.

—STEPHEN LEACOCK:
from Lost Leaves (Copyright 1945 by Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc.).



Toss your lasso around Ginger . . . around delicious tongue-tingling Canada Dry—The Champagne of Ginger Ales! Taste its frisky golden goodness! For sparkling refreshment make it a *regular* date . . . *Go steady with Ginger—Go steady with Canada Dry!*



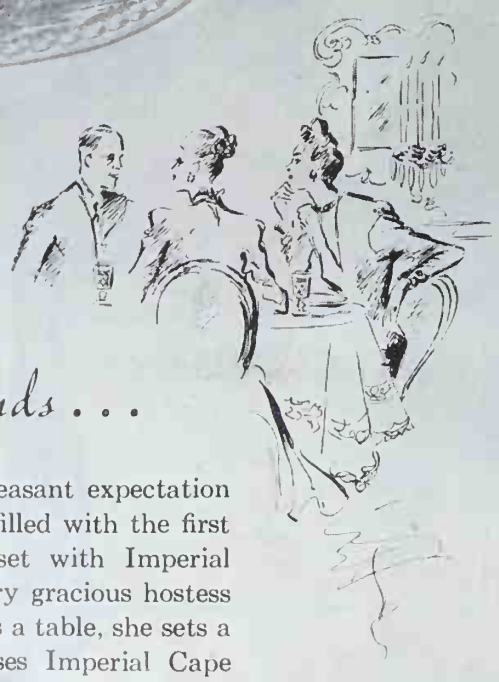
What keeps 'em home on the range with Ginger? It's the Lloyd Liquid Ginger Process—Canada Dry's exclusive way to get all the natural goodness from pure Jamaica ginger. Order Canada Dry today—keep a case for company!



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and looked superb, and Margaret had changed her yellow jumper for a pink one and put on her pearls. The fact that she had not changed from her gardening shoes to her slippers was, Lucilla knew, a mere oversight.

"Is dinner ready?" she asked, smiling.

"Yes, mother," said Margaret, and they passed in procession to the dining room.

Nadine slept that night as she had not slept for weeks. She woke in a blaze of sunshine and found Margaret in a blue overall setting a breakfast tray beside her bed.

"Mother has hers in bed nowadays," said Margaret, "and I thought you'd better too. It'll rest you. George and the children will be here by lunch."

"And don't you need rest before the invasion, Margaret?" asked Nadine.

"I'm strong, you know," said Margaret. "It's a good thing. Is gooseberry tart still the twins' favorite pudding? I've one batch of gooseberries left."

"Unfortunately, yes," said Nadine. "It's extraordinary what children can digest."

"I'll do a milk pudding too," consoled Margaret. "Now don't get up till you feel inclined. Have a good rest."

Margaret went away, and Nadine drank her coffee and ate her toast with glorious slowness, and had her bath and dressed in heavenly leisure. She opened her door and went out into the passage. The room next to hers was the little room that David always used when he came here. She walked past the door, then turned back, opened it and went in. It was an austere little room, holding just a few treasures: some books, an exquisite Chinese model of a galloping horse in blue-green china and a reproduction of Van Gogh's painting of a lark tossing over a wind-blown cornfield. The galloping horse, the tossing lark were the very epitome of happy freedom. Nadine felt suddenly desperate. Freedom and happiness. And she had turned her back upon both.

The only people to get even with are those who have helped you. —LINK.

She had left the door ajar, and hearing a soft rustle behind her, she turned. Lucilla was standing in the doorway, her blue eyes full of pity and anxiety, but her sweet mouth very determined.

"I'm going out into the garden, dear, to stone the raisins for Tommy's favorite cake."

"I'll help you," said Nadine.

They sat together in the spring sunshine, the blackbird singing over their heads and the garden a blaze of glory before their eyes, and Lucilla, chatting casually about this and that, was very sweet and loving to her daughter-in-law. But Nadine did not suppose that her trespass of the morning would be overlooked. Nor was it.

"It was a great triumph to get these raisins," said Lucilla. "I do so wish David would marry some nice girl. He has been through so much, poor boy, and a nice girl wife to make him young again is what he needs. You see him much more often than I do. Have you noticed him with any nice girls?"

"With hundreds, grandmother, but I haven't noticed him falling for one."

LUCILLA sighed. "It's as though something were holding him back. As though he needed to be set free in some way."

There was a little silence.

"Set free?" murmured Nadine.

"Freedom and happiness are always on ahead," said Lucilla. "Never behind. . . . There, dear, now you've upset the raisins. Never mind, we'll soon pick them up again. What was I saying? Oh, yes, David's marriage. As you know, dear, the whole family decided that this house should be David's at my death. But I've set my heart on his having it before. I want him to come here with his bride, and then Margaret and I can go and live at Big Village."

Nadine was speechless. Lucilla and Damerosehay were in her mind inseparably one.

"I've planned it all," said Lucilla. "You know that pretty little cottage near Hilary's vicarage, Lavender Cottage, where Miss Marble lives? She wants to go and live with her niece at Bournemouth. She's given me the first refusal of her cottage. I thought it would be nice for Margaret to have just a small place to look after. And then in my last illness she'll have Hilary handy, just across the road. And when I die she can either stay in the cottage or move across to Hilary."

"But grandmother," gasped Nadine, "won't it break your heart to leave Damerosehay?"

"No. It was for my children's and my grandchildren's sake that I came to Damerosehay. For their sake I've lived here happily and for their sake I'll leave happily. I'll take a few of my things; the rest I'll leave for David and his wife."

"I only hope, grandmother," said Nadine, her pent-up pain surging out in sudden bitterness, "that this wife of David's will appreciate Damerosehay and its treasures. You know, it's all a bit out-of-date."

IT was a cruel thing to say, and the moment she had said it Nadine could have bitten her tongue out. It was a comfort to have Margaret appear at this moment with the eleven-o'clock cups of tea. When she went away again they talked of other things until the raisins were done, and then they went indoors and Nadine went up to her room.

She stayed there writing letters until the sound of a car's wheels crunching on the drive, and then a wild commotion of barking dogs and shouting children told her that her family had arrived; even then she lingered a little, that Lucilla might have the joy of welcoming them without her: that much reparation for her cruelty she could make.

They were all with Lucilla and the dogs under the ilex tree: George, Ben, Tommy, Caroline, the twins Jeremy and Josephine, and Mary, the Pekingese. Lucilla looked utterly, radiantly happy. But not too happy to see Nadine approaching and to yield to her instantly the place that was hers by right.

"Look! There's mother!" said Lucilla, and put a twin off her knee and turned aside to pick up a fallen ball of wool.

And Nadine, after twenty-four hours' rest from her family, looked upon them with a sudden warming of the cockles of her heart. She put her hands on George's shoulders and raised her face for his kiss with sudden pride. He was a good-looking man. He had kept his upright, trim, soldierly figure, and his iron-gray hair was still thick, with a crisp wave in it. He was a good man, and she remembered that it was for his solid worth that she had originally married him, and not for the sensitiveness and intuition that she now so unreasonably demanded of him because she loved them in David. And Ben had them. Turning to her eldest son, seeing his sudden smile, she noticed for the first time the likeness to David that Sally had realized almost at the first glance.

Then the violence of one of Tommy's bear hugs enveloped her and she forgot Ben. For Tommy was her favorite child. She adored his beauty, his vitality, and the love of adventure that he had inherited from her.

"Mother?" whispered Caroline, and Nadine put Tommy forcibly from her and turned to kiss her plain, precise, anxious little daughter. She was a mixture of Queen Victoria when young and a tabby kitten, and Nadine could never manage to feel for her anything more than the natural affection of a mother. Though she found her very useful. Her conscientiousness and motherliness made her invaluable in caring for the twins.

The twins! Nadine felt tired again at the very sight of them, though a glow of maternal pride went through her as she looked Jerry had climbed up into the ilex tree, where he was making the most ear-splitting noises. Josie had betaken herself to the iris bed with Mary in her arms.

"Jerry," said George, "come down out of that tree and kiss your mother."

"I can't. I'm an air-raid siren."

(Continued on Page 98)

DRESS BY ADELE SIMPSON

Secret thoughts of a proud hostess...

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(Continued from Page 96)

"Do as I tell you, Jerry," thundered George, who expected military obedience from his children but seldom got it from his youngest.

"I think, dear," said Lucilla gently, "that you had better sound the all clear and come down. There's gooseberry tart for lunch."

Jerry shrieked wildly and fell from the tree, hooking his white shirt on a branch and ripping it from top to bottom. Arrived upon the ground, he did not kiss his mother but made a beeline for the dining room.

"Josie," commanded the thwarted George, "kiss your mother!"

Josie raised her lovely little flowerlike face and smiled at him tolerantly. "Just a minute," she said. "Mary, stay there. You're Moses. Lie *down*, Mary. Lie *down*. Mother you're Pharaoh's daughter. Come and find Moses."

Nadine found Moses and was kissed. Josie was on the whole an easier child than Jerry. If you did what she wanted then she would do what you wanted.

As everybody was hungry and the food was good, the luncheon hour was irradiated by the harmony that comes when everybody is doing what he wants to do. Lucilla waited until the children and George were well into their second helpings of pudding before making her next move.

"I think Nadine looks rested already, don't you, George?" she inquired.

GEORGE considered, the kind lines crinkling round his eyes. "Breakfast in bed?"

"Margaret always spoils me," said Nadine.

"I think, dear, that a rest on your bed would be nice for you this afternoon," said Lucilla. "I'll rest, too, and Margaret has a meeting, I believe. George will look after the children, won't you, George? You might run them over in the car to the old inn I told you about, the Herb of Grace. It would be nice for the children to see it, for it has great historic interest. And then there's the river."

There was a whoop from Tommy, and Ben's face kindled with delight.

"Very well, mother," said George.

"I rather think I'll come too," said Nadine. "I should like to see Jill again. There are a few things I forgot to say."

"You could write her a little note, dear," said Lucilla. "And George will take it, won't you, George?"

"By all means," said George. "You have a good rest, Nadine. I'll manage."

Nadine did not fight it. She did not know why Lucilla was so bent upon keeping her from seeing the Herb of Grace, but it was not in her to hurt Lucilla any more that day.

George, as the car slid down the drive through the oak wood, felt suddenly happy. Those three worries that nagged at him like toothache—the state of the world, his inability to be to his adored wife the husband she wanted, and the unsatisfactory state of his own health that made him fear he might leave her to grapple singlehanded with all these children—found ease. The beauty of the flowers in the grass beneath the old oak trees, the scent of the gorse blowing in from the marshes, the warm sun, these things were not affected by the state of the world.

GEORGE squared his shoulders as they swung out into the road, and hummed Onward Christian Soldiers as was his habit when happy. The twins, imagining themselves to be the king and queen, bowed to right and left with shattering dignity. Caroline kept an eye on her father's driving. Tommy, who had decided to be a surgeon, was occupying himself making a sketch of his stomach on the back of an envelope.

Only Ben was aware that this drive was not just another of the many drives they had with father, but something that had a special significance. He did not know how this idea had come to him. Perhaps from grandmother. Ever since the days when as small children he and Tommy and Caroline had lived at Damerosehay he and grandmother had been very close to each other.

In five minutes he had forgotten his family, their destination, everything except the ebb and flow of color, the strong swing of the sky overhead, the flowing green curve of the meadows. When he got home again he would try to paint what he had seen, or write a poem about it. But he would not show his work to either his father or his mother. He had learned not to. For George, who wanted his eldest son to follow him into the army, would look worried. And Nadine, who had decided on the diplomatic service for Ben, would glance at the painting or poem with the same tolerant, amused inattentiveness that she bestowed upon the twins' games.

They were in the deep woods and the scent of the primroses and wood sorrel drifted to them and George slowed the car that they might feast their eyes upon the fresh spring green over their heads, and listen if they could hear a cuckoo calling, and watch for the flash of a jay's wing or a sight of a squirrel's home high in a tall tree. Even Tommy looked and listened, and the twins suddenly forgot the royal blood in their veins and were Rat and Mole in the woods. They brought their paws up over their snouts and began to make the most extraordinary noises.

(Continued on Page 103)



"Take that look off your face or people will think we are married!"

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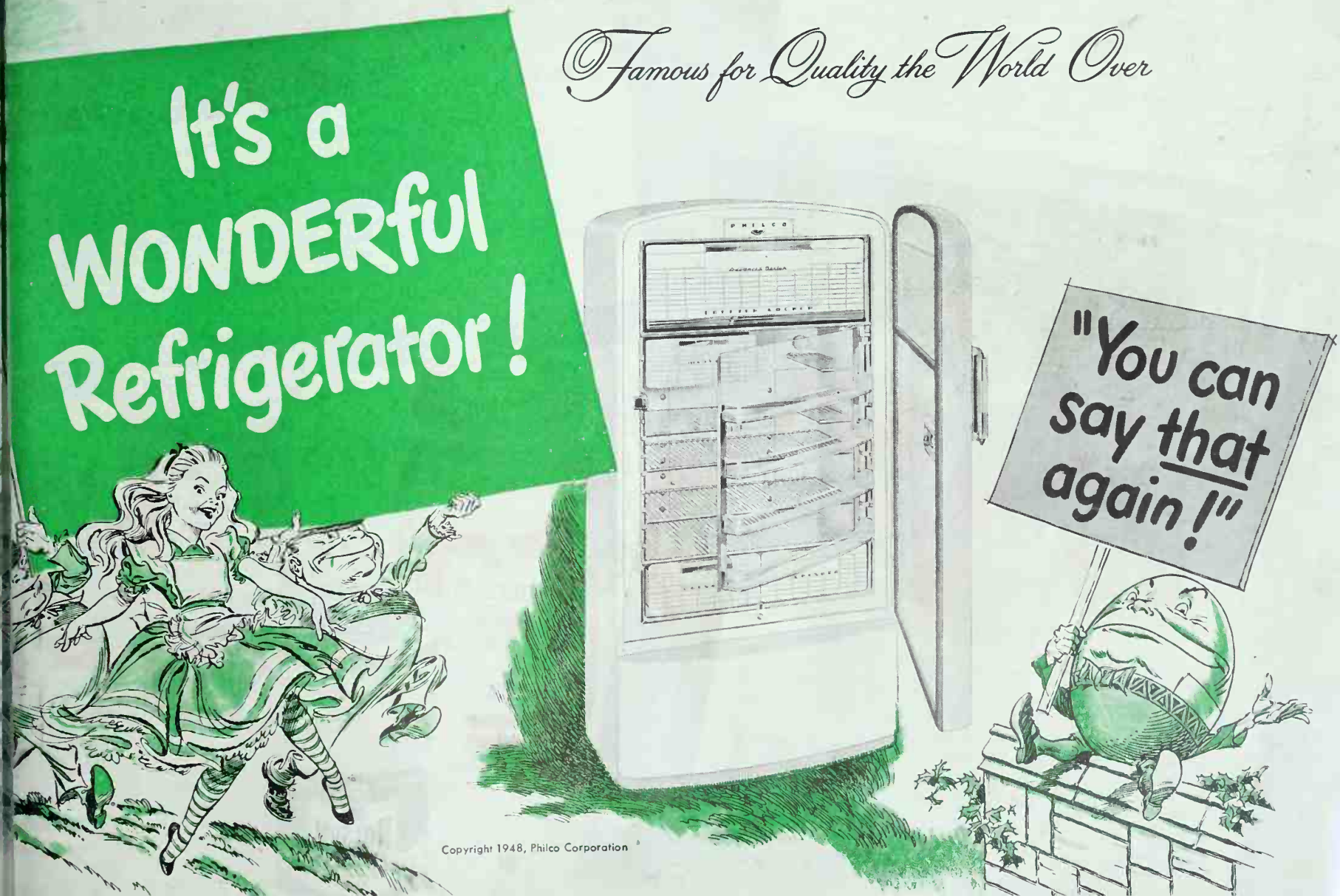
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rk up YOUR Easter dinner with these 3 out-of-the-ordinary recipes









HOLSUM

Ham Quick-Glazed with Orange Marmalade

Out of *Holsum's* Orange Marmalade jar comes this lustrous, mouth-watering glaze for ham—quick-as-a-wink, no trouble, no bother! Equally good: *Holsum's* Apricot or Pineapple Preserves.

1 tenderized ham, (10-15 pounds)
Whole cloves
¾ cup *Holsum* Orange Marmalade or *Holsum* Apricot or Pineapple Preserves

Twenty minutes before ham is baked, take it from oven. Remove rind. Cut diagonals across fat to form diamonds and place a clove in center of each. Melt orange marmalade in saucepan. Spoon it over surface of ham. Increase oven heat to 400°F. and return ham to oven until surface is brown and glazed.

HOLSUM

Salad Ring with Built-in Dressing

2 cups boiling water
1 package lemon gelatine
1 package orange gelatine
2 cups cold water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ teaspoon salt
8 *Holsum* Stuffed Olives
1 tsp. unflavored gelatine
2 tablespoons cold water
½ cup *Holsum* Salad Dressing
1½ cups finely shredded cabbage
2 tablespoons shredded pimiento

Unique — yet easy! *Holsum* Salad Dressing is *molded* right into this salad. *Olive Layer:* Combine first 3 ingredients. Stir well. Add next 3 ingredients. Pour enough of this mixture into mold to cover bottom. Arrange sliced *Holsum* olives in this layer. Chill until firm. *Salad Dressing Layer:* Soften gelatine in water, heat until melted, then blend with salad dressing. Pour over olive layer. Chill until firm. *Final Layer:* Add remaining ingredients to chilled lemon-orange gelatine mixture. Pour into mold and chill thoroughly.

HOLSUM

Mix-in-a-Minute --Peanut Crunch"" Frosting

Creamy, nut-filled *Peanut Crunch* leaves its role as a sandwich spread and combines with fragrant coffee for this frosting.

¼ cup butter
⅓ cup *Peanut Crunch*
⅛ teaspoon salt
¼ oz. melted bitter chocolate (optional)
¼ cup cold strong coffee
½ teaspoon *Holsum* Vanilla
1 cup brown sugar

Cream butter. Blend in *Peanut Crunch* and salt. Combine coffee and *Holsum* Vanilla and add, alternately with sugar, a small amount at a time. Add chocolate, and cream until smooth. If desired, make in advance and store in covered jar in refrigerator until ready for use. Frost sunshine, sponge or angel food cake.



(Continued from Page 98)

"Are those children going to be carsick?" George asked.

Caroline glanced anxiously back over her shoulder.

"Scrape, scratch, scrabble and scrooge," said Josie.

Caroline's face cleared. "It's all right, daddy. They're only playing at The Wind in the Willows."

"Onion sauce! Onion sauce!" said Jerry.

In their games he was Mole and Josie was Rat because she had "a brown little face, a grave round little face, small neat ears and thick silky hair." Tommy was Toad because of his boastful ways and Ben was Badger because of his kindness to the younger brethren. "Mr. Badger, he's a kindhearted gentleman, as everyone knows." Caroline was the gaoler's daughter, "a pleasant wench and goodhearted."

Ben was watching eagerly now for the gleam of water. There it was, seen through the trunks of the trees, the lovely lake of Frieswater. In the summer it would hold a shield of red and white water lilies upon its breast, but they would not confront the sun with a greater splendor, Ben thought, than did the glinting surface of wind-rippled light.

They drove slowly until Ben cried, "Stop, father! The turning to the Hard."

George obediently stopped and they sat in silence, looking at a scene that even Tommy loved intensely. The Hard had once been a flourishing shipbuilding town. Now there was nothing left of it but one enchanted fairy-tale street, a double row of old brick cottages with tumbled weatherworn red roofs facing a steep path bordered with green turf that sloped to the river. They could see the river down at the bottom of the little street, a wide tidal river sparkling and glinting in the sun. White swans rested upon it and small ships rocked at anchor. Beyond was a glorious stretch of green and tawny marshes, threaded with channels of blue water. Not far away, unseen yet present to their thoughts, was the ruined abbey, whose bell in the old days had been heard by sailors far out to sea. The shadows of the clouds passed over this scene like the shadows of great wings, and the peace of the place was indescribable.

In order to know the value of money, a man must be obliged to borrow. —PROVERB.

TOMMY came to first, his eyes yearningly upon those small boats rocking at anchor. "Only fools live in London," he said.

"That'll do," said George sharply, for he felt this to be somehow disloyal to Nadine. "Where's this inn of grandmother's we've got to take a look at?"

"You go through a gate between a barn and an oak tree," said Caroline, "and then straight on along a lane."

The barn was facing them, and the old storm-twisted oak tree bent over the gate to lay its branches on the roof of the old barn. Ben was out of the car in a flash and had opened it. He did not get back into the car, but jumped up onto the running board.

The lane was narrow and winding, only just wide enough to take the car. They went on a little farther and the lane turned downhill to the left. To their right, above the steep bank of primroses, was a most enchanting wood.

"The Wild Wood! The Wild Wood!" cried Josie. "The Wild Wood where Mr. Badger lived!"

To the left was an orchard of old gnarled apple trees with a gate leading into it. Beyond the gate, in the lovely orchard, a rough track bordered with clumps of daffodils led away downhill. Down at the bottom of the lane, framed by the trees as in a picture frame, was a blaze of sunlight and the river. The car slid down the lane, passed out into the sunlight and stopped.

In front of them the lane merged gradually into a beautiful fan-shaped little beach of smooth pebbles upon which the river lapped in gleaming ripples. To right and left of this beach a stout stone wall had been built, taking the curve of the riverbank. A little rowing boat rocked upon the ripples, tied to a ring in the left-hand wall. Small stout ferns grew in the crevices of these walls, and festoons of brambles hung over from above. To right and left flights of worn stone steps were built against the wall. The steps to the right led up to a small gate, painted green, that led into the wood; those to the left to another small gate, painted blue, leading into the garden of the inn. This garden had old-fashioned box-bordered flower beds that were a tangled mass of scented red wallflowers growing around rosebushes, gooseberry bushes, rosemary bushes and currant bushes all incongruously but gloriously mixed upon either side of the stone-paved path that led to the inn door.

THE inn itself was a fair-sized old house with bulging, whitewashed, buttressed walls and a steep, uneven roof of amber tiles patched with golden lichen. Windows looked out of the white walls and the wavy roof at the most odd, unexpected levels. The front door was of very old oak, and looked as though once it had been a ship's door. Over it a painted sign was fastened to the wall of the house.

"There doesn't seem to be anybody about," said Ben.

"Let's go and knock on the door," said Caroline.

They all tumbled out of the car and ran up the steps to the blue gate, and through into the garden. The whole family stood looking up at the signboard. It had upon it a delicate design of blue flowers and narrow green leaves. Above were the words, "Herb o' Grace o' Sundays," and down below, in much smaller letters, "Maison Dieu."

"Gosh, but it's old!" ejaculated Ben. "Why, it's a Pilgrim Inn!"

His relatives looked at him expectantly. It was always to Ben that the Eliots turned for enlightenment about odd, unexpected things.

"There were always hostels for pilgrims near the great abbeys and cathedrals," said Ben. "They were called Maisons Dieu. They're the very oldest inns of all."

"And Herb o' Grace o' Sundays?" asked Caroline.

"It's the narrow-leaved rue," said Ben. "The country people used to grow it over the graves in the churchyards."

Tommy knocked loudly upon the door. A light step sounded inside and it swung open, revealing Jill, dressed in a green overall, her eyes bright with welcome. Without a moment's hesitation Caroline flew into her arms. She had never forgotten Jill.

"Miss Caroline! How you've grown, dear, and Master Ben and Master Tommy too," said Jill, holding Caroline to her with her left arm and holding out her right hand to Ben. He gripped it warmly. He hadn't forgotten her either. Tommy grinned, remembering how she had never given him away when he ladled his porridge into the marmalade pot. "Good afternoon, sir," said Jill to George. "It's a lovely fine day, isn't it?"

"Good afternoon, Jill," said George, and the immense relief he felt at the sight of her made him suddenly look ten years younger. "Here you are," he added, and swung the twins forward.

"Jerry and Josie," she said softly, smiling. "And I'm Jill. Three *J*'s. We'll be happy."

And the twins, most extraordinarily well behaved, smiled back at her. They liked the firm clasp of her hands, her even voice. They knew instinctively that she would always be the same, not hugging them one moment and scolding them the next.

"Will you come in, please, sir?" invited Jill. "The kettle's on the boil and I've just baked some scones."

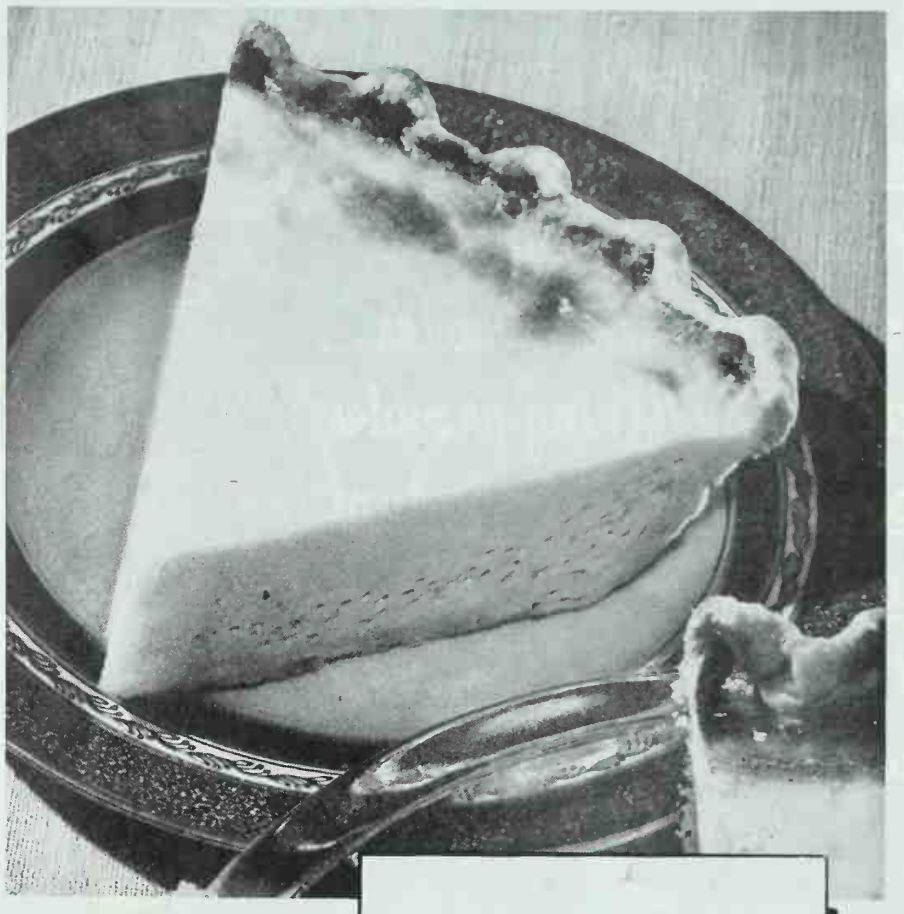
"We didn't mean to put you to any trouble," said George. "We've really come to bring a note from my wife, and to ask your aunt if we may look at the inn."

"Auntie Rose and I will be pleased to show you over, sir," said Jill. "But you'll have tea first, won't you? It's no trouble and the children will be hungry."

(Continued on Page 105)

MAGIC CUSTARD PIE

that's sure to be smo-o-o-th!



FOOLPROOF RECIPE!



TAKES NO SUGAR!





MAGIC CUSTARD PIE

- ⅔ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 2 cups hot water
- 3 eggs, slightly beaten
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- Nutmeg
- Unbaked pie shell (9-inch)

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and hot water. Pour gradually over eggs. Add salt and vanilla. Pour mixture into unbaked pie shell. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 10 minutes. Reduce to moderate oven (350°F.) and bake 35 minutes longer, or until custard is set and crust done. (A knife blade inserted will come out clean when custard is done.)

Smooth is the word for desserts made with Eagle Brand. Smooth and quick and *sure*. For Eagle Brand is pure whole milk and sugar, *already blended for you*—blended to a glorious creamy consistency!

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Try Swift'ning in all your favorite recipes, new or old. Try it for cakes, pies, light digestible fried foods. See if you don't get finer all-around results than ever before.

DAISY DREAM CAKE

Mixing time: 4 minutes

MARTHA LOGAN'S "HELPING HAND" RECIPE POINTS THE WAY TO SURE SUCCESS

Even if you've never made a cake, you'll make a beauty with this recipe and *Swift'ning*. Helping hands warn where there's a chance of a mistake. *Swift'ning* insures light, moist, tender perfection.

Preparation: *Have all ingredients at room temperature.* Preheat oven and set at 375°F. Line bottoms of two 8-inch square (or 9-inch round) layer cake pans with waxed paper.

Ingredients: (Use standard, level measures)

- ½ cup Swift'ning
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
  Be sure to sift flour before measuring. Spoon lightly into cup
- 1¼ cups sugar
- 3 tsp. baking powder (4 if tartrate type)
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¾ cup milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 eggs

Step 1: Put Swift'ning in mixing bowl. Sift in flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Add milk and vanilla. Beat for 2 minutes—by hand, using about 150 strokes per minute; or at medium speed of electric mixer. *Keep scraping batter off sides and bottom of mixer bowl with rubber scraper.* After 2 minutes, scrape beaters or spoon and mixing bowl thoroughly.

Step 2: Add the unbeaten eggs. Beat 1 minute. Scrape beaters and bowl thoroughly. Continue beating 1 minute. Pour equal amounts of batter into prepared cake pans. Bake about 30 minutes. *When cake is done it will spring back quickly when pressed by the finger.* Cool on cake rack 5 minutes; loosen sides carefully with spatula, invert on rack, remove pans. When thoroughly cool, fill and frost. Decorate with whole blanched almonds, tips dipped in melted chocolate.

Mocha Frosting: Put ¼ cup Swift'ning into mixing bowl. Sift in 3½ cups confectioner's sugar, ⅛ teaspoon salt, and 2 tablespoons cocoa. Add an egg and ¼ cup strong black coffee (cold). Beat until thoroughly blended and fluffy.

Pure, tasteless Swift'ning comes in 3-lb. and 1-lb. tins, and 1-lb. cartons. Keeps without refrigeration.

*Swift'ning is the trade-mark for Swift & Company's new, improved Bland Lard.

(Continued from Page 103)

y all trooped into the stone-flagged
e. To their right, beautiful oak panel-
ched from floor to ceiling; to their left,
x partition reached not quite elbow-
nd they looked over it between old oak
strangely carved with birds and beasts,
e bar. A few steps farther and the par-
ended, giving entrance to the bar.
was the most attractive bar parlor
e had ever set eyes upon. The ceiling
t so low as the ceilings of old houses
re, and was whitewashed and crossed
ong oak beams. There was an open
ce in the wall opposite the partition,
potted china dogs upon the mantel,
o old settles with crimson cushions to
side of it. There were crimson curtains
window and red rag rugs on the snowy
loor. There were other treasures too:
father clock, very old brass spittoons,
orting prints upon the walls; but
's eye was caught away from them
glory of the staircase that exactly
the front door. It was of black oak
ighly polished with age, each stair
in the middle like a bent bow. It
up between high paneled walls, then
and curved away to right and left
h an alcove in the paneling, where
nust once have been a cupboard and
eld now some strange little carved
that he could
ake out in the
ht. The sweep
dividing stair-
as most won-
y beautiful,
ve one a feel-
welcome. Ben
ed, though
did not, that
ole structure
staircase, with
ms held out
h the upright
was like a

go this way,"
, and lifted the
f a door that
a part of the
g to the right
ey had not seen
she opened it.
Auntie Rose's
" she said with
nd stood back
n to enter.
e exclaimed in delight. It was a
ittle room, paneled in green-painted
ith two windows, a small one looking
e garden through which they had
nd a large one looking out to the
ith the marshes and the woods be-
The room was full of silvery light re-
upward from the river. There was a
dark oak, and fine old candle sconces
e walls. It was furnished according
aste of Auntie Rose, with a modern
upholstered in puce velvet, lace
s at the windows, a very distressing
innumerable embroidered cushion
nd antimacassars.
at mother could make of this!"
ed George suddenly, and Ben nodded.
already seen in his mind's eye just
other would make of it.
aid, "This way, sir. Tea's ready in
hen."

ened a door and they went through
small square room paneled in dark
at also looked toward the river. It
arpeted and there was nothing in it
few boxes and a sewing machine.
just a passage room and we don't
have much use for it," said Jill.
brary and studio combined," said
Lined with books. A table in the
. There'd be a good light if one
to paint or write, or anything like

d place to store fishing tackle," said

up a partition," said Tommy.
a passage out of this end. You could
loor with green bottle glass in it, to
give light in the passage. The bottom part of the bookshelves could be cupboards. I could keep my bones there, and work at my anatomy at the table in the window."

George and Ben said no more about painting or fishing tackle. Tommy always had what he wanted. This room was now dedicated to books and bones.

"There are two kitchens," said Jill. "One behind the bar parlor, where we do all the work, and one through here where we live."

THEY went down two steps into the most glorious room of all, the living-kitchen. It was a large room, stone-floored, with whitewashed walls and great beams crossing a whitewashed ceiling, with a fine old oil lamp hanging from the central beam. There was a wide fireplace with a fire burning in it and a kettle singing on the hearth, and two wide windows, one looking south toward the river, the other east onto the stableyard. The room was furnished with old furniture: a splendid oak table, a huge dresser with blue willow-pattern china upon it, a tall-boy, high-backed rush-seated chairs and a rocking chair. There were some fine bits of Bristol ware upon the mantelpiece, flowered chintz curtains at the windows. The table was laid for tea with a blue-and-white-checked tablecloth, willow-pattern china, a homemade cake, scones and honey. The room was gracious, lived-in, warm, glowing and altogether glorious.

Standing there in the sunlight and firelight, George and the children felt as though they had come home. They looked at one another, but they could not speak.

"Auntie Rose did think of running the inn as a guesthouse," said Jill. "But she didn't feel equal to it. It would have made a good guesthouse. The bar parlor, the dining room, the green parlor, the lounge, and this kept private, for the family."

"A lovely guesthouse for tired people," said Caroline with shining eyes. "I could leave school and help mother run it."

"One would be a fool not to keep this room exactly as it stands," murmured George. "Jill, is the furniture as well as the house for sale?"

Jill looked doubtful. "Auntie Rose is very attached to all the things in the parlor," she said. "The carpet was her wedding present, and all the cushions and antimacassars she embroidered herself. But I don't think she sets much store by the things here."

"I wouldn't dream of asking your aunt to part with anything in her parlor," George assured Jill. "It's these things here ——"

"Auntie's in the other kitchen," said Jill. "We'll ask her."

They went through into the farther kitchen, but Auntie Rose had disappeared.

"She must have stepped outside," said Jill, and opened a door that led into a porch.

They went through into the stableyard, and George saw with satisfaction that the rough road leading from the lane through the orchard to the stableyard was wide enough for a good-sized car, and that some of the stable buildings would be easily convertible into garages.

Then Auntie Rose came toward them from the orchard with a little basket of bantams' eggs. "For the children's tea," she murmured. "They'll be hungry, the dears. And in London, so they tell me, you've but the one egg a month."

"This is Mrs. Spelman, my aunt," said Jill. "The general's taken a real fancy to the place, auntie."

"I'm pleased to hear that, sir," said Auntie Rose. "I've not put it in the agent's

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mitigator

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Lady, never let him know
Your heart too well, nor fully show
The tints and textures that compose
it.
Rather, let him think he knows it.
For the stubbornest of men
Is putty in your fingers when
He's tempered by the bland
conviction,
Partly fact but mostly fiction,
That in woman lore he's one
With Brummel, Freud and Solomon.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

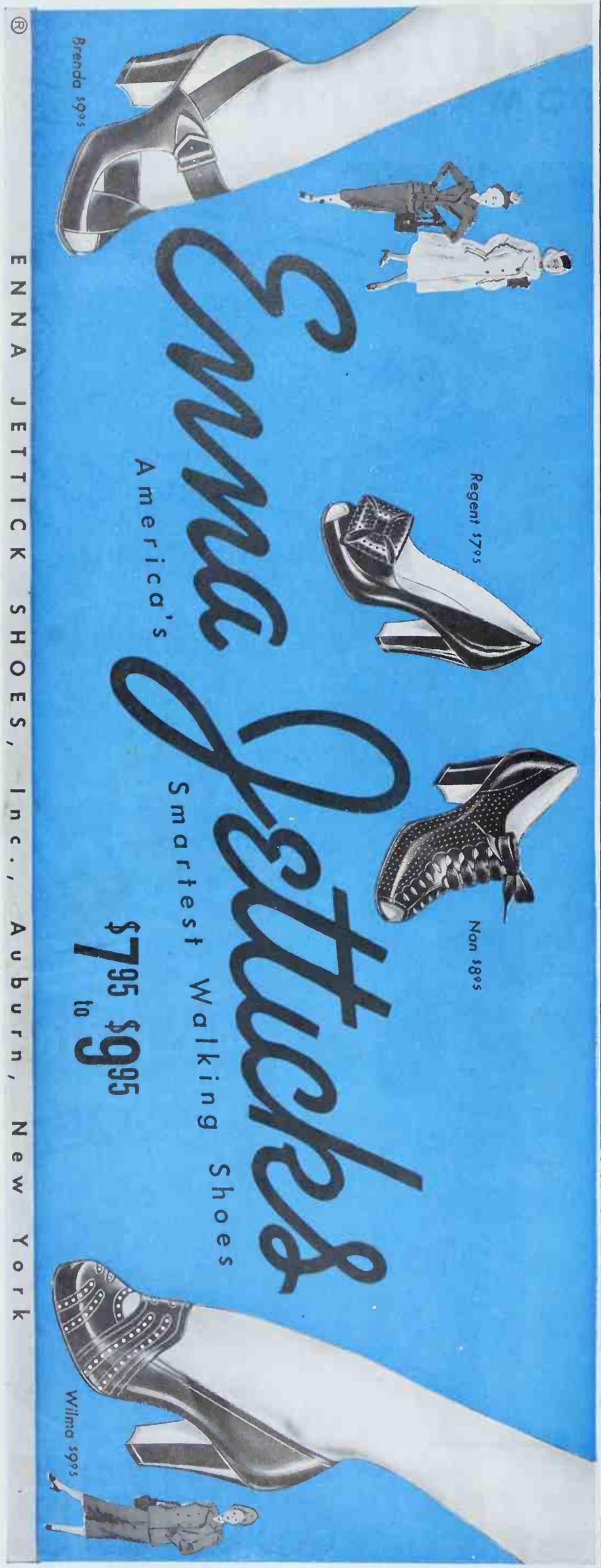
Contadina
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hands yet, or advertised it in any way. Lady Eliot, she wanted me to give you the first refusal."

They were all going back into the house. George came last, moving like a sleepwalker. He took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead.

Auntie Rose presided very charmingly over the tea party. She was a little round-about woman with rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes, and white hair done up in a bun on the top of her head, marvelously attired in a gray-brown tweed skirt, a purple satin blouse and high button boots. She had not moved with the times and was as restful as are all things and persons who seem impervious to change.

"Mrs. Spelman, how can you endure to leave this beautiful place?" asked George, drinking hot, strong, sweet tea.

"I'm gettin' old, sir, and it's a burden on me now. I'm lookin' forward to takin' me ease with me daughter-in-law."

Jill said softly, "Country food is good for children. Master Ben and Miss Caroline will soon put on weight when you've settled here, and Master Ben will lose that nasty cough."

George looked at his two eldest. Yes, they were too thin and fine-drawn. And though Nadine said it was nothing, he had been worried about Ben's cough for a long time. They had taken their full share of family anxiety through the war. Carefree country holidays were what they needed.

They ate all there was to eat and then Auntie Rose took them up the turret staircase. Halfway up there was a small arched door in the stone wall. It was of very old oak studded with nails, and looked as though it might lead into a dungeon.

"What's in there?" demanded the twins.

"Only my storeroom, ducks," said Auntie Rose.

She fished a large key out of her capacious pocket and unlocked the door. She had scarcely got it ajar when the twins were inside, squeaking with delight, enchanted.

The little room was attractive in its strange, octagonal shape, and its narrow lancet windows were attractive, too, but the stone floor was very worn and the room was papered with a rather dirty mustard colored paper with chocolate-colored lozenges upon it. Slatted shelves, bulging and stained with age, were nailed round the walls and supported a large assortment of black bottles and brown crocks, of all shapes and sizes, filled with Auntie Rose's home-brewed wines, pickles and preserves.

"What beautiful Easter eggs on the paper!" cried Josie.

"Wizard!" ejaculated Jerry.

But no one else seemed to like the little room much; except Ben, who lingered at the door a moment, feeling in the room some indefinable attraction; almost as though there were buried treasure here. They went on up the staircase to see the rooms upstairs. There were eight altogether, with several large attics up above in the roof. The walls were papered with old-fashioned flowered wallpaper, bright and gay, and there was some priceless old furniture to which Auntie Rose seemed entirely indifferent.

George began making frantic calculations upon the back of an envelope. They'd get a good price for the Chelsea house. They could borrow from the bank. It could be done. Run as a guesthouse—but he liked the word "inn" better—the place was bound to pay.

"May we go down the front stairs, please?" Ben was saying. "I want to look at the deer."

"What deer me love?" asked Auntie Rose.

"The one in the alcove where the stairs branch. I saw it from below."

"You mean the little old stone goat?" asked Auntie Rose. "It's nothin' to look at. Just some rubbishy old thing me husband dug up in the onion bed. There it is."

They had come halfway down the lovely branching staircase and stood before the alcove in the paneling, looking at the l stone figure that Auntie Rose had tho was a goat. But Ben, even from below known better.

He took the little image very gently his hands. "It's a deer all right," he "Look at the curve of the neck, the antl Suddenly he caught his breath. "Look a way the antlers are carved, holding cross." His thin, sensitive fingers passed the little figure like the fingers of a scu over the clay.

"Must be very old," said George.

"This was a Pilgrim Inn," said Ben, ting the little deer back into his nich expect, if we knew where to look, we'd frescoes of lives of the saints hidden u the wallpapers, and perhaps more images that tumbled off the roof int garden."

He looked at Auntie Rose. "Was the only one you ever found?"

"Fred found a few broken bits, diggir garden. But them I *did* throw out wh was gone. Not one of them had a he it, even. He'd kept 'em because of som wives' tale his great-grannie had told when he had the scarlet fever as a lad.

"What tale?" demanded Ben.

Auntie Rose rubbed her nose, tryi recollect it. "Somethin' about some monk from the abbey who had a fanc birds an' beasts. He built a chapel i woods, an' he'd feed the creatures ther tend to 'em when they were sick. Fre the notion that old monk had carve animals that fell off the roof, an' birds an' beasts there on the wooden p Only a man who loved the creatures, said, could get 'em s like."

Don't sell your elephant to buy medicine for your cat.
—AFRICAN PROVERB.

Ben let out a sigh asperation. "Auntie you oughtn't to thrown away the holy images, even t they had no heads."

"Is that a holy image?" asked gazing round-eyed at the deer.

"Yes," said Ben.

"What's a holy image?" asked also round-eyed.

"Something someone makes for th of God," said Ben steadily.

George and Tommy both shot up left sleeves and looked at their wrist wa the invariable custom of both of them embarrassed.

"Gosh, it's late!" interrupted Tom

"Better be getting along," agreed G "Thank you more than I can say, Spelman, for your kindness and pat and the splendid tea."

"A pleasure, sir," said Auntie R they went down the stairs. "And hearin' from you?"

"As soon as possible. But I must c my wife, of course."

"Of course, sir."

They trooped out into the garden ar the wood all lit up by the westering lig though a thousand candles had been li the trees. They stood for a moment top of the steps and the peace held silent. Then Tommy clicked the gate Jill kissed the twins, and they went do steps to the car.

Driving home, the children kept perfect racket of excited chatter abo house, but George felt worse and What on earth was Nadine going t She wouldn't wish to live at the H Grace; he felt certain of that. It was ing to be pleasant, the first half hou they reached home.

The car drew up at the front d Damerosehay, and Lucilla and Nadi Margaret, coming out to welcome th elers, were told by Jerry at the top voice, "There's a lovely house with wood and daddy's going to buy it and all going to live there!"

"What nonsense you talk, darling, Nadine.

"But it's true, mummie!" yelled Then all the children began to talk a

(Continued on Page 109)

(Continued from Page 106)

"That'll do, darlings," said Lucilla, somehow managing to quell the riot. "Supper is ready. Wash your hands and come along."

Hands were washed and they all trooped into the dining room. It was, of course, long past the twins' bedtime, but, as they were much too excited for sleep, Lucilla decreed that they should absorb their biscuits and milk with their elders. The moment the pangs of hunger had been slightly allayed the children started talking again, and once more it was difficult to disentangle one thing from another.

"You're taking things too much for granted, old boy." George's voice cut in upon Tommy's description of the little room where he was going to keep his bones. "Mother has not seen the house yet. She may decide it's not quite her cup of tea."

Tommy waved this interruption aside and plunged into a description of the boats they would have in the boathouse.

"It all sounds lovely but wildly beyond our means," said Nadine, when it was possible to get a word in edgeways. She had gone rather white.

"That's all right, mother," said Tommy. "Father's going to leave the army and we're going to run it as an inn. We'll simply coin money."

"Will we?" asked Nadine. "I suppose there was electric light laid on? George?"

"Ours is a Pilgrim Inn, a Maison Dieu," said Ben. "Mother, do you know the difference between an inn and a public house? The inn is bound to give shelter, rest and food to the wayfarer, at any hour, but the public house is not. Mine Host always greeted the guest and gave him a complimentary glass of wine. Father'll be good at that, and you'll be a wonderful hostess, mother. We'll have to have a hall porter, a waiter and garage mechanic, but we'll give them the old names: chamberlain, drawer and ostler."

Men often call themselves poor, not because they want necessaries, but because they have not more than they want. —SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"You'll be chamberlain," interrupted Caroline suddenly, her cheeks pink. "I'll be drawer and Tommy ostler."

"You're at home very little," Nadine reminded them dryly.

"We're at home in the holidays," Tommy told her, "and the holidays are just when visitors will come. *We'll* do all the work, mother, father and us. You won't have anything to do except look lovely. We'll get a cook."

"Where from?" asked Nadine. "And was there a bathroom?"

No one seemed to know, and there was a short silence, broken by Josie. "There's a river," said Josie. "A river for Rat."

"And a Wild Wood," said Jerry.

SUPPER was finished and Lucilla got up. "Well, children," she said, "mother will see about it in the morning."

Nadine, not committing herself, white-faced and tight-lipped, went upstairs to put the twins to bed. Margaret and Caroline went to the kitchen to do the washing up, Lucilla to the drawing room with her son and grandsons. There she immediately suggested bridge. Nadine did not return. They played for an hour, and then George could stand it no longer. He pleaded a headache, went upstairs and knocked at Nadine's door.

"Come in," said Nadine.

He went in. She was sitting up in bed with a book in her hands, a frilly dressing jacket round her shoulders. In the light of her bedside candles she looked absurdly young and altogether lovely. The blood drummed in George's already aching temples and he caught his breath. He went to the foot of the bed and gripped the old-fashioned brass rail at the bottom of it tightly in both hands.

"Nadine!" he whispered.

"I don't believe you've even unpacked yet, darling, have you?" she asked in a light, hard voice. "And I don't believe grandmother told you she'd put us in separate rooms."

Her cruelty was like the lash of a whip in his face, and he went white. An agony of pity and remorse seized her. That was the second detestably cruel thing she had said today. What was coming over her?

"George! I'm sorry!" she cried. "I didn't mean to speak in that hateful tone. Come here, darling. Come and sit on my bed and let's talk."

HE came slowly and sat beside her and she chafed one of his cold hands between her warm ones and murmured endearments as she would have to the twins. But she couldn't undo it. Once again, as so often before, she had made it clear to him that his lifelong passion was to her nothing but a burden that she must bear. And never by look or word had he ever let her guess what a lifelong burden to him must be her lack of response to his love. In giving up David she had made for him an immense and splendid sacrifice, yet it seemed to her at this moment that she perpetually rendered it useless by her cruelty. What was the matter with her that the quality of that action seemed powerless to affect the stuff of her daily living? Lucilla, whose early history had been so like her own, had made her unloved husband utterly happy, and had come in the end to love him.

"Nadine," said George miserably, "about this inn. Mother has been up to something about it, but I give you my word I don't know what. When I started off this afternoon I'd no more idea of buying the place than of buying the Albert Memorial. But when I was there—I don't know what happened—the place gave us such a welcome . . . like a personal welcome."

"I believe you," said Nadine. "I've never known you to get entangled in grandmother's schemes for our good other than unconsciously. You liked this house?"

"It felt like home."

"Then we'll buy it, George," Nadine told him, "and if you'd like to do that, run it as an inn."

He gazed at her in stupefaction.

"You've never had a home," said Nadine. "All those furnished houses we've lived in since we married, they were none of them home. The Chelsea house was my home, but not yours. The Herb of Grace will be our home, yours and mine."

A ridiculous desire to weep kept George silent, but he crushed her hands in his till she nearly yelled with the pain. "You haven't even seen the place," he muttered at last.

"We'll go tomorrow. Just you and I."

"You may hate it."

"No. . I don't think I shall."

Then he began talking, as Tommy had done, as Ben had done, pouring out his plans for the boathouse, the house, the garden and the orchard. She listened, smiling agreement, while her exhausted spirit cried out in terror within her. How *could* she do it? A little of her deadly fatigue must have shown in her face at last, for he jumped up, full of contrition.

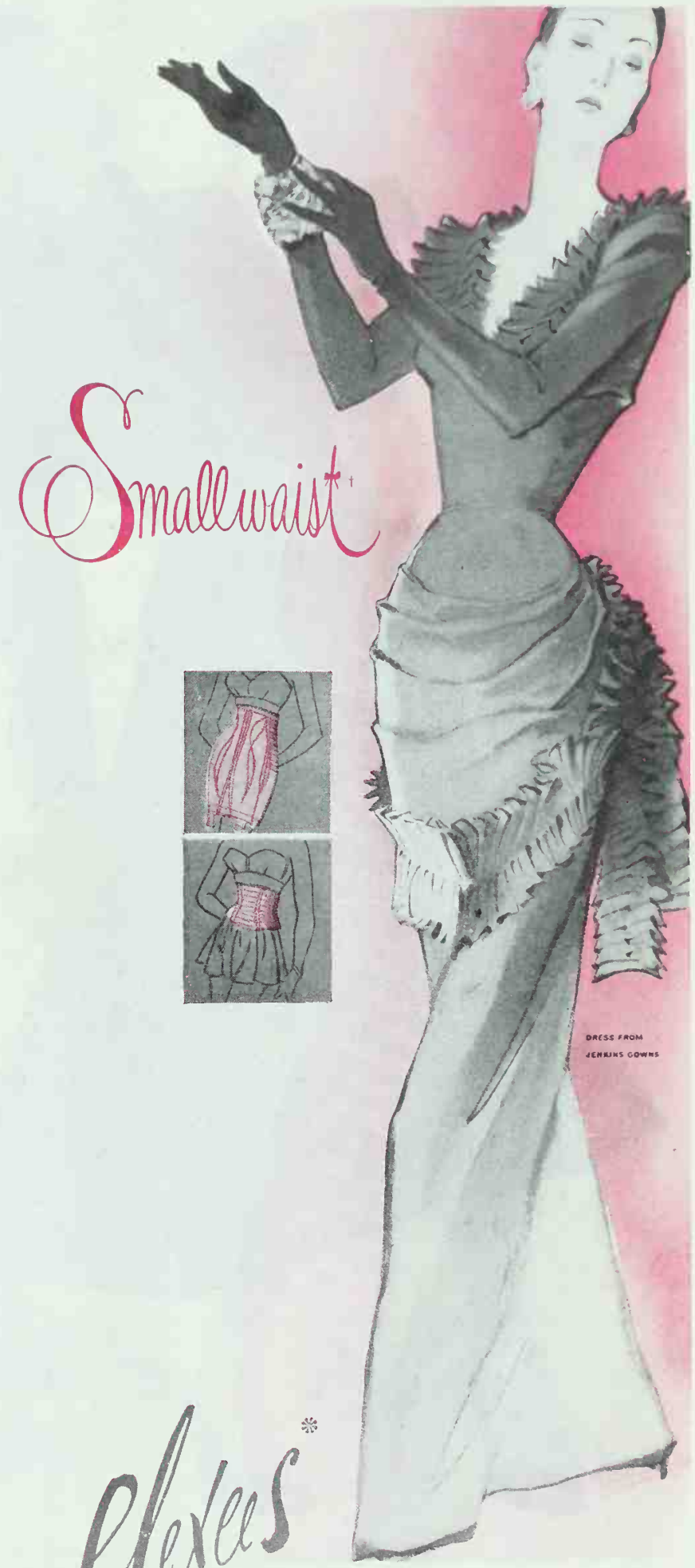
"You're dead beat," he said, bending to kiss her. "Selfish beast that I am. Get a good sleep, darling, and we'll go and see the old place in the morning."

He went off, jaunty as a schoolboy, and she blew out the candles and lay staring with desperation into the dark. Before he came to her she had been steeling herself for refusal. And then she had said that cruel thing to George and her horror at herself had betrayed her.

"Hoisted with my own petard," she said.

The night wind stirred in the rushes outside her window, ruffling with its light whisper the deep calm peace of the night. Was she sorry? Her body began weeping from sheer weariness, yet she felt her spirit move within her, and with eagerness, like someone going home. She sobbed herself to sleep; yet when she slept, she smiled.

(To be Continued)



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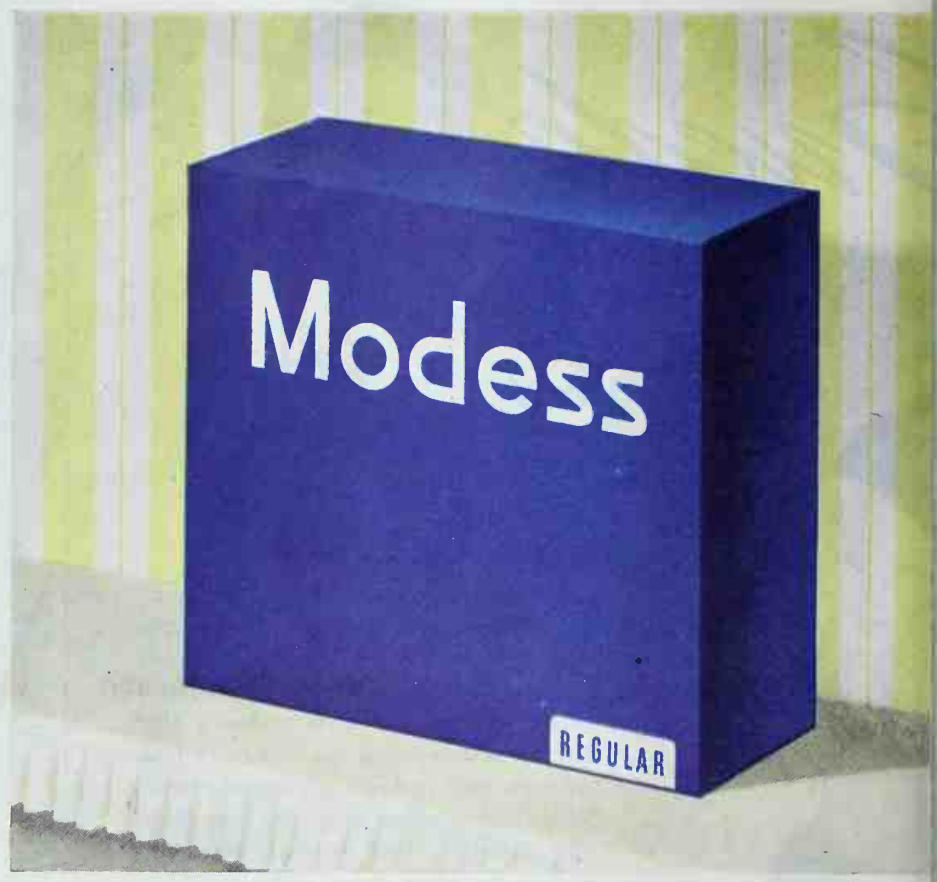
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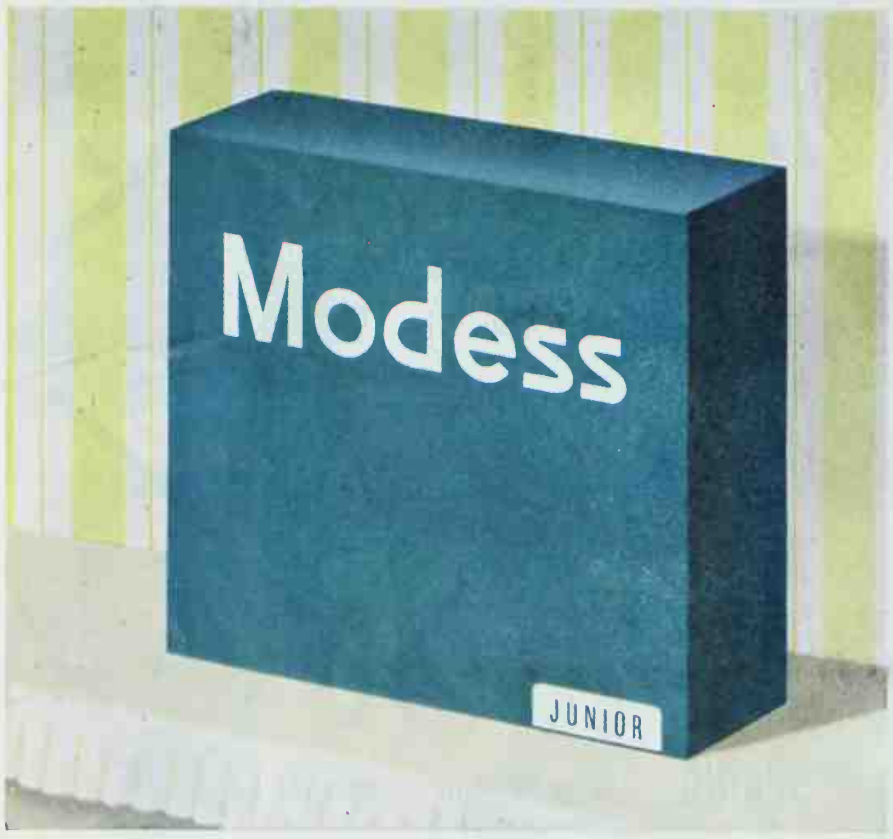
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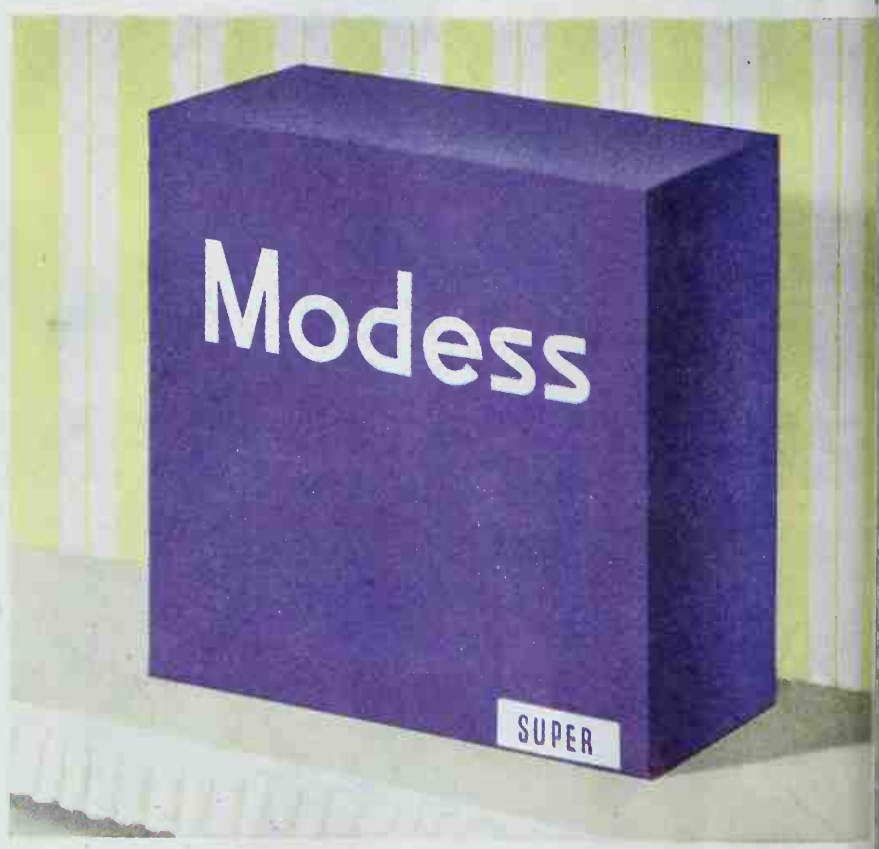
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OPERATION ORCHID

(Continued from Page 43)

nderstand it, many others have a deter-
nination similar to Barry's. This whole
arty, I think, is to sell her, to impress her.
hat's my guess, and one can only guess."
eth made a weary gesture. "If I may
ention ego, the whole thing is hung up
nd waiting for Barry and ——"

"Look, don't get nervous about it."

"I'm not nervous."

"If the Kings and the Wierleys think it's
kay, then all right." Hank moved wearily
his chair. "We'll get him the Tuxedo." He
it that off behind his paper. "If he's going
play the clown all over the county ——"

"Now don't take that attitude, Hank.
his is important to him, for some reason."
he sat on, puzzled. "The whole gist of that
onference at school was that Barry doesn't
oncentrate, that he woolgathers." Her
oice was slowed. "Yet the look of dogged
oncentration that's been on his face—if
ou ever saw a bulldog hanging on to any-
hing —— Hank, I don't understand any-
ning." Beth Owen picked up her knitting.

That was on December ninth.

Barry Owen rode his bicycle up and down
front of the Park Florist Shop three times
n the afternoon of December thirteenth,
nd his eyes raked the plate-glass interior at
ach passing. At last, at a time when the
hop was empty, he parked his wheel and
ent in. He knew Grace Babcock, who pre-
ded here, and he said,

Hi-ya, Grace," draping
imself carefully over the
lass counter. This was
he place, without any
oubt; it both looked and
melled expensive.

"I just wanted to price
omething." His eyes
ooked dark, determined.
A corsage. I'm taking my
irl out dancing Christmas
ve. I was thinking about
n orchid."

Something in his eyes
aught Grace Babcock's
ttention in time, and she returned his
aze with sufficient gravity. "She'll love
at, Barry," she pronounced. "They're sort
expensive, though."

"That's what I thought."

"But you'll have your Christmas money."

"Heck, no." He was padding up and down
front of a plate-glass showcase and peering
. "That's all going for a Tuxedo and, well,
her things. They're yelping enough at
me—I mean, this money I have to earn."

Grace had joined him at the showcase.
t Christmastime we'll have lots of or-
ids," she said. "The cheapest would prob-
ly be about eight dollars. One of those."
e pointed.

E blinked. "It would go with —— That
I can't find out yet what color dress she's
earing."

"Any orchid goes with anything, when
u come right down to it, Barry."

"I sort of thought that." The way Barry
as staring into the case changed. His eyes
cused upon one flower now and the faint
in that had been hovering settled about
s mouth. "I'm not exactly putting in
order. I haven't found a way to earn the
oney yet. I don't suppose you need any-
e around here—delivery boy, or some-
ing."

"Henry gets his younger brother to help
hen there's a rush," she said regretfully.
You'll find something, though. It wouldn't
ve to be an orchid, Barry."

It had to be one, he said resolutely. "I'll
d something," he offered at the door, his
es hunted. "I have something in reserve."

race Babcock thought that his shoulders
nched forward rather desperately as he
de away.

Outside the florist shop all his movements
owed. Out on Locust Place, two blocks
om his own home, he rode around and
ound the block and seemed unable to go up to a certain house and ring the bell. His shoulders were hunched more miserably now and, glancing in at 107 Locust Place, the hunted look in his eyes became fixed. *You've tried everywhere,* he reminded himself grimly. The preholiday jobs were all sewed up. What Barry had in reserve was baby-sitting at the Sibleys', but his mouth slid sidewise just once in an odd fashion as he turned in and whipped himself up the walk. He had sworn never to come back here. Certainly no other sitter in Crestmont would have been caught dead.

Fifteen-month-old Georgia Sibley was in a snow suit in her play pen out front, and she crowed happily at Barry. He went down on one knee beside the pen, and just being near Georgia felt, as it always did in this house, like a reprieve. When you sat at Sibleys' there were certain things you had to do about Georgia, but she wasn't Pete, four, and she wasn't Neddy, six, and Barry looked at her gratefully.

"HELLO, there," he said softly. "I see you're still here. You're still in one piece, I see." There didn't seem to be any scars on Georgia, and the youngest and most helpless Sibley had survived another four months.

Barry kept looking apprehensively over his shoulder. If two objects that seemed to have been launched from rocket sites hit him from the rear, then he'd have been discovered by Pete and Neddy.

Mrs. Sibley answered his ring and she had survived, after a fashion, too. She couldn't say anything but "Oh, Barry" at first. "We haven't been anywhere together in aeons. No one will sit. No one can manage the boys the way you can."

Barry made a strangled sound. He eased his collar. "It's just until Christmas," he gulped. "After that I don't know."

"Bless your heart." Sally Sibley's eyes were huge and limpid blue pools in which he might have been drowning. "Even a picture together, after all these months. Do you think you could come tonight?"

"Tonight?" Barry couldn't do anything about the recoil.

"We're paying fifty cents an hour now. We thought we could pay that." She took a rather imploring step toward him.

"All right." He was feeling for his collar again. "Wh-what time?"

What's the matter with him now? Hank Owen's eyebrows put the question to his wife shortly after dinner. Their son was standing in the middle of the room and he seemed to have lost his bearings for the moment. He was lost in anguished thought. All through dinner he had been the condemned man, eating.

"You said you would never go back there." Beth Owen approached him in a flanking maneuver just before he went out. "You don't really need the money."

"Don't I?" he muttered. "You can always use a little extra." He looked up just long enough for her to catch that dogged, lodged look.

"I used to wish we had six." Beth said it faintly to her husband after a while. "It isn't as though you ever understood them, though, is it?"

"It is not," he replied succinctly. "I looked at Tuxedos today. The suit, plus enough money in his jeans to approach the Mandarin Room . . . but do we get a smile out of him? Do we?" he repeated bitterly.

On December seventeenth in the living room of the Sibley home the two Sibleys gave a little bit the impression of hovering. It was eight in the evening and they were

(Continued on Page 115)

Learn to value and esteem your husband for those good qualities which he really possesseth, and not to fancy others in him which he certainly hath not. Although this latter is generally understood to be a mark of love, yet it is nothing but affectation or ill judgment.

—JONATHAN SWIFT.

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(Continued from Page 113)

ressed to go out, but they seemed reluctant
o leave. It was as though they might be
eluctant to go from the presence of Barry
wen, who watched them from under
ropped eyelids. He was lounging in one
f their easy chairs, the soft one that
as Ned Sibley's own. His feet were
p on a hassock. The radio played softly.
arry whistled, a little thinly, between his
eth. He didn't seem exactly at ease in the
air. Mr. Sibley fussed with thermostat
nd Mrs. Sibley fussed with three-way light,
nd now and then they had to pause in their
ctivities merely to gaze fondly down at him.

If they think those little hellions are asleep upstairs they're crazy. Barry's face retained expressionless. He whistled more inly. Now and then he cast a somewhat ricken glance upward.

"—— colas in the refrigerator," Mrs. bley was saying. "I made the hamburger o into patties and buttered the buns. Oh, e cream in the trays too. Just help yourlf, won't you?"

She must have got some new perfume, he ted idly. It had been Sunday afternoon at he'd found Neddy and Pete with all the rfume and all the cologne bottles. They d brought these all down to the liquor binet and—well, he had found them, but t in time. They had been mixing it up in big way. If the parents got out before e fiends descended—he figured his chances arily—there'd be some dim hope of getting e upper hand.

"Don't have too lonely a time, darling." e thought for a moment Sally Sibley was ing to kiss him, but she merely patted his eek.

When the sound of the car died away he t still and listened for a ile, but the silence held. e got up and moved out with a catlike tread. rs. Sibley had called him darling," and what if meday Karen should l him darling too? She dn't so far. Some women did and some dn't, he suspected. It was probably best in at careless and easy way, but fond. He'd en taking Karen out only since Halloween, how should he know whether she would e out with a darling or not? She was the y new girl to come to Crestmont in a long e. The only new girl in town. Barry en's girl. Well—the whistling died and the n slipped—after Christmas she would be.

The Sibley living room was a pleasant ce, even if scarred. It would have been as d a place as any to earn money, but for e and Neddy. Eight to twelve tonight—would have two dollars more. The trouble s that to see Karen at all he had to spend nething.

E cat tread became more pronounced l Barry rubbed his hands together gently, hough to set a high polish on his triumph. e only new girl in the town, Karen. Barry en's own. He had put a careless hand out tapped her at the school Halloween ty, even if since then it had been nip and k. But take a look at her on Christmas e, chums. Let the whole Mandarin Room, whole city, take a look at her, wearing ry Owen's orchid. Not that she knew she getting it.

ou don't know she's getting it, either. His touched the earth briefly. Up two dollars down one—it was that way.

he radio played on and he danced a few s, but had to sit down to rub his ankles erimentally. Mrs. Sibley claimed she had eep those metal tips on the boys' play s, though. He slipped a sock down. The ses were less lurid now.

was his mother who had suggested to-t's routine. Pay no attention to them, had advised. Never let them see you d a bit. Calm. Cool. Impersonally sant. She had said things like that.

arry moved into the hall. Crouched on bottom stairstep, he pulled the phone n from its table. "Hi-ya, Binks." His e was between a croak and a whisper. hat goes?"

"What goes there? Where are you?"

"I'm hellion sitting. Sibleys'."

"I don't see the percentage."

"I wouldn't see the percentage, either, if my mother came through on the side the way yours does. Look, Binks"—Barry's voice was charged with something—"did you call up about that—that operation?"

"We called up about it." Binks' voice was charged too. "It's all set. It's tied up and it's polished off now. A reservation for eight."

They were silent. It was as though the size and the weight of it might have broken down the telephone wires. "You're sure it's all right?"

"Sure I'm sure it's all right. You be calm, big boy."

"I'm calm, big boy."

BARRY'S yelp was piercing, but choked. He leaped up and the phone crashed down. The bag of water had hit him squarely on the head, smacking down so hard and so true that his eyes had snapped shut and his teeth had clicked. He stood dripping, gasping. If he had thought fast enough to move out of range, the second bag might have missed him. It didn't. The descent of the second bag loosed a wild and exultant screaming upstairs. The screaming began to be mixed with whoops, with high laughter. The junior male Sibleys were tearing from room to room and leaping from bed to bed. A rain of blankets, comforts, pillows began.

Calm. Cool. Pleasant. Barry moved cautiously, his face working. "All right, boys," he called. "The fun's over. Get back to bed now."

They hurtled down the stairs, instead, staggering with mirth. "Barry's 'nitiated," they howled. "'Nitiated, 'nitiated, 'nitiated!"

Nuts to you, he thought. *Tell them about the Gamma initiation, will you?*

At half past nine he had them dried up and the puddles swabbed. His clothes were drying on the rack over the electric range and he cringed in Mr. Sibley's bathrobe.

The parade went round and round, and it went on and on. One of them beat upon a pan with a huge spoon and the other crashed pot lids together, and both rosy mouths gave out with raucous sounds. The Sibleys were up, but good.

Whoop it up, kids. Barry's thoughts were baleful. *All we need is Georgia awake and screaming.*

He crept up through the din to check on her. She was sleeping peacefully and he had to wonder, not for the first time, if something might be wrong with Georgia Sibley's hearing. He leaned down to touch a light curl and, "Hi-ya, beautiful," he whispered. It was a good thing the Sibleys hadn't given up after Neddy and Pete, because here they had something. There were ease and refreshment in just being near the baby, and he sank into a low rocker beside the crib for a moment. The parents wouldn't be home until midnight. Each hour until then seemed to beat upon Barry's bowed head. He yawned hugely.

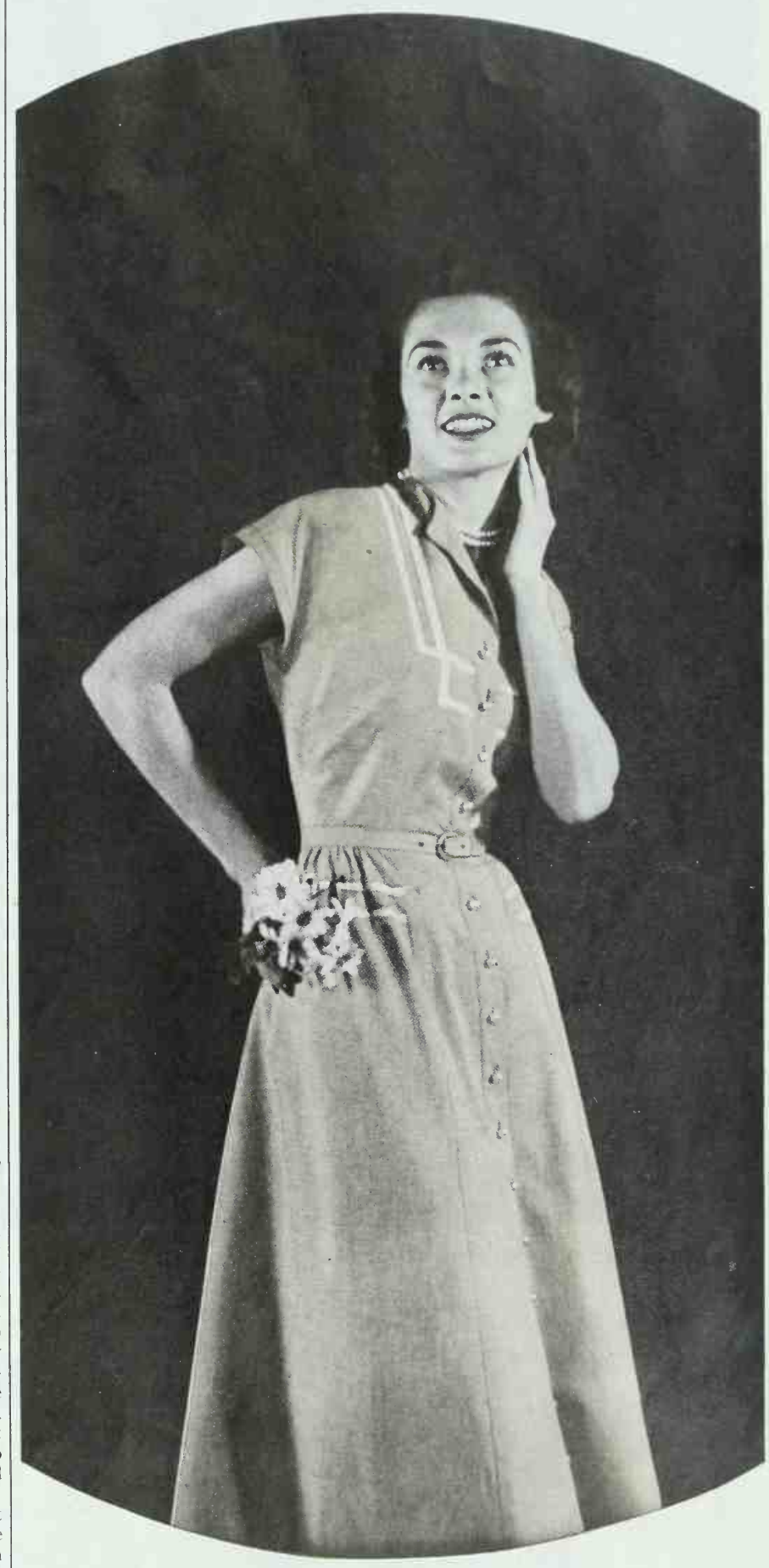
It was quiet, and the smell of smoke, that goaded him out of the chair. He took the stairs in three plunges and, in the kitchen doorway, stopped dead. Not charred remnants of Neddy and Pete, but charred remnants of hamburgers still smoked on the range. The floor was a sea of melted ice cream and the boys had made a slide and were slithering through it, muffling their giggles. A kitchen like this one had never been seen before, unless it might have been at 107 Locust Place, and Barry leaned weakly in the doorway.

They had been fixing a party, Neddy offered. "Why can'tcha melt the strawberry and the vanilla on the stove and then mix them?" Pete pressed close to him. "Why can'tcha, Barry?"

"You can if you want soup," Barry said. Calm, pleasant, indifferent—all those things. His face hurt with them, cleaning the kitchen. His yawns were stifled ones.

(Continued on Page 117)

A wedding ring is like a tourniquet—it stops your circulation.



Nelly Don—bonbon madras

In the feeling of a fine hand-made . . . sweet madras, iced with lace. Pink, blue, gray, tan. Sanforized.

10-20, about $11.00. For nearest store, write Nelly Don, Kansas City, Missouri.



The Angel Face look—young, flawless, completely at e

Angel Face

by POND'S

Newest kind of new make-up!



Smooths on with a PUFF. *No watery sponge! No greasy fingertips!*

STAYS ON longer than powder! *Needs no foundation—has a "cling" ingredient right in it!*

Luscious as VELVET on your skin! *Softer, more natural than cake make-up. And* NOT DRYING!

"This new Pond's make-up is perfection! No water . . . no drying effect . . . no greasiness. Just a smooth, easy finish that stays on and *on*."
MRS. FRANCIS GROVER CLEVELAND

"I'd feel lost without Angel Face. It's become as necessary a part of my handbag equipment as my lipstick or my handkerchief!"
THE COUNTESS OF CARNARVON

Can't Spill! *Perfect to carry in your handbag. Choose from 5 wonderful shades.*

*Angel Face make-up complete with puff—*89¢ *plus tax.*

(Continued from Page 115)

At eleven he sat on a low stool between their beds and, indomitably, he told the story of the Gamma initiation a third time. If he told things that had never happened in any initiation on land or sea, then let the good brothers of Crestmont High School forgive him. *I'm tired.* One of Barry's elbows slipped off his knee from time to time and his head jerked. *So help me, I'm tired.*

When he went home shortly after twelve his fingers were closed carefully over two dollar bills in his topcoat pocket. His eyes were glazed.

"It's a dream, Barry. It's a dream." Karen Benton said it in a booth in Murray's drugstore late in the afternoon of December twentieth. "That thing I took mother back to look at four times at the Palais, that was just the Moon Goon. This is the Moon Divoon." Her hands moved delicately. "It was at the Teen Shop all the time, and waiting to come into my life."

"And change it," Barry blurted. He had been looking helplessly at the way her rosy lips formed words, and helplessly at her eyes and at the small face above the red sweater. Most helplessly of all he had been taking in the way she had the dark hair fixed today, a short braid over each shoulder, large white-paper daisies fastened near the end of each braid. Each time she moved the braids flashed and the daisy clusters rustled, and Karen moved constantly. Everyone who came into Murray's looked at her, and that was no secret to Karen. Barry recovered his poise and his bland superiority with a visible effort. "I'm glad you decided what rag to wear," he said. "Fill 'em up, Boy." He snapped his fingers and—*thirty cents more*, he computed swiftly. "What color?"

"White frost, white mist, white moonlight." Her eyes closed, her shoulders moved. "In the Mandarin Room I'll float."

"You'll float, all right." The helplessness was coming upon him again. "That was just Les Carter, Karen," he pointed out. All the while, this torment. A torment to see her, and not being able to see her on account of the Sibley deal. Being with her then, and more torment, and sixty cents to see her even in a drugstore. "Les Carter," he muttered.

"As if I didn't know it was Les. Didn't you see me waving to him?"

"I saw you going all out all over the drugstore. What did you do last night?" No stopping it now.

"Well, you were all tied up ——"

"I know I was all tied up," he broke in savagely. It was last night that Neddy and Pete had got out on the snow-covered and sloping porch roof in bare feet and pajamas. They'd been engaged in a snowball fight when old Mrs. Harrison had phoned shakily from across Locust Place. Well, he had got them in somehow, assorted neighbors standing below to catch small hurtling bodies. Barry picked up a paper napkin and wiped his forehead with it. He wiped Sibleys out of his mind with an effort and leaned toward Karen. "Gosh, Kare." A slow delight washed over his features.

"On the beat and off the beat." She looked at him through her lashes. "I never know about you."

"If you think I ever know about you, you're balmy."

"This white thing. The white rag. The reet sheet my father is going to pay forty-nine dollars and fifty cents for, even if he doesn't know it yet." Her voice was dreamy. "You said it would change my life, Barry. How?"

"We'll be going steady after Christmas." He spoke roughly to hide the panic. "That's how. You know that."

"I don't remember saying it. Could be I know it and could be I don't. Right now I have to be home an hour ago."

He shouldn't have crowded his luck so far. It had been a mistake to say anything at all. Barry eased over to the counter and paid his check. "You," he said, pulling her up. He held her hand, held her close beside him. "Somebody ought to tell you the facts of life." His tongue showed fleetingly, and his grin. "In Crestmont you don't play the field. Not junior year. Not even if you come from Dallas."

"You've been playing it." She made a face right under his. "Everyone says so. Right now you're tied up all the time. You're changing those—those triangles."

"After Christmas I won't be tied up. And they're not triangles. You—and the facts of life!" He ducked his head. He made a pass at one of the daisies with his teeth.

It was moments like this that fat and twelve-year-old Boy, behind the counter, waited for. "Break it up, break it up," he sang lustily.

Late afternoon again, December twenty-fourth, and there was a hush on the Sibley house. If it felt a little like the hush of doom, it was because even comparative quiet was unknown in this locality. Barry walked about in it, testingly. Another reason that he kept moving about, of course, was that he could not sit still.

Tonight was the Mandarin Room. Tonight was Russ Perkins and his band. Tonight was Christmas Eve. *Tonight was Karen.*

He moved warily, for it had come to him that this might be a little like the silence on Bikini on a certain date. Now and then he glanced in at Neddy and Pete where they were flat on their stomachs on the living-room floor, over comic books and crayons.

Mrs. Sibley had been upstairs dressing for a cocktail party and she came down. She looked white and tired, but her eyes were beginning to sparkle and she had scarlet on her lips. "I'm dead, Barry, strictly dead." She moaned a little in the kitchen and then



"Why aren't you enforcing the law about minors working?"

Bathe in Beauty!

SCIENCE REVEALS *Floating Lift*

OF SWEETHEART SOAP'S *Extra Lather!*



THIS GENTLE, FRAGRANT LATHER LEAVES DELICATE SKIN SILKEN-SOFT

...Helps Prevent Chapping



● Exquisite daintiness! Blissful comfort! Your SweetHeart bath gives these twin blessings, and more, for it helps prevent chapping.

Yes, SweetHeart's luxurious *extra lather* has a gentle *floating lift* that's wonderfully kind to delicate skin. Countless bubbles bathe the outer pore openings . . . *lift* off—*float* away—dirt and dry skin flakes. Pictures taken through the microscope *prove* it.

So get pure, mild SweetHeart Soap—it now also comes in the new, large bath size—preferred for economy by four out of five women in a survey.

● And reveal your complexion's true, alluring beauty with SweetHeart's *Floating Lift* Care. Night and morning, massage your face one minute with SweetHeart's *extra lather*. Rinse with warm water—then cold. Your skin is *cleansed . . . stimulated . . . more radiant!*

TWO MORE ADVANTAGES SWEETHEART USERS ENJOY!

1. **Exquisite Fragrance** . . . delicate, haunting, like very expensive beauty preparations.
2. **Oval Shape** . . . easy to hold! Streamlined to dry faster. Thus, it's daintier to use—also helps avoid wasteful "melted soap."

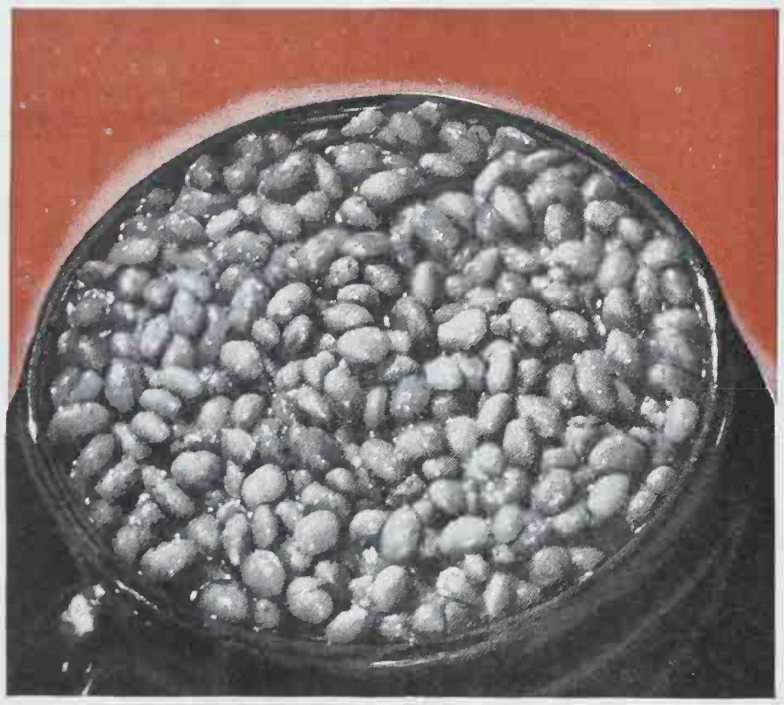


SWEETHEART *The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin*

Can thrifty meals be good?

YES YES YES

THE ANSWER IS *YES, YES, YES*—when you bring on a sizzling, bubbling crock of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans topped with crisp-brown bacon slices and sprinkled with parsley. Have steamy-hot brown bread or cornsticks to go with the beans, coleslaw and carrot sticks. And for dessert, add a slice of warm apple pie.



Yes —FOR *LUNCH!* Try a Baked Bean sandwich. Heat Heinz Oven-Baked Beans in a skillet and spoon over buttered toast. Top with Heinz India Relish.

Yes —FOR COMPANY *SUPPER!* Serve Bean Boats. Cut a two-inch circle from the top crust of a round roll. Make hollow to hold 4 Tbs. Heinz Oven-Baked Beans. Break egg on top. Season. Bake 40 min., in moderate oven.

Yes —FOR THE FAMILY'S *DINNER!* Brown hamburgers with lots of onions. Add Heinz Oven-Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce. Season highly with Heinz Tomato Ketchup and Heinz Worcestershire Sauce.

WHEN YOU HAVE the problem of serving money-saving meals that are good, remember Heinz Oven-Baked Beans. They're really oven-baked and drenched in a sauce made of Heinz Aristocrat tomatoes, artfully spiced. Better buy six cans at a time!



HEINZ oven-baked BEANS

2 Kinds ... WITH OR WITHOUT PORK

giggled. "Don't let them climb the tree, will you? It was two-forty-five last night, and if we have to do it over —— Well, I think they'll be all right. It's just that they're a little hopped up over Christmas."

Barry knew how that was. He was a little hopped up himself.

"—— feed her while the boys are taking their baths and then when you have her popped into bed you can give them their suppers." It was routine, and Barry only half listened. "Oh, Barry. It's five years since we've done anything but hang on the mantel on Christmas Eve, no fooling. What if it is just the office crowd? We won't be a minute later than seven-thirty, and that gives you plenty of time."

"Just so I'm over at Binks' house by eight o'clock." Mrs. Sibley was caught and held by his gaze. "I brought my Tuxedo and stuff. I can dress here if you don't mind."

"Seven-thirty on the dot," she promised. She went.

He waited for something to snap, but nothing snapped. He walked with a stepped-up wariness.

It seemed a good idea to check on the corsage and he went to the refrigerator. It was Grace Babcock who had tipped him off to put it there. They had fixed it up to look like a million dollars, and in a box you could see through. Barry still owed one dollar and a half on it. When you opened the Sibley ice-box you couldn't see anything else. He closed the door softly, snapped it open again. He was hoping to have the thing hit him out of the blue, the way it was going to hit Karen. He was whistling softly, balancing the featherweight box on spread fingers, and canvassing all the parties he could remember. *Not in my time,* he thought. *Not one orchid.*

"Hi-ya, angel." He greeted Georgia exultantly, coming in in her walker. The very color of wonder was in Georgia's cheeks. She was making repeated trips between kitchen and living room, the shining tree her objective. She would stare at it, transfixed, burst into an excited and meaningless babble, flee from it.

"—— and if she gets tired of the walker put her in the play pen." Well, that was all one ever had to do about Georgia. The golden-haired. The rosebud-lipped. The only Sibley with all her commies—Georgia.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Man at Work

BY THOMAS USK

When I help with the dishes after
we've dined,
(My wife won't let me shirk!)
It's not the indignity I mind—
It's the work!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE tree seemed to have cast a spell upon Pete and Neddy too. Now and then one of them left his comic book to simply go up and stand in front of it, staring. The blue eyes of the Sibley boys were wide with excitement and they swam in delight, and any resemblance between them and the eyes of Barry Owen, sprinting from the refrigerator to check on the Tuxedo upstairs in a closet, was purely coincidental.

Why didn't he come home and dress, his mother had worried. How was he going to tie that tie? "I'll look all right, probably." He'd said it with his face blank. Now, quite alone, he feasted his eyes on the suit and reached out to remove an imaginary speck of lint from a lapel. Look all right in that thing, would he? Meshing his eyelashes, Barry could see the completed picture. No trouble to see it, no pain involved. "Well, how do I look in the ape drape?" He growled it aloud, practicing for Binks.

Down the stairs again. Pete and Neddy held opposite ends of the same comic book now and they tugged mightily, faces red, knees braced. "'Twas the night before Christmas'," he said, "and don't you forget it."

"Sure thing, Barry. Okay, Barry." The chorus fell upon his astounded eardrums.

The spell held. Boy, and did the spell hold. When they decided to take out all the tree lights they could reach he had only to say, "Now, now, now, now," in machine-gun fashion to have them back silently away.

"We're sorry, Barry."

The solemnity of the chant set him to scrubbing the back of his head in worry. "Why don't you go outdoors and run up and down and yell for a while?" he blurted.

"We never yell." Pete had moved close to the fireplace, his face anxious. He ducked his head suddenly, thrusting it practically into the chimney. "If we ever yell it's a mistake," he yelled.

BARRY put a Russ Perkins record on. He danced, whipping it up, but softly. It was quite dark and the tree lights were on, and outdoors a soft snow had started. It was piling up on the window frames.

Six o'clock now, and why not dress? No telling what was going to happen around here, nor how things might snarl up at the last moment. There was no pain involved in getting into the Tuxedo upstairs. No pain anywhere. Three tries at doing the tie, but he had to give that up, temporarily. It had taken longer than he'd expected and he was a little off schedule, running the boys' bath water, putting their night things out, sprinting down the stairs. When the boys dropped crayons and started up the stairs at the mere suggestion of a bath he nearly dropped Georgia. He had her in the high chair then, was spooning cereal, preparing to coddle an egg.

Five minutes? Ten minutes? Twenty? Longer? Barry didn't know. He sat with Georgia, one of Mrs. Sibley's big aprons protecting him, and it developed that Georgia was too tree-happy to eat. Could it have been longer than ten minutes? It could not, it could not. But let no one ever attempt to tell Barry Owen that the face of the world couldn't change in that space of time, for there on Locust Place this December twenty-fourth, long past dusk, the face of the world changed. He moved slowly from the refrigerator and listened.

It was a soft long wailing, something different about it, and he ran. The tub he had got ready was empty—the boys' bathroom, lock removed from its door long since, was empty. The wailing came from the bath off the parents' room and he hurried there. The door of this bathroom was locked and Pete wailed thinly on the other side of it.

One minute? Two minutes? Barry was on his knees in front of the door and his hands moved over it helplessly. "Where's Neddy?" He tried again. *You've got to keep cool.* "Stop crying, Pete. Why doesn't Neddy answer me?"

"He's asleep in the tub." Pete's breath kept catching, his words were spaced far apart. "He bumped his head when he fell and he won't get up. He pulled and pulled —— I can bath myself," Pete cried in sudden anger. "I can bath myself, but he pulled ——"

Not minutes, but only seconds. "The water's running, Pete. It's running out of the tub, though, isn't it?" It was not. He could tell. "Let the water out, Pete, and turn it off and ——"

Cool. You've got to. He's four. You can get to him.

"Look, Pete, tell you what you do. Push the key out under the door to me."

Pete couldn't turn the water off. When he turned it off the shower came on. He couldn't let the water out of the tub. The key was gone; it had fallen in and it was flushed down. Barry stood up. He wiped his face shudderingly with his sleeve. It had taken too long to pick things out of Pete. He was running the length of the room, and hurling his body at the door. The door was solid, flush with the wall, and that was no good.

(Continued on Page 120)





Betty Crocker announces—

First Really New Cake In 100 Years !

NEW IN THE WAY IT'S MADE ! NEW "SURPRISE" INGREDIENT !



It's a totally new type of cake! Light. High. Moist. The most ravishingly delicious you ever tasted.

Betty Crocker Orange Chiffon

This recipe has been developed specially for SOFTASILK Cake Flour. Don't risk costly baking waste by using another flour with it.

	RECIPE FOR 10-IN. TUBE CAKE (16 TO 20 SERVINGS)	FOR 8 or 9-IN. SQUARE CAKE (8 TO 10 SERVINGS)
GET READY		
	Heat oven to 325° (slow moderate).	350° (moderate).
	Sift an ample amount of SOFTASILK Cake Flour onto a square of paper.	
STEP 1		
Measure (level measurements thruout) and sift together into mixing bowl	2¼ cups sifted SOFTASILK Cake Flour (spoon lightly into cup—don't pack)	1⅛ cups (1 cup plus 2 tbsp.)
	1½ cups sugar	¾ cup
	3 tsp. double-action baking powder	1½ tsp.
	1 tsp. salt	½ tsp.
Make a "well" and add in order	½ cup cooking salad oil such as Mazola or Wesson	¼ cup
	5 unbeaten egg yolks (medium-sized)	2 yolks
	grated rind of 2 oranges (about 2 tbsp.)	1 tbsp.
	juice of 2 medium-sized oranges plus water to make ¾ cup	juice of 1 orange plus water to make ⅜ cup (¼ cup plus 2 tbsp.)
	Beat with spoon until *smooth.*	
STEP 2		
Measure into *large* mixing bowl	1 cup egg whites (7 or 8)	½ cup (4 egg whites)
	½ tsp. cream of tartar	¼ tsp.
	Whip until whites form *very stiff* peaks (picture 1). They should be much stiffer than for Angel Food or meringue. DO NOT UNDERBEAT.	
STEP 3		
	Pour egg yolk mixture gradually over whipped egg whites—*gently* folding (picture 2) with rubber scraper, *just* until blended. DO NOT STIR.	
Pour into *ungreased* pan at once	Use ungreased 10-in. tube pan, 4-in. deep	*Use ungreased 8x8x2-in. or 9x9x2-in. pan
Bake.....	65 min. in slow moderate oven (325°)	*30 min. in mod. oven (350°)
	Immediately turn pan upside down, placing tube part over neck of funnel or bottle, or resting edges of square pan on 2 other pans. Let hang, free of table, until cold. Loosen from sides and tube with spatula. Turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen.	

*Small recipe may also be baked in a 9-in. tube pan, 3½-in. deep. Bake *50 minutes* at 325°.

Delicious uniced. Or serve with whipped cream and berries, ice cream or your favorite dessert sauce . . . Note serving ideas in illustration.



1. Whites must form VERY STIFF peaks



2. Fold DOWN-UP-OVER, turning scraper



Softasilk, the Betty Crocker Cake Flour, used by cake prize winners, enables the delicate rising action of eggs and baking powder to reach and maintain its full height—making for finer texture in your cake.

It's easier to make than any ordinary cake . . . more delicate even than Angel Food . . . richer-tasting than "butter" cake!

Never, to our knowledge, has any homemaker ever made a cake like the new Chiffon cakes that General Mills' Betty Crocker now offers to you! . . . Never before have women known the secrets of such glamorous cakes.

Not an Angel Food or sponge cake, not a "butter" or "pound" cake—Chiffon cakes combine the best features of each. Yet they use five less eggs than a comparable Angel Food. *They keep fresh longer than other cakes, too!*

You just mix the dry ingredients, liquids and egg yolks together (don't beat the egg yolks separately)—then fold into the stiffly-beaten egg whites. And note the liquid shortening . . . *that's something new for cakes!*

Chiffon cakes have been perfected for Softasilk—and no other cake flour. "Beginner-easy" to make—they are a Betty Crocker triumph in taste and texture. They're the cake sensation of the century!

General Mills

Softasilk Cake Flour

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How DEXTER TWIN TUB Does your entire weekly washing -in one hour or less!

DEXTER TWINS

Only Dexter Twin Has Two Washing Tubs!



1—PUT DRY CLOTHES INTO FIRST TUB

Double Sudsing is so simple. Just put dry clothes into lukewarm suds and wash. Gets out 80% of dirt in about 3 to 4 minutes. No hand rubbing, soaking, or pre-treating of any kind.



2—WRING INTO HOT, CLEAN SUDS OF SECOND TUB

The second step of double sudsing removes last trace of dirt. Clean hot suds get every piece spotlessly clean in about 4 minutes. While second tub is washing, start next load of dry clothes in first tub.



3—WRING INTO COMBINATION BLUE RINSE

Now wring sparkling clean "double sudsed" clothes from clean hot suds of second tub to blue rinse. Your Dexter Twin Tub is now washing, wringing and rinsing—all at the same time.



4—NOW CLOTHES ARE LINE DRY—IN HALF THE TIME

This step completes double sudsing. From now on your Dexter Twin Tub completely washes, wrings and rinses a tubful of clothes about every 4 minutes. Your entire weekly washing is done in ONE HOUR *or less.*

See your Dexter dealer or write Dept. L38 for FREE illustrated booklet, "Two Instead of One." It tells why Double Sudsing is best.

WASHES CLEANER—QUICKER—EASIER.

DEXTER TWIN TUB

THE DEXTER COMPANY, Fairfield, Iowa

Also Manufacturers of America's Finest Single Tub Washers



DEXTER'S LARGE MODERN FACTORY. *Better washers since 1894.*

(Continued from Page 118)

"Listen, Pete." *Quiet. He's scared enough.* "You pull it up and turn it, then the water runs out. It's easy. Santa won't ——" Barry's teeth bit on his tongue to hold his voice steady. "Where's the water now? Is it high? Santa won't come if you don't let the water out. Try this. Just hold the thing up. Just hold it."

It was no use, and Pete wasn't moving from the door now.

"I can't, I can't. I want my mother." His voice rose.

He could dial, but could he talk? He had the operator on the bedroom phone and suddenly his lips stopped trembling. He rattled information, instructions. "Please, please hurry," he finished. "Pulmotor. Fire department. Hospital. You'll—hurry, won't you?"

He was trying again, and pulling his shoes off.

"You can do it, Pete. Look, let's play this game. You let the water out and then open the window for me, and I'll be climbing up outside."

"*I want my mother!*" Pete screamed against the door.

The shoes were off and Barry plunged with one of them down the stairs. He turned the water off in the cellar, and ran back, and outside. No house on one side of the Sibleys', and all dark on the other side. He had never thought so fast, so hopelessly. Better to start yelling. His shouts could be heard the length of the block, and up the street a couple of men were fixing outdoor tree lights. Shouting wildly, and catching the shoelace in his teeth then, and climbing. Getting to the top of the portico was simple enough, and he paused there to shout again, his voice hoarse now. One of the men was coming from up the street. A porch light had winked on. Barry threw his body to the side, clutching at a woody vine on a trellis. His hands and feet caught. He tore down through the vine for a couple of feet and then was still, and climbed again.

> **There are two perfectly good men: one dead and the other unborn.**
>
> —CHINESE PROVERB.

One of the men was below him now. "Get help." He called it down sickly, holding the shoe against the vine with his chest. "Kid's locked in and hurt in the bathroom. Get the door down. Where's the fire department? G-get me a ladder. I can't ——"

He couldn't, but he had to try. If he could lean over far enough to reach the window ledge. He tried that. If he could throw his body again and catch the ledge and cling there—if he could secure a hold on the snow-covered ledge —— When he swung for that his fingers had to hold. They had to. His mouth worked, but he held to the shoe, not daring to let his teeth chatter. The shoe was wrong. If, with his elbow —— There was a storm window too

Don't think about it. Don't think about the concrete driveway which cut in and down and was nearly three stories below him now. *Now.* He threw himself from the vine, and caught the ledge, and clung. He must have prayed. His fingers didn't slip, and he was this far, numbed fingers gripping and nails seeming to dig into the wood. The ledge was wide, and it was only a question of chinning himself now. Face contorted, shoe dangling from his mouth, he tried. *You're all right,* he told himself. *You can make it. You've got to.*

LIFTING his weight, slowly, slowly; head at the sill, chest now. One knee at the ledge; it was up; it was over. He could rest for a split second, panting. He brought the other knee up carefully, and he was safe.

"You're okay now, buddy." It came from below. "Don't slip. They're working on the door. Ax. The little boy won't back away."

Barry didn't hear. He was beating on the panes with his shoe, and falling in. Protruding glass cut into his leg, but he didn't know. He plunged his arms into the filled tub and lifted Neddy Sibley out. He had taken the lifesaving course at the pool, not one summer, but two, and he knew what to do. He got Pete from the door, worked over Neddy.

It was more centuries. A century to find out what was wrong, a century wasted on Pete; a lifetime to even get the operator and now another lifetime. His hands and his body moved in the rhythm he had been taught, his eyes were steadfast on the small face below him. They worked on the door, splintering it. Pete whimpered. Sirens sounded in the street below, and he worked on.

Doctor Holmes was the first person in and, "You're doing all right, Barry," he said in a quiet voice. He, too, was on his knees over Neddy. "Don't stop."

"Head." Barry jerked that word out, and the doctor looked.

"It's not bad," he said. "Might have stunned him. Pulmotor's coming from town. Should be here. How long, Barry?

BARRY shook his head mutely. He didn't move his eyes from Neddy's face. They were saying, "Okay, buddy," and "You're doing all right, Barry," but little Neddy Sibley wasn't breathing. They were saying "Don't stop," as though he could have stopped when Neddy had to breathe before his parents came home. Barry's breath went painfully in and out, and he watched grimly, but Neddy had no breath at all, and no movement.

They had taken Pete away. It was more centuries. The pulmotor had come, and someone called in about that. Doctor Holmes hurried out. He hurried back just in time to see the small eyelids flutter and the head move against the tile.

"That's it." The pressure of the doctor's arm on Barry's shoulder was warm and reassuring. "That does it, Barry."

Ten minutes later, and Barry stood in the upstairs hall with his eyes closed. He leaned against the wall and waited for his head to quiet, and moved then slowly to check on his charges. He felt in the crib in the darkness, and Georgia was there. Neddy was down under the electric blanket in his own room, and Doctor Holmes was with him. On down to the kitchen then, and there the neighbor woman was giving Pete his supper. Barry stood in the doorway, his Tuxedo sodden and wrinkled and ripped, his socks torn, his leg bleeding; but none of it mattered.

"Neddy's all right," he said. "He's all right." He could say that, standing in a Sibley doorway, and tomorrow would be Christmas, after all. There could never be enough of saying it. *He's all right, Mrs. Sibley.* "You didn't use your own bathroom, Pete."

"We wanted to use daddy's tub. Somebody had put water in our tub, anyway." Pete's voice was injured.

Barry got down on a kitchen stool carefully, like an old man. "That makes sense. It was not only Christmas Eve, it was Christmas Eve at the Sibleys', and the thought brought him to a little. He looked around groggily, looked down at his clothes, looked at the clock. He stood up, his eyes stricken.

"Drink this." The woman who was feeing Pete brought him a cup of coffee. "My husband says you couldn't possibly have gone up there." Her eyes shone.

"I had to." Barry looked dully down at his hands. He passed the woman unseeingly, then and went to the refrigerator. He had been holding the orchid when —— "I had a flower here," he said. His suit was ruined, the clock was racing, but, "A flower," he repeated doggedly, searching.

"There was a torn box on the high-chair tray," the woman said. "Some chewed silver ribbon, too, but I didn't see any ——"

He was gone. Up the stairs again, and into Georgia's room. He turned the night light on, and simply stood there. It seemed to him he stood a long time, but time was out of focus tonight. "You too." The word came from him helplessly. He tiptoed out.

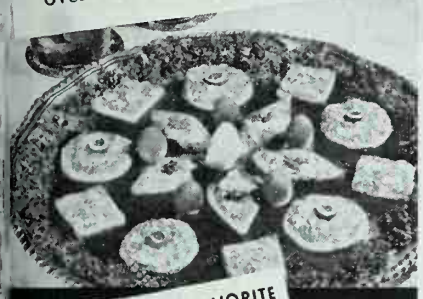
He could call Binks. It didn't seem that he could call Karen and, slumped on one of the twin beds, he stared helplessly at the phone for another long interval. Mrs. Sibley's hand on his shoulder roused him, and

Quick as a wink!

RECIPE FOR

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM CANAPÉ

Cut bread in squares, rounds, diamond shapes, ¼ inch thick, toast to delicate brown, spread liberally with UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM. Sprinkle with grated cheese and brown in hot oven. Delicious!





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makes gravy rich brown-full-bodied
GET A BOTTLE—TRY IT—COMPARE

the night-table clock was saying three minutes of eight.

"He's sleeping," Mrs. Sibley said. "Neddy's sleeping now. Oh, Barry." This time she kissed him. "No one could have done it but you. The pulmotor would have been too late. Doctor Holmes said no one ever thought so fast or acted so—so right, and Neddy ——"

"I'm glad," Barry said. "Could you"—his voice caught—"could you call my girl and tell her tonight's off? The—the party's off?"

She could not, Sally Sibley said gently. She went on looking at him. "The same," she said. "Same size. Ned," she called. "Get your Tuxedo. Come in here and help Barry dress. Hurry, hurry."

Things moved. They moved again at the Sibleys', and fast. Barry was dressed, the studs were in, the tie was tied, his shoes were collected, his leg was patched by Doctor Holmes. Binks had been called; Karen had been called. The suit fitted like his skin, and Barry looked all right. He looked—well, all right.

"Taxi, nothing." Ned Sibley brushed that off. "I'll drive him in."

"The corsage," Sally Sibley remembered. "That orchid. I'll get it." She hurried, but Barry moved in front of her.

He swallowed, and made strange sounds, and finally got it out. "Georgia . . . ate the orchid." It was faint.

They stood over her crib, all of them, in silence then. The night light was on again, and Georgia slept, and Georgia's rosebud mouth was decorated with egg and greenery. To one of Georgia's petallike cheeks an orchid petal clung, and what attached it there was egg yolk.

STRANGE sounds came from the Sibleys, too, for a moment, as reaction hit them. They clung together in the middle of the nursery, and their laughter was strangled, and Barry stood rooted, staring.

"It's Christmas Eve"—Sally Sibley found her voice—"the florist will still be open." She ran. "A spray of orchids." You could hear it singing through the rooms. "The finest you have. We'll pick it up right away."

Outside then, and something hit them. He should not have been surprised, Barry thought dully. It was only what might have been expected in this particular locality. Traffic was snarled, bells rang, and sirens complained in a minor key as fire trucks tried to back and turn in the dead-end street. Their red lights blinked and rotated. A police car advanced and retreated. Press cars got in the way and a solid phalanx of neighbors tried to hold reporters at bay. The reporters pounced upon Barry Owen.

"Is this the one?" The newshounds pressed in, and questions rattled. Photographers pressed, and flash bulbs exploded. "Look, one more. Point up at the window. That's it." They hemmed Barry in. "No Christmas story, Sam?" they brayed. "That's what you thought."

"Let me go. Get me out of here." Barry appealed to a thin-faced one. "I have to pick up an orchid, pick up my girl ——"

"Herb! Hey, Herb." A sharp delight had hit the thin face. "Stick around. Orchid, girl! No Christmas story, says you? Get moving. Why don't we get a police escort? This is it, boys."

This, at ten minutes past nine, was it. This was Barry and Karen, bowling in on the boulevard with a police escort. This was the Irish on motorcycles celebrating Christmas Eve, it was newshounds nursing their Christmas story along, it was cameramen making merry. This was Karen's head against his shoulder.

"Is it a gag, Barry?"

"It's a gag."

"Anyway, I love it." Orchids dripped from Karen's shoulder, stars shone in her eyes. The photographers loved her at the Mandarin Room entrance, and she loved them. "Someone said are we movie stars, Barry. Did you hear?"

Barry didn't hear. His head was bent, his eyes intent on hers. "Is it steady for us?" he asked. "Is it?"

THE END



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Conversation Piece

BY RUTH MILLS TEAGUE



Entertaining is easy and fun with this prepare-the-day-befor



Pollo con tocino is chicken in a very special sauce. Garnish with peas and mushrooms, serve with a crisp salad.

WE go to Pasadena often; we have ma dear friends there, and it doesn't ma me love them less that they seem like my recipes. They tell me of their su cesses with my Conversation Piece menus they've done them singly or as co-operati parties—and often these tales are told wh they're serving me a conversation piece their own devising. For Pasadena is a pla where people appreciate delectable food a know how to produce it.

So on my most recent visit I thought would be fun to use some of these friends test cases, so to speak—do a Conversati Piece especially for them. For the purpo I borrowed the beautiful house which M Garton has designed for himself and his wi Mary. It stands on the edge of a deep arro practically looking down into the Rose Bo is as modern as tomorrow, and both the hou and its setting are fantastically typical California.

I wanted my dinner to be appropriate her It should be smart, modern and zestfu beautiful to look at; but also it should co out of that Spanish-colonial backgroun never quite overlaid, which gives this pa of California its very special, fomant charm. It should be Spanish-Mexican, tho oughly modernized. Here is the menu I chos

First there would be *sopa de bolitas papa*—potato-ball soup, but I'm being frigh fully frightfully Spanish. Soup plays an i portant role in the Mexican and Spani cuisine, and I didn't want to omit it from th meal. I never want to *(Continued on Page 1*

PHOTOS BY STUART



Hot rolls or thin royitos accompany the potato-ball soup.



Delicate, not-too-sweet dessert is molded cajeta de guava.

Delicious DELRICH E-Z COLOR PAK Margarine

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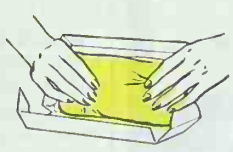
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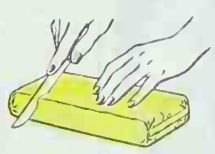
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3 REPLACE IN CARTON-CHILL

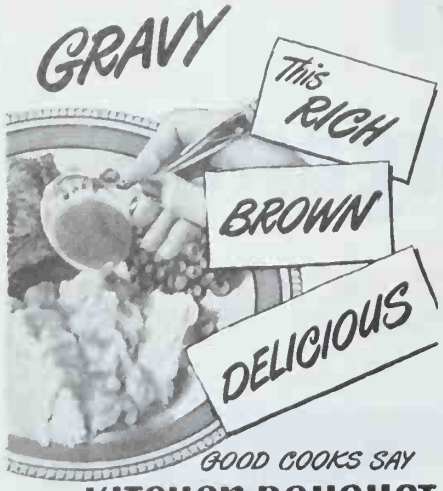
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now packed in 3 different styles for every mushroom use!



(Continued from Page 124)

ROYITOS

Mix together 1 cup flour, 1½ cups corn meal, 1 teaspoon softened butter or margarine, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 beaten eggs and 2½ cups water. Beat with rotary beater 2 minutes. Bake this batter into small pancakes on an ungreased skillet. If the *royitos* stick to the griddle, grease lightly. The finished *royitos* should be only faintly browned and they should be very thin. Stir batter well before each pouring, because the meal and flour will tend to settle. As soon as they are baked, transfer to a damp cloth and cover with another damp cloth. They are like *tortillas*, tough and chewy. At the table, spread with butter or margarine, roll either plain or around a lettuce leaf, and bite them off.

CAJETA DE GUAVA

Soak 3 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water and ½ cup cold loganberry juice. Add 1 cup boiling water and 2 cups boiling loganberry juice. (Grape juice or raspberry juice may be used instead of loganberry.) Stir until gelatin is completely dissolved and add 1 glass or can of guava jelly which has stood in hot water for a while. In one local grocery store here I've found guava jelly put up in 12-ounce glasses; in another, it comes in 15-ounce tins. I've made *cajeta* with both sizes, using the same basic recipe as to proportions of liquids and gelatin. The hot liquid will dissolve the jelly, but it's a good idea to whip it a little with a rotary beater to be sure there are no lumps. Add 3 tablespoons lemon juice and ½ cup pineapple juice left from the canned pineapple for the salad. If you like, ½ cup sherry may be substituted for the pineapple juice. Rub individual molds or one large mold with a little salad oil and fill with the mixture. Place in refrigerator to set. A day-before job, of course.

CREAM-CHEESE SAUCE

Let 6 ounces cream cheese stand at room temperature to soften. Add to it ¾ cup top milk and blend until perfectly smooth.

To serve, unmold jelly onto a platter or individual dessert plates and garnish with seedless green grapes. The pale green grapes look so pretty against the maroon color of the jelly—and they taste good too. For an added color contrast, some of the cream-cheese sauce can be dribbled over the molds and the rest can be served in a separate bowl.

Service. I've planned this as a sit-down dinner. The sitting down can be at the dining table or at card tables, and the service can be formal or buffet or anything you like, but this isn't the kind of food that can be eaten comfortably except at the table. Hot plates for the *pollo con tocino* and cold plates for the salad are decidedly indicated: these foods go together, but they aren't intimate enough to share the same plate. Too, this is beautiful food worthy of a beautiful setting. Your most attractive linen, silver and crystal are none too good for it and we might as well make this dinner party a gala occasion.

You should feel in a gala mood yourself, because everything that means work will be past history. Even the salad can be arranged an hour or two before guests arrive—some waiting in the refrigerator won't hurt it a bit. You'll be free to make yourself and your table look their best, and that's an important part of the fun of entertaining.

MARCH'S CHILD

(Continued from Page 75)

Our luncheon. Everything was a "favorite" of mine. Even the flowers. See that cake? An angel cake, my *most* favorite cake. And, to bear out what I said, it has ten candles on it, just as it should have, which leaves everything wide open—if you know what I mean. Even so, I wasn't up to blowing them out all at one blast. It took me two, so I reckon that wish I made for a diamond necklace won't come true, *this* year. On the other hand, one never knows. I'd settle for that fire-chief-red car I've been wanting terribly. Or any other color, so long as it's red.

But to get on. The first course of this birthday-party luncheon just "happened" to be one of my best liked and most admired soups—clear, green turtle, steaming hot, with sort of half-moons of avocado floating on the top. Pale green, rimmed with darker green against a background of darkest green—it isn't just something to look at, it's an experience in good eating and has that delicate perfection that only superior things in this world can ever achieve. With it was served stuffed endive instead of crackers. And a very smart idea, if you ask me. This is the way *that's* done.

STUFFED ENDIVE

Mix 1 package cream cheese with 1 tablespoon cream, ⅓ teaspoon salt and a little white pepper. Mix very well and add 2 tablespoons chopped chives and water cress, 2 tablespoons chopped onion and ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Separate the spears of endive. Crisp them in ice water. Drain and dry in towels, and fill the spears with the cheese. Serve with the soup instead of crackers.

The suspense was terrific. You see, all this celebration took place in our own private dining room at the Workshop. And, being strictly excluded from kitchen and pantry, I didn't have a chance in the world to know what was going on. When they surprise you in *that* place, they surprise you; and when you're a guest, you're a guest and don't do a thing about waiting on table or *any*thing. And I can assure you the suspense was terrific; terrific is the word.

Leisure is all. To eat leisurely is half the fun of eating. These girls knew about that and they didn't have any notion of jumping up the minute everything was eaten. Weren't there stories of other days to regale the younger members of our family with? And reminiscences of our own to take out and dust off and go over, the while we were bombarded with questions and held to our line?

Satisfaction guaranteed. It's a wonderful feeling, getting something you didn't expect, and, when it's something to eat made specially for you, to find it a favorite dish done just as you'd do it yourself, only better, I guess—well, that's as breathless a feeling as you need hope for. As breathless a moment as this sentence which spun itself. I had nothing to do with it! But you know what I'm talking about.

Beautiful to see, gorgeous to eat. And that's as good a description of the fillet of flounder with a sauce where shrimp and lobster lurk as you are likely to come by from this pen of mine. The receipt is here, so you may go and do likewise, and I do hope you will. Then you'll think the girls, guided by the master touch of Louella Shouer, the author of this party, made a wise and considered choice. Both for me—and for you.

POACHED FILLET OF FLOUNDER WITH SEA-FOOD SAUCE

First make the sauce: Remove the meat from 2 small or 1 large cold boiled lobster—and get the smaller ones if you can. Even 3 of these won't irk you any. Cut in pieces—not too small, about as you'd cut it for a Newburg. Cook 2 pounds fresh shrimp in water to cover, adding lemon slices, 1 onion, ½ bay leaf, a piece of celery, a sprig of parsley and salt and pepper to the water. (If fresh shrimp don't abound in your brook, the frozen or canned ones do right well.) Shell and clean the shrimp, if it's fresh ones you're using. The others save all those goings on. Make 1½ quarts good rich smooth cream sauce, using 6 tablespoons butter or margarine, 6 tablespoons flour, 3 cups milk and 3 cups cream. Season with 1½ teaspoons paprika, 2½ teaspoons salt and a little pepper. Add the shrimp and lobster and cook in the top of the double boiler over hot water until the flavor of the sauce is all nicely blended and it thickens to the consistency of heavy cream. Thin it if it gets too thick. And stir it all the time it is cooking. Don't run off and fry doughnuts now! This sauce will keep right in the double boiler, and be heated up, comes the time to use it. Have it *hot*.

> I have known a vast quantity of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust that idea. Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it. —CHARLES DICKENS.

Now, take 2½ pounds fillet of flounder, and this will give you 8 good-sized rolls. Choose the large fillets. They are easier to roll. Split them down the center. They're the easiest things to manage, and the fishman sends them neatly boned. Begin at the larger end of the fillet and roll it up, putting in a little extra piece if the fillet seems too small. Fasten each fillet with a toothpick. Place in a frying pan with 1½ cups milk, 1½ cups water, 2 teaspoons salt and a little pepper. Simmer gently 10 minutes—or until the fish is white and cooked through. Baste the tops of the rolls with the hot liquid now and then. Watch it. Take the fish out with a broad spatula or griddlecake turner and drain it well. Take out the toothpicks when you have the fillets arranged on their serving platter. The rolled-up fish will hold its shape all right. If it doesn't, speak sharply to it, and it will get back where it belongs. It's a very amenable fish, fillet of flounder. Pour the sea-food sauce over—and be sure some lobster claws show a little—and serve the whole thing *very* hot.

Garnish your platter with small clusters of grapes or some liked fruit. Most any goes well. But the grapes were sort of special. Very cold and crisp, and our man guest, Donald Stuart, he of picture-taking proclivities, asked for more grapes—and got them.

The grace notes are important. I can see a little girl rocking away on a shady back porch, busily shelling peas. Peas just gathered in the vegetable garden, the dew still shining on their clean green pods. It took a lot of peas to make enough for lunch, so sometimes this small figure would retire temporarily from the cool cloister of the porch, and emerge into the "patch" again, to fill her big basket, for it seemed that there was an endless supply, and plenty more coming along, so that at no time all summer long were peas lacking from the dinner table. We never had too many, nor too few.

And the same picture comes to mind of another day. Only the pigtails have vanished and the skirts are a little longer, the figure a little taller. But the basket is the same and so is the tin pan into which the plump peas fall, and the second trip to the garden is the same too. And can you guess who is the busy figure in both of these memory pictures? Well, you *are* clever. Yes, I do like peas.

What this leads up to:

PEAS WITH MUSHROOMS

Cook 2 packages frozen peas according to directions, or 4 pounds fresh peas in a small quantity of salted water until tender. Drain them and season and add ½ pound mushrooms sliced and sautéed in butter or margarine.

(By the way, it's about time to get the sweet peas in. Dig that trench deep. And it's *most* time to think of getting in the first early dwarfs to eat. Earlier the better.)

One of the best. There are a thousand salads. Maybe two thousand. I never counted them. But they don't all stand on an equality. Couldn't, because what some salad eaters get may be a mixture of anything handy in the refrigerator, doused with salad dressing and served up on a limp, disheartened lettuce leaf, preferably a large outside one, and this sort of thing makes no friends for salads. And may turn salad lovers to salad haters.

(Continued on Page 128)

Fish is Thrift

Fish is Nifty

wit





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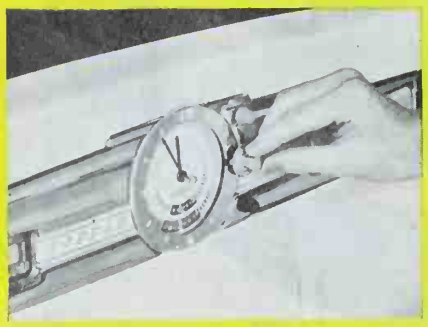
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which has stood in hot water for a while. In one local grocery store here I've found guava jelly put up in 12-ounce glasses; in another, it comes in 15-ounce tins. I've made *cajeta* with both sizes, using the same basic recipe as to proportions of liquids and gelatin. The hot liquid will dissolve the jelly, but it's a good idea to whip it a little with a rotary beater to be sure there are no lumps. Add 3 tablespoons lemon juice and ½ cup pineapple juice left from the canned pineapple for the salad. If you like, ½ cup sherry may be substituted for the pineapple juice. Rub individual molds or one large mold with a little salad oil and fill with the mixture. Place in refrigerator to set. A day-before job, of course.

CREAM-CHEESE SAUCE

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To serve, unmold jelly onto a platter or individual dessert plates and garnish with seedless green grapes. The pale green grapes look so pretty against the maroon color of the jelly—and they taste good too. For an

MARCH'S CHILD

(Continued from Page 75)

I could have bet on this. What? That the dessert would be ice cream. It *had* to be. Of all the desserts ever invented, my favorite was, is and forever will be—ice cream. There's only one flavor I can think of that I don't like, and I don't believe anybody's feelings will be hurt if I say it's pistachio. Take that out and it leaves a pretty wide choice—all good, all welcome on *my* plate. And one of these is the ice cream you see in the picture—strawberry, with strawberries in, on and around it, and second helpings perfectly proper. Or so we were assured—and believed. Once in a while I forget all about my waistline. This was one of those occasions. But I *will say* that it was very comfortable to sit around a spell after the coffee. After all, there wasn't any good reason to move about much.

You know about ice cream, from A to Z, but I'll do right by it and set down a hint or two.

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM WITH STRAWBERRY SAUCE

A good refrigerator strawberry ice cream can be made from scratch, or with any one of several brands of ice-cream mixes. Just go by the rules. They make them plain enough. Or, if you're too busy, buy the ice cream at a place where it doesn't come too sweet. Serve with fresh sugared sliced strawberries, or frozen sliced and sweetened ones. Early berries are wonderful, but has father struck it rich?

Crowning glory. If ever a cake was rightly named, it was this one. Angel cake. As if a breath might blow her away, this queen of cakes airily surveys her envious companions, knowing that she has friends galore and an adoring retinue of true cake lovers. And there isn't a chance in a million of any breath blowing her away. She will disappear under very different auspices.

Those in the know and those who should know. As is the case with ice cream, many of you are old accomplished cake makers from way back, as they say. And many of you may have thought, as once I did, that an angel cake was way beyond you. One of those ineffable mysteries known only to the chosen and gifted few. And its secrets are not transmissible. Hidden like the lily of the valley in its green chalice, not to be exposed to the common glance.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Lady in Weighting

By Dorothy B. Griswold

Who once was slim
And firm and trim
  And tapered fore and aft
Is portly now
In stern and bow
  And would be better halfed.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ad ***They let us go just so far.*** We could
ch ahead with our chocolate and orange and n
an and white cakes, and we did. But some of
gave up before we started when it came
Se angel cake. Times have changed, and I kn
di that you—as well as I—no longer blanch
ta the mere mention of this superior confectio
be We get a quota of egg whites together and
bu to it.
ea If your receipt isn't like mine, may
pl you'd like to add mine to your collectio
fo And here it is. It crowned my birthd
fo party. It was, in my eyes, perfection piled
en perfection. A lovely ending to a lovely par
be (P.S. There was another for me to take hon
Y What do you know about that? A birthd
ar present from my girls.)
m

ANGEL-FOOD CAKE

Measure 1¼ cups egg whites. Sift 1¼ cu
sugar four times and 1 cup cake flour fo
times. Put each in its separate bo
handy by. Beat the egg whites slight
Add ¼ teaspoon salt. Now put in 1¼ te
spoons cream of tartar. Beat until t
whites stand up in peaks but are s
glossy—not dry. Add the 1¼ cups su
gradually, a tablespoonful at a tim
Fold it in carefully. Add 1 teaspo
vanilla and ½ teaspoon almond flav
ing. Now fold in the sifted flour in t
same way you did the sugar—sifti
only a little at a time over the batter u
all the flour is folded in evenly. Pour in
an ungreased deep center-tube pan (
inches wide and 4 inches deep). With a
spatula cut do
through the bat
all the way arou
to remove any la
air bubbles. Bake
minutes in a v
slow oven, 250°
Raise heat to 300°
and bake 20 minu
more. To tell if
cake is done, to
the top lightly. If
your fingerprint
mains, the c
needs a little m
baking. If it d
not show, the c
is done. The ti
however, is exa
correct, if you ha
well-regulated ov
Remove from the oven. Turn the tin
side down on a cake rack and there let
cake stay in the pan an hour, or until
entirely cool. Loosen with a spatula
out she comes.

Frost with a boiled or seven-min
white icing. Flavor with almond. Pla
on the plate you plan to serve it on.
slender glass down the center. With or
mental or butter icing, frost the end of
glass that sticks out in the center. Di
the rest of the icing into portions
coloring individually, with vegetable co
ing, using the colors and tints that wil
best with the flowers you plan to use.
the candles and decorate the cake. Be
bringing the cake in, put water in the g
in the center, arrange a little bouque
the glass and trim around the cake
more small flowers. (They lighted
candles. I puffed them out. But not at
fell swoop—not that.)

To all the March children. March
dren are very gay and love society and
They are too close to Mother Earth no
catch the first faint tuning of the violins
violas of spring. They begin—or *some*
to think of alder bushes and willow trees
also of lines and reels and rods. Not q
time yet. But unpreparedness never ca
a trout.

Then there are catalogues. Yes,
spring bulb and flower catalogues are
Some are already dog-eared and have m
sticking out and pages turned down.
must have attention. We must pore over
fascinating pictures and make long lists
dream long dreams. For it is March,
March's children are moving with the sp

So to all who share March with me,
who have stayed with me so far, h
birthdays. With surprises and angel c
and presents and everything. Happy b
days, dear readers, happy birthdays to

THE

Fish is Thrifty!

Fish is Nifty... with



The wonderful cooking sauce from California



MIGHTY, mighty few meals are as delicious and *thrifty* as this one!

And what makes it so? Why—Hunt's Tomato Sauce! The wonderful cooking sauce from California!

For Hunt's is *all* tomato . . . *kettle-simmered* to heavenly flavor with rare spices and fine seasonings.

That's the flavor that stretches your food money. You must try it to believe it!

Just add a can of Hunt's to your low-cost recipes for meat loaf, soups, rice, stews, egg, spaghetti, vegetables and gravies.

And Hunt's costs so little! Even though more than four sun-drenched California tomatoes are used to make a single can—*you pay only a few cents!*

Yes, *your* market has Hunt's. It's just about the lowest-cost canned food in the store. Buy six cans at a time!

Fish Fillets—Hunt Style

1 lb. fish fillets	¼ cup water
4 tbsp. margarine or butter, melted	¼ tsp. pepper
2 tbsp. chopped onion	1 tsp. salt
1 can Hunt's Tomato Sauce	1 bay leaf
	Dash of sage

Season fillets, place in shallow, greased baking pan. Mix butter, onion, salt, pepper, bay leaf, sage, Hunt's Tomato Sauce, and water. Pour over fish. Bake, basting occasionally, in moderate oven (350°F) 35-40 minutes or until fish is tender. Serves 4.

Hunt-for the best

Hunt Foods, Inc., Los Angeles, California



yright 1948, Hunt Foods, Inc.

MRS. JONES SAVES EASTER MONEY FOR HER HONEY



SMART WIFE—She found a way to make her family's Easter clothes look like new again and save hubby's money in the *bargain* . . . a trick every good housewife should know about.

DRY CLEANERS DISCOVER

New, easy way to make clothes look and feel like new again

It's nice to save money and it's nice to know your family will look their best this Eastertime. Here's how you can do both. Simply try Sanitone Dry Cleaning Service. You will be amazed at the results you get. Even old clothes take on new life because they come back to you much cleaner than with ordinary methods. Sanitone removes all traces of deeply ingrained soil. Spots and stains disappear like magic, and your clothes look fresh as new. You will like the extra service, too. Seams are resewed free . . . buckles, ornaments, buttons are all tightly in place. There is no trace of dry cleaning odor left in your clothes. Sanitone also means a better press that lasts longer. Yet you get all this at no extra cost.

Sanitone Dry Cleaning Service is available to you through dry cleaners in the United States and Canada who have met the rigid standards of this quality dry cleaning service. Sanitone is a division of Emery Industries, Inc., Cincinnati 2, O.



WHAT A SURPRISE—Old suit looks like new. Thanks to this better kind of dry cleaning.



SANITONE DRY CLEANERS are listed in your classified directory. Look for the Sanitone seal.



Maeve sits with poise and dignity, but she lunges into the cockers' games, tail waving. Even the cats think she fits at Stillmeadow.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

WE named her Maeve, for the great Irish queen Mr. Yeats wrote about in his poetry. An Irish setter, even at nine weeks, needs a royal name. Especially when Milson O'Boy is in her family. I had a dim memory of Maeve "with the bright and burnished hair" and also "with the lucky eyes and the high heart." And when we saw the puppies in a driving rain, twelve rapid-motion pictures, the color of Maeve's coat was like fire in the darkness.

We had decided that the cockers needed a big dog to be a companion, warder and guard dog. And so, with my usual inconsistency, I chose Maeve, who is no fiercer than a baby pigeon. And when we got out of the car, her father and mother gave up chasing the hens and dashed over, waving wild flags of welcome, and at once embraced me warmly. Not in the manner of a watch-dog at all.

At nine weeks, Maeve was just the size of Little Sister and Linda, who were passing seven months. Linda was simply enchanted, and hopped around, kissing the new bright one, wagging and leaping. Little Sister took a sniff or two, and went about her own business. Maeve sat quietly, obviously frightened, but with the grave dignity of her inheritance upon her.

In half a day the three were tearing the house to ribbons while the cockers taught her the etiquette of cocker ring-around-a-rosy and catch-as-catch-can and hide-me-find-me. Meanwhile, between removing the best sweater from them and saving the small rug, I hunted in vain for Yeats' "bright and burnished hair" and decided finally that I just made it up myself.

Now introducing a new puppy is easy, if you follow a few simple rules; but oh, how many people fail to follow them! First we got Maeve and the two babies thoroughly fused into a trio. The next day we added Hildegarde, Melody and Snow, and let them all have the yard all day. Finally the boys came out. If the whole crew had been thrown at her the first day, she might never have recovered from the shock.

Secondly, we let the cats look at her r fully from the top of the sofa. M looked back solemnly for quite a v Then Tigger got down and moved a with dignity. Esmé jumped and flew. that was over. The amazing thing, v shows how much more sense animals than people, is that Esmé seemed to right away that Maeve would not p like a cocker, but move more slowly be more quiet. So she came up and s Maeve and never even swelled her

A new puppy should have its own right away and be shown it, and allow have it for its own possession. Maeve one showing, and then got in and sh the other two it was her own.

One thing some people never learn is a new puppy needs rest. I have seen pies made nervous, stop eating, de difficult traits—all because they were let alone to rest. They need quiet plenty of sleep, just as human babie Being lugged around all day, squeale chased, having keys jiggled in their fa all are bad.

Calling them incessantly is wors puppy never will learn to come to call or she is called all day long for nothin called Maeve only for food the first days. The third day she knew her and came instantly to call for any pur

Housebreaking is another hurdle failure to housebreak is nearly alway owner's fault. Maeve was a kennel p and had never seen the inside of a h But we put her out regularly, letting ing interfere, and the second night sh not even use her papers.

We also got her a box and put her in it. A puppy when teething will e chairs, rugs, bedspreads, anything everything. But a couple of good bones, a sock stuffed with cellopha leather belt, an old glove which she ca out and play with, help a great deal.

It is fascinating to see how dif Maeve is, and yet how wonderfully sl with the cockers. She never hides or sl when scared: she sits with paws tog

ead lifted, motionless. She seems to be all gs, and yet when she sleeps she folds up eatly, cheek on paw. In play, she is not so uick as the sisters, but she lunges. And at tail—the only tail around, except smé's—is always waving. And when she es the neighbor's hens outside the fence, stead of rushing and barking, she checks once, lifts a paw and points.

A dog is practically what you feed it. A ining coat, alert eyes, quick mind, sweet sposition, all these are tied up with proper et. Many people do not feed puppies ough. A puppy is distractable and will t a few mouthfuls, then dash off after an aginary mouse. The food should be left enty minutes, and no older dogs in the om. Then it may be taken up. Milk, eggs, by cereal for breakfast. Chopped meat th vegetables and puppy meal at noon; pper, another feeding. We use several pplementary items with yeast, vitamins, d-liver oil, and so on.

Finally, as far as puppies are concerned, people do not have love and patience, ey should confine their dog interest to tures on magazine covers. For that ndle of love and loyalty and energy is ing to be lively, and time-consuming, d be underfoot a lot. And you have to be id that there is never a dull moment!

March is exciting. Wild wind winnowing e fields of winter and the brown, good, t earth showing, and the washed blue of e sky, and the brook running mad by the illips' barn. There is the smell of spring the air, and the feeling spring in the heart. In childhood, the car- s were out on the line now, beaten with big e whisks, and the nt porches were ubbed and freshly nted gray or mustard. e most vigorous usewives emptied ry room and threw st things out-of- rs—pillows, curtains, covers. I know what vas: they were done with winter, they nted to let spring into the very cracks of furniture.

Blankets blossomed on every line; mat- sses came out the first dry day, too, and intricate washing of coil bedsprings en- ed little girls like me who wanted to ride ir bicycles wildly all over town. Spring ming went on into April, but came a day ast when the smallest spoon shone and smell of furniture polish penetrated ry carved drawer pull.

he whole town had the cleanest, crispest k, with every yard raked, every walk s less, and in the gardens the clean shoots o ulips pushing up. Then mamma always fe like having a party, and fried spring cl ken was just right, with plenty of cr my gravy with crispy bits left in from tl frying, whipped potatoes with parsley to ing, peas with mint, lime salad ring, an a simple little dessert like Lady Balti- m e cake.

The salad ring is one of the best for chicken di ers, both for color and texture. To m e it, you dissolve 1 package lime-fla- vo d gelatin in 2 cups hot water. Stir in 1 te poon salt and 1 pound cottage cheese—th bulk, if possible, not the boxed stiff ki d. Blend together well (mamma had no el ric beater; she used a wire whisk) and fir ly add ¼ cup mild vinegar. Pour into a et ring mold and set in refrigerator. Mamma, of course, made her own lime ge in from the unflavored kind then avail- ab , with lime juice and green vegetable co ing.

At Stillmeadow, we no longer go in for a mo th-long cleaning. We clean when the sp t moves, which with me usually means a of depression. Nothing like a bout wi bureau drawers to make one's world set better, for there is a simple and direct sat faction in a tangible task well done. An when the house is clean and ordered, the is new serenity in it. Besides, say what you will, if you are working hard, you don't have energy left over for brooding.

I heard a woman lecturer a short time ago saying American women were enslaved by household drudgery. Selling their souls, she said, when they should be pursuing the higher things in life. This was the time I lost my temper, which happens about once in six months. She went on to say young married women spent too much time on their children and their houses and fixing up for their husbands. At that moment, I could see the walls of the room turning a slow red.

For it seemed to me her attitude was medieval—born in the era when only the low peasant classes did anything with their hands. The noble folk embroidered or chased deer. And she thought she was ultra-ultra modern! To make a home beautiful, to create a good family life, seems to me a job as important and dignified as any, and there is no reason why pushing a vacuum cleaner is incompatible with thinking about Plato or Aristotle or Parker's Aesthetics. The truth is, I thought, saying nothing while she monologued on, that any job is according to the person performing it. My mother, for instance, was never a career woman; she had no college degree, she was a housewife. But her heart was wise, her intelligence was keen, and the memory of her is still a shining thing for many people that I know about. And if this lecturer with her shaggy fierce look had met mother and they had conversed, the odds would have been entirely mother's. Inside of a short while, mother would have found out what was really wrong and, without seeming to, have suggested something to ease the bitterness that sharpened the attack on the enslaved American wives.

Mark Twain once visited Whistler and was looking over his pictures. "Oh," cried Whistler, "don't touch that! Don't you see, it isn't dry?"
"I don't mind," said Mark. "I have gloves on."

—GAMALIEL BRADFORD: American Portraits (Houghton, Mifflin Co.).

I love to drive through our valley at dusk and see the white houses with people coming home for supper. And the violet light on the crocus buds by the front door. I like to see the bicycles leaning on the steps and the scooters drawn up with relaxed wheels. It gives me a good feeling.

One of the nicest things ever said to me came in the mail today from an eighty-five-year-old lady far away. It is something special, like a gift, and it made the whole new spring world lovelier. She said, "Your imagination makes life wear wings." Suddenly I realized that life can always wear wings, if we will have it so. It was a secret for living that she had discovered and expressed. Imagination isn't always dodging reality, either, but it's things like doing dishes and playing Vienna waltzes and feeling, instead of like an enslaved drudge, like a "fortunate breather of the air" who can hear the swish of satin and the soft purr of velvet and the light tap of enchanted slippers from the past.

Honey lies on the hearth with firelight on her tawny coat, and dreams in her amber eyes. She hears the March wind in her dreams, blowing away the winter and bringing the mild airs of April.

SONG OF MARCH

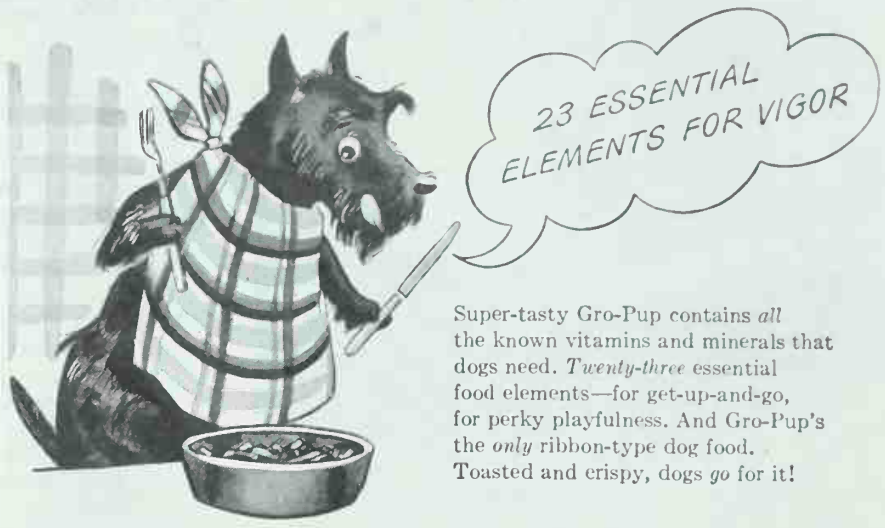
Gallops the stallion wind, unreined again,
In the wild flight from winter into spring,
Tall stars are tangled in his tawny mane,
The cold moon hears his hoofbeats echoing.
Ride down those stars, O wind, upon your way,
A steeplechase whose final victory
Lies in the dreamy green and tranquil day
When the rich sap makes summer of a tree.

The world is much in harness, whipped and checked,
And scantly measured for its pinch of dole,
Old freedoms wither, vision is suspect,
As with our fears we cramp the natural soul.

But being country-wise, rich grace I find
In the unrationed thunder of the wind.

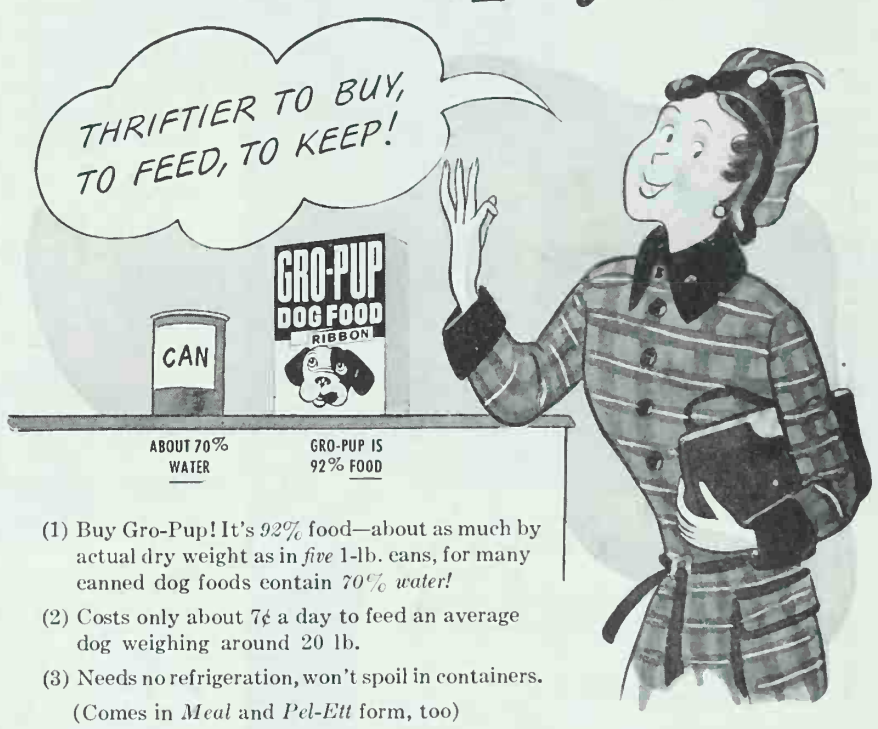
THE END

"No dog's life for me-I get Gro-Pup!"



Super-tasty Gro-Pup contains *all* the known vitamins and minerals that dogs need. *Twenty-three* essential food elements—for get-up-and-go, for perky playfulness. And Gro-Pup's the *only* ribbon-type dog food. Toasted and crispy, dogs *go* for it!

"No waste for me-it's 3-ways thriftier!"



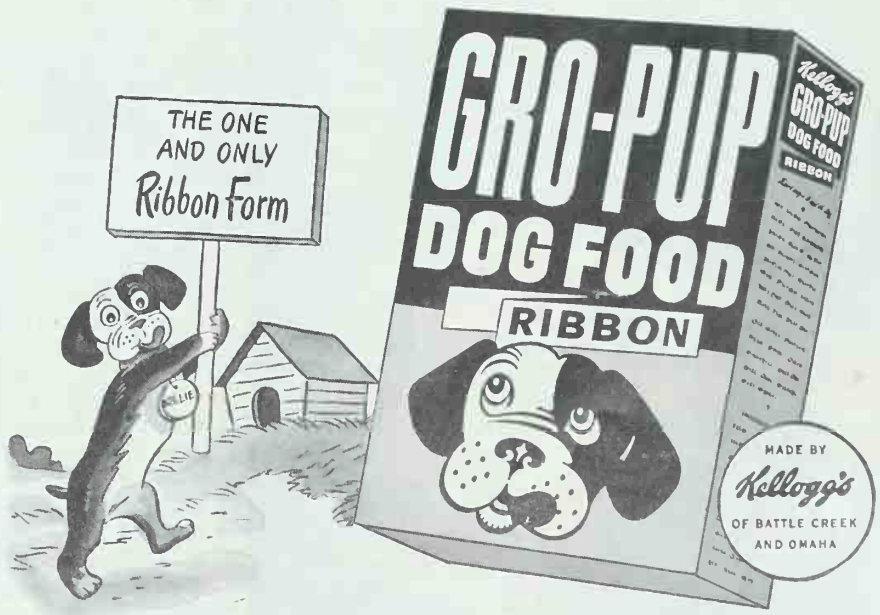
(1) Buy Gro-Pup! It's *92%* food—about as much by actual dry weight as in *five* 1-lb. cans, for many canned dog foods contain *70% water!*

(2) Costs only about 7¢ a day to feed an average dog weighing around 20 lb.

(3) Needs no refrigeration, won't spoil in containers.

(Comes in *Meal* and *Pel-Ett* form, too)

The Biggest Box on the shelf



Dogs Go For GRO-PUP

New Tricks for Good Eating

by *Virginia Coates*



Home-baked poppy seed rolls—there's nothing like 'em! And you can make them on the double-quick, too, if you make up your yeast dough ahead of time and store it in the refrigerator after the first rising. It will keep several days. Then you can whip up a batch of fragrant, fresh-baked rolls in no time. Try the recipe on this page.

• • •

For the best rolls (and who wants anything less?) use top-notch ingredients. For all baking and cooking, I like Durkee's Margarine. And as a *spread*—it's delicious because it's always country-fresh and mild. Try it on hot vegetables, too.

The Durkee people make their Margarine of pure nutritious vegetable oils, churned with fresh, pasteurized skim milk. It's a healthful product—with 15,000 units of Vitamin A to a pound, all year 'round.



Topping! Top the rolls with a generous sprinkle of Durkee's Poppy Seed. They have a real nut-like taste! And, by the way, whenever you need a spice, pick Durkee's Spices. They're always fresh, full-flavored and beautifully blended.

• • •

Pan-fried fish—but different!
Here's my favorite recipe—

3 lbs. flounder (or other fish)
1 tsp. salt ⅓ cup flour
¼ tsp. white pepper
3 to 4 tbsp. Durkee's Shortening

Pre-heat the skillet well (this prevents fish from breaking). Add shortening to hot skillet and let it get very hot before adding fish. Wipe fish with clean, damp cloth. Mix flour with salt and pepper and roll fish in mixture. Gently pat off excess flour. Fry in hot fat until golden-brown on both sides. Serves 6.

What, no Tartar Sauce? No! Skip it and surprise everybody with the lively zest of Durkee's Dressing. Just pour it out of the bottle. You can use it just as it is—nothing to add, nothing to mix. It's that simple. And is it good! Durkee's has a zippy tang that's delightful on any fish. If you've never used this versatile Dressing before, it will be a find!

For other interesting recipes, write to Durkee Famous Foods, Dept. L3-8, Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.

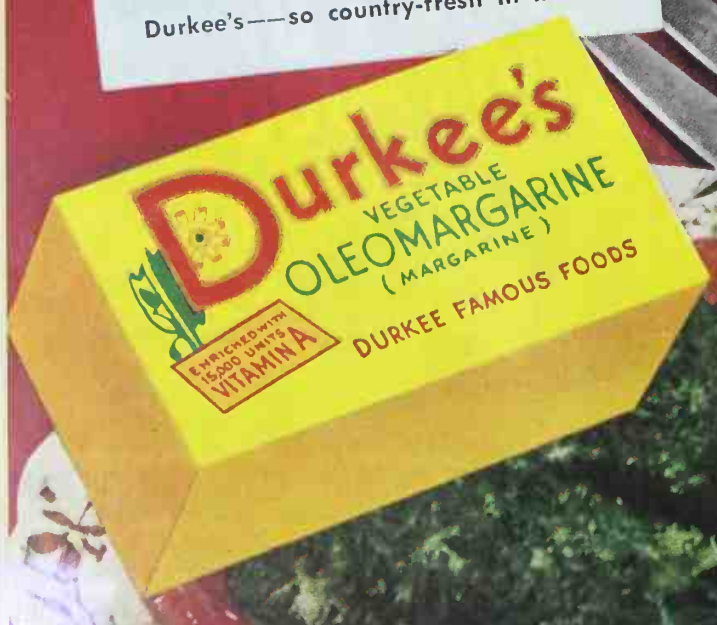
©A Division of The Glidden Co.

Poppy Seed Rolls

2 yeast cakes
2 cups buttermilk or sour milk (lukewarm)
5 cups sifted flour
¾ tsp. baking soda
⅓ cup sugar
½ cup Durkee's Margarine (melted but not hot)
¾ tsp. salt
1 egg white
3 tbsp. Durkee's Poppy Seeds

Crumble yeast into mixing bowl. Add sugar and buttermilk or sour milk. Add melted Margarine and stir until mixture is dissolved. Sift flour with salt and soda and add gradually to yeast mixture. Stir until smooth. Place in greased mixing bowl. Cover bowl with clean cloth and let dough rise in warm place until double in bulk. Cut down dough and form in desired shapes. Place in greased pans. Brush with egg white and sprinkle with poppy seeds. Cover and let rise again in warm place until double in bulk. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) about 20 minutes. Makes 2 dozen rolls. Serve hot with plenty of Durkee's Margarine.

Durkee's—so country-fresh in flavor!





Fried fish needs this spirited sauce!

Instead of Tartar Sauce, serve keen, tangy Durkee's Dressing—and enjoy new zest, new flavor. Durkee's is marvelous on any fish, hot or cold. Equally delicious on cold meats, in salads and sandwich fillings. A well-seasoned blend of 14 rare spices, rich with fresh eggs and other fine ingredients. Golden in color and delightfully different in flavor. Thrifty, too, because it's concentrated and a little flavors a lot!

Dress it up with Durkee's Dressing!

POSSIBLE PRESIDENTS—HARRY TRUMAN

(Continued from Page 39)

Missouri Congressman, and then was turned down because of defective vision.

But just as President Teddy forced himself to become an athlete and soldier despite a puny childhood body, so Harry Truman triumphed over his handicap and became a good artillery captain in World War I. He did not become famous or win any decorations, but he behaved bravely and coolly under fire, and knocked out some German batteries before they could get to his, which was just what he was supposed to do. He won the respect of his men, and he made friends who are still among the closest he has.

Truman was, apparently, a completely happy man on the battlefields of France. The night before the big Meuse-Argonne offensive, he told his men, "I'd rather be right here than be President of the United States. Now let's go in." And whenever he pins a Congressional Medal of Honor on a hero in the White House, he still says, "I would rather have this medal than be President." He means that.

As part of his war experience Captain Truman acquired a profound respect for top-ranking American generals, and this feeling is still strongly with him. He has probably put more military men into high Government and diplomatic positions than any President since U. S. Grant. He never starts a day's work in the White House without a twenty-minute fill-in on military news from Adm. William D. Leahy, his personal chief of staff. His administration has become so increasingly influenced by military considerations that even Hanson W. Baldwin, the conservative military expert of the conservative New York Times, has spoken out in alarm.

"We are spending," Baldwin wrote, "more than $10,000,000,000 annually on our armed forces . . . we maintain uniformed forces totaling more than 1,500,000 men, the largest Navy in the world, one of the largest air forces and an army second to none in equipment and second only to Russia's in size. . . . Yet we are constantly told that our armed forces are 'weak,' and measures already presented to Congress [UMT, and so on] would add billions more to our defense budget."

It was Baldwin's conclusion that "the growing influence of the military in American life is dangerous to our democratic liberties."

TRUMAN'S natural tendency is to be frank and hearty with everybody about everything—to say just what is on his mind when somebody asks him a question. This trait is an unusual one in a politician, and it can be disastrous for a President. It has led to some amazing incidents, such as his off-the-cuff statement to newspaper reporters in 1945 that the United States would keep sole control of the atomic bomb. This remark caused as violent repercussions in world politics as any ever made by an American President, and its effects will go on for years. Yet Truman could not see that he had done anything remarkable. He had just said what he was thinking at the time.

Later on he endorsed the Bernard Baruch plan for international control of the bomb and other forms of atomic energy, which was quite a different thing. And he was perfectly sincere in both instances. He had not changed his mind, exactly, but he had done some more thinking, and enlarged his ideas on the subject.

The same process occurred in full view of the public when Henry Wallace was fired as Secretary of Commerce. At first the President said it was all right for Wallace to attack the Administration's policy toward Russia, even though he was a member of the Cabinet. Then he decided—under heavy pressure—that it was not all right. Finally, after debating the matter with his own conscience all night, he demanded Wallace's resignation. It was just another case of thinking the problem through.

TRUMAN really tries at times to curb his impulsive tongue. Coming home from his only "Big Three" conference, at Potsdam in 1945, he told a group of reporters on shipboard: "Boys, the real reason I got out of the meeting so fast, and didn't stop, was that I wanted to be away from there before I could be questioned by Uncle Joe and old Attlee about our atomic bomb. I had issued orders that it be released some time before I got back to Washington. I wanted it to be used fast, but I didn't want it to be used when I could be questioned about it."

A Truman quality which has been much stressed by his biographers is his loyalty to his friends. Politically the two outstanding examples of this have been his loyalty to the Pendergasts of Kansas City, who made him a senator, and to Edwin W. Pauley, the California oil magnate who helped run his campaign for Vice-President in 1944. Truman was never an inside member of the Pendergast organization in Kansas City, and he had no part in the corrupt activities which wrecked the machine and brought old Tom Pendergast to a prison cell. But he has never uttered a public word that was critical of Pendergast, and he is still on close terms with Pendergast's successor and nephew. When the Pendergast nemesis, Maurice Milligan, was up for reappointment as Federal prosecutor in Kansas City, Truman attacked him in the most savage speech he ever made in the Senate.

"Mr. Milligan's moral and political thinking never did appeal to me," Truman told his Senate colleagues. He broke openly with President Roosevelt in an all-out effort to prevent Milligan from going back to his post. He was defeated then, but he did not forgive or forget. After he became President himself he got rid of Milligan, and put another man in his place.

In the case of Ed Pauley, Truman's loyalty has gone to lengths which even his supporters consider unnecessary. Political Washington is not likely to forget the hectic scenes which followed the President's efforts to install Pauley as Under Secretary of the Navy in 1946. "Honest Harold" Ickes made his exit from the Cabinet, uttering Paul Revere cries that another oil scandal was coming. Congress opposed the Pauley nomination, and the President stubbornly bucked Congress. Committee hearings disclosed

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Blueprint

By R. H. Grenville

"So very much to make a house,"
he said.
"Strong beams to keep a lifetime's weather out;
Lintel, and sill, and hearth; and overhead
The stanch rooftree." They stood and looked about
The hill where they would build their home someday,
And she was silent, knowing in her heart
That in their love the true foundation lay . . .
Rafter and beam were but the outer part.
Laughter for warmth, and love for strength. She knew
How much of both a lifetime could demand,
But they were young, and they would build it true.
They smiled, and left together hand in hand.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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are a perfect main dish for Lent. They come—without meat—ready to heat and serve. Ann Page Beans in Tomato Sauce with Pork and Ann Page Boston Style Beans are both "heat 'n eat" favorites, too!



ANN PAGE PREPARED SPAGHETTI

is another hearty dish that's quick to fix. It's ready-cooked with a luscious tomato and golden-rich cheese sauce. You just heat it and it's ready to serve . . . for a matter of just a few pennies per portion!

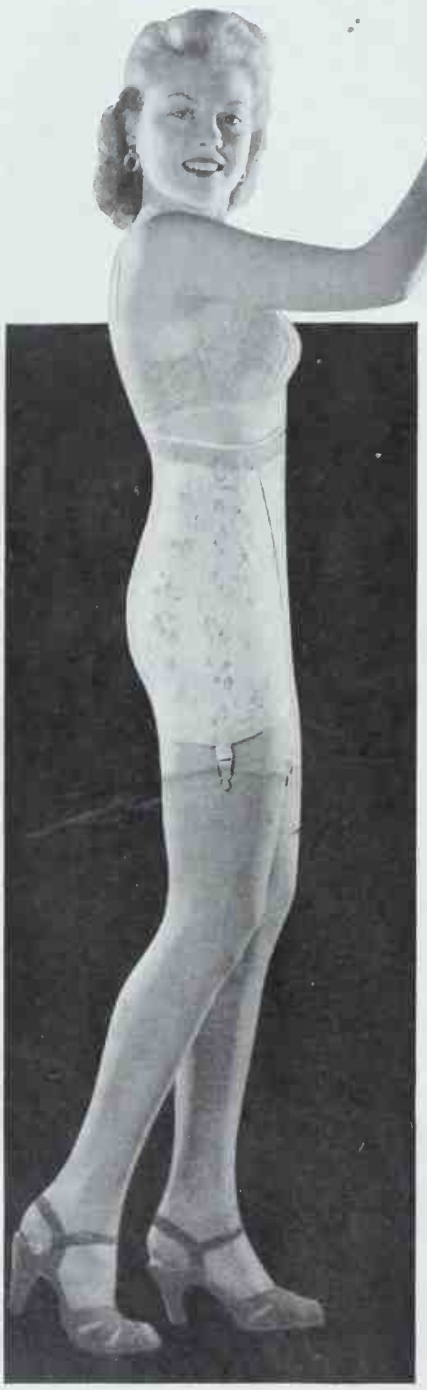
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A&P

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"Look at the *LORDOSIS I had until I got a SPENCER!"





***Lordosis Posture—a deep in-curve at waist in back which forces abdominal organs forward and downward, impairing functioning. Backache and fatigue often result. *At Left:* wearing a Spencer Support and Spencer Breast Support.**

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March, 1948 TO: *ANNE SPENCER* SEND TODAY

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Please send your free booklet. I have marked my posture problem at left.

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FOR ABDOMEN, BACK AND BREASTS

that Pauley had mixed his oil interests with his job as Democratic national treasurer. Finally, after all possible damage had been done to the President's prestige, Pauley himself withdrew.

But Harry Truman was not willing to give up. He sent Pauley on a diplomatic mission, and then quietly appointed him assistant to the Secretary of the Army. Pauley had scarcely settled down to this job when a new storm broke. The President made a speech denouncing grain speculators for helping to raise the price of food and an investigation disclosed that Pauley was one of the big speculators. But so far as can be learned, the President is still loyal to Pauley.

There have been other cases in which Truman's loyalty has not worn so well. In 1940, when the Pendergast machine lay in ruins, and Truman seemed doomed to defeat in his bid for re-election as a Missouri senator, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers came to his rescue with funds and trained speakers, and rallied other labor groups in the state to his support. Thousands of $1 stamps, to raise funds for the Truman campaign in Missouri, were bought by railroad men all over the country. The two brotherhood presidents, "Aleck" Whitney and Alvanley Johnston, had watched Truman work on railway legislation in the Senate, and they had concluded that he was "one of the best friends labor ever had."

Again in 1944, when Truman was trying to get James F. Byrnes on the Democratic ticket for Vice-President, the two railway union heads were actively promoting Truman for the place. They vouched for him to Sidney Hillman and other influential labor leaders, and their arguments helped persuade Truman himself to take the nomination.

Then came the spring of 1946, when the brotherhood presidents were engaged in a long-deferred showdown with management over working rules and wages. They hoped that their friend Harry Truman, who was now the President, would use his influence to bring about a settlement. Instead, the dispute was shunted to a fact-finding board, and dragged on to a threatened strike. The railway managements, figuring that time and the public would be on their side, let the negotiations end.

When the union men did go to the White House, by summons, they found the President brusque and obviously hostile. "We are going to run the railroads and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it," he said, smashing his fist down on his desk.

A few days later he went before Congress to ask for drastic laws and Army aid in breaking the strike. "This particular crisis," he said, "has been brought about by the obstinate arrogance of two men. They are Mr. Alvanley Johnston, president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and Mr. A. F. Whitney, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen."

Hours before these words were spoken, Johnston and Whitney had surrendered, and called off the strike.

And today they are again supporting Truman, for President!

"So you have to run home as usual?" scoffed one of the group at the bar as a timid-looking little man rose to leave. "What are you, a man or a mouse?"

"A man, of course," replied the little fellow with dignity.

"What makes you so sure?" demanded the other.

"Because," he explained, "my wife is afraid of a mouse."

HARRY TRUMAN was born May 8, 1884, in the Southwestern Missouri town of Lamar, where his father was in the horse-and-mule-trading business. He was the first child, and his father was so elated that he went out that day and nailed a horseshoe over the front door of the little white cottage where they lived. The horseshoe and the cottage are still there, almost undisturbed.

John Truman, the future President's father, was a "lively little fellow" and "the hottest Democrat there ever was," according to the recollections of Lamar residents. He was "full of mischief, and would knock your hat off if you weren't looking." But he was not a hard worker, nor a great success in business. When Harry was four the family moved north about 100 miles to live with his maternal grandparents, the Solomon Youngs near Grandview. The Youngs were well-to-do farmers and stock raisers who had driven and sold animals as far west as California in pre-Civil War days. During the war they were pro-Southern and they were forced to move off their farm and live behind the Union lines by order of the commanding Federal general in Western Missouri. Other relatives of the Trumans had fought in Southern uniforms, and there was always a strong residue of Confederate sentiment in Harry Truman's boyhood background.

IN 1891 his father resumed the horse-trading business at Independence, the historic Missouri county-seat town where all the great trails to the West had started. Harry was seven then, but he had not yet entered school because of nearsightedness. At eight he got his glasses, and at nine he finally started school. There he became somewhat celebrated for his bookish habits, although in scholarship standing he was always well behind his classmate Charlie Ross, now White House press secretary.

The year 1901 was a turning point in his life—he was graduated from high school, rejected for West Point, and his father's business failed. He had to give up any thoughts of college, and work to support himself. His first job was washing bottles in a drugstore, and his second was wrapping newspapers in the mail-room of the Kansas City Star. Next he became a timekeeper on a Santa Fe railroad construction job between Sheffield and Sibley, Missouri. Twice a day he pumped a three-wheeled handcart along the tracks to check up on the crews and make out their time tickets. Every Saturday afternoon he sat in the back room of a saloon handing out the pay checks which were carried, in many cases, right around the partition to the bar.

The railroad workers were a hard-bitten crew, and eighteen-year-old Harry Truman learned things from them that were not written down in books. He lived with them in their tents, ate their rough chow from a tin plate, and listened daily, as he now recalls, to "all the cusswords in the English language." After six months he had had enough, and he found a quieter job as bookkeeper in the National Bank of Commerce in Kansas City. He showed real aptitude for bank work, and in a couple of years he was earning $125 a month, which he considered "a heck of a good salary." He saved most of his money, ate ten-cent lunches, and worked evenings as a theater usher so that he could see the shows that came to Kansas City.

In 1906 he was given an opportunity to go back and till the old family farm at Grandview, in partnership with his father and brother Vivian. He seized it gladly, for he was tired of indoor work. His energetic mother used to say that Harry was really cut out to be a farmer. "He could plow the straightest furrow in Jackson County," she said. "He could sow wheat so there wasn't a bare spot in the whole field." For the next ten years his life was filled with hard, quiet and satisfying labor.

He also got a modest start in Democratic politics. His father was the township road supervisor and judge of elections at the near-by village of Grandview. Harry served as his clerk in the latter job. When his father died in 1915, Harry succeeded him as road supervisor. Harry was also appointed postmaster of Grandview, though he turned the duties and the entire salary over to a local woman who needed the job.

In 1912, when Champ Clark, of Missouri, was the leading contender for the Democratic nomination for President, Harry wanted in the worst way to attend the party convention at Baltimore. But he had to stay home

(Continued on Page 136)

Some little ladies ought to start Pulling Hair!



No, dear, not your own! But—

What about the gal who sold you that shrunk-up dress! Never let anyone *talk you into* anything that won't fit right, look right, after washing!

Ask—insist—*demand* to see "Sanforized" on the label! Even if you have to pull hair, it's worth it! For the "Sanforized" trade-mark assures you the style will never shrink away!

Some shopping hints . . .



Just as important to style as that darling little neckline—is that darling little "Sanforized" label.



Remember, "Sanforized" on the label is your assurance of permanent fit. Yes, Ma'am! Even after countless washings!



Be a shrewdie! Make sure *every* cotton you wear bears "Sanforized" on the label—whether you pay $2 or $20!

The style will never shrink away if your dress has "Sanforized" on the label!

•SANFORIZED•
TRADE MARK

Fabric shrinkage not more than 1% by standard wash test

TRADE-MARK OF CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC.

(Continued from Page 134)

and cut hay. On the day of the voting he arranged to work a field that adjoined a small railroad station, and every time he came around the field he got off the mower and went in to see what the telegraph was saying. Clark lost the nomination to Woodrow Wilson, and Missouri had to wait another thirty-three years for its first President.

On Saturday afternoons Harry took a train to Independence, twenty miles away, and spent the rest of the week end attending church and courting Bess Wallace, his childhood sweetheart. He had met her in the 1890's in the Presbyterian Sunday school, and he never became interested in anyone else. Her family was better off than the Trumans, and she had other suitors, but Harry seemed to have the inside track. In 1913 he dipped into his savings and bought a four-cylinder Stafford touring car—one of the first off the assembly line in Kansas City—and continued his courting in that. But it was not until 1919, when he was thirty-five years old, that they were married.

TRUMAN joined the Missouri National Guard in 1905 and regularly attended its summer camps for training. He was promoted to corporal, and when his regiment—the 129th Field Artillery—was called to active service in 1917 he was made a first lieutenant. After a year at Camp Doniphan he was sent to France, and appointed captain of the 129th's Battery D, which was mostly composed of tough young Irishmen from the Tenth Ward of Kansas City. Their unruly ways and hatred of discipline had already "busted" four previous captains, and they felt sure they could make a monkey out of this slender, bespectacled farmer named Truman. On his first day in command they staged a wild stampede among their horses, hoping that the new captain would get excited and gallop after the "runaways." But Truman had seen enough horses to know at once that this was a fake. He merely grinned, ordered the men to go chase their own horses, and rode off quietly in the other direction.

Truman won the respect of his men by his firmness, and their friendship by his willingness to lend money, play poker, cuss, and drink an occasional bottle of cognac with them. The only real embarrassment they ever gave him came while they were being reviewed by the Prince of Wales and General Pershing. "Hey, Captain Truman, what did the little so-and-so say about freeing Ireland?" shouted one of the men while the Prince was standing only twenty yards away. Both he and Captain Truman pretended not to hear.

After the war Truman, like many another veteran, did not feel like settling back into his old routine on the farm. Instead, he went into the haberdashery business with a wartime buddy, Eddie Jacobson, a former shirt salesman. They put up about $20,000 between them, and opened a store on 12th Street, across from Kansas City's best-known hotel, the Muehlebach. Eddie did the buying and pricing, and Harry was the principal "counter hopper" and salesman. In the first year they sold $100,000 worth of shirts, ties, hats, socks, underwear and suits to their old Army friends, and others.

Then came the "inflation squeeze" of 1921, and the firm of Truman & Jacobson found itself loaded with stock which it could not sell at a profit. Demand fell off sharply, and by 1922 they were broke and out of business, with $20,000 in debts still hanging over them. For the next fifteen years Truman continued to chip away at these debts, paying small sums out of his salary. He did not finish repayment until after he was a United States senator.

Meanwhile he had to have a job, and fast. It happened that while he was at Camp Doniphan he had become friendly with First Lieut. Jim Pendergast, who was a nephew and aide of Boss Tom. It also happened that in 1922 the Pendergasts were looking for a candidate for judge in Jackson County with a farming, soldiering and Democratic background. Truman fitted this

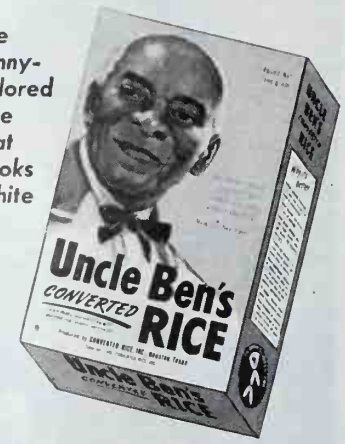




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- *The Reader's Digest* called it a "Revolution in Rice." It's scientifically improved long-grain polished rice—vitamin permeated.
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- It has a grand new flavor, rich and nut-like, that you'll like in every rice dish. Makes rice a new food.
- Note its sunny color. Extra B vitamins of the whole grain are sealed in each kernel. These are vitamins that are largely lost in ordinary polished rice.
- Uncle Ben's Rice is a real economy food, too. Plenty of generous servings in every package.

The sunny-colored rice that cooks white



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Houston, Texas

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perfectly. Jim Pendergast recom-ed him to his uncle, and that fall Tru-vas elected county judge.

job, incidentally, had nothing to do the courts or law. In Missouri the y judges are what supervisors are here—they oversee roads and public ngs, draw up budgets, allocate tax let contracts, and run the county's ss.

vas a particular tribute to Truman's tion for honesty that during his the voters approved a $32,000,000 ssue for new roads and buildings, in-g a "skyscraper" courthouse in Kan-ity—and that he spent the money ut ever being charged with graft or esty. Certain contractors who were y with Pendergast tried to move in but Truman carried out his public that every contract would be adver-and let to the lowest bidder. And rgast, after inquiring what was up, m to go ahead and do it his way.

m Pendergast never asked me to do a est thing," Truman said later. "He wouldn't do it if he asked it. He was honest with me, and when he made ise he kept it. When he was down and convicted felon, the Kansas City and his papers demanded that I denounce refused and then they denounced me. wouldn't kick a friend when he was

re is an often-told story in Missouri 1934 Harry Truman went to Tom rgast and asked for his support as collector, which was a much better job than judge. And that Boss old him, "I can't do it, Harry. I've ed it to another. The best I can do for United States Senator."

truth behind this is that in 1934 Pen-needed a respectable candidate for , and that his first two choices—Senator James A. Reed and Congress-oseph B. Shannon—refused to make e under his auspices. In this dilemma ss' eye again lighted on honest, hard-g Harry Truman. And shortly there-Truman was a member of the United Senate.

"I'm as ignorant as a fool about everything worth while," Truman told one startled newspaperman, shortly after he arrived in Washington. And he really meant it. His modesty was colossal. But he made friends quickly among the senators by passing out bottles of "T. J. Pendergast's private stock." And he voted straight down the party line for the New Deal.

For his specialty he chose railroad legislation, which meant lots of drudgery and a minimum of publicity. The country did not begin to hear much about Truman until his first term was almost over, in 1940. Then, one cold winter's day, he got in his car in Washington and drove straight to a big new Army camp, Fort Leonard Wood, in Missouri. He had been hearing reports of waste and inefficiency, and he went to see for himself. What he saw convinced him that the reports were true. And he came back to Washington to ask for a continuing investigation of the whole defense effort.

Thus was born the famous Truman Committee, which kept contractors and Army procurement officers on their toes all during the war. After Pearl Harbor, Truman's first and overpowering impulse was to get back in the Army, and he went right over to see Gen. George C. Marshall, the Chief of Staff.

"This war is for young men, not for old goats like you," Marshall reputedly told him, in an effort at humor.

But Truman was deadly serious. "I'm younger than you are," he argued.

"I know it," replied Marshall, "but I'm a general and you would only be a lieutenant colonel. So I order you to go back to the Senate—you're needed there!"

Truman went back and turned his committee into the same kind of efficient and nonpartisan outfit that he had made of Battery D. The Truman Committee exposed some scandals, but it stopped a great many more before they could do any harm. It never pulled its punches, even when they fell on the Administration, the armed forces or our Allies. It was, as President Roosevelt said, "an example of honest, efficient government at work."

It was directly responsible for Truman's nomination for Vice-President in 1944. The





Easy Recipe

Fruit Cocktail Spring Treats!

Perfect meal starter! Magic dessert! Simply open a can of fruit cocktail and serve! In this one perfect blend you get California's fine, sweet, sun-ripened cling peaches, pineapple, pears, cherries and grapes. What beautiful desserts you can make! What showy salads!

Even in baking, these sparkling fruits lose none of their lively color or sun-ripe flavor! Canned fruit cocktail has *dozens* of uses.

Party Fruit Cup: *(below)* Cool, luscious fruit cocktail spooned right from the can!

Jeweled Fruit Salad

Glamorous, dainty, quick...with canned fruit cocktail

1½ cups drained canned fruit cocktail
¾ cup fruit cocktail syrup
1 package Lemon Jell-O*
1 cup hot water
½ cup heavy cream

Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add syrup and chill. When slightly thickened, fold in fruit. Turn half of mixture into a 1-quart mold. Chill. Whip cream until thick and shiny, but not stiff; fold into remaining Jell-O mixture. Turn into mold over clear layer. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with additional fruit cocktail if desired. Makes 8 servings.

**Jell-O is a registered trade mark of General Foods Corporation.*

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In tin or glass. Light or heavy syrup. Wide variety of can sizes.







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Only Foot Savers are made over the Shortback* Last which prevents laaseness and gapping at the heel withaut pinching at the tae.

Gone are the days when you had to wear clumsy, unattractive shoes in order to be comfortable. For now, with Foot Savers, you can be dressed-up and comfortable, too! You can go to the theatre . . . dine out . . . go almost anywhere . . . and *know* that your shoes are as smart as the rest of your costume. These wonderful Foot Saver Shoes are master-made of the finest materials and luxury leathers, by expert craftsmen. And superbly styled by leading designers for seasons of wear. Because they're made over our exclusive Shortback* Last, Foot Savers give perfect fit at heel *and* toe.

Write for name of nearest Foot Saver dealer, and for Spring style booklet. The Julian & Kokenge Co., 264 South Front Street, Columbus 15, Ohio.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SHORTBACK Foot Saver Shoes

A PRODUCT OF PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

full story of that episode has never been told, for President Roosevelt died without telling it. But in general the facts go like this: Roosevelt, the wartime President and Commander in Chief, was sure to be renominated. Henry Wallace, who was Vice-President at the time, also wanted to run again. James F. Byrnes, who had been a senator and Supreme Court Justice and was now "Assistant President" in charge of home-front mobilization, wanted Wallace's place on the ticket. The New Dealers and CIO favored Wallace; the Southern Democrats, who were powerful in Congress, were for Byrnes. Roosevelt, apparently, gave some encouragement to each of them.

In the meantime Truman's name had been put forward as a likely compromise by his old friends in the railroad unions, and by his fellow Missourian, Bob Hannegan, the new Democratic chairman. But Truman was genuinely startled at the idea. When Jimmy Byrnes asked for his support he gave it gladly, and he went to the Chicago convention to work for a Roosevelt-Byrnes ticket. Among others, he tried to talk Sidney Hillman into a more favorable attitude toward Byrnes.

Then Bob Hannegan showed him a note scrawled in lead pencil. It read, "Tell Harry Truman that I want him to be Vice-President. F.D.R." Truman was mystified, for the President had never said or sent a word to him about the Vice-Presidency. "I don't believe it," he said. "I think you're kidding." Later he learned the note was genuine.

THE next day he was called to Hannegan's hotel suite, and met a formidable group of party leaders. A telephone call was just being put through. "Sh-h-h," warned Hannegan. "It's the President."

Roosevelt's voice came over the wire, loud and excited. "Haven't you persuaded that fellow yet?" it said.

"Not yet, Mr. President," Hannegan replied.

"Well, just tell him for me that if there's a split in the party he'll be responsible for it," said the voice.

Hannegan put his hand over the mouthpiece and looked at Truman. "What will I tell him?" he asked.

"Well," said Truman, "if he feels that way about it, I guess I'll have to take it."

One of the central facts about Truman is that he is a small-town man who believes that the American small town is the very best place on earth. When he was a senator he used to expound this idea in speeches which would be called radical, and perhaps even "un-American," if they were made today.

"One of the difficulties as I see it is that we worship money instead of honor," he told the Senate in 1937. "A billionaire in our estimation is much greater in the eyes of the people than the public servant who works for the public interest. It makes no difference if the billionaire rose to wealth on the sweat of little children and the blood of underpaid labor.

"No one ever considers Carnegie libraries steeped in the blood of the Homestead steel workers, but they are. We do not remember that the Rockefeller Foundation is founded on the dead miners of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company and a dozen other similar performances. We worship Mammon. Until we go back to the ancient fundamentals and return to the Giver of the Tables of the Law and His teachings, these conditions are going to remain with us. . . .

"People can only stand so much, and one of these days there will be a settlement. We shall have one receivership too many, one unnecessary depression out of which we will not come with the power still in the same old hands.

"I believe that the country would be better off if we did not have sixty per cent of the assets of all insurance companies concentrated in four companies. I believe that a thousand insurance companies with four million each in assets would be a thousand times better for the country than the Metropolitan Life with four billion dollars in assets. . . .



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BY MISS ADMIRACION

Your hair may have *much more* loveliness to reveal. To see, choose the shampoo sure to conjure *all* its wondrous radiance. Choose Admiracion! Watch the magical new ingredient... Decanium banish beauty-robbing film. Feel how "alive," soft your hair becomes. How gloriously it curls, manages. Naturally, expert hairdressers and America's loveliest girls use Admiracion. Sold at toilet counters, hairdressers everywhere.



ADMIRACION SHAMPOO

WITH "NEW" DECANIUM





For **FAST RELIEF,** help feed famished muscles with fresh blood!

- When strenuous activity leaves your muscles stiff and sore . . . *help Nature* get them back to normal! Rub on Absorbine Jr.!

What makes those muscles shout with pain is often simply that they're *famished.* Your extra effort has burned up their nourishment. But rub those muscles with famous Absorbine Jr. and you help step up the local circulation. Then fresh blood supplies fresh nourishment . . . those tired muscles can relax, pain eases—you'll say: "Ah, what *relief!*"

Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. Get a bottle from your druggist today. Only $1.25, and there's nothing like this famous formula!

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.

"I say also that a thousand county-seat towns of seven thousand people each are a thousand times more important to this republic than one city of seven million. Our unemployment and our unrest are the result of the concentration of wealth, and concentration of population in industrial centers, mass production, and a lot of other so-called modern improvements.

"We are building a Tower of Babel."

Yet in spite of such misgivings as these, Truman is essentially a hopeful man. He is devoutly sure that the United States is not only the greatest country in the world, but is going to be much greater. He has said several times since he became President that "we are facing an era of prosperity and progress such as history has never known."

In the meantime there are such things as strikes, and inflation, and fears of a new world war, and the grim problem of the atom bomb. Inevitably, in grappling with these vast responsibilities, Truman has had to expose himself more than any of his likely Republican opponents. His mistakes and weaknesses have been magnified a thousand times; his accomplishments have been buried under new crises and worries. He has had to improvise and compromise, and change his mind in public.

A man, fishing at Kew, saw a bowler hat, brim downward, apparently floating downstream. For fun he made a cast at it. To his surprise the hat rose in the water, disclosing it was being worn by another gentleman, who said, "Am I right for Westminster Bridge, chum?"

"O.K.," replied the fisherman. "Straight on."

"Thanks," replied the face, bobbing under water and leaving exposed only the hat, which continued downstream.

It then occurred to the fisherman that Westminster Bridge was rather a long way, so he shouted, "It's a good many miles, you know!"

Up popped the hat and its owner answered, "It won't take me long. I've got me bike."

He began by favoring the labor unions; then he cracked down on the railway brotherhoods and coal miners; then he switched back again and vetoed the Taft-Hartley law. He began by hastily lifting wartime controls after V-J Day; then he tried to save the OPA from the Republicans; and ended up by asking for new controls after prices had already gone sky high. He began with a small-town group of advisers, mostly from Missouri, and has wound up with a Cabinet whose strongest members are two ex-Wall Street bankers and a former General of the Armies.

In world affairs he gave up Roosevelt's policy of dealing direct with the wartime Allies after the Potsdam Conference. When differences developed with Russia he tried first to reach a compromise solution through the politically adept Jimmy Byrnes, while listening with one ear to the fervent peace pleas of Henry Wallace. Finally he dropped both Wallace and Byrnes, and adopted the tough, semimilitary policies which had been advocated by Republican Senator Vandenberg and John Foster Dulles.

Now, with the Marshall Plan in its early stages, most of Europe is divided between American and Russian spheres of influence.

In all these things he has honestly tried to do his best. Since the Republican Congressional victory of 1946, when he made the most humble postelection statement ever voiced by an American President, his morale has been rising almost visibly. Now, after three years of trying, he believes that he has reached something like a firm middle road between the Taft Republicans and the Henry Wallace New Dealers. It is on this basis that he will campaign for votes this summer and fall. But if the voters don't agree with him that will be all right—as it always has been—with Harry Truman. THE END

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FOR PARTIES OR EVERYDAY MEALS...

Spry with Cake-Improver

gives you the most wonderful cakes ever!

No need now to cross your fingers while your cake's a-baking . . . Just put your trust in Spry with Cake-Improver. It gives you thrilling new cake success. And its One-Bowl mixing method is a miracle of ease and speed. You'll get lighter, more delicious, velvety-fine layers for joy-in-eating and the sweet music of compliments.



Try this Festive Killarney Cake
So easy the SPRY One-Bowl Way

2 cups sifted cake flour
1½ cups sugar
2½ teaspoons baking powder (tartrate powder, 4 teaspoons)
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup Spry
1 cup less 2 tablespoons milk
1½ teaspoons vanilla
¾ teaspoon almond extract
½ teaspoon orange extract
2 eggs, unbeaten

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder, and salt into mixing bowl. Drop in Spry (no creaming needed). Add ⅔ of milk, then flavorings; beat 200 strokes (2 minutes by hand or on mixer at low speed). Scrape bowl and spoon or beater. Add eggs and remaining milk; beat 200 strokes (2 minutes more). Isn't Spry's One-Bowl Method easy? Such creamy-smooth batter!

Bake in two deep 8-inch Sprycoated layer pans in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 25-30 minutes. Spread *Creamy Bonbon Frosting* between layers and on top. Decorate with shamrocks cut from green gum drops.

CREAMY BONBON FROSTING

2 tablespoons Spry
1 tablespoon butter
¼ cup light cream or top milk, scalded
3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon almond extract
⅛ teaspoon orange extract

Melt Spry and butter in scalded cream. Pour over combined sugar and salt and stir until sugar is dissolved. Add flavorings. Beat until thick enough to spread. Tint if desired.



"Another fine Lever Product" says Aunt Jenny

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

WITH CAKE-IMPROVER

QUICK AND EASY FOR TWO

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

GETTING dinner can be quick and easy if you know what you're going to cook and just how you're going to go about it. Plan, plan! That's the only way to avoid jack-in-the-box confusion, particularly if you're learning to cook in slow and easy stages. Anybody can be a fleetfoot in the kitchen and a queen at the dinner table, with the easy-to-prepare dinners which follow.

High Sign to Spring

Five-Minute Steak Sandwich
Greengrocer Salad
Strawberries and Cream
Coffee

The fruit and vegetable stalls along the avenue are inviting bouquets of freshness and color. Radishes, scallions and all sorts of greens lure you to take them home for the salad bowl. Fat strawberries with green bonnets take your eye and bid for your budget money. You give in and buy them—it's spring. But never mind—your main-dish cost will make up for it and you won't need a cooked vegetable. It's a quick and easy for sure and just right for two. This recipe was first published in the JOURNAL eleven years ago, but most of you who are *new* cooks didn't have recipes on your minds then—or did you?

FIVE-MINUTE STEAK SANDWICH

To ½ pound hamburger add ¼ cup milk, 1 tablespoon minced onion—use a green one, top and all if you have it—¼ teaspoon salt and a good sprinkling of pepper. Mix it well. Toast 4 slices bread on one side only under medium broiler heat. Spread the untoasted sides generously with soft butter or margarine and lightly with prepared mustard. Now spread the meat over the butter and mustard, dividing it evenly for the 4 sandwiches. It is important that the meat cover the entire slice all the way to the very edges of the crust, otherwise the edges will become too brown in the time it takes to cook the meat. Put ½ teaspoon butter or margarine on top of each sandwich. Broil under moderate heat 5 minutes if you like your beef rare, 6 for medium and 7 for well done.

Cook's cue: If you haven't a broiler, the sandwiches can be grilled in a skillet or on an automatic table grill thus: Butter one side of each slice bread. Grill until golden. Remove from heat—spread with the fixings as for the broiled sandwich. Then [illegible] sandwiches meat side down. Whichever way you do it, it's good. The bread catches all the good juices too. This is a knife-and-fork sandwich. You'd need a bib if you tried to eat it out of hand.

Be a Lazy Susan

Curried-Onion-and-Pea Soup
Hot Buttermilk Biscuits
Tunacado Salad—More Biscuits
Fruit Bowl
Warmed Walnuts
Coffee

A package of this, a can or two of that [illegible] going to do the work for you tonight. The it's more a supper than a full-course meat-and-potato dinner, but don't you feel like breaking away from the usual regimen now and then? If you do, here's your chance. Prepare the soup first—it stands by. The salad can be put together while the biscuits bake and won't be harmed by waiting during the soup course. The buttermilk biscuits come in a carton. You can buy them in many grocery stores. They are all cut, if you please, ready to bake. When you do buy them, always remember to put the carton in the refrigerator as soon as you come home. until you're ready to bake them. They are a yeast dough, you know, and need to be kept cold until you're ready to bake them.

A bowl of fresh fruit is an institution in many homes, and I hope it is in yours. Walnuts in the shell to crack and eat while you chat in relaxed comfort after dinner may not be, but it might come to be if you serve walnuts warmed. Why warm a walnut? For the very good reason that warmed walnuts taste better. Gentle heating in the shell brings out the flavor. Put them in what you think you can eat in a pan in the oven after you've turned off the heat for the rolls. Let them rest there while you eat your dinner.

CURRIED-ONION-AND-PEA SOUP

To 1 can onion soup or 1 can dehydrated onion soup (plus the proper amount of water given in the directions) add 1 can condensed pea soup and ¼ teaspoon curry powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Simmer together. You may want to add a little hot water before serving if it seems too thick—additional seasoning too. This will make more than enough for two, but what is left will be good another night.

TUNACADO SALAD

Have a ½-pound can tuna fish chilling in refrigerator. Tuna fish for salad should always be cold. Mince ½ seeded green pepper. Dice ½ cup celery. Section 1 small tomato. Open tuna fish, drain off oil. Break into pieces. Toss tuna, tomato, celery and pepper lightly together. Add a little grated onion, salt and pepper and 3 tablespoons French dressing. Chill in refrigerator until ready to serve. Halve 1 cool, peeled small avocado. Remove pit. Fill cavity of each half with salad mixture. Top with a spoonful of mayonnaise.

Return Engagement

Quick Chop Suey—
Chinese Noodles or Rice
Sweet Sour Pickles
Hot Marmalade Rolls
Tea

bit of leftover roast from a Sunday's innc: provides a starter for many good shes. One of them, quick and easy, is top suey—no more Chinese than Fifth venue; nevertheless, it's good. Chinese an sprouts are back in cans and you can so buy in packages or cans chow-mein odles like the ones you've had served to u in Chinese restaurants. True Chinese eals end with a bit of sweet—such as preerved fruit—not a dessert as we know it. our meal can, too, and the hot marmalade lls are just the ticket.

CHOP SUEY

elt 2 tablespoons shortening in hot illet. Add 1 cup thinly sliced onions. nté 2 minutes. Add 1 cup diced celery d ½ cup canned bouillon or ½ cup iling water and 1 bouillon cube. Season th ½ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepr. Cover and cook just 5 minutes. Add can bean sprouts and if you have them, cup sliced radishes—though this isn't sential. Add 1 cup diced cooked meat—rk, chicken or beef. (If you do not have tover roast—perhaps from Sunday ner—most delicatessens sell sliced ast beef or chicken; ⅓ to ½ pound will plenty. If you buy it sliced, cut into ips.) Blend 1 tablespoon cornstarch th 1 tablespoon cold water. Stir into xture and add ½ tablespoon soy sauce d 1 tablespoon molasses. Stir lightly d cook 5 minutes. You may need to d a little more bouillon or water, and ne of you may wish to add more soy uce. Personally, I do. Serve on freshly oked rice or Chinese fried noodles. You n buy these in cans or packages.

HOT MARMALADE ROLLS

ce fresh bread very thin. Remove usts and spread bread with softened tter or margarine, then orange marlade. Roll up the slices and then roll ch in wax paper for a while to ensure a n rolled shape. A friend of mine does se in the morning while she's fussing th breakfast, stores them in the refrigerator all day. When it comes time for dessert and tea, brush the rolls with butter or margarine. Toast under broiler—on both sides.

For Immediate Use

Liver With Sour-Cream Sauce
Red Cabbage
Green Salad
Frozen Fresh Pineapple
Coffee

This is a meal you can shop for on the way home. You'll buy some fresh slices of calf's liver, a jar of sour cream and one of cooked red cabbage, also a package of frozen fresh pineapple. Salad greens and staples you have on hand at home. There's little to do. First put the pineapple in a warmish place to thaw, fix your salad greens. Open the jar of red cabbage. Add ½ cup water, a diced apple, if you have it—and a little minced onion, though it's very good just plain, as sugar, vinegar, and so on, have already been added. I like the flavor of the cabbage better when it simmers along with a bit of apple and onion.

LIVER WITH SOUR-CREAM SAUCE

Calf's liver is best, of course, but is usually expensive. What is called baby beef is tender and delicious, and next best buy is beef liver. One half pound should be ample. Wash the sliced liver. Dip in milk, then in flour. Season with salt and pepper. Sauté quickly in 2 tablespoons hot melted butter or margarine—on both sides—just until done through. You don't want to overcook it. Just before serving, combine ½ cup thick sour cream, 3 tablespoons bottled meat sauce and 1 tablespoon minced onion. Serve as a sauce for the liver. You may wish to add potatoes to this meal, but that is up to you.

Evening Performance

Hamburger Pie
Spiced Apricots
Asparagus Salad
Rhubarb Sauce
Coffee

A hearty main dish is what you want tonight, with lighter foods playing supporting roles. You don't have much time, but you can have good food. Spiced apricots now come in cans—probably not so good as your Aunt Mary's, but delicious I think you'll agree. You'll use canned bleached asparagus tips for your salad and frozen or fresh rhubarb for your dessert—whichever is less expensive at the time.

HAMBURGER PIE

Cook 3 tablespoons minced onion in 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Add ½ pound ground beef and cook until brown. Blend in ½ cup canned tomato soup and 2 tablespoons water. Season with ¼ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper, ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and a dash of Tabasco sauce. Pour into 2 individual casseroles. Top with drop biscuits, quickly made from biscuit mix, following directions on the package. Bake extra batter as biscuits to eat along with the rest of your dinner. Bake casserole and biscuits in hot oven, 425°F., 15 minutes.





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THE LIFE OF THE SURFACE

TEACHING—JOB OR PROFESSION?

(Continued from Page 44)

Even these considerations are relatively crude: you want more from a teacher than the removal of so many cubic feet of ignorance; you want a subtle diffusion of good influence. When this effect does take place it is incalculable. It begins the moment the teacher steps into a classroom; it continues through every relation the teacher has with the pupils or the community; and it literally has no end, since those affected form the body of a nation playing out its destiny in history.

As parents we naturally, and rightly, take a shorter view: we want to choose the kind of person who as teacher will "help" Tom and Sadie. But that shorter view, to be correct, must bear some relation to the longer one which recognizes the teacher as an influential person, and a person whose influence is not limited to asserting that six times eight is forty-eight, or that a noun is the name of a thing.

It follows that whenever possible we must choose and train as teachers young men and women who feel *drawn* to teaching as a profession, as a calling, instead of those who are *pushed* into it as a job, from economic necessity or for reasons of temporary convenience. The chances of obtaining conscientious and competent service will be far greater with people whose life is dedicated to a difficult task, rather than simply forfeited to arduous breadwinning.

But this implies our second requisite, which is that these candidates for a teacher's post shall know what they are bargaining for. Those who live with or near teachers can have no illusions about the teacher's life. They know the fallacy of the popular belief about the day's work's being over at three o'clock, and the summer months' being one long paid vacation. Genuine teaching is among the physically exhausting kinds of work. And it is not the so-called problem of discipline that makes it so; it is the painstaking effort to shape unformed minds—or, even more often, to *re*shape the *ill*-formed. Grinding diamonds must by comparison be easier drudgery, for one can at least grip one's materials, and diamond is more malleable than ignorance and stupidity.

If this is so, our third qualification is clearly necessary; namely, that the teacher shall have a natural or acquired facility in handling knowledge. Anyone who pretends to form another's mind should be in easy control of his own. Not only his special subject, but all matters of thought and inquiry must be congenial to him. The good teacher teaches you not only mathematics or history, but also English and good manners and fair play, if need arises. He cannot stick to his narrow corner and plead unconcern outside his subject, because he knows that the school as a whole is trying to make well-equipped adults—people who speak and write their language correctly, count accurately, know their country's history, have some notions of science, and behave as intelligent and fair-minded citizens.

This throws us back, for efficiency's sake, on candidate teachers whose early life has made this combination of traits habitual. We take it for granted that our teachers should not come from a criminal environment; we must go from this negative safeguard to the positive hope that they will come from an intellectual one.

The surest cure for vanity is loneliness.
—THOMAS WOLFE: The Hills Beyond (Harper & Brothers).

II

IT is hardly exaggerating to say that if by magic we could find enough teachers who answered to these specifications, we could rely on their training themselves, of their own accord, with the aid of existing facilities. But we cannot assume so much intelligence and ambition driving some three hundred thousand men and women into teaching. And we have among our buzzing institutions a great mill which takes the ordina raw material and processes it for certificati as teachers, in accordance with local law

Ten years ago, the Carnegie Found tion for the Advancement of Teachi completed a survey which showed wh we might expect: young men and wome going into teaching in the state of Pen sylvania were of distressingly inferi ability. In the words of the Carnegie r port: "Insofar as those expecting to tea are concerned, the results . . . are di appointing. And there is no good reas for believing that the conditions describ are confined to Pennsylvania. The m jority of the group are most at home the lower half of total college distrib tion; they exhibit inferiority in contra with the nonteachers in nearly every d partment of study; and they show badly when compared in the same te with students four years below them. . The ability and attainment of the selected and prepared in special cent [that is, in teachers' colleges] are co sistently and conspicuously below t level of the group as a whole."

What are the results? Apparently, th satisfy scarcely anyone. Competent teach have often told me that the courses th took in order to obtain a license were a wa of time and an insult to their intelligen They felt they were being made to ma time, or to parrot empty phrases in order fulfill some requirement of hours or "point in subjects which w either badly given o more often—which had real existence.

In the meantime, th is one type of professio skill which too many of inadequately endowed a inadequately trained tea ers utterly lack. They not know in any responsible sense what th are dealing with when they confront twen thirty or forty individual minds in the cla room; they cannot judge them and diagn their difficulties, much less remedy seri defects. They rely on routines, which is say they avoid hand-to-hand encounter w the very stuff of their art. This is as damag a failure of professional responsibility—of more damaging—in the elementary grade in college. Take a simple example: In rec years many colleges have found it necess to introduce courses in "Remedial Readin The results show that students suffer from recognizable physical or psycholog handicaps whose effects can be spotted any good teacher in ten minutes of c attention have been allowed to pass un ticed for twelve years—the first twelve y of a child's schooling. No one expects elementary-school teacher to be able to rect the trouble. This calls for speciali training. But we can expect that, like general practitioner in medicine, the mentary teacher will know enough to when a young mind is struggling helple at a basic task by reason of a fairly com and happily remediable hindrance.

Some very able persons engaged in tea training will tell you that there is a preju among university people against teach colleges, or against teaching in the lo grades generally. This may be true, bu has nothing to do with the present critic as can easily be proved: university pe show no prejudice against the training g to teachers in foreign countries, nor do t complain of the training received by teac in American private schools. They con trate their objections on the elaborate futile programs of the ordinary state inst tion which takes any high-school gradua average preparation and tries in two s years to make a teacher.

The critics judge by the poor qualit the product, and now these critics more than a handful of university e

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Frank's
RED HOT SAUCE

eators: they are the aroused American public, which wants to know why its sizable outlay buys such poor-grade education. That public includes the teachers who may be parents as well, and who, while demanding more money and more respect for themselves, are beginning to ask of their own group greater professional competence.

In short, no insidious attack has been carried on against our educational structure; nor are the trouble and discontent the results of war. Their causes go back many years, even though it is only since the war that economic strains and social competition have made us see the cracks in the existing edifice. Education has become news. Almost daily in the great metropolitan newspapers you may read of some new critique, charge or countercharge affecting our schools. All this should be matter for mutual congratulations, even if during the needed transformation the heat of friction may cause discomfort and raise new tempers to the boiling point.

What first suggests itself is that recrimination is useless. The system now being discredited was *our* system; it is precisely because it was ours that we have the right and the duty to reshape it; the blame may be left to dispassionate historians who will write of the tremendous, hasty, ill-planned expansion of public schooling in the period from the end of the Civil War to the end of the Second World War. Just like early railroad building, the educational system involved us in waste and folly; all we can say for it is that it got established somehow. We must now make it more rational.

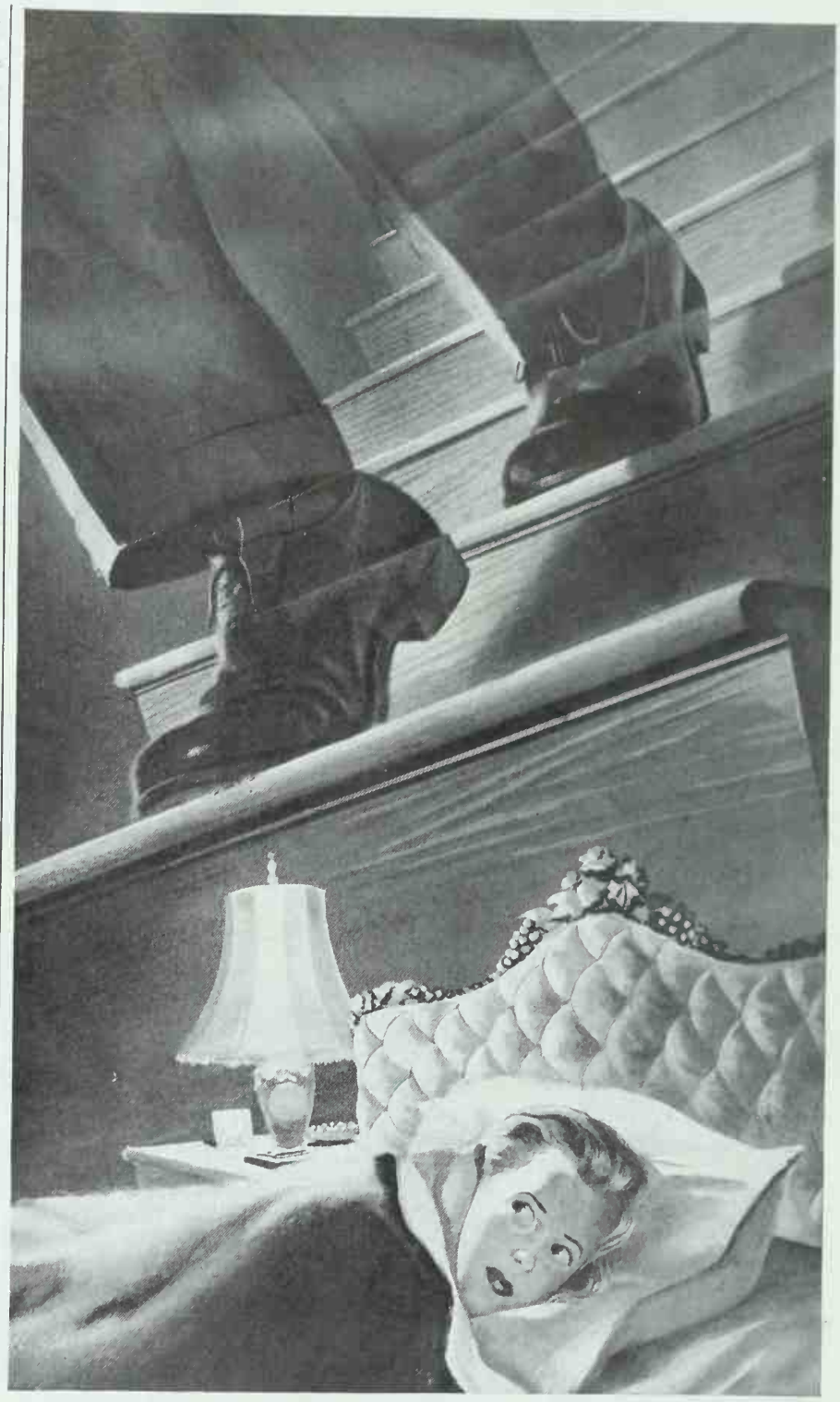
The main difficulty probably is that in the art of teaching everything hangs together—personality, background, intelligence, training and influence. Teachers are full-fledged entities, whole people, not separate attachments; so our first step must be taken with seven-league boots—which are notoriously expensive. To speak without riddles, we must spend more money, a great deal more, throughout the career of the teacher, from his first intention to his retirement. These things are self-evident: the teacher candidate must be taken from college—as in the other professions; he must spend at least two, and preferably three, years in professional training, as in the other professions; he must serve an apprenticeship, or internship, as in the other professions; he must be given a salary enabling him—*without outside hack work*—to live as well as he is expected to live, as in the other professions. Finally, he must be allowed to take responsibility in the conduct of his professional affairs and in those of the community, as in the other professions.

What practical steps does all this imply? More money for salaries is a simple enough idea to understand. What is harder to grasp is that this money must go to teachers, not to administrators, or experts watching from the side lines, or investigators doing a study of "Wear and Tear on Elbow Ligaments as a Result of Erasing Blackboards." Let us have some teaching done first; we can "study" it and "evaluate" it afterward—if there is cash left over. This has to be said, emphatically and to the point of rudeness, for there is in the educational world a vicious reluctance to give money to people, coupled with a passion for giving it to projects.

School boards and parent-teacher associations that really mean to improve their local schools must keep this distinction clearly in mind. How do you tell a person from a project? In this simple way: a person walks off and does something which may be watched in action; a project at once buries itself beneath a swarm of secretaries and emerges as a Report, which has to be read. There is a time and a place for projects and reports, but the time is not before or during the main and pressing business, and the place must not be chosen so as to *dis*place that main business.

It isn't as if we knew nothing about the proper conditions of good teaching. We do;

(Continued on Page 145)



DID YOU HEAR STEALTHY FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS?

WHEN YOU'RE lying in bed at night . . . tense . . . unable to sleep . . . your imagination can play hob with your senses.

You *hear* things . . . *think* things . . . that would seem fantastic in the clear light of day.

In the clear light of day . . .

You'd try to figure out *why* you were jumpy and wide-awake . . . when you should have been sound asleep.

Perhaps it was the coffee you had . . . so inviting you couldn't resist it.

Almost certainly it was the coffee . . . if you're one of the people made nervous and sleepless by *caffein*.

Should you, then, give up coffee? Certainly not.

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Better buy Velveeta by the 2-pound loaf so you'll have plenty to *spread* and *slice* for snacks and sandwiches as well as for cooking. Try the "double boiler" trick soon; serve the Velveeta sauce on eggs, fish, macaroni, etc.—and in this grand vegetable main dish:

With a 2½" cookie cutter cut circles from ⅓"-thick slices of day-old bread. With a smaller cutter, remove center ring from two thirds of your circles. Brush with melted butter or Parkay Margarine and toast under the broiler. Make Velveeta sauce as described at left. Add 1 cup cooked peas and 1 cup cooked, sliced carrots. For each serving use one circle for the base and two rings for top decks, filling generously with the Velveeta mixture. Garnish the top ring with a small cooked onion.

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Kay Brand is a mellow natural cheddar made of *pasteurized* milk. The newest Kraft triumph.





(Continued from Page 143)

this brings us to our second practical
the money now spent by teachers'
ges, plus additional sums, must be ex-
ed on the improved training of an im-
ed grade of candidate. Here are some
estions:

-Canvass the high-school senior class for
and girls interested in teaching. The
er and banker and doctor come to as-
ly and talk about their work, the teacher
does.

-Let the local clubs and benevolent
iations subsidize the four years of college
ıy recommended student who lacks the
s.

Let state scholarships be set up for the
purpose, gradually permitting a state
rement that all teachers have an A.B.
from a recommended college (this to
at fly-by-night "colleges" from batten-
ı these funds and on the candidates'
ity).

-Consolidate existing teachers' colleges
irst-rate regional institutions so that
one may have
eans to employ
-notch faculty,
intain a good
ıg library and
it the appropri-
boratories for
rs of science.
-Scrap all sub-
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is no aptitude
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or "the teach-
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h subjects as
which pretend
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sors and so on.
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conferences
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heir special
ıs, but the very
y expected of
strators re-
nat these prob-
dealt with by
ıg cases, and
heoretical generalities dispensed in
or textbooks. Colleges are adminis-
o, yet no university has found it
y to offer "Deanship 1–2."
needless and false specialization out
ay, the learning teacher would have
master his chosen subject and round
reading in others; he would have a
e time to spend in professional dis-
with his fellows outside the class; he
en have time to think. In any case,
have been given a start on the long
ecoming an educated person.

III

why," it may be asked, "is it neces-
stress mind and subject matter so
e?? Is it not more important for the
to be thoroughly trained in child
gy, pedagogy and, generally, the
es of education?" The answer is
we must stress what has been neg-
e must call for what has been for-
e must supply the lack that every-
es in the finished product. Our
and secondary-school graduates are
in the things they have long studied.
onder: whenever a group of teach-
public test in the subject that they
mably licensed to teach—see the
merican History survey—they make
tible showing. Where, then, is their
pretense at constituting a professional body of workers? They seem rather to confirm Shaw's aphorism that "He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches." But this maxim expresses only the danger that surrounds teaching, just as quackery surrounds medicine. Neither corruption is inevitable. Obviously, the reform of the preparatory institutions, and the increased financial support of the whole teaching establishment, must be met and matched by increased vigor, competence and self-criticism on the part of the teachers themselves.

As for the techniques—or, more simply, the tricks of the trade—they are neither so numerous nor so complex as they have been made to seem. Among the "real subjects" of any teachers' college curriculum, psychology, pedagogy and the history of education would be compulsory courses. A thorough introduction to these disciplines would go a long way toward imparting "techniques." Afterward, during the equally compulsory year of internship, the special ways appropriate to the teacher's subject or school grade would be inculcated and practiced under close supervision. Licensing or certification would follow—and it would then mean something more than the cram-and-regurgitation sessions that now open the teaching ranks to the untrained, the ill-trained and the untrainable.

On this question of teaching techniques, parents and members of school boards can follow a fairly safe rule. Any teacher who applies for a post and who comes with some years' experience and a recommendation from the head of a known school is a good risk. Any competing applicant whose record sheet shows only courses in education and special "units" in this and that must be considered a probationer. The medical analogy again applies: the truly prepared teacher is like the man with clinical experience; the other is an M.D. and possibly a good research man, but his apprenticeship is incomplete.

The point is worth dwelling on because it sometimes happens that an older teacher of proved ability is retired or sidetracked in favor of a younger person who has—innocently enough—amassed certificates and acquired the pleasing patter of the latest pedagogy. The usual sign of this specialization is a great show of devotion to the interests of "the child." The ideal teacher, says one authority, is "one who thinks first of the child and then of what she wishes to teach." This is very flattering to parents, but it is an artificial splitting of an activity which does not consist of two parts. Teaching is not like filling a bottle—keep your eye on the narrow neck and all will be well. The teacher has not a double loyalty, but a single one—to teaching—and he or she must use judgment as to what adjustments circumstances require. There may be a time when the pupil needs comfort or a sense of relief from responsibility, and the grammar book is then metaphorically pitched out the window, at the teacher's suggestion. But there is also a time when Euclid must be allowed the last word and the pupil has to be turned away from

(Continued on Page 147)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Facts of Life, 1948

BY G. M. WHITE

Birdies have their little nests,
The bees have hives to hide in.
Kangaroos are lucky, too—
Each has a pouch to ride in.

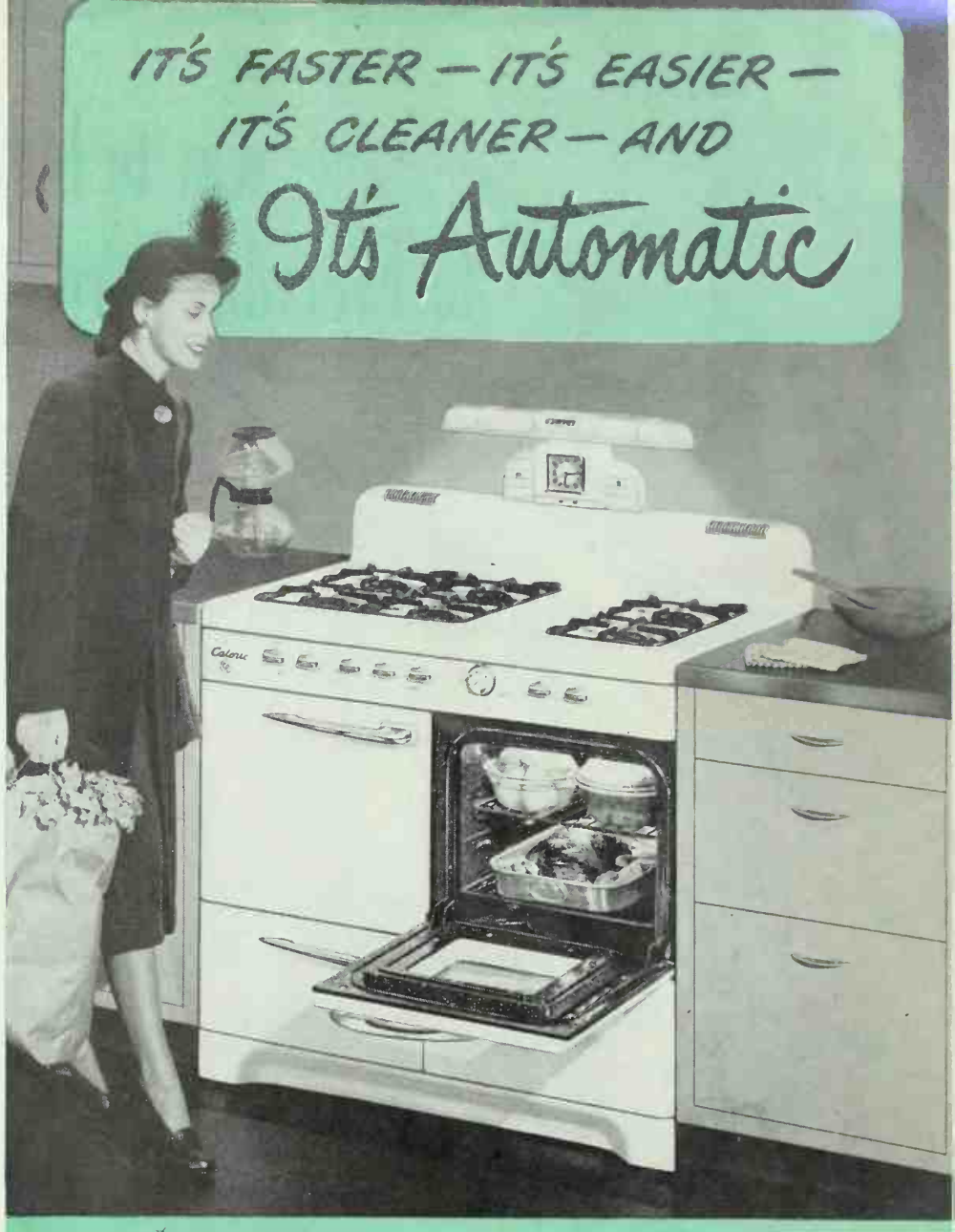
Bears keep snug in barren caves,
A beaver builds a dam site quicker.
Chipmunks can sleep anywhere
And wake up feeling very chipper.

Oysters have an extra bed
For any oyster boy or girl.
Paying rent is no concern
When colic means another pearl.

Goats can leap on rocky crags
And have kids by the ton;
People find the burden great
If they have even one.

Mice can choose to build or rent,
But pop lacks chips to buy a house,
Neither can he rent, you see,
For you, my child, are not a mouse.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

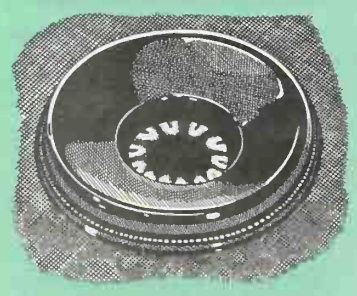


"Just set oven heat and time control. Caloric automatically turns on the gas, cooks my meal, then turns itself off."

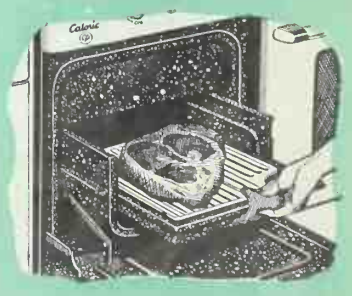
"The Hold-Heat Door seals in the heat. I've a cooler kitchen with my Caloric."

"And it has a *wipe clean* oven and broiler of seamless, porcelain enamel."





Caloric Dual burners—speedy heat plus automatic simmer flame control. Protect flavor, vitamins . . . save up to 39% gas. Guaranteed for life.



Char-flame, high broiler. Stainless steel, Hi-Lo rack for smokeless broiling. Completely removable Caloric Veri-Clean Broiler is easy to wash as a dish.

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Caloric

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE Automatic GAS RANGE

Finest way to lend a Fiesta Air to Everyday Fare

Finest

RECIPE FOR TWO-TONE SALAD

3 envelopes unflavored gelatin
¾ cup cold water
2½ cups Stokely's *Finest* Orange Juice
⅔ cup sugar
¾ teasp. salt
¼ cup mild vinegar
1 can Stokely's *Finest* Sliced Beets
2 cups diced celery

Soften gelatin in water. Heat juice, stir in gelatin and sugar. Add salt, vinegar. Chill syrupy. Drain beets; add 1¾ cups orange mixture. Pour in 1½-qt. oiled mold. Chill slightly firm. Add celery to remaining orange mixture; pour over beet layer. Chill firm. Serves 8-10. Everybody will say "Si, Si!" when they sample this delightful dish. And to be at its festive best, the salad calls for the tenderest, mildest, ruby-reddish beets there are! So, choose beets grown in selected gardens, drenched with just enough sunshine and rain to make them *nothing but the finest* . . . Stokely's *Finest*. And remember these luscious peaches are Stokely's Finest . . . the frozen strawberries are Honor Brand.

Finest

RECIPE FOR PEAS MEXICALI

½ cup chopped onion
½ cup butter
4 tablesp. chopped pimiento
1⅓ cups cooked rice
2 cans Stokely's *Finest* Peas
4 teasp. sugar
1 teasp. salt
⅛ teasp. pepper
Chili Chicken (see below)

Cook onion in butter; add pimiento, rice. Add drained peas, sugar, salt, pepper. Heat. *Chili Chicken:* Roll 2 3-lb. cut-up chickens in flour, salt, pepper. Brown in hot fat. Pour off fat; add 2 cans Stokely's *Finest* Tomatoes, 1 teasp. chili powder, ¼ cup chopped onion, 2 bay leaves, 1 teasp. salt, ⅛ teasp. pepper. Cover; cook slowly 1 hr. Serve over peas and rice. Serves 8-10. Try this South American way to a man's heart! That flavory, rib-stickin' chicken heaped onto wonderful-tasting peas . . . delicious! And promise to use only the choicest peas . . . popped from their pods dewy-fresh and packed at once . . . Stokely's *Finest* Peas, of course!

Always Delicious



Stokely's FINEST FOODS

Also enjoy



OVER 115 *FINEST* FRUITS AND VEGETABLES . . . PRODUCTS OF STOKELY–VAN CAMP

(Continued from Page 145)

lege and into a shoe store. It is kinder in end; and even if it were not kind, it would ve to be done. For it is not true that all thy young people whose parents pay es are identically fit for the same occupa- is. Equal opportunity in school means the opposite; namely, an equal oppor- ity to find out the different things that erent people are ultimately able to do. f the teacher must at some point make decision, having first developed to their ost the capacities he has discovered in pupil, it follows that the teacher is a very onsible and, what is more, a very power- person. On him the character of individ- lives depends, just as on the doctor de- ds their continuance.

his role, of course, belongs to the cher only if he is given a stake in the ion's educational program, and not ted as backstairs help, employed to the kids out of mischief during day- e hours, and incidentally to drill n in spelling. The position of teachers the community is in fact a good sure of the effectiveness of their hing, a guaranty of their morale and lic spirit, as well as a forecast of a inuing supply of other good teachers.

moment's thought will show why this . It has been increasingly difficult of years to attract persons of high caliber schoolteaching because the positions either underpaid or underesteemed, or . A community which regards its teach- is leaders—leaders by reason both of ral ability and of men- scipline—will draw to e best persons in the ssion. They will work increased energy and because they will see sults of their art ap- ated. Their pupils will urred on by the ex- es of adults whose gence and learning onored by their parents and fellow smen: the place will seem to be educa- ly lifting itself by its bootstraps. Ac- , it will have learned to make the best what it pays for and professes to desire. e rewards of greater expenditure and r trust are quite clear. For decades sitor to Cranberry Corners has been to the central school and shown with the airy classrooms, the hygienic gym, peccable plumbing. It is a little harder w off the fine human judgment of the pal and the unusual versatility and gence of the teachers. Yet these things e known, too—generally through their al results in a hundred phases of com- y life, which other communities envy, e and finally praise. That is how an ional system spreads its benefits to- with its good name.

former way has been tried and found g. It is unfortunately too easy to hire of teachers of the mousy breed—both nd women; to depress them socially iritually by low wages, long hours, owded classes and veiled threats of al. It is even possible to write con- forbidding them to smoke, play cards, with members of the opposite sex, or litical parties—in short, it is possible lize the minds and hearts of a group le and write their names down on the under the heading, "Teachers." The that the community that acts in this way to safeguard its religion, politics cketbook receives no more than it has and paid for. By entrusting its n to these artificial starvelings, it ex- s own flesh and blood to narrowness, y and incompetence. And in the n it pays for the work not done by the bill for delinquency, disease and ackwardness. It's a bargain of the rt as having a typhoid carrier in the because she'll come cheaper.

IV

ING that all communities could at ent time improve their school sys- tem (surveys show few satisfied teachers *or* communities), how is a school board or voting population to know good teachers when it sees them?

The recommendations of existing teachers' colleges can hardly be trusted after what has been said of their inadequacy. True, but personal recommendations, when the sponsor is known, or known about, can be trusted; and from then on, decisions can be made by a series of individual judgments, remembering only these general truths:

1. It is idle to look for paragons—the person reputed to be perfect is either a stuffed shirt or a fraud.

2. Seek for positive qualities—courage, intelligence, tact, experience, financial ability; use the possessor of each where needed, and accept faults, even grave ones, for the sake of those.

3. Cultivate variety. Ideally a school should have as many different kinds of people teaching in it as the pupils are likely to find in the world. Don't be too anxious for amiable relations' being maintained at all times. Better a few rows than a dull indifference which never generates novelty nor resembles life.

4. Remember that giving teachers a stake in education means giving them a *real* voice in making their curriculum, choosing their books, voicing their opinions—true academic freedom. This inevitably means that disagreements will occur. They will occur about serious things, and the group impulse will be to stifle the independent minority. This is especially true if any commercial interest—for example, the sale of textbooks—is involved. That situation will be the test of the community's desire to have an improved teaching body: it will have to choose between "old Mr. Pennypacker, who always ordered the books," and some decision or other of the teaching profession.

A man has so many more temptations than a woman—because he knows where to go and find them.

—HELEN ROWLAND.

These recommendations, like the preceding ones, can all be summed up in this single phrase, "teaching *profession*," once its meaning has been well looked into. If teachers do in fact belong to a profession, then they must be controlled by their own ethics and not by roundabout tyrannical pressures from the group that employs them. If they form a profession, they are entitled to their special freedoms—in this instance, the kind known as academic—which were once for all defined by President Lowell, of Harvard; they are entitled to responsible participation in scholastic affairs, and also to respect and consideration in the community. They are likewise entitled to maintain the standards current in their branch of work—for instance, as to the number of pupils and hours—and to establish such equalities of conditions as they deem just—for example, as between men and women and as between primary and secondary schools. Finally, they are doubly entitled (as academic *and* public servants) to tenure and to retirement pensions.

Given these legitimate advantages, there can be no doubt that the profession will fill its depleted ranks and that the new applicants will be of a higher grade than ever before in the history of the country. The spirit of teachers, parents and pupils will change accordingly, and the change will be in the direction of what we think of when we look upon the encouraging aspects of democracy, individualism and citizenship.

Under that new dispensation, it will no longer cause amazement when a United States senator, investigating the inferior schools of a Southern state, finds that a young Negro teacher, a woman, could have earned more than her year's salary in three months' work at a canning factory, yet did not give up school. "Why didn't you go to the factory?"

"But, sir, teaching is my profession."

THE END





MEALS BY MEN

By Harry Botsford

By vocation a public-relations counsel, by avocation an amateur chef of no mean accomplishment; author of the new FISH AND GAME COOK BOOK, Harry Botsford offers menus and recipes in Meals by Men.

PUT the average male in a kitchen and he is usually possessed with a passion for improvement. Unlike the distaff side of the household, he often becomes adventuresome, casually discards the written precept of recipes, and courageously improvises in a most unorthodox manner. Certainly, unless he has an uncanny sense of culinary values, he will make mistakes. But often he will strike pure gold and produce a dish so good that it merits the instant and hearty approval of the family and guests.

I'm afraid that many of the men who bask smugly in the prestige they have attained really do not deserve it. I am very honest in admitting that I fall in that classification. The truth is, men cooks of the domestic variety seldom originate cooking formulas. Mostly, we improvise on a theme, make some substitutions, depart from the printed words on the pages of a cookbook or the pages of a favorite magazine. If we deserve any credit, it must be for what we have accomplished in the way of improvement over accepted recipes.

Take my barbecued pork ribs, for example. Even my most critical friends approve of them, rate them highly. I don't think many of my friends are epicures or gourmets. They are sterling trenchermen, however. With some notable exceptions, my barbecued ribs are largely standard. As you examine the recipe, I invite you to see if you can discover the elements that are new or different.

BARBECUED PORK RIBS

Start with 6 pounds pork ribs, about 6 inches in length. Separate the ribs and salt and pepper them well. Wrap them in wax paper and keep in the refrigerator for 4 or 5 hours. Brown them in a heavy skillet and transfer to a roasting pan. Bake 2½ to 3 hours in a moderate—350°F.—oven. From time to time add a generous amount of barbecue sauce made by combining the following: 6 cloves garlic, ½ cup lime juice, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 1 large onion, sliced, 1 can condensed tomato soup, ¼ pound butter or margarine, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ cup water, ½ teaspoon sweet marjoram, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 3 tablespoons chili powder, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 slice lemon. Cook all together over low heat for 15 minutes. When the ribs have been in the oven 15 minutes, slice 4 tart apples and place on the meat. As the meat cooks, fork the bottom portions to the top as the barbecue sauce is added. The ribs should absorb most of the sauce and arrive at the table tender, delectable and graced by a delicate flavor tha[t] defy detection. The new things adde[d] the lime juice, instead of a full port [or] vinegar, and the apples. Serves 6.

A hearty dish, we like it served [with] mashed potatoes which contain just a t[ouch] finely minced chives. There's a green [salad] with a tart French dressing, hot brown [bread] and coffee.

THE lowly meat ball has been glorif[ied] modern song. The best meat balls I [have] tasted are made by a man who [is an] amateur chef in good standing. He [happens] pens to be a radio executive who is e[qually] at home before a microphone or a k[itchen] range. He's a showman at heart. M[aybe] that's why he calls his favorite dish Ko[enigs]berger Klopse. Originally, I suspect, [it was] a pretty drab dish. But my friend [added] one ingredient that lifts the lowly [meat] ball into the realm of something [truly] supreme, if I may borrow his own [culinary] phraseology. The ingredients are s[imple], the method of cooking almost primi[tive].

KOENIGSBERGER KLOP[SE]

Sauté 4 tablespoons minced onio[n] tablespoon butter or margarin[e] blend with 2 pounds ground l[ean] minced anchovy fillets, 1 pound g[round] pork, 1 tablespoon salt and ¼ te[a]spoon black pepper. Form into the sha[pe and] size of tennis balls. Place in a ket[tle] cover with boiling water to wh[ich is] added ½ cup wine vinegar, 1 ba[y leaf], 3 sprigs parsley and 2 cloves. Simm[er] 20 minutes. Blend ¼ cup butter o[r mar]garine with ¼ cup flour. Add sl[owly] cups of the meat broth. Bring to [a boil] and add the beaten yolks of 2 eg[gs]. Remove from the heat and beat un[til the] mixture has the texture of heavy [cream]. Add 2 tablespoons capers. Resea[son to] taste. Place the meat balls on a [warm] bed of shredded lettuce on a large [platter] and pour the sauce over them. S[erve].

With the Koenigsberger Klopse m[enu] serves creamy mashed potatoes that h[ave been] popped into a hot oven until they [have] tained a pale patina of crust a[nd] brushed with melted butter or margar[ine] dusted with paprika. String beans i[n] delicate mustard sauce, an endive sa[lad] lowed by toasted ship's crackers and [a] cheeses and coffee—there's a meal c[ourse] to enhance any man's reputation as [an] ateur chef.

THE art of substitution is part [of the] stock in trade of male cooks. Us[ed] ciously, it is a great kitchen asset. [I have] watched a Pennsylvania Dutch f[rau] prepare hasenpfeffer from rabbits [that]

bagged on her farm. The dish was so delightful I couldn't forget it. On my return to the city, my hankering for more of it was unappeased. The hunting season was over. What to do? I solved the problem by having my butcher send me a dressed domestic hare, which I prepared according to the two-century-old recipe. Result: a dish that immediately leaped into popularity with the family and friends.

HASENPFEFFER

Cut a dressed domestic hare into serving portions and place them in a crock. Cover with equal parts of vinegar and water. Add 1 large onion, sliced, salt and pepper, 4 cloves, 1 bay leaf, and 1 lemon, sliced. At the end of about 48 hours, the meat is removed, wiped dry, and browned in butter or margarine in a deep skillet, turning it often. Add marinade from time to time during the 30 minutes required to make the meat tender. Remove the meat to a hot platter. Place 1 cup sour cream and ½ cup of the marinade in the skillet, bring to a brisk boil, and stir rapidly as the mixture thickens. Pour over the rabbit and serve.

With the hasenpfeffer I usually serve crisp coleslaw, baked potatoes, hot corn bread. Fruit for dessert—coffee.

ROAST-BEEF hash is something the average housewife avoids when possible. Yet it can be superlative. At the famous Heart's Content Lodge in the Allegheny Mountains, we had a chef who prepared a venison hash that was invariably received with cheers by the members, most of whom were downright fussy about food. I brought the recipe home, substituted beef for venison—and came up with what my family believes to be a culinary masterpiece.

MOCK-VENISON HASH

Chop or dice fine about 2 pounds cold roast beef. To this add 2 cups diced baked potatoes, 3 beaten eggs, salt and pepper to taste, and 3 tablespoons cream to make a fairly moist mixture. I like to add 1 tablespoon onion juice to the cream. Heat 2 tablespoons shortening or salad oil in an omelet pan or skillet. Place mixture in pan, and cook without stirring over low heat until set. While the hash is cooking, melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a small saucepan and add 2 tablespoons minced leeks, 5 mushrooms, diced, and ½ clove garlic. When this has cooked down, add 1 tart apple, diced, ¼ cup currant jelly (or red wine jelly if you like) and 1 cup beef gravy. Cook until the apple is tender; strain and press through a sieve. Return to the heat. Remove the hash from the pan to a hot platter. It should be steaming hot and crusty. Cover with the sauce and serve at once. Serves 6.

If it is served with baked onions, green peas in cream and slices of grapefruit in a tart French dressing, you will have a meal to satisfy the most robust and critical of appetites. Especially if you include hot biscuits and buckwheat honey! A cranberry ice and coffee will help round out the meal and will make everyone a little more content.

AUSTRALIANS can be alarmingly forthright. An Australian friend dropped in to see me a few weeks ago. I smugly asked him how he liked American food and cookery. He snorted and delivered an oration packed with disturbing statements. Subject: lamb and mutton. According to him, Americans do not fully appreciate lamb and mutton and have much to learn about cooking them. He spoke fervently and somewhat wistfully about the lamentable fact that he couldn't find Lahana Sarma, for example. I had never heard of it, pressed him for details. When he told me about it, I asked him how he would like to be my guest and prepare this dish. He accepted and a date was named. Here is the recipe:

LAHANA SARMA

Select 40 medium or 20 large cabbage leaves, wash them, and boil in a little salted water until they are about half done. Meantime, blend together 1 pound ground shoulder of lamb, ¼ cup washed rice, juice of ½ lemon, ½ cup tomato purée, ½ pound onions, chopped, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1½ teaspoons salt, pepper to taste. Put a little of the mixture in each cabbage leaf, fold the leaf over and roll up to form a small, compact roll. Place the rolls carefully in a large saucepan which has been lined with cabbage leaves to prevent scorching. Add 2 cups boiling water. Lay a plate on top of the rolls to keep them in place. Simmer over low heat for 1 hour. Serve with seasoned sour cream. Serves 6.

Endive with French dressing is served with this dish. And tiny raw button-mushroom caps stuffed with seasoned cream cheese. Very jaunty appearing and delightful to the taste, I assure you. We ended the dinner with fat blueberries and cream, with small toasted and buttered crackers, and black coffee.

AFTER dinner my friend accepted our compliments and he then expanded on the virtues of lamb, and claimed that Australian leg of lamb was lamb at its best. Why not, I suggested, be our guest the following Sunday and prove his claim? His face broke into a grin as he accepted the invitation. Before he left, he told us what he would require. Here is his recipe:

AUSTRALIAN LEG OF LAMB

Split 3 cloves garlic into slivers and insert them deeply into the leg of lamb. Simmer the lamb in a little water until tender, about 2½ hours. Remove the lamb, drain it and cover it with the following mixture: 2 tablespoons blackberry jam, 4 teaspoons mint jelly, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 stalk celery, diced, 1 cup grape juice. Cover with ½ cup buttered bread crumbs. Place in a roasting pan and cook in a moderate oven—350° F.—until well browned (about 1 hour), basting frequently. The meat was delightfully tender and it had a delicate, haunting flavor that generated demand for second portions. Later we discovered that it was also delightful served cold.

With the lamb there was a head of cauliflower that had been lightly boiled in salted water and drained, then put in a baking dish, brushed liberally with melted butter or margarine and covered lightly with crumbled Roquefort cheese and baked until brown. A salad of sliced small cucumbers, small green onions and radishes served in sour-cream dressing. Toasted English muffins, buttered too. For dessert, iced cantaloupe in which lime juice had lingered overnight. Coffee, of course. Perfect! I now love lamb and think very kindly of Australians.

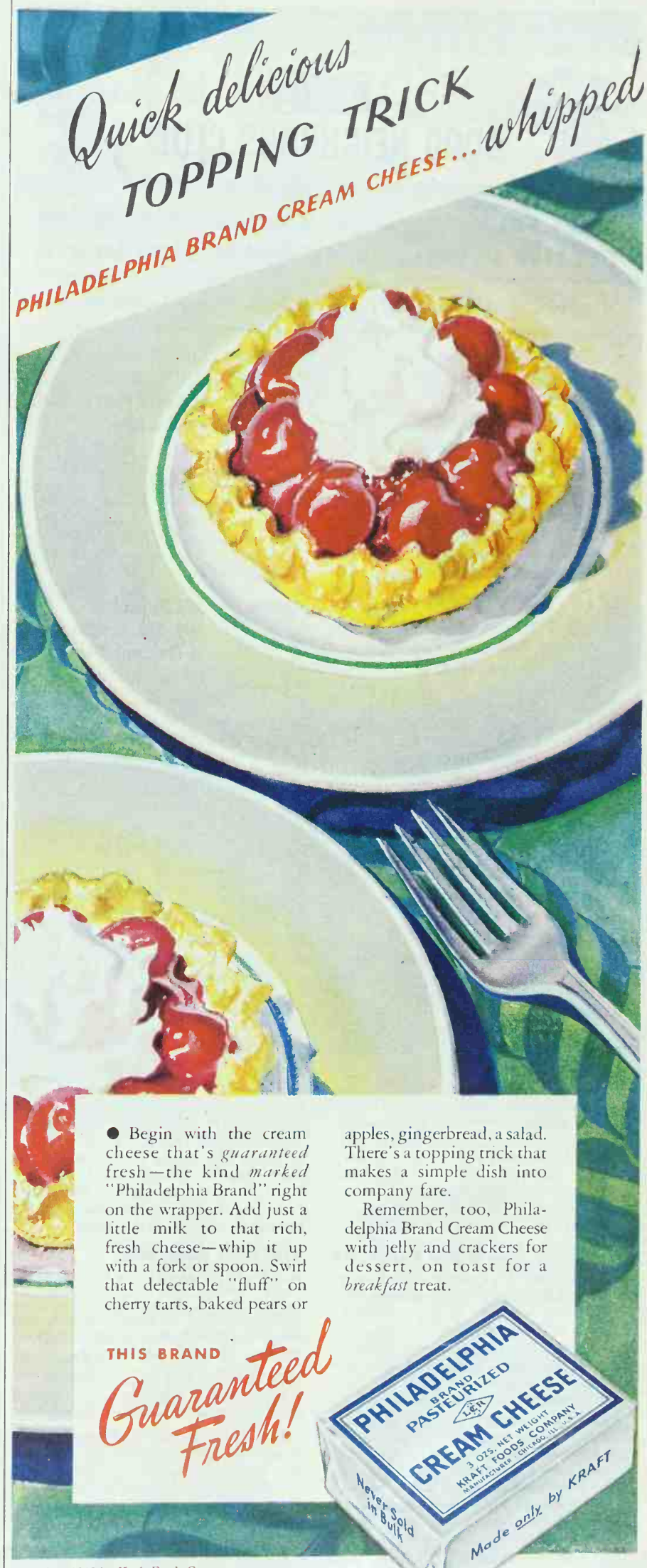
A FAVORITE device of the man in the kitchen is to dress up something in a sauce that is so unusual, so different that it glorifies the basic ingredient, gives it an individuality that will arouse favorable comment. I have one such sauce, but I use it very sparingly, just often enough to keep it a refreshing novelty. The original recipe was dreamed up by my Great-aunt Tabitha, several times removed, back in Colonial days. I have never tampered with the recipe, because I feel it cannot be improved.

GLORY SAUCE

Cook 1 pound peeled and cored tart apples in a very little salted water. When tender, press through a fine sieve. Add 4 tablespoons freshly ground horse-radish, 1 tablespoon sugar, the juice of 2 oranges, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard and salt to taste. Reheat, but do not boil. Place in the refrigerator for several hours. Serve atop cold fowl, or sliced cold ham or cold roast beef.

With a platter of cold meat, toasted wedges of rye bread spread with a mixture of butter or margarine and Roquefort cheese, here is a delightful supper dish, suitable for an after-theater or bridge party. If you need a dessert, raspberries and thick cream are just the thing.

THE practicing amateur chef likes to emerge from his kitchen labors to a fanfare of praise. Let your applause be unstinted and generous. A little encouragement will virtually guarantee an early encore.





MEET YOUR NEIGHBORS, EXCHANGE IDEAS AND RECEIVE $1500.00 IN CASH PRIZES EACH MONTH

A service to the women of America by the Pepsi-Cola Company

Here are the five top prize-winning suggestions in the sixth of this monthly series of "Good Neighbors Club" contests:



$700.00 paid to Mrs. H. G. Connolly of Raleigh, N. C., for this idea:

We want our youngsters to regard policemen as friends, rather than as enemies to be outwitted. So we have parties for neighborhood children, at which the local policeman is both guest and speaker. Thus "the gang" learns to like and respect the police—an important step in preventing juvenile delinquency.



$125.00 paid to Mrs. R. Stone of Sierra Madre, Calif., for this idea:

In our community, we're becoming better neighbors and better citizens by giving pot-luck parties, to which we invite members of minority groups. By learning to know and like, as individuals, those whose race or beliefs may differ from ours, we learn to respect the rights and beliefs of all.



$75.00 paid to Mrs. J. E. Vaughn of Crescent, Okla., for this idea:

I know that my idea works, because my neighbors and I have tried it. Simply take an old automobile gasoline tank, cut it in half lengthwise, weld a pipe on the lower side, and paint it white. Result—a very practical kitchen sink—still a scarce item on the market.



$250.00 paid to Hazel S. Stafford of Madison, Wis., for this idea:

Neighborliness is fostered in our suburban community by a year-round cooperative community program. This program, supervised by a recreational director, arranges seasonal sports activities, week-end dances, summer play school for children, evening crafts classes, etc. A small village tax pays the cost.



$50.00 paid to Mrs. M. Davidson of Highland Park, Ill., for this idea:

We mothers are very grateful to our children's teachers for the wonderful work they're doing. So we say "thanks" by easing the strain on teachers' overworked budgets. We invite teachers home to lunch; offer rides to teachers who commute, thus saving cabfare; do whatever we can to show our appreciation.

* * *

Besides the winners named above, each of the following contestants received a $10 award: Mrs. Roy H. Barker, Jr.; Mrs. Hugh Brown; Mrs. T. H. Campbell; Mrs. P. D. Cate; Mrs. Robert S. Clifton; Mrs. R. S. Craig; Mrs. J. A. Davidson; Mildred Elliott; Mrs. Joseph F. Grece; Mrs. H. S. Harris; Bertha M. Hartson; Mrs. John Holic; Mrs. H. P. S. Keller; Dr. Lucy M. Maltby; Mrs. H. B. Martin; Laura Mauzy; Mrs. H. S. McConnell; Mrs. Edson H. Nichols, Jr.; Mrs. John R. Notz; Mrs. Stanley D. Owen; Mrs. Grady Peerey; Mrs. R. R. Scott; Mrs. V. L. Sharar; Viola M. Sherrick; Mrs. E. W. Shipman; Mrs. E. C. Skiles; Mrs. Emory Smith; Mrs. C. E. Stewart, Jr.; Mrs. Flora Zachrison; Mrs. John Zemla.

Send in your entries now . . . read these simple rules

1. These contests are being offered *every month* as a public service of Pepsi-Cola Co., to be of help to women in their daily lives.

2. Here's all you do: Write out in 50 words or less, the best idea you have which will help your neighbor. Then write your reasons for selecting the idea you did. Ideas can deal with any subject of interest to women.

3. Submit your entries in your own words . . . literary style will not count. The originality and aptness of the subject matter, and your reasons for selecting it, are the things for which prizes will be awarded. You may enter these contests as many times as you wish. Write each entry on a separate sheet with your name and address on each.

4. Mail your entries to Pepsi-Cola Company, Dept. L, Good Neighbors Club, P. O. Box 230, Long Island City 1, N.Y. All entries that are received during March, will be judged in the March contest.

5. Every month, 35 cash prizes will be given totaling $1500.00, in order of excellence as follows: 1st Prize: $700.00; 2nd Prize: $250.00; 3rd Prize: $125.00; 4th Prize: $75.00; 5th Prize: $50.00; plus *30 prizes* of $10.00 each.

6. Checks will be mailed to prize winners in the Mar. contest not later than Apr. 30, 1948.

7. Pepsi-Cola Company shall have the right to publish all prize-winning entries in any form desired, with or without editing, and including names and addresses of winners, and also pictures of the five top prize winners. Do not send any pictures with entries.

8. Judges will be a nationally-known judging organization. Their decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries returned.

Enter the Pepsi-Cola "Treasure Top" Contests and Family Sweepstakes.
51 separate cash prize-winners . . . every *state . . .* every *mouth. Ask your dealer.*

THE WHITE CHARGER

(Continued from Page 69)

bum leg would always be with him, and he was used to it. Now if everyone else would get used to it, it would be fine. But everyone else never did. He was always reminded, as right now—by the silences—that he wasn't like other people, and that he couldn't run fast, couldn't play football or basketball, or run the hundred-yard dash, but he didn't really care any more—not for himself.

He cared for his mother and for his father, who pretended that there was nothing at all the matter with him, and who urged him to learn dancing, and to swim and dive, and to learn to punch the light bag. They did those things beautifully, casually, and as they would have urged him if he had had two good legs, but Eddie knew, and loved them for it. In his mind, Eddie saw the leg, and he missed the other things—the closely cropped blond hair and the sensitive mouth and the jaw that was so sharp the skin seemed stretched over it. He missed his eyes: gray, the color of a gun barrel—a fighter's eyes; and the tenderness of his smile. Those things he didn't know, but Anne did.

She said, "I like to walk," and had stopped, thinking, *He'll hate me. He'll think I care about his leg, and I don't care. I was just talking, trying to lead up to hinting that he could walk home with me lots of times if he would. And now I've done it. I could cut off my tongue. I could cry.*

Eddie walked along with her, thinking, *She knows she shouldn't have said that, because she's thinking about my leg. She probably doesn't want to walk with me because we're conspicuous and because she has beautiful legs. Or because she'd rather walk with Johnny Franklin—or maybe she was just making conversation.* He walked along, looking straight ahead, and was miserable.

She said, "Are you going to the Spring Dance?" *That will let him know that I don't think anything about his leg. If I thought anything about it, I wouldn't ask him about the dance—surely he'll know that.*

"I dunno," he said casually, as if it didn't really matter. "I might." He knew she'd be going with Johnny Franklin. She had gone to the Harvest Dance and she had gone to the Football Dance and the Sweater Dance with him.

"I'M going too," she said, "if someone will ask me."

He snorted. "That's a laugh—if someone will ask you." *What is she doing,* he thought, *torturing me? She knows—or maybe she doesn't—that I would walk a hundred miles to dance one dance with her and then walk the hundred miles back after the dance. Does she want me to ask her, just so she can say, "It's nice of you to ask, but I'm going with Johnny Franklin"? Is that what she wants?*

She laughed. "No—honestly—nobody has asked me."

EDDIE went numb with buck fever. He wanted to ask her to go to the dance the way he wanted his heart to beat, but the idea was fantastic and unbelievable, and he was silent until they reached Wishkah Avenue and he said, "Here's my street—good-by," and he fled, ignominiously, cravenly, cursing himself as he went. Later he tried to gain courage enough to call her on the phone, and the next day, after he had steeled himself well in advance, she didn't come to school at all. She was absent for three days, and when she did come back, the steel rod that he had shoved down his backbone had turned to jelly and he considered the opportunity dead, so he didn't say anything at all to her about the dance.

Eddie crumpled the paper on which he had been trying to compose the note to Anne, reached in his hip pocket and drew out the letter from the Post-Record sponsors of the Northwest Golden Gloves. He reread it, although he knew it by heart, and as he thought of it the excitement gripped him and the blood came into his head and he was nearly overwhelmed with the sweetness of what could happen.

Golden Glove champion! When you were Golden Glove champion you walked down the street, limp or no limp, with your head up, and people nudged their companions and whispered the news in their ears. "See that kid—the one with the limp—Golden Glove champion. Would you think it, would you?"

His father had started him boxing. He had bought a light bag, wanting to give Eddie something that he could master and that didn't have anything to do with running. He had set it up in the basement and then had said nothing. Eddie had never said anything either, but he had punched the light bag every day for two years and then his father had taken him down to the Y.M.C.A. He had gone twice a week for the other two years and grew into a natural welter, with the shoulders of a middleweight. The Post-Record people were dubious about his entering the Golden Gloves. They had the doctor look him over, and the doctor let him work out with a kid from the Athletic Club, and it was all right.

Eddie fingered the slip of paper. It said: Eddie Michael, 618 Wishkah Avenue, 147-pound class, unattached, Northwest Division, third round, Civic Auditorium, 8 P.M.

Eddie felt a hard knot in his stomach and looked at the clock in the study. It said: Ten minutes of three. Hardly anyone in school knew about it—just a few fellows who hung around the Y. Hardly anyone

(Continued on Page 152)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Carpenter Works in the Future

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

This old man is dry and slow,
He bends rustily at his thighs,
Yet he is a magnet to the steel
Filings of five small boys' eyes.

A circle of golden heads surrounds
The burnt-out head like tongues of fire,
The boys drink in the man's least move,
His wide hands are the world entire.

The man drives home the blue new nail,
He halves the timber with his saw,
He curls up shavings with his plane,
And he is walled in deep with awe.

For once, the rankling knees are still,
For once, the heads are still as deers'.
The little boys' eyes quiver deep,
And fierce and straight stand up their ears.

The old man bends and works knee-deep
In the future in short pants;
Each man-to-come is sobered up
And stiffened in a golden trance.

Each boy knows at once that he
Stands where this old carpenter stands,
Bringing halves of the world together
And living in his loving hands.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

How to make each meal a Triple Treat!

Sure, it's a treat to sit down to a meal that *looks* good. But a meal that also *tastes* good and that's good *for* you is a *triple* treat!

And that's often a problem. For flavors and certain vitamins are sometimes lost in the transportation of raw foods from farm to market —and in home preparation.

But when you use canned foods you can count* on flavors and nutritional values. For each steel-and-tin can is really a miniature "pressure cooker" that captures and holds these precious values.

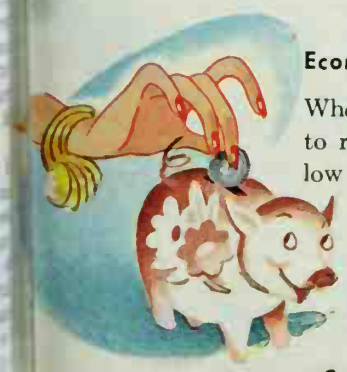
*For scientific facts on vitamins in canned foods, see October, 1946 issue of "Journal of Nutrition."

Pull up the chairs! . . . Prune juice, shrimp for main dish, green asparagus tips, tomatoes for casserole, grapefruit sections for salads, pumpkin for pie, coffee . . . and they all come to you in cans!

Home Chef Goes "High Hat"

Once you've learned the menu tricks you can do with modern canned foods, you're well on the way to high cookery—and a "reputation"! How proudly you serve "out-of-season" dishes! To say nothing of your pride as "one of those people who can whip up a swell meal in *no* time"!





Economy? Oh My—Oh Me!

When it comes to economy—all you have to remember is that, in addition to their low cost, *there's no waste in canned foods.* And of course you know you should serve the juices as well as the solids! Unused portions can safely be left right in the can—covered, and stored in the refrigerator.

"Crowned" Shrimp a la King

Prepare a buttery white sauce seasoned with a pinch of celery salt, a dash of cayenne, and a tablespoonful of sherry. Add canned shrimp, drained, and heat thoroughly in double boiler. Pour into a "crown" of fluffy hot rice, and garnish with parsley and lemon.





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The Sign Of The Ram

will stop at nothing...



In THE SIGN OF THE RAM, SUSAN PETERS triumphantly returns to the screen, in a compelling emotional role. Co-starring with Miss Peters in this picture based on the best-selling Margaret Ferguson novel are Alexander Knox, Phyllis Thaxter, Peggy Ann Garner, Ron Randell, Dame May Whitty and Allene Roberts. Screenplay by Charles Bennett; produced by Irving Cummings, Jr.; directed by John Sturges. An Irving Cummings production . . . a Columbia Picture.

(Continued from Page 150)

knew that he had won two fights, both by knockouts, and that if he won tonight, he would go into the semifinals. The finals were tomorrow night. The finals! Golden Gloves champion. He hardly dared think about it. He hardly dared think about the courage it would give him to be champion. Johnny Franklin couldn't punch his way out of a paper bag, and as for Mike Tranic and Lee Martinson—it was one thing to play high-school football and it was another thing to be Golden Gloves champion. He could walk up to Anne the next day with the little golden gloves hanging from his watch chain and —— The thought stopped him. He had no watch chain. Maybe he could hang them around his neck, but he reasoned that it would be showing off. It would be better to say nothing. The word would get around and when everyone knew—and when he was sure that she knew—he'd say, "How about the Spring Dance, Anne? Still want to go?"

The bell rang, ending the study period. Anne turned in her seat and smiled at him. "Darn!" she said. "I almost had my letter written. Did you finish yours? I saw you writing one."

Eddie turned red, thinking of the unfinished notes in his notebook. He shook his head. "I was just doodling."

She slanted her eyes at him and said, "I bet you were writing a letter to some girl."

Eddie blushed and shook his head. "No—honest—I was just doodling." It was nice to have her tease him, to think that she cared enough about it to tease him, or that she thought he would be writing to a girl.

A pessimist is a man who backed an optimist. —MARY PETTIBONE POOLE: A Glass Eye at a Keyhole (Dorrance & Company, Inc.).

They walked out of the study hall together and at the door met Johnny Franklin. Johnny said, "Hi, toots," to Anne and "Hello, Eddie," to him.

Eddie said, "Hello," and then stood there, feeling like a second cousin—wanting to go but not knowing what to say to make it casual and not as if he were running away just because Johnny had come along.

Johnny looked at Anne and said, "What's doing?" and Anne said, "Nothing," and Eddie was shut out as if a door had been closed. He searched for something to say that would open the door, make a threesome out of them, but there was nothing. Johnny turned his head and looked at Eddie, a look that seemed to say, "Are you still here?"

Eddie said desperately, not intending to say it at all, but saying it because it was on his mind: "I got to get going. I'm fighting tonight."

Both Anne and Johnny looked at him openmouthed, and Anne said, "Fighting?"

Eddie nodded casually. Now that he had said it, he said more than he intended. "Golden Gloves—third round. Two more fights and I'll be Golden Gloves champion." Then he turned and walked away, hoisting himself along with tremendous mental kicks in the seat of his pants. He hadn't meant to say that at all. He knew that he was bragging and that he shouldn't have said anything—as he had planned. Who did he think he was, Joe Louis? *It's a wonder*, he thought wryly, *that I didn't name the round and the punch.* He was a fool—a blasted fool! *Two more fights and I'll be champion!* The thought of losing, which hadn't bothered him too much up until now, terrified him. He had dreamed of those tiny golden gloves resting in his palm, much as one dreams of other triumphs, but he had never been frightened at the thought of losing. Now he had to win—now that he had shot off his face.

When he got home he went to his room and lay down on the bed and stared at the ceiling, wishing with all his heart that he had not said anything to Johnny and Anne. Presently his mother came into the room.

"Are you all right, Eddie?"

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RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"





MIDOL
RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
CHASES "BLUES"

He sat up and nodded. "Sure, mother, I'm all right."

"You were so quiet. I just wondered."

"I'm just resting."

"Dad called. He can't take you to the auditorium tonight but he said he'd try and get there in time for the fight. He said to tell you he was sorry and good luck."

The disappointment came over him like a wave with his mother's words. His father gave him an assurance that he never felt when he was alone. His father always said, "You can do it, Eddie," no matter what it was. He'd be lonely without his dad.

"Why can't he go?"

"He has to see some man tonight about a farm somewhere. He didn't say what it was exactly. He'd come if he could, Eddie."

"I know." Eddie lay back against the pillow.

"You can take the bus."

"All right, mother."

EDDIE walked out to ring center at the bell, folded his gloves and looked across at Tony Fransioli, who was black-haired, lean and muscular, with eyes like dark marbles. Eddie ate up a left hand to the mouth. He moved in and ate up another left hand. Tony Fransioli was as fast as a cat, experienced and unruffled. Eddie shuffled forward and dropped a left hand for the body, then shot a right hand down the slot, but Tony was going away. Even so, the blow drove him into the ropes and Eddie was after him. He punched with both hands, but Tony was moving, came off the ropes and tied Eddie up.

Eddie felt slow as a truck. He could hit like houses falling down, but to hit them you have to catch them. Tony had no intention of getting caught. He boxed on his toes and stabbed a left hand into Eddie's mouth. Eddie ate up a dozen left hands and then the hot flame of his temper blazed like a welder's torch. He moved in, shuffled forward, ignoring the flicking left hands, and drove a right hand into the body. He backed Tony against the ropes, lowered his head and punched for the body with both hands, then raised his sights and socked in a left hand to the jaw. Tony's knees sagged and he staggered along the ropes. Eddie followed him, the crowd thunder in his ears and his heart singing. He could almost hear his father's voice yelling, "You can do it, Eddie!" He was short with a left and wild with a right hand that went around Tony's neck. The other boy grabbed him and hung on and the referee slapped them. Eddie stepped back and then moved forward, but Tony was gone. He was out to ring center, stabbing at Eddie's mouth with that left hand. He was still stabbing when the bell rang.

Eddie sat down on the stool and drew in great gulps of air and lay back against the ropes. The second held his trunks out from his belly and talked softly. "You had him, kid, but you let him get away."

Eddie nodded.

"Keep after him. You gotta catch him. Get under that left and come up inside."

Eddie nodded.

He ate left hands until he was half sick. They hadn't bothered him in the first round, but they were bothering him now. He felt a trickle of blood come into his mouth which he swallowed so Tony wouldn't know he was cut. He moved in to Tony as fast as he could, feeling a growing sense of panic that he never would be able to catch the other boy. The left hands seemed to have more snap to them. He lost the round by a wide margin.

"You gotta catch him, kid," his second said. "The first was about even, but he took the last one by a mile. You gotta catch him to win this one."

Eddie nodded.

He moved out for the third and last round wishing, for the first time since he started boxing, that he had two good legs. He had always accepted his handicap and delighted in winning in spite of it, but now he saw Tony's two beautifully muscled legs as they danced in front of him and for a moment he felt a twinge of something that he had never felt before—self-pity. He shrugged it off and

(Continued on Page 155)

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Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

CONTENTS: Flavor that gives you bright ideas

Inspired desserts! Sparkling salads! Gay starters! They all come easy with Del Monte Brand Fruit Cocktail.

Just one quick look at Del Monte Fruit Cocktail — and like as not, you'll think of a half a dozen ways it can add life and spirit to your meals.

This bouquet of fruits is a happy combination of five Del Monte favorites — and surely we needn't remind you what kind of rich, ripe flavor *that* means.

Think how convenient it is, too. No peeling—no dicing—no mixing for you to do. Del Monte Fruit Cocktail is ready any time you are.

Sounds good? It is. Be sure you get Del Monte Fruit Cocktail, and you'll see.

COCONUT FRUIT FLOAT

1 cup milk, scalded
1 egg, slightly beaten
2 tbsps. sugar
⅛ tsp. each, almond extract and lemon extract
Dash of salt
1 No. 2½ can or jar Del Monte Fruit Cocktail, well chilled
½ cup grated coconut, toasted

Combine scalded milk with egg and sugar; add flavorings and salt. Pour into small casserole, set in pan of hot water, and bake in a slow oven (325° F.) 30 to 40 minutes or until sharp knife inserted in center comes out clean. Chill. Empty chilled Del Monte Fruit Cocktail into serving bowl. Place spoonfuls of custard on top, and cover custard with toasted coconut, as illustrated. Serves 4 to 6.

Just shows one of the many ways Del Monte Fruit Cocktail can glorify simple dishes. And don't forget how attractive it is served plain—how quick and easy, too. Keep a can or jar handy always—in your refrigerator or your cupboard, ready instantly to add inviting color and luscious flavor to any part of any meal.

Del Monte FRUIT COCKTAIL

the brand that always puts flavor first



(Continued from Page 153)

ked it back into a dark corner of his mind
went back to work, his head bobbing.
felt the left hand go into his face and he
ached and shuffled forward and ate up
ther left hand as Tony danced out of
ger. Suddenly his frustration brought
tears to his eyes and then the frustration
nged to blinding rage and Tony became,
ead of his opponent in the Golden Gloves,
nteful, dancing will-o'-the-wisp—a mock-
fleeting enemy without the guts to stand
fight. And just as a raging, frustrated
npsey had done years ago against Tun-
, Eddie stood flat-footed, beckoned with
left hand and yelled, "Come on and
t!" The crowd slammed its voice into
ring with the gesture and Tony Fransioli
ed in and struck with the left, twice.
lie shot his right for the body and moved
ard and punched with both hands, but
y was going away again. He was still
g away at the bell.

ut the sickening, stunning realization
he had lost didn't come until he was in
dressing room. When the referee gathered
slips from the judges and then raised
y's hand—when Tony rushed across the
and shook his hand—when he left the
and walked through the crowd to the
sing room—he was still charged with the
tement of the fight and didn't mind.
when the dressing-room door closed he
alone except for another boy and his
nds. Eddie came in and sat down on a
h and held his head in his hands.

"You lost, huh?" the other boy said.

ddie nodded without looking up.

That's tough." The boy stood up and
ed toward the door.

Good luck," Eddie said.

Thanks," the boy answered and they
gone and Eddie was alone.

was then that he remembered what he
said to Anne and Johnny. "Two more
's and I'll be Golden Gloves champion."

king of those words, he beat his fists
st his knees and cursed himself for a
ging fool. He thought wildly of not
g back to school—of going away some-
e and working—of persuading his father
ove to another town. He couldn't face
ow.

he door opened and the doctor walked in.
e stood up and said, "Hello."

Let me look you over, kid," the doctor
a.

looked at Eddie's mouth, looked at
yes, listened to his heart and slapped
e on the shoulder. "Better take a
er before you cool off."

the shower he tipped his face up to the
water and let it wash into his mouth.
ung when it hit the cuts, and when he
he shower he looked in the mirror. His
h was only slightly swollen.

dressed and put his ring togs in the
r bag and wished that his father were with him. He felt alone—more alone than he had ever been in his life. He walked out of the dressing room and out the door of the Civic Auditorium and into the night. Outside, he didn't mind the solitude. He wanted to be alone—to lick his wounds and feel sorry for himself until the feeling of having been defeated wore off. That wouldn't last, but what he had said to Anne and Johnny would. Why hadn't he kept his big mouth shut? He was going to win the Golden Gloves and take Anne to the Spring Dance. He laughed bitterly, and moved down the street.

Suddenly he heard someone yelling at him: "Eddie—wait!" He turned. It was Anne. She was running toward him—her heels clicking on the pavement. When she reached him she was breathless and panting and she said, "Oh, Eddie!"

"Go away," he said. "Go away and leave me alone."

She clung to his arm and said, "I made dad bring me. Oh, Eddie, I'm so sorry you lost."

Having her close to him and clinging to his arm unnerved him. Her hair was blowing around his face and she smelled clean and sweet and wonderful and she seemed more unattainable than ever. "You don't have to feel sorry for me," he said.

She tugged at his arm so that she pulled him around, facing her. "I know I don't, you fool! I'm not feeling sorry for you. I'm just sorry you lost."

"And I said I was going to be champion," Eddie said bitterly. "You must think I'm a fool." Having said that much—having bared what he thought—he went all the way. "I was going to be champion and then I was going to ask you to go to the Spring Dance with me. That's a hot one, isn't it?"

"Oh, Eddie!" she said suddenly. "Is that it? Is that why you did it? You big dope!" She took both Eddie's arms in her hands and shook him slightly. Her eyes were shining with the tears in them. "You were going to come to me on a big, white charger and lay the dragon at my feet! Oh, Eddie, that's wonderful, but you didn't have to do that. All you had to do was ask me."

"Ask you?" Eddie said.

"Of course! What do you want a girl to do? I used to wait for you after school, hoping you'd walk with me, but you never would. And I practically asked you to ask me to the Spring Dance, but you wouldn't. And I registered for Latin I, which I hate, because someone told me you were going to take it. I wanted to sit next to you. What else can a girl do?"

"Latin!" Eddie yelled. "I thought you were taking it ——" He suddenly let out his breath in a great rush. He dropped his zipper bag from nerveless fingers. Almost as in a dream, his arms went around her and her hair was in his face and they stood there on the sidewalk and clung to each other.

THE END

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

[I]E a piece of good linen, a beautiful
emory becomes more exquisite with the
ea and often is passed on as one does an
nh itance.

Igenics: Romance based on pedigree-
ne.

Otimism: Liking what you have when
ou haven't it.

Cestion from small daughter: "Why do
ou all it a square meal when you put it on
round plate?"

Nte to nervous mothers: You'd better
pad a mattress first before you stand un-
der tree and shout, "Watch out, you're
you to fall!"

Yu ate her cooking not with the expecta-
tion of being benefited, but with the hope of
not being injured.

Children know when a punishment is fair just as adults do when the grocery scales are honest.

My father used to say that just when everything was running smoothly around the house, mother tried a new recipe.

To train a child for behavior you expect later on is like setting an alarm clock to ring at the right time.

Safety zone: The distance beyond where you can smell a woman's perfume.

Personal annoyance: A pitcher placed so that when it faces a room the handle is to the left.

A mother who pulls her child to her will spoil her normality just as a sculptor makes a distortion by drawing wet clay in only one direction.

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1 cup RIVER BRAND Rice, 1 tsp. salt, 1½ cups cold water. Wash thoroughly in 5 or 6 waters and place in 3 qt. pot with a tight fitting cover. Place over moderate flame and bring to a vigorous boil. This should take 8–10 minutes. When steam and foam begin to escape, turn flame down lower and cook the rice until tender —about 20 minutes. All the water should be absorbed. Keep in warm place until you are ready to serve. Serves 5 to 6.

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*Nescafé (pronounced NES-CAFAY) is the exclusive registered trade-mark of Nestlé's Milk Pr Inc. to designate its soluble coffee product. It is composed of equal parts of pure soluble and added carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the

FIRE

(Continued from Page 36)

How far away the cloud was, she was not experienced enough to tell—or how fast it was likely to move toward her. But the ranger's warning was evidence enough that the storm could reach as far as Cerro Gordo before the afternoon was over.

On May 14 the gauges in the Ponderosa National Forest had last recorded rainfall. Now it was September. In May the grass in the meadows had been green; fresh leaves were bursting from the manzanita bushes in the bush fields; the new tips of pine and fir and cedar were juicy with wet sap. Now, as you crossed a meadow, your feet hit hard. Afternoons lay so hot and still, so dry, so charged with the emanations of gums and resins, that you might think the air would explode at the striking of a match.

THE thundercloud, again grown more intense, moved above the Ponderosa Forest, and all five lookouts in the Suffolk and Barlow districts were watching it. From Badger Hill and Hamlin Point, baking in the four-o'clock sun, the cloud was a far-off thing of the higher country; these lookouts observed it from the side, and saw the threatening overhang of its anvil top. Lovers Leap and Horse Mountain lay right in its path, and their lookouts felt merely the chill of the rising wind, and saw above them the threatening darkness of the flying scud.

At Cerro Gordo the girl was still in the hot sunshine, but the fast-moving cloud dominated the southeastern sky; she, too, felt the threat of that green-blackness. The sun had gone, and the air was chilly. High above, the great mass of the cloud billowed between her and the open sky. That cloud, as hazardous as a powder barrel, had not relieved its tensions. She felt a stirring in her hair.

It is better to give than to lend, and it costs about the same. —SIR PHILIP GIBBS.

Electricity! she thought. *No, maybe just being scared. Well, why not? Here on the highest point in ten miles, on a steel tower sticking up into the air. I hope the lightning rods are as good as Bart said they were!*

She thought of standing on the glass-footed stool, and decided not to—at least not until there had been one stroke.

As the cloud moved on above the forested ridges, the action within it grew stronger. Tension between it and the earth piled up to millions of volts. Now, beneath the cloud, invisible electrical streamers rose here and there from points of rock or tips of trees, like gestures asking for release. Suddenly, near the top of Cerro Gordo, a mile-long white stroke of lightning crackled between cloud and earth.

The flash half blinded the girl; the thunderclap jarred her. Although the stroke was past, she was scrambling to the stool when she heard the tree go crashing down. *No need to log a bearing on that one,* she thought. *It's right here!*

Half a minute later she was on the job again, and logged a stroke at 132, miles away toward Lovers Leap. Twice she heard thunder without spotting the stroke.

Now, as if relieved by the lightning strokes, the cloud looked less threatening. A shower, she saw, was falling far off to the east. She began to think that the storm would drift on without causing more trouble.

At that moment, however, the forward edge of the cloud, still highly charged, was approaching the ridge north of Onion Creek on the slope of Howell Mountain. This ridge was well covered by a fine forest, largely of Jeffrey pine; part way up the slope stood a particular tree of that species. Even an experienced forester would not have noted it especially, except to say perhaps that it was remarkably vigorous and healthy. Nevertheless, as an individual man and woman will choose each other from a whole city of men and women, so the cloud and the tree drew together from forces within them.

The charge of electricity following beneath the cloud dipped into the canyon of Onion Creek, and then flowed up the other slope. The vigorously growing tree was of that nature because its roots touched a vein of underground moisture. This moisture produced a channel for the electricity, and the charge moved easily through the sappy trunk clear to the top, where a sharp growing tip offered an excellent point for discharge. Within a few seconds the tree became tense with electrical pressure.

Suddenly, in a blue-white flash there poured through the tree between cloud and earth a force equal to that of many powerhouses.

Fortunately for the tree, the stroke followed the long spiral of the sap channel, making three circuits of the trunk but keeping just under the bark. Along this channel, the intense heat vaporized not only the sap, but the wood itself. The outward pressure was explosive. A long spiral weal rose from tip to root; pieces of bark were blown out and fell through the air. Noises of explosion smote the air, and went rolling off as thunder through the canyon.

While the bark was still falling, the lookout on Cerro Gordo swung her alidade. She had seen the flash squarely and directly. She sighted through the wires as close to the exact point as she could remember, and read the azimuth as 65.

About ten miles off, time is four-twelve, she thought, and started to write down the figures, as noise of the thunder enveloped her. Even in the interval of making the notations the cloud seemed to have grown less threatening. It had moved farther north.

Suddenly she realized that for an hour she had been in a state of excitement. Now she began to think about making a cup of coffee. Before doing anything, however, she went out to the eastern catwalk, and looked across toward where she had seen the last lightning stroke. She would have to keep close watch in that direction.

As the quiet of evening fell on the steep slope above Onion Creek, the pine tree was little changed. Its tip had lopped over, like a wilting plant. A faint tarlike odor hung in the air. But, intense as the heat had been, the plentiful sap had oozed in quickly and kept the wood from burning.

Nevertheless, at the base of the tree where the discharge had run along a buttress root at the surface of the ground, the lightning stroke had heated a few dry needles to kindling point and continued to smolder. As the evening down-canyon wind began to move gently along the slope, a tiny column of smoke curled faintly into the air.

SECOND DAY

IN the hot morning sunshine the supervisor of Ponderosa National Forest waved good-by to his wife and two small daughters, and walked along the main street of the little town of Suffolk toward headquarters. His broad-brimmed hat kept the sun out of his eyes; his uniform was clean and neat; he was as much at peace with the world as he could be.

Then a pickup truck with Forest Service insignia bounced by him. "Hi, Super!" called the man at the wheel.

"Hi, there!" the supervisor called back, and suddenly was not quite so much at peace. He had been called "Super" again. Until a few months ago, they had called him Mr. Jones, or even "sir," particularly the youngsters back from the services. Why couldn't he be—well, maybe, "Slim"?

He felt an old tinge of resentment at his parents for the name they had given him. He was worse off than a college professor named Dean or a naval officer named Ensign. "Meet Lieutenant Ensign Jones!"—and people stared. "Meet Supervisor Ranger

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Jones!"—and people stared. Of course his mother's name was Ranger. Still, as Forest Service people themselves, they should have seen what they were letting him in for.

By the time he was twelve and went out on his first fire, the name was an embarrassment. In Forestry School it had been nearly as bad, and in the service later, particularly when he really had been a ranger. "They call me Slim!" he used to say when he went to a new post, but it never took, even though he was six feet four and a beanpole. From the time he was an assistant supervisor at thirty-one, he had begun to be Mr. Jones.

He was within sight of headquarters now—the low-built tobacco-brown buildings, set against the pine-covered foothills. Striding up the walk, he swung off his hat, and the sunlight picked out a few reddish gleams in his thick brown hair.

"Good morning, Super," said the switchboard girl.

"Good morning, Jackie." He swung on into his office. There were no telegrams, and the mail not yet in. He tore Monday's page from his desk calendar. The only notation on the new page was: "Call Bart re Strawberry."

He let his eyes fall lovingly upon the newly completed master map on the opposite wall. His Ponderosa Forest straddled the crest of the Sierra Nevada, and sprawled over parts of three California counties. Officially the figure was 1,091,904 acres—an area, as he liked to put it, "somewhat smaller than Delaware, but larger than Rhode Island."

He turned to his phone, and said, "Get me Arn, please."

Waiting, he thought how silly it was to use the telephone instead of walking fifty feet down the hall—but that was what modern habits got you into. Then he heard his dispatcher answering.

"Arn," he said, "what's the sum-up on that lightning storm yesterday?"

"Seven strokes is all we logged. They're all in Barlow and Sheba districts. Only one fire—so far! It was a dead tree on the ridge above the Middle Fork. Ben's boys went out from Sheba, and took care of it. Another strike was just below the top of Cerro Gordo—smashed a big tree. There wasn't any fire, but it's blocked the road."

"That leaves five. What about those?"

"Four of them hit where some lookout can see right to them. They haven't smoked up yet, and we can rush them fast if they do. The one I don't like is over by Onion Creek, on that ridge north of the creek."

The supervisor thought a moment. "That's blind country, isn't it?"

"Technically, yes. But if the strike was anywhere near the top of the ridge, as it naturally would be, Cerro Gordo can just about see into it."

"You'll scout it by air anyway."

"As soon as I can. The storm hit the Tahoe worse than us, and they're using the plane today."

"What's the forecast?"

"Light south wind. No change in temperature and humidity."

"Thanks," said the supervisor, and hung up.

On the ridge above Onion Creek, the fire had barely lived through the night. In the chill that descended upon the mountains in the early morning it had cooled until only a few glowing spots still maintained life. With the cold, the humidity of the air rose until it approached dew point, and the condensation of even the slightest film of dew would have quenched the last coals.

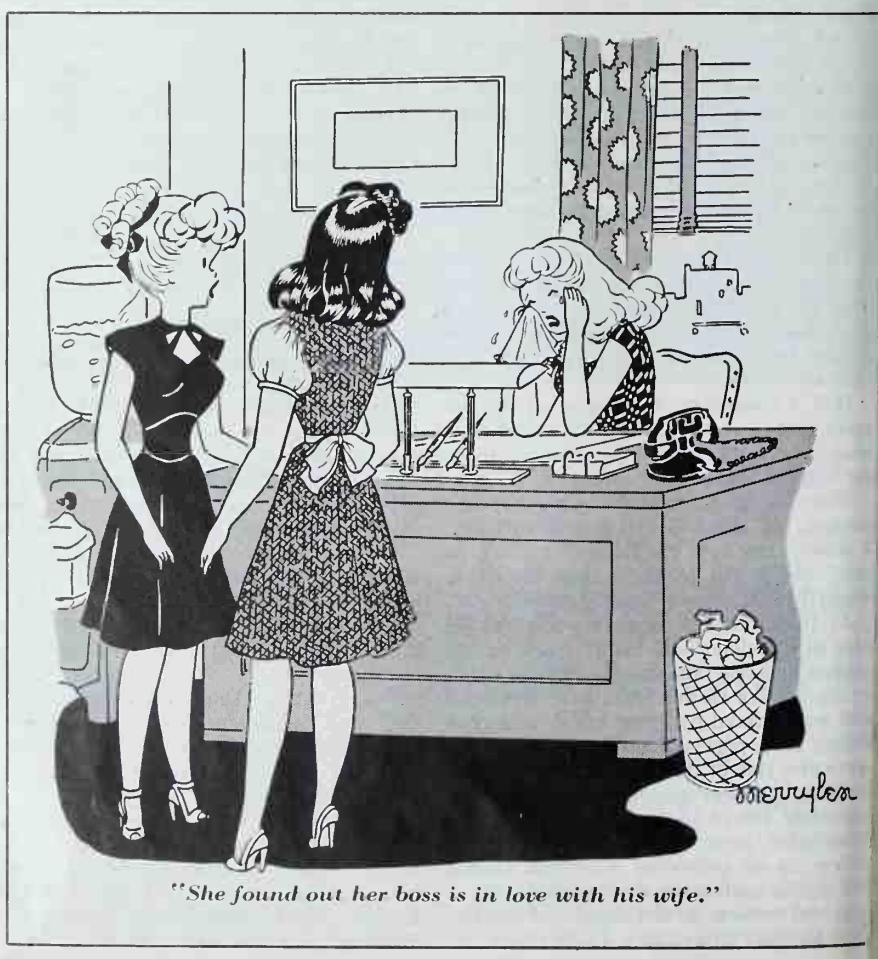
As the chill deepened, however, the air along the ridge top grew colder more rapidly than the lower air, and, thus becoming heavier, began to slide gently down the slope. This draft came as a stimulant to the dying sparks. The fire thus continued to glow faintly.

After sunrise it grew stronger still. The warmed air began to rise, and since the trend of the canyon was toward the northeast, this new draft of air joined with and reinforced the prevailing southerly breeze.

The fire responded. Its six-inch line of dull red coals glowed with a more orange light. Yet the new breeze was a somewhat treacherous ally. During the night the downhill draft had blown the heat away from the upper edge of the fire and helped it to stay alive only on the lower edge. The reverse breeze, however, could not revive the cold upper edge. As for the lower edge, its tiny flames consumed only what they had already seized upon.

So, after ten minutes, the fire again died to a smolder. Its chief vigor centered at one end of a dry twig, half an inch thick; this twig was smoking vigorously. Looking big as a tree trunk in comparison with the fire, it stretched out five inches into the unburned area.

(Continued on Page 160)



"She found out her boss is in love with his wife."



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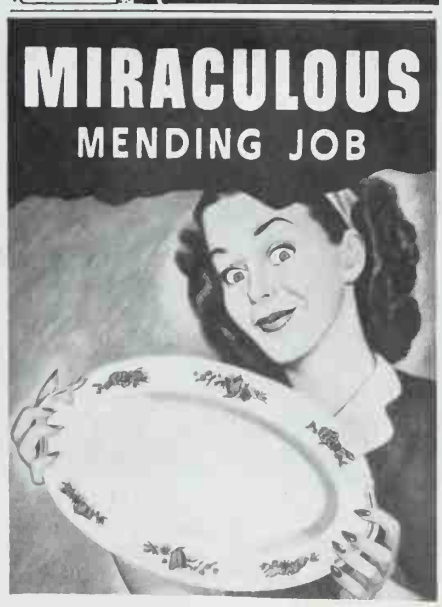
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LEPAGE'S Liquid Plastic

(Continued from Page 158)

As he walked along the corridor of the Federal Building, Dave Halliday might have passed for a civilian, if his gray Navy shirt and slightly rolling walk had not betrayed him.

On the right were the administration offices; on the left, the Climatological Division. Ahead, on the glass door, he saw "Forecasting Division," and knew that he had come home.

He flung open the door, and there was the chief sitting at his desk. To see so much gray hair was something of a shock. But to see the chief's face light up with the pleasure of recognition—that was good!

"H'n-n?" said the chief. "Just how long was it anyway? You went away a J. G. and here you are back a lieutenant commander, and—h'n-n?—I guess we'll be paying you something more than that two thousand a year you started at."

"Well, what I'm interested in is where you're going to work me back into the Weather Bureau."

"Right here in San Francisco, if I have anything to say! But I have a temporary assignment for you. Our station at Suffolk in the Ponderosa Forest is shorthanded. You would be in charge. You have to make the special forecasts about fire danger. There's a lot of tricky stuff to work on—local conditions, terrain, upcanyon winds. You'll have to use public transportation to get to Suffolk."

"How about my jeep?"

"Good. I didn't know you had one."

"Yes. And you might be interested to know—her name is Maria."

"H'n-n? Maria. I understand you boys on the carriers used to give girls' names to typhoons too."

"Yes, and Susan was a terror. It's natural, I suppose, for young men ——" Then he saw that the chief was looking at him in that funny way.

"'For young men!' You know there's such a thing as being too much tied up in your work. A man shouldn't eat all his breakfasts opposite a teletype machine—although some women I've known are a pretty good imitation of one."

Dave Halliday was afraid he blushed a little. "Anyway," he said, "the jeep is Maria. I had to get her painted, and I was going to get a modest black until I realized that would make her Black Maria. So she's a fine knock-you-down red. You could even say she's a fire-engine red!"

Have the courage to face a difficulty, lest it kick you harder than you bargain for.
—KING STANISLAUS OF POLAND.

During twenty years, from the summer after his thirtieth birthday, John Bartley had been the ranger of Barlow District. At first he had nursed ambitions to rise, to be supervisor of a forest, but as years passed he cared less and less. Barlow District was big enough to keep a man from ever feeling cramped. It was too big, in fact. The supervisor had plans to split it. Those plans, however, were filed away until Bart should retire. To split the district would as good as break Bart's spirit, and he was so familiar with it that he could run it easily, even though a new man would be snowed under.

The ranger heard the telephone ring in the outer office, and then the buzzer at his elbow. "Bartley speaking," he said.

"Bart, this is—ah—Jones. Are you free tomorrow afternoon?"

"Why, I guess so."

"I'd like to run up into the Basin with you. A lot of that timber is getting pretty overripe, and there's a chance we might do something with it."

Bart's jaw set suddenly. But the supervisor was still speaking:

"There's a good mill site at Idylhurst. The chief problem is that steep road up Strawberry Creek ——"

"You know," said Bart, breaking in, "that's an awful pretty country, some of the nicest mature forest in California."

The pause over the phone was long enough to let Bart know he had registered his point, but the super did not argue.

"How about leaving around eleven, take lunches along?"

"Good enough. While we're at it, would you mind going all the way to Cerro Gordo? I've got a green lookout there, and she may need some bucking up."

"We'll try to make it. Be seeing you about eleven."

As the receiver clicked down, Bart was out of his chair. His heels hit hard as he strode to the window and back. There was a tightness in his throat. Twenty years now he had been ranger of the Barlow. He knew it canyon by canyon, and ridge by ridge. He had climbed every peak, fished every stream. "I love every tree of it," he said once to his wife.

And now this fellow Jones—the super! Thinking up plans for a lumber mill in the Basin!

The girl on Cerro Gordo was getting into the swing of things, and a satisfying routine she found it, good for a troubled soul.

Or at least, for her particular kind of troubled soul. She put the thought into words, but did not say them out loud, and she used the third person as if she were writing a composition for English 41. *The solitude would certainly have driven some people insane, but she found herself flourishing. Perhaps her decision to become a lookout had been motivated by escape. If so, the escape had been successful. Already she realized* (no need to mention names) *he was a heel, and not worth worrying about.*

No, not worth worrying about *much*, anyway. A girl on the rebound, as people said, was supposed to fall in love with someone else quickly. But she had rebounded differently. When the chance came to earn a little money and hold a romantic-sounding job, she had jumped at it.

Yet life on the tower was not altogether without human contacts. She had the telephone, the two-way official radio, and a small commercial set for ordinary broadcasts. Twice a day she reported in. During the evenings she gossiped a little by radio with other lookouts.

Other contacts—at least she had come to feel them as such—were her descents from the tower: to visit the little house modestly set among the cedars, to get drinking water from the spring, or to take a walk in the evening. She did not really care about going down from the tower, however. When she climbed up through the trap door in the catwalk, and closed and bolted it, she felt the calm of a great peace. The little room at the top of the sixty-foot stilt-legged steel tower was just fourteen by fourteen, glass all around, with the narrow catwalk outside.

By this time the sun was getting well into the west. The heat of the day was past, and the breeze, rising up the slope from the canyon, was cool. She made a round of the catwalk and started another, when—*wham. Long, short, short, short.*

She grabbed the receiver. "Cerro Gordo speaking."

"Hello, this is Bart. You're going to have some visitors tomorrow—the super and me. You been watchin' where that strike was?"

"I have, all right!"

"Nothing showed up?"

"No, nothing."

"Well, that's fine. Keep watchin' it!"

The breeze was slackening. From the catwalk she looked northeastward again. There was no smoke, but just a touch of haze in the canyons.

She looked down the furrowed eastern slope of Cerro Gordo. Bacchus Creek, Curran Creek and all their little feeders—she could see the lines of their courses, but they were so deep in their ravines that she no where saw the water. Here and there little knobs and peaks poked their heads up, but mostly they were the long, smooth-topped ridges, sloping gradually toward the west and south, except where Reverse Ridge expressed its individuality by cutting across the general trend. A strange way to live in

(Continued on Page 162)



In the conventional 6-cubic-foot refrigerator—of the type you probably have in your kitchen today—you can store just this much food under refrigeration. Old-style design limits you to this amount . . . and no more!



In the new General Electric Space Maker, look at all the food you can keep under refrigeration. Actually ⅓ more! Yet this 8-cubic-foot refrigerator is almost exactly the same size *outside!* . . . fits the same kitchen floor space.

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The new 1948 Space Makers are the greatest refrigerators General Electric has ever built.

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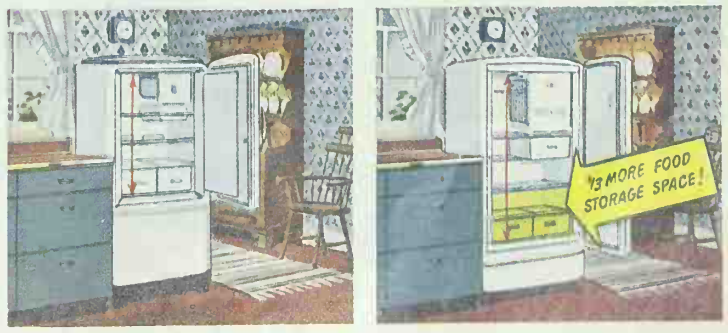
- **Butter Conditioner**—Keeps butter at just the spreading temperature you want.
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Skiing–we stopped for breath. I offered him some chocolate. Then lost my breath completely–he kissed my hand! *"I like this European custom,"* he said. And...



Lunching on the ice rink, *"The softest hands!"* he said. Made me glad I had my Jergens Lotion with me to keep my hands smooth and soft. Because...



Not long after–*"Don't let other fellows kiss your darling hands,"* he said. *"So smooth and soft. I want your hands for mine–for always."* So...

I'll have to keep my hands soft–always. I know I can, with Jergens Lotion.

You can be very sure of even smoother, sweetly-softer hands today. Jergens Lotion is finer than ever, now–thanks to recent skin-research. Protects even longer, too.

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Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in the World



For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion

(Continued from Page 160)

country—knowing the ridges so well and having not the slightest idea of what lay in the valleys.

THIRD DAY

ARNOLD SORENSON, the dispatcher, put down the receiver, and leaned back in his chair. *Well,* he thought, *we take off at three. That will give us plenty of daylight, and at that time any sleeper will be throwing up the most smoke it's going to. Better check the location again.*

He got up, and turned to the large map on the wall. It was mounted on plywood, and from it protruded the glass heads of eleven large pushpins, each fitted into a hole at the location of one of the lookouts of the Ponderosa Forest. Around each of the pins was a neatly stamped circle. The dispatcher took the pin at Cerro Gordo, and as he pulled it out, a thread which was held taut by a hidden spring followed the pin. Checking his memory from a written memorandum, he placed the pin so that its thread lay precisely upon the line of the circle marking sixty-five degrees to the east of true north. Then he pushed the pin into the board. Somewhere along this line would lie the location of the lightning strike, if the Cerro Gordo lookout had observed correctly.

Next he took the Horse Mountain pin, and with similar care placed it so that the thread lay at 320. He thus had a theoretical "cross" on the location of the strike. The "cross" was somewhere on the ridge between Wilson Creek and Onion Creek. The ridge was the middle one of three which formed the southwestern base of Howell Mountain. It was a dangerous place to have a fire start. The topography was bad, for at this season the prevailing south wind would sweep the flames uphill. The area was roadless, too, although a good horse trail led down the south side of Onion Creek.

Next he pulled two aerial photographs from his file. He studied the pictures. The whole ridge was well timbered, with a good deal of reproduction and underbrush.

He stood a moment, bringing the facts together in his mind. He seemed to have done all he could in preparation for the afternoon's scouting, so he sat down at his desk and took up other work.

The dispatcher heard a step, and saw the supervisor coming in.

"Hello, Arn," said the supervisor. "I'm going up in Barlow District. Anything I can do for you up that way?"

"I don't think so. Say hello to Bart for me."

"Anything this morning?"

"Not yet. I'm scouting this afternoon over by Onion Creek. Leaving here about three."

"I'll probably see you fly over, then. Be looking for you."

"O.K. So long, Super."

The dispatcher was suddenly aware of a young man standing hesitantly in the doorway of his office. "Did you want me?"

"The girl told me to come in here, sir. I'm the new man to take over the weather station."

"Oh, yes," said the dispatcher, extending his hand. *Looks all right,* he thought, *about five-ten, slight, dark-brown hair and blue eyes well set up.* "I'm glad you're here, Dave. They telegraphed me. We go by first name around here—mostly. So call me 'Arn.' I wasn't expecting you before tomorrow."

Halfway up the steep canyon side to the north of Onion Creek the fire still smoldered in the thick duff of twigs and pine needles. Vacillating in direction as air currents shifted, the fire had now burned a total area some four feet long and two feet wide, but of irregular amoebalike outline. It lay diagonally up and down the slope, just at the base of the pine tree.

Shortly before noon on the third day of its smoldering existence, the fire drew close to a dry pine cone. As the heat grew more intense, the cone began to smoke vigorously. In a few minutes the column of thick gray smoke was several inches in diameter. It rose some ten feet almost perpendicularly, opening up slightly funnel-wise. Then the upcanyon drift of air bent it over, and it spread out as a long drifting plume.

After a few minutes of vigorous smoking the cone burst into flame. Since the low spines upon which the cone rested had been the first to catch fire, they were the first to burn away, and the cone settled downhill. After about ten minutes the cone was wholly consumed except for the stem smoking core. The fire was again quiet.

Bart heard a car drive up, looked out and saw it was the super. He went out.

"Hello, Bart," said the super. "The place looks fine."

"Thanks. Got better view than you got in Suffolk."

The super turned looked across the cleft stream of the South Fork, and let his eyes range up the two thousand-foot rise to the opposite canyon side. "Yes, a better view. Say, when did they log that slope?"

"Oh, around Nineteen-two, before the Forest took over."

"She came back in fine shape. Must be laying on quite a few thousand board-feet every season."

"Yes," said Bart shortly. Then, as if changing the subject, he added, "That's a suppression crew over there."

THE super looked at the half-dozen boys of high-school age who were pulling weeds on the lawn and trimming the borders.

Bart went on, "That work on the lawn is really boondoggling. But I like to keep them in close this time of year. If a fire breaks they can get started quick in any direction."

"That's good."

"Well, had we better get going? You don't mind takin' the pickup?"

"Not a bit. You got the saw in it?"

"Sure have!"

Bart was secretly a trifle irritated. He was taking the pickup truck so that he could have a crosscut saw along to clear the tree from the road below Cerro Gordo, but he had not expected the supervisor to click so fast on such a detail.

They went about a mile past their turnoff to take a look at the Idylhurst Guard Station. Idylhurst rated as the only settlement in this part of the forest, and was on priva

(Continued on Page 164)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Earthbound

(A Song for Those Who Fly)

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Wholly enamored of the earth am I,
The warm brown earth who gives herself to me,
And not the beautiful but selfish sky
Who kept so long her cold virginity.
In each familiar field, each well-known hill
And every hidden loveliness of wood and lake
I have found only goodness, never ill,
And all my songs are sung for her sweet sake.
Let others court the heavens, let them woo
A heartless mistress in a diadem;
A cloud's embrace, a moment's rapturous blue
Are all that she will ever yield to them.
On borrowed wings they strive, yet win no sign
Of caring from a love less kind than mine!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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TUSSY rich cream

A Richer Color—A Richer Cream

(Continued from Page 162)

owned land. It had been started as a resort, but its cabins had been taken over as all-year homes by families of men who worked in the Magna lumber mill.

They turned off to the right below Idylhurst, and went up the steep road. They swung around the south end of Swayback Ridge, came to the low saddle connecting Swayback and Cerro Gordo, and stopped. They could see down the winding course of Kelly Creek to the clifflike face of Reverse Ridge, four miles to the north.

"That's something!" said Bart.

"Yes," the supervisor agreed, but he was appraising more carefully. To the right were a couple of big patches of worthless brush, scars of old fires, showing up as beautiful bright green stretches among the darker trees. But the rest of it, forming the eastern face of Cerro Gordo, was a mature forest of mixed conifers. "A lumber company won't like such a big percentage of cedar," he said. "Otherwise it's a fine logging chance." He waited for an answer. Then, turning, he sensed that Bart was standing there, tense and hostile. "Oh, come on, Bart," he said good-naturedly, "that's what trees are for, isn't it?"

"It's a mighty pretty stretch of trees. Why couldn't we just keep it for people to look at?"

"That's National Park stuff, Bart. You know that! We're a working concern. That stuff down there is crying out to be built into houses. As it stands, it's fire bait. Maybe it's beautiful, but you know as well as I do that it's full of rot holes. For myself, I'll take that vigorous young forest across from your ranger station."

THE road ended, and they had to walk the last hundred yards. They followed the trail up a rockslide, and then saw the tower. The girl waved from the high catwalk.

When they had climbed up, Bart did the honors. "Judith, meet Supervisor Jones."

"The lookout is honored," said the girl, in a curious third-person way. Then she and Bart started chattering.

Judith Godoy realized suddenly that she was not being polite to the supervisor; after all, she was hostess. The best she could think to say was a silly, "I like Cerro Gordo," but she smiled when she said it.

It was an icebreaker, anyway. The supervisor said, "That's good!" When he smiled she saw that he wasn't any longer a poker face or a sourpuss. He had a good smile.

The three leaned against the railing and looked out across the ridges, and were silent for a minute. Then the supervisor said, "I don't see any smoke over there."

"Me neither," said Bart.

In the pause all three heard the plane.

The air was rather bumpy as they flew low over the ridge. Suddenly the gorge of Potter Creek opened up below, and the dispatcher saw the lumber mill, not sending up much smoke at the moment. Ahead, to the right, was the tower on Cerro Gordo.

The pilot was trying to speak over the noise of the engine. "Want to buzz the lookout, Arn? I hear it's a girl now."

"O.K.," said the dispatcher, sounding cheerful, but with inward reservations. He did not really want to buzz the lookout. Jim had been a P-51 pilot, and what happened when he buzzed a lookout did things to the dispatcher's stomach and nervous system.

The earth rolled suddenly as the plane banked more sharply than necessary.

"Look," said Jim, "she's got visitors."

The dispatcher had a sense of relief when he saw the pickup truck. "Yes," he said, "that's the supervisor. Better not try any buzzing when he's there."

"Right! Wouldn't hurt to fly kind of close, would it?"

"I guess not."

The super, Bart and the girl waved as the plane went by close to the tower, level with the catwalk. Jim wobbled the wings, and then jumped the plane with a little zoom.

"That lookout's not bad," he was saying over the engine noise. "How about giving me the telephone number?"

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"That's easy! One long, three short. Only remember, half the lookouts in the forest will be listening in. . . . Say, change your course a bit. Patch of gray rock there on the ridge—head over that, and you'll be about right."

The plane banked suddenly again. A moment later—high enough so that it was not startling—they flew over the south face of Reverse Ridge. That face was so steep and dry that it supported only a thin growth of sun-loving ponderosa pines. But the better-watered north slope was densely forested with Douglas firs. Ahead, to the left, was the bright green of a big brush field; to the right of the brush field was the little grass-grown open space of Reverse Meadow, now more brown than green.

The dispatcher pointed to the mouth of the gorge where Wilson Creek came out into the flat. Jim picked up a little altitude and went in level at 5100. This meant that they were a thousand feet above the creek and several hundred above the ridge to the south. But they were flying smack at the slope of Howell Mountain, and had to allow for room to turn.

This was what he had come for, and the dispatcher watched the north slope of the ridge as they flew past. Scouting by air always sounded better than it really was. When you actually got there, you had to cover a lot of acreage with your eyes, and even at the speed of a slow plane you went over it too fast.

When they got close to the mountain, Jim swung around, and they went down the ridge. Since this was the most likely place for a strike, they kept close to the tops of the trees.

Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. —CHESTERFIELD.

The dispatcher looked for a smoke, or for any tree that might have been struck lately. No luck!

As they came down over the snout of the ridge where it fell away sharply to the meadow, they were at 4600. They circled, climbed to 5100 again, and this time went up Onion Creek. The dispatcher crawled to the seat behind Jim, and looked out at the south slope of the ridge, now well below the plane.

Again they turned, uncomfortably close against the side of the mountain. This time they flew down the ridge to the south of Onion Creek.

After that they made all four runs again for a double check. Nothing showed.

"Might as well head for home," said the dispatcher.

"No smokes, eh?"

"No smokes that I can make out," the dispatcher corrected.

"Why don't you send a man in on foot, then?"

"We don't know exactly where the strike was, and it would take him a month to scout as much country as we have this afternoon."

FOURTH DAY

DAVE HALLIDAY sat on a high stool at a high desk, putting the last touches on his weather map. The early-morning sun was bright outside; the teletype machine was clicking. He was wearing a pair of old civilian pants, and a gray Navy shirt, open at the neck. Thank God, the Forest Service didn't go in for spit and polish!

He gave the map a last appraising glance, and was ready to get to work on what looked like a not too difficult forecast. This was Thursday, and since he was out of touch with the weather, he checked back as far as Monday. That had been a typical summer situation. A massive Pacific High dominated all the oceanic part of the map, and extended through British Columbia down into Montana. Northward of the high there was a weak storm in Alaska, and another in Manitoba. Nearer home, California lay in a long trough of low pressure stretching up from

(Continued on Page 167)



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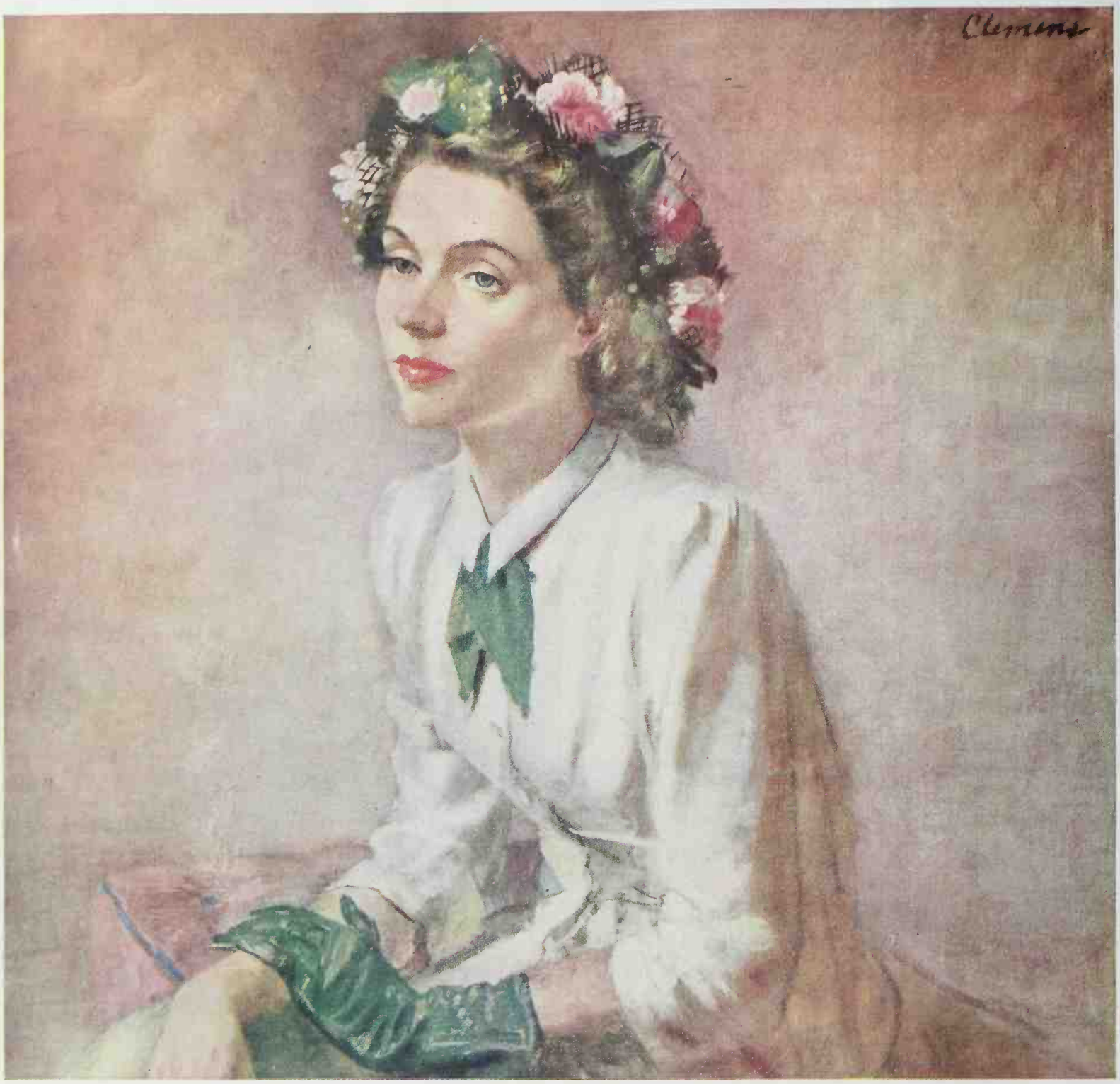


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Dorothy Gray

(Continued from Page 165)

h: Mexican plateau. He looked closer, and a v thunderstorm symbols recorded for some f the Sierra Nevada stations.

The Tuesday and Wednesday maps showed c thunderstorms; otherwise, no significant h nge for the region of his special interest. The two storms moved eastward. The trough f low pressure over California shrank back ttle.

That brought him to today, Thursday. It ked remarkably like Monday, still show- the trough of low pressure over Cali- nia, the massive high out at sea, and the o storms to northward. Of course, the rm now over Manitoba was the one which d been in Alaska on Monday. The one now r Alaska was new.

But as he looked more carefully, he saw it there had perhaps been a change. The v Alaskan storm was two hundred miles th of where the other center had been on nday. In fact, this storm was really over Gulf of Alaska. It was a somewhat re intense storm too—lower pressure, nger winds. That storm would bear tching.

Nevertheless, the summer weather would tainly hold for another day. He tapped a local forecast which could have been equately expressed in two words: "No nge."

Badger Hill lookout picked up a smoke se to the highway at 11:32, and a minute r got the report in. . . .

"Come on!" yelled the fire-crew foreman Suffolk Ranger Station. "Some —— —on the state highway threw his cigarette the window."

They ran for the tanker. . . .

The dispatcher had Barlow Ranger Sta- on the line. "Get down fast as you can, rt. She looks mean!" . . .

All over Suffolk and Sheba and Barlow tricts men were running for trucks and rting engines. Radio waves were search- out those beyond reach of telephones. e siren let loose at Neva lumber mill. r in the woods buckers and fallers let ir saws go dead. . . .

The supervisor slid his wheels to a stop, l ran for the dispatcher's office. "Where is , Arn?"

"In Gabbro! Right by the highway!"

"Smack in Deadman's Corner!"

"Merriam's Mill again, maybe!"

"Well, I'd better be gettin' there!"

The supervisor's long legs ran for the car ain. . . .

ALL the lookouts had learned about the within a few minutes, and all of them o had any chance to see the smoke had d up the proper angle and were watching. They were particularly afraid of this fire cause it was in Deadman's rner. That was the south- stern part of the forest, and sented the worst fire hazard cause the country had been ently cut over, and the slash m the logging operation was l on the ground. Also, this fire s close to the old Merriam's ll burned area, and that made erybody doubly jumpy—a kind psychological hazard.

The supervisor pulled in to the at 12:11. The Suffolk ranger s on the job, and doing all right. e supervisor decided to scout fire himself, and went all the y around it. When he got back re was nothing special for him do. He would have liked to out on the line with a shovel cMcLeod, but that was bad for rale. If the men saw him work- with a shovel, they would nk things had gone all to pieces. he stood around and took it sy. . . .

Bart pulled in from Barlow at 42. "Hi, super," he said. "You k as if you had things con- lled."

Without stopping to catch breath, Bart went in to the hottest part as a sector boss. At first he was a sector boss with practically no crews under him, and he did a lot of ax work himself. When more crews came in, they were good men, loggers and millworkers, and Bart laid his ax aside. But the sector was full of ravines, and he had to chase back and forth. The afternoon was blazing hot, and the smoke was rolling low. By two o'clock he was black with soot, and dog-tired. . . .

Dave, the meteorologist, got to the fire about 2:30. There was nothing very important that he could do, but the dispatcher had advised him to see what a fire was like, close up. . . .

Arnold Sorenson, the dispatcher, sat in his office at Suffolk, ready to bite his nails, wishing he could walk along the fire line just once and let down his nervous tension by physical work. He had put the whole forest on a war footing. Men and equipment were already at the fire; more of both were on the road. Five hundred miles to the south a transport plane was being held ready at Burbank Airport, to fly north with a fire team.

At 3:29 the super telephoned, "We've got a line around her. Maybe we've got her hooked."

On the steep canyon side the little fire that had sprung from the lightning stroke still ate ahead in the duff of pine needles.

During its four days of life the fire had been infantlike, wholly at the mercy of its surroundings, but growing a little stronger. It tended always to advance upslope, but to follow the path of the afternoon wind, which blew upcanyon, at right angles to the slope.

Having eaten ahead some twenty feet from the base of the tree, the fire had come to the place where needles from the growing tips of the branches fell to the ground. Into this thicker duff the fire ate more deeply, and somewhat farther ahead a scattering of dry twigs offered even better fuel.

Still a little farther on, the dominance of the tall pine tree no longer suppressed all other growth, and before the circle of dominance of the next large tree took over, there was a tiny opening into which fell thousands of seeds from neighboring pines and firs. Every year many seeds germinated. Some of these saplings flourished for a few years, but they gradually lost vitality. Shaded by taller trees, they grew spindly and became infected with disease. One or two, however, managed to reach a height of fifty feet and a thickness of six inches before dying.

On the side of the opening nearest the fire lay the fallen trunk of one of these large saplings, half decayed. Beyond this dead trunk was a fairly open space and then a clump of young trees ranging in size from mere sprouts to saplings ten feet high. They were growing so thickly that they interfered with one another. In many places their lower branches, mostly dead and dry, were interlaced.

The duff, the little dead tree trunk, the gentle afternoon wind—these at the moment determined the life and growth of the wavering fire.

On the steep slope of the canyon side, still far from the fire and not even in the direction of its advance, a large cone was lying. It was about nine inches long and nearly eight in diameter, resembling a fat acorn, or an old-fashioned top with a very blunt spinning point.

FIFTH DAY

THE phone was ringing again. "Cerro Gordo speaking," the girl said.

"This is Arn," said the phone.

"Oh, you're the dispatcher at headquarters. How's it going?"

"Everything's quiet now. Unless we have a blowup this afternoon, it'll be all over. What I called for was to see what your visibility is like."

"It's bad to the east and south, where all that smoke from the Hart Creek fire is blowing in."

"How about northeast, out toward where that lightning struck Monday?"

"I can't see much of anything there. How long will this smoke hang around?"

"Chances are it will be gone by morning. Don't worry *too* much about there being a sleeper over by Onion Creek. Horse Mountain may be able to see in there. I'll check with him next. Besides, Slugger O'Neill has a trail crew in by Caribou Lakes, and they would see it before it got too big. . . . Say, you aren't getting lonely up there, are you?" The voice had suddenly changed from serious to light, and she answered in kind:

"Gosh, no. I like to talk to myself too much."

"How about a boy friend?"

"No—I'm off men! My last one turned out to be a heel."

"H'm-m? Your voice sounds a little serious when you say that. You must be all set for the next one."

"Didn't you notice when you flew by, day before yesterday? If that pilot had flown any closer, I was all set to make a leap at him from the catwalk."

"If that pilot had flown any closer, I'd be in a wooden box right now. Well, so long!"

Still eating its way ahead through the duff, the fire was within a foot of the half-decayed tree butt. The log grew so hot that it began to smoke, and in spite of the rottenness of the wood some flame arose.

An hour later the butt of the log was nearly consumed and the middle portion was smoking vigorously. This smoke, spreading somewhat and dissipating, mounted above the treetops, and mingled unobtrusively with the smoke which had blown in from the other fire far to the southwest.



"Slugger" O'Neill was a fire-crew foreman in the Ponderosa. He had charge of five high-school boys. Their daily work was trail clearance, but their chief reason for existence was to be an advance crew for quick attack on any fire in that isolated region.

The boys were having a good time. They had been sent to several small fires, and had enjoyed the excitement. They admired their thirty-year-old boss tremendously. Lying around the campfire evenings one of them would pipe up: "Tell us about that time you K.O.'d the redhead."

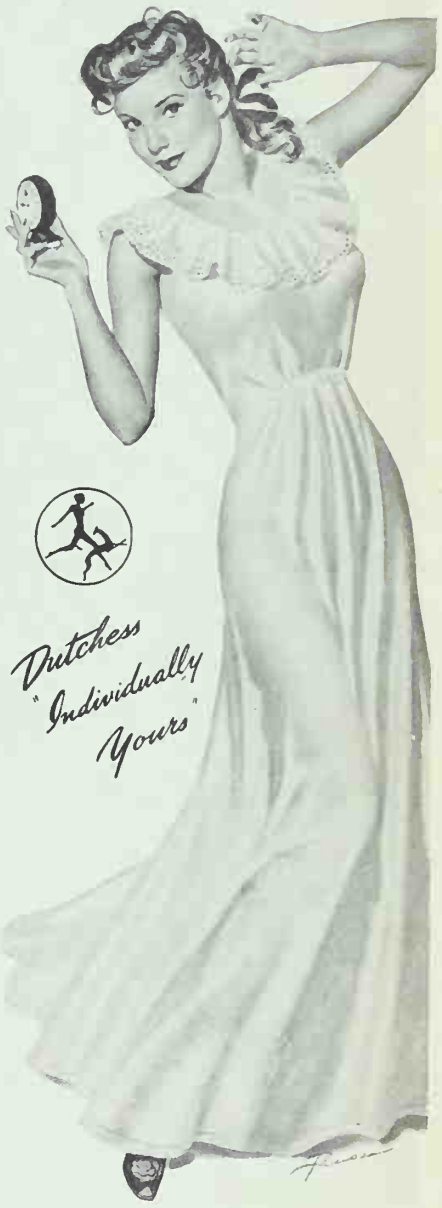
Slugger's career in the professional ring had actually been brief and not too glorious.

He had deserved his nickname. He had been a straightforward and hard-hitting fighter. He had also, luckier in battle than in the ring, fought from Utah Beach to Nuremberg as a sergeant of infantry.

(Continued on Page 169)

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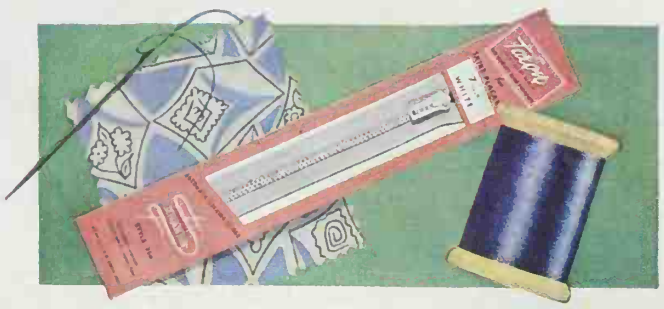
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THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER
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(Continued from Page 167)

On this day Slugger and the crew were king a short cut, and the boy who was ding paused before a thick clump of brush. Where's the best way to get around it?" he d.

Slugger, coming up, said, "You don't get und it. You go through it."

With a sudden rush he burst into the gle. Branches bent and broke before him. th yelps of enthusiasm the boys came er him. Slugger was a great guy, all right! ey'd follow him anywhere!

Barney Zulik, ex-SeaBee, worked for the kin Lumber Company. Barney was a cat ner—an amazing profession, and a word nteresting etymology. In the old days of frontier, there were bull skinners. This n arose to denote men who drove teams of n and were supposed to ply their long ps so constantly as to strip the skin off m. Later, as ox teams vanished, the term ame "mule skinner." Caterpillar tractors k over, and by inevitable shortening came e known as cats. Then, by analogy and plex humor, the operator of such a tor came to be a cat skinner.

Some say that all cat skinners are maniacs. tainly, to watch Barney in the woods you ld have said that he fed insatiable lusts power and violence. He crashed along, shing down bushes and toppling thirty- trees. With his bulldozer blade he as- ed the butt of a four-foot log, and threw o one side. Up and down impossible- zing slopes, over loose rocks or outcrops, areened with clanking treads.

Bo Fox, in the language spoken along ond Street in Sacramento, was a "wino"; is, he was addicted to going on binges by ns of the cheapest and est local wines. Bo Fox, he language spoken by Forest Service, was a gy," a word denoting sual unskilled laborer, he kind recruited in e numbers to fight fires. Walking down Second et, Bo was inconspicu- among the other winos. He stopped habit in front of the Federal Em- ment Agency. Various possible jobs posted, but he had paid in advance for her night at his flophouse and still had tle money in his pocket.

e went into a saloon, walked three steps ard the bar, and then looked back nerv- y as if afraid someone had bolted the s behind him or that the doorway itself been metamorphosed into a solid wall.

supervisor was in a dilemma. If he away from the Hart Creek fire, he might his men the impression that he was not ing them up. If he stayed, they might he was too busy looking over their lders. Anyway, it looked as if he could safely. At 5:30 everything was quiet, lines of men were passing through the keepers, checking out. He went to the quarters enclosure, and spoke to Bart: Guess I'll be heading in to Suffolk."

O.K. We'll look after things here."

Hope you get away before too late your- Bart. You look tuckered."

Oh, I'm fine, Super!" said Bart. "Didn't o bed last night, of course, but an old e-eater like me is used to that."

ter the super had left, Bart was willing gh to admit he was tired when he talked Ben Roach, ranger of Sheba District his oldest friend.

ll they need now is a skeleton crew," Ben. "Once we get the mess ordered up , we ought to be able to get ourselves sed—ten o'clock, maybe."

hat'll mean way past eleven before I o bed. Wish I was there right now!" yawned.

ey were released and at their cars not after ten, but they did not get started while. As only old woodsmen could do, post-mortemed the fire. At last Bart eariness roll over him.

etter be going," he said.

Driving down the highway, Bart watched the ruby spot of Ben's taillight. They'd talked longer than he realized. Gosh, he was tired. Up early Thursday, sweating on the fire line all afternoon and night, one cat nap, doing a thousand things today.

Must be nearly midnight, he thought, glancing at the clock. *Say, it really is just turning midnight.*

SIXTH DAY

THE butt of the log was a little mound of gray ashes. The middle of the log was also consumed, but its tip burned quietly in the darkness of the early morning.

The conditions of the night were no more favorable than they had been on preceding nights, but the fire itself had grown larger and stronger. Its heat dried out needles and twigs, and each one, as it burned, supplied more heat to ignite the next.

The fire had now advanced ten feet beyond the log, and burned on a front of thirty feet. Continually the pink glare was lighted up with little dancing yellow flames. The fire might still be said to creep, but now and then it seemed rather to take a little step forward, as a hotter burst of flame reached a few inches and suddenly seized upon new fuel.

Within the already blackened area stood a foot-tall pine seedling. The fire, eating through the fallen needles, had burned all around the tiny trunk, no thicker than a pencil. The thin bark was blackened, and had been heated past the boiling point of its inner layers. The needles had not actually taken fire, but had been desiccated and scorched. The seedling was fatally injured, if indeed it might not be called already dead.

Now along its upper edge the fire approached the clump of young trees, and the needles beneath another seedling began to glow. The heat of the nearing fire had already driven off the water from the needles of this seedling, and as the fire began to burn right beneath, the gums and resins vaporized. Mingling with the air, this vapor formed an almost explosive mixture. Suddenly, as the heat grew more intense, the mixture ignited, and with a little hiss as of escaping air, a bright pyramid of flame rose to a height of two feet. The desiccated needles caught fire, and for five seconds the whole tree blazed; then the flames died almost as quickly as they had flared up. The needles were all consumed, but for a few seconds more the tiny branch tips glowed red hot, curling as they burned away. The tiny tree, too wet with sap to be entirely consumed, was left standing as a blackened skeleton.

By the aid of this sudden and intense flare-up the point of the fire had in a few seconds stepped forward another foot. Now it pressed upon the thicket of young trees, and flames began to shoot higher, crackling in the interlaced dry branches. In another minute the needles ignited, and the whole clump roared upward in a solid-looking pyramid of orange flame. A thick column of smoke ascended vertically, and stood high above the treetops, in the darkness.

Five-thirty? Do you think it's five-thirty? Judith Godoy, still healthily sleepy, got an eye open, and from her tangle of blankets peered around the lookout. Well, by the wrist watch it was 5:28—light enough to look around and see something; that is, if the smoke from Hart Creek had cleared away.

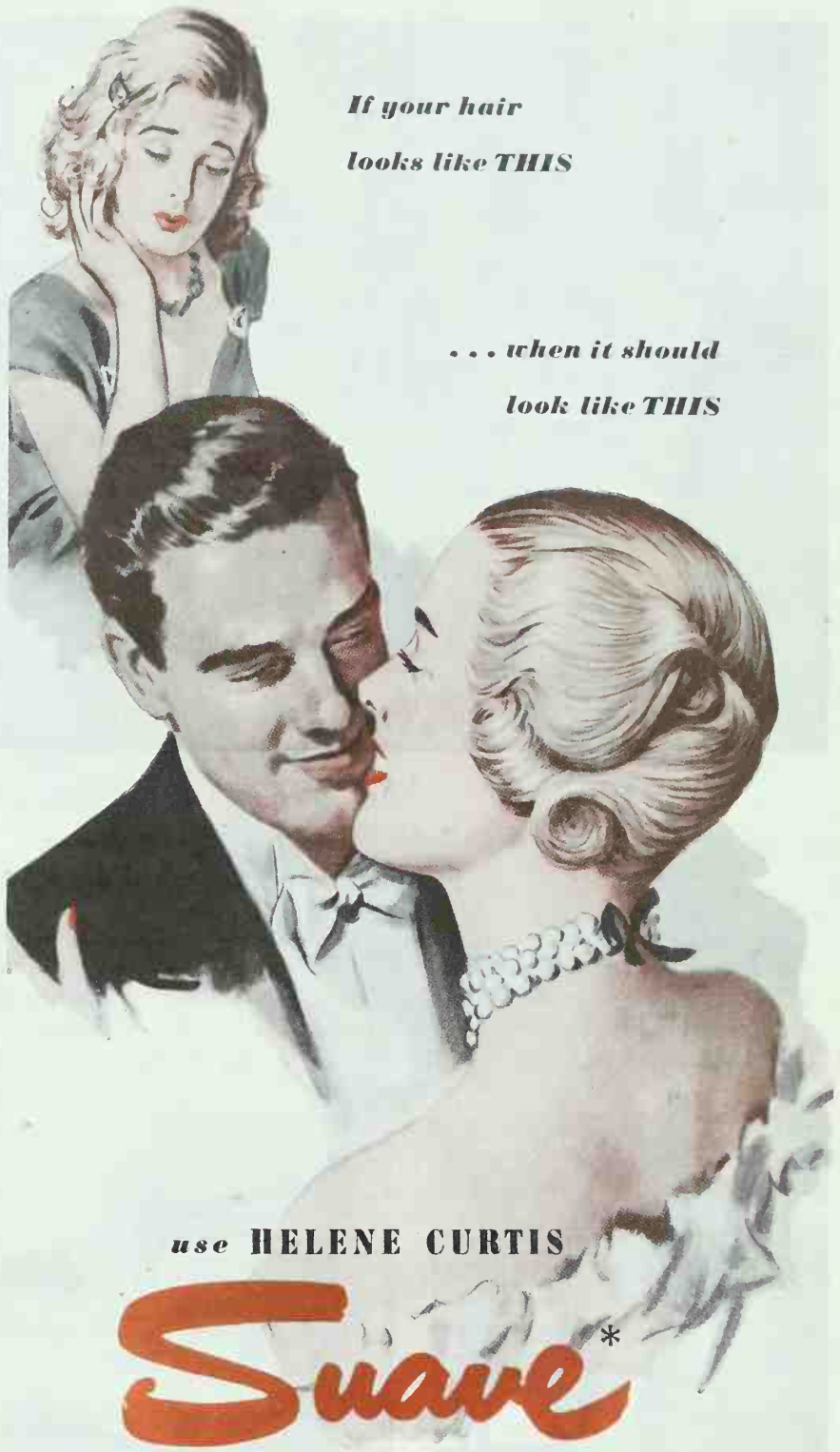
She swept back the blankets, sitting on the edge of the bed in her pajamas, stuck her feet into her warm slippers, stood up to stretch and yawn, and looked out south. Yes, the smoke was gone, just as the dispatcher had predicted. She swung around to the east—and her mouth fell open!

Far to the northeast, over Reverse Ridge, rose a hazy, pillarlike smudge that had never been there before. She ran for the catwalk. Through the binoculars the smudge jumped closer. Looked like smoke, all right!

She raced back, swung the alidade, lined up the cross hair through the peephole, and

(Continued on Page 171)

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.
—THOMAS JEFFERSON.



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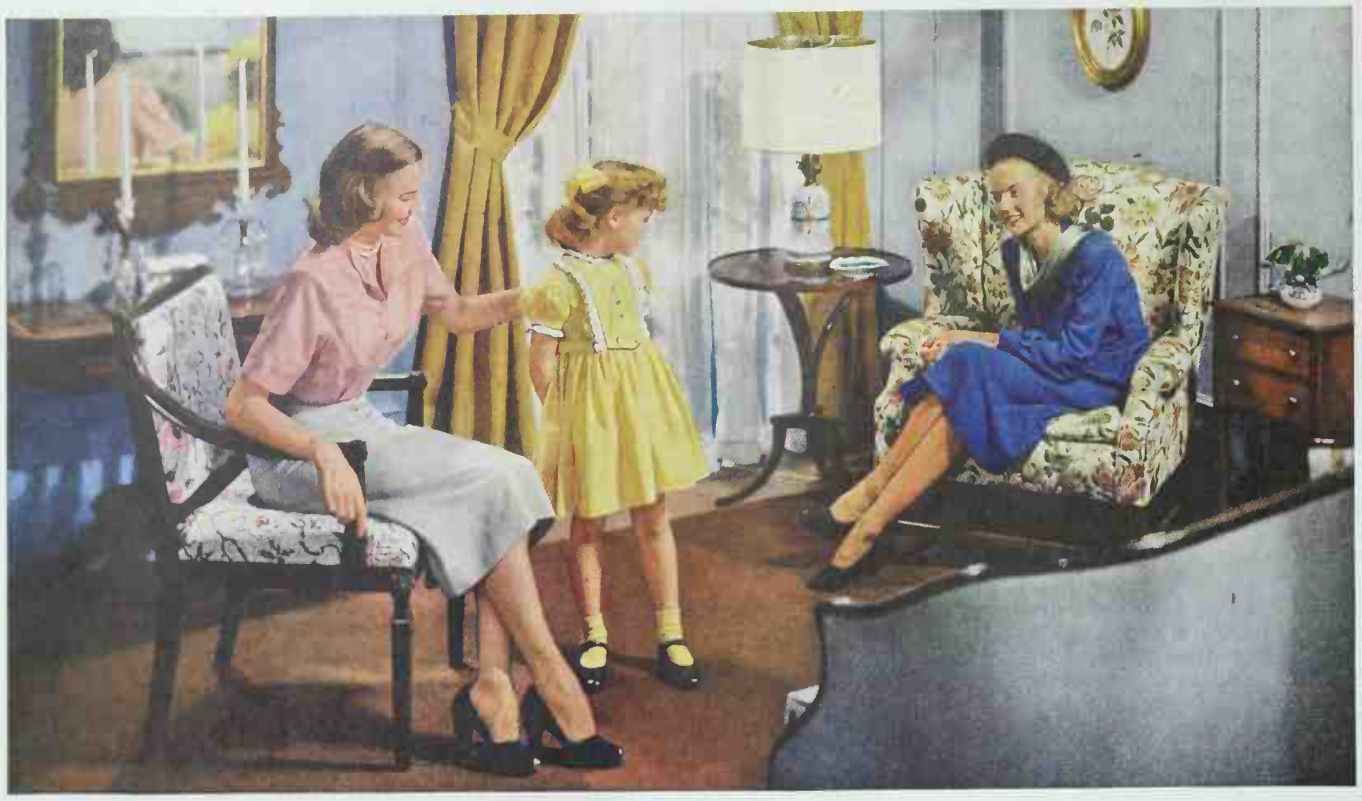
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(Continued from Page 169)

azimuth. Six-six-point-five! That
t! Only one-point-five off where she
ted the lightning stroke.
short-long. (Wait.) *Long-short-long.*
Why doesn't Bart answer?) *Long-*
g. *Long-short-long.*

jerked off the receiver and spoke
wide awake: "Hello! Barlow Sta-
nger Bartley speaking."
I got a smoke! This is Cerro Gordo
, I mean. *I got a* SMOKE *at* SIX-
INT-FIVE!"
ght—now, not too excited, Judith.
I write that down. *Six* . . .
. *point* . . . *five.* And the time is
y-one."
's right!"
cal angle?"
Bart, I forgot! I'll check!"
tay put. It's behind Reverse, isn't
couldn't see the base of the smoke
That lightning stroke, you think?"
a point and a half off where I had it

ght, Judith. Keep watching it. If
to change the bearing or report
g important, call back. Otherwise,
he line. Good-by!"
e of his calm advice, Bart was
a little quickly. It was the girl's
nd he must be well beyond his first
—but even so! He heard the clat-
kitchen as his wife pulled out the
Call Horse Mountain next—and
-short-long again—and it *was* Horse
l.
wish to report a smoke, bearing
-oh. Same bearing as lightning
Monday. Base
ot in view. In-
ble drift of smoke
Well beyond
h of North Fork
Fork. Estimate
t ten miles——"
Cerro Gordo has
t already."
icked down the
He hurriedly got
ers and his brown bathrobe, and
r the office. As he scuttled across
ed yards he looked like a middle-
n-robed monk trying not to be late

control room he flipped the radio
d waited for the tubes to warm up.
nto the microphone: "Z-17 calling
. Z-17 calling Z-142. . . . Come
. . . Come in, Z-142." He paused.
gger O'Neill spoke to him across
e miles of canyons and ridges:
o Z-17. . . . Z-142 to Z-17. . . .
Z-17."

pped the formality: "Say, Slug-
Bart. We've got a smoke over by
ek. You're the nearest crew. Get
ready to hit it in a hurry."
uh, Bart."
ngsters were yelping around him:
p, Slugger? . . . We got a fire?"
ted as he straightened up from
the transmitter.
n, you guys! We're alerted! . . .
ree shovels, two McLeods. . . .
ll round. . . . Two K rations
. . Radio. . . . Get set! I'm
for orders."
y of preparation lasted hardly a
en the radio squawked: "Z-17
—"
the trail at 5:42, the shadows still
ool. The boys shouted back and
ly. As they strung out in single
he narrow trail, Slugger led the
ing the double-bitted ax. They
wo miles to go, and with Slugger
pace it would be a lot like a two-

which was causing so much com-
oughout Barlow District was ac-
the spot, far from terrifying.
denly intense by its engulfing of
f saplings, it had made the most
d puffs of down-canyon wind and
had taken off at right angles to its previous direction. On a front of only a few yards, it made a quick run of some fifty yards diagonally uphill, burning duff, underbrush and an occasional clump of young trees.

A man with a shovel could have scraped away the duff from the front of the fire and, gradually extending his line, could have contained the flames and let them burn themselves out. Since at that time Slugger and his boys were little more than half an hour distant, anyone must have concluded that the fire was doomed.

At that minute, however, one chance out of the millions possible contrived to change the situation.

In its diagonal up-slope advance before the down-canyon wind, the fire had at last reached the pine cone which rested against the dead twig. Both cone and branch were soon blazing. The cone toppled downhill, rolled two feet, hesitated, then, picking up speed, went rolling and bouncing erratically downward. The wind of its own movement made it blaze more fiercely. A flying ball of fire, it catapulted down the canyon side, leaving a trail of sparks and burning scales behind. It struck a tree trunk, ricocheted, rolled on again, and finally came to rest against a log, a good hundred yards from where it had started.

Many of the sparks and some of the burning scales smoldered and then went out. But others ignited the tinderlike needles. A hundred-yard-long trail of smoke puffs began to rise. In thickly littered places the dry twigs soon blazed up. The tiny isolated fires reached out and joined. Here and there a seedling flared up; underbrush began to crackle.

In the ordinary business of life, industry can do anything which genius can do, and very many things which it cannot.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Slugger's crew was over the ridge. On the steep switchbacks the pace had told, but now they were on the headwaters of Onion Creek, and the going was downhill.

Slugger was still in the lead. "There she is!" he yelled, halting. The boys came crowding up behind him, and saw, from well down toward the bottom of the canyon, a faint line of smoke with a denser column at the top.

The pause was only momentary. Slugger sighted across and down the canyon, straight at the nearest smoke. "Come on, you!" he yelled, and plunged down the hillside through the trees and brush. With yelps of enthusiasm the boys followed.

Ten minutes later they came puffing up the other side. Slugger halted about twenty feet from where the smoke was rising. Even he was blowing hard.

"Look—you guys," he panted. "Spread out—along the—down-canyon side. Say—who ain't here?"

"Shorty—he slipped—jumpin' th' crick. Hurt his knee—he's comin'—but he's slow."

"Well, get busy, you four!"

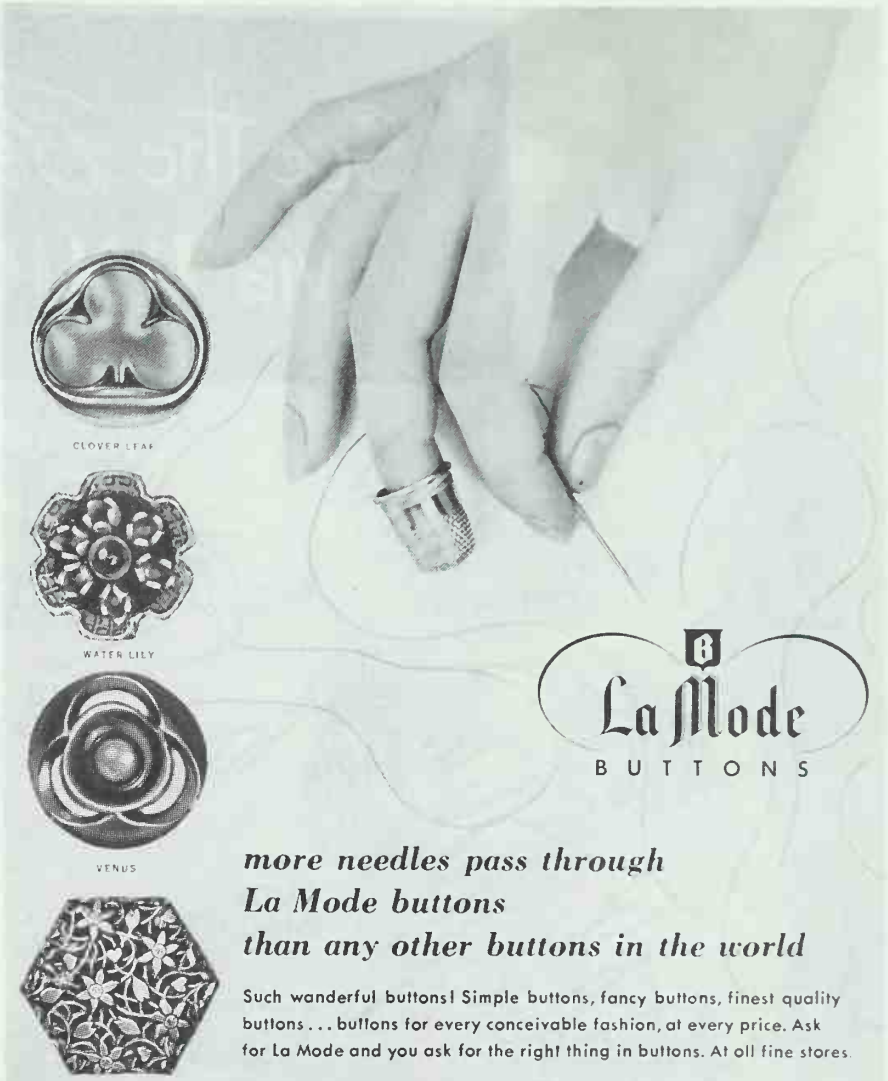
"What about the radio?" said the boy who was carrying it.

"S'pose I oughtta—call Bart. Ah, it'll take ten minutes. I'm goin' t'scout this fire first—get a dink line up that side. I gotta see what—we're up against."

The theory of fighting a forest fire is simple. You confine it within a fire line, and let it burn itself out. An ordinary fire line is a foot or two wide. From it all duff must be scraped away, so that the creeping ground fire will die for lack of fuel. All low overhanging branches must be cleared out. High branches of mature trees are ignored, in the hope that they will not catch fire. If they do, the result is the cataclysm known as a crown fire, in which flames tower high above the highest trees, and pass from one treetop to the next. Since heat, unless driven by a strong wind, rises sharply, the amount of conflagration short of a crown fire that a narrow fire line can stop is often little short of seeming miraculous.

Theoretically Slugger O'Neill had hit the fire with a crew of six. Actually, one of them

(Continued on Page 173)



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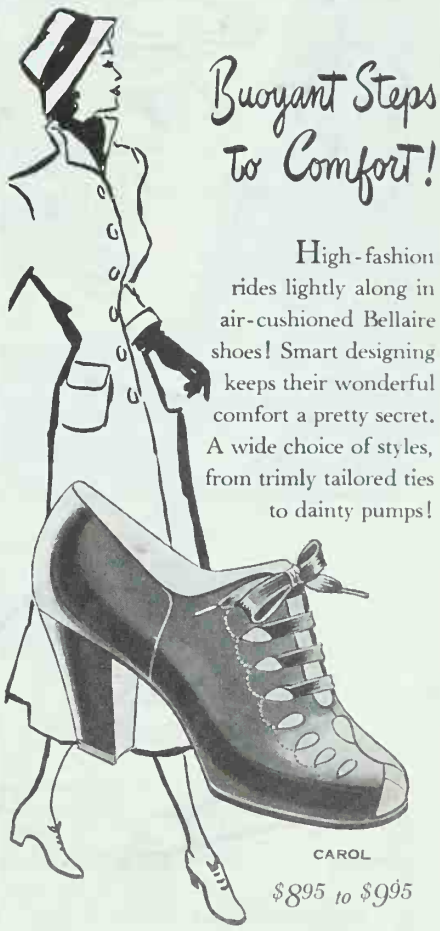
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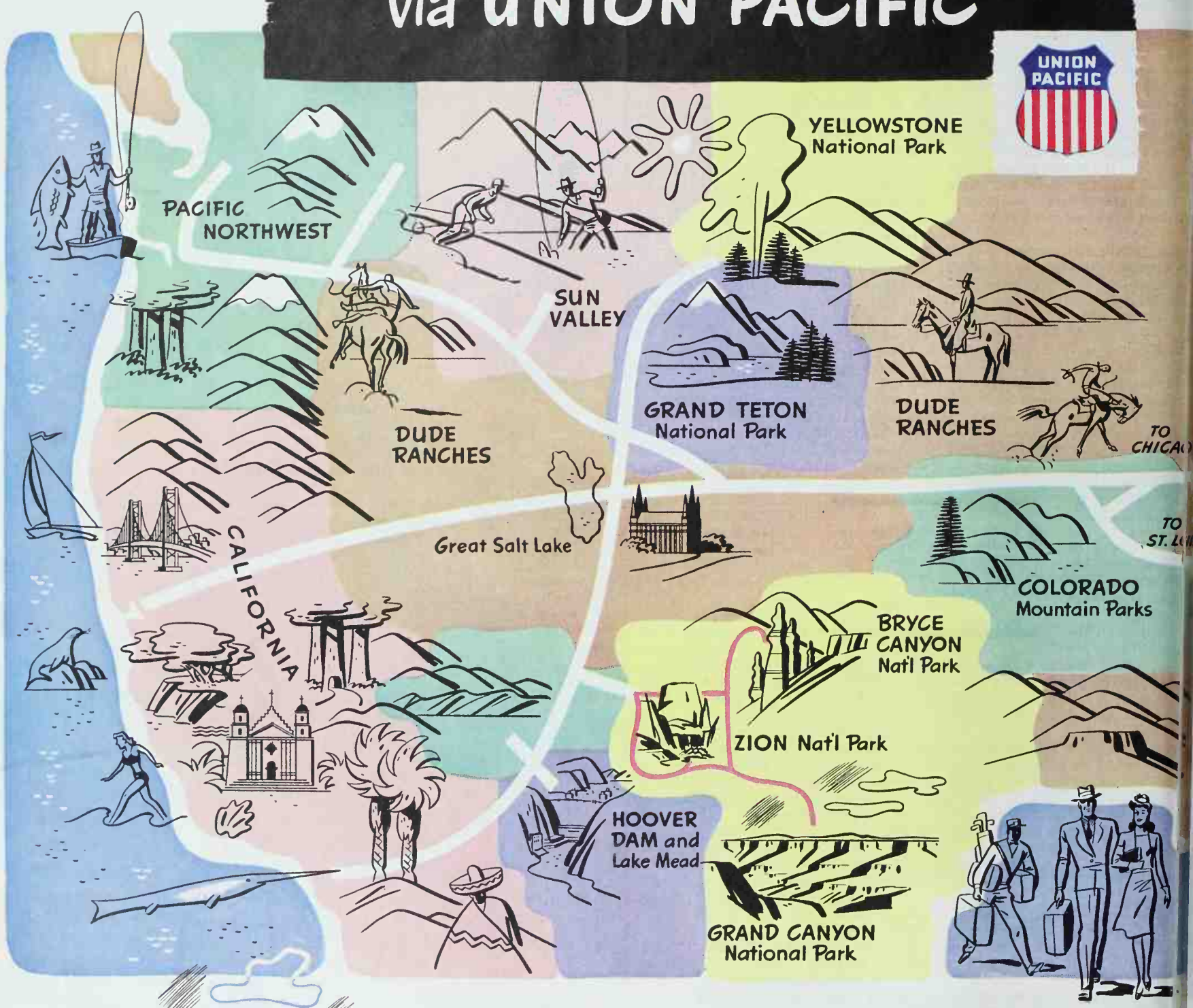
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(Continued from Page 171)

had bumped his knee, and was not yet up the hill. Also, Slugger himself went off, as was proper, to scout the fire, taking with him the ax.

Therefore, four men with three shovels and a McLeod began to build line. All four were winded and tired from two miles of hard mountain trail, ending with the dash across canyon. Just when they should have been at the height of enthusiasm they were hitting their first slump. They got to work but the vigorous cursing showed that they were driving themselves.

Immediately the problem of tools arose. "One ax, three shovels, two McLeods," Slugger had ordered, but shovels were not adapted to work on the rocky canyon side. The McLeod—a foot-wide heavy hoe on one side, a kind of broad-toothed rake on the other—was just the thing for scraping away the duff until the unburnable raw earth showed through.

The McLeodman worked rapidly uphill clearing a narrow "dink line" which would at least check the fire, and might be widened later. One shovelman went with him, doing what he could.

Two shovelmen, however, became involved with the smoking log. Actually that spot was no more dangerous than a hundred others, but the average human being has a strong tendency toward concern about what he sees and lack of concern about what he does not see. To dig out a line all around a sixty-foot log just because it was burning along six feet seemed too much work. So they pecked at the burning part with their shovels ineffectually. They might have chopped it out, but Slugger had the ax.

After some minutes the sixth man came limping up the hill with his McLeod. He tried to scrape the fire out, but accomplished nothing except to get his McLeod hot enough to lose some of its temper. Then the shovelmen scooped up dirt from the stony ground, and threw it on the blaze. Though such measures did not put the fire out, they reduced it to temporary harmlessness.

By this time Slugger, having made the circuit, came sliding down the hill on the other side of the fire. Seeing three men puttering with one log while nine tenths of the fire was still uncontrolled, he cursed them out, and sent two to the upper end of the fire. The lamed one he assigned, with a shovel, to work along the lower point and watch for rolling cones.

Slugger himself went along the front of the fire to clear out brush and saplings with the ax. Under the stress of exerting his authority he forgot to set up the radio and report in.

By a quarter of seven Bart had eaten breakfast, and dressed, and been back in the office long enough to feel nervous. Slugger should have reported by now. The Barlow suppression crew had started, but they were to set up their radio at the roadhead on Onion Flat, and wait for orders. Bart decided to call the dispatcher at Suffolk.

The dispatcher was feeling optimistic. "Hello, Bart," he said into the phone. "I hear you have a little trouble on your hands."

"Wish I knew if it really was little. Slugger don't report back. I wouldn't worry except that it's a tough place to get reinforcements into."

The dispatcher dropped his easygoing mood. "I'll order up the plane and take a look in there myself. Should I alert the paratroopers—any place to jump up there?"

"Gosh, I don't know. There're a couple of bare spots along the ridge, but I hate to ask anybody to jump into them."

"I'll alert them anyway. Say, what's the name of this fire?"

"Onion Creek, I guess."

"Can't be. Had one of those already this year. What other names you got up there?"

"Spitcat, Broken Nose——"

"Spitcat will do! All right, Bart! Good luck!"

Laying down the receiver, the dispatcher took his pen, and entered *Spitcat* in his log. There had been 163 fires already that season in the Ponderosa Forest; this was merely No. 164.

The storm which on Thursday had been merely incipient had on Saturday grown well toward maturity. It now centered to the north of Unalaska, and was drenching Dutch Harbor with a heavy downpour. From the storm which had just crossed the Gulf of Alaska, the waves beat heavily all along the coast of Oregon, and spatters of cold rain were falling. The mountains of Northern Idaho were white with new-fallen snow.

When he had arrived at the fire, Slugger had known nothing about the distant storm. He had acted in accordance with his character, attacking straight on, at the point of gravest danger.

While the boys were at work, however, conditions were changing. The heat of the now high sun began to establish an updraft in the canyon, and the approach of the storm front reinforced this southerly breeze.

First came a little puff, then a long sigh, as if something gigantic were letting out its breath. The smaller branches swayed gently. The tufts of flame wavered and spiraled, and then leaned over backward and stayed that way.

The boys looked at one another. For a moment it seemed as if the wind were aiding them, blowing the flames back upon the burned area. The fresh breeze was cool on their sweaty faces, and their lungs sucked gratefully at the smoke-free air. Then they remembered the other side of the fire.

Instantly, what had been the front of the fire had become its flank or rear. Instead of advancing diagonally uphill in a down-canyon direction, the fire shifted front and took off up-canyon. At this time the fire had something of the shape of a long-barreled pistol, pointed downhill, with the grip turned in the down-canyon direction. The crew had run a line along the underside of the barrel and part way around the grip. Now the south wind fanned the flames, and from all the upper side of the pistol barrel the fire began to advance.

The boys for the first time felt anxiety. "She's outsmarted us!" said one of them.

Slugger cursed violently to cover up his defeat. For a moment he hesitated. Either he could fall back well up-canyon and try to build a line across the advance of the fire, or else, from his established line, he could hang on the flanks of the fire, keeping it from broadening, hoping to work ahead gradually and pinch it off. Early in the morning he would undoubtedly have chosen the bolder strategy. Now he chose the safer.

"We'll flank her, boys! This wind'll die pretty soon!" He added the rallying cry of the hard-pressed commander: "They'll be gettin' reinforcements to us pretty soon!"

"Sure!" said the boys. "Reinforcements! We can't fight this fire all by ourselves!"

Since he was at the top of the fire when the wind changed, Slugger was a long way from

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For Sherry

By Kitty De Carlo Sloan

Marbles in a pattern
  Lying on the floor,
Dilapidated animals
  Propped against the door.
Bottles filled with water,
  A barricade of blocks,
Tin cans in a tower,
  Pebbles in a box,

Seems to be quite senseless
  Until I hear the laugh
Of a certain young *lady*
  Aged three and one half.

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where he had left the radio. Again, on the grounds that it would take him half an hour to climb down the hill and back, he justified his own picture of himself as the heroic ax-swinging leader, not a fiddler with dials and frequencies.

Bart called the dispatcher again: "Say, Arn, I'm starting in. Haven't heard from Slugger, but Judith up at Cerro Gordo says the smoke is definitely building up."

"It's this south wind. The weatherman says it's going to get stronger, and may bring rain. O.K., I think you'd better start."

Bart pulled in at the guard station. Tony already had Betty saddled, and they took only a minute to get the neat-footed black mare into the horse trailer. She snorted a little with excitement. Bart patted the sleek shoulder. "You old girl, you like to go for a ride as much as anybody."

The eight miles to the roadhead at Onion Flat were slow going, but Bart pushed as fast as the bumping horse trailer would allow. Here the forest was thicker, with taller trees. He grew more alert, and began to forget his weariness. Now that he was actually getting close to the fire, his excitement rose.

The empty truck stood parked at Onion Flat. He pulled in beside it, and took the transmitter again:

"Z-112 calling Z-17. . . . Come in, Z-17."

But he could not get Barlow, being apparently in a blind spot. So he called Judith, who in turn talked with Barlow. . . . No, no news from Slugger. The dispatcher was taking off in the plane from Suffolk. The smoke looked a little bigger.

"All right, Judith," said Bart: "Write this down and send it for me. 'Am at Onion Flat, starting in on horseback. Have portable radio. Will call in when have chance.' Repeat that."

Judith repeated.

"All right. Z-112 over and out."

As he forded the creek, Bart looked carefully up the narrow gorge, but a shoulder of the mountain still blocked his view, and he saw no smoke. The sure-footed mare scrambled up the bank, and began the long pull up the switchback trail.

In half an hour Bart caught up with the Barlow crew, lying down catching their wind. He stopped to let Betty blow for a minute. From the way the six boys were sweating, he saw that they had been pushing hard. So, instead of making a wisecrack about their lying down and taking it easy, he said:

"Don't rush too hard. It's a long pull ahead."

They grinned, knowing what he was thinking.

HIGHER up, the view opened out. Between the orange trunks of two big pines he saw for miles back down the long straight canyon. He felt his heart leap suddenly, as it did when the space and majesty of such a view pressed upon him. Far to the west Cerro Gordo lookout shone like a beacon, its windows reflecting the morning sunlight. Closer at hand but far below, Onion Creek foamed white over falls and chutes as it came down the narrow, impassable gorge.

The trail leveled and swung round on contour, getting closer to the creek. He pushed Betty to a trot for a short stretch. He came downslope, forded the little stream of Grizzly Creek, and followed the trail over a low pine-covered rise. Then, as he came out into the open of Reverse Meadow, he saw the smoke.

He had a tremendous sense of relief. As so often, fire actually seen was not so bad as fire imagined. This was no raging conflagration. He spoke to Betty, and with her quick walk she began to climb the steep trail. She had not gone far before she pricked up her ears, and then Bart, too, heard the plane.

He dismounted, found a small stone, twisted the aerial wire around it, and threw it over a limb. He set up the radio and switched it on. By that time the plane was in sight. Bart stood in an open space and waved. When the plane was almost overhead, he saw the wings waggle. Then he put on the earphones.

He saw the plane circle over the top of the fire, then go right into the smoke. He waited—too long a time, it seemed. Then it came flying down the canyon out of the smoke, and he heard Arn's voice:

"Not too good, not too bad. Slugger's got a line up the back of her where it's not much use now, since the wind shifted. He and some others are flanking her along the top, but she's got two hundred yards open front, with two long stringers out ahead. She covers ten acres maybe. Get up to it as fast as you can. I'm going to send in the jumpers."

Radio contact suddenly became bad, and Bart heard nothing above the sputtering of the motor noise. He asked, "You got one of our men to guide the Army pilot in?"

"Yes—the super!"

"How come?"

"Well, he said he'd never gone out with a jump plane, and wanted to see how it was done. I think he just wanted to get up to see the fire—like the rest of us."

A LITTLE after ten o'clock, Bart halted on the trail just opposite the smoke. He found a good place for Betty, took off her bridle, and tied her loosely. He set up the radio again, and had no difficulty in making contact with his clerk-dispatcher at Barlow. Her voice was squeaky with excitement. . . . Arn had landed back at Suffolk. Ten jumpers were going in, and the plane ought to be starting any time now. Arn had ordered twenty millmen from Magna to take over the job on the night shift, and wanted to know if Bart wanted more sent in.

"Tell him 'no,'" said Bart. "Ten jumpers inside an hour are worth more than a hundred men for the night shift."

The man who can't make a mistake can't make anything. —ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

There was no door on this plane where a door ought to be, and the supervisor did not like it. He sat opposite where a door should be, and held on to a bar behind him with both hands. The dark-brown lieutenant, talking to the coffee-with-cream sergeant, was standing nonchalantly close to the open space, holding with only one hand. Then the plane banked, and the place where there should be a door seemed to become part of the floor. Feeling about to slide out into space, the super gripped convulsively, and pulled his long legs in. The shiny-black corporal beside him grinned.

"What you doin' on this ride, big boy?"

"Oh, I know the country. I point out the place you jump into."

"Pretty soft! You point; we jump!" But the little crackle of laughter that came afterward did not ring very merrily.

"Where you from?" asked the super.

"Us? Lots o' places. Harlem, Chicago, L. A., Beale Street. I'm from Philly. What your name, big boy?"

"Oh, just call me 'Slim.'"

The plane bumped sharply, and the supervisor looked at the ten men who were soon to jump. They sat on the uncomfortably narrow metal benches which ran along both sides of the long compartment. They were in their jumping outfits with only their face masks yet to adjust. They were padded like super football players. Each had a coil of rope dangling from his belt. They sat silent, most of them smoking, and he could see little beads of sweat on several foreheads. That might be the heat of the padded suits, or it might not be. The thought of having to jump into space on top of a country that mostly ran up and down could not be comforting.

The sergeant was suddenly pointing outside, and the supervisor stood up and craned his neck. He made a quick appraisal. The fire was not crowning anywhere among the big trees. At the point of one of the long stringers was a hot spot, and he saw the reddish flames lick upward where a clump of

(Continued on Page 176)

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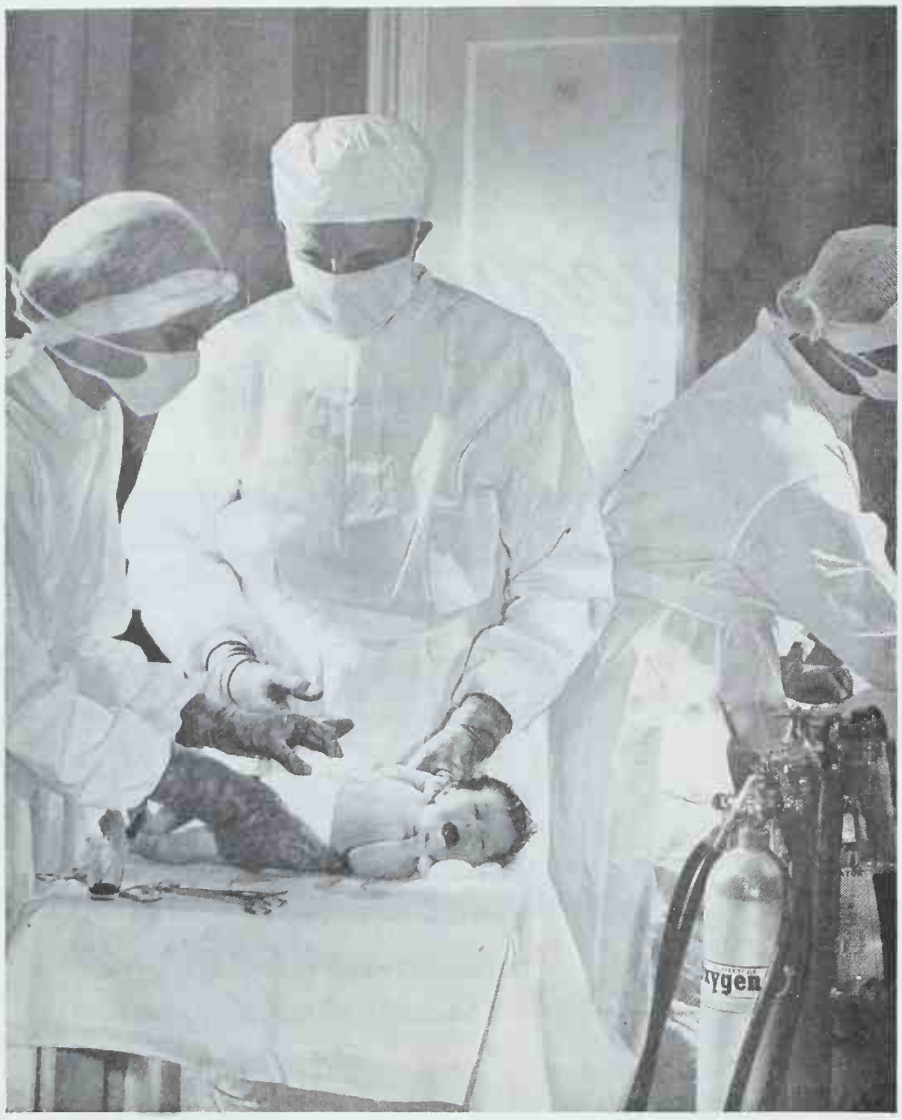








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young trees was burning. Still, with one crew on the fire, ten men about to jump, another crew getting close, and Bart on the job as fire boss, he wouldn't grant that fire much of what insurance people call life expectancy.

Just beyond the fire—at least it seemed so from the air—he saw the thin spot in the trees. He nudged the lieutenant with his free hand, pointed, and then realized that in that one gesture he had accomplished his whole function on the flight.

"That's no bigger than a barn roof and just about as steep!" the lieutenant said. Then, suddenly military, he snapped out, "Sergeant, take charge of the jumping."

"Yes, sir."

"Make it three-three-four," said the lieutenant, then walked to the pilot's compartment, to give the signal for jumping.

The plane had flown past the bare spot, but began to circle back.

"Come on, first three," ordered the sergeant.

Three of the jumpers stood up, including the corporal. Each snapped a clip onto the steel cable to which the supervisor had been holding. They shifted their chutes nervously. Their face masks were in place now.

The plane quit circling and straightened out. The three jumpers moved closer. Suddenly a buzzing bell sounded.

"Ho!" shouted the sergeant, and the three men went out so closely together that they seemed one.

When Bart got to the fire, he saw immediately that it was out of control. Ugly as things looked, however, he did not seize a shovel and start to work. His job was to scout and plan strategy.

When the plane headed home, Bart had just finished his circuit, and was mapping the fire on a form printed to show a section of land. By now the fire had lost its pistol shape and looked more like a short dangling sock tattered at the top. The area was somewhat more than a quarter mile long. It would be longer before they could control it. Allowing for breadth and irregularities, he would have to figure on nearly two miles of line to construct and hold in addition to what Slugger's boys had completed. For the whole job he had Slugger's tired crew, plus ten jumpers, plus the suppression crew of six, who should be getting there in an hour or so.

He planned quickly. The rear was already held; two of Slugger's boys for patrol would be all it needed. Slugger and three others could take the upper flank, where they were, and he would reinforce them with the suppression crew. That section of line would follow the ridge, where the fire was likely to burn low. He would throw the jumpers in along the lower flank.

SUCH tactics left the front of the fire wide open, but he was counting on the jumpers to work faster than the fire moved, so that they could get ahead and pinch it off. If not, the twenty millmen would be getting in at dark, and they should be able to close the last gap.

He heard shouts as the jumpers came down along the ridge. He called to them, and when they came up posted them as he had planned.

It was a joy to him to watch the jumpers get to work. They were fresh; they were picked men; they had been specially trained for fire work. Also, he guessed, any colored boy who volunteered for a jumper did it partly to show that he could do anything a white boy could do, and maybe better.

As he started to struggle uphill toward Slugger's crew, Bart looked at his watch. It was 12:30. He remembered a forecast of possible rain. Well, they could use a rain, and if the sun went under, burning conditions for the afternoon would not be quite so bad as he had figured.

Working on his afternoon map, Dave Halliday had begun to realize his own place in the scheme. The others saw a fire as burning on a certain slope in a certain quarter section. But they turned to him for news of the greater world. He must see a fire in terms of a spinning earth and a sun retreating toward Capricorn, of arctic against tropic and continent against ocean.

The forecast was a difficult one. After he had typed it, he walked to the dispatcher's office. Arn was there.

"How's your fire?" Dave asked.

"Had a message through from Bart half an hour ago. He's got twenty-three men, counting himself. Expects to get his line tied in in time to get backfires going before the main fire gets there. Then we figure that rain you're sending us will make the mop-up easy. You're not reneging on the rain, are you?"

"No-o-o. There ought to be some rain all right, but I'm wondering about tomorrow. I couldn't make a clean forecast. I'd like to talk to you about it."

"Go ahead."

"You see, I figure the pressure in Eastern Oregon is the thing to watch. If we get a high in there, it'll mean we have a big dome of cold air lying over the plateau. Cold air runs downhill, and if a lot of it piles up in Eastern Oregon, it's going to start sluicing down through these canyons until it fills the Central Valley of California like a bathtub. Then ——"

"Don't go on!" said Arn, "I know all about it from here in. Just our luck to have a fire going when she hits."

"Well, maybe she won't. Can't tell for sure yet."

All afternoon the jumpers worked along the lower flank. The big cones of the Jeffrey pines were devils for rolling, so the line had to be carefully ditched. The jumpers never managed to get clearly ahead of the fire. All they could do was to pinch it a little and force it diagonally upslope toward the ridge.

A skeptik iz one who knows too mutch to be a good phool, and too little to be wise. —JOSH BILLINGS.

The Barlow suppression crew worked the ridge. There were only six of them, but they did not have to undercut, and they kept up with the jumpers of the lower flank.

Slugger's crew was told off for patrol of the already held sections of line, except for the boy with the bad knee, whom Bart had assigned to stand by at the radio.

After sunset the wind which had been steady all afternoon fell off to a light breeze still from the south. Soon afterward both crews managed to get a little ahead of the fire, and Bart judged that this was the moment.

The jumpers were tired, but as their corporal yelled at them they sprinted again and swung the direction of their line building straight upslope.

There was a gap of two hundred yards to link up.

From above, Bart heard the clank of shovels hitting rock as the suppression crew, swinging back at a sharp angle, came down-slope to meet the jumpers. Only fifty yards off, the fire blazed up suddenly as a clump of young trees went off.

Bart scrambled up the slope with the corporal, pointing where the line could be put through most efficiently. Then he sent the corporal back, and went on to meet the suppression crew, knowing that he would have to build backfires from the ridge down.

When the suppression crew had cleared fifty yards, Bart pulled a fusee out of his pocket. He held a match to the end, and the fusee flared with a bright pink flame. He stuck it among the twigs of a dead branch that lay four feet inside the fire line. When the twigs blazed, he pulled the fusee out, and went inside the line starting fires in the needles and twigs. "*Fight fire with fire.*"

With the wind as it was, all the little fires blew toward the line. Moving only a few feet, they had no chance to get big, and when they came to the cleared line they died. But on the other side, eating backward into the wind, the backfires moved slowly. Still the

(Continued on Page 179)

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(Continued from Page 176)

ınd as he watched, they spread side-
d gradually joined into a solid front.
the main fire grew closer, the back-
ght the suck of the draft which the
pulled in toward itself against the
d.

nly the backfires sprang to life, and
ıring through the underbrush to-
e main fire. The two met about a
feet from where Bart was standing.
e head-on dash of two waves, the
d up. A clump of underbrush sud-
sappeared in white-yellow flames.
a seventy-foot fir tree, its resins
d by the heat, exploded into a flame
ered a hundred feet upward. For
econds the dying tree stood out in
ght, a white-hot torch of flaming gas.
vas nothing but a dark silhouette of
against the fire-lit sky.

ood watching to see what the sparks
ır as he could tell, they went almost
ıp and cooled to blackness high in
vithout blowing across the line to
e fire.

we got away with that one!" he
went on to light the next section.
the two ends of the line were tied
the fire was so close that there was
e for a backfire. They had to hope
line itself would hold. The fire
n one spot, but two of the suppres-
, working almost in the flames,
to hold it.

o suddenly as to seem queer, every-
s quiet. Also everything was dark,
ıthad crept up and, now that the big
died down, there was little light.
excitement of the
minutes the two
l mingled. Now
od, dog-tired,
sweaty, leaning
shovels, letting
into them.
ıere was shouting
oss the canyon
w of lights, and
w that the millmen, fresh and
rong, would be ready to take over
ght.

ess hit him suddenly. He remem-
in that he had not really slept
e Wednesday night.

SEVENTH DAY

idnight an old moon was high
ove the shoulder of Howell Moun-
t some brightness among the trees.
eet off, Bart could make out the
e boy called Shorty, curled up be-
idio, trying to get a little sleep in
ıe cold of the mountain night. As
ed closer, the boy stirred.
ıg?" asked Bart.
uch. Too cold!"
aking a round again. There won't
ergency, but write down the mes-
ere are any. Here, put this jacket
ou"
ed it yourself."
walking. Say, how's your knee?"
urting much. Thanks for the
"
oved off, Bart felt chilly, but as he
ıe steep trail he soon was warm.
ıld have said at first glance that
s really dead, but, as you looked
was a little glow and there a tiny
ce you saw dozens of such points,
here would be thousands of them
area enclosed by the fire line.
ed higher, stopping to pant now
After a while he came to the fire
n seeing. Six loggers lay sprawled
ly had just thrown a new log on a
ly had built inside the line to keep
warm. He asked how things
one of them said it was all quiet.
six men at one point meant that
es of the line were without patrol,
aid nothing. There was little dan-
the night, and he knew loggers.
ıd work like demons in an emer-

o'clock Bart had followed the line
uppression crew had built along
the ridge, and was at the head of the fire. Another group of men lay about another bonfire here. One of them also said it was all quiet.

The moon had gone under clouds, and the fire was even quieter than it had been. The overcast was low. The air felt heavy with moisture, and this moisture was smothering the fire, forcing it to use up heat in merely driving the dampness away. Except for the forecast of a high north wind in the morning, Bart would not have been bothered at all. Even so, he was not really worrying.

By this bonfire he took out his map, and revised it. The burned area now showed as an elongated sluglike form. The length was about five eighths of a mile; the average breadth, somewhat under two hundred yards. He estimated the area as forty acres, what the Forest Service would list officially as a Class C fire.

ACTUALLY, although Bart hated all fires desperately, he realized that this one had not done great damage. It had wiped out the underbrush and small trees, but the underbrush would spring up fast and very few of the small trees would have grown to maturity anyway.

Halfway along he came to the six men of the suppression crew, huddled around a fire built inside the line, trying to sleep. They were cold in spite of the fire.

"How's she look, Bart?" asked the crew boss.

"Quiet. We'll probably get a little rain any time now."

A general cry of protest arose. To be rained on and wet as well as cold was a final insult.

"What you crabbin' about?" said Bart. "The rain'll save us a lot of work at mop-up."

"Oh, sure," said one of the men in the suppression crew. "But I need some sleep."

Bart heard a faint *whi-sh-sh* high in the treetops. He tipped back his head, and felt a drop or two of the welcome rain spatter on his nose.

"Here she is, boys. I've got to be on my way."

Bart's mind was suddenly at ease. A fire that was already knocked down could never stand being rained on. But as he scrambled along the trail, he felt very little rain. It might be wetting the overspreading canopy of pine needles a hundred and fifty feet in the air, but scarcely any was reaching the ground.

He was nearly back to his starting point when he heard an unmistakable *click-clunk-squeak*. He felt a sudden warmth of comradeship. That sound down the trail meant the coming of the pack train, with lunches for tired and hungry men, with extra batteries for flashlights and with a first-aid kit, and a dozen other bits of this and that which men might be needing on a fire.

That morning, across hundreds of miles of inland plateau, though it was only September, frost glittered on the sagebrush. The air, cold and dry already when it had moved in behind the storm front, had grown colder during the night. This dome of cold and heavy air, extending upward some thousands of feet, rested upon a plateau which was several thousand feet above sea level, in Eastern Oregon and the adjoining parts of Idaho and Nevada.

Only a few hundred miles to the southwest, in the low-lying Central Valley of California, the temperature had reached a hundred degrees in the afternoon, and had scarcely fallen below eighty during the night. The air was correspondingly light, and it rested on a surface only a little above sea level.

Lacking a barrier, the heavier air must by the law of gravity run down and replace the lighter air, and the only barrier between the two was the line of the northern Sierra Nevada. The line of mountains, in comparison with the high-towering cold air, was

(Continued on Page 181)

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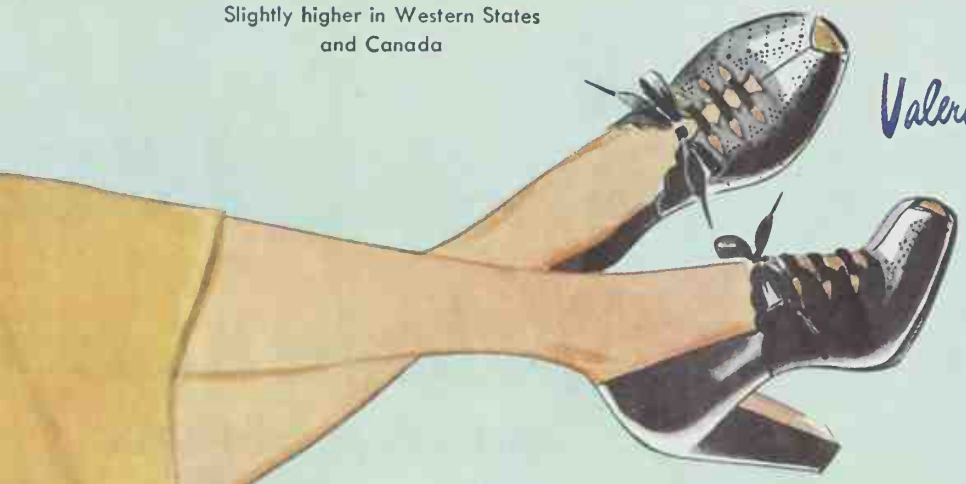
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SELBY SHOES THE WORLD OVER—ESTABLISHED 1877 • Copr. 1948, The Selby Shoe Company

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little more than a picket fence. Before daylight dry cold wind was beginning to pour through the passes and down the long canyons of the western slope.

Arnold Sorenson fumbled for the telephone. "Hello!" he said sharply, wiping the sleep from his voice. "Dispatcher Sorenson speaking."

He recognized the voice of Dave Halliday. "There's trouble all right. Nothing but a little breeze here yet, but Reno has a twenty-mile northeasterly, and on my map I've got four isobars piled up between here and Eastern Oregon."

"What kind of wind does that mean?"

"Twenty miles and up, in the canyons, hitting forty in the gusts along the ridges, and so dry she'll crack your lips in half an hour."

"Sounds sweet!" said the dispatcher. "All right, Dave." He hung up, jumped out of bed, started dressing.

THE dry northeast wind had been moving down the canyon of Onion Creek since before daybreak, but it was not very strong. Nevertheless, aided by the quick rise of temperature after sunrise, it rapidly dried the moisture of the night.

New flames, almost invisible in the sunlight, licked upward here and there. Smoke rose from spots where there had been no smoke a moment before. High in the air the tops of dead snags began to burn.

The situation was still under control, although Bart was worried, as any fire boss would be with a twenty-mile dry wind and snags still smoking. The crews that had rested through the night were back on the job. He had thirty-eight men for patrol and mop-up. With the northeast wind the down-canyon side was again the dangerous one. He put the rested crews on that side, and scattered some of them back into the underbrush to watch for spot fires. The loggers and millmen patrolled the rest of the line, except for those who were getting the snags down. The snags were all that Bart was really concerned about.

Nervous, feeling the pressure of the dry wind like an attacking enemy, the men wet their parched lips. Suddenly they knew they were playing a desperate gamble. Around the fire ran a narrow line of cleared earth. Inside, as the dry wind brought half-dead sparks to life, more and more flames licked up. Another snag where the fire had seemed dead began to smoke; flames rose from its top, leaning off before the wind; sparks flew.

The fallers took longer chances. "*Tim-ber-rr!*" came the call, and another snag crashed to the ground, where the gusts no longer swirled off the sparks. In the underbrush men with shovels and McLeods looked back and forth, watching the air for flying sparks, and the ground for rising smoke, wetting their lips, wondering.

AT last it came. From turbulences and pressures built up far away, a gigantic wave of air billowed and broke along the slope of the ridge, invisible, except as it wildly tossed the branches. From the slope of Howell Mountain another surging wave raced downward. The two met on the ridge. Treetops bent suddenly like grass. In the power of the blast the flames at the tops of burning snags stood out stiff like flags. The quick wrench of the whirling air tore off bits of bark and rotten wood, swirled them upward, then tossed and hurled them off.

Some cooled as they fell; some lit within the fire line; others blew across the line and fell flaming upon the tinder-dry needles. Fire took off from each fallen spark.

A strip of glowing bark dropped within ten feet of Slugger O'Neill. He jumped for it, with a single scrape of his shovel caught the running point and threw it back upon itself.

But other burning bits fell elsewhere. Flames ran across the surface of pine needles for a second, then flared up into the bushes. Working wildly, men shouted for help, but none came, for there were more fires than men.

Suddenly it was wide-open disaster, twenty spot fires racing across the duff, smoke everywhere, underbrush blazing.

Bart, running down the line, saw that the game was up. "Get back out of there, boys!" he screamed. "Head for the old burn!"

Some of them heard, and a white-faced youngster burst out of the underbrush, slapping at a spark on his sleeve.

"One!" counted Bart. "Two, three, four, five. There's Slugger—six!"

BUT there were still others in the burning scramble of underbrush and trees. Taking a long breath, he plunged in. Fifty feet in, he came to a boy working so frantically around a burning bush that he did not even hear as Bart shouted. Bart grabbed his arm.

"Get back out of here! Get back into the old burn!"

"Why don't someone come?" yelled the boy. "We can catch this one!"

"You fool, get back before your pants burn off!"

Then suddenly the boy looked around, went white, and ran back.

Bart went on, shouting to the men ahead. Then, all at once, he knew that there was no going back into the old burn any more. Behind him there was fire everywhere.

He came to another of the boys, who had dropped his McLeod and stood gazing in horror. "Come with me!" said Bart. He was running now, edging between the fires.

Paralleling what had been the old line, he picked up two of the jumpers. Far ahead he saw another running downhill. He found two more—these were from the suppression crew—and then there was no more time.

With the five men following, he angled off, running downhill away from the fire, but there were fires ahead too. Smoke was everywhere, blowing out flat before the wind. The air was furnace-hot.

Then ahead, through the smoke, they saw the glowing red-hot branches of a bush, and one of the boys let out the little scream of a trapped thing. But Bart was not afraid of panic. They were past that. He led on, through the thick smoke, toward the glowing branches.

He took a deep breath, threw his hands over his head, and dashed through the line of fire. The others followed. They had to slap out burning spots in their clothes, and their shoes were hot. But they were inside a little island of already burned ground. Their hearts were pounding; they were coughing; they were half-blinded with smoke. They lay on the hot ground, panting, and trying to suck up a little of the cleaner air that moved along under the smoke.

On Cerro Gordo that morning she stayed mostly inside the room. The wind seemed to shake the whole tower; she could scarcely stand on the catwalk.

There was only the faintest wisp of smoke over beyond Reverse Ridge. Then she glanced in the other direction for a second—so it seemed, at least. When she looked back, a great black column was towering up. Even while she stood for a horror-struck moment looking at it, the top billowed upward and rose higher. She ran for the telephone.

"Arn?" she said. "The Spitcat has blown up. There's a big column of smoke, rising fast."

Arnold Sorenson called to his assistant, "That Spitcat fire has taken off! Call our rangers, and tell them to give us all they got. Fire camp at Onion Flat." He lifted the receiver. "Clear the lines, Jackie," he said. "We've got a blowup!"

The fire was blazing on both sides of the little burned area. The six of them lay close together. One was hysterical, and the others had to hold him so that he wouldn't jump up

Nothing has ever been decided by war that could not be decided without it; and if decided after war, why not before? —GEN. U. S. GRANT.

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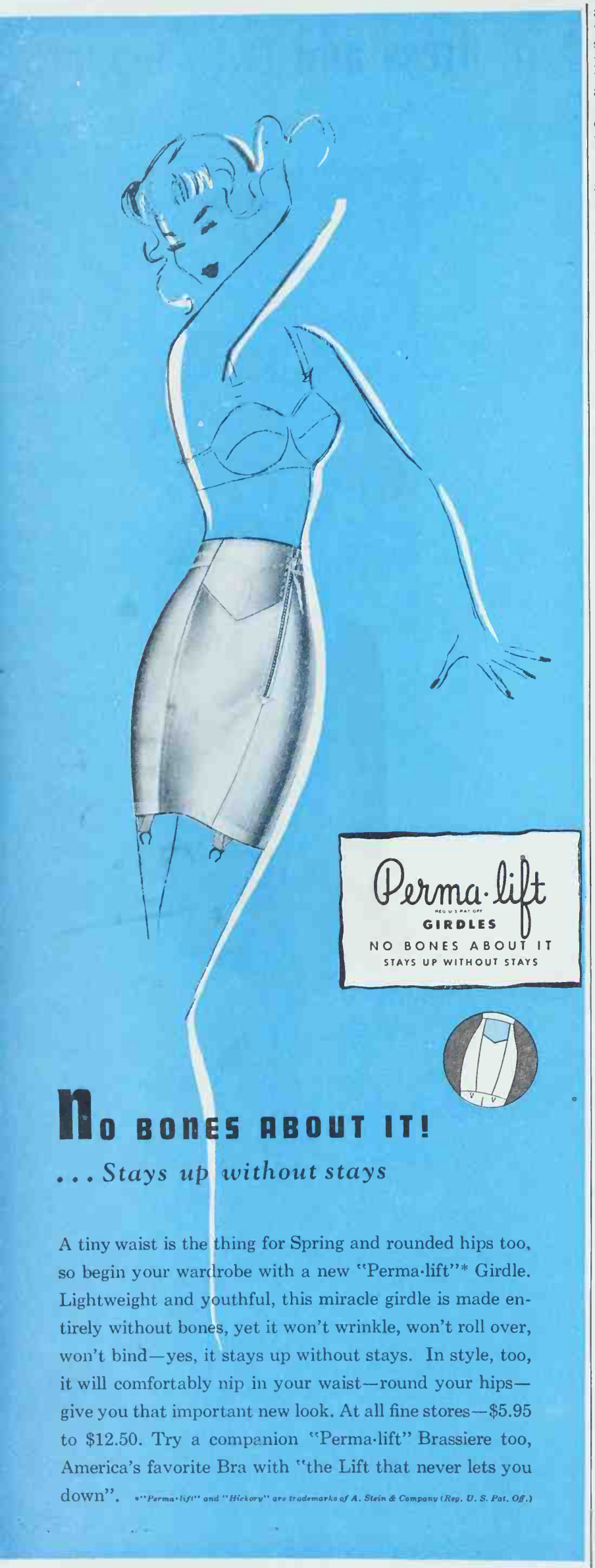
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and run, as he had tried once. Every little while someone squirmed suddenly and started slapping at a smoking place on his shirt or pants where a spark had lighted. Bart was thinking that he had been in as bad a hole as this a couple of times before.

Someone started "Our Father ——" in a quiet voice, and then someone else began with "Hail, Mary ——"

Since the blowup, the Spitcat had run half a mile down the ridge, and thrown out spot fires even farther. A small tree flamed, and then, with a deep hiss, a two-hundred-foot pine rose in a solid column of flame that towered a hundred feet higher. From it the fire spread to the interlocked branches of two others.

Now, with a kind of slow majesty, the crown fire moved down the ridge. Great pines and firs were burning like blades of grass in a prairie fire.

The camp truck—it was always kept loaded—rolled out of the yard at Suffolk, three of the crew in the seat. . . .

A rumor was running that Bart—no, it was Slugger—had been caught in the blowup and burned to death, along with six men—no, it was eight. . . .

The supervisor, a little pale, was nursing the radio, trying to get through to the fire. But everything had gone dead. All they knew about the fire was what came in from the lookouts. "Call for that scouting plane again," he said. "Say it's double emergency." Again he spoke into the transmitter. . . .

Walt Burnaby, trouble shooter for the Regional Office, picked up his war bag, and headed for San Francisco Airport.

Lying close to the ground, Bart heard the hiss and roar that meant a crown fire. He raised his head, trying to locate the sound. There was all the difference between life and death, depending upon whether the fire had crowned to windward of them, or farther down the ridge. He was fairly sure it was downridge, and at the same moment a breath of fresh, cooler air swept across his face. Suddenly, he knew.

"Feel that, boys?" he yelled.

They looked at him, questioning. When they saw his face, they grinned.

Bart stood up and got his bearings. From downridge came the crash and roar of the crown fire; upridge—the way they had come in—many little fires were still burning, but they were isolated and the ground looked not too hot to walk across. He knew that it could not be far to the old burn.

All at once he ceased being a man saving his life, or even a crew boss saving his men's lives. He was ranger of Barlow District, and he was fire boss of a fire that had gone rampaging out of control.

"I'm going out!" he said. "You can come with me or stay here—there's no more danger."

As he thought they would, they all followed. The ground was hot to the feet, and Bart went at a run. He was so keyed up that he did not feel tired. As he thought, it was no distance at all back to the old fire line.

No one was in sight, and Bart went scrambling down the steep trail, hallooing as he went. He led his little gang down to the creek, crossed, and went up the other side.

A lot of men were sitting around at the spot where he had tied Betty the morning before. (Tony had taken her out with the pack train early in the morning.) They were mostly from the mill crew. When they saw Bart, they burst out into a chorus.

Bart had so many things to do that he had no place to begin. Then he saw the boy with the bad knee; beside him was Slugger's radio, which the boy had had the sense to carry out. In the excitement the aerial had been lost. Bart sent two men to the old headquarters to see if they could salvage an aerial. He sent four men to scout around the old fire line to look for the boss of the mill crew, and bring back all the abandoned tools they could find. He sent four more to the top of the ridge to see what was happening on the other side.

Step by step he brought order again, and the listless men came to life. He sent the rest down to join Slugger and help with spot fires.

By now, half the lookouts in the Plumas and Tahoe forests could see the Spitcat smoke. From a hundred miles westward, lookouts saw it rising above the haze that filled the Sacramento Valley.

In Pasadena, five hundred miles to the south, the street was thick with Sunday-morning traffic as people converged upon all the churches. Suddenly the traffic shrank back to the curbs. A Forest Service car, its siren at full blast, took the length of Colorado Street in five minutes, heading for Burbank Airport. . . .

On Second Street in Sacramento the loudspeaker was still blaring: "Men to fight forest fire!" Bo Fox, the insignificant man who disliked a closed door behind him, followed the drift. He was out of a job and nearly broke. In front of him a man said to his buddy:

"Well, why not? They feed you good, and you can sneak off to the woods and ditch a lot of work."

They went in to sign up, and Bo Fox followed. . . .

Barney Zulik, the cat skinner, was at a beer parlor in Polkville when a foreman came looking for him.

"There's a fire up in the Basin, Barney. They need you in there with your cat."

"O.K. Only don't try to rush me!" With quick gulps he drained his glass of beer.

No man is really old until his mother stops worrying about him. —ANON.

Sunday always made mobilization a little harder, but the dispatcher was satisfied. Men were moving, not by dozens now, but by hundreds. Access was the worst problem. The only way he could figure to get cats to the fire was to truck them in from the Sheba side of Parker Flat, unload them, and have them walked in along one of the ridges above Reverse Creek. It would be slow, but if they could not come to the fire, the fire was obligingly coming to them.

Bart hurried toward headquarters. Men seemed to be milling around all over Onion Flat. His face was black with soot and smoke, and smeared where he had wiped it with his sleeve. From the blackness his bloodshot eyes shone with a kind of glare. One shirt sleeve was torn into tatters. He limped as he walked.

All over the Flat the impact of his coming surged and eddied. "There's Bart . . . the ranger. . . . Now we'll be going. . . . Hi, Bart!"

Bart felt the warm wave of confidence and friendship rising around him, almost like a physical support in his weariness. These men trusted him; yes, they loved him.

Then the super, who always seemed to be looking down from the eight inches' difference of height, stretched out his hand. "Well, I'm glad to see you got out of it all right. You must be tuckered out."

Ten minutes before Bart had been ready to fall to the ground. Now that something which boiled inside him brought new drive and strength. "Us old-timers can take it," he said.

The supervisor glanced around. "How is she?"

"Pretty bad. But I think we can catch her tomorrow morning."

"You *think*, or you *hope?*"

"I said *think*, didn't I?"

"Yes."

There was a pause. Then the supervisor said, and his voice was hesitant:

"Look, Bart. You got called out on that Hart Creek business Thursday, and I know you haven't had much letup. You've been through a mess today. How about my putting Ben Roach in as fire boss?"

(Continued on Page 184)



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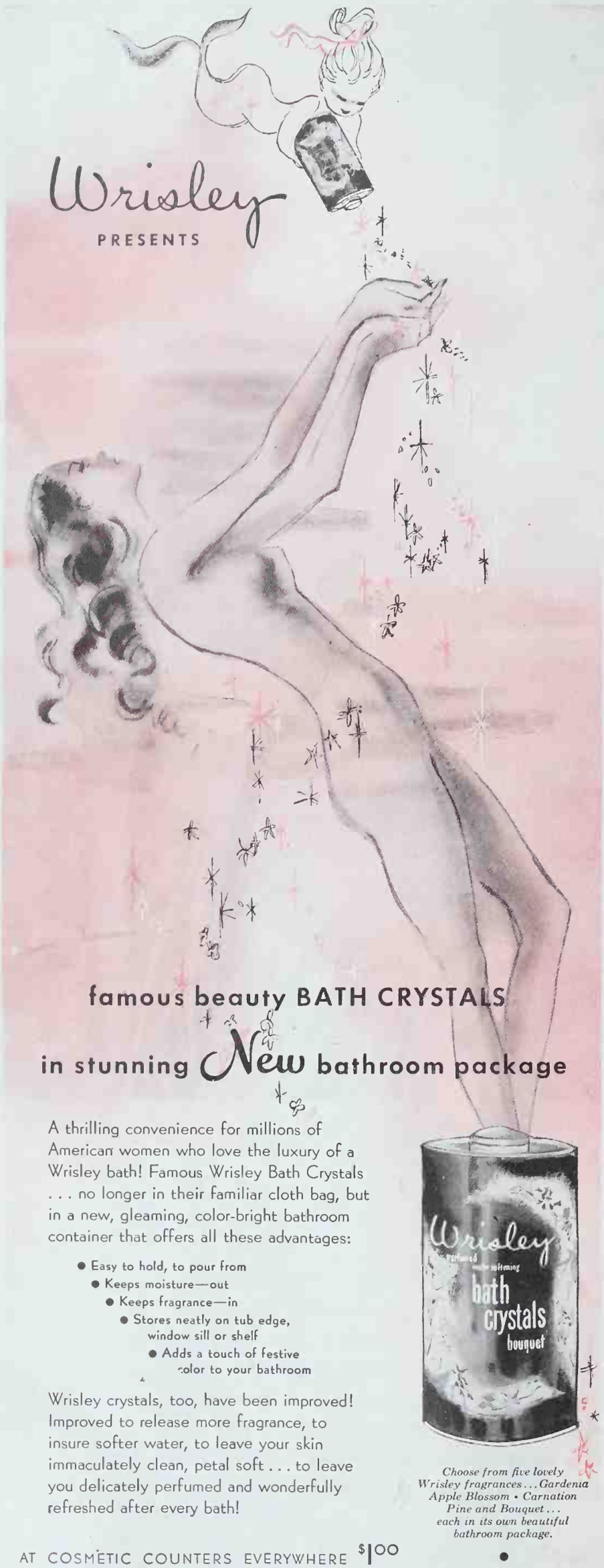
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(Continued from Page 182)

The bloodshot eyes in the blackened face seemed to glare more brightly; the thick jaw muscles set hard. "Of course, if you want to throw me out, all right. But this is my district that's on fire. I know the country."

The supervisor thought for a long moment. "O.K. She's your baby."

Bart organized it as a three-division fire. Division I was the north flank, the Wilson Creek side; Division II was the south flank, the Onion Creek side; Division III was the front. Bart picked an Angeles man as division boss for I, and a Trinity man for II, but for III he picked Ben Roach, who was his friend, and an old fire fighter. He picked Jerry Barrett for chief of staff.

The crews lined up and were issued tools, head lamps and canteens. They began to cross the log footbridge, and start up the switchback trail.

EIGHTH DAY

After midnight the three of them got together at headquarters: Bart; the supervisor; and Walt Burnaby, trouble shooter from the Regional Office. They pored over maps and aerial photographs, and studied reports which the scouts had radioed in.

The problem, essentially, was simple. The crews of Division III must close a mile-and-a-half gap and get the backfires going before the main fire reached the line. Beyond that, the problem grew more and more complex, as factors of time and wind and human fallibility appeared.

"We'll radio Ben to put her through here," said Bart. From a point to the southwest of Reverse Meadow he drew a line northwesterly across the front of the fire, leaving a good quarter mile of leeway.

"How much of that line is through trees and how much through brush?" asked Walt Burnaby.

"Half and half."

The super was checking the aerial photographs. "Better than half is through brush—thick manzanita."

"Not much more!" Bart snapped. He noticed, with a faint irritation, that the super was bent over the desk, doing a multiplication problem.

The super's problem was much like those he had once had to do in school arithmetic: "If A builds ten feet of fence in an hour, how long will it take ——" Only the problem was a great deal more complicated. A mile and a half of line on the map gets to be at least a mile and three quarters on the ground, because you can't run a line straight across country. Then a man will build so many feet of line in an hour, but not so much his second hour, because he will be a little tired. He tends to work faster at night because it's cooler, but slower because he can't see so well. Line through manzanita is much slower and has to be built wider. Two cats can punch a line through manzanita like nobody's business, but two cats in the woods aren't two cats on the line. Then, there was the question of how fast the fire would advance. If you really tried to write an equation for all that, you had correction factors stretching across two pages; yet if you didn't look at some figures, you merely made a guess.

The supervisor straightened out his long body from where it was bent over the desk, and came up with an answer.

"Well," asked Walt Burnaby, "what's the verdict?"

"The mathematics says we're all right, but I'd like a bigger safety factor." The supervisor paused. "Bart, you might give her a little more room. All that would burn would be the brush field, and it's no use anyway."

He saw the stubbornness set on Bart's face. "You know, Super, that brush field is old, and the young firs are poking up through it. Give us ten-twenty years, and the brush will be dying out. Burn her now, and she'll come up solid manzanita again. . . . You know," Bart finished, "we got to decide *something*."

For a moment the supervisor thought o all that might go wrong—a leaking oil lin on a cat, the carelessness of a sector boss Bart took the transmitter and glanced u for a word or a sign. The supervisor remem bered suddenly the story of some genera who kept silence and refused to confirm or t countermand a charge. Bart began talkin into the transmitter.

Well, thought the supervisor, that was it and they had made a decision. In war, th saying ran, a bad decision was better tha no decision at all. Perhaps it was the sam with a fire.

Bo Fox did not mind being crowded into bus with thirty other winos. In fact, h rather liked being close to the man on th seat beside him. He got a little alarme when the bus door was closed with a ban but soon found that he could open the wi dow. That made him feel better. After while, as they began to get into the mour tains, the air got so cool that the others mad a fuss and he had to close the window. Stil knowing that he could open it made hi feel less like being trapped.

Barney Zulik ran his cat down the ram from the truck, and zoomed his engine for moment. The Forest Service cat skinn came to speak to him. Barney had nev seen him before, and had the usual disdain a lumber-company cat skinner for a Fore Service one, but he shook hands, and agre that he would follow the other cat. T other fellow was yelli over the roar of the e gine, and Barney got t general drift.

"Easy enough . . five miles or . . . op mostly pine . . . five hu dred feet up to the . . steep pitches down on t other."

Barney did not both to remember everythi All he had to do was tag after the other c He was ready to gu antee that in any game of follow-the-lea he would go as far as the other guy, a farther too.

The lights of the two cats glared whit in the little open space at Parker Flat. T roar of the engines blotted out the gen night noise of the wind streaming throu the pine tops. Barney's swamper climb up beside him. The other engine sudde roared louder, and the cat lurched forwa Barney gave her the gun, and followed tracks.

In the big brush field which covered m of Reverse Flat, Division III was running line to hold the front of the fire. Ben Ro had the best crews there.

The fire was not exactly racing across brush field, but it was moving steadily, making a clean sweep. Sometimes it lea from bush to bush in imitation of a crown fire. More often, after one b burned, the flames died down as the crept forward through the ground lit Then the heat of the burning litter igni the lower branches, and the next bush fla up. A difficult place to work, and a dang ous one!

"Look out for your men," Ben Ro warned his bosses. "Always be sure there way out for them." Not that the bo needed any warning. They were experien men.

First went the axmen. At each thick bush they swung with the flat, breaking twigs and little branches. When they c reach in to larger branches, they used edge. It was slow work.

After the sweating axmen moved b other men went ahead to throw the li of branches into the brush on the side a from the fire. Then the axmen moved ah

If we wish to be just judges of all things, let us first persuade ourselves of this: that there is not one of us without fault: no man is found who can acquit himself; and he who calls himself innocent does so with reference to a witness, and not to his conscience. —SENECA.

(Continued on Page 187)

Write soon, darling

(Have you?)



How soon is "soon" to you?

Today? . . . when suddenly life has special meaning
and a brightness that could gladden others, too?

Next week? . . . while the moments of the country weekend
still shine clear? Or . . . a blue-distant "soon" that
isn't soon at all, when so much that *you could*
be sharing will be crowded from your mind and gone?

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joy of *getting* letters!



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(Continued from Page 184)

and from behind came men with shovels and McLeods, scraping away the smaller branches and litter until the red dirt showed. A narrow line is no good in manzanita, so they cleared to an eight-foot width.

Before long a kind of recurring chant began to go up: "Where're the cats? . . . Why don't they get some cats?"

Where the nose of the ridge began to fall away, the cat skinners got their first good view of the fire—not only the main fire in the brush field, but also the isolated blazes where snags and down logs were still burning along the ridge that the crown fire had swept over.

They stopped to consider. The Forest Service cat skinner said they were about two miles from the nearest point of the fire line, and he figured they could make it by daybreak.

"Let me take the lead," said Barney. "I'll get us there a long time before that!"

The other cat skinner did not like the idea, but it was Barney's turn. "Take it over then, if you want to get your Boy Scout badge!"

Barney gunned his engine, worked his levers, spun the cat about and walked it through the bushes to a place ahead of the other. The peculiar madness of cat skinners was rising within him, and there was a dash in the way he swung around. They started down the steep nose, a four-hundred-foot slope ending in level ground, an arm of Reverse Flat.

In a few minutes Barney found he was going no faster than the other fellow had. The trouble was with that Forest Service guy who was walking in front, scouting the way with his flashlight.

"If he'd get outta my way, I'd slide this bunch of junk down to the crick faster than I could follow after it. You get out"—he turned to his swamper—"and point me at the way, and we'll forget that guy!"

They went a little faster then. The nose of the ridge was fairly open forest. The two scouts thrust ahead, feeling the way. Almost before they had time to signal to him, Barney's lights were upon them, and the cat came roaring down, crushing bushes, toppling small trees, its treads crunching and scraping and sliding on the rocks.

There was a steep open place, and for a hundred feet ahead Barney's lights showed nothing but a smooth expanse of brush. He gave her the gun, and the big cat, its blade raised high, lurched forward. The two scouts jumped aside, out of the way. The cat lunched down the slope. Suddenly its treads ran out along the tops of the bushes, and as the cat tipped forward the treads had nothing but bushes beneath them. Barney jumped and went flying through the air. The cat dropped on its blade, toppled, went upside down, the whole thrust of its momentum driving it downward. It turned again—gracefully as a rolling elephant—and came to rest upright.

THEY rushed to pick up Barney's body from where the cat had rolled over it, but he came up from the underbrush cursing. Short-necked and thickset, he had merely curled up and lit in a clump of manzanita like a rubber ball. The stubs of broken branches had torn his clothes and clawed his face, but he was not even limping.

The cat, being at least as tough as Barney, was not much injured either. They hurried to look it over. Barney got the engine started, but the control levers were bent beyond using from having had the whole weight rolled over on them.

When they examined the place, they found there was a six-foot sheer drop-off. The brush had grown higher below the ledge, so as to make the slope look about even. It was a natural tank trap.

The cat rested broadside to the slope, tilted at a silly angle, up to its ears in brush. The moonlight lit it up, and lights from the other cat were playing squarely on it. Barney sat on top in all the blaze of light. The blood oozed from his scratched face, and he cursed steadily. He shoved and yanked at the hopelessly jammed controls.

THE moon was high when Ben Roach made a hurried inspection of the first half mile of line and told the sector boss to start burning it out. This had been the easiest part; all moderately open, compared with the brush field.

The sector boss started to light backfires without any fears for his men; the forest behind them was open enough for a getaway, if necessary.

But the main fire was getting too close for comfort. Twice, little spot fires puffed up on the wrong side, but men, breaking through the brush, controlled them.

The unfinished gap was less than two hundred yards now, and the men could look ahead and see the bobbing head lamps of the other crew. Off to one side the fire was not so far away.

"Listen!" yelled one of the men.

As the clump of axes and the scrape of McLeods ceased, they heard the crackle of fire and sigh of wind, but cutting across those sounds, from off to the north, came the muttering roar of a Diesel engine.

A little cheer went up. "There she is! . . . That's sure a cat!"

The noise of the Diesel swelled up. With fine unconcern for human life, the big cat came careening down upon the men. They scattered to both sides.

The machine lurched to a stop at the head of the line. The swamper switched off the lights, useless now in the dawn. The cat skinner stood up and looked ahead. The fire was so close that he decided to swing the line back in a little loop.

The engine roared; one tread scraped and slipped as the cat changed position. Then, as a hundred and fifty horsepower took over, it lurched slowly forward. There was a sudden crackling noise as the blade sheared into the manzanita. The cat moved through the thicket as fast as a man could follow at a slow walk.

Behind the machine, the men picked up the litter of broken branches, and got to work with shovel and McLeod. If there had been another cat to follow the first, clearing the litter, the work would have gone much faster.

By now it was full light. The cat finished punching through the line, and made contact with the other crew. Crashing into the brush, it swung around, and started back to mop up the line. By two passings of the cat, the trail was cleared and leveled so that in a pinch a car might have been driven along it.

In one spot the fire was only twenty feet off. As a bush flared, the cat seemed almost to move through the flame. The swamper hung over the side, sheltering himself behind the seat. The cat skinner shielded his face behind an arm.

It was now or never, and behind the cat came Ben Roach with a lighted fusee. By good luck the backfire caught quickly, and roared up to meet the advancing point.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Last Song

By Gladys McKee Iker

This is the end of the poem,
  For you, wherever you are,
By whatever light you are reading,
  Sun or moon or star.
The nouns are hands touching
    lightly,
  The verbs are sighs for the past,
And the final period trembles
  To end our love at last.
Now the pen in the hand is quiet
  But the mind turns a page to start
The point of the pulse to writing
  In the quick red ink of the heart.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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But there were dozens of others. Or rather, the line no longer met merely the threat of advancing points. There was danger everywhere. The men worked, sheltering their faces.

The heat of the first backfire died down. No sparks jumped the line, but the line itself had been too hastily cleared and a point of fire had worked across to the other side. The heat was furnacelike, but two men rushed in, caught the point of fire, and threw it back across the line. As they came running out, Ben Roach lit the next stretch of backfire, and on the other side his sector boss did the same.

On the unburned side the brush stretched away so thick that a man trying to penetrate it must often climb over the tops of the bushes rather than walk on the ground and push his way through.

The only way to light backfires without trapping the men was to begin at the middle and work outward in both directions. The rear guard was the post of honor. A sector boss held it on the north end, and Ben Roach held it on the south.

Ben Roach had fought many fires, and he knew this was a tough spot. Blazing fusee in hand, he retreated step by step. With luck it might hold, but the cat had got there a little too late, and there had been only one cat. The sun was up now, and that meant that the wind would blow a little harder. As he fell back, he made sure that no men were left behind. Then he went along sticking the fusee into the dead leaves or among the twigs of some dead branch. His last backfire blazed up, and he stepped off to get away from the heat.

Suddenly came the long whoop from behind. He swung around. "Beat it, boys!" he yelled. He flung his fusee into the bushes, and ran. In a few seconds he came through to the sector boss and men on the other side.

The sector boss said, "Well, Ben, you made it."

"Yes, but I won't need a neck shave soon. How about the others?"

"Everybody made it, I guess. You can still hear the cat, if you listen, though that might just mean they've pulled her back."

"Don't make much difference now. The line's all gone. Get on your radio, and tell 'em to pull out before they run into trouble. Check with your crew bosses."

"It's tough. If both the cats had got here, we'd of held her. . . . Say!" The sector boss held up his hand for silence. "They've cut off the cat engine. . . . Now hear 'em yell!"

BART had crawled into a sleeping bag without even taking off his shoes about two o'clock. In spite of all his tensions, he was so tired that he went to sleep, only to be raised out of it at 4:30, when the siren went off.

As the day crews, cursing the siren, came crawling out of their blankets, Bart crawled out, too, and blundered over to headquarters.

The first thing they told him was that some fool cat skinner had run his cat off a cliff and put it out of action until major repairs had been done. Then, after an hour, came word that the whole line in Reverse Flat—partly because that cat did not get through—had gone to pieces.

It was a day of disaster, and of retreat. The three of them held another council of war, but it did not take long this time.

"I played it too close up," said Bart. He felt that he had to say something, and he felt so bad about the trees that were going to burn that he cared little about himself.

"You'd have been all right," said Walt Burnaby, "except for that crazy cat skinner."

"There wasn't enough safety margin," said Bart.

"We know that now," said the supervisor, "but nobody can tell for sure in advance."

There was no argument about where the line should go this time. They all agreed that the top of Reverse Ridge was the place. From a three-division fire, they reorganized it as a two-zone fire, with five divisions. First Zone would be all the north side. The Angeles man would take over as zone boss. Second Zone would be the south side.

Zone 1, particularly Division III, was the hot spot. Bart kept Ben Roach for Division III; there was nobody better than Ben for close-up command.

By folklore, it was supposed to blow for three days, once it got started. Dave Hallday was not at all impressed by folklore about weather. Studying the map, he decided that the wind would probably blow in traditional three days, and very likely a fourth.

HE went to speak to Arn about the forecast. The dispatcher's office was a hum of activity. When things calmed a little, Dave told him he'd like to go and have a look at the fire closer up.

"Sure," said Arn. "Cerro Gordo lookout would be the best place. I'd take the jeep."

"The lookout won't mind, will he? Is he a good guy?"

"Oh," said Arn, in a funny way. "I forgot you were so new to the forest. No, the lookout won't mind, I imagine. I shouldn't be surprised if you two would hit it off pretty well." Then, although Dave could not imagine why, he added, "You know, Dave, you're quite a handsome fellow!"

This noon the base of the smoke column covered twice as much an arc on her fire finder as it had the day before. From the radio she knew that it was on this side of Reverse Flat, and only about eight miles off. As she stood on the catwalk with her hands on the railing, something light and fluffy and white settled on the railing. It was a bit of feathery ash.

With the dry wind and close atmosphere, it looked like an uncomfortable afternoon ahead. She thought of going into a halter and shorts, but that was hardly the costume for an official representative of the Forest Service. Finally, however, she decided she might as well be comfortable.

When she went out on the catwalk again, she looked more like Carmel Beach than Cerro Gordo Lookout. She had even done up her hair in a yellow handkerchief to keep the smoke and ashes out of it, and she was wearing dark glasses.

The fire was certainly moving in on her. Plugging along the road which skirted Cerro Gordo she heard another truck. She could not see it on account of the trees, but she knew that it was making for the newly established camp. Through her binoculars she made out another long line of men carrying tools, climbing the steep trail through one of the gaps in the cliffs.

Suddenly she was enveloped with thousands of little flying things. She caught one of the thousands, or millions, that were filling the air. It was like a little winged ant. They must be termites, which swarmed after the first rain of the season, and were on their way to establish a colony in some fallen log. There were other flying things, too, like little beetles. Once she slapped hard when one of them lit on the back of her neck and bit her viciously. These must be what Bart had called smoke beetles.

She heard a motor puttering on the timber-covered slope below. It sounded as though it might be on the steep pitch up to the lookout.

She dodged back from the catwalk. Peering through the glass, she saw a bright-red jeep come up the slope and stop. There was only the driver in it. He was not wearing a

Frederick Myers was once asked what he thought would happen to him after death. The reply was: "I suppose I shall go to everlasting bliss. But I wish you would not talk about such disagreeable subjects."

—DEAN INGE: A Rustic Moralist (Putnam & Co. Ltd.).

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MOIST IN JAR! NEVER GRITTY OR GRAINY!

Forest Service uniform, but he did not look like a roughneck either. The gray pants looked like the Navy, and the open-necked plaid shirt gave him a collegiate touch.

Instead of calling to ask permission, he started to climb the steel stairs, and she could hear him whistling softly. Of course she could close the trap door in the catwalk, and make him explain his business first, but that seemed like timidity.

She stood at the corner of the catwalk and saw the wind-blown hair rising through the trap door, then the back of his neck and plaid shirt.

He looked over his shoulder, and saw her. At first there was sheer amazement in his face, then he blushed red.

"Come on up," she said. "I'm Judith Godoy, the lookout."

"Oh-h, I *beg* your pardon! Arn Sorenson didn't tell me there was a girl here. I've just come to Suffolk, and I thought lookouts were men."

"I see."

"I'm awfully sorry. All Arn said was he thought the lookout and I might get along pretty well."

"That's what passes for a joke in this part of the country. These Forest Service men are swell guys, but they're just big adolescents at heart. Well, come on and have a look at my fire."

But when he came up, she was pleasantly conscious that he was not looking altogether at the fire.

NINTH DAY

THE Spitcat fire had started at an elevation of about 4500 feet where the forest was of Jeffrey pines with an intermingling of highly inflammable white firs. When the fire had burned down over the nose of the ridge and had raced across the meadow and the brush field, it came to a forest growing at a level five hundred feet lower and, therefore, different. Here the commonest trees were the ponderosa pines. Mingled with them were Douglas firs and incense cedars.

The fire, entering the thicker forest about midmorning, soon began to show the difference. It roared fiercely in the thick mat of dry fern. The crisscrossed fallen tree trunks smoked, ignited, burned hotly. At the same time the thick-spread canopy of foliage prevented the easy escape of heat. As in a furnace with its outlets clogged, the temperature soared. Suddenly, not in a single tree but over an acre at once, the treetops burst into fire. Once it was established as a crown fire, it remained so.

The ground fire and the crown fire advanced together. The towering line of flame appeared massive and heavy, rolling onward by the power of its own momentum.

Bo Fox's crew had been the first, that morning, to leave the camp on Curran Creek. Gaining the top of the ridge, they had headed eastward along the fire line, and passed the men of the night crews, waiting to be relieved and to get back to camp for breakfast.

Bo had grown more apprehensive steadily. On his left rose a curtain of smoke, pressing closer; on his right lay the line of the cliff. He had heard various men speak of the trail as the only way up through the line of the cliff, and the farther he walked the more he felt himself walking into a trap. When the crew stopped to let a cat pass, Bo spoke to the man next to him:

"If it burns across this trail, we can't get out of here."

"That's so," said the man agreeably. "This trail is the only way up through the cliff." He also looked at the fire, then toward the cliff and back along the trail. But he was no worrier like Bo. The fire did not seem very close.

After they had walked about a mile, the crew came to their assigned position.

"Come on, men, let's get her marcelled!" said the crew boss.

Under his direction the men began to work along the sides of the line, cutting back the higher bushes, chopping down young trees, and scattering debris which would be likely

(Continued on Page 191)

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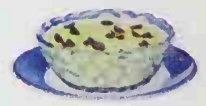
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½ cup sweetened condensed milk
½ teaspoon vanilla
½ cup nuts, chopped

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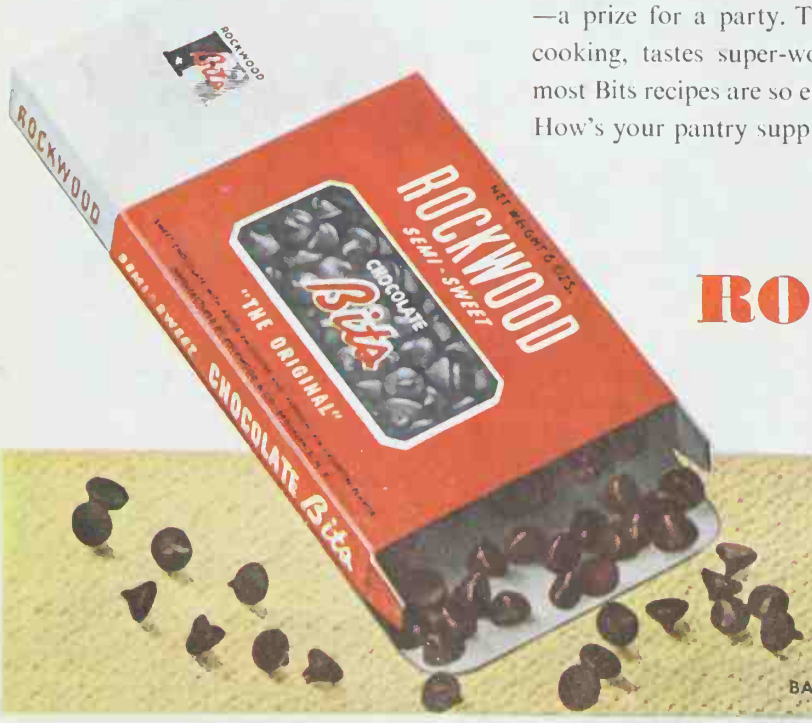
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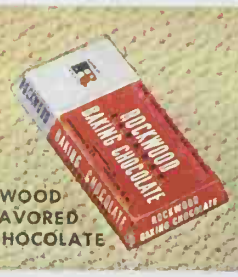


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ROCKWOOD BREAKFAST COCOA

(Continued from Page 189)

o catch sparks. When they had worked for ın hour or two, the men became conscious hat the fire was burning hotter. Less than a nile away, down the slope, great flames piraled skyward.

"She's crowned!" said one of them.

Even from so far away, the fire was frightning to look at.

One of the men spoke to the crew boss. "I ıear this trail we come in by is the only way ıp through the cliff."

The crew boss was not a Ponderosa man, ıut he knew something about rock formaions, and this one did not look as if it would e unbroken and unscalable. "That so?" he sked. "Who said so?"

The man talking had really thought that he crew boss himself had said so, but finding hat this was not true, he called back along he line, "Who said there was no other trail ı p here?"

"Why, the ranger did!" someone called l ack.

The crew boss, who was not a ranger, ı ough the men thought of him as one, asamed that some Ponderosa ranger must l ave said so. "Well, it must be so, I guess," l e said.

The crew boss did not think the matter f enough importance to investigate, and he id not really believe it. He did not think ıat any fire boss would put a dozen crews ı a position where they might be burned) death.

The fire burned closer and hotter, and the ames seemed to toss higher. The sun disppeared into yellowish smoke. There was a rowing restiveness abroad among the men.

"This trail is the only ay up through the cliff. he ranger says so."

At the other end of their ıe men of the crew mined with those of another ew. These men had acually come up through ıother break in the cliff. earing the casual talk out only one way up, they did not compare otes; in their general unfamiliarity with e country, they assumed that the one ay was that by which they themselves had cended.

Once the rumor had made the jump, it ran ong the ridge eastward, and men of those ews also began to look nervously backard for the one way by which they must cape.

Down-slope, half a mile away, the crown e sent up sheets of flame.

y now there were about sixteen hundred en on the fire, and more coming. At the ork of transportation there were more than ıundred trucks, busses and cars, three pack ins and a cargo plane. Twelve cats were the lines, and three tankers were ready to into action if the fire got where they could ch it. A scout plane was on call.

Ben Roach set up headquarters on a rock lge close behind the line and at just about e middle point of Division III. His radioın had a good aerial strung up, and comunication was excellent. To the rear he uld talk with headquarters at Onion Flat, d he could also reach the lookout on Cerro rdo, whom he had told to keep a close tch for spot fires. Ahead, he could talk to three sector bosses, who were carrying lkie-talkies.

To his practiced eye, the fire was already anging. The ridge was comparatively flat top, and, once the fire reached leveler ound, it lost that part of its vigor which ang from the up-slope and the funnel ect of the canyons. Moreover, the top of e ridge was in full sun, and the soil was dry d thin and rocky. Ponderosa pines reced the Douglas firs and were somewhat nted and scattered. With a dry wind pushit, the ground fire would race ahead raply, but the crown fire would almost certnly puff out, once it passed the edge of e thickly growing Douglas firs.

He could sense that this was happening. w it might all be over in a little while.

He called Cerro Gordo: "Keep looking. The next half hour will be it!"

He called Bart.

Bart jumped when he knew it was Ben. He had been waiting for the call. "How's she look?"

"Not so bad."

"I wish I was up there with you."

"Not a thing you could do, Bart. We'll be lightin' backfires pretty soon. The crown fire is droppin' down. The next half hour will be it!"

"Golly, Ben, I wish I was up there with you!" Suddenly Bart's voice broke. "I can't stand it down here waitin'—I *can't stand it!*"

THERE was a pause, as if Ben were perplexed. Then his voice came again, almost wheedling. "Looky here, Bart. Ain't *nothin'* you could *do* up here, and besides you *ain't* here. You hadn't oughta talk like that—might be some pipsqueaks hear it. Don't worry. Things look good. S-1415 to S-1493—over and out, over and out."

Bart realized that Ben had signed off quickly to keep the fire boss from saying anything more over the air. He had slipped! The radio stand-bys all around the fire would have heard, and would be saying to the next man, "Gee, Bart is worried." For that matter, the super and Walt Burnaby here at headquarters had heard him. They were not saying anything, but he thought they looked disturbed.

Judith Godoy and Dave Halliday leaned against the railing on the east catwalk. She was wearing khaki trousers and her dark green shirt. The yellow handkerchief around her hair was more for work than looks today. It was already smudgy with ashes and soot.

The towering column of smoke was rising from just beyond Reverse Ridge. Its grayness was shot through with yellow where it reflected flames and sunlight. Even from six miles off, they saw reddish flames lick upward.

"I'm just a Greek chorus," she said.

"What's that?"

"I mean, I see everything that happens on the stage and make comments, but I stay put and don't take part in the action."

"Your comments affect what other people do. What about me? I keep looking at that storm on my map, and making comments on it, but I can't make the storm bring us rain to douse the fire."

"What do you think?"

"I can't even forecast it yet. If it keeps far enough south, we'll get rain. If it keeps north, there won't be rain, and there'll be another dry north wind behind it. The only sure thing is to get this fire hog-tied before the front comes in, and we haven't got forty-eight hours."

"You heard him. He said the next half hour was it."

"That's fine! That's a lot off my back. On a carrier they can always decide whether to send the planes out or not to, but you just fight fires any weather. I don't know that I like being a Greek chorus."

"It's another thing we have in common, anyway," she said, and then was in a fright for fear she might have said too much. But he was only smiling at her.

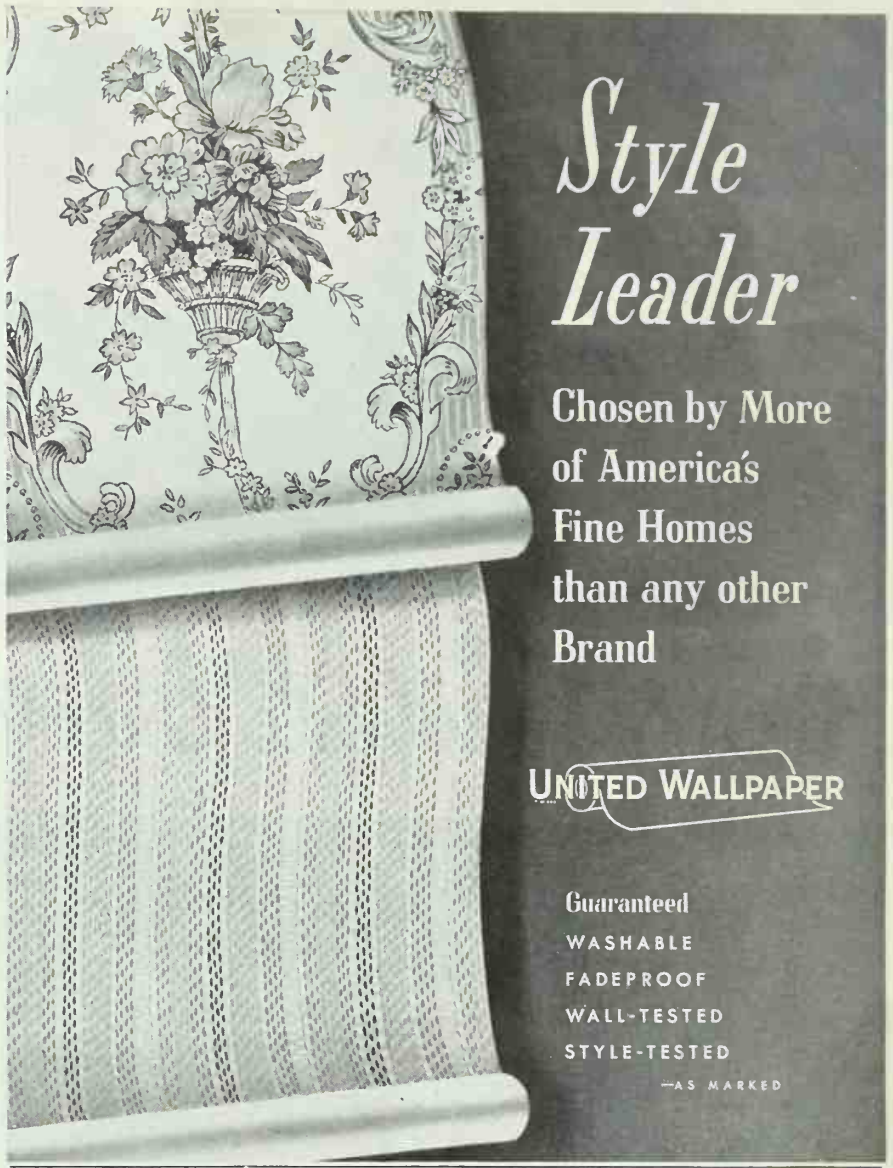
"There's another bit of ash." He started to wipe it off her hand. In some way or other it seemed more natural just to let his hand stay on top of hers.

A backfire is a powerful weapon, but two-edged. No experienced man begins backfiring without the secret fear that his weapon will turn in his hand and strike him.

A steady wind was blowing, so that the backfires, if lighted close to the line, would not work back into the wind effectively. But if they were lighted well inside the line, the wind would bring them sweeping down upon the line almost as dangerously as the main fire itself.

(Continued on Page 193)

Love is like a bazaar. The admittance is free, but it costs you something before you get out. —SYDNEY TREMAYNE: Tatlings. (John Lane The Bodley Head Ltd.).



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**By Patricia Collier,*
DOLE HOME ECONOMIST

(Continued from Page 191)

The situation called for the trickiest of n neuvers. Watching from his rock ledge, B n Roach felt moderately confident. The ir e was clean, and in many places had the b cking of the rock outcroppings. The growth n front was not too high or thick.

He saw the crew bosses begin to scatter o ne of their men back from the line to r ard against spot fires. The main fire had l pped from the treetops entirely, but was t ll burning fiercely along the ground. It w s getting close enough and throwing out r almost intolerable heat. Ben felt the wind a l off to a lull, and then slide gently against i other cheek.

At the same moment, the sector boss in h stretch below him lit his fusee. As its i k flame blazed up, he thrust it boldly into carefully piled heap of dry brush. Thin o oke rose, and then flames leaped and c ckled. The sector boss ran to start the n t fire.

In a few minutes Ben saw smokes rising o m the line farther east. The reverse of the must have come later to the west, but f er a while he saw the smokes there too.

By now the backfires were roaring and m ming a solid front twenty feet high. In a f w minutes they would meet the main fire, a d the worst would be over.

To Ben Roach, looking from the rock l ge, the backfires roared off magnificently. Bo Fox, half a mile down the line, the b ckfires crackled too close to his ears, and g ew off a terrifying heat. The line seemed d fully narrow and ineffective. He did not r lize that the flames were actually moving a ay from it.

Bo glanced behind him, and at that mo- n t a little bush on the wrong side of the l flared up. He felt the click of the door be- h d him, and with the high-pitched scream o a terrified animal, dropped his shovel and r .

The crew boss saw him and shouted, then t to stop him. Others saw a man running p panic, the crew boss running and shout- , and a fire across the line. On the other s e of them the fires roared up.

"Run for it!" someone yelled. "It's the o y way up through the cliff!"

They dropped tools and ran.

Swinging round, the crew boss tried to b ck the trail, standing with his arms out, s ing to them, cursing. Like stampeding a mals they swept by him.

"Hurry! It's the only way out!"

The men of the crew farther east saw the c ers running. Something frightful must h e happened! They glanced behind them r vously, and remembered about only one w up through the cliff. Their crew boss, m ried about the responsibility for his men's l s, considered hastily. If the other crew w running, there must be some reason for it. P haps the whole line was being abandoned, a l in the confusion orders had not got t ough to him. He made the decision:

Come on, let's get out of here! Bring y r tools!"

LEAVING the tools made it look like an or- d ly retreat but, once started, there was no u going slowly. The men began to run, g ncing over their shoulders at the fire. Their m mentum swept up the next crew, and m st of these ran unashamedly, dropping s vels, axes and McLeods.

In the other direction, it was sheer rout. C w after crew looked up as they heard the b ble of frightened men. They too began to r .

The rout surged by the rock ledge where B Roach stood, helpless to stop it. His h dropped. He had seen panic before, and r cognized it.

He turned to his radioman. "You make a wance for wind and slope and all the rest, a then the *men* panic on you!"

"We gettin' out of here?" the radioman a ed nervously.

"Naw, this place is safe as church. Get m Bart."

Much of the line had been constructed so t bare outcroppings backed it up. The little blaze which had startled Bo Fox burned itself out against the rock. But a long stretch of line was left empty except for a scattering of bosses and the few men who had stuck by them. As the meeting of the fires threw up high stabbing spirals of flame, the upper wind caught sparks and swirled them across the line.

Here and there wisps of smoke curled up. Like all spot fires, they started small. Some burned themselves out against the rock ledges. Other fires puffed up in the long stretches where no men were left. In the dry wind the little fires built up rapidly, and raced ahead.

Suddenly, when that news came, Bart had a horrible vision—as if what had once been a beautiful young girl was now horribly mutilated and left to the gaze of all who passed by.

By that time they were getting some idea of what had happened. Ben Roach had kept them in touch for a while, and then: "Getting too hot here. I'm going to crawl into a rock cranny now, and let her go over me. Over and out."

"What is it, Bart?" he heard the super saying, and the voice sounded far away.

But perhaps he himself was far away, he thought, for though he knew he was standing

To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars, to be satisfied with your possessions but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them, to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness and to fear nothing except cowardice, to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts, to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners, to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ, and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors, these are the little guideposts on the foot-path to peace.

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by the desk at headquarters, he heard the crash of flames in the cedars, he felt the bite of the thick smoke and the fierce heat.

Bart came back slowly from where he had been. He put his hand on the planks, and steadied himself. He was there in headquarters, and very tired.

"Don't you think, Bart, you ought to get some rest? You've been going a long time."

"I've gone longer than this, lots of times—that Mendocino bust in Forty-four."

"That wasn't your own district. You're worrying now."

Suddenly Bart was strong again. "Yes," he said, and his voice was firm. "Why shouldn't I worry! I'm fire boss here. That line would have held if the men hadn't panicked. Nobody can allow for that!"

"Nobody has blamed you for that—or is going to."

Bart turned to the map. He drew a finger along a line a little up the slope from Curran Creek. "We'll put a new line along there."

"That's playing it pretty close up," Walt Burnaby said.

"Maybe, but there's some awful pretty country we got to save in there. We can hold that line. We got to believe we can do it!"

He knew that they were looking at each other, and that one of them was probably making that little movement of the head which means to step aside somewhere and talk this over.

"It can't be done," said Walt Burnaby.

The super was holding a piece of paper in his hand. It was full of figures—manpower, transportation and line building, against distance and rate of spread.

"Well," the super said, "I suppose we'd better tell Bart."

"No use!"

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean."

"I guess so, Walt."

From where they had drawn aside to talk it was not more than a hundred feet to headquarters. It was not long enough to let him think of a good way. Everybody liked Bart! He himself liked Bart, even though Bart didn't like him. If only he were the older man, and not the other way round!

The super came to headquarters. Bart stood facing him, his back against the desk.

"Bart, you've had a rough time here. You're getting pretty tired. Walt and I think maybe you better—don't you think it would be a good idea if you took some time and got rested up?"

"You mean," said Bart in a level voice, "you're throwing me out of bein' fire boss? Super, you got to give that to me in writing!"

"All right," he said, "if you want it the hard way."

The super was calm now. He took a writing pad, put down the date and, looking at his wrist watch, added the hour and minute. Then he wrote:

Ranger John Bartley is hereby and as of this time relieved of all further duties as fire boss of the Spitcat fire.

He signed it, and beneath his name wrote *Supervisor.*

Bart was still defiant as he took it, but as he looked he seemed to crumple. He folded the paper and put it into his shirt pocket. Then he turned and walked away.

TENTH DAY

AFTER midnight the Spitcat fire still crackled and blazed in the bushes, and roared up in the clumps of young trees, and now and then—even in the coolness of the night—sent a tall tree towering still taller in a searing blast of hissing white-yellow flames. The fire, instead of growing weary, sprang upon each new clump of bushes with vigor and enthusiasm.

In the weather bureau at Suffolk, Dave Halliday worked beneath the brightness of the electric lights, bringing his map up to the minute. The storm center which he had been watching for the last four days was now somewhere in the interior of British Columbia.

Twenty-four hours would bring the storm front in, and tell the tale. He studied the map. If clouds broke over Alberta, if the hurricane off the Louisiana coast intensified—any little unbalancing of the meteorological scales a thousand miles away might swing the tip of the rain belt a hundred miles north or south and make all the difference between triumph and disaster on the slopes of Cerro Gordo.

Reading the emergency weather forecast, the supervisor was pleased with its honesty. The fellow as much as said he didn't know. As far as the supervisor, acting as fire boss, was concerned, that made everything easy: he merely had to prepare for the worst.

His plans were already well under way. Because of the new breaks, he had reorganized in three zones and eight divisions, and he was redeploying his men. The panic yesterday had developed because the critical Division III had been manned by inexperienced pickups.

When three busses rolled into camp and stopped for a minute to let the men rest, the supervisor went over to see them. Even in the semidarkness, he could tell that they were veterans.

He picked out the hot-shot crew, and the loggers, and the locals from Suffolk. He saw the thickset silhouette of Slugger O'Neill, his boys trailing him. Then he jumped, as from the semidarkness someone called:

"Hi, Slim!"

He snapped around and saw shining whites of eyes in a dark face. Behind the corporal stood the little group of paratroopers.

(Continued on Page 195)

Why be a drudge?



Don't be a Rubbit! Why rub and scrub that greasy, crusted roaster with a no-count dishrag? Get out a sturdy Brillo pad and see what happens! Brillo slicks pans clean as a whistle. Fast! Neat! Easy!

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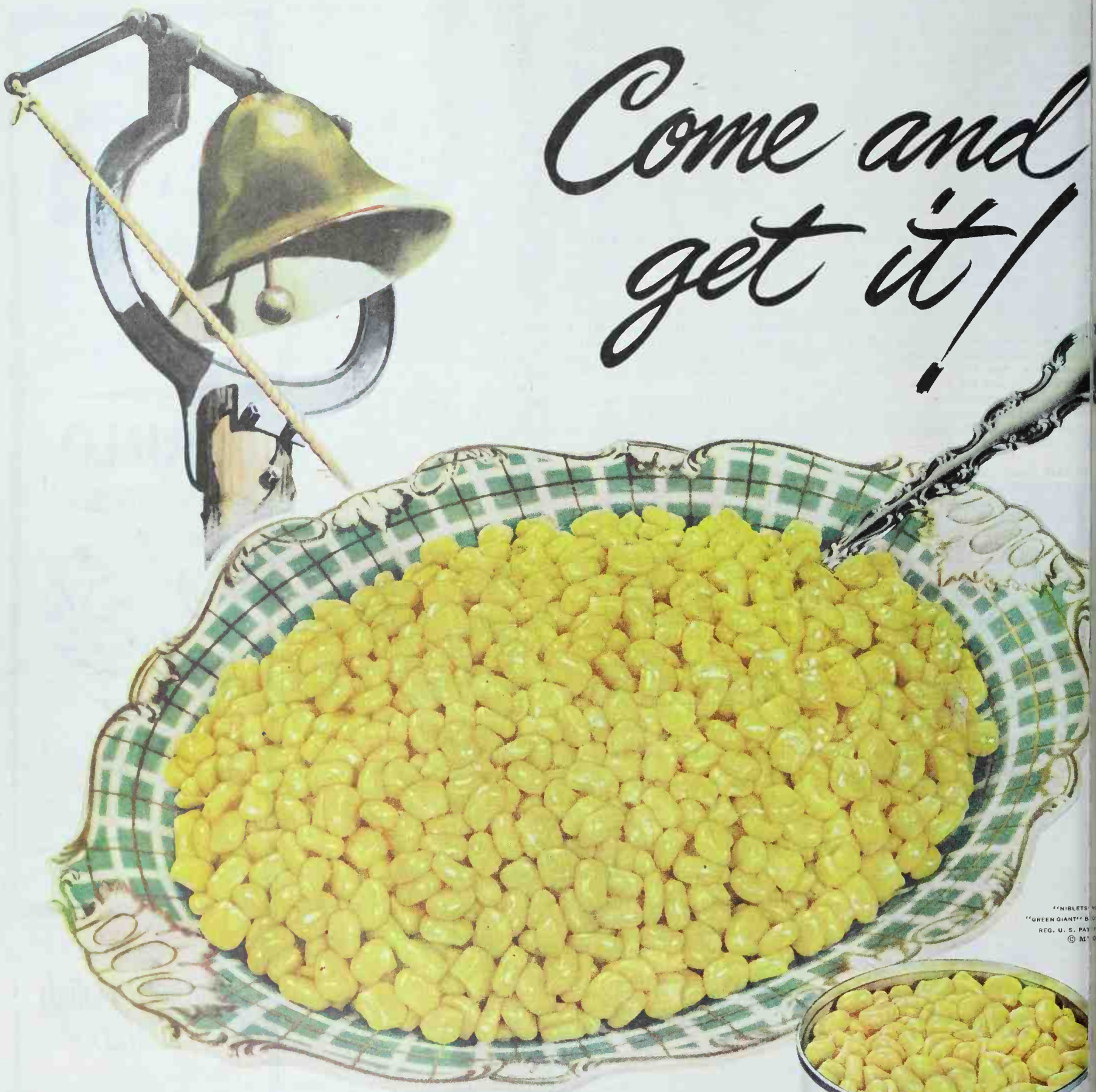
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Maybe ma had roastin' ears. (Some eating fun, eh, old-timer?)
Modern moms who love their men fetch 'em faster into dinner with Niblets Brand whole kernel corn—because it's corn-on-the-cob without the cob. Great big tender golden kernels. Grown from our own exclusive seed. *Packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor.*



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(Continued from Page 193)

"Hello, corporal," said the supervisor. "How've you boys been making out?"

"Not too bad! We got run out in that big blowup, and near got the shirts burned off us. Then we fought spot fires on the Wilson Crick side. Since then we been mostly just patrollin' and sittin' around. Say, I didn't know when I saw you up in that plane that you was the big boss!"

"That's no matter! What I want to know is whether you and your boys are looking for more trouble."

"Sure! We're rested and ready to go!"

While they had talked, other men had come crowding around. ("That's the super!" the word had run through the crowd. "He's fire boss now!") From his height, the supervisor looked down upon many faces raised to his. Before he realized it, he was making a speech.

"Look here," he said, "we lost that line yesterday because the crews got scared and ran out. They were a bunch of pickups, and didn't know fire. There's half a mile of front where the fire heads right for the divide over into Potter Creek. We've got to run a line across there, and get her burned out. It's a tough country and the cats can't help much. I'm counting on you boys to do it."

That was all he said. There was a little cheer as he turned and walked to headquarters. He heard the corporal calling, "O. K., Slim!" and others joined in.

At the ridge top the supervisor reined in the little black mare, and listened and looked. Close at hand he heard the *click-clank* of hand tools rasping at the earth and knocking on stones. There was the slow *clunk . . . clunk . . . clunk* of an ax. Farther off he distinguished the rumbling of a truck, and the angry roaring of a cat. Suddenly the staccato of a power saw burst out, stuttered for a moment, and then took hold with a crescendo.

From the canyon below and to the east, the great column of smoke still poured up, but he noted that its front seemed to lie within the two ridges. His strategy was working.

"Come on," said the supervisor to his radioman, and the two rode down along the ridge.

The supervisor was not a fine figure on horseback. Nevertheless, the hot-shot men greeted him with exclamations which were almost a cheer. They had been up all night, had worked through most of it, but they were still going strong and were set for the day shift too. They recognized the emergency, and wanted to be in on it.

The crew boss came up grinning. "Well," he said, "we stopped her in the flat over there and ran her up to the ridge like you said."

"Good job!"

"Think we'll catch her today?" the crew boss asked.

THE supervisor paused. Suddenly all the mountainside seemed full of the roaring of power—trucks and cats and saws.

"*Sounds* as if we ought to catch her," he said. "Got enough machines and men. But you know what a big fire is!"

From far off came the long cry, "*Timm-r-rr!*" Then he heard the crash. That was one more snag that would never blaze like a torch and send sparks scattering far downwind. Almost immediately he heard another one go down. With half a dozen power saws working, the snags would be dropping like ninepins. He was giving the fire plenty of room, taking no chances on losing the line; that is, at least no more chances than you had to take.

From a point where the ridge fell away, he had a better view. Far to the east he saw that little smoke was rising from the northern point of Swayback Ridge. The arm of the fire that had run across the campground at Union Flat had been flanked in and pinched off during the night, and was now well burned out. Closer below, in the long canyon that Bacchus Creek had worn in the eastern slope of Cerro Gordo, the main fire still burned on a curving front of a mile or more. It was running through a fine forest of mixed conifers, crowning here and there, putting up a heavy smoke column. The wind was funneling up the canyon; the point of the fire was well ahead along the stream, and moving fast.

LET it move! His strategy was working. By throwing the weight of his best crews during the night he had stopped the fire in its dangerous rush toward the divide and the Potter Creek drainage. Now it burned only in the canyon, well confined between two sharp ridges. All he had to do was to flank it along the ridges, and finally meet its onset along the flattish, rocky, thinly forested top of Cerro Gordo. That meant letting two or three square miles of good forest go up in smoke, but he had taken the responsibility for the sacrifice, and it was the safest plan. That afternoon should tell the story.

Dave Halliday was watching the sky and the feel of the wind. The barometer had fallen by a hair's breadth. Wind or rain—it was still a tossup.

He wondered if he shouldn't jump into the red jeep and start for Cerro Gordo. That was a wonderful place for watching wind currents. (But the wind currents were, in some way he could not fathom, not drifting smoke across canyons or swaying treetops, but were causing little ripples in wisps of brown hair that stuck out from under a yellow handkerchief.) Well, why not? *I'm as much use there as here anyway*, he thought.

"I'm starting for Cerro Gordo," he called to his assistant. "Call me if anything important comes in on the teletype."

"They'll be abandoning Cerro Gordo pretty soon," said the assistant. "The new fire line runs right underneath it. Things will be getting hot there."

Dave felt a sudden alarm which had nothing to do with air currents. He said, "I'll report to the dispatcher by whatever radio I'm nearest."

As he was getting into the jeep, he looked at the sky. The air was just as hot and dry and uncomfortable as ever, and there was a slight acrid smell. High overhead the smoke drift covered most of the sky. But at the edge of the smoke, south and west, he picked up a single thin mare's-tail of cloud. *High cirrus*, he thought. *Well, what would it bring, wind or rain?*

He got in and started the engine.

Long-short-long. She rang, and waited. *Long-short-long.* The receiver against her ear was deathly quiet. She hung it up and rang no more. The telephone line was gone, burned out somewhere down the slope. Of course the radio was still working, but she felt a new sense of isolation.

From the lookout the fire dominated everything. Only a mile away she saw the flames tossing up and the treetops swaying as the draft of the fire struck them. Above the flames the smoke belched out, eddying and swirling. Its drift covered all the view to the east and north, obscured all the familiar ridges. Even to south and west the smoke was thick enough almost to isolate her.

Except for occasional dashes she stayed inside, for on the catwalk there was a continual rain of ashes and charred bits of needles, and now and then a still-warm ember. The once-bright yellow handkerchief around her head was rumpled and grimy. The air, too, was better inside; on the catwalk she coughed and choked.

Below her on the slope the fire was licking forward. As she watched, it leaped from small trees into middle-sized ones, and the flames stabbed high above their tops. The old trees stood as if wading deep in fire. Their dead branches were burning and dropping to the ground. An old cedar ignited,

A mother of thirteen children was asked, "How in the world do you have time to care for thirteen?"

"Well," she replied, "when I had one child it took all my time. What more can thirteen do?" —LIFE DIGEST.



HERE'S a pretty Lenten plateful, very good to look at—very good to eat. It's easy and thrifty.

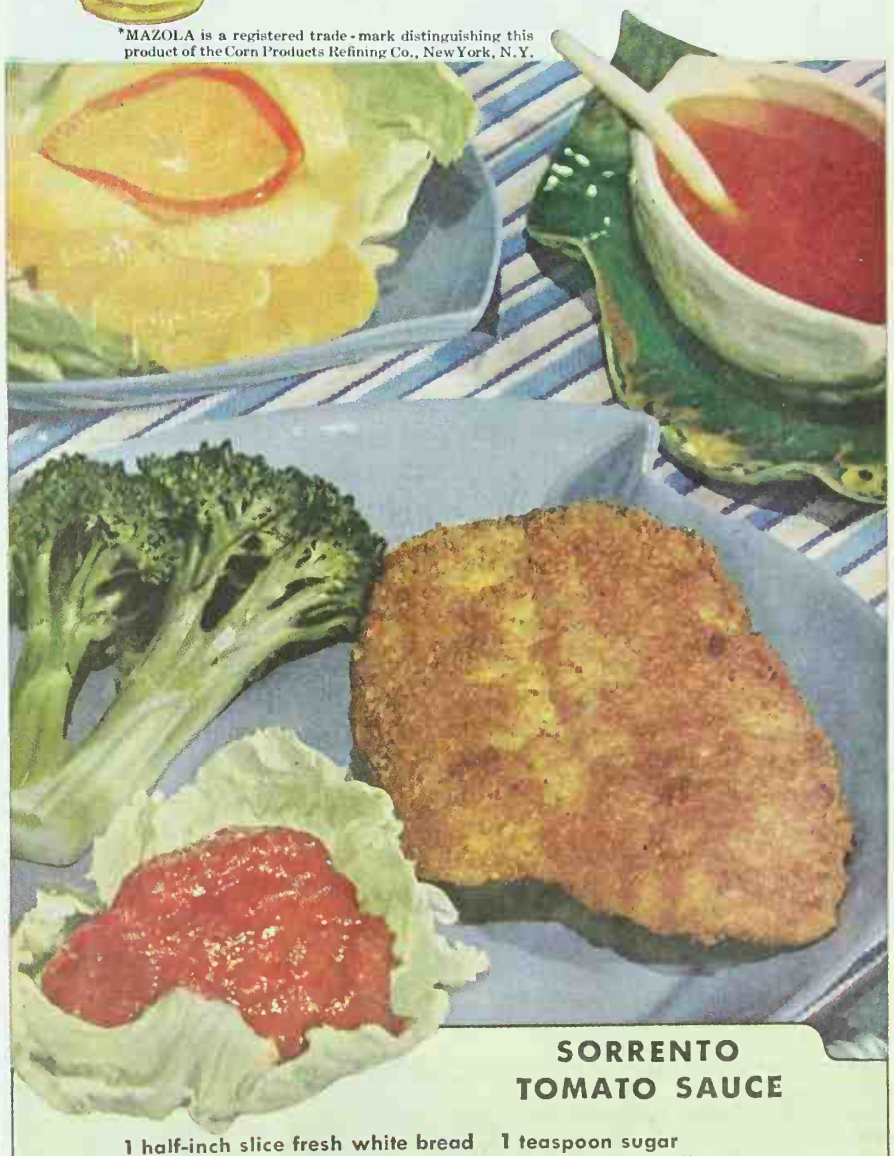
Simply dip your favorite fish fillets in seasoned crumbs, then in slightly beaten egg, and again in crumbs. Pour into your skillet one cup of MAZOLA*, the pure, all-purpose oil that makes so many good things. When hot, fry fillets 5 to 10 minutes or until golden brown, flaky and tender. Serve with new, appetizing Sorrento Tomato Sauce. And balance your meal with a salad dressed a bit on the tangy side.

LEMON FRENCH DRESSING

1 cup MAZOLA Salad Oil
⅔ cup lemon juice
⅓ cup sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons paprika
1 teaspoon finely grated onion

Measure all ingredients into a bottle or jar. Cover tightly and shake well. Chill. Shake thoroughly before serving. Delicious with fruit salads. Makes 1⅔ cups. (Vinegar may be used in place of lemon juice, if desired.)

*MAZOLA is a registered trade-mark distinguishing this product of the Corn Products Refining Co., New York, N.Y.



SORRENTO TOMATO SAUCE

1 half-inch slice fresh white bread
1 clove garlic
1 six-ounce can tomato paste
⅓ cup water
1½ teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon paprika
¼ teaspoon pepper
⅓ cup MAZOLA Salad Oil
¼ cup cider vinegar

Remove bread crusts. Cut garlic in thin slices and insert in bread. Let stand one hour; remove garlic. Crumble bread into small bowl and add tomato paste, water, salt, sugar, paprika, and pepper. Beat in MAZOLA Salad Oil and vinegar. Cover. Chill well. Stir before serving. Delicious with any fish or as a dressing for simple green salads. Makes about 1½ cups.



For other MAZOLA recipes, write Home Service Department, Corn Products Refining Company, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y. © C. P. R. Co., 1948

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and even from the tower she heard the roar. It seemed incredible that all the big trees did not burst into flame.

She had orders to abandon the tower whenever she felt it advisable. All the activity of line building was in full view. Two cats were plunging back and forth along the half mile of line that the lookout commanded. Behind them the neutral gray-brown of dead pine needles and the green of saplings changed to an eight-foot strip of raw earth. Men by dozens swarmed out after the cats had passed. They cleaned up the debris, throwing it back on the side away from the fire. With brush clippers they cut back the intruding branches. With axes they chopped the young trees close to the line.

A three-man crew with a power saw came into view. They set up the saw at the base of a tall snag. When the engine started, the girl went out on the catwalk and focused binoculars on the crew. The chain saw ate into the tough wood, burying itself out of sight almost before she realized it had started.

Suddenly, as she stood on the catwalk, she was hot with a beating heat that was not from the sun. She went inside hastily, coughing.

She might as well be getting out of here—if the fire made a rush, or crowned badly, she wasn't sure how hot it might get suddenly, or if the flames would actually sweep the stairway. Yet she hated to run out.

Suddenly on the tower everything was almost quiet. The last snag had gone down, and the power saws were still. She saw a crew carry their saw across the line and place it for safety among the boulders. The cats had withdrawn behind the line.

SHE was conscious of a new sound filling the air. It was low and sinister and all-enveloping—the hiss and crackle of flames.

Better be getting out of here, she thought. Even inside the glass-walled room, she felt hot. Thick smoke drifted close overhead. Often it swirled around the catwalk.

Looking downward, she saw beneath the smoke along the line. Men were lighting fusees now. They ran along, setting fires inside the line. She watched in fascination, except once when the drifting smoke enveloped the whole tower. She shut the door quickly. She was frightened, but did not like the idea of trying to rush down the stairs and be overcome with smoke. Then, even before she could make a decision, the smoke lifted high, and everything was safe again.

Two miles down the road there had been a truck parked in the middle of it, with a tall mountaineer on guard.

"No equipment allowed past here," the guard said to Dave. "Zone boss's orders."

"I'm the weatherman, and this is my own car."

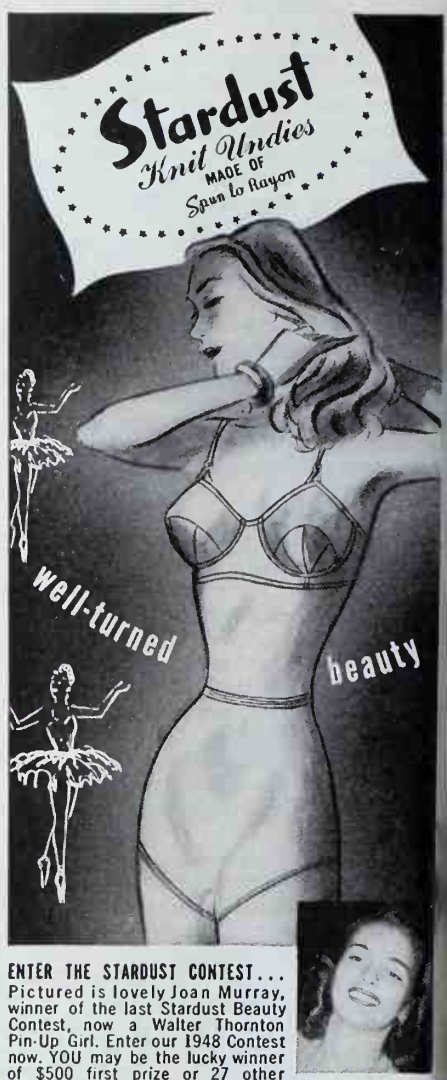
The mountaineer had spat. "I guess I was jest to stop Forest Service equipment, not fools—go ahead."

Past that point Dave had driven with a sense of urgency and alarm. Of course Judith would be out of the tower by this time, but he wanted to see for sure.

When he came around the last turn and up to the crest, he was face to face with a magnificent show. The backfire had met the main fire. Everything was going up in high, solid masses of flame. As he looked at the tower, he saw smoke drifting thickly all about it. Then, through the glass, he had a glimpse of a yellow handkerchief bobbing about.

The little fool! Why didn't she get out when the getting was good? He realized, with quick excitement, that he was going up to get her himself—or try to go!

He jumped from the jeep, and ran toward the base of the tower. The heat of the flames beat hard on him, but the air was good, being sucked in toward the fire. As he ran he figured chances. All the upper half of the tower was in thick smoke. But a man who had spent years studying air and the way it behaved to make weather knew that along that leaning edge of smoke there would be pockets and whorls of rising fresh air. The thing to try was to hold your breath in the



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smoke, and grab some more air when you came to a pocket.

Six ten-foot flights to the top! The first two were easy. Then the smoke was close above him. He took a long breath, made eight steps with his eyes almost closed, saw clear air again, and got half a lungful before the smoke closed again. He had to make that do him clear to the fourth landing. Two more flights to go!

He lay flat on the landing, just able to breathe. His heart was pounding faster than he could count. (Rushing four long flights would be hard work, even with good air.) He dared not try the next flight without more oxygen. For a moment he feared he was blacking out.

Then the smoke eddied again. The air was hot, but he breathed quickly three times, pulled the last one in deep, got to his feet, and rushed the last two flights.

Staggering, he made the catwalk, flung open the door, stepped in, and closed it behind him. He was ready to drop to the floor, but the air inside was better, and his head cleared.

"You—little—fool!" was all he could gasp. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that she was sobbing against his shoulder and he had his arms around her.

That must have been only a moment, for suddenly he knew that it was too hot to stay in this glass box. There was smoke all around, and, snapping sharply, a windowpane cracked with the heat. A wedge of glass clattered to the floor, and smoke poured in through the gap.

"Come on!" he said and pulled her toward the door. "Take a deep breath and hold it!"

He had his arm around her, and knew she was holding her breath. The first flight down was easy, running. Halfway down the second it was getting hard, and then he felt the wind shift. He stopped her by the pressure of his arm. The air was suddenly good. Thick smoke was blowing by, so close you could almost put your hand out into it. He breathed gratefully. The air was cooler and there was even some moisture in it.

To be as good as our fathers, we must be better. —WENDELL PHILLIPS.

"Relax!" he said, and loosened his grip, though he still kept his arm where it was.

"I can go on all right."

"No hurry. That wind shift was toward the south. When it shifts, with a front coming in like it is now, it's not likely to shift back."

She looked up at him, and he felt the warm curve of her body move closer against him. "This," she said with a smile, "is the funniest time and place I ever heard of for a lecture on meteorology."

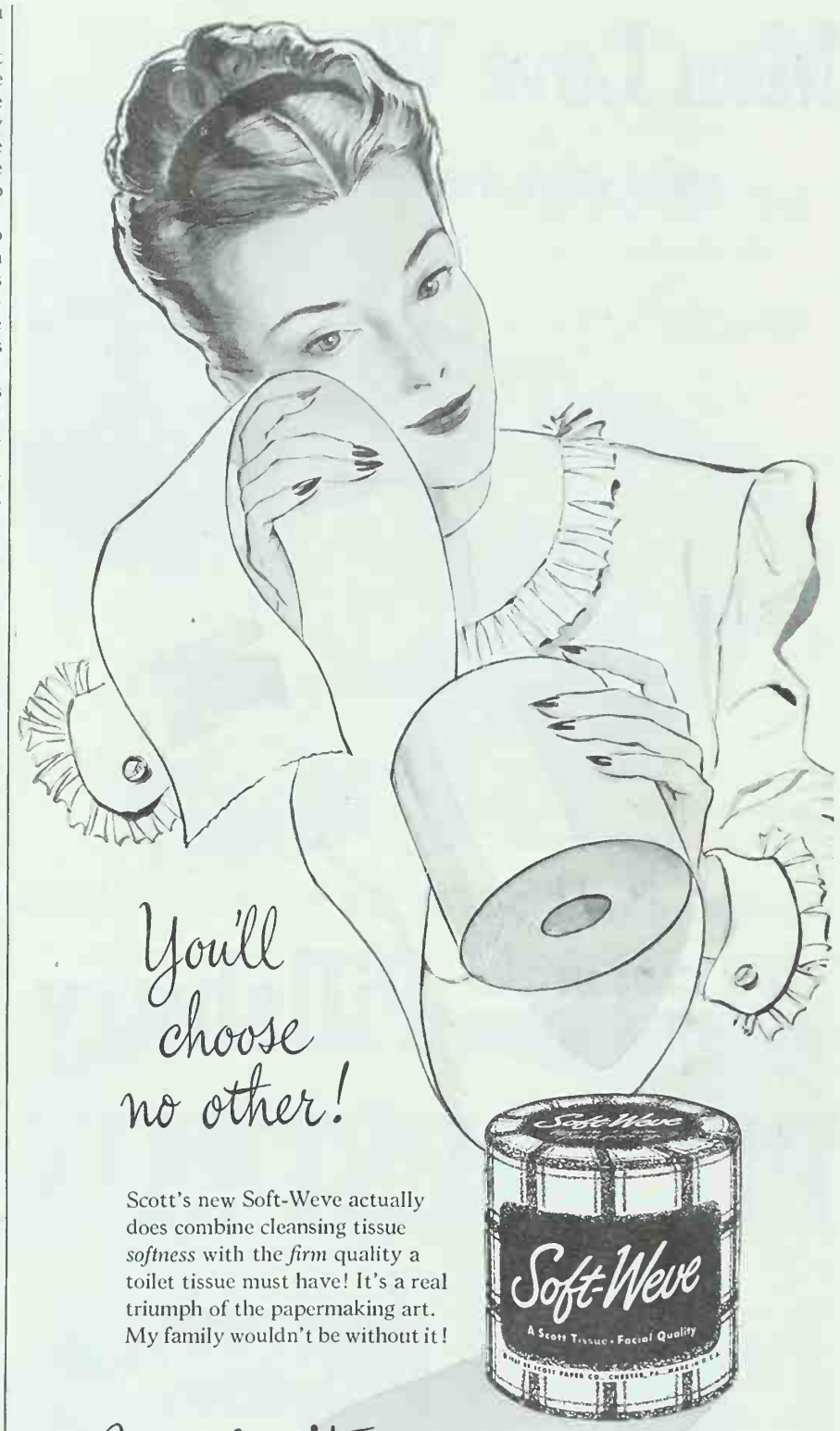
Then he knew that he was blushing.

As the fires met and roared up, the supervisor looked at his wrist watch and noted the time as 2:49. Crouching behind the shelter of the boulders to keep out of the heat, he felt the wind shift. It freshened, too, as it shifted. At the gust a great sugar pine, a hundred feet off, went up in a roaring vortex of flame. The long branches tossed in the blast. Big cones at the ends of the branches shook loose, and fell blazing downward. Dead stubs of branches flamed. Carried high in the whirlwind, sparks blew across the line, and tiny smokes curled up from spot fires.

But for each spot fire there was a man, or two or three, to spring upon it with shovel and McLeod. This was no hastily built line, manned by a thinly stretched crew. Men swarmed everywhere.

The supervisor saw also that the fallers had done their work thoroughly. Well down the slope, too far inside the line to be very dangerous, a single snag was flaring up. Otherwise, as well as he could see for the wall of flame and smoke, there were no others.

He looked over the top of the boulder again, and then knew suddenly that it had



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happened. The heat beat less intensely; the flames had faded from white to yellow; the front of fire had breaks in it.

He stood up, sheltering his face behind his arm. Flames puffed out on a stretch fifty feet long in front of him. For a moment the branches still glowed redly. As they faded to black, he took his arm from in front of his face. Now, instead of a wall of flame, there was only a blackened forest with fires burning here and there.

He climbed to the top of the boulder, and looked back and forth along the length of the critical line. Everywhere the fire had died down, and he saw men standing idle and looking at it.

He let out a long breath. From his pocket he drew his notebook. He glanced at his watch, then wrote firmly: "2:52 P.M. Fire under control."

LAST DAY

All through the evening they had still been anxious. A fire controlled was not a fire out! As darkness had fallen, hundreds of glowing red spots stood out, like the eyes of wolves lurking in the night, where flames still licked up from between crossed logs, or embers glowed in a punky stump, or red-hot coals still lived in the shattered top of a snag. In spite of the hundreds that had cooled and winked out, hundreds remained. . . .

At Suffolk, his work finished, Dave Halliday slept soundly. There was rain on the north Coast Ranges, and drizzle clear south to the Bay. Also, the front was sweeping in cold, heavy air from the Pacific, to fill the Sacramento Valley and block any dry wind that might try to rush down from the north or east. . . .

There were no stars that night, but the men on the lines knew that cloud, not smoke, stretched across the sky. From the southeast, veering toward the south, a moist wind blew steadily. In the dark of early morning the rain began—a drifting mist at first, then a steady drizzle, and sometimes a gentle shower.

The rain fell upon the red embers and the little flames. Where each drop struck, a sudden spot of blackness showed in the red glow, or the flame fluttered. As thousands of drops fell, the blackness grew and encroached upon the red, and the flames wavered and winked out.

It was as if some running conflagration had swept from Spuyten Duyvil to the Battery, leaving two thirds of Manhattan Island in a blackened swath. Yet the Spitcat fire would not be very memorable even in the annals of Region 5. Any old-timer could recall greater ones. In comparison with the Tillamook, which in eleven flaming days had wiped out 311,000 acres of the best forest in Oregon, the Spitcat was a mere wastebasket blaze.

Even so, the costs of suppression alone would run well over a hundred thousand dollars. Two men had been killed, and a score of others had suffered injury. The value of the burned trees would pass a million dollars.

Though the Spitcat had burned for only a few days, its effects could be reckoned ahead in centuries. Looking across the country from a peak, an unskilled observer would have seen many tall trees still standing green, and might have thought that surprisingly little damage had been suffered. But many of those trees had been fatally scorched around the bases. Many other were so damaged that they would soon fall prey to boring insects.

The disaster of those few days would not be undone in a hundred years. Even after five hundred, a skilled forester might be able to trace the scar of that old burn.

Bart came driving into camp, neatly shaved and in clean clothes. There was nothing melodramatic about the meeting of the two men.

"Hello," Bart said. "I've had a good sleep, and I thought maybe you could use me for something."

"Thanks, Bart," said the supervisor. "As a matter of fact, I *would* like you to ride along the line with me. I want to see who started this all started."

The trails were muddy, and made heavy going for the horses. Where the two big pines trees framed the view was a natural place to stop and let the horses blow.

Cerro Gordo lookout stood up sharp against the distant western sky, but it was no longer a shining white. Below the lookout Bart saw the long blackened swath on the face of the mountain. Closer at hand was the burned top of Reverse Ridge. The lot had changed in six days, and himself was an old man. He could ride the routine of the district, but the boss never trust him with a big fire again. He wouldn't even trust himself.

"Don't take it too hard, Bart. It's just part of the way things are!"

Bart looked across to the man on the other horse. He saw that the supervisor was trying to smile.

The supervisor went on, "While there are pine trees there's also going to be fire, because if there's no dry

son, you'll have a hardwood forest. might say if there weren't fires, there would be pines."

"I'm thinking of some of the places I used to like to go."

"It's hard to tell about it all, Bart. way a rabbit thinks, a brush field must the Garden of Eden, compared to a forest. In nature a raw gullied canyon may be just as good as a fine slope of timber. The difference is in our minds."

"That's a big difference to me," said Bart.

As they rode on, with the horses' hoofs slushing in the red mud, the supervisor saw the old wall again. Things he understood and could manage—land, trees, even fire. Any fire he knew—but would he ever know men? Sometimes the wall seemed to be growing weaker—as when the paratrooper called him "Slim." This fire had meant something to him; perhaps he had taken a step forward. The men knew he could stop a fire, and so they would honor and respect him. But would the men break into grins when he came suddenly upon them?

Awkwardly, his long legs dangling, Bart rode down the slope.

It was a tedious pull up the trail at Onion Creek. The sun had broken through and the trail was drying, but the horses slipped and slithered.

On this side, the forest was rich and green on the other, where the crown fire had run

"What Will the American People Say When They Finally Learn the Truth?"

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condensed from the book shortly to be published by William Sloane Associates—complete in the April JOURNAL.



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there was only the desolation of black trunks and branches.

They came to the place where Bart had tied Betty when he first came to the fire, dismounted and looked around. Bart pointed across the canyon. "There's the first line that Slugger's boys ran up the slope." It was only eighteen inches wide, but he could follow it clearly, red with black on both sides. If they had tied that line in, the Spitcat fire would have been written off at one acre.

A little farther upcanyon, to the right, he saw the undercut line angling up the slope, black above it, green below. He pointed that out too.

"That's the only part of the original line that held," he said. "We got that line tied in and burned out. If the wind hadn't got us, we'd have held her at about forty acres."

"Let's take a look," said the supervisor.

They plunged down to the creek, and climbed up the other side, walking on the now cold ashes of the burn. Bart located the pine which had been struck. They could make out the long spiral weal. The tree itself had suffered little, and had not been caught in the crown fire. Possibly its top had been blighted; even so, it would live and grow, perhaps for a century.

The supervisor knelt at the base of the weal. "See," he said, "it runs out along the buttress root. The fire must have caught in the dry needles and smoldered. A man could have spit and put it out, then."

"What we needed was an access road, and a lookout on Howell Mountain."

"I've asked for them, you know, but there never was money. We'll probably get them now."

"After the horse is stolen!"

"Well, we have other horses."

She had been hard at it all morning, washing windows like an overworked housemaid. She had got most of the soot off now, except for those on the east side, which were cracked from the heat so that she dared not scrub them for fear of knocking chunks of glass out. Everything that she had not washed was still sooty from the smoke. What had been shining white paint was blackened and blistered.

She ate lunch, and then cleaned herself up. She put on gray slacks and her dark-green shirt, open at the throat. She did the best she could with her hair.

THE afternoon was sunny, and she kept alert. But she saw nothing to think twice about. The tanker crew and a couple of other men were in full sight. She hoped they would go away. *Girls who live in glass houses shouldn't have callers in the daytime.* But she reflected that she might stand beside the fire finder, as close to the center of the lookout as possible, and probably anyone looking up from the ground would not be able to see what went on there. . . . "*Yes, children, I first met your father at a forest fire!*"

Then she wondered whether she could feel the way she did about Dave, if it hadn't been for the fire and her being part of all those who were fighting it.

When he came that afternoon, she solved the glass-house problem by standing next the fire finder, and it worked very well.

Then they stood on the east catwalk, looking for smokes—but there weren't any. She told him many things—of how, for instance, she got her Spanish name because her great-great-grandmother fell in love with a Californian and let him carry her off (so the family story went) on a tall black stallion.

"Well," he said, "I've got no black stallion. Would a red jeep do?"

"Considering how times have changed, I'll think it over. . . . Yes, that would be very satisfactory."

Smoke and cloud had vanished. Through the rain-washed air the sun shone brightly, and along the crest of the range the highest peaks were dazzling white with snow. Moist and clean, the northwest wind from the ocean blew steadily across the long ridges, and from high-swinging cones, opened by the fiery heat, the winged seeds drifted downward to the earth. THE END

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Report to

Soon come the days when we'll all want to begin that satisfying escape from the dullness of winter—a spring festival of freshening up at home, to welcome the bright new season! This year, all manner of fine new things aid and abet us in spring's happy kind of housework.



Waistlines aren't the only things currently being improved by boning! This new garment bag is boned near the top, which causes its opening to spread conveniently wide as the slide fastener is opened, holds it that way as you cache winter garments away without groping in a dark interior.



Treat your freshly papered walls to a spring topcoat of transparent liquid wax that seals their "new-ness" in, discourages soil and finger smudges, makes them easy to clean. The wax is applied with a soft cloth and may be buffed when dry if you like a lustrous finish on your walls.



One of the newest vacuum clean[ers] has a special attachment for y[our] shining hours—a wax-polish[ing] brush which may be attached [in] place of the regular brush in a ji[ffy]. A flip of the switch then, and [the] cleaner buffs hardwood and/or li[no]leum floors to a well-groomed g[lo]

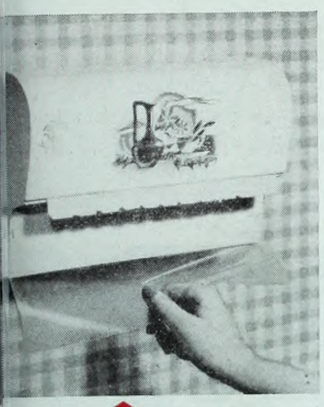


It's hard work to scrape paint d[rip]pings off windowpanes! Pr[otect] them with edges of masking t[ape] and a new quick-drying pl[astic] brushed on center sections. W[hen] painting is finished, the pl[astic] mask is pulled off in big sh[eets] carrying paint splatters wit[h]

Work your way up from the bo[ttom] little by little for best result[s] washing walls—just as in li[fe] seems! This upward surge [takes] out the possibility of hard-to-[see] streaks of water down dirty [or] Some of the new detergents for [wash]ing walls happily need no rin[sing]

the Housewife

BY JUDY BARRY



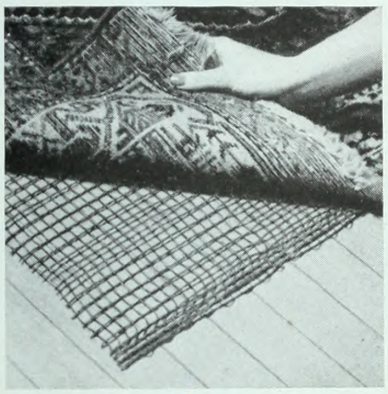
you're planning your kitch-ring pickup, consider the con-e of a twin dispenser, which those hard-to-live-withouts, aper and paper towels, well ed from dust. Takes standard-lls, tears them clean at de-engths, and is easy to refill.



lace of honor on the paint bove stands a can of fire-nt paint, which has the offi-ssing of the Underwriters' tories. This comes in white-l form, may be tinted with dry It may also be used as a base neath a washable oil color.

rushes are hung beneath the ith care, each sheathed in a ve cellulose jacket, held an elastic band. These in-ve jackets keep brushes pli-future use. Also on the shelf, paint deodorant, to lessen sery of that horrid odor!

When the painters fold up their canvases and depart, ask them to leave a little mixed paint from each room. Keep these leftovers in tightly capped, clearly labeled glass jars of proper size, standing by on your neat paint shelf ready for emergency touch-ups if they're needed.



When scatter rugs go down on polished floors, they often cause members of the family to go down, too, alas! A new inexpensive rubberized webbing to place under treacherous slippery rugs holds them firm and fast, helps prevent falls, one of the greatest hazards inside the home.

PHOTOS BY STUART



Hope you're letting your vacuum cleaner's attachments help as much as they're capable of doing. This "crevice" tool, with its long thin nozzle, effectively routs dirt and dust out of tricky down-deep places. The standing kit is a convenient way to tote all cleaner attachments.



Sleep in the flower-fresh charm of a Rose Bower . . .

Is there a rose in your bedroom décor scheme? Match it with Pequot's lovely fine combed percales in the shade called Dusty Rose. Extra-long fibres, exquisite weaving, give these luxury sheets the baby-soft feel of rosebud petals . . . give a warm, rosy glow to your room and your dreams.

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"My Crown Cake got a royal reception!"



"I was proud as a queen! My wonder cake was oh, so much lighter, richer and more tender than the run-of-the-mill cakes I used to make. What a super success!

"And all because of Crisco and that amazing Crisco Success Cake recipe. You see, new, improved Crisco has a *baking secret* you find in no other type of shortening. And the Crisco Success Cake recipes are *built around* that secret to give you lighter, richer, more tender cakes. Cakes that simply won't be matched with any other type of shortening, or any ordinary recipe.

"It's so easy, too—and it takes only 4½ minutes to mix a gorgeous Crisco Success Cake. Naturally, pure, all-vegetable Crisco is a wonder for any cake or any recipe. But Crisco *plus* the magic Success Cake method gives you cakes at their delicious best!

"High time I used Crisco for cakes, too, 'cau sweet, snowy Crisco has always been my standb for flaky pastry and digestible fried foods. (Ye digestible—9 out of 10 doctors say so!) Startin this minute, it's Crisco for me for all three– pastry, fried foods and dreamy cakes!"



CROWN CAKE

(Yield: one 9" ring)

Don't worry if you've never made a cake this way. Measure exactly . . . follow directions carefully. Be sure to use Crisco, because *only* with new, improved Crisco can we promise you a lighter, richer, moister, more tender cake.

Measure into mixing bowl (All Measurements Level):

2 cups sifted cake flour • 1⅓ cups sugar
½ cup Crisco • 1 teaspoon salt • ⅔ cup milk

Blend by hand or mixer (medium speed) for 2 min. Stir in (yes, all by itself):

3 teaspoons baking powder*

Now add:

⅓ cup milk • 2 eggs (unbeaten) • 1 teaspoon vanillo

Blend by hand or mixer for 2 min. Pour into 9" ring mold 3" deep, rubbed with Crisco and lined with waxed paper along the bottom. (For smaller pans fill half full—bake cup cakes with remaining batter. *Crisco Success Cakes are lighter, rise higher than the average cakes.*) Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 40-45 min. When cool, ice with creamy icing and decorate with gumdrops or candied fruit.

*Double-action or phosphate type (Calumet, Davis, Clabber Girl, Rumford, etc.) With tartrate type (Royal, etc.), use 4 tsps.

SEND FOR CRISCO COOK BOOK—64 pages of "Recipes for Good Eating," with more Success Cake recipes. Send 10¢ in coin and a Crisco label (any size). Address: Crisco, Dept. HJ, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Offer good in United States, including Hawaii.

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Be thrifty—buy the 3-lb. economy size!

Here are Dotty, Patsy, Karen from what might be called a cobbler's-eye view. These bottoms-up present six reasons why the Sullivans won't get rich.

THE SULLIVAN STRUGGLE

THE small white house where Tom and Dorothy and the four little Sullivans live is squeezed in among scores of small white houses, all of a pattern and bewilderingly alike. Cherry Street, part of a raw new Michigan real-estate development which existed only in pasture and blueprint until the war, is alive with the sons and daughters of Detroit's and Dearborn's industrial workers. The children roller-skate along the sidewalks, hold busy conferences in handkerchief-sized, well-kept front yards, rush off on important expeditions to the slides and swings of near-by Crowley Park.

When I walked into the four-room, story-and-a-half house on that Friday afternoon, I found the distaff side of the family congregated around the bathroom basin. Dorothy had corralled her three daughters and was shampooing them vigorously, in turn. All three have long hair, and the washing occurs once a week. Year-old Chuck, trapped in the battered high chair his three sisters used before him, was observing the proceedings with a jaundiced eye. By the time Dorothy finished Patsy's and Karen's curly brown locks and attacked the straight red hair of four-year-old Dotty, she had her usual problem with the drying. The Sullivans' linen supply consists of two good towels and the

"The check is too little to pay our big bills, too big to pay our little bills. Let's just spend it!"

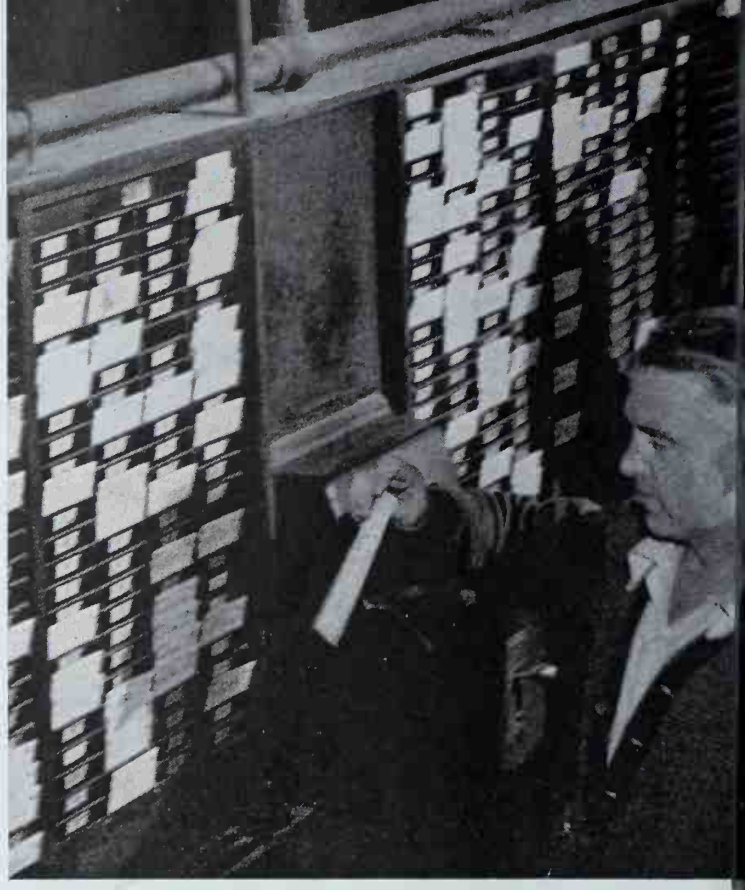


By DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY • Photographs by FONS IANNELLI

11.5% of American families have incomes of between $2500 and $3000 a year.



"It was easier before Patsy was born. Because then when you were laid off I could go back to work."



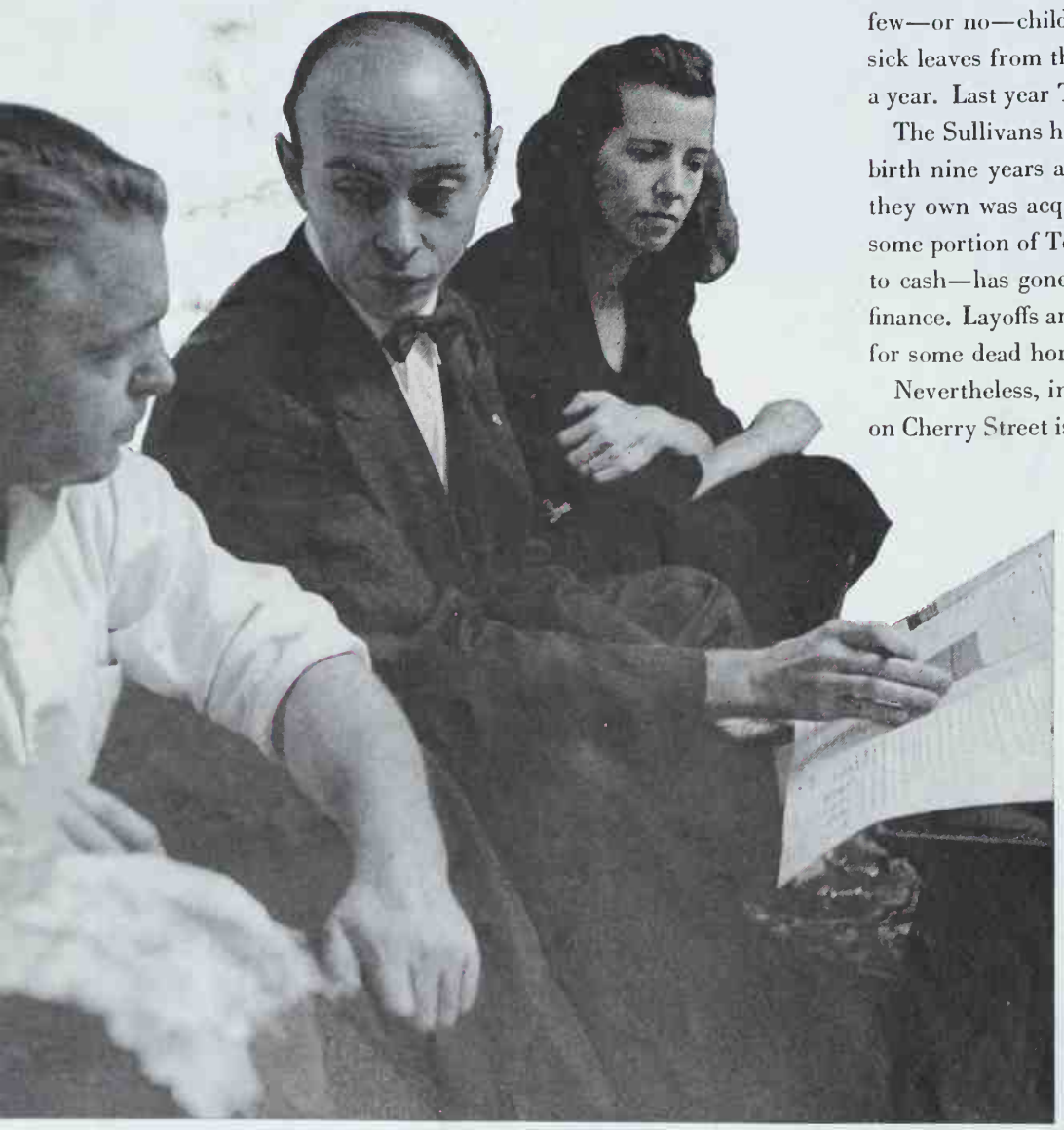
Tom rises at 5:45, gets his own breakfast and lets Dorothy sleep

shreds of three others bought years ago. "Everything is wearing out at once," Dorothy told me. "But with prices so high, we just can't figure to buy."

Tom and Dorothy Sullivan's story might almost seem to show that the average American industrial worker can afford to live without worry only if he lives with few—or no—children. Tom Sullivan is a husky, healthy, hard-working man, whose sick leaves from the plant where he has worked since 1934 scarcely average one day a year. Last year Tom earned $2849.12; family demands took every cent of it.

The Sullivans hate debt, yet they have never been really free of debt since Patsy's birth nine years ago. They dislike installment buying, but everything of any value they own was acquired on the installment plan. Every month since their marriage some portion of Tom's weekly check—except when he was laid off and had no check to cash—has gone to pay off this, that or the other. The Sullivans finance and refinance. Layoffs and strikes figure big in their picture. Always they're footing the bill for some dead horse.

Nevertheless, in spite of financial worries that are chronic, the small white house on Cherry Street is filled with happiness and confidence and hope. Tom and Dorothy



Tom and Dorothy discuss the future with insurance agent Conklin, fellow member of the Dearborn Heights Civic Association. Some people think the Sullivans, income-wise, are overinsured. Tom doesn't agree: "$4200 isn't much for a wife and four kids."

Back of Dorothy, who is thriftily barbering frayed edges on a worn rug, is secondhand refrigerator bought for $50 in 1942. "That," says Dorothy, "was the biggest, best bargain I ever got."





he punches time clock at plant.



Tom Sullivan's local of the United Automobile Workers—one of the largest locals—has 30,000 members.

are fully aware that they possess assets not to be figured in dollars and cents. A sense of belonging and participating in life sustains them.

"It makes a difference knowing others are in the same boat," Dorothy said. "Tom and I have more than lots of folks. We've got our children and they're still eating pretty good. Maybe we're behind two payments on the house, but we always catch up, and we *own* it!"

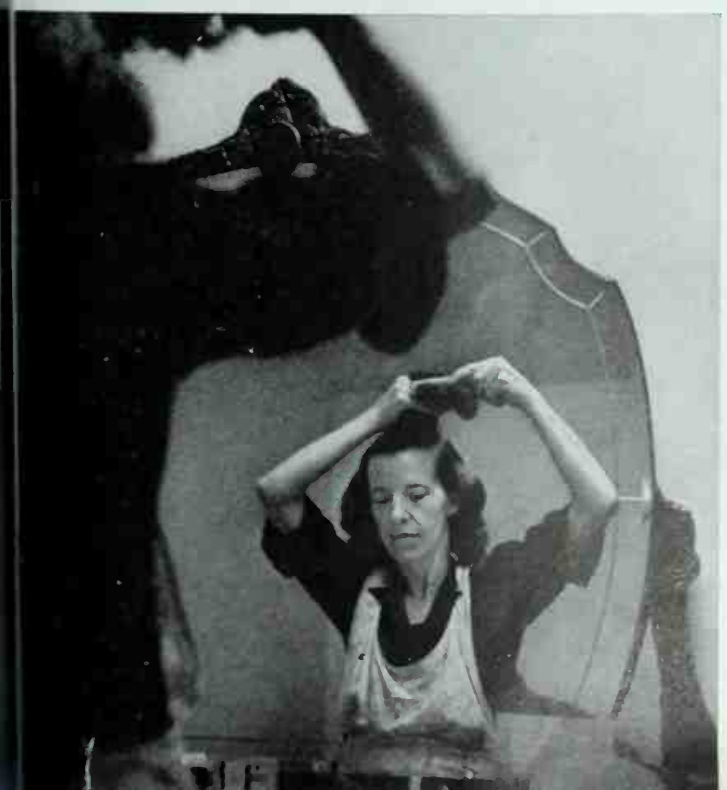
By now Dorothy and I were settled in the nine-by-twelve living room. Young Sullivans were boiling around us, but the room was clean and uncluttered. Thin, worn-looking Dorothy is unalterably convinced that cleanliness and order are worth the effort. The woodwork was spotless. The pretty lace curtains, pride of Mrs. Sullivan's heart, hung starched and crisp. Neat tidies covered worn spots on the overstuffed furniture where the children were scuffling and sliding.

Nearly everything that caught my eye had a story. Dorothy values her possessions, and recalls without difficulty how and when and at what cost they were acquired. The overstuffed suite, the desk and coffee table, the threadbare rug were bought on the installment plan in the first two years of the Sullivan marriage. So was the cabinet



Laundry day comes twice a week. And soap alone, still rising in price, costs the household $2.85 every month.

Dorothy at the mirror. She hasn't been in a beauty parlor since her marriage. Last September she purchased ingredients and chemicals and gave Patsy and herself a home-style permanent wave. Cost? $3



Dorothy is a wise and thrifty shopper. Her children are cooky-crazy. So she buys day-old and broken cookies at a rate of 35 cents for three dozen. She buys fruit canned in water and cooks it with sugar at home. This means a real and substantial saving.





"You'd think a man could afford a new suit every two years without depriving the kids. But I can't."



Baby Chuck protests violently as he faces a smiling doctor. And with good re son too. Chuck is about to get a needle in his arm which will protect hi against diphtheria. Sullivans' medical bill totaled only $4 last yea

radio, which brings Tom his football games on autumn Saturday afternoons. The handsome piano lamp was a wedding gift. The second lamp and the mahogany-veneer table were purchased from a neighbor who was moving away. An unexpected windfall explained the fresh light-blue walls. Recently a neighbor presented Tom "a whole can of left-over paint," and he did the room in two evenings after work. The bookshelf in the corner was built by Dorothy's kid brother. The painted rocker was Tom's gift to his wife when Karen was born, and cost $3.

"I didn't get a chance to rock Patsy," said Dorothy. "But Tom knew what a kick I get out of rocking my babies, so he brought home the rocker. Every time I have a new baby, it's painted again."

It was half past four and Dorothy had started preparations for supper when Tom arrived home. His daughters couldn't have got to the door faster if they'd been on their way to a circus. Indeed, what took place for the next five or ten minutes amounted to a circus. Long ago, in his boyhood on Michigan's upper peninsula, Tom Sullivan used t play end on his high-school football team; he's forty-three now, b after a hard day's work, energy and power and vitality still come hon with him. In the midst of cheerful uproar, Tom managed to ask there was anything in particular Dorothy wanted done before h washed up. There was.

Shaking himself free of his young, Tom went out to the back ya and brought in a big basket of Sullivan laundry. Then he descended t the cellar and fired the furnace. Upstairs again, he breezed into th bathroom, washed up and changed from his work clothes.

Just as he came back to the living room, a fellow member of th Dearborn Heights Civic Association, a community organization i which Tom takes a highly active interest, walked in for a conferenc One of the huge neighborhood parties sponsored by the associatio was scheduled for the following week. A thousand people, grownu and children, would gather in Crowley Park for dancing, games a





This unfinished attic houses the Sullivans' dream for the future—a big b room for their daughters. Now Tom shares his room and his double b (left) with Patsy and Karen. In the other cramped bedroom Dorothy a Dotty sleep in a single bed beside Chuck's crib. Family owns six she



Our neighbors are simply perfect. You couldn't find better neighbors anywhere." Patsy tries on an outgrown dress while neighbor Mrs. Willard Dihle and her 11-year-old daughter Carol look on. Carol is too big for the dress now.



Big families pay dividends. Patsy tries on a cousin's outgrown coat. Tom's sister, Mary, has daughters who also sprout out of sturdy clothes, and Dorothy's skill at repair jobs with a needle has made Patsy a well-dressed youngster at her school.

ontests, refreshments. Everybody invited, everything free. In short, big night for the kids. Tom and Clyde Hale, the association president, ere on the entertainment committee, and it soon became clear how uch time and work they'd put into the project. Arranging a smoothnning party for a thousand people isn't a cinch.

For twenty minutes the two men discussed minutiae—food donaons to be picked up, prize donations to be solicited, floodlighting by e town to be arranged, the police band and the Boy Scout fife-and-rum corps to be drilled and rehearsed, and, "Get after Bill, will you, lyde, and make sure the parade starts this year at six-thirty sharp so e little kids don't get tired out."

While the committee members planned and decided, the usual ening household activities swept on around them. Patsy and Karen t the table in the adjoining dinette. His high chair now squeezed be-le the kitchen sink, Chuck was fed his milk and his daily egg by his other. Little Dotty sat on daddy's lap and tried not to interrupt.



s is known as "sharing the work." Tom, a born athlete, has seldom had a si day in his life. Dorothy is not so lucky. Home from his job, Tom scrubs th kitchen floor while Dorothy irons. She depends on him for heavy wk like this and (right) for helping entertain and discipline the kids.





"Someday they'll be worth it."
. . ."But, Tom, why someday? Our children are worth it right now."

Redheaded Dotty, 4, preparing herself for the Halloween party in Crowley Park. There are three big parties a year for kids—monthly get-together for adults.





Dorothy's sewing club meets monthly and it's always a jolly meeting for eve

A neighbor appeared at the back door to borrow a cup of flour. Another neighbor popped in to return the Sullivans' deck of playing cards; her in-laws had visited the previous Sunday. Living two doors away, Mrs. Dihle hadn't found a moment to run in earlier. She has a houseful of children herself. When Audrey Dihle goes to the dentist, she deposits the Dihle baby with Dorothy. In return, Mrs. Dihle's high-school son sits with the Sullivan young on the rare evenings when Tom and Dorothy need to leave the house together.

On this particular evening, as it developed after the other company left and we sat down to six-o'clock supper, Tom was staying home with the children. Friday is payday for Tom. Payday for Tom means stocking-up day for Tom's family. The chain stores in the Detroit area remain open on Friday night. Except for milk and bread delivered at the door, Dorothy gets her week's supplies all at once. A sister and brother-in-law drive her to market, and bring her back with the load.



The Dearborn Heights Civic Association plans the annual Halloween party: 80 gallons of coffee, 80 gallons of soft drinks, 200 dozen doughnuts were consumed. Hundreds of children appeared in costumes. Reaction: it was tops.



'y dues of 25 cents are saved for a "hen blowoff" party—no husbands allowed.



Overworked Dorothy has set herself certain rules for keeping her household on an even keel. As a child she heard women screaming at children. "Now, I try not to holler," she says. "Whatever is wrong, I try first to keep still a minute and get things straight."

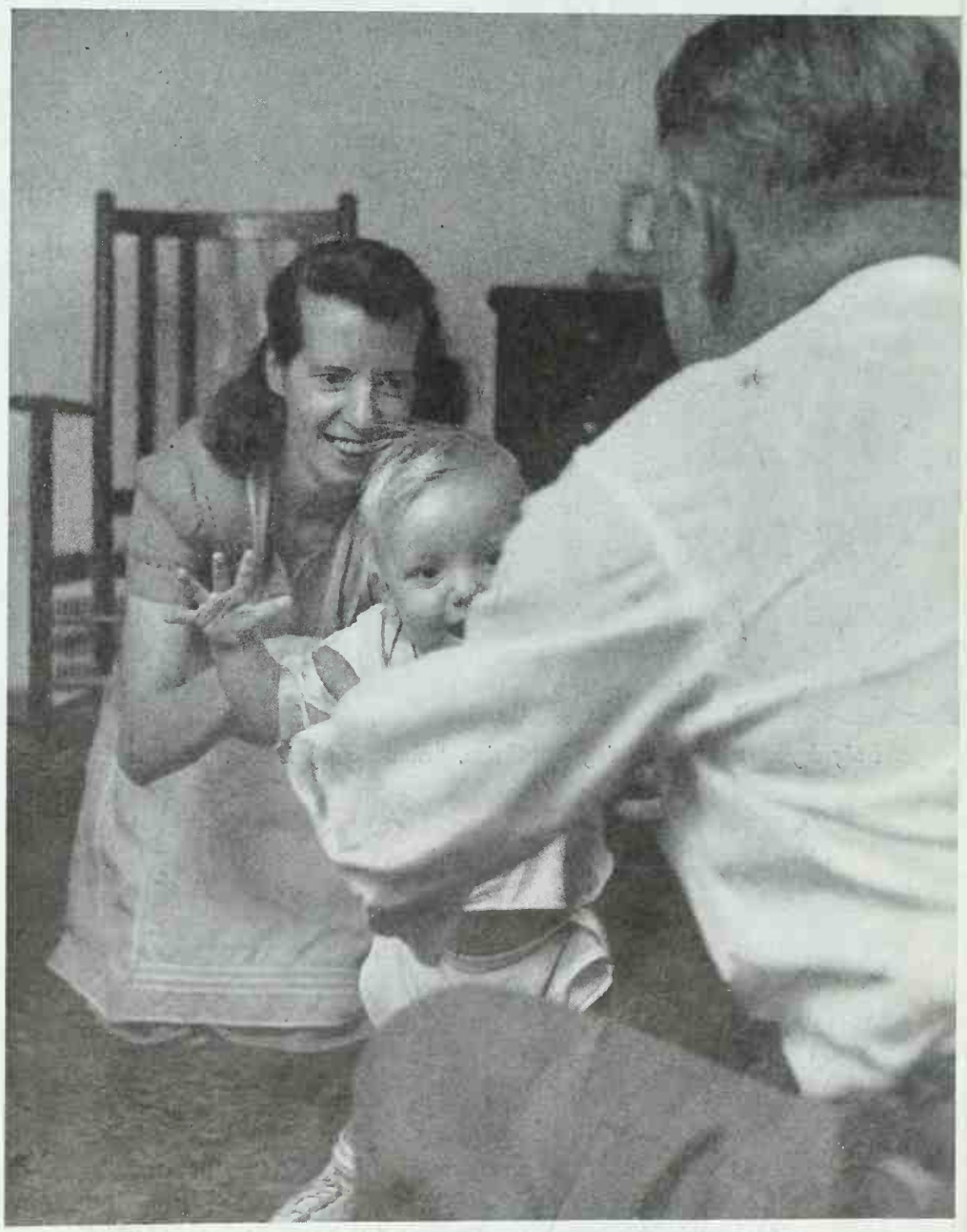
Dorothy studies the chain-store bargains in the Thursday-night newspaper, and reaches her careful decisions. She doesn't write out a list; fixed in her head is the list of the Sullivan needs for the week, along with the list the Sullivans can afford. Dorothy puts emphasis on cereals, canned fruits and vegetables, margarine as the best buys.

The idea of a Tuesday meatless day made Tom and Dorothy smile; they've been priced out of the meat market at least three days a week, and often four. If hamburger is a bargain, the Sullivans eat hamburger stretched with oatmeal on Sunday, hamburger stretched with rice or spaghetti on Wednesday. If frankfurters are a bargain, they eat frankfurters and beans on Friday, frankfurters and sauerkraut on Saturday. Twenty-two or twenty-three dollars is the absolute limit Dorothy sets for expenditure in the chain stores each Friday night.

"It's cheaper buying that way," Dorothy explained. "After I come home, Tom and I put the groceries away. Then we sit down and figure



Crowley Park is a successful enterprise. It covers 25 city blocks and has a baseball diamond which can be floodlighted. Here, only 10 miles from Detroit, urban youngsters can wrestle with Nature. A swimming pool comes next.



The Sullivan household is warm in affection and amply warmed by high-priced fuel. Midwinter means a $90 coal expenditure. Last fall they fed the furnace with scrap wood carried from a construction site. A friend lent them a truck and they filled the bin.

A big day deserves an evening benediction. "Now the day is over. Night is drawing nigh. Shadows of the evening steal across the sky."

"Love and trouble don't cost anything,
but when you come right down to it,
they're worth quite a lot."

where the rest of his check is to go. This week we're paying on the Household Finance debt, and trying to keep back five dollars for coal."

"I don't have to tell my wife to be careful," Tom said, as he handed his $52.84 weekly pay check to her. "A dime looks bigger to Dorothy than a manhole cover!"

None of this study and calculation is new with the Sullivans, though the reasons for the constant financial dilemma have changed through their twelve years together. Today inflation is the scowling face of their trouble. In 1945–46 their trouble—a burden they still carry now in the form of *(Continued on Page 218)*



WINNER WITH ALL THE FAMILY!

"Fresh up" with Seven-Up!





ENJOY HAPPY HOME HOURS—BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

Dad's sure to get a ribbing after losing to Sis in a game of ping pong. But with Mom there to serve a round of chilled 7-Up, everyone's a winner. You can't beat sparkling 7-Up for its clean taste . . . the way it wakes up your mouth. That's why 7-Up is the *all-family* drink . . . why there are millions of "7-Up Steadies" all over America.

Let the sure, pure enjoyment of lively 7-Up be a ready partner as you and your family work and play together. Order where you see the colorful 7-Up signs.



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YOU LIKE IT  IT LIKES YOU!



"I never realized before how much time and energy an ironer saves!"
... says Mrs. Winfield Mayne of Racine, Wisconsin

Ann Mayne is the wife of a prominent manufacturing executive. Mother of four, she does her own housework, still finds time to play with the youngsters, indulge her own hobbies.

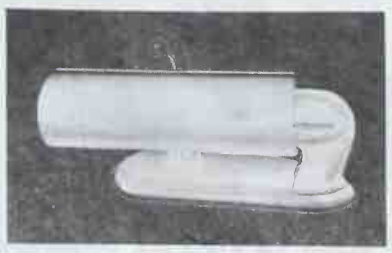


Actual Test Proves Ironing can be done in ⅓ the time

—with a Horton Ironer

"At the request of the Horton folks, I did an average week's ironing twice—the same identical garments," Mrs. Mayne reports. "Once with a hand iron, then with my new Horton. And just imagine . . . it took 3 hours 4 minutes by hand—but only 1 hour 8½ minutes on the ironer. Just *one-third* the time—and at the ironer, I sat down every minute. No wonder life is easier since I iron the Horton way!"

For happier ironing days ahead—ironing days when *you* will sit in comfortable ease with the ironer doing the work—see your Horton dealer. Ask him for a free trial demonstration in your own home.


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THE HORTON AUTOMATIC PORTABLE IRONER

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Makers of America's finest washers and ironers for more than three generations. In Canada, the trade name **HORTON ELECTROHOME** distinguishes products manufactured and sold by Horton's affiliate, Dominion Electrohome Industries, Ltd., of Kitchener, Ontario.

IS JEALOUSY INEVITABLE?

By Irma Simonton Black

IT was apparent at the outset that the Sullivan children were spontaneous and outgoing. I had been there only a little while when three-year-old Dotty asked, "Are you a mother?" My affirmative answer seemed to end any doubt she had about coming closer. Mothers, in Dotty's book, are people who treat you kindly.

The easy, friendly relationships in this family emerge, upon closer observation, as a reflection of the elder Sullivans' deep affection for their children, and their sensitivity to the children's needs.

Mr. Sullivan believes that a father should take an active part in the upbringing of his children. He devotes most of his free time to his youngsters, and obviously enjoys it.

During the course of one visit the children had trooped down to the basement to have a Coke. There is a pretty definite rule in this house about keeping refreshments for the young fry out of the living room. There was a sudden racket from the stairway. Mr. Sullivan had Chuckie out of his lap and on the floor, and he was out of the living room in two seconds flat. All was well—a child had tripped but regained her balance. Chuckie, in the meantime, set up a howl at his sudden ignominious descent from his dad's lap. His mother soothed him, but when his father appeared, Chuckie began to wail at the recollection. Mr. Sullivan took his little boy in his arms and put him back on his lap. "Too sudden, wasn't it, big boy?" he said, smiling.

> When in doubt, tell the truth. —MARK TWAIN.

While Mr. Sullivan is there in the thick of things whenever he can be, he does not dominate his family. The Sullivan parents are a real team. Mrs. Sullivan is outspoken in her appreciation of her husband's help with and interest in the children. For his part, he approves of his wife's methods, and is ready to abide by her decisions.

"We usually have pretty much the same ideas," they told me, and Mrs. Sullivan added, "If we don't, we talk things over and come to some agreement."

Discipline in this home is mild. Both parents believe in training through affectionate methods rather than through fear or force. Certainly the Sullivans are a normal, happy family. Would there be signs of jealousy in such a group? Or would they have managed to eliminate it completely?

Yes, they said, they had seen signs of jealousy in all their children. But it had never been a problem. "Everyone wants everything." Mr. Sullivan grinned. "And we try to do for all what we do for one, but that isn't always possible."

Mrs. Sullivan then told about the new shoes the girls had got recently. Dotty and Karen got theirs first, and of course Patty was very keen to get some too. But there simply wasn't enough cash on hand. At first Patty was a bit hurt, but she accepted her mother's explanation, and the promise that her shoes would be bought as soon as there was enough money.

"And when we promise anything, we have to carry it through," Mr. Sullivan added. "The kids demand it—and should."

Sometimes Dotty is the jealous one, Mrs. Sullivan said. When Karen came back from school bringing the pictures she had made there, she was understandably proud. Dotty pounced on the pictures and refused to give them back. Mrs. Sullivan felt that it was pretty clear that it was jealousy of Karen and her accomplishments that made Dotty act as she did. Mrs. Sullivan asked Karen to give Dotty a few minutes to look them over carefully, and Karen consented.

Both parents recognize that Dotty sometimes has trouble trying to keep up with the older girls. They have no sentimental notions about keeping their children together and excluding outsiders from their play. On the contrary. The parents like to feel that each of their youngsters can have friends on her own level.

Three or four children wait for Pat each morning and they go off to school together. Karen has a friend her own age who meets her. And three-year-old Dotty plays with many neighborhood children, particularly the little boy next door. The Sullivan children get along well with their friends, another evidence of good family relationships.

Mr. Sullivan showed me the basement where a whole group of neighborhood children often gather on cold or rainy days. There was a dollhouse for the older ones, and a huge blackboard, also homemade, that could accommodate many young artists.

He paused at the blackboard. "Pat sometimes likes to do a little bossing," he said. "This gives her a way to do it naturally, in playing teacher to the younger ones."

It is only a sensitive and sympathetic parent who would consider the oldest child's tendency to dominate, and provide an opportunity for a positive rather than a negative outlet for her feelings.

Against this particular background, we may see some general principles that will be true for other family groups as well.

Rule I. Some degree of jealousy is practically inevitable. It is natural and human for brothers and sisters to feel hostile toward one another at times.

If parents realize that human relationships are never perfectly smooth they will not be unduly alarmed at occasional, sporadic signs of jealousy. It may, indeed, become a step toward independence and emotional maturity. Once a child has accepted a brother or sister, his security will be more firmly grounded than ever.

Rule II. Jealousy is likely to be most acute during the preschool years.

Many parents, observing a three-year-old's reluctance to accept a new baby in the family, feel that this attitude is permanent. But if we stop to consider it, we can see that it is harder for the three-year-old to give up the baby role he has enjoyed, than for his older brothers and sisters. Children the age of Karen and Patty have school, and friends, and their own developing skills to contribute to a feeling of independence.

Rule III. Jealousy is often progressively less prominent as a family grows larger.

The Sullivans bear out the findings of other families that the arrival of the third child normally causes less rivalry than the arrival of the second. Where the adjustment of first and second children has been reasonably good, both are often ready to greet the third with real warmth. In the first place they have one another to turn to for companionship and understanding. In the second place, larger families may have shifting alignments that reduce the pressure of jealousy. At one time Patty, for instance, may mother Chuckie. At another she may play with Karen or Dotty.

Rule IV. Jealousy may take many forms that may escape recognition.

A great deal of jealousy takes the form of direct attack in early childhood. Some youngsters have mixed feelings toward a brother or sister, and when a three-year-old "pats" the baby, he may pat harder and harder until it is difficult to distinguish his pat from a sock. Other children show the

jealousy of a new baby by trying to be babyish too. The preschool-age child may demand that he be fed. He may seem to forget all about toilet training. Sometimes a deep fear of losing his parents' love may be the cause of night terrors. If parents are aware of the source of these feelings, they may do much more to help the child overcome them.

Rule V. Children should not be threatened or shamed for jealous behavior. Understanding and sympathy are the most effective means of helping a child to overcome jealousy.

Any mother must see to it that the older child does not hurt the baby or make the baby's life miserable in less obvious ways. The point is to achieve this in a way that makes the jealous child feel understood.

During one of my visits, Patty sat fiddling with a small wallet that belonged to Dotty. Suddenly Dotty demanded that Patty give it to her. Patty refused until her mother said gently, "You've had it for a long time, Pat. Suppose you give it back now." Patty gave it a little toss over to Dotty.

"She throwed it to me!" Dotty objected, on the verge of tears.

"It's all right, Dotty," her mother said. "She wasn't quite ready to give it to you, I guess. But now you have it."

Dotty cheered up. No one had been criticized, and the incident passed over calmly.

Rule VI. Older children should know in advance about the arrival of a new baby.

When an older child knows that a baby is expected, he may have some share in getting ready for it, even if it is only putting the baby things into a dresser drawer. He gets a sense that this is "our" baby, and that good feeling will help him to weather any difficult days ahead. The Sullivan children were told about each new baby's arrival, and they were made to feel that they had a share in this new member of the family.

Rule VII. Older children should not have too constant authority over the younger ones.

"I'm not strong for having a child Pat's age take too much responsibility," Mr. Sullivan said. "She has her own interests. And you can't force that kind of thing—it has to be gradual."

Here again the Sullivans are sensible and sensitive. Pat is proud to take Chuckie out in his carriage. But the fact that she is not constantly called upon means that she undertakes such tasks freely and gladly.

Rule VIII. Each child should have the feeling that he counts as an individual. He has a right to his own possessions, his own friends.

It has already been pointed out that the Sullivan children have many friends their own age. Many of their toys, on the other hand, are pooled. But each one has, in addition, certain cherished possessions that are hers alone, like the shiny red pocketbook that Patty was wearing when I arrived. Mrs. Sullivan said that Patty was keeping the pocketbook in a corner of the linen closet where it would be safe even when she was not there to guard it in person.

Family rules differ according to individual needs too. Patty needs time for her homework, so she has a later bedtime.

Rule IX. When each child is sure of getting individual attention and affection from his parents, he is not likely to remain jealous of his brothers and sisters.

Mr. Sullivan made a remark that seemed a good summary of his entire attitude toward the children. "I want my kids to be able to have an apple or a banana when they want it. Children don't get hoggish about things when they know there is plenty."

He was talking about food, but it applied to other things as well. Affection, for instance. The Sullivan children know there is love enough for all of them. They don't need to be hoggish—or jealous. And they aren't.

THE END



...le win the Oscar!

Sani-Flush and I take the prize. We're a pair of pretty smooth actors. I sprinkle Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl—and Sani-Flush does the rest to perfection. Cleans away stains and film . . . disinfects thoroughly! What remains is sparkling cleanliness—odorless freshness. No rub or scrub. And that's for me.

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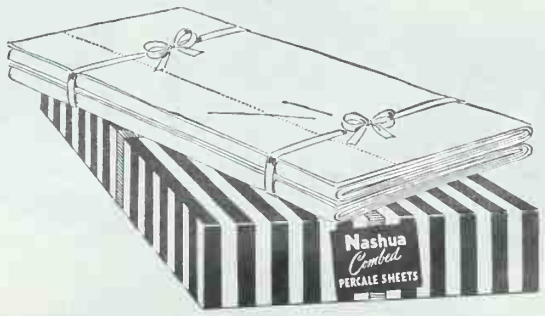
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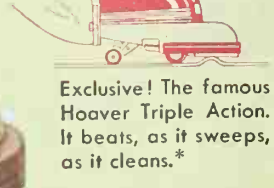


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Dirt under heavy cabinets, sofas and chairs easily removed.

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No stooping to attach or detach the hose.



Dirt Ejectar—just flick toe release. Dirt shakes out.

MODEL 50



No reaching for hard-to-get-at places with light extension tools.

CURTAIN WISE

By Judy Barry

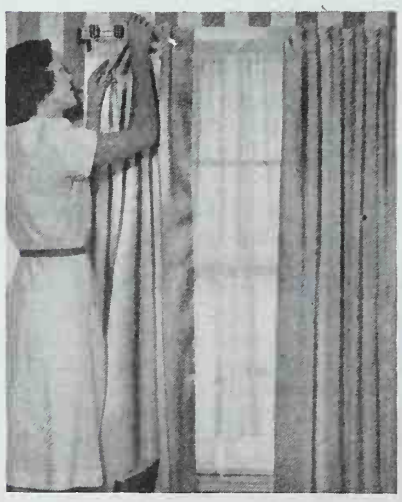
WHAT TO CHOOSE—AND



A new heading that makes pleats pleases curtain-wise Mrs. Sullivan.



Ruffled all round and reversible—rod may be placed at either end.



A rod to which drapery fabric is pinned—tube pleats without sewing!

If you're shopping for new tains this spring, you'll find finite variety of weave and finish with certain good qualities to recor it. Read the labels and washing cleaning instructions as intereste you would a letter from a frien more you know about your new cu the better you'll be able to care fo the prettier they'll look, the longer live, and thus the happier you'll this is surely worth a moment or getting acquainted.

Some have a "permanent fi These finishes are applied to fab fore they are made up into co curtains—cannot be applied at h by a commercial laundry. Some treated so that curtains made of shrink in laundering; other finish duce curtains that will keep the after many launderings without of starch, as well as remain the inal size and take kindly to This finish, when used for dott tains, keeps the dots looking plu fluffy all their lives. In fact, t thing that daunts it is a bleachi pound—mustn't use any in la "permanent finish" curtains.

Filmy nylons can do as much dows as for legs! Curtains of ny quisette have many good qualitie as good looks; these include a tendency to shed dust, minimun age and speedy drying. In fact curtains are nylons, your window be bare for more than a few h nylon curtains can be down, la dried, pressed with a warm iron and up again in a twinkling, if t way you want to do it!

Ruffled reversibles. Attr frilly curtains have ruffles all ro be hung from either end so the v sun and soil is evenly distribute light, you know, ages curtains There's a heading for insertion at each end. A tiny loop of thread, or some other means o cation placed at the top before ing, will indicate that the curta be hung from t'other end next

Pleats "by the yard." Per pleats are easily achieved with expensive heading, which has slotted openings through which threaded; triple pleats are th drawn together. This heading stitched flat inside curtains y own, or you may buy ready- tains with the heading already Great advantage: it allows c be spread flat for easy ironing.

Pleats without sewing. Wi efit of thread or needle, you m various types of decorative draperies. Clever rods, made or 50-inch fabric, are the secr pinned or clamped to the

All over the country, in springtime, new curtains, or freshly laundered ones, are going up! Most homemakers realize, as Mrs. Sullivan does, that fresh crisp curtains are one of the quickest, easiest, most inexpensive ways to give a room a lift.

W TO CARE FOR THEM

s will make lengths of fabric form l swags or hold back folds in a ke effect.

ree curtains. A curtain needs e when it's made of paper! Many new paper draperies rather suc- ly disguise the fact that they *are* though why they should be so shy it, we don't know, for they have wn honest place in the world, and sterling characteristics. Some are roof, many are most attractive, blessedly inexpensive, none require re or time beyond the minute it o put them up—which makes them natural for children's rooms, for r cottages and such.

t other curtains, however, need serve a bit of loving care. If they be dry-cleaned, a label will tell when you buy them. But most curtains of today are perfectly able.

***enjoy frequent baths*—if** washable. Far from exhausting s, frequent washing, carefully ends to make them last longer and them looking attractive. Letting s hang until they are heavily soiled makes them seem a real problem der at home. Healthy young cur- cotton, nylon or rayon, not weak- y too much sun or too much soil, laundered easily and safely in a g machine. If they are weakened or if they're very fragile, hand- ing is probably best.

the measure of either curtains windows where they hang before ing. This is particularly impor- they're to be dried on a curtain er, for it helps in setting the r properly. Next, a brisk shaking s to free the surface dust, and minutes' or so soaking in clear cool o help coax soil out of the fabric. em up tenderly out of the water, gently or put through a wringer e tension loosened.

the washing machine, if sing one, filled with moderately ter and plenty of mild suds, to make a generous topping. Try a half cup of household bleach to rful of water before adding the d curtains, to help bring back the sh look to dingy white cotton cur- No bleach, however, if they have manent finish"—remember?) hree minutes of swishing should gh, because soil is easily removed he loose weave of most curtain Give them two thorough rinsings, if you've used bleach, for even a ft in the fabric may shorten the he curtains.

use clothespins, when you rtains to dry—it does things to apeliness. Hang them over a line folded double. Nylon or rayon curtains needn't be hung to dry; just roll them lightly in a big thirsty towel and they're ready to be pressed almost immediately. But curtains that have been starched are ironed more easily if they are dried, then sprinkled.

Iron the "long way." if you'd have trim, straight-hanging curtains. A crosswise stroke produces waves and wiggles which may shorten the curtain appreciably. Start at one end and work with the thread, lengthwise; iron in long, straight, smooth strokes. Ruffles come first, if the curtains are frilly, nosing the point of the iron from the edge of the ruffle gently into the fullness. Then finish the main part of the curtain.

Some folks prefer stretching to ironing. Cotton curtains stretch into shape successfully—even ruffled ones aren't too hard to manage. With the stretcher set to the measurements taken before the curtain was washed, hook the four corners of the curtain in place. Then fasten the centers of each unpinned section. Continue pinning the curtain in

(Continued on Page 272)

★ ★ ★ ★

PHOTOS BY J. DI PIETRO



Easy to starch curtains right in a washing machine. Add about 4 cups of thick starch solution to the last warm rinse. Agitate 3 minutes.



Ironing ruffles is no trick at all with a new iron whose two-piece sole plate lifts up in back, while the point noses neatly into the ruffles.



Who says

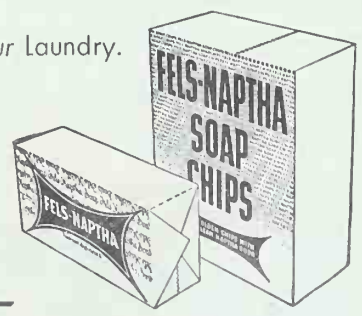
BLONDES are fickle?

That's not what we hear—at least not from women who use Fels-Naptha—the Blond Laundry Soap.

They say this mild, golden soap does the same grand washing job—week after week—year after year. They say Fels-Naptha is *always* gentle with fine fabrics. *Always* firm with stubborn stains and ground-in dirt.

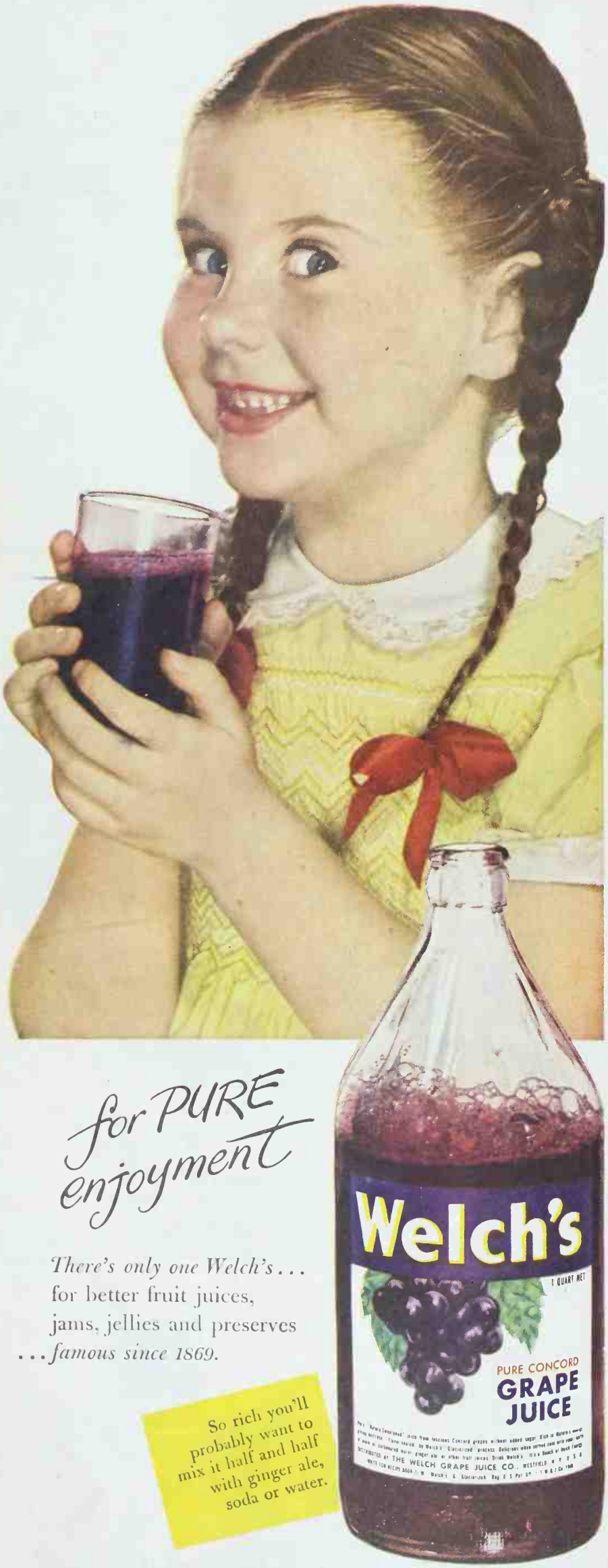
There's a reason, of course, for Fels-Naptha's *constant* thoroughness. It brings to every washing job the *extra* help of *active naptha*. That's why it washes so much quicker. With less harsh rubbing. And leaves things fragrantly clean and *white*.

You ought to have a Blond in *your* Laundry. Fels-Naptha, that is.



Golden bar or Golden chips—

FELS-NAPTHA banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



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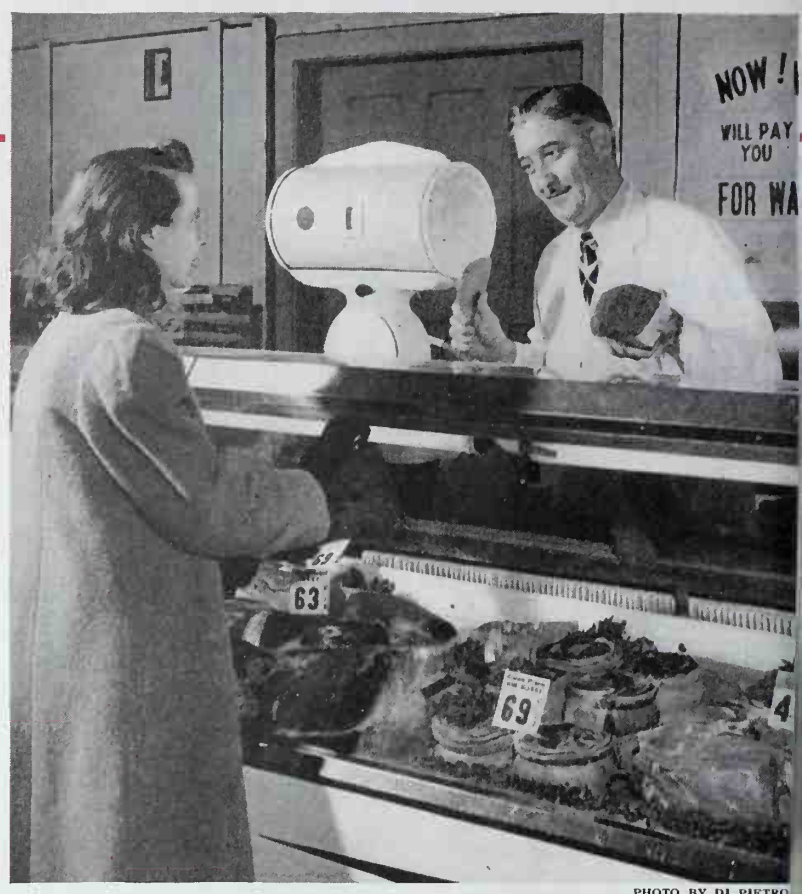


PHOTO BY DI PIETRO

Mrs. Sullivan considers ground beef most economical meat she can buy. From 2½ pounds, she produces 3 good main dishes for her family of six.

Best Meat Buys on Your Budge

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

MEAT takes a good chunk from any budget these days, and for many families a sirloin steak, which hovers near one dollar a pound, is just a forgotten dream. What to buy that will give you the most meat on your table for the money—that's the big problem these days.

There's more than one meatless day in the Sullivan house. They simply can't afford it oftener than three or four times a week, but Mrs. Sullivan works wonders with what she does buy. A pound of bacon she considers an extravagance. Occasionally she indulges in this luxury, but uses it in all manner of ways to give flavor and an illusion of having meat to simple casserole dishes of vegetables or rice. A pound of bacon goes a long way in her house!

Every Thursday night Mrs. Sullivan studies the specials in the newspaper. Friday night is shopping night in Detroit.

Sometimes her meat for the week may be a small smoked shoulder of pork called a picnic ham. She has two slices cut off to scallop with potatoes. The rest is boiled for serving in various ways during the week. The liquid in which the ham is cooked is carefully saved for a filling bean, split-pea or ham-and-cabbage soup.

Another of her pet meat buys is 2½ pounds of hamburger. From this amount she takes half for a meat loaf, which she stretches out with oatmeal to serve six. The other half goes into meat patties—also stretched—and a good meat sauce for spaghetti still another night.

Ground meat is always a good bu as it's all solid meat unless your butch is accustomed to adding more suet. I hope not. Of course meat prices do stay stationary, and though we we able to buy the 2½ pounds of grou beef for $1.30 in mid-January here a New York supermarket, you may e paying more or less now in your ar

Meat loaf is the Sullivan Sun dinner. First we give you Mrs. S van's menus for the three meals which the ground beef was used as main dish. Our own suggestions for ting variety and tastiness into m budget menus will follow. Here are Sullivan specials:

***Meat Loaf—Browned Potatoe**
Canned Peas
Cabbage-and-Carrot Salad
Bread and Spread
Canned-Fruit Cocktail
Milk and Tea

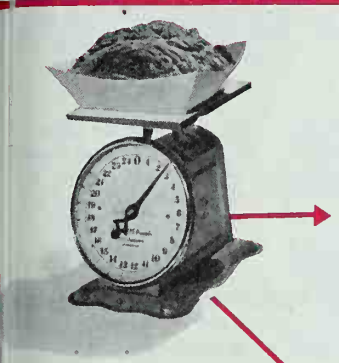
★ ★ ★

Spaghetti With *Meat Sauce
Lettuce Salad
Bread and Spread
Pineapple Chunks—Cookies
Milk and Coffee

★ ★ ★

***Meat Patties—Sautéed Onio**
Buttered Carrots
Apple, Celery and
Raisin Salad
Milk and Tea

Two pounds plus—Look!





Sunday dinner: Meat loaf stretched with oatmeal—browned potatoes.



last bit of meat goes into a seasoned sauce for spaghetti.



PHOTOS BY STUART

Sullivan special: Meat patties with sautéed onions and sliced carrots.

SUNDAY MEAT LOAF

1¼ pounds ground beef with 1½ quick-cooking oatmeal. Add 1 en egg, 2 teaspoons salt, a little er, ¾ teaspoons celery salt, ¼ oon Worcestershire sauce, 1½ condensed tomato soup, ½ cup mp, 3 tablespoons chopped on- and ¼ cup chopped green pepper. e into greased loaf pan or shallow role. Bake in moderate oven, °.

: A similar mixture, using ¾ d ground beef, may be made into at patties for dinner.

MEAT SAUCE FOR SPAGHETTI

sauce may be made up ahead and in the refrigerator for several . Cook 1 cup chopped onions in blespoons salad oil until onions transparent. Now add 1 clove e, minced, and ½ pound ground Simmer until lightly browned, ing occasionally. Mix 2 cups ed tomato soup with 1 cup water. to meat with a pinch of mixed s and ½ teaspoon salt. Simmer oout ½ hour. If mixture thickens much, add more water. Serve freshly cooked spaghetti and d cheese.

e per pound is not always indica- of an economical meat buy. Some of meat are heavy in fat; some have derable bone. If the price is low gh to make up for the waste, if it's l special at your market, by all e s let that be your choice, but con- the facts before you dip into your r. Smoked pork butt, for instance, e cooked in most of the ways you am, yet it has no bone whatever. , heart and kidneys have little s and make good, nutritious and mes elegant dishes. If you n't already, you ought to try to ate a taste for these three. Out- of calves' liver, the variety meats sually low in price. 1½ pounds erve 6 amply. 1½ pounds beef y, for instance, cost 50 cents in anuary and made an excellent done in the New Orleans style. It's the seasoning and care you give a dish that lift it out of the ordinary. 3 pounds lamb shoulder would be required to make a stew for 6, as against the 1½ pounds kidney. The 3 pounds lamb for the stew cost $1.37—quite a bit more than the 50-cent cost for the kidney.

Veal heart takes long cooking, but it may be braised, stewed or stuffed. If you have a pressure saucepan, heart takes considerably less time to cook. Liver, too, is delicious braised, ground and made into patties or baked under a blanket of steamed onions.

Don't forget chipped beef, canned meats, frankfurters and delicatessen meats when you're thinking of wasteless meats. One pound frankfurters at 53 cents makes a good inexpensive dinner meat. Barbecue them sometime with a well-seasoned sauce.

Shopping for a roast. Some folks feel Sunday isn't Sunday unless there's a roast for dinner. With this in mind we went shopping for a roast that would provide 3 meals for 6. The most economical roast of any kind that we could buy that day was a shoulder of veal. When you go shopping, the best choice may be a shoulder of lamb or a rump beef pot roast. However, veal is always less wasteful than lamb or beef. We bought it with the bone in—had the butcher bone and tie it and give us the bones. It weighed 8 pounds at 45 cents per pound, or $3.60 at a supermarket meat counter. A 6-pound boneless tied veal roast in the same shop cost 65 cents per pound, or $3.90. Our boned roast weighed 6¼ pounds, the bones 1¾ pounds; proving that in this instance it was better to buy the roast bone and all—not only for the slight saving in pennies, but because the veal bones would provide a very delicious soup and stock to extend the roast leftovers. The veal roll weighed 4 pounds after roasting 40 minutes per pound in a moderately slow oven, 325°F., bringing the cost at table to 90 cents per

(Continued on Page 250)

MARCH IS NATIONAL BREAD & GRAVY MONTH

B-V GRAVY

Melt 2 tbsp. fat and blend in 2 tbsp. flour. Add 1 cup liquid (water, milk or vegetable water) and stir until smooth. When hot, add 1 tsp. Wilson's B-V dissolved in small amount of the hot mixture. Cook until thickened. Serves 3 or 4.

From The Rector Kitchens

Rich Brown Gravy! every single time

This is National Bread and Gravy Month. But good brown gravy that's smooth as cream and rich with real meat flavor makes a family hit *every* day of the month, all twelve months of the year.

It's easy to make perfect brown gravy *every single time* with this foolproof B-V gravy recipe. And since B-V is a real meat extract, your B-V gravy will have the same rich minerals and vitamins as meat itself—and a delicious meat flavor! Go to your grocer today. Get a jar of B-V and serve delicious B-V gravy tonight.



B-V is a rich meat and vegetable extract.

Keep these fine Wilson products on your "QUICKIE SHELF"

The Wilson label protects your table

WILSON & CO. INC.

THE SULLIVAN STRUGGLE

(Continued from Page 210)

only partially paid debts—was the great General Motors strike, which kept Tom out of work from November to March. Before that, their problem was layoffs.

Before Patsy's birth Tom and Dorothy did buy a secondhand car for $475, but they dispensed with the car long ago. Also before Patsy's birth, they took the only two trips of their married life. They drove to Cleveland in their car and spent a week end with friends. On another occasion they took a Friday-night boat to Niagara Falls, stayed in a hotel room with bath, bussed out to inspect the falls, and were back again in Detroit at work on Monday morning.

"My," says Dorothy, her eyes glowing in recollection, "but we did things up brown."

Dorothy hasn't had a new coat since her marriage. She has purchased two new dresses in the past six years. She bought a navy-blue rayon dress for $8 to attend the funeral of Tom's father six years ago. Last September she bought a dress for $6.13 to wear at the wedding of her youngest sister, Lorine. She borrowed the hat from a neighbor.

Tom bought two pairs of work pants during the year. They cost $4 a pair, and Dorothy looked all over town before she located pants at such a bargain. Tom has the instincts of a dandy; with more money to spend, he'd take as lively an interest in his attire as would Dorothy in hers. To attend his union meetings and to carry on his evening activities as a citizen of Dearborn, Tom never fails to get out of his greasy work clothes and into a decent, well-pressed suit. His last suit was acquired when someone died in a neighbor's family. The suit, practically new then, was a gift; the alterations and cleaning cost $7.25.

Year-old Chuck (Charles, for Dorothy's father) is the only boy among the four little Sullivans, and you can well imagine how joyful was his arrival. Chuck's layette consisted of gifts, mainly hand-me-downs used by other babies. The sole exception was a pair of white shoes which cost $2. "It was probably silly of me," remarks Dorothy, "but I wanted to buy one new thing for our boy." Recently the small shoes were freshly whitened and handed on to sister-in-law Florence, expecting soon.

Thanks to the generosity of friends and relatives who pass on clothing outgrown by their own older girls, and thanks also to Dorothy's skill as a seamstress, Patsy and Karen and Dotty have enough pretty, becoming dresses. Unfortunately, shoes and underwear are seldom passed on. The Sullivans must buy. The three girls have two pairs of underpants each, which means that light washing must be done every day. Dorothy insists that pants be changed daily; undershirts may be worn two or three days.

An excellent housekeeper, Dorothy is constantly fretted by the lack of proper housekeeping equipment. She sweeps with the stub of a broom bought two years ago for $1.49. Her secondhand vacuum cleaner is in need of new brushes, and the motor has an ominous wheeze. Recently the roaster the Sullivans bought for their first Thanksgiving together sprang a leak, and the tinker isn't sure the hole can be fixed. One thing is sure. A new roaster won't be purchased until prices come down. Nor will sheets. The Sullivans own two good sheets, and the mended, spliced-together sections of four others. If the sun doesn't shine on a washday Monday, they sleep that night without sheets.

These things irritate Tom too. But the thing that makes Tom the most indignant is his inability, on his present income, to shoulder the costs of a program of dental attention for his family. The family eats a balanced diet and is unusually healthy. Nevertheless, Dorothy and her daughters all need dental work. So far as Tom Sullivan is concerned, clinics are no answer. Ask about free clinics, and Tom tells you tartly they are meant for the down-and-out. The flash in his eye reminds you that Tom Sullivan is an independent American workingman who proposes to look out for his own—and he'd thank you not to forget it.

Tom and Dorothy go to the movies together on an average of once a year. Dorothy goes a little more often, perhaps two or three times a year with Patsy, Karen and Dotty. The last film they saw was Walt Disney's Song of the South. The kids came home with the "zippitty-do-dah" chanson and they have been singing it ever since. In the summertime the ice-cream wagon rings its bells along Cherry Street and ice cream becomes a problem. If the Sullivan small fry haven't gone to a Saturday movie, they are allowed to buy ice cream for a treat on Sunday. Like all children, they clamor for ice cream every day, but they don't get it.

(Continued on Page 220)

How the Sullivans Spend Their Money

Yearly Income for 1947: $2849.12

Food	$1357.90
Home (payments, taxes, insurance, interest on principal)	463.56
Electricity, gas and water	89.20
Heating (coal)	80.00
Clothing	138.75
Payments on debt	199.44
Transportation (Tom's share-a-ride with neighbor—40 cents a day; Dot's occasional trips)	106.80
Insurance	273.84
Recreation and charity (including newspapers and magazines, Tom's cigarettes)	143.13
Doctors and dentists	4.00
Dues (union, sewing club, Dearborn Heights Civic Association)	52.49
Toilet goods and appearance	10.15
Total	$2919.26

"We need money in order to save money." But the Sullivans have only $71 more to pay on their debt to the Household Finance Corporation. They hope to break even in '48.

Your husband will love it!

...ADD COLMAN'S



Give Zip to his favorite salad dressing

Here's a quick easy way to give your favorite prepared salad dressing that extra tang and zip that men prefer. Blend two teaspoonfuls of Colman's (dry) Mustard with a little water, then add it to an eight-ounce jar of dressing. Try it tonight! Equally good with prepared mayonnaise or French dressing.

THE FAMOUS DRY MUSTARD USED BY FINE COOKS EVERYWHERE

It's a Wow!



The best tomato juice cocktail you ever tasted. The blend of choice ingredients in French's Worcestershire Sauce, aged and mellowed, gives a wonderful rich flavor that always makes a hit! Try the easy recipe given below.

It's a hit!



Tomato juice cocktail

MADE WITH FRENCH'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE



SO EASY TO MAKE

Just add a few grains salt and pepper, a teasp. of French's Worcestershire Sauce to each glass of tomato juice—mix well and serve very cold.

Serve French's with meat, too—adds delicious flavor to stews, casseroles.

No better Worcestershire at any price



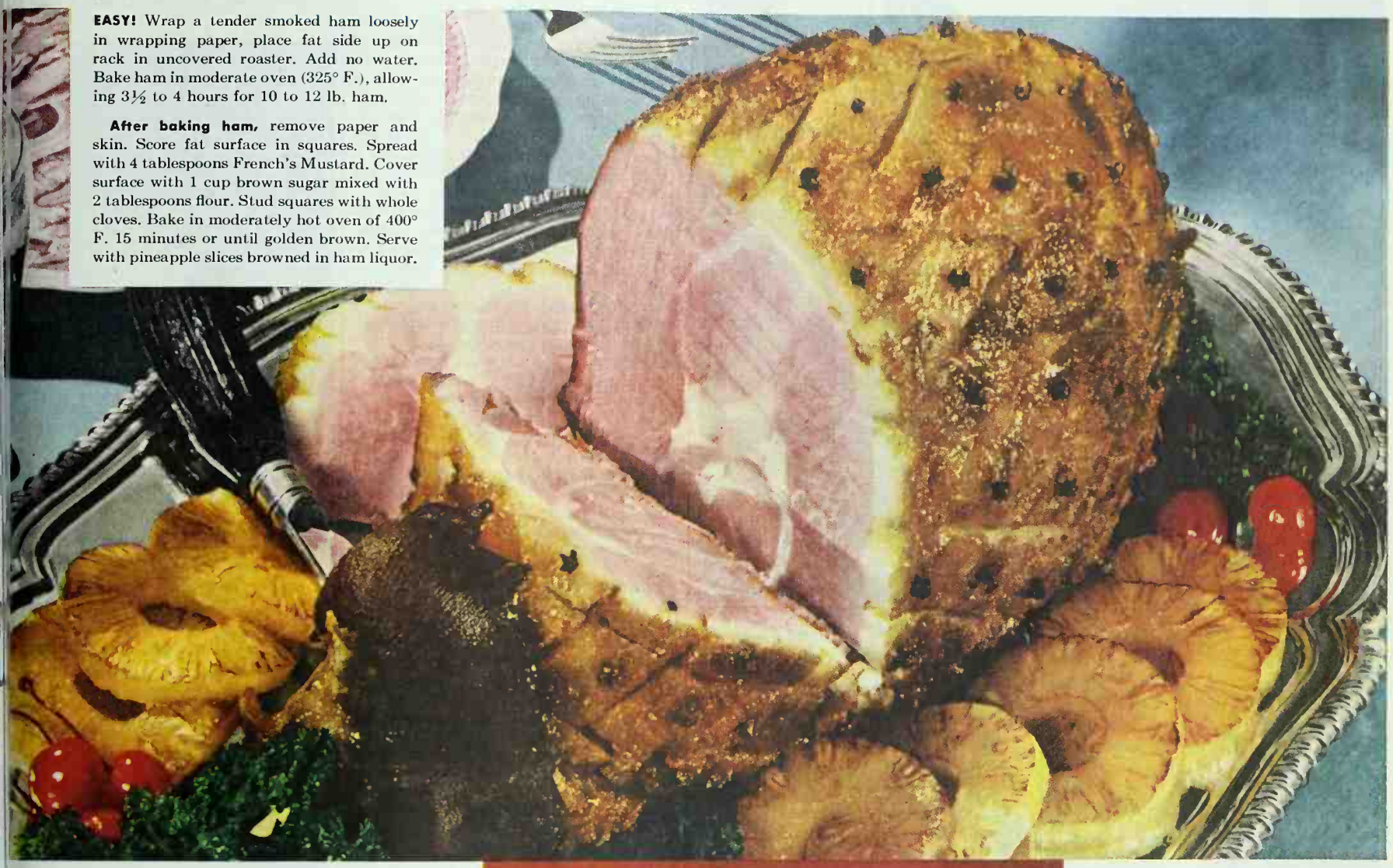


M-m-m-mm COMPANY HAM

WITH THAT FRENCH'S FLAVOR!

EASY! Wrap a tender smoked ham loosely in wrapping paper, place fat side up on rack in uncovered roaster. Add no water. Bake ham in moderate oven (325° F.), allowing 3½ to 4 hours for 10 to 12 lb. ham.

After baking ham, remove paper and skin. Score fat surface in squares. Spread with 4 tablespoons French's Mustard. Cover surface with 1 cup brown sugar mixed with 2 tablespoons flour. Stud squares with whole cloves. Bake in moderately hot oven of 400° F. 15 minutes or until golden brown. Serve with pineapple slices browned in ham liquor.



SMOOTHER CREAMIER

A blend of the finest spices and mustard seed money can buy

No wonder French's is the nation's favorite prepared mustard—it has just the right combination of zesty flavor and smoothness. It brings out *all* the good meat flavor—doesn't cover it up as cheap harsh mustards do. Serve French's Mustard with cold meats, too—use it in salad dressings and sandwich fillings. French's is so creamy it blends perfectly.

Largest selling prepared mustard in U. S. A. today
Also made in Canada



Ham Patties . . .
Chop leftover ham, combine with equal amount cold chopped boiled potatoes and shape into patties. Brown over low flame in 2 tablespoons of melted fat mixed with 1½ teaspoons of French's Mustard.



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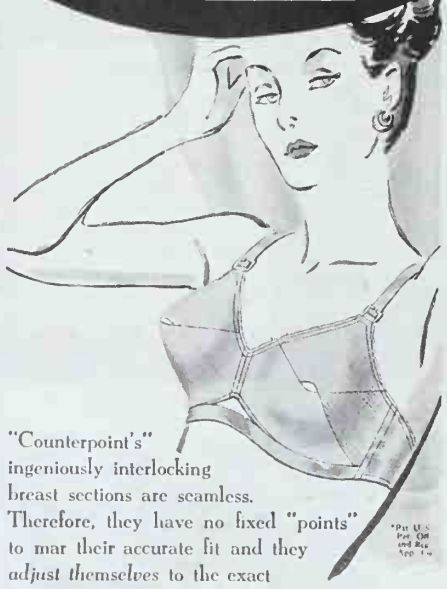
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(Continued from Page 218)

As Tom says, "It kind of hurts to work like I do, and have to have your own kids do without and do without and do without."

To some people in small towns it may seem strange, even with today's high prices, that the Sullivans have such a struggle on an income of $2800 a year. Milk in their urban area costs 23 cents a quart, and they take five quarts every other day. Actually they need six quarts. Food alone cost them over $1300 last year, plus a 3 per cent sales tax. Coal cost them $15 a ton. Tom's transportation to his job mounted up to another $100. Add insurance, shoes, house payments and other irreducible items, and there isn't much left to play with.

Recently, at the request of Congress, the Bureau of Labor Statistics in Washington made a study of living expenses in America's major cities. The report indicated that a yearly income of $3293 was necessary in June, 1947, in Detroit to maintain "a modest but adequate" standard of living for a family of four. The Sullivans are a family of six.

Tom and Dorothy invest both thought and imagination in their family. Dorothy believes that children need a vacation from parents, even if parents can't have a vacation from children. Every year when school is out, she arranges that Patsy, Karen and Dotty, each in turn, travel ten miles into Detroit to spend a week with her mother and father. These yearly excursions are vastly enjoyed by the girls, and also by grandma and grandpa. Tom has seven brothers and sisters, Dorothy has five. In a family group so large there are, inevitably, many weddings, showers, births. Tom and Dorothy can't afford to give, but on special occasions their children do give, and each little girl has some say in the choice of the small present that is carefully wrapped and sent to the bride, the bride-to-be, the new baby. In this way, the Sullivans hope to preserve the spirit of generosity in their children.

FINANCIAL worries and troubles of all kind are freely and openly discussed in this household democracy, but with no air of hopelessness. It was nine-year-old Patsy who informed me with pride that "we own our own home, and isn't that lucky? We don't have to pay rent every Saturday like lots of folks do." The children have been shielded from any personal feeling of insecurity by the love and fierce, continued protectiveness of their parents. Tom in particular faces the future with confidence. "I'm always telling my kids not to be afraid, that there's nothing to be afraid of. I'm not afraid myself. Somehow Dorothy and I always get along. Why, when we first got together I was laid off."

Many of the important events in the Sullivans' lives, as a matter of fact, have occurred during layoffs. On a bright day in early June, back in 1932, twenty-one-year-old Dorothy Jobin, brown-haired and wistfully pretty, stepped out of her mother's Detroit kitchen door to hang the family washing on the line. In the garage in the next yard, Tom and a friend of his—independent entrepreneurs through unemployment—were making clothes poles to peddle from door to door. Tom, the young man making clothes poles, and Dorothy, the girl putting out the wash, met at the back-yard fence. According to her own testimony, Dorothy couldn't have looked worse—hair screwed on top of her head, an unpowdered nose, an old housedress. But Tom was sufficiently impressed to ask if she cared to go walking that evening. She did. At Woodmere Park that night—Dorothy was wearing her prettiest and newest dress!—the couple sat on a bench, admired the moon and each other. Tom gave Dorothy a penny for "luck." She still has the coin, wrapped in a twist of paper dated June 2, 1932.

A shy girl, Dorothy had only one other serious suitor, and vigorous Tom made a quick enterprise of disposing of him. When Tom got back on his regular job and had money to spend, he showed Dorothy a good time. The other suitor took her to the movies. When Tom took her to the pictures, he abjured the neighborhood houses and beaued her to the downtown houses where there

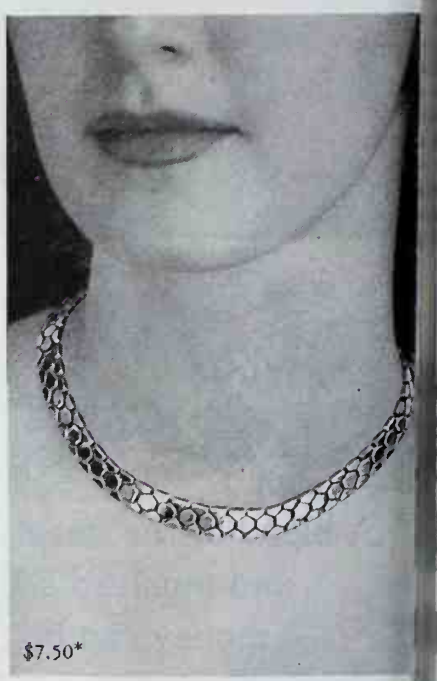
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were stage shows. They danced. Two or three times they went across the Detroit River to have dinner in Canada.

Dorothy then was employed as a telephone operator. She had quit school at the eighth grade to go to work. Shortly after the romance began she was shifted to a suburban telephone exchange. A great part of the early Sullivan courtship was conducted over the wires of the Bell Telephone Company—and probably at Bell's expense. The Sullivans haven't had much free time since.

Dorothy had always thought about marriage. From the age of nineteen or twenty she collected useful things for her future home: scatter rugs, towels, tablecloths, twelve sheets. For her "green trunk"—in most parts of the United States it is known as a "hope chest"—Dorothy used an old gumwood toolbox of her father's. It was adequate, if not beautiful. On the first Christmas after they met, Tom gave her a cedar chest which still looks as new as the day it was purchased.

But three years passed before they were married. "I suppose it was silly to wait so long," Dorothy says now. "But I'd keep thinking of a cousin of mine who had her own vacuum cleaner when she married, her washer, everything to do with." Also, with feminine illogic, Dorothy worried because the Tom who showed her such a good time on his modest wages couldn't seem to save. "I'd save for furniture, and he wouldn't." At this time Dorothy was earning from $16 to $18 a week, depending on the number of hours she worked. Tom earned around $25.

In January of 1934 Tom got his first job with the automobile plant where he is still employed. Fisher-Ternstedt is a General Motors subsidiary which manufactures hardware and interior fittings for cars. Tom's job was operating an electric truck, and he was paid 65 cents an hour. In the first June after Tom got his job, he was laid off for six months. During this period—so deep was the national depression—he found only a few temporary jobs, lasting a few days and paying a few dollars. When Tom was called back to work in December he was, of course, in debt.

Kindness is becoming at any age.
—WILLIAM FEATHER.

In June, Dorothy abruptly awoke to the fact that she was twenty-five years old, that sizable bank accounts are hard come by, that money meant a lot less to her than a husband, a home and children. If you want a large family, as both Tom and Dorothy did, you can't wait forever. And Tom now was nearly out of debt.

The June wedding was a gay and joyful family affair; fifty or sixty guests, nearly all of them relatives, crowded the Lutheran church. Dorothy's lace wedding dress, kept now in the cedar chest in case Patsy may want to wear it, cost $19.84. (An old account book discloses that Dorothy also took her sister Hazel shopping, bought her a dress, hat, slip, stockings at $3.05, $1.03, 52c, 50c.) The remnants of the wedding veil are preserved in the chest with the gown; the veil was torn at the ceremony—a good omen, according to Dorothy. "If you accidentally tear your veil on your wedding day, it means your marriage will be happy and blessed."

After a reception held in Dorothy's girlhood home, the bride and bridegroom, bridesmaid and best man repaired to the furnished rented house ($35 monthly) where the Sullivans began their married life. One of the wedding presents was a bottle of champagne. The four drank to the future. It was Dorothy's first and last taste of champagne. Of this unregretted luxury, she says forthrightly, "It tasted like sour apples to me."

There was no honeymoon trip. Next day both bride and groom reported for work. In the Sullivans' first year Tom earned $28.60 a week. In 1936 and 1937, before the children began arriving, the Sullivans had their easiest

(Continued on Page 223)

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Libby's TWICE-RICH* Tomato Juice

*RICH IN FLAVOR *RICH IN VITAMINS

GOT SPRING ON YOUR MIND? Now's the time to call on Libby's to give the "new look" to your menus . . . to make 'em sing with flavor.

Libby's Tomato Juice has such a sprightly, *different* taste. Ruddy-ripe and racy. And so *satisfying!* That comes from "pedigreed" tomatoes . . . vine-ripened . . . and pressed by Libby's fast, exclusive method.

What's more, Libby's is the most versatile juice drink ever "invented." Wonderful for snacks or meals . . . potluck or formal . . . morning, noon or night.

And remember, a single 6-ounce glass of Libby's provides, on the average, a grown-up's daily minimum requirement of Vitamin C. Three such glasses take care of Vitamin A needs the same way. In addition, Libby's is a ready source of precious Vitamins B_1 and B_2. *Stock up on Libby's—America's favorite brand!*

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IN ALL CANNED FOODS
LOOK TO Libby's
FOR PERFECTION

THIS IS L
80th Y

(Continued from Page 221)

nancially. Tom's hourly rate of pay at Ternstedt rose slowly but steadily. both of them employed, the joint was nearly $50 a week for this two-riod. They bought their furniture, a investment of slightly over $1000. ought the secondhand Chevvy, they ose two memorable week-end trips. 38 the Sullivans' real economic trou-gan. Dorothy was pregnant with her ld. Tom was now earning 90 cents an But in 1938 Fisher-Ternstedt went tooling, remodeling and expansion, e result that industrial workers in position (semiskilled labor with no zed craftsmanship) never knew how f those 90-cent hours they would have a specified period.

he last part of Dorothy's pregnancy, rked on what might be called a forty-nth. Daily he reported to the fac-work, but most days he went home s and payless. His employment av-slightly more than one day a week.

was born 13, 1938. llivans had spitalization ce at the he hospital s $50. The ng physician only $35 for very. "Doc-ein," says , "was a riend and to give us . Usually he more for ies."

pril 4, 1938, was chris-st before he rothy took rst-born to ch, Tom got l that, along undreds of e had been There would more pay t all for a

hy had ex-o stay home baby. She She went the tele-mpany; her $18 a week sperately now. Tom the Detroit pavements every day neighbor girl looked after Patsy for of 50 cents. Eventually and bitterly, eks of futile search for work, Tom mself on the WPA rolls.

om, that is the low point in the chronicle. He felt frustrated and in-. "The trouble with Dorothy and said later, "is we never had a chance even." Both the Sullivans firmly hat a mother should stay home with ren. But when Tom had no earning ey had no recourse except for Doro-work. Again the couple knew debt y. The layoff lasted five months. ernstedt called Tom back to his job nber, 1938.

ere better days ahead. When Patsy st two years old, Dorothy quit her good. Already in Detroit the war s getting under way. Tom's hourly ay reflects the times. In 1938 and earned 90 cents an hour; in 1940, in 1942, $1.14; in 1943 and 1944, 1945, $1.37. And also those war-d wonderful time-and-a-half Satur-lled his normal pay check.

llivans breathed easier, paid their naged to save a little. In 1942, the en was born, Tom earned $2807.32. r they ran into housing troubles. as bursting at the seams and rents ed. Twice the Sullivans were obliged to give up premises on which they had no lease. The second occasion was especially painful. The family took over a wreck of a house that was available only because it was virtually uninhabitable. Tom and one of Dorothy's brothers undertook a major reconstruction job. After work hours they did carpentry, painting, repair work—and, at the end of six weeks, the old skeleton looked mighty healthy. The landlord thought so too. Delighted with the redecorating job done by his tenants, he repossessed the house and went to live there himself.

THE Sullivans found nothing else to rent. It seemed to them that the only alternative was to buy. The families rallied round. Dorothy's sister Hazel, the same Hazel for whom Dorothy used to buy dresses and stockings in her single days, insisted that the Sullivans move into her house. Hazel was a factory worker now, married but childless. The Sullivans managed to squeeze in.

By this means they made real progress toward a down payment on a house. Another sister—Tom's sister Mary this time—was already scouting in that direction. Out in Dearborn, where she lived, a new development was in progress—1200 houses laid out like a toy village on a flat and sandy field. One Sunday Tom and Dorothy drove there to look the situation over. They selected the Cherry Street house, even though they knew then it was too small for their needs. The 1942 price seemed appalling—$5250. But there was one deciding factor. The down payment required was only $550. The Sullivans had $400 worth of War Bonds, and they were able to scrape together enough to meet those inevitable "extra costs." Extra costs mounted up to $200.

The Sullivans have never regretted the move to Dearborn. By leaving rented premises in a large city for their own home in a small, growing community, they obtained satisfactions almost impossible to analyze or assay. In Detroit, the Sullivans were lost as citizens, but things were different in Dearborn. Dorothy made new friends whose problems were like hers. Tom joined the Dearborn Heights Civic Association, and spends many of his off-the-job hours working to better his community and neighborhood. By sticking together, the 350 association members get results: a comfort station went into Crowley Park last summer; last fall a 200-foot concrete dance floor and a baseball diamond were completed. The association got behind a new school, and two and a half years ago Long School was built. Patsy went there for two years, and now five-year-old Karen is a kindergarten student.

"Our school," the Sullivans say proudly, "our park and our town," and, through Tom's civic efforts, they've earned the right to their pride.

The move to Cherry Street enriched the Sullivans' lives, but it didn't reduce the squeeze on their pocketbook. They had no backlog to care for the extra expenses that always accompany home ownership. They bought a thermostat, storm windows and screens on the installment plan, and the cost was $317.42. A secondhand washing machine, a secondhand refrigerator, a secondhand

(Continued on Page 225)

Sweet Music

It began when he played a sax in the country-club band. It continued through seventeen years of marriage. And today insurance salesman Harrie and Lucia, busy mother to Jay and adopted Judy, are still known to their friends as the "Harmonious Hogans."

Of course, there was the time when Harrie switched jobs and netted only $17 in three months. The time when Judy had her first spanking and wondered if home was where the Hogans were.

They've met some problems too big for either one, but never too big for two together.

Meet the Hogans

of Mendham, New Jersey

By Betty Hannah Hoffman

HOW AMERICA LIVES
The April JOURNAL



Like the dripping gold of New Orleans sunshine

Good eating ahead when golden New Orleans molasses arrived by Mississippi steamboat!

Today there's a New Orleans molasses that is bringing new enjoyment to thousands and thousands of families who love good eating. It's called *Gold Label* Brer Rabbit Molasses.

Gold—because that's what it is . . . light-colored and mild, like liquid New Orleans sunshine. Spread *Gold Label* Brer Rabbit on *bread*—children love it when they're hungry after school. Try it on pancakes, waffles, French toast, hot and cold cereal—or for a *delicate* molasses flavor in cooking.

If you prefer dark, full-flavored molasses, use *Green Label* Brer Rabbit.

Rich in Iron—
needed for good red blood!



Gold Label

BRER RABBIT New Orleans MOLASSES

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Delight your party guests with this MUSICAL CAKE PLATE that tinkles the Birthday Song* while the cake revolves! Durably made of metal with white enamel finish—fine Swiss music box movement. Send check or M.O. for $7.95,—NO C.O.D.'s.

*or the Wedding March

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And now folks everywhere are discovering snowy-white, whole-grain WondeRice to be a satisfying *main vegetable*. Easy to prepare. No peeling. No scraping.

WondeRice *still* costs little. And it's rice at its peak of perfection.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

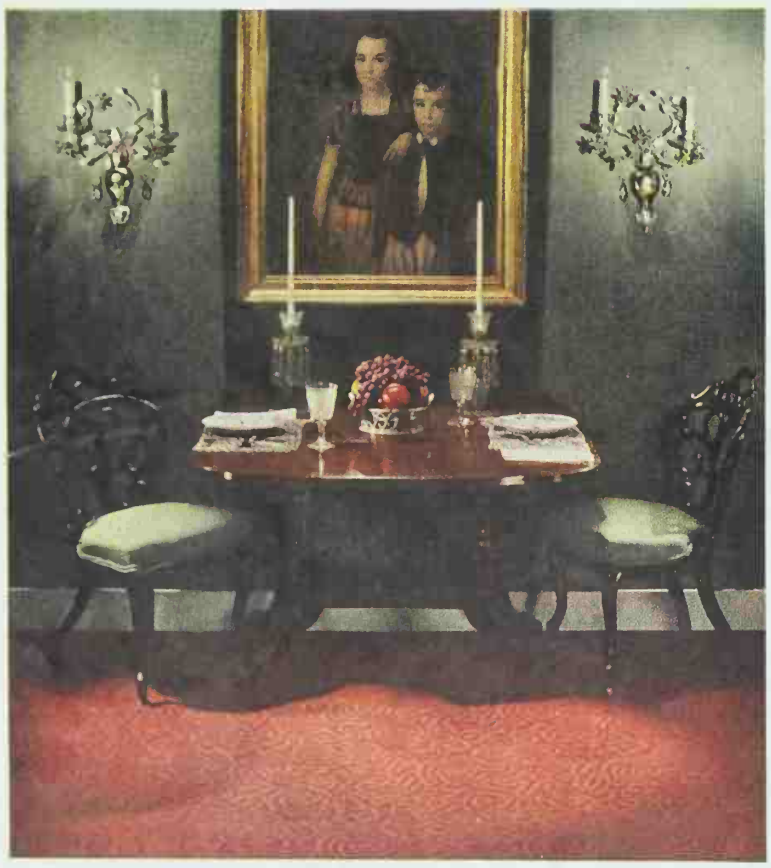
WALTON RICE MILL, INC., STUTTGART, ARK.



Is your first interest color and pattern? Your taste tells you what your home needs—the perfect color, the superbly right pattern to set a mood of graciousness and hospitality. Find *just the right rug* at your Bigelow dealer's—where there's a *wide choice!* Rainbows of rich colors—scores of magnificent patterns and textures to choose from! SHOWN: Bigelow's incomparable Sonata 2103-9165, a turf-deep Lokweave carpet, a Bigelow exclusive. Can be seamed invisibly. Around $16.50* a sq. yd.

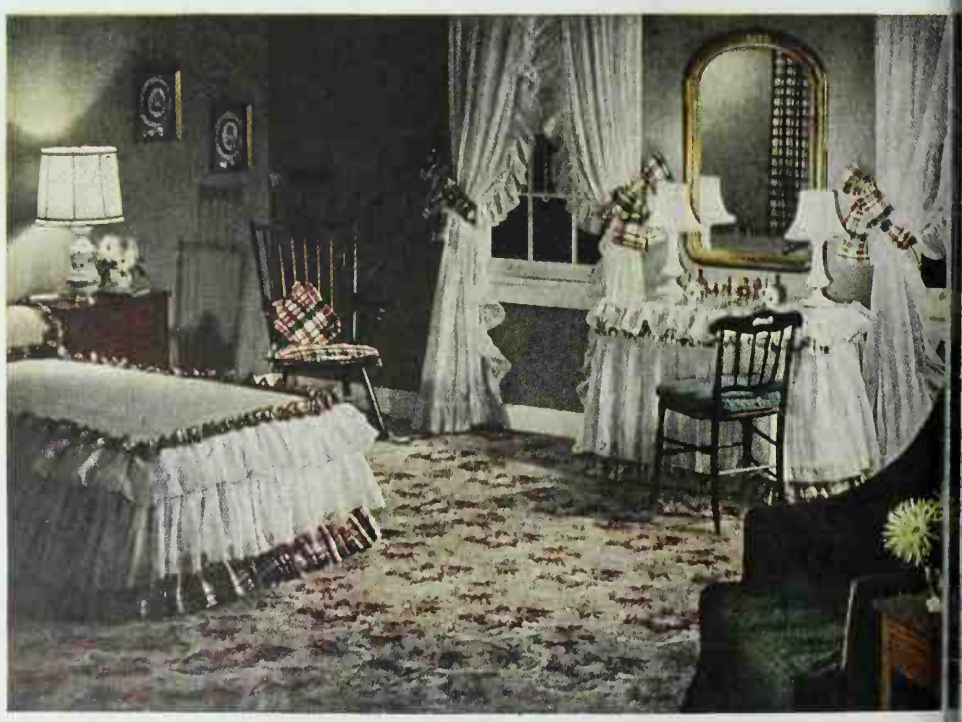
Want wide choice? Just-right price? Superb wear-value?

Go where rugs wear the Bigelow name!



Is wear a big consideration in your family? Get wear-plus, with a Bigelow Rug! Each is made of "lively" wool, that keeps its spring, gives longer wear and lasting good looks. The experience of millions of women proves that you can expect *many, many years* of superb service and beauty from your Bigelow Rug! SHOWN: Bigelow's dramatic Sovereign 10408, a modern carved-effect Axminster carpet in self-color. Around $10.50* a sq. yd.

*Slightly higher west of Rockies



Do you have just so much money to spend? Whatever you've set aside for the rug of yo dreams, you'll find a perfect choice at your price level. *Every* Bigelow Rug is a Best Buy! each—a balanced blend of finest wools, for extra richness, wear. Quality controls watch eve step of manufacture . . . *assure you a better rug.* SHOWN: Bigelow's Fervak 9389, a lovely flo Axminster carpet: around $6.75* a sq. yd.

LIVELY WOOL SPRINGS BACK UNDERFOOT

Bigelow Rugs and Carpets

Beauty you can see . . . quality you can trust . . . since 1825

(Continued from Page 223)

m added up in money to the miracu-
low figure of $142. A neighbor sold
a secondhand garden hose and rake for
ney still have no lawn mower, which
that Tom each spring and summer
borrow from neighbors. The Sullivans
no telephone. When Dorothy wants to
touch with her relatives in Detroit, she
penny post card. Dorothy went into
y three times last year. The bus fare
ents.

1943 the Sullivans' third daughter,
appeared and added her demands to
dget. In the autumn of the following
Dorothy became pregnant with her
child. She had picked up strength
owly after Dotty's birth. With three
n to care for, she pushed herself too
She was scrubbing the kitchen floor
ne morning when the pains came on
y schedule, the baby was still a month
Tom was at work. Dorothy was
haging badly by the time neighbors
to the rescue. They improvised an
nce by placing boards and blankets in
k seat of a car. "They treated me like
ess," Dorothy says. "Oh, they were
l to me." Neighbors moved in to take
of the three little girls, to call Tom,
fy relatives.

Sullivans' first son was born that night
d the following day. He lived long
to be named Thomas Patrick, for his
The funeral cost the parents $45. Tom
orothy wanted things nice. Dorothy
get well fast. She thinks now it was
mmer she began to acquire the notice-
oop which spoils her posture and
Sometimes, when the children weren't
to see, she cried for the lost baby.

ncially, the family
out fairly well.
h the summer of
om earned $1.37 an
nd for a brief period
fall he climbed to
n hour. As a result
and overtime, they
) a modest bank account. Then the
nit. At 11 A.M. November 21, 1945,
ted Automobile Workers called the
eneral Motors strike. Fisher-Tern-
osed up. Like tens of thousands of
n paralyzed Detroit, Tom was out
.

strike lasted until the thirteenth of
1946. The Sullivans remember those
as a time of accumulating night-
Of course they had company in
plenty of company.

people down the street held out
good," Dorothy will tell you, "by
heir car. My, how I would wish we
r to sell. But we had sold ours when
ht the house."

Sullivans' possessions of value were
urance policies, their household fur-
. their equity in their home. The
nk account didn't last long. They
borrow to eat and keep warm. The
zation insurance couldn't be met,
ed.

ouse payments fell behind. Terrified
house would go, Tom borrowed
m a small-loan company by mort-
he furniture, was later obliged to
the loan and get $100 more. With
his loan they met house payments,
nce they ate.

bit 1945 newspaper headlines read:
mas Buying Slow. Merchants Ex-
r Year." Dorothy and Tom made
minds that the holiday shouldn't be
or their three little girls. This is how
vans managed.

nt to a hardware store and for 75
ught a large piece of inexpensive
composition, which closely resem-
lar blackboard. He framed his im-
blackboard in molding which he'd
o for nothing at a construction site,
n the Sullivan basement wall. He
turdy desk large enough for two
s out of an old table, two small
chairs out of old orange crates.
cents' worth of paint; 35 cents more
went for chalk, two pencils, two tablets, a chalk eraser. On Christmas morning Patsy and Karen walked into a play schoolroom—an eye-filling gift that could hardly be duplicated in a shop for less than $30 or $40. On rainy days the schoolroom is still the children's favorite place to play.

But that was only the beginning. Dorothy collected all the children's old dolls, washed and repaired them. Then she sewed every evening until each doll had a brand-new wardrobe. She got the materials from her rag bag, dyeing the faded pieces to sharp new colors.

In a sister's basement Tom discovered a broken-down toy fire engine, two ruined tricycles. These once-expensive toys he carried into Detroit to a shop where striking brother union men, grimly conscious on their own of the problems presented by Christmas, welded broken spokes, straightened bent wheels and frames. The fire engine was without a ladder, without a bell. Tom installed a new bell; he built out of scrap lumber two wooden ladders large enough for little legs to climb. Another can of red paint, and Tom's job was finished. The old toys were new.

All Tom's work was done without anything like a cabinetmaker's skill—he'll tell you that he learned most of his carpentering that year—and virtually without tools. Tom owned a hammer. He borrowed a saw from a neighbor.

"The kids had a big Christmas," Tom said, "and it was awfully cheap."

Cheap? Well, perhaps. It didn't occur to either Tom or Dorothy to count in the costs of well over a hundred hours of labor. They were right, of course. What the young Sullivans had was one of those Christmases that money won't buy.

Love: the most fun you can have without laughing.

The elders themselves weren't forgotten on Christmas morning. A neighbor who owned a store appeared with a basket filled with canned goods, a roast of beef, a ham, coffee, everything! The members of Dorothy's sewing club made a Christmas Day call, and they brought two bushel baskets filled with good things they'd canned and preserved themselves. "One thing about the strike," Tom and Dorothy say, "we sure found out we had friends."

The General Motors strike was settled two years ago. But the Sullivans' 1948 financing is still affected by those months when Tom was out of work. They will soon have repaid one loan on which they are now paying $16.62 a month. The $200 borrowed from relatives is not yet paid, and Tom and Dorothy want to settle that debt "as soon as we can." The loan against Tom's insurance policies must be met eventually. The Sullivans' hospitalization is back in force now. Unhappily, it was inoperative in January of 1946, when Dorothy became pregnant with Chuck, the fourth of her living children.

The Sullivans paid for their boy themselves: $79 went to the hospital, $60 to the doctor. "Patsy cost us only thirty-five dollars," Dorothy points out. "But then I guess doctors' expenses have gone up, too, and they can't help charging more." When Dorothy came home from the hospital with Chuck in September of 1946, a surprise was awaiting her. Hazel and her mother had cleaned the house until it shone. But something else caught her eye. Hanging at the living-room and dinette windows were beautiful new lace curtains, six panels; cost, $7.75. The curtains were Tom's welcome-home to his wife and son. Perhaps Tom couldn't afford the surprise, but then perhaps he could. As it happened, he gave Dorothy something she'd yearned for since they first moved to Cherry Street back in 1942.

The Sullivans find it hard to balance their budget, but they do know how to live. In every way except the money way, Tom and Dorothy are radiantly successful people. Indeed, it might almost be said that the Sullivans have won the financial battle because they haven't lost it entirely; their victory is that they miss by inches when so easily they could miss by miles. THE END

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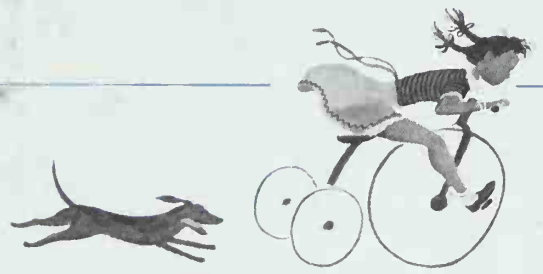
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PHOTO BY HAROLD FOWLE

For an attractive childproof room, use washable wallpaper, a sturdy linen rug and gay cotton slip covers that launder.



A room that can take it—

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

Dear Miss Murdock: **My husband and I like an attractive home, but we feel we can't have nice things until the children are older. Are there any decorations that can withstand the wear and tear of active children?**

WE admit there are children who *don't* wreck a family living room, but according to most parents, they are not living in the average home. Our own solution of the wear-and-tear problem is to plan simple, sturdy decorations for the entire room, but to set aside a spot for the exclusive use of the children and center there furniture, toys and other items belonging to them.

Carpenter-made shelves for books, magazines and radio help to keep the whole room orderly. Notice particularly in the photograph the built-in unit with a shelf especially designed to hold magazines upright. This is just a board that leans backward at a 10° angle. The bookcase which is part of the children's center is open on both sides, movable, and made of eight-inch boards. It serves as a sort of partition between the children's section and the rest of the room.

Plain slip covers made of hard-wearing, washable fabrics protect upholstery and give the room its decorative note. Denim, sailcloth and corduroy in gay colors are ideal fabrics for sturdy slip covers. There are any number of good service colors such as flax blue, Chinese red, emerald and yellow which give rooms a newly decorated look. Flowered prints in strong colors, stripes and plaids are suitable also.

If your furniture has simple lines, it is easy to make covers that fit almost as snugly as upholstery. For hard-to-fit arms you can make baste-on pieces, as we did for our pull-up chair. Cut a piece to shape, hem it, and fasten with tack stitches underneath where they do not show. *(Continued on Page 247)*

New! The makers of the world's favorite washer announce a

SPEEDY WAY TO DRY YOUR WASH WITHOUT WORK





Amazing new Bendix automatic Dryer does away with six more washday chores

No more heavy, wet clothes to carry.
No more lifting and reaching to hang up wash.
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No more clothespin and clothesline bothers.
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No more messed up back yard.

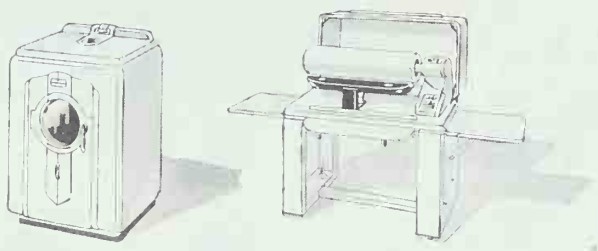
BENDIX automatic Dryer

AVAILABLE IN BOTH GAS AND ELECTRIC MODELS

any day is a perfect drying day, if you own the new lix automatic Home Dryer. And every washday much r! For, this way, a simple flip of a dial gets the clothes t, soft and fluffy—completely dry for storing . . . mp for ironing . . . in a matter of minutes!

matically, your Bendix Dryer tumbles the clothes satin-smooth cylinder while heated air blows through . Then, when clothes are just the way you want them, ryer shuts itself off.

in for a free demonstration at your nearest Bendix r's store. Ask him about his easy payment plan, too.



Now you can banish all 3 big washday chores—for good!

Bendix Home Appliances, Inc., South Bend 24, Ind. Also makers of the Bendix automatic Washer and Bendix automatic Ironer.

THE HAUNTING YEARS

(Continued from Page 54)

into the house which she haunted. Not only was there very little pleasure to be derived from going through her routine with no one there to hear it and to appreciate the little steps of progress which she made from time to time, but it was lonely, very lonely, for a gently reared young woman—well, perhaps not too young, but still—to live in a great ramshackle house all by herself. For though Phoebe was ashamed to admit it to the inspector from Ghosts, Inc., on his semiannual visits, the old house frightened her quite badly, particularly at night. Confined as she was in the big room that had been the nursery at the back of the fourth floor, she was completely cut off from any reassuring contact with the world. By day the three big broken windows at the far end of the room flooded her quarters with light and air, but for years now the only view from them had been that of a huge and apparently unused warehouse. By night the room was so quiet that the creak of the floor boards as they sagged sounded as sharp and loud as the report of a pistol.

Phoebe was horribly certain that if she had to stay alone in this house much longer she would go to pieces completely. This thought worried her, for she was not at all sure what care was provided for nervously disordered ghosts. She did not want to be locked in any rest home for the mentally deranged. The perfectly normal ghosts with whom she had attended class had almost all been so fierce that the mere sight of them had reduced her to a gelatin of fear, so she most decidedly did not want to meet any abnormal ones.

On the inspector's last visit she had tried to overcome her shyness and speak to him about the possibility of a transfer. But he was such a distinguished-looking gentleman—the younger son of an English lord, she had heard—that she had not had the courage to broach the subject.

So on the morning when she heard two men tramping through the lower floors and slowly mounting to her perch she almost burst with excitement. As they climbed the last flight of stairs she saw that one of them was the man from the real-estate company. The other was short and dumpy and talked out of the side of his mouth. She was much too excited to be able to catch all that they said; besides, they did seem to speak a droll type of English, nothing at all like that which she had been taught and only faintly resembling the slang she had heard in the 1920's. But she did manage to understand that the short dumpy man was contemplating buying the house and converting it into apartments.

As the men clumped down the stairs, they left Phoebe in an agony of suspense. She was much too tense to sit quietly on the empty packing case which the last tenants had left and which was her only piece furniture. Restlessly she paced up and do the room, twisting her tiny lace handk chief between her fingers and willing fat little man to buy the house.

Unfortunately, he had not seemed to it at all. His whole face had mirrored gust as he had looked at it. Phoebe's h sank when she remembered the expres on his face as he had jabbed a plump fi into a hole in the plaster and watched square feet of wall come tumbling down.

But hope resurrected itself when she membered that even in her time people drawn long faces and had frowned dis provingly over merchandise on which t had set their hearts. Perhaps this little r had merely been trying to get a better p on the house. Once having hit on that i Phoebe clung to it tenaciously. Afterw she declared that it was the one thing t got her through the next two days.

For it was just two days later that heard voices in the lower hall. The little r had returned, this time with the bean smile of proud ownership on his face a building contractor in tow.

For three months the old house w beehive of activity. Phoebe could not g very clear idea of what was being done do stairs, but her own room was being c pletely transformed.

The walls had been replastered and pai the floors scraped and varnished, the br windowpanes replaced. The tiny close the door which once had been used fo children's wraps had had a sink and a row shelf installed in it and was now refe to by the workmen as the kitchen. B these changes Phoebe gave little atten They were as nothing in her eyes when pared with the shining wonder of the l room fixtures which had been connecte an intricate maze of pipes in what had the old storage closet.

In particular, the contraption that men called the shower fascinated her. night she waited impatiently for the leave—for even if she was invisible she feel that it was quite proper for a la bathe with men about—and then she hurry into the bathroom, undress, tur knob and let the cool floods of water pouring down over her. She had neve anything quite so refreshing.

The apartment was almost ready Mildred Sanderson climbed the stairs t at it. The minute Phoebe saw her she that it would be Mildred who would roommate. She had a feeling that they get along well together.

For Mildred was young, but no young—about twenty-four, Phoebe have guessed—with a voice as soft

(Continued on Page 230)



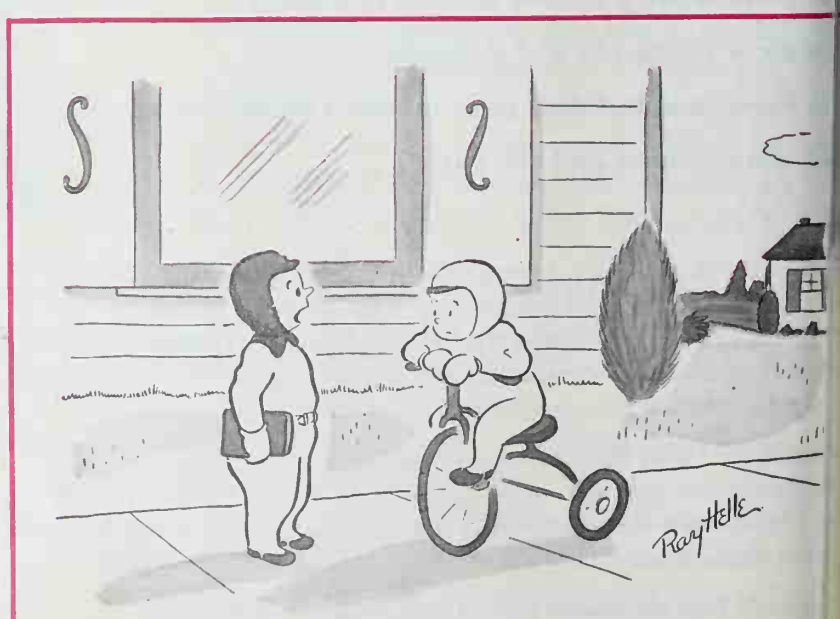
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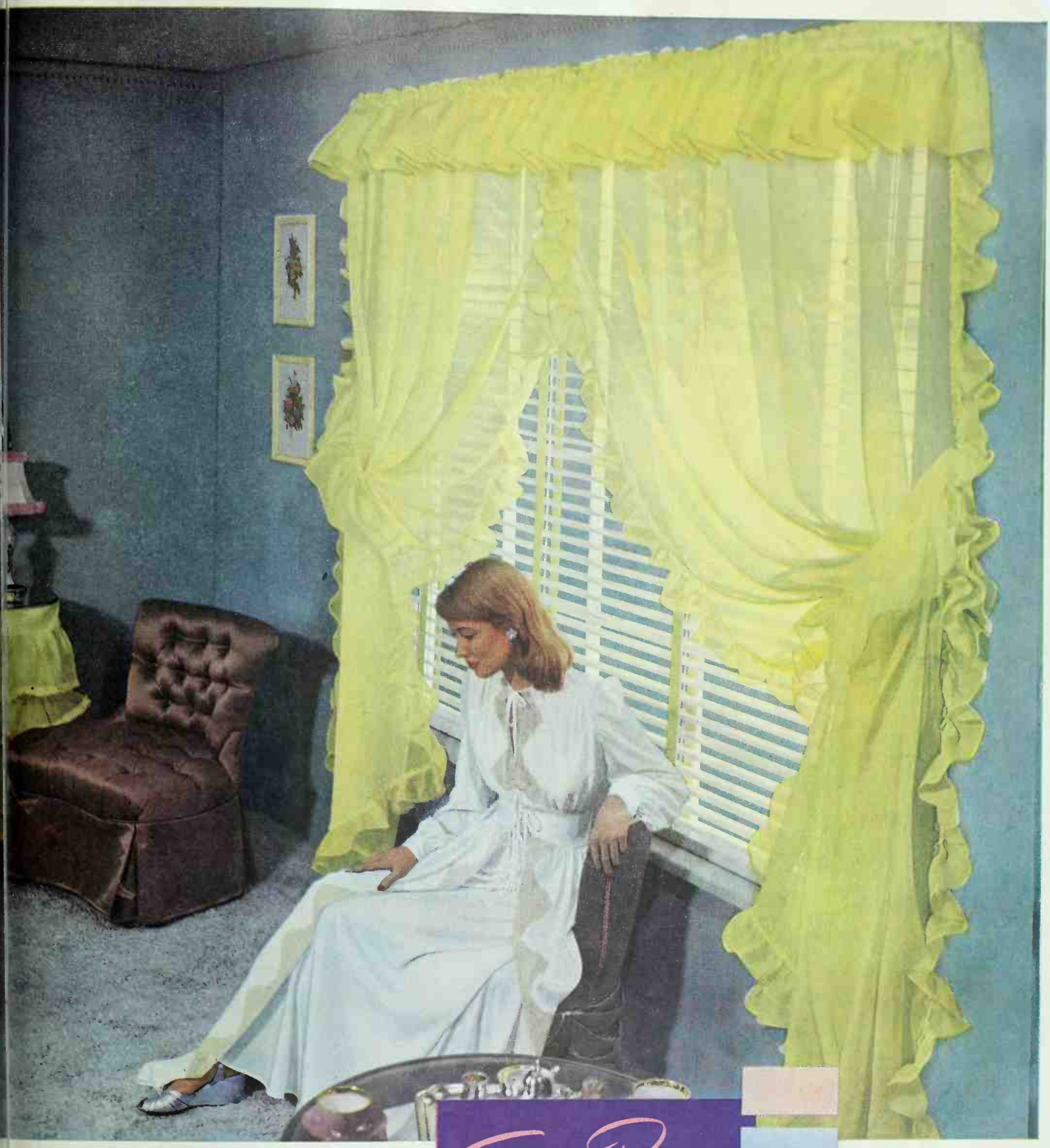
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"I go to school. What do you do for a living?"



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Snow Berry* curtains

The Halo curtain is made 84" wide to the pair: 54" long, $7.00, 63" long, $7.50, 72" long, $8.00, 81" long, $8.50, 90" long, $9.00. And in a double width, 160" wide to the pair, 90" long, $21.00. If not available at your favorite store, use convenient coupon!

*T.M. Reg. †Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Snow Berry Curtains
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Please send me, through my local Snow Berry distributor, ...pr. of Halo curtains in (color)....., (size).....
I enclose ☐ check, ☐ money order.

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It's the **Lewyt**

(rhymes with 'do it')

Here's a Vacuum Cleaner that's different!

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NO DUST LEAKS BACK INTO ROOM—it's *eliminated* by Triple Filters!

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1 

Dusts Furniture, too! ...Cleans walls, drapes, upholstery, rugs, bare floors, mattresses ...Waxes floors, De-moths clothes and closets, Sprays insecticides, paint.

2 

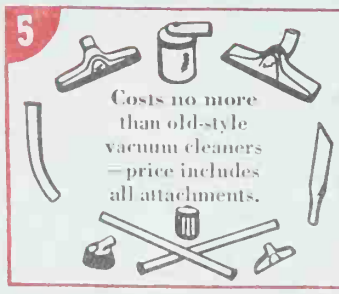
High-suction rug nozzle with adjustable Fuller Brush for lint.

3 

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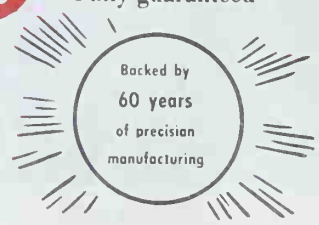
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5 

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Vacuum Cleaner Division, Lewyt Corporation, 66 Broadway, Brooklyn 11, New York

(Continued from Page 228)

pretty face. And the smile that lurked in her eyes even when she was considering such mundane matters as heating systems and kitchen sinks reassured Phoebe. Mildred, she felt, was definitely not the type—despite her soft little airs—to become frightened or stuffy when she discovered that she was sharing her apartment with a ghost.

So Phoebe almost purred with contentment when two men struggled up the steps carrying a trunk plainly marked with the initials M. S. Phoebe sat on it—her packing case had long since been thrown out—while they worked a day bed, a chest of drawers, a table and finally two big upholstered armchairs up the narrow stairs and into the room. Phoebe approved of the furniture. It was all of good quality; not really expensive, but well made and nicely matched. When the men had gone she sank happily into one of the chairs. No one, she reflected, who has not had to perch for years on the splintery edge of a discarded packing case can appreciate the luxury of down cushions.

Mildred, carrying a suitcase in each hand, arrived late in the afternoon. Breathless from the long climb, she dropped into the other armchair. Phoebe, sitting politely erect, smiled and nodded, although she was so nervous that she had to keep her hands folded in her lap to still their trembling. She wanted ever so much to make some gesture of welcome that Mildred could notice and appreciate, but being invisible placed such inflexible limitations on what one could do without startling or alarming people that Phoebe hesitated to move at all.

However, Phoebe had been strictly reared. After an agitated struggle her sense of proper etiquette conquered her trepidity. She leaned forward timidly and gave Mildred a friendly little pat on the shoulder. She drew back quickly, half frightened at her own forwardness. Mildred glanced questioningly at the windows as if she thought one of them might have been left open. Phoebe sighed. Sometimes it was very trying to be continually mistaken for a draft.

Mildred's unpacking was a sheer delight to Phoebe. She stroked the soft silk dresses, admired the bright cotton ones, and was a little shocked by the undergarments. Pretty they were, certainly, but there was so little to them.

The second suitcase had just been emptied when the doorbell rang. A tall, brown-haired young man carrying a bulging paper sack in his arms climbed uncertainly up the steps. Two thirds up the last flight he halted and grinned at Mildred standing in her doorway.

"I brought you some sandwiches. There's a bottle of milk too. That's for a few riotous toasts to your new place. Of course you understand that this is strictly a package show. You'll have to take me in to get the rest."

Phoebe liked him. He wasn't very handsome, his hair certainly hadn't been combed

(Continued on Page 232)

The "Before" Views of Dresses on Pages 66 and 67

These are sketches of the original dresses before the changes illustrated on pages 66 and 67 were made. If you have similar dresses, you can use the same ideas; or adapt our ideas to your other problem clothes.



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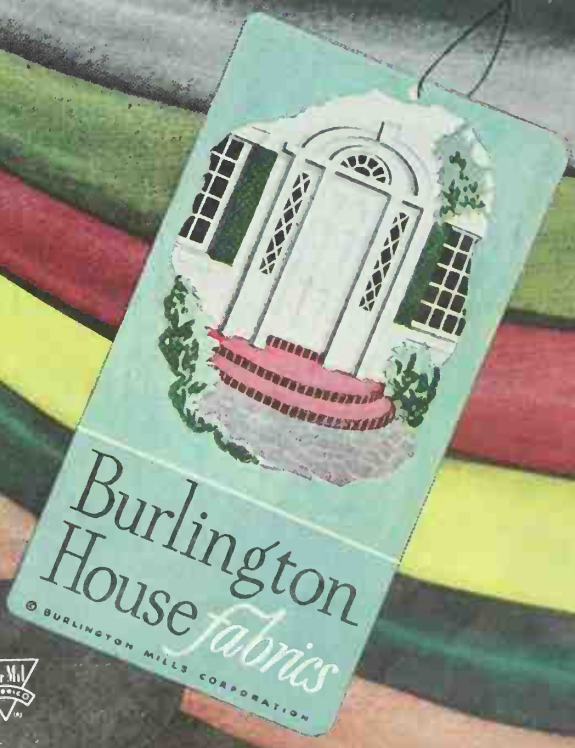
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(Continued from Page 230)

since morning, and his suit never had fitted him too well, but his smile warmed his words and he was engagingly young, self-conscious and clumsy as he stood peering questioningly upward at Mildred. Phoebe almost caught her breath at the boldness of her own thoughts, but she found herself hoping that he would come often.

Mildred shook her head in exasperation, but the little smile that tickled the ends of her mouth betrayed her. "Come in, Johnny; I'll put you to work hanging curtains."

Johnny looked at the flat. "It's nice, Milly, but I wish you preferred an old farmhouse with no conveniences except my strong right arm. By the way, you haven't changed your mind about that, have you?"

"Since I saw you at the office an hour ago? No, I haven't."

"I was afraid you hadn't, but there's still a week before I leave for Idaho, and I still think that you'll be on that train with me." He lowered the paper sack to a table and, peering into it, began carefully extracting small wax-paper-wrapped packages from it.

"Johnny, don't try to be domineering or I'll send you home. I've already told you a dozen times that I won't go out to Idaho. I grew up on a farm and I've had enough of farm life. From now on I'm going to have electricity and gas and shower baths. I'm going to live where I can see shows and hear concerts and go dancing and eat in nice restaurants. I'm going to have good clothes and a French hairdresser." Mildred's face was defiantly red, but her voice hesitated over her words as if it mistrusted their taste.

"And work all day cooped up in that advertising agency and come home to an empty flat? Did you forget that part, Milly? You'll never be your own boss, never have your own roof over your head, your own land under your feet. You're selling your birthright for a shower bath and a French hairdresser."

"Johnny, maybe you want to throw up your good job in the agency and take a chance on that run-down farm your uncle left you, but I don't. But, Johnny, please, I love you. Sell the farm and stay in New York. Look—this is only a one-room flat, but we could live here until we found something larger. Please, Johnny!" Mildred was sitting bolt upright on the day bed, looking as if she might burst into tears at any moment.

"Don't talk like that, Milly. I'd do anything in the world for you except give up this chance for us both to have a decent life."

"Then I think that you'd better go home, Johnny. I don't want to hear any more about that farm and you can't seem to talk about anything else."

"That's because ——"

"Good night, Johnny."

"O.K., if that's the way you want it."

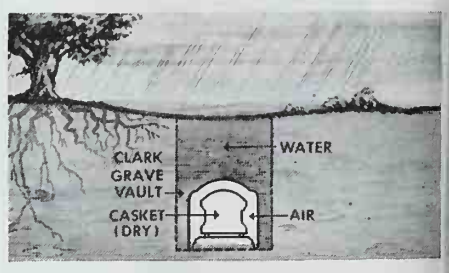
Johnny banged down the stairs, Mildred buried her head in the pillows of the day bed and wept, Phoebe huddled miserably in her easy chair. Johnny and Mildred's quarrel had reminded her of that spring when she had been twenty and had refused to marry another Johnny. Johnny Waring had been his name, and he had been young, black-haired and very much in love with her. She had loved him, too, but she had been afraid to leave the security and comfort of the East to go westward with him. At last he had driven away, angry, disappointed and alone. She had never seen or heard of him again.

The years had dragged by without color and with perhaps no great unhappiness, but with no happiness either. After her parents had died, the Van Neys had engaged her as governess to their girls. She had lived comfortably enough in their great house. She had driven in their carriage, even accompanied them to the smart watering places. Her life had given her everything she had wanted from it when she had refused Johnny. But with each passing day she had realized more fully that she had chosen foolishly. All the comforts in the world could not fill an empty heart.

Phoebe stared unhappily at the sobbing Mildred and felt a peculiar sensation con-



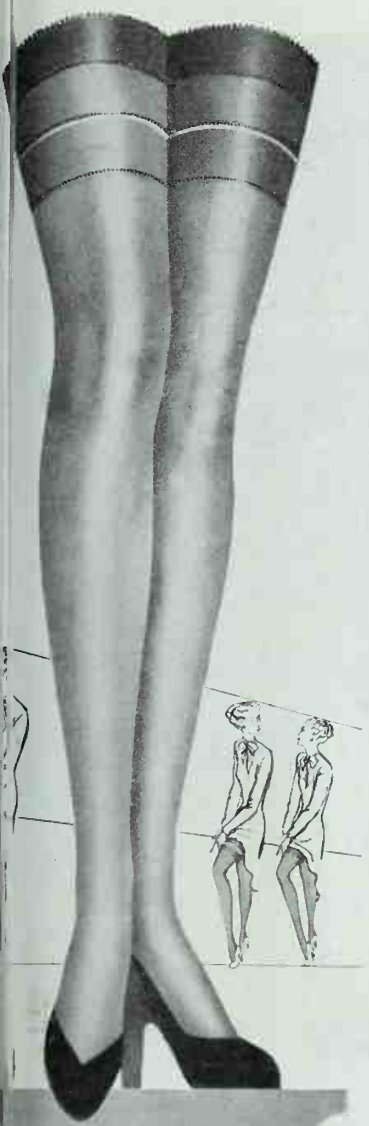
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gealing along her backbone. Her mind worried over that strange new feeling for a moment and then suddenly identified it. It was determination. If she could stop her, Mildred was not going to make the same stupid, irreparable mistake that she had made. But how was she to prevent it?

Her mind fluttered helplessly. At last it hesitated, then fixed itself firmly on an idea. It was not a very good idea, Phoebe feared, but it was the best she could devise. She would frighten Mildred so badly that she would run to Johnny for protection. If Johnny couldn't handle the situation from then on, he didn't deserve to have Mildred.

Trembling a little from excitement, she looked about for the best way to open the campaign. Her eyes wandered toward the bathroom. First of all, she decided, she would turn on the shower. The suddenly gushing water might startle and puzzle Mildred. But what was more important, it would give Phoebe a chance to splash a little cool water on her wrists and temples to refresh her for a long night's work.

She turned on a tiny trickle of water, her ear cocked to the other room for Mildred's reaction. She heard the sobbing cease and the day bed creak as Mildred sat up. Quickly, before she could hesitate, Phoebe turned on the water full force. For just a moment she forgot Mildred as she thrust her hands into that torrent of fresh, clean water. But she could not forget Mildred for long, because Mildred came running into the bathroom. Quickly Mildred turned off the water. Phoebe immediately turned it on. Mildred turned it off again. Phoebe turned it on. Mildred stared vacantly at the rushing water for a moment. "Pressure in the pipes," she murmured and strayed back into the living room. Phoebe turned off the shower and sat down on the edge of the tub to collect herself.

An open mind is all very well in its way, but it ought not to be so open that there is no keeping anything in or out of it.

—SAMUEL BUTLER.

When she finally walked into the living room she found Mildred gloomily eating a sandwich and drinking milk. Phoebe went over to the casement windows and threw one of them open. Mildred absent-mindedly came over, closed and bolted it. Then she sat down, picked up her sandwich, and with a far-away look in her eyes began chewing again.

A little depressed, Phoebe decided to wait until Mildred had turned out the lights and gone to bed before continuing. She remembered that she had been taught that ghostly manifestations were much more effective when given in the dead of night.

All night Phoebe rattled windowpanes, squeaked floors, knocked on walls and breathed on Mildred's cheeks and throat. In the morning she was a nervous wreck; Mildred, fresh as a daisy. For Mildred, Phoebe now realized, had no imagination. To her, squeaking floor boards and noises in the walls merely meant that the house was settling; suddenly opened windows and a cool puff of air on her cheek, that the room was drafty. A ghost has to have some small co-operation from her public, and Mildred was giving none.

Phoebe was discouraged. She had never had any great faith in her ability to frighten Mildred, but the little hope that she had possessed was now completely shattered. She would, she decided, have to find some other scheme to push Mildred and Johnny together. The trouble was that she couldn't think of any other.

Mildred had left and Phoebe had just settled down in the big armchair to think out the situation when she heard the light tapping which meant just one thing: the inspector from Ghosts, Inc., was at the door.

Phoebe felt a moment's panic. It was not yet time for the inspector's semiannual visit.

(Continued on Page 235)



• Try one of these downright feminine maneuvers by Walk-Over. Very light 'n airy, for this year's very "helpless-lady" look. Heeled high to lower eyes for ankle-gazing! Fashioned to snuggle like a second skin!
In Spring's most sprightly leathers:
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Shown closed above, open at right, 18th century period design radio-phonograph console in rich mahogany finish. Cobra Tone Arm, Silent-Speed Record Changer, Standard Broadcast, Genuine Zenith-Armstrong FM. Model 9H088R. $329.50*

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Your choice of 43 Zenith radios, radio-phonographs and portables from $26.95 to $675. Prices subject to change without further notice. **West Coast prices slightly higher.*



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(Continued from Page 233)

news of last night's failure already
ed to headquarters? But that was
lous—or she hoped it was. She pulled
f together with the thought that, any-
he couldn't be demoted any lower than
, Beginner Class, so really there was
ıg to fear.

opened the door to find an embarrassed-
g inspector. Not only was he twirling
t self-consciously, but he also seemed
slightly pink around the collar.

ood morning, Miss Phoebe." He seemed
e difficulty with his voice. It wobbled.
was well controlled by the time he sat
in the armchair she offered and asked,
how have things been since I last
you? I see that at least your quarters
ıch more comfortable now."

ebe detected a faintly anxious tone in
ice. *Why?* she wondered. *Are they*
at headquarters that I can't even ghost a
m flat properly? A little spark of re-
nt flickered in her and was ex-
hed by her own candid opinion that
did think so, they were quite right.
had been modestly contemplating the
but now she darted a quick look at
pector. He really didn't look half as
able today as he usually did. Some
starch had gone out of him; or per-
was that during his previous visits
l always been so preoccupied with her
yness that she had never been able to
ı as he was. A daring thought crept
r mind. What
were to ask the
tor's advice
handling the
d-Johnny situ-
After all, he
nan, and men
competent!
ly he would
ust the right
do.
onder," she
f I might ask
vice?"
inspector's
re an open in-
to friendship
onfidence.
was a little
d to realize
y that he was
little man as
s herself. She had meant to tell him
ut Mildred and Johnny, but she found
story tumbling from her mouth too.
she had finished, a comfortable
nce lay between them for a moment.
stirred.

Phoebe, you have greatly honored
ving me your confidence and I shall
pay you in some small measure by
help you. Only"—he looked em-
d—"I have had so little experience
s of the heart. I never married, you
nd then I was killed in a hunting
when I was quite young. But don't
he added hastily as he saw her dis-
shall think of something. Just don't

e is so little time," Phoebe sighed.
e is plenty of time," he assured her.
ıust do some thinking and you must
sleep. After last night you must be
d. I'll leave you now—do try to get
st—but I shall be back this evening
lan." He bowed low over her hand
peared.

relaxed in her chair with a happy
ı of contentment. It was pleasant
ı man to do one's worrying.
ke late in the afternoon with just
quick shower before Mildred came
airs. She watched with interest as
humped several heavy packages on
One of them held slip covers, an-
vels, and a third, which Mildred
k downstairs to get, a rug. But
Phoebe noticed, was taking small
n her new possessions. She yanked
of their packages and threw them
ay bed as if she were trying to
em for existing.

In a few moments Phoebe heard the inspector's light tap and then he was standing beside her. She looked at him inquiringly. He had a harried look. He motioned toward the bathroom.

Once inside, she asked in a whisper, "Well, what shall we do?"

He twisted the tip of his mustache nervously. "Miss Phoebe, I don't know. I've thought and thought. In fact, I've done nothing but think all afternoon, but I can't think of a single thing to do."

Phoebe turned away. She felt as if she were going to cry. She felt his hand on her shoulder.

"But, Miss Phoebe," he said, "please don't worry. I'll find something. If you don't object I'd like to stay here this evening. Perhaps Johnny will come. If he does, I just won't let him leave until this matter is settled."

"Oh, would you stay, inspector?" Phoebe asked hopefully.

"Of course; but don't call me inspector. My name is Edward—Edward Barton."

"Yes, Mr. Barton." Phoebe felt herself blushing. But that was all right. Mr. Barton was blushing too.

They hurried into the living room. Mildred had pushed one of the chairs over to the window and was hanging curtains in grim silence. Phoebe sat on one corner of the day bed. The inspector leaned against the wall and thoughtfully twisted his mustache.

They all jumped when the doorbell rang. Johnny came slowly up the stairs, shyly, uncertain of his welcome. He stopped, as he had the first night, halfway up the last flight.

"Hello, Milly. I thought I might be able to help you; or maybe you'd like to go to a movie or something?"

Phoebe's quick glance at Mildred reassured her. Johnny would not be turned away. She looked at the inspector for his reaction. He nodded his approval of Johnny to her. Suddenly she felt warm and relaxed and happy. Everything was going to be all right.

She was not so sure half an hour later when Johnny and Mildred began quarreling again. It was Mildred who began it.

"Johnny," she said suddenly as if she had held back the words as long as she could and now they were breaking away from her against her will, "stay in New York."

Johnny, who was standing on the chair hanging curtains, looked down at Mildred. "No," he said.

"You're just being stubborn," Mildred said.

"No," Johnny said. "I just know what I want. I know farm life isn't an easy life, but I know it's a good one. Maybe I'll never be as rich as I might be if I stayed in New York, but I'll get a lot more for my money. I'll get time and space to live in, and that's what I want."

"Well, you can do what you want with your life, I guess, but I'm going to spend mine right in New York. I like it here." Mildred's voice was tensely defiant. Leaving him alone at the window, she stalked over and threw herself into one of the armchairs.

Phoebe looked to the inspector for his reaction. But Mr. Barton was no longer leaning against the wall indecisively twisting his mustache. He was striding determinedly across the room toward Johnny, who still stood on the chair by the windows. To Phoebe's horror, Mr. Barton took hold of that chair and pulled. For a moment Johnny seemed to hang in air, then he began hurtling downward. Phoebe sat frozen to her seat.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Progress

By Norman R. Jaffray

"Everyone talks of the weather,"
said Twain,
And certainly none can doubt it,
But now that we drop dry ice from
a plane
And manufacture synthetic rain,
The conversation is less inane
And we *do* do something about it.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

window with modern overtones



PHOTOGRAPH: MAYNARD L. PARKER

Beauty treatment for a long window is provided by Venetian blinds, choice of Barker Bros., Los Angeles decorators. The blinds fit perfectly into the modern decorating scheme, keyed by the round couch in the foreground.

How to judge quality when you buy Venetian Blinds

You have probably already made up your mind to buy steel Venetian blinds for your home. You want the beauty, flexibility, and inherent strength of steel. But if you want top quality and long life in Venetian blinds, here's one thing you should know:

Top-quality steel blinds are *galvanized* and *bonderized*. This is very important. It preserves the beauty and long life of the baked enameled finish.

You can easily identify steel blinds of this top quality by looking for the yellow-and-black seal with the flower on the window sill (below). This seal is one assurance of long life and lasting beauty in steel Venetian blinds.

Remember also, blinds which bear it have been granted the Good Housekeeping Seal which provides for replacement or refund of money if not as advertised therein.

This advertisement is printed by Acme Steel Company, Chicago, to encourage quality labeling for consumer protection.

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Please send me a copy of "A Gallery of American Windows." I enclose 10c to cover cost of handling.

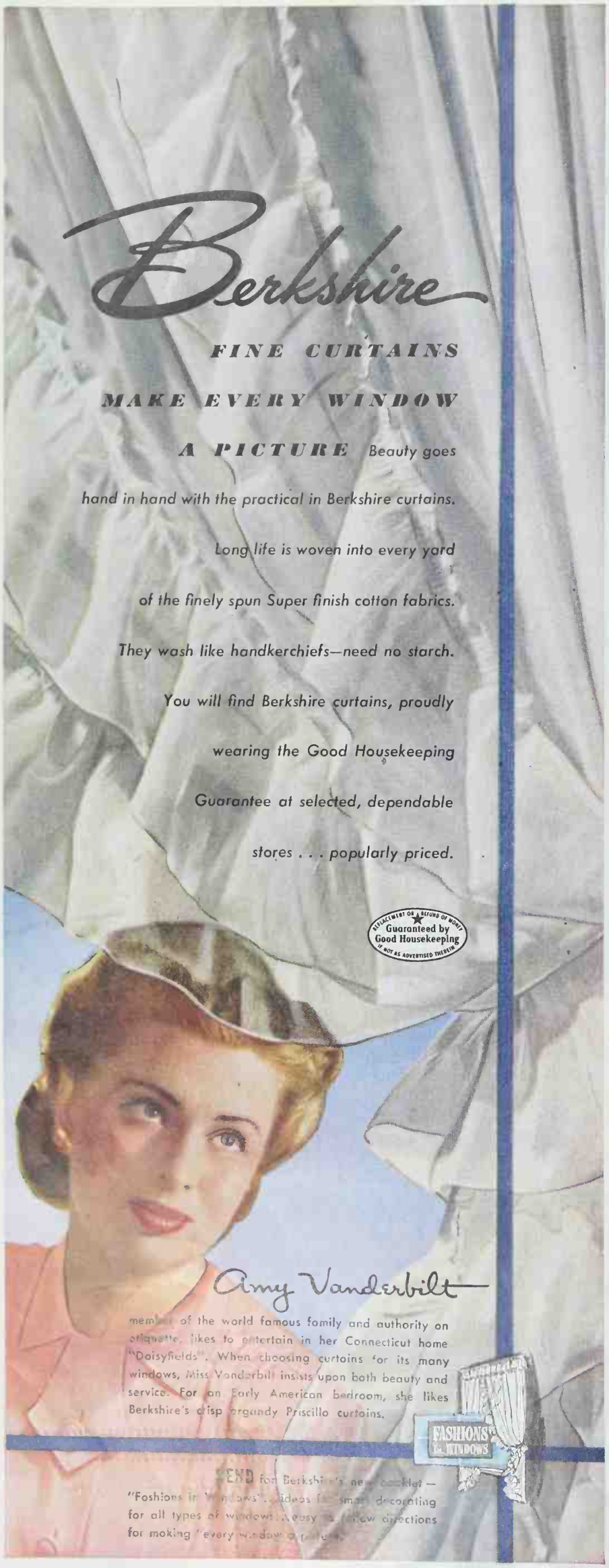
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Address.....

City.....State.....



Look for this seal of quality when you buy Venetian blinds.



But then she saw Mr. Barton jump under Johnny and break his fall. She breathed freer. But when Mr. Barton had eased Johnny to the floor she was amazed to see him lift Johnny's head and bang it forcefully on the floor. Johnny sighed and went to sleep. Mr. Barton scrambled to his feet just in time to get out of Mildred's way as she dropped to her knees beside Johnny.

Her arms went around him, lifting his head, tugging at him. "Johnny, are you all right? Oh, darling, wake up. O-o-oh, my poor darling!"

Phoebe had a faint suspicion that for just a second one of Johnny's eyes opened and then rapidly reshut itself. But Mildred's eyes were too full of tears for her to have noticed it.

Mildred ran into the bathroom and came back with a wet towel. Holding Johnny's head in her arms, she began swabbing his face with it. "Darling," she was saying, "wake up, you're all right. You've just got to be all right."

"Why," Johnny said, suddenly opening both eyes, "do I just have to be all right?"

"Oh, Johnny, are you hurt?"

"Of course I'm hurt. But what did you mean just now?"

Mildred let out a wail and dropped Johnny. His head bounced—hard—against the floor. He grabbed it while she grabbed for the wet towel to blow her nose. "I thought you were dead."

"I might have fallen out the window too. It's four flights down," Johnny suggested.

Mildred sniffled. "Johnny, you mustn't ever let anything happen to you. Promise me you won't."

"Will you come with me to see that I keep my promise?"

Mildred grinned through her tears. "I love you too much, Johnny. I guess there's nothing for me to do but let you win the argument. Just this once. Because I wa you to."

Johnny handled the situation very cor petently after that. Phoebe looked aw from them with some embarrassment. H eyes fell on Mr. Barton. He was watchi Mildred and Johnny with loving pride. *H a kind man*, Phoebe decided, *even if he is a rough in his methods.* She smiled and nodd congratulations at him when he glanced her. He beamed proudly.

When Mildred and Johnny had left to fi a doctor and to celebrate with a dinner in t little restaurant around the corner, M Barton cleared his throat.

"Miss Phoebe," he said, "now that have solved that little problem, I would ve much like to speak to you about a mat which closely concerns me. In fact, it is t matter which brought me to your door—y know that my next official visit to you is due for another two months. What I want to say was that—well—you see—I mean say there is a very fine castle in England bit run-down, of course—no modern c veniences—quite deserted, in fact, except sight-seers. And, well, headquarters h been looking for a ghost couple to occu it. And I thought—I dared to hope—t is, if you would do me the honor of y hand, I thought we might—well—take you know. Miss Phoebe, I'm afraid that saying all this rather badly, but I h admired you so much all these years. would make me the happiest ghost in the world if you could bring yourself accept me. I'd do everything in my po to make you happy."

Phoebe's hand stole out from her lap f second and pressed itself against the soft of the day bed's cushions, but she did even give a farewell glance toward the gle ing shower as she rose and stepped tov Mr. Barton.

TIME OF PERIL

(Continued from Page 73)

deeply disturbed him—when he learned of the pending three-power decision to restore an independent Austria his mind turned back to the financial collapse of Austria in 1931. "They haven't any grasp, apparently, of the underlying need of proper economic arrangements to make the peace stick. . . . If they restored Austria to her position in which she was left by the Versailles arrangement twenty-five years ago, why they would reduce her again to a nonself-sustaining state and they didn't seem to have that thing in mind at all. Central Europe after the war has got to eat. She has got to be free from tariffs in order to eat." (Diary, October 28, 1943.)

Although most of his time at meetings with Mr. Roosevelt in this period was devoted to more immediate questions like the OVERLORD command, he had a chance on December 18, 1943, to express his position briefly. "I got an occasion to tell him that I had seen proposals in regard to the division of Europe in case of victory and that I had only one general recommendation at present and that was not to divide Europe up into separate pieces which could not each of them feed itself on its own land." He went on to point out that in the case of Germany this policy must involve the retention of much German commerce and industry, for "unless this commerce was protected she could not probably feed her population by agriculture." (Diary, December 18, 1943.)

Until late in 1944 Stimson's thinking on the peace did not develop much beyond the two principles outlined above. While he of course accepted the general notion of an international organization to replace and if possible improve on the League of Nations, he did not regard any such organization as a proper point of focus for the peacemaking; he entirely agreed with the President that the problem of the peace settlement was necessarily one to be solved by the major victorious powers, a position explicitly stated by three of them in the Moscow Declaration of November, 1943. The ques-

tion of future relations with Soviet Ru was one about which, until early 1945, he cautiously optimistic.

It was with this general attitude Stimson returned from Normandy in 1944, to find the Administration belat but vigorously engaged in the construc of a policy for the treatment of Germ At the same time, in anticipation of Dumbarton Oaks conference, the outl of a postwar organization were sketched in the State Department. It very different atmosphere from the on had left a month before, and he at recognized that he must shift his atter In his own department, officers respon for civil affairs reported that they were to face with a situation—the forthco occupation of Germany for which they no orders; it was not even settled whic of Germany U. S. forces should occupy July 31, after hearing from Harry Ho about "the postwar problems," Sti remarked, "I myself am thinking these lines now, and . . . as a result these thoughts, I had Jack McCloy Ed Stettinius in to dinner, and we over the pending negotiations. . . . most pressing thing is to get the Pres to decide on which part of Germany w occupied by the American troops. hell-bent to occupy the northern portio all think that that is a mistake—that only get us into a head-on collision wi British." (Diary, July 31, 1944.)

During the first weeks of August St was on vacation in New York, leaving M to act for him in these matters. Ret to Washington, he found that no pr had been made. On August 25 he lu with the President, and gave him fiv reasons for a decision to occupy western Germany: "I was inclined to I had made an impression on him, course it was impossible to say." Ther some discussion of the general nature German problem, "I made my main p that we were running into a lack of pr

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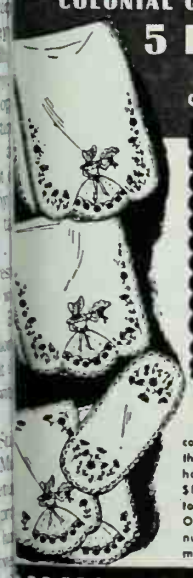
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ness. Our troops were going into Germany and they had no instruction on these vital points. . . . I pointed out that the President himself couldn't do the necessary study to decide these various points and suggested that he ought to appoint a Cabinet committee who could assimilate the work that was already being done by men on a lower level and prepare it for the President himself. He took that point and accepted it and then we went into Cabinet and at the very beginning of Cabinet he . . . said that he would appoint Secretary Hull, Morgenthau and myself as the members of that committee, with the Secretary of the Navy acting on it whenever a Navy matter was involved." To this list Mr. Roosevelt later added Harry Hopkins.

The first meeting of the Cabinet Committee was called on September 5. In the meantime Stimson found that there was a strong divergence of view in Washington between those who were in favor of a firm but discriminating treatment of Germany, looking toward her eventual reconstruction as a prosperous and peaceful nation, and those who frankly desired a Carthaginian peace. The night before the committee meeting Stimson and McCloy dined with Morgenthau and his assistant, Harry White. "We had a pleasant dinner, but we were all aware of the fact that a sharp issue is sure to arise over the question of the treatment of Germany. Morgenthau is, not unnaturally, very bitter and . . . it became very apparent that he would plunge out for a treatment of Germany which I felt sure would be unwise." (Diary, September 4, 1944.)

> **The world is not respectable; it is mortal, tormented, confused, deluded forever; but is shot through with beauty, with love, with glints of courage and laughter; and in these the spirit blooms timidly, and struggles to the light among the thorns.**
>
> —GEORGE SANTAYANA.

The Cabinet Committee meeting confirmed Stimson's worst fears. "Hull brought up a draft of agenda for the meeting. . . . This paper was all right on its face down to the last section, which contained some extreme propositions and principles, and as soon as we got into a discussion of them I, to my tremendous surprise, found that Hull was as bitter as Morgenthau against the Germans and was ready to dump all the principles that he had been laboring for in regard to trade for the last twelve years.* He and Morgenthau wished to wreck completely the immense Saar-Ruhr area of Germany and turn it into second-rate agricultural land, regardless of all that area meant, not only to Germany, but to the welfare of the entire European continent. Hopkins went with them so far as to wish to prevent the manufacture of steel in the area, a prohibition which would pretty well sabotage everything else. I found myself a minority of one and I labored vigorously but entirely ineffectively against my colleagues. In all the four years that I have been here I have not had such a difficult and unpleasant meeting, although of course there were no personalities. We all knew each other too well for that. But we were irreconcilably divided. In the end it was decided that Hull would send in his memorandum to the President while we should each of us send in a memorandum of views in respect to it." (Diary, September 5, 1944.)

It is worth noting the general nature of the parts of Hull's paper on which the Cabinet Committee was unanimous. These paragraphs provided for the complete demilitarization of Germany; the dissolution of the Nazi Party and all affiliated organizations, with energetic punishment of war criminals; the institution of extensive controls over communications and education; and the acceptance of the principle of reparations to

*This later seemed to Stimson an overstatement of Hull's position; in any event, the latter soon took a quite different view.

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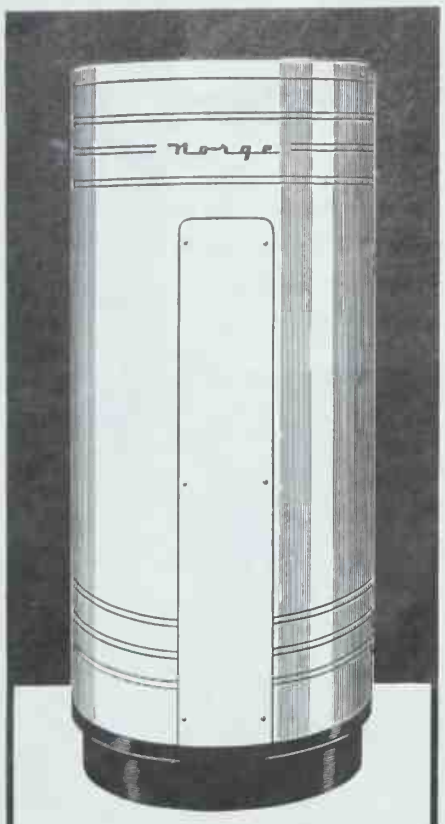
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other states, though not to the United States. It was only on the issue of the destruction of German heavy industry that Stimson was violently opposed to his colleagues.

His basic position on this issue was stated in the memorandum sent later the same day to his three colleagues, and forwarded by Hull to the President. This memorandum must be quoted nearly in full:

"I have considered the [State Department] paper entitled 'Suggested Recommendations on Treatment of Germany from the Cabinet Committee for the President,' . . .

"With the exception of the last paragraph I find myself in agreement with the principles stated therein and they are in conformity with the lines upon which we have been proceeding in the War Department in our directives to the Armed Forces.

"The last paragraph, however, is as follows:

"'h. The primary objectives of our economic policy are (1) the standard of living of the German population shall be held down to subsistence levels; (2) German economic position of power in Europe must be eliminated; (3) German economic capacity must be converted in such manners that it will be so dependent upon imports and exports that Germany cannot by its own devices reconvert to war production.'

"While certain of these statements by themselves may possibly be susceptible of a construction with which I would not be at variance, the construction put upon them at the discussion this morning certainly reached positions to which I am utterly opposed. The position frankly taken by some of my colleagues was that the great industrial regions of Germany known as the Saar and the Ruhr with their very important deposits of coal and ore should be totally transformed into a nonindustrial area of agricultural land.

"I cannot conceive of such a proposition being either possible or effective and I can see enormous general evils coming from an attempt to so treat it. During the past eighty years of European history this portion of Germany was one of the most important sources of the raw materials upon which the industrial and economic livelihood of Europe was based. Upon the production which came from the raw materials of this region during those years, the commerce of Europe was very largely predicated. Upon that production Germany became the largest source of supply to no less than ten European countries, viz: Russia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Romania and Bulgaria; and the second largest source of supply to Great Britain, Belgium and France. By the same commerce, which in large part arose from this production, Germany also became the best buyer or customer of Russia, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy and Austria-Hungary; and the second best customer of Great Britain, Sweden and Denmark. The production of these materials from this region could not be sealed up and obliterated, as was proposed this morning, without manifestly causing a great dislocation to the trade upon which Europe has lived. In Germany itself this commerce has built up since 1870 a population of approximately thirty million more people than were ever supported upon the agricultural soil of Germany alone. Undoubtedly a similar growth of population took place in the nations which indirectly participated in the commerce based upon this production.

"I CANNOT treat as realistic the suggestion that such an area in the present economic condition of the world can be turned into a nonproductive 'ghost territory' when it has become the center of one of the most industrialized continents in the world, populated by peoples of energy, vigor and progressiveness.

"I can conceive of endeavoring to meet the misuse which Germany has recently made of this production by wise systems of control or trusteeship, or even transfers of ownership to other nations. But I cannot conceive of turning such a gift of Nature into a dust heap.

"War is destruction. This war more than any previous war has caused gigantic destruction. The need for the recuperative benefits of productivity is more evident now than ever before throughout the world. Not to speak of Germany at all or even her satellites, our Allies in Europe will feel the need of the benefit of such productivity if it should be destroyed. Moreover, speed of reconstruction is of great importance, if we hope to avoid dangerous convulsions in Europe.

"We contemplate the transfer from Germany of ownership of East Prussia, Upper Silesia, Alsace and Lorraine (each of them except the first containing raw materials of importance) together with the imposition of general economic controls. We also are considering the wisdom of a possible partition of Germany into north and south sections, as well as the creation of an internationalized State in the Ruhr. With such precautions, or indeed with only some of them, it certainly should not be necessary for us to obliterate all industrial productivity in the Ruhr area, in order to preclude its future misuse.

"Nor can I agree that it should be one of our purposes to hold the German population 'to a subsistence level' if this means the edge of poverty. This would mean condemning the German people to a condition of servitude in which, no matter how hard or how effectively a man worked, he could not materially increase his economic condition in the world. Such a program would, I believe, create tension and resentments far outweighing any immediate advantage of security and would tend to obscure the guilt of the Nazis and the viciousness of their doctrines and their acts.

"By such economic mistakes I cannot but feel that you would also be poisoning the springs out of which we hope that the future peace of the world can be maintained. . . .

"My basic objection to the proposed methods of treating Germany which were discussed this morning was that in addition to a system of preventive and educative punishment they would add the dangerous weapon of complete economic oppression. Such methods, in my opinion, do not prevent war; they tend to breed war."

On September 6 the President held a meeting with the Cabinet Committee. Stimson and Morgenthau submitted their new memoranda. The President addressed most of his comments to Stimson, "reverting to his proposition . . . that Germany could live happily on soup from soup kitchens," but he appeared not to accept Morgenthau's view that the Ruhr should be dismantled, arguing rather "that Great Britain was going to be in sore straits after the war and . . . that the products of the Ruhr might be used to furnish raw material for British steel industry. I said that I had no objection certainly to assisting Britain in every way that we could, but that this was very different from obliterating the Ruhr. . . . There was quite an easing up in the attitude of Hull, and the President was certainly not following Morgenthau. . . . I wound up by using the analogy of Charles Lamb's dissertation on roast pig. I begged the President to remember that this was a most complicated economic question and all that I was urging upon him was that he should not burn down his house of the world for the sake of getting a meal of roast pig. He apparently caught the point." (Diary, September 6, 1944.)

STIMSON came away with the feeling that he had made some progress. Secretary Morgenthau apparently shared this feeling, for he promptly requested a rehearing before the President. A new meeting was set for September 9. Meanwhile both Morgenthau and Stimson prepared new papers expanding their views. The new Morgenthau paper, submitted on September 9, asserted that it was a fallacy that Europe needed a strong industrial Germany, that the mines and mills of the Ruhr had indeed been a depressing competitor of Great Britain particularly, and "it contained specious appeal to the President's expressed desire to help England by . . . the proposal that by sealing up the Ruhr we would give England the chance to jump into Germany's business of supplying Europe industrially and thus curing the alleged English depression in coal mining. It asserted that England had coal enough to supply its present output for five hundred years! This certainly is contrary to everything I have heard about the mines of Great Britain which have been constantly asserted to have been dug so deep as to become almost uneconomic." (Diary, September 9, 1944.)

In Stimson's memorandum of the same date he summarized again the basic difference between his position and Morgenthau's. The latter had expressed in writing (in his paper of September 6) the proposals made orally before the Cabinet Committee. Speaking of the Ruhr "and surrounding industrial areas" with a total of over 30,000 square miles, Morgenthau had written: "This area should not only be stripped of all presently existing industries, but so weakened and controlled that it cannot in the foreseeable future become an industrial area. . . . All industrial plants and equipment not destroyed by military action shall either be completely dismantled or removed from the area . . . completely destroyed, all equipment shall be removed from the mines and the mines shall be thoroughly wrecked." Stimson reiterated his unalterable opposition to any such program. It would breed war, not peace; it would arouse sympathy for Germany all over the world; it would destroy resources desperately needed for the reconstruction of Europe. Asking that no hasty decisions be made, he urged the President to accept for the time being a slightly revised version of Secretary Hull's original memorandum, leaving the controversial economic issue for future discussion.

Without making any decision on any of these papers, Mr. Roosevelt went to Quebec where on September 11 the Octagon Conference with Mr. Churchill began. One of the principal issues on the agenda for this meeting was the German problem, and Stimson was not happy about the President's state of body and mind. "I have been much troubled about the President's physical condition. He was distinctly not himself Saturday [September 9]. He had a cold and seemed all tired out. I rather fear for the effects of this hard conference upon him. I am particularly troubled . . . that he is going up there without any real preparation on the solution of the underlying and fundamental problem of how to treat Germa-

(Continued on Page 240)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Danger

BY ELIZABETH BOHM

Once in a while slow forces mutter in sleep.
A wind's black single claw rips up a plain,
A wave swallows an island; and again
The scale of earth a million ages deep
Shows man a germ in elemental size.
And though he blast with war as best he can,
Once in a while something steps on man
Bigger than he can focus on with eyes.
Something that does not notice him, but shifts
An unimagined foot, and land is lost;
Or sighs, and bows a continent with frost.
Then, wiser for a moment, man uplifts
His terror to the gap of stars, aware
Of comets blazing near with deadly hair.

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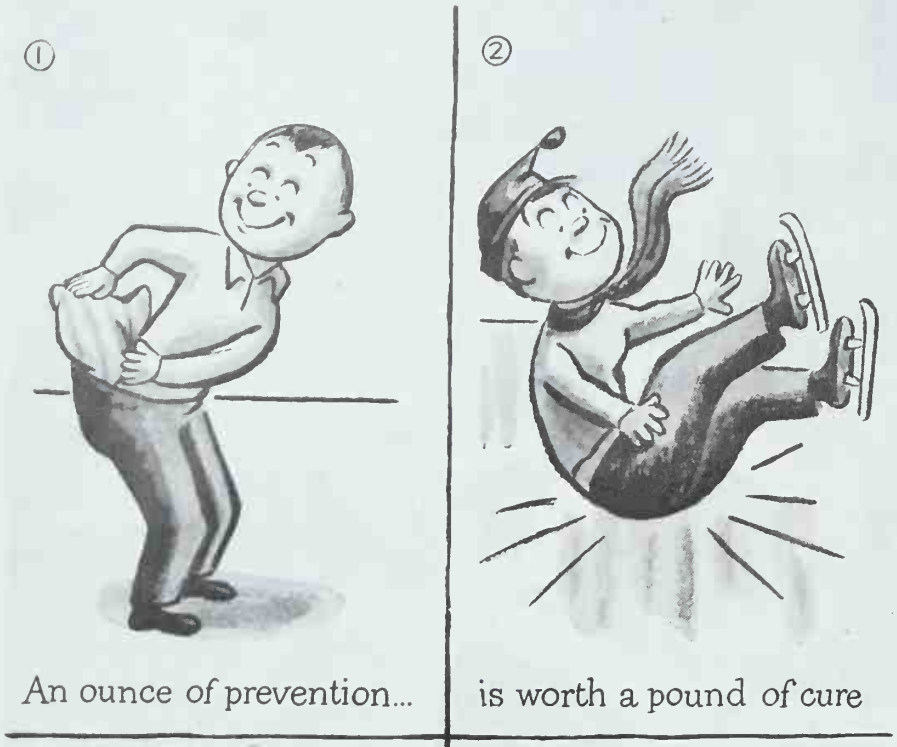
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(Continued from Page 238)

So far as he had evidenced it in his talks with me, he has had absolutely no study or training in the very difficult problem that we have to decide, namely of how far we can introduce preventive measures to protect the world from Germany running amuk again, and how far we must refrain from measures which will simply provoke the wrong reaction. I hope the British have brought better-trained men with them than we are likely to have to meet them." (Diary, September 11, 1944.)

The President seemed to Stimson to be further hampered by his obsession with the notion of a coming revolution in France. "I have argued the question with him already several times. He has been warned by Leahy that he may expect a revolution in France. . . . Although [Leahy] has had the advantage of being stationed in Vichy for several years, I don't think his advice is good. I think it is very doubtful whether there will be a revolution. But as I pointed out to the President, the revolution can hardly possibly occur until Germany is conquered. Pending that time, the danger of a common enemy, Germany, will keep the French factions together. Therefore by the time such a revolution can come, in all likelihood our forces will be in Germany and will have lines of communication not running across France. Therefore there is no reason why we should accept any call to occupy France. In fact, it seems entirely farfetched that any of the Allies should occupy France. She has had many revolutions before now which she has been left to settle herself and that ought to be done now. But the President has worked himself up into an apprehension of this. . . . At that meeting on Saturday morning whenever any question came up as to our duties in Germany, he would say: 'I want somebody to be sure and keep a buttress between us and France.'" (Diary, September 11, 1944.)

His preoccupation with France seemed to be preventing the President not only from making a decision on the zone of occupation, but even from any balanced consideration of the German problem as a whole. And although he finally accepted the southwestern zone at Quebec, he did not so quickly master the German question as a whole. As the Quebec conference proceeded, Stimson began to hear disturbing reports. On the 13th he learned that Morgenthau had been called to the conference; on the 16th he heard that the President and the Prime Minister had accepted the Morgenthau plan. But it was not until the 20th, when Morgenthau had returned victorious to Washington, that he learned the whole story.

It appeared that the President had called Morgenthau to Quebec to argue the case for his plan, that Morgenthau had found the British at first entirely opposed to him, that Mr. Churchill had been converted by the argument that the elimination of the Ruhr would create new markets for Great Britain, and that finally the President and the Prime Minister had initialed the following agreement, written in the main by Mr. Churchill:

"At a conference between the President and the Prime Minister upon the best measures to prevent renewed rearmament by Germany, it was felt that an essential feature was the future disposition of the Ruhr and the Saar.

"The ease with which the metallurgical, chemical and electric industries in Germany can be converted from peace to war had already been impressed upon us by bitter experience. It must also be remembered that the Germans have devastated a large portion of the industries of Russia and of other neighboring Allies, and it is only in accordance with justice that these injured countries should be entitled to remove the machinery they require in order to repair the losses they have suffered. The industries referred to in the Ruhr and in the Saar would therefore be necessarily put out of action and closed down. It was felt that the two districts should be put under some body under the world organization which would supervise the dismantling of these industries and make sure that they were not started up again by some subterfuge.

"This programme for eliminating the war making industries in the Ruhr and in the Saar is looking forward to converting Germany into a country primarily agricultural and pastoral in its character.

"The Prime Minister and the President were in agreement upon this programme.

O.K.
F.D.R.
W.S.C.
15/9.

September 16, 1944."

Morgenthau told this story "modestly and without rubbing it in, but it was the narration of a pretty heavy defeat for everything that we had fought for." The extraordinary document initialed by the two leaders marked a remarkable shift from another document signed by the same two men three years before. As McCloy pointed out to Stimson, it was the Atlantic Charter which had pronounced that the United States and the United Kingdom would "endeavor, with due respect for their existing obligation, to further the enjoyment by all States, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access, on equal terms, to the trade and to the raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity." Fortunately for all concerned, the Quebec memorandum did not long remain official United States policy.

> **Friends and neighbors, the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might the more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement.**
>
> —BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

When he first heard of the President's decision, Stimson was about to sign a third memorandum to Mr. Roosevelt on the Morgenthau plan. Although it seemed a waste of time to submit a further paper when the decision was already made, he decided to keep the record straight. "It will undoubtedly irritate him, for he dislikes opposition when he has made up his mind. But I have thought the thing over and decided to do it. I should not keep my self-respect otherwise." (Diary, September 18, 1944.)

This third memorandum (drafted in large part by McCloy) pitched the argument on a higher level than anything that had before been written. The paper was designed to appeal from F. D. R., the hasty signer of ill-considered memoranda, to Franklin Roosevelt, the farsighted and greatly humanitarian President of the United States. Its critical paragraphs follow:

"The question is not whether we want Germans to suffer for their sins. Many of us would like to see them suffer the torture they have inflicted on others. The only question is whether over the years a group of seventy million educated, efficient and imaginative people can be kept within bounds on such a low level of subsistence as the Treasury proposals contemplate. I do not believe that is humanly possible. A subordinate question is whether even if you could do this it is good for the rest of the world economically or spiritually. Sound thinking teaches that poverty in one part of the world usually induces poverty in other parts. Enforced poverty is even worse, for it destroys the spirit not only of the victim but debases the victor. It would be just such a crime as the Germans themselves hoped to perpetrate upon their victims—it would be a crime against civilization itself.

"This country since its very beginning has maintained the fundamental belief that all men, in the long run, have the right to be free human beings and to live in the pursuit of happiness. Under the Atlantic Charter

(Continued on Page 242)

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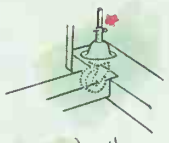
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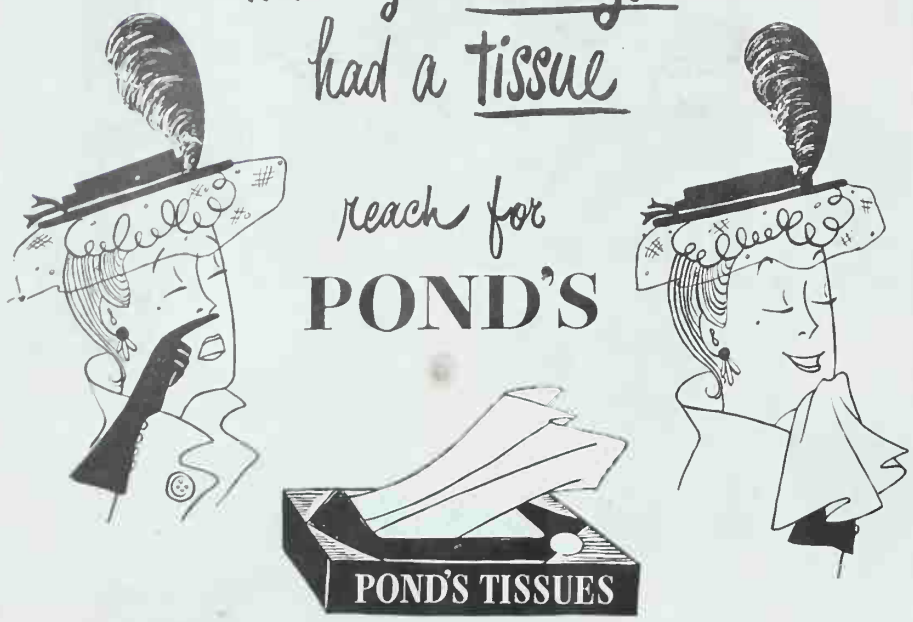


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(Continued from Page 240)

victors and vanquished alike are entitled to freedom from economic want. But the proposed treatment of Germany would, if successful, deliberately deprive many millions of people of the right to freedom from want and freedom from fear. Other peoples all over the world would suspect the validity of our spiritual tenets and question the long-range effectiveness of our economic and political principles as applied to the vanquished.

"The proposals would mean a forcible revolution in all of the basic methods of life of a vast section of the population as well as a disruption of many accustomed geographical associations and communications. Such an operation would naturally and necessarily involve a chaotic upheaval in the people's lives which would inevitably be productive of the deepest resentment and bitterness towards the authorities which had imposed such revolutionary changes upon them. Physically, considering the fact that their present enlarged population has been developed and supported under an entirely different geography and economy, it would doubtless cause tremendous suffering involving virtual starvation and death for many, and migrations and changes for others. It would be very difficult, if not impossible, for them to understand any purpose or cause for such revolutionary changes other than mere vengeance of their enemies, and this alone would strongly tend towards the most bitter reactions.

God is more pleased with those who think everything right in the world, than with those who think nothing right. With so many thousand joys, is it not black ingratitude to call the world a place of sorrow and torment? —RICHTER.

"I am prepared to accede to the argument that even if German resources were wiped off the map, the European economy would somehow readjust itself, perhaps with the help of Great Britain and this country. And the world would go on. The benefit to England by the suppression of German competition is greatly stressed in the Treasury memorandum. But this is an argument addressed to a short-sighted cupidity of the victors and the negation of all that Secretary Hull has been trying to accomplish since 1933. I am aware of England's needs, but I do not and cannot believe that she wishes this kind of remedy. I feel certain that in her own interest she could not afford to follow this path. The total elimination of a competitor (who is always a potential purchaser) is rarely a satisfactory solution of a commercial problem.

"The sum total of the drastic political and economic steps proposed by the Treasury is an open confession of the bankruptcy of hope for a reasonable economic and political settlement of the causes of war."

This paper was sent to Mr. Roosevelt at Hyde Park via Harry Hopkins. At the end of the week Stimson received word that the President had read it and would like to talk with him about it. "I hope this is a good symptom, but I dare not be too sure." (Diary, September 23, 24, 1944) Then on Sunday the 24th, to Stimson's annoyance, but not surprise, a report of the Cabinet disagreement (but not including the documents) was published in the newspapers. Three days earlier a pro-Treasury version had been put out by Drew Pearson. The immediate press reaction was strongly in favor of Hull and Stimson (the Secretary of State had completely changed in his initial and tentative position); the bulk of the press strongly attacked Morgenthau, and the President, too, for reportedly backing him. On Wednesday the 27th Mr. Roosevelt telephoned to Stimson, who was at Highhold. "He . . . was evidently under the influence of the impact of criticism which has followed his decision to follow Morgenthau's advice. The papers have taken it up violently and almost unanimously against Morgenthau and the



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President himself and the impact has been such that he had already evidently reached the conclusion that he had made a false step and was trying to work out of it. . . . He told me that he didn't really intend to try to make Germany a purely agricultural country, but said that his underlying motive was the very confidential one that England was broke; that something must be done to give her more business to pull out of the depression after the war, and he evidently hoped that by something like the Morgenthau plan Britain might inherit Germany's Ruhr business. I had already treated that argument in one of my memoranda sent to the President while the controversy was on, so I said nothing further about it." The two men agreed to discuss the matter further on Stimson's return to Washington.

On October 3 Stimson had lunch with the President. Mr. Roosevelt was apparently very tired and unwell, but "he was very friendly, although in evident discomfort, and I put my propositions to him with all the friendliness and tact possible—and after all I feel a very real and deep friendship for him. So the program went through as follows:

". . . I reminded him that he had asked me to talk with him when we next met about our issue over the treatment of Germany. He grinned and looked haughty and said 'Henry Morgenthau pulled a boner' or an equivalent expression, and said that we really were not apart on that; that he had no intention of turning Germany into an agrarian state and that all he wanted was to save a portion of the proceeds of the Ruhr for use by Great Britain (which was 'broke') [in] restoring a certain amount of trade in her export of certain manufactured articles which she could make, leaving some of the products of the Ruhr for Germany. This he considered to be the only method of achieving a very desirable end which he could think of or which had been suggested. He got so affirmative to this effect that I warned him that the paper which Churchill had drawn and which he had initialed did contain the proposition of converting Germany 'into a country primarily agricultural and pastoral in its character,' and I read him the three sentences beginning with the one saying that 'the industries referred to in the Ruhr and in the Saar would therefore be necessarily put out of action and closed down' down to the last sentence saying that 'this programme for eliminating the war-making industries in the Ruhr and in the Saar is looking forward to converting Germany into a country primarily agricultural and pastoral in its character.' He was frankly staggered by this and said he had no idea how he could have initialed this; that he had evidently done it without much thought.

"I told him that in my opinion the most serious danger of the situation was the getting abroad of the idea of vengeance instead of preventive punishment, and that it was the language in the Treasury paper which had alarmed me on this subject. I told him that, knowing his likeness for brevity and slogans, I had tried to think of a brief crystallization of the way I looked at it. I said I thought that our problem was analogous to the problem of an operation for cancer where it is necessary to cut deeply to get out the malignant tissue even at the expense of much sound tissue in the process, but not to the extent of cutting out any vital organs which by killing the patient would frustrate the benefit of the operation. I said in the same way that what we were after was preventive punishment, even educative punishment, but not vengeance. I told him that I had throughout had in mind his postwar leadership in which he would represent America. I said throughout the war his leadership had been on a high moral plane and he had fought for the highest moral objectives. Now during the postwar readjustment 'You must not poison this position' which he and our country held with anything like mere hatred or vengeance. In the course of the talk I told him of my personal friendship for Henry Morgenthau, who had been so kind to me when I first came into the Cabinet, and that

(Continued on Page 245)



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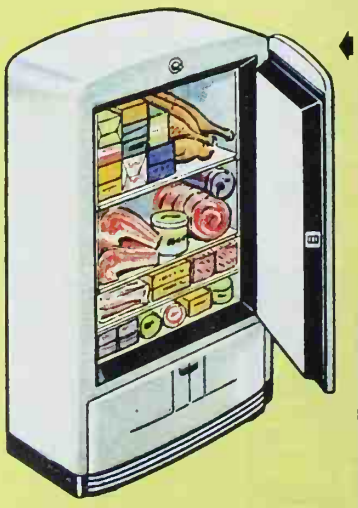
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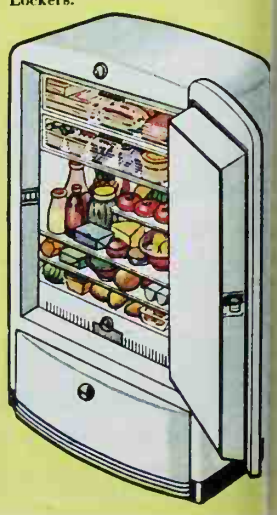
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(Continued from Page 243)

had shuddered when he took the leadership in such a campaign against Germany. . . ."

Stimson never discussed the "Pastoral Germany" issue again with the President; it was clear that Mr. Roosevelt had never really intended to carry out the Morgenthau plan, and that the Quebec memorandum did not represent his matured opinions. Governmental discussions of policy toward Germany were resumed at a lower level and McCloy carried the burden for the War Department.

But if Secretary Morgenthau's plan was discarded, the attitude which it represented remained, and continuous pressure was exerted throughout the winter before V-E Day for a stern directive to General Eisenhower on the treatment of Germany. The eventual product of the debate was the directive known as J. C. S. 1067*; rereading this order two years later, Stimson found it a painfully negative document. Although it contained no orders for economic destruction, it certainly was not designed to make the rebuilding of Germany an easy task, and indeed it explicitly ordered the American military governor to "take no steps (a) looking toward the economic rehabilitation of Germany or (b) designed to maintain or strengthen the German economy"—with the exception that he might act to ensure reparation payments and to prevent starvation or rebellion. Yet in the spring of 1945 J. C. S. 1067 seemed much less punitive and destructive than earlier proposals that Stimson found its final draft "a fairly good paper." (Diary, March 7, 1945.)

The question remained essentially one of attitude, and during the remaining months of his service Stimson constantly urged that there was no place for clumsy economic vengeance in American policy toward Germany. On May 16 he wrote at Mr. Truman's request a memorandum summarizing views already orally expressed to the new President:

"Early proposals for the treatment of Germany provided for keeping Germany near the margin of hunger as a means of punishment for past misdeeds. I have felt that this was a grave mistake. Punish her war criminals in full measure. Deprive her permanently of her weapons, her General Staff, and perhaps her entire army. Guard after governmental action until the Nazi generation has passed from the stage—admittedly a long job. But do not deprive her of the means of building up a contented Germany interested in following nonmilitaristic methods of civilization. This must necessarily involve some industrialization. Germany today has approximately thirty million excess population beyond what can be supported by agriculture alone. The eighty million Germans and Austrians in Central Europe today necessarily swing the balance of that continent. A solution must be found for their future peaceful existence, and this is to the interest of the whole world that they should not be driven by stress of hardship into a nondemocratic and necessarily predatory habit of life." (Memorandum for the President, May 16, 1945.)

In a further conversation with Mr. Truman on July 3, just before both men left for Potsdam, Stimson found that his views were fully shared by the White House. From this time forward American policy was more and more directed toward reconstruction of a denazified, demilitarized, but economically sound Germany. Unfortunately, vestiges of the old attitude remained at lower levels. Still more unfortunately, the execution of American policy was necessarily dependent upon inter-Allied agreement, and in the two years that followed the Potsdam Conference of 1945 the difficulty of securing effective agreement became even more clear. The German question became part of a still larger and more complicated subject—American policy toward Soviet Russia.

*Published in Dept. of State Bulletin, Vol. XIII (1945), pp. 596-607.

The Emergent Problem of Russia

During the war two facts became quite apparent to Stimson from the American Army's dealings with Russia. One was that the Russians were, consciously or unconsciously, bad-mannered and irritating beyond the normal degree of permissible international effrontery. Trustfulness and courtesy in whatever quantity seemed to inspire little if any reciprocity in official dealings, however merry the receptions, dinners and vodka parties.

The balance of effort was strikingly illustrated when President Roosevelt hastened his death by traveling to the Crimea in order to meet with Stalin, who reported himself forbidden by his doctor to make a long voyage.

The second evident fact about Soviet Russia was her strength. The colossal achievement of the Soviet armies and the skill and energy of the Russian leaders were perfectly apparent to men like Stimson and Marshall, who had spent many anxious hours in contemplation of the awful task of beating Nazi Germany if the Russians should go under. A nation which could do what the Russians did, after suffering the losses and the devastation inflicted by the invader in the first eighteen months of his attack, was a nation of whose strength and heart there could be no serious question.

> **We have mastered the powers of Nature; we can employ physical forces on the vastest or the most delicate scale according to our desire. But over our own souls and our own lives, we have by comparison no mastery at all.**
>
> —HAVELOCK ELLIS: My Confessional: Copyright, 1934, by Hovelock Ellis. Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc.

Neither of these two facts particularly disturbed Stimson, for he was used to international bad manners, and he saw no reason for the United States to be upset by the fact of Russian strength. Diplomatic reports of 1943 and early 1944 gave reason to hope that in the future as in the past Russians and Americans could pursue their respective policies without clashing. Stimson was not disposed to contest the Russian claim that there must be no anti-Russian states along the Soviet borders, and pending their disproof he chose to accept as hopeful signs the constant Soviet assertions that the independence and integrity of states like Poland were a fundamental principle of Russian foreign policy.

Only one aspect of Soviet Russia gave him any deep concern. This was the absence of individual political freedom. The historic danger of authoritarian government, not only to its own citizens but also in any major power to other peoples as well, was a subject with which he was painfully familiar, and in the iron dictatorship of Russia he saw the greatest single threat to an effective postwar settlement. Still more disturbing was evidence that the secret police followed the flag and operated wherever the Russian army penetrated. "Averell Harriman [then U. S. Ambassador to Russia] came in this morning and . . . as I listened to his account about the way in which the Russians are trying to dominate the countries they are 'liberating' and the use which they are making of secret police in the process, my mind was cleared up a good deal on the necessity of beginning a campaign of education on the problem of the secret police in the postwar world. It very evidently is a problem upon the proper solution of which the success of our relations with Russia ultimately will largely depend. Freedom cannot exist in countries where the government uses a secret police to dominate its citizens, and there is nothing to choose between the Gestapo which the Germans have used and the OGPU which the Russians have historically used. Stalin recently promised his people a constitution with a bill of rights like our own, but he has not yet put it into execution. It seems to me now that . . . getting him to carry out this promised reform, which will necessarily mean the abolition of the secret police, lies at the foundation of our





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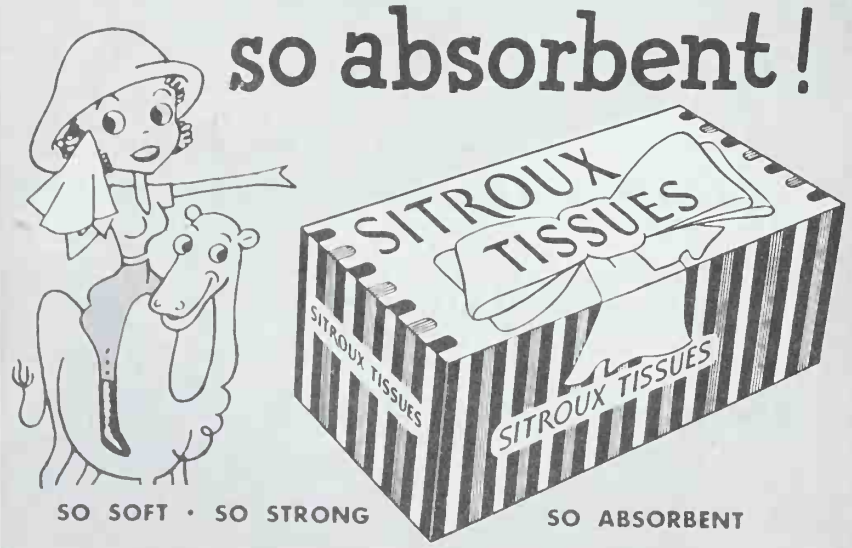
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success. Harriman says that it will be practically impossible to get the Russians to do it for themselves just at present, but that we ought certainly to prevent them from introducing [their secret police] into the countries which they are now invading, particularly Hungary. Hungary has not a Slavic population and I do not believe would willingly accept the methods of the OGPU. We should not allow them to be driven by the Russians into doing it. . . . The two agencies by which liberty and freedom have been destroyed in nations which grant too much power to their government now seem to me already to be (1) the control of the press and (2) the control of the liberty of the citizens through the secret police. The latter is the most abhorrent of the two." (Diary, October 23, 1944.)

Although the question of freedom in Russia and freedom in nations surrounding her seemed steadily more significant to Stimson in the months that followed, he continued to believe that Mr. Roosevelt was wholly correct in trying to handle the postwar settlement on the basis of Big Three agreements. There seemed to him no doubt that such agreement was the essential prerequisite to true stability in the peace settlement, and he looked with favor on the President's method of direct bargaining. Hearing about Yalta from Stettinius, the new Secretary of State, Stimson was particularly pleased by "the increase in cordiality that has appeared between Stalin and the rest of us. This is lucky because we will need it; there are so many sources of friction between the three great nations now that there are liberated countries for them all to wiggle around in and rub up against each other." (Diary, March 13, 1945.) But in March and April, 1945, a series of episodes showed both Stalin's good humor and Russian "bad manners" in a striking light. None of these incidents was important in itself, but messages arrived during each of them indicating "a spirit in Russia which bodes evil in the coming difficulties of the postwar scene." (Diary, March 17, 1945.) First, the Russians showed suspicion and mistrust over Anglo-American negotiations for the surrender of the German forces in Northern Italy. To Stimson it appeared that this as a strictly military surrender was a matter in which Russia had no more business than the United States would have had at Stalingrad, and President Roosevelt strongly agreed, but there was some disagreement in Anglo-American circles, Mr. Churchill particularly preferring to lean over backward in correctness. The matter was finally settled on a compromise basis, but the tone and feeling on both sides were sharp. A similar sharpness developed in negotiations over prisoners, both Americans in the Russian lines and persons from Russian or Russian-occupied territory in American hands. Although there seemed to be little doubt that the ordinary Russian soldier and officer were friendly to liberated Americans, official obstructionism to American efforts to care for Americans was extremely irritating and finally led to a sharp telegram from the President to Stalin. At the same time the Russians indicated a keen interest in the "repatriation" of many men in American hands who showed no desire whatever to be handed over to Russian control, and the Americans were faced with the unpleasant alternative of offending a great ally or abandoning the great principle of political asylum.

If education is anything it is a grasp of terms. Sincere men seldom differ when they mean the same thing by the same words. The primary value of the public school and college lies in the fact that great masses of men and women are exposed to common facts and theories couched in the same defining terms. Wherever those thus educated are honest, this makes for better things.

—S. W. GRAFFLIN.

In all these lesser matters Stimson was in favor of firmness. For a long time he had felt that the Americans tended to give way too easily on these smaller questions, leaving the Russians with the impression that they had only to be disagreeable to get what they wanted. Small-minded haggling was no part of Mr. Roosevelt's nature, and in the larger sense this was most fortunate, but it left lesser officials at a considerable disadvantage in trying to make co-operation mutual. This difficulty was by no means peculiar to dealings with the Russians, but there was a discernible tendency among the Russians to build their whole policy on the other fellow's good nature, and Stimson thought that toleration of such nonsense was foolish—he inclined to believe that Stalin was the sort of man with whom it was useful to speak bluntly.

Stimson, however, did not share the attitude of general impatience which came over the Administration in the last weeks of President Roosevelt's life and in the early days of the Truman Administration. Perhaps because he had not been closely connected with any of the negotiations with Russia, he did not feel the personal pique at unkept agreements and efforts to overreach which affected the thinking of so many who had dealings with the Soviets. Shortly after Mr. Roosevelt died it appeared that on two matters, at least, he had in his last weeks wholly lost sympathy with the Russians and had begun to follow a somewhat altered firmer American policy. The failure of the Russians to carry out the Yalta provisions for a genuinely reconstructed Polish government and the aggressive attitude of the Yugoslavs toward Trieste had struck Mr. Roosevelt as wholly unjustified and deeply disquieting; he had outlined policies designed to make clear American disapproval of the Lublin Polish government and American opposition to any Yugoslav coup in Trieste. Both of these policies were inherited by Mr. Truman, and both soon came before his advisers. In a meeting on April 2 the question of Polan was discussed and the general sentiment was strongly in favor of vigorous protest against the Soviet failure to keep the Yalta agreement. Stimson's own reaction was different although he admitted that he was not fully informed, he was very doubtful about the wisdom of too strong a policy. "So I . . . told the President that I was very much troubled by it and I pointed out all the difficulties that I have just spoken of. I said that in my opinion we ought to be very careful and see whether we couldn't get ironed out on the situation without getting into a head-on collision. . . . I . . . pointed out that I believed in firmness on the minor matters where we had been yielding in the past and have said so frequently, but I said that this was too big a question to take chances on; and so it went on. . . ."

On the question of Trieste Stimson took a similar position. The core of his feeling here was that the Balkans and their troubles were beyond the sphere of proper U. S. action.* This had been the American position throughout the war, and he saw no reason for any present change, although he relished as little as anyone else the proposal of Yugoslavian domination of Trieste.. Fortunately it proved possible to take and hold Trieste without any important clash of arms.

Occurring as they did during the period when the San Francisco Conference which was drawing up a Charter for the permanent organization of the United Nations, such incidents as these were extremely unpleasant. To Stimson they seemed a further confirmation of his long-held belief that basic agreement among the major powers should be achieved *before* any new world organization was set up. Contemplating the embarrassment of the State Department as it faced the problem of excluding the Lublin government from San Francisco, together with the possibility that this exclusion might seriously damage Russo-American relations he wrote in his diary: "Contrary to what

*This view Stimson revised in 1947; by then the whole international situation had so changed that the Balkans were very much a U. S. problem.

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thought was the wise course, they have not settled the problems that lie between the United States and Russia and Great Britain and France, the main powers, by wise negotiations before this public meeting in San Francisco, but they have gone ahead and called this great public meeting of all the United Nations, and they have got public opinion all churned up over it and now they feel compelled to bull the thing through. Why, to me it seems that they might make trouble between us and Russia in comparison with which the whole possibilities of the San Francisco meeting amount to nothing. I have very grave anxiety as a result since then as to what will happen. I am very sorry for the President because he is new on his job and he has been brought into a situation which ought not to have been allowed to come in this way." (Diary, April 23, 1945.)

And a further difficulty was that in those cases where there *had* been prior negotiations, the American negotiator had not been sufficiently hard-boiled:

"I think the meeting at Yalta was primarily responsible for it because it dealt a good deal in altruism and idealism instead of stark realities on which Russia is strong and now they have got tied up in this mess." And again: "Although at Yalta she [Russia] apparently agreed to a free and independent ballot for the ultimate choice of the representatives of Poland, yet I know very well from my experience with other nations that there are few nations in the world except U. S. and U. K. which have a real idea of what an independent free ballot is." (Diary, April 23, 1945.)

Stimson's own notion of the proper general policy was to reverse these two earlier tendencies: first, to aim at agreement between the major powers before placing any emphasis on the United Nations as a whole, and second, to negotiate carefully and in good temper, on facts and not theories, with the difficult Russians.

"It seems to me that it is a time for me to use all the restraint I can on these other people who have been apparently getting a little more irritated. I have myself been in the various crises enough to feel the importance of firm dealing with Russians, but . . . what we want is to state our facts with perfectly cold-blooded firmness and not show any temper." (Diary, April 3, 1945.)

This remained Stimson's attitude throughout the spring of 1945. But as the days passed, a new and important element entered into his thinking about Russia, and by midsummer it had become almost dominant, dwarfing lesser aspects of the problem.

This "important element" is discussed in the concluding installment of Time of Peril, in the April issue.

A ROOM THAT CAN TAKE IT—

(Continued from Page 226)

Tables should be sturdy to hold big lamps without upsetting, and if painted, may be done over more easily. Glass tops are practical in a wear-and-tear room. The tables shown in the photograph are carpenter-made and well braced for strength.

For the beauty spot in your scheme, use washable wallpaper; and remember, you don't have to be drab to be practical when choosing your paper. Bold, simple designs in attractive colors look best in a hard-usage room, and of course tailored stripes and plaids are a good choice.

Our linen rug, reversible and two-toned, doesn't show soil and will stand up under years of hard usage. You can also use linoleum or a rough-textured wool rug if you prefer.

For the children's own use, we bought a strong secondhand table and covered the top with leatherette. The chairs are pickups, too, with an inch sawed off the legs and the backs cut down. Cut off the backs at the top, not at the seat angle, where the joint should remain strong.

THE END

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From range to breakfast room, supper is served over wide pass-through counter with ease and speed. Soiled dishes come back direct to sink.

BY GLADYS TABER

THE kitchen that the JOURNAL staff chose for this month would inspire any woman building a new and modern house. This is really a kitchen that is practically perfect, for there were no compromises necessary. Since it was built in a new house, the size of the room could be determined before ever a hammer was lifted, the doors and windows placed exactly where the designer needed them.

And the up-to-the-instant equipment could have a setting that was literally made to order. Wall space was planned so that each major appliance has cabinets and counters beside it. Ample space was provided for a luxurious long row of cabinets with a full-length counter. These take care of extra dishes and supplies, and the counter makes service easy.

I remember how modern mother was when she used a drainer for the dishes instead of wiping each and every one with a linen towel. Now the dishes almost do themselves, thanks to modern engineering. But I still like the kitchen window over the sink, even though the dishwasher does most of the work. Counter space is then left near the range and refrigerator, and it is pleasant to look out at the blue sky when you wash the spinach. This electric sink includes a garbage-disposal unit which shreds up waste and whisks it away. The new model is less noisy than the older ones, but I admit I still wish all electric equipment could be as silent as it is efficient. In my house when the furnace, the freezer and the vacuum cleaner get going, it sounds like an orchestra tuning up for some strange music. However, there's a satisfaction in knowing that these modern servants are on the job; and I must admit that I prefer their businesslike hum to the banging of dishes and the shoveling of coal and ashes.

The cabinets in the new and modern kitchen are steel with a baked-on finish, which can be cleaned by wiping with a damp cloth. They are lovely to look at and as permanent as one could wish in this impermanent world. Nice features, I think, are the lights and the electric outlets recessed in the bottom panels under the upper cabinets.

Since the range was to be placed on the right-hand wall next to the breakfast room, the refrigerator was located in the opposite wall and ordered with the door hinges on the left. This means the door opens toward the work counter for easy unloading and loading. For some time manufacturers seemed to feel that all refrigerators should open the same way, so in many kitchens you have *(Continued on Page 250)*

AMAZING WRINGER-LESS WASHER
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COMPARE SPEED! One tub *washes* a full load gently but thoroughly with famous roll-over action (see arrows above left). At the same time the other tub *spins* sudsy water out of a full load—removes up to 25% *more* water than a wringer. Result: *clothes dry faster* and are lighter to handle and hang up. *Ironing goes faster* because there are no deep creased wringer-wrinkles to press out!

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THE WIDOW

(Continued from Page 47)

and she felt she wanted to spend only the summers with them, when the two children were out of school. Those children needed more mothering than Agnes gave them, she always felt.

The most sensible thing would be to fit up a room for herself with James and Agnes, as a place for the things she wanted to keep, then divide her time among them all. Bill—her second son—and Betty lived in Detroit, and she had never seen enough of him since his marriage, nor really known the baby. The baby would help her forget this awful emptiness.

She would be most at home with Jean, her youngest. Jean had been a war bride, trailing Paul from camp to camp; then when he was sent to Panama she came home and took a position in a bookstore. Now, for a year, she and Paul had been reunited. He was going to the university again, on his G. I. allotment, and they had only a small four-room flat on the South Side, but the couch in the living room would be comfortable enough. She would be a real help to them, for Jean was no housekeeper—she had kept on at the bookstore and she bought at the delicatessen on her homeward way for their haphazard dinners. Those two would welcome real cooking.

It would be a hard change for her, but she would make the best of it. "Be brave, Ellen," was almost the last thing Jim had whispered. The hardest part would be the dependence on her children for money. Only a few hundred of the insurance would be left after the bills were paid, for she and Jim had borrowed heavily against it, first to try to save those real-estate bonds during the depression, and again during this illness. They had been too proud to let anyone know their need.

Perhaps they should have saved money, but they had always liked nice living, and three children had been an expense. They had never wanted to stint them. The children were their great investment, Jim always said.

WHAT on earth was keeping them down there? Were the girls starting dinner, since Mrs. MacComber was not coming back? No, it was only five o'clock. Some hot tea would be welcome. She needed something hot and stimulating. A pity none of them had thought of it.

Feeling irritated now, and childishly resentful, she went out along the hall, down the back stairs to the kitchen. No one was there. She glanced out to the back yard and she saw a swing that was not there now and a child standing up in it, bare legs braced, hair flying, and she saw Jim cutting the grass, clicking briskly along, and she saw an older Jim thrusting obstinately at the mower, then, defeated, sinking on the porch steps. "I guess you're right, Ellen. Y have to do it."

She glanced quickly away. She sli through the door to the dining room, hu ing to the warmth and comfort of li voices; then she stopped short, transf One of the voices had reached her, clear carrying.

JEAN was saying, "Honestly, I don't how we can manage with her—you know place! Can't we all club together and this house going ——"

"It's all very well for you to talk of bing together," said Agnes, acidity in cool tone. "You know perfectly well you and Paul can't contribute a t You're working now because you need money. And James and I certainly can' sume the burden."

"If I could afford it I'd be glad to." J sounded anxious and troubled. "But in t times —— No, the only thing, as I sai for her to come to each in turn."

"Lots of women her age *do* things," Agnes. "At fifty-six ——"

"Mother wasn't brought up to do th And she had a family to care for. I'm tainly not going to ask my mother to her living now."

"Nobody is going to ask it," said E quickly. "I'm willing to have her come for a third of the time, only can't we ger it—I mean, not have it four mont a stretch? Have it a month here, a m there? That wouldn't be so hard to t

Bill said unhappily, "Look! Mother hard to take," and Betty told him:

"Darling, anybody in your home is to take. It's all right for you men wh out to the office ——"

"Let's not go into that routine."

"Okay. Only ——"

"*I* go to an office," said Jean, "ev Saturday when Paul is free, and the time we have together, except Sunda the evenings, and she'll be always We'll feel like cutthroats dashing off movie and leaving her alone. Oh, well belongs to the future-disaster depart It's going to be hard on us and hard o Poor dear, we'll have to keep trying t ster her up."

Step by step, light-footed and noi Ellen Harlow retreated to the kit There she stood motionless, in deathl terness. This was her reward, hers and She was glad that Jim would never kn Sharper than a serpent's tooth. . . . children were aliens, hateful aliens. Now the full realization of her loss b in her, and she saw herself a woman dependent, purposeless, unwanted.

(Continued on Page 254)



"Aren't they doing anything for the 'alarm clock' type?"



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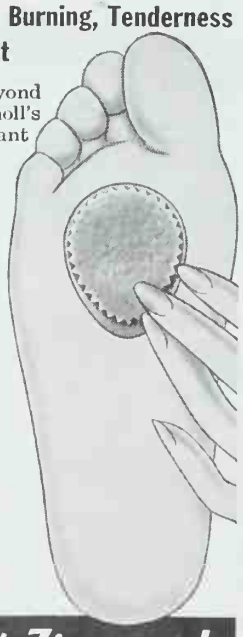
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(Continued from Page 252)

Then a clear, hard voice spoke in her: *What did you expect? You know how it was when Jim's mother came to visit. Fun for a few days, then someone on your hands. What would it have been like if she had come to live?*

But these were her children. The children she had cared for, sacrificed for. The children who had always turned to her. She had thought they loved her.

They did love her. But they had their own homes, their own lives.

Assume the burden, Agnes had said. (Ah, how justified she had been in never wholly liking that cold girl!) So she was a burden. A dependent. *A month here, a month there—not so hard to take.* (And she had taken Betty to her heart!) A burden. Their love and sense of duty would assume the burden, would try to ease the hardship for her—*Poor dear, we'll have to keep trying to bolster her up*—but their resentful youth looked at one another with wry eyes.

Perhaps some mothers could accept this situation, she thought; could even be plaintive or recriminating about their rights and their children's obligations, but not she. She felt a mortal hurt and her swift, instinctive impulse was to hide it from them. She began to move about the kitchen, her hands working automatically, her mind racing. She put water on to boil, measured out tea, cut lemon, set out sugar and cream for James, arranged cookies and the cake a neighbor had sent in. Then she stepped through the swing door, making a little noise about it, and crossed the dining room to the door into the living room.

The voices had stopped, and their faces were turned to her, five young faces putting on guardedness and caution. Paul, Jean's husband, was not there—he had hurried back to a class at the university.

She spoke out briskly. "Would you like tea? I've put on the water."

"Mother!" Jean sounded reproachful in her quick self-reproach. "Why didn't you ask? I'll make it."

"We thought you didn't want to be disturbed," Betty said defensively.

"I didn't. Now I'd like to talk to you all. I think we ought to make some plans." Her voice was taut and almost sharp, but they would not think that strange. They would expect her to be tense and upset.

James moved a chair forward, and as she sat down he put his hands gently on her shoulders and she stiffened against the touch. There was true affection in it, affection helpless against Agnes, but she wanted no commiserating pats. The thought flashed through her, *You could give up your golf club,* and though she didn't want him to give it up, the memory of all she had given up for his young pleasures was a wall between them.

She said quickly, "First—this house. I can't keep it up now."

"We'd keep it up for you, mother, if we could, but ——"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Constant Application

By William W. Pratt

This, you will notice, is brother's room,
Constantly calling for mop and broom;
Always so littered with bats and mitts,
Horseshoes and bridles and spurs and bits.
Brother's mentality treads two courses:
Baseball and horses.

This is the chamber where sister sleeps;
All aids to glamour in fragrant heaps.
Photos of Gregory, Frank and Van
Prove her to be a devoted fan.
Starry-eyed sis lives a double duty:
Heart throbs and beauty.

This room is simple—it's mother's own;
Dresser top cleaner than rain-washed stone.
Curtains are orderly, sheets are snug,
Never a pin on the spotless rug.

Mother would love to indulge in fads—
Perhaps even perfume, or movie lads—
But hasn't the time; it's an all-day feat
Keeping the other two chambers neat.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"I know all the 'buts,' James, and I kno it's impossible. I've had time to think it a out. I thought of renting rooms and decide that was foolish—it wouldn't be the sam home."

Bill said warmly, "See here, mom, v wouldn't let you—a bunch of lodgers ——

"You couldn't stop me if I made up n mind to it," she said tartly. Then she se him a swift smile, to undo the tartness. Po Billy, ruffled and worried and defensiv *Look, mother isn't hard to take.* "So I'm goi to let everything go," she went on, in cri intensity. "I'm not going to divide t things. I expect there isn't much you'd wa I will give you each your choice of one pie and put a few things for myself in your bas ment, Agnes, if I may." Gone was the p ture of a room with her familiar belongin a sanctuary of the past. She hurried on. don't know whet any of the aucti places—Grant's, instance—would c to dispose of such o fashioned things, I think they v bring something."

She could feel t her decisiveness h taken them by s prise. James sounc a grateful relief wh he said, "If you sure that's what y want to do ——"

She didn't s "What else can I d but she thought She said, "I w whatever it will b in. Your father an didn't have too mu you know."

"We know, mot And we're going t try to make it up t you. The best w we think, is for yo come to each of u turn. Then we'll b be able to see so thing of you. And we want you to feel u have three homes stead of just one.

Prettily put, thought bleak James was sorry f her and his v showed it, but he being adroit too.

Jean was say smiling out under fall of blond hr, "We know you w mind putting up th our living-ro couch ——"

"Ha! *We* can you a lovely f wood bed," Bett in. "And the sh you hemstitched for us. That ought to m you feel at home."

Once she might have thought they competing for her. She might have foolish enough to think that. But it was of them even to pretend. Well, she pretend too.

"It will be nice to visit you all someti she said very pleasantly. "But just n just now I'd like a complete change."

No one said anything for a moment; James asked, "Just what did you ha mind, mother?"

Something wary in his voice, some apprehensive in their faces to which quickly raised her eyes told her thoughts. A trip. They were afraid wanted them to finance a trip. Her already compressed, tightened a trifle her voice fell smoothly.

"I thought I would stay with Nettie for a time."

She saw their glances cross. "M Davis?" Jean asked blankly.

(Continued from Page 255)

Betty and Bill asked her to stop over in etroit, but she wrote, "Another time." ıe wanted to hurry away from them all efore her hurt betrayed itself. They were ıankless children. No more thankless than ost, perhaps, but cruelly ungrateful. All ıeir lives they had turned to her, and now, hen she needed them —— She thought ow Jean had come home, when Paul went Panama, how she had taken a job in the ookstore and hadn't dreamed of paying oard—not that they would have let her!— ıd then, when her mother had no home, ıe had wailed about the inconvenience of ving her shelter.

Oh, it was natural enough, she conceded, ith that new hard detachment. She should ıve known. But she had felt that she and er children were different.

Outwardly they were helpful and consid- ate. The Sunday she left, James drove in to ke her to the train and Jean came to see r off.

Ellen tried for words to leave a bright im- ression. "Now you must think of me as eing the sights."

"Are you all right for money?" James ked, with sudden insistence. He had acted little hurt because she had not been frank th him about her affairs.

"Oh, I'm quite all right," she said eva- vely. Then, in a different voice, "This is e station, Jamie, ıere we used to meet ou, your father and I, ıen you came from mp." She scarcely ıew she had spoken oud.

At parting Jean clung her. "Oh, mother, I hate to have you !"

Her mother thought, *s, but you'll forget as on as you're back with ıd.* That was the way ought to be, common ıse told her, but no ıount of common ıse could ease the he in her.

Now, on the train last, she could sit ck at ease, and let r thoughts go out the problems ahead d make her anxious, but devious plans. New York was hot, hotter even than Chi- go, and she felt the reaction from the long ain and work. She was thankful for the mfort of the hotel, but worried about the pense and the tipping—she went out to ar-by drugstores for her meals. Except for ıt, she kept to her room the first day, ding the papers, studying the map of the y, writing the children on hotel stationery. e said she was well, that New York was t but looked very interesting, and Nettie vis was as nice as ever. She had an ironic ile for that.

Then she wrote Nettie. She was on a trip, s said, and had expected to motor through ovincetown with friends, so she had told family to write in Nettie's care so she ld pick up the letters. Now her friends' ns had changed and would Nettie be kind ough to forward her any letters that came?

E could call for her mail here, she ught, after she had found a cheaper room. w she could seem to be writing her chil- n from Provincetown she had no idea— t hadn't occurred to her before—but she shed that problem out of her mind. One ng at a time. The first thing was to find ething to do. Two hundred dollars would last long.

There were pages of Help Wanted adver- ments, and her eyes raced along the fine print. Telephone operators—typists—calculating-machine operators—comptom- er operators (now what on earth was a chptometer?)—early-morning mail opener (she could do that, but probably it didn't pay much)—manicurists—salesladies—cafe- ria help—import buyer with foreign experience—lady to extend knowledge of fascinating novelty—millinery clerk ——

Clerking was the last resort, she felt, for standing would tire her dreadfully. A receptionist was what she had in mind. She had the qualifications, she told herself hearteningly; she had nice manners and a nice voice and anyone could see that she was a lady. A receptionist with gray hair lent dignity to an office. She saw herself presiding over the appointments of doctors and dentists, courteously telephoning, always exact and dependable. There would be someone pleasant and appreciative like Doctor Wall, who would say, "I don't know how we ever got along without you, Mrs. Harlow!"

She would not say she was fifty-six. Fifty-two was better. Perhaps she could get away with fifty. Jim always said she did not look fifty. Fifty was all right if employers were in such dire need of help.

EMPLOYERS, Ellen Harlow discovered in the next days, were in dire need of youth, skill or experience. One receptionist job was for "under thirty-five," two others required switchboard experience, and another she rejected because the men were unpleasant. She had to take time off from job hunting to find another room, and the experience was frightening—clean, pleasant, inexpensive rooms did not exist. She found a small one in a women's hotel, but that was available for only four days, and two of them were Saturday and Sunday, when offices were closed.

She felt the touch of panic. There was work to be had: a cashier's job in a small restaurant, a clerkship in a novelty shop and a counter job in a big chain store, but they paid less than she expected, scarcely enough to cover the cost of living. She was willing to work at anything, or nearly anything, she told herself, for surely she could find more congenial work later, but she shrank from the thought of living in any of the rooms she had found that she could afford.

All Saturday, a horrible, hot Saturday, she went from place to place, hating everything she saw: noisy, hot, little rooms, some in boardinghouses, some in flats with unattractive families. It would serve her children right, she thought bitterly, staring about at a particularly graceless place, if she dropped dead in this hot hole! It was astonishing to her, the bitter things she could think.

Her letters to the children mentioned Central Park, Fifth Avenue, Radio City and a play she read about. "They" had stayed in New York so she could see the city, she explained, but soon she would be writing from the Cape.

By Sunday she was desperate. She must make herself take the next job offered, she thought wretchedly, and the next room she could find. She thought bitterly, *Beggars can't be choosers.* She saw herself trudging nightly up the stairs of some high walk-up, eating continuously at counters. . . . Oh, she had been a fool to dream of making her way in this great city! The New York adventure was for youth and beauty.

Her eyes searched the pages of advertisements again. A whole half page was for Domestic Help Wanted. Pleasant room, private bath, radio, highest wages. *That* was the help people were frantic for—she knew all about that need. And then she thought, *Why not?* Her skill was housekeeping. And here, where people did not know her, it did not matter what she did. She thought of a safe, immediate haven, of home food, of no living expenses.

Methodically she set to sorting out the ads. She passed by the mothers' helpers

(Continued on Page 259)

The fashionable psychiatrist finished his notes and turned to the lady in front of him. "I'll be perfectly frank," he said. "I find nothing the matter—nothing abnormal—and I shall so inform your relatives."

"Thank you, doctor, I was sure you'd say that," she replied. "I only came here to please my family. After all, there's nothing very strange about a fondness for pancakes, is there?"

"Pancakes?" repeated the psychiatrist. "Certainly not. I'm fond of them myself."

"Are you?" she queried brightly. "Then you must come over to my house. I have trunks full of them!"

Reprinted from A TREASURY OF LAUGHTER, edited by Louis Untermeyer. (Copyright, 1946, by Simon and Schuster, Inc.)

. . . . . sheer delight . . . . . .

. . . your crisp white curtains of Hathaway dotted marquisette. Look for the Hathaway Dots label . . . at good stores everywhere.



HATHAWAY DOTS COME IN VARIOUS DOT SIZES AND IN THREE FABRIC QUALITIES
STANDARD COUNT • EXTRA COUNT • HIGH COUNT

Everybody's Pointing To Hotpoint

The Refrigerator That Revolutionized An Industry

New Hotpoint Refrigerator

A Big, Roomy Refrigerator That Gives You The Extra Storage Space You Need Without Taking Up Extra Floor Space . . . Biggest Advance In Refrigeration History

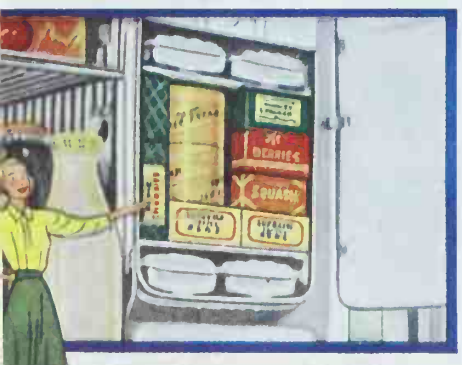
UP TO 58% FASTER FREEZING

ITAR-STUDDED with revolutionary new
) postwar features and advancements,
e brilliant 1948 Hotpoint Refrigerator
ts new high standards for the industry
with more space, more freezing speed,
ore of everything, in the same kitchen
ea as before! Here are just a few out-
anding advantages of this value-packed
auty: Up to 50% extra storage capacity;
% faster freezing; larger meat cooler
at easily holds a big family-size roast.

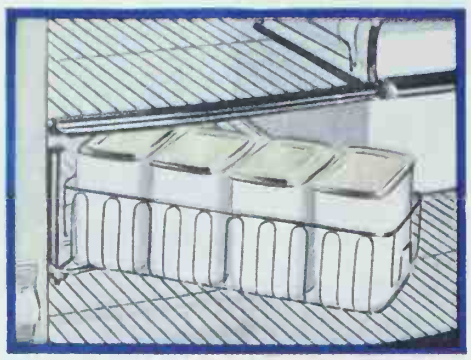
esigned to stand a quarter century of
rvice, Hotpoint's new sealed-in-steel
echanism is so compact it takes far less space—so efficient it speeds up freezing on even less electricity. Among the many great advancements are a new butter conditioner, two Hi-Humidity chambers for vegetables and fruits, a big flexi-cold compartment for low temperatures and a super-speed freezer that holds 31 pounds of frozen foods.

See the new Hotpoint before you buy any refrigerator. There's a model for every purse and purpose. Your Hotpoint dealer is listed in the phone book.

Hotpoint Inc., 5600 W. Taylor St., Chicago, Ill.



● **Enclosed on all 6 sides,** Hotpoint's improved speed freezer provides lower temperatures for quick freezing, holds 31 lbs. of frozen foods.



● **Swing-out leftover rack** has covered glass jars for storing leftovers, jams, cheese and meat spreads. Also ideal for egg storage and can be lifted out to use as a snack bar.



Hotpoint's new and improved butter conditioner furnishes a temperature controlled compartment for keeping butter fresher longer—ways at the right consistency for easy spreading.

r. 1948 Hotpoint Inc., Chicago, Ill.



UP TO 50% EXTRA STORAGE SPACE

ROOM FOR ALL THIS FOOD . . .



YET REFRIGERATOR OCCUPIES NO EXTRA SPACE



Hotpoint

HOTPOINT INC. A GENERAL ELECTRIC AFFILIATE

Refrigerators

PIONEER AND PACEMAKER—44 YEARS OF QUALITY

(Continued from Page 257)

s and the appeals for "someone who ed a good home more than wages," and places for "chef or cook." She knew exwhat she wanted: a small family where ther help except a laundress and perhaps eaner was kept, a pleasant room and wages. She made a list, then went to telephone and made six appointments, ing them through the afternoon. She on the black sheer that she had pressed eptitiously with the traveling iron Jean given her, settled her black hat carefully ier gray curls, picked up her bag and es and surveyed herself a moment in the s.

"Well!" she said to her image. She added army phrase of Paul's: "This is a queer !' Then she marched out.

he last thing she had expected was to y herself while applying for a position naid, but there was something rather fying, she found, in having a desirable to sell, in being actually wooed to accept ace. The hard thing was to get away santly from the eager housewives, murng excuses and promises to "think it ." She saw that she could choose, and meant to choose as carefully as the time ved.

e was so sorry for one tired little woman two children that she almost accepted, a peevishness in the woman's mouth ed her. She liked one woman, a gentle, lle-aged soul, but the room was too ped. One apartment was beautiful, a house, but the woman was what Ellen ow considered a "common piece." Diad bracelets and chewing gum. Two rs were quite pleasant places that she nised to think over.

almost gave up going to the Lords use she was hot and tired, and had two loose from, but she went. She found a matically decorated, untidy apartment, a ing olive-skinned young woman in green s and chartreuse blouse, and a long, beacled husband who reminded her of .

rs. Lord explained the place briskly. She a dress designer, away from the house ay, and her husband was away, at his . He was in insurance. They kept a dress and a cleaner. There had been a ure of a maid, aeons ago, Mrs. Lord wryly, and since then chaos. Now they their meals out and hated it.

f you can cook, do come and put up us," she said with a quick, attractive .

len Harlow found herself smiling back. ink I'd like to."

"But there's a catch in it," Mrs. Lord warned. "I've got a child. I whisk him off to school when I go, and a nurse calls for him and airs him and gives him supper—she's been staying till I get back. But he's underfoot Saturdays and Sundays—you might as well know the worst."

"I like children," said Ellen Harlow. "I think a little boy would be company."

"I must be dreaming this," said Mrs. Lord. She had a droll, humorous voice. "A woman told me this morning, 'Madam, I wouldn't have wasted my time coming to see you if I'd known there was a child!' Would you like to see the room?"

It was a nice room.

"MEANT for guests," Mrs. Lord commented, "but we loathe guests—I mean, in the house. We like people in for dinner, informally, and we throw parties occasionally. Can you bear that? And we pay thirty-five. It isn't enough for anyone who likes children, but it's all we can afford."

"It's all right," said Ellen Harlow. She could save thirty a week, she reflected, and in fifty weeks she'd have fifteen hundred dollars. She could go back and visit the children grandly.

"Now tell me about yourself," said Mrs. Lord.

Ellen Harlow made the little speech she had prepared. "Here are letters and business papers and a bankbook that ought to prove who I am, that I am reliable. But I don't want my family and friends to know I'm doing this. They think I'm visiting. You see, I want to earn some extra money for a trip they don't approve of." Pride demanded that fabrication. "To Mexico," she added. It sounded a place that care-taking children would distrust for a mother alone. She said, truthfully now, "My husband and I used to talk of going there, but the time never came."

"It's expensive now—but it's something to see," said Mrs. Lord. She glanced through the papers Ellen Harlow had taken from her bag—her eyes were less casual than her voice, Ellen observed—then gave them back with her quick, wide smile. "Okay. Okay with you?"

"There's one other thing. I'd like to be called 'Mrs. Harlow.'"

"Why not?"

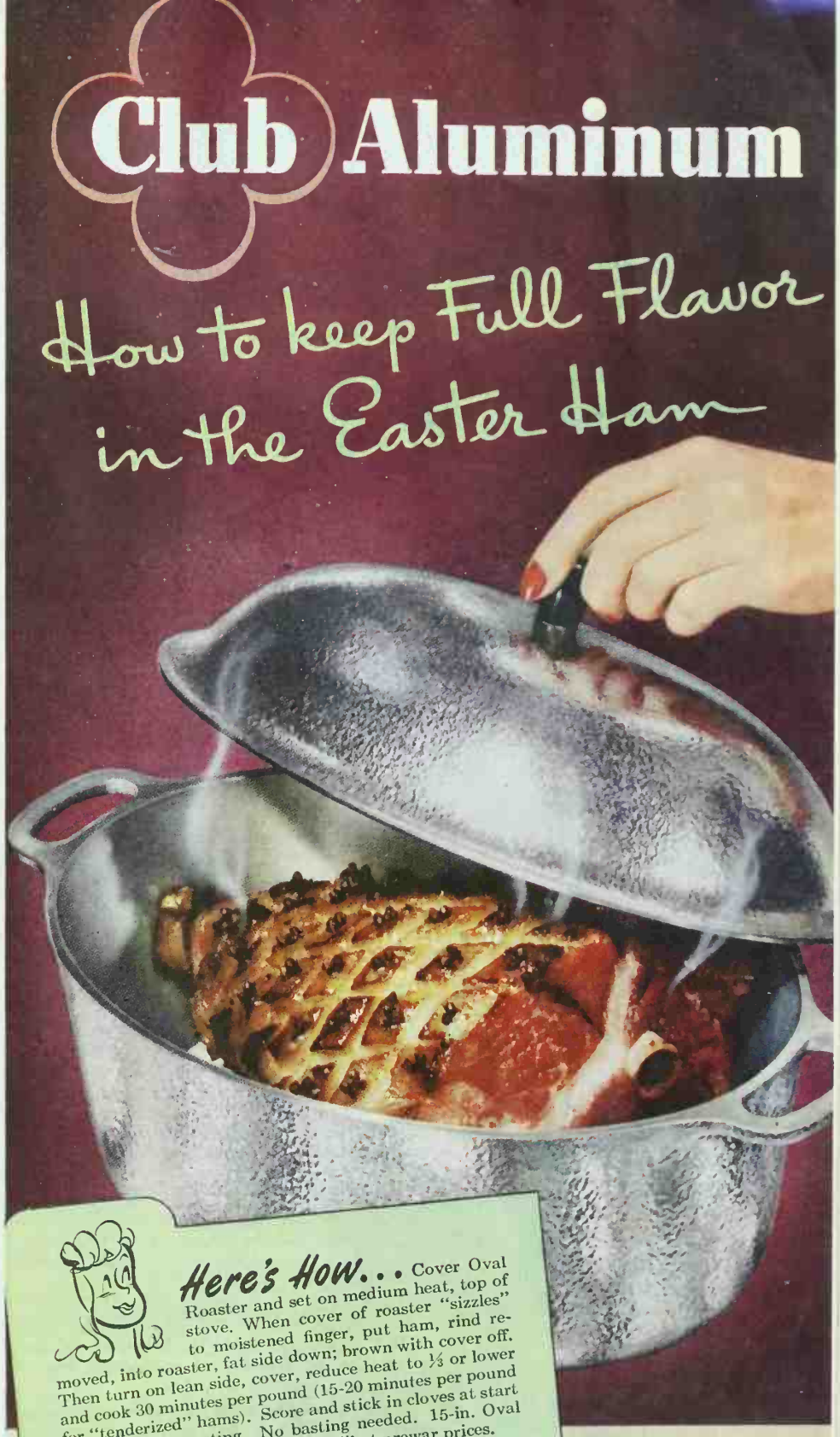
She moved in the next morning. She was so thankful to have a pleasant room at no expense that she knew positive elation. She felt strange, of course, very strange in the unfamiliar kitchen, but it was better than the cramped cashier's cage or the noisy counter. And infinitely better than sitting in Agnes' guest room, knowing herself unwanted.



"Do I still have to wash my hands, now that I use a knife and fork?"

Club Aluminum

How to keep Full Flavor in the Easter Ham



Here's How... Cover Oval Roaster and set on medium heat, top of stove. When cover of roaster "sizzles" to moistened finger, put ham, rind removed, into roaster, fat side down; brown with cover off. Then turn on lean side, cover, reduce heat to ⅓ or lower and cook 30 minutes per pound (15-20 minutes per pound for "tenderized" hams). Score and stick in cloves at start of last hour's roasting. No basting needed. 15-in. Oval Roaster, $7.95; 18½-in., $9.95—still at prewar prices.

FULL FLAVOR

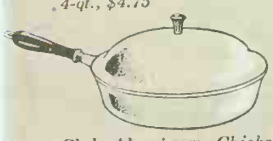
HEATS FROM ALL SIDES

Heats evenly. Flavor-laden steam rises to the moisture-sealed lid, falls back again to flavor, reflavor food. Vitamins, minerals stay in. Low-heat method saves fuel.

OTHER CLUB PIECES TO CHOOSE FROM



Club Aluminum Covered Saucepans—1½-qt., $3.15; 2-qt., $3.45; 3-qt., $3.95; 4-qt., $4.75



Club Aluminum Chicken Fryers—10-in. size, $4.95; 11¾-in., $5.95

NOT ILLUSTRATED—*Open Fry Pans: 6¼-in., $1.75; 8¾-in., $2.45; 10-in., $2.95; 11¾-in., $3.45. Dutch Ovens: 4½-qt., $5.95; 6-qt., $6.95; 10-qt., $8.95. 10-in. Handled Griddle, $2.89*

You'll get more out of the Easter ham cooked top o' stove in *Club Aluminum Hammercraft Waterless Cookware.* You'll get more—a "Full Flavor" more—out of everything cooked in Club—meats, vegetables, poultry, fruit.

Better than four million women have found their best cooking friends among the 16 Club utensils now available.

All have that exclusive hammered "jewelry store" finish. All save on fuel. All save kitchen time and work.

Start your set or add to it now—and the very next birthday or anniversary that's yours to remember, "Say it with Club." Sold at good dealers', *and at low prewar prices.*

CLUB ALUMINUM PRODUCTS CO., CHICAGO 14, ILLINOIS

Other distinctive Club lines: Club Glass Coffee Makers

Club Coffee Dispensers . . . Club Pot 'n' Pan Pads . . . Club Aluminum Hot Dish Pa

Tune in "Club Time," ABC Network Tuesday mornings, and hear favorite hymns of famo

© 19



LEARN TO
Live Again...

You'll take a new lease on life... after Saraka puts your lazy intestinal muscles to work!

Be *determined* this time. Say to yourself, "I *won't* suffer any longer from constipation's nagging worries."

Saraka has made that statement come true for thousands of people. Why not for you?

You see, Saraka is the modern laxative. It is a *balanced combination* of two pure vegetable ingredients...Bassorin and Cortex Frangula. Each works in its own way to help you to greater regularity.

Puts Lazy Muscles To Work

Bassorin absorbs water and forms the kind of soft, smooth BULK your system needs and often lacks.

Why BULK? It puts lazy intestinal muscles to work...gives them something to take hold of and helps the "kneading" action, so necessary to healthful elimination.

Bulk Plus Motility Does It

Then the specially prepared Cortex Frangula encourages intestinal muscles to keep waste products *in motion*. Thus, Saraka gives you BULK *plus* MOTILITY ...the ideal laxative combination.

No Purging

With Saraka, results are so nearly natural that most people have no sensation of ever having taken a laxative.

There's no purging action. No violent irritation that whips intestinal muscles into frantic activity. No after-effect that leaves you weakened, tired and listless.

Instead, Saraka provides mild, thorough laxation that helps your intestinal muscles get into the healthy habit of doing their own work.

Ask Your Doctor.

We're confident your doctor will say you may take Saraka daily, if necessary. And it's pleasant to take ...pleasant after taking.

Buy Saraka today at any drug counter, and join the thousands who now have learned to live again.

If you'd like a sample, mail coupon for generous free trial package.

SARAKA, Department 600,
Bloomfield, New Jersey.
Without obligation on my part please send free, trial-size package of SARAKA.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

© 1946, Union Pharmaceutical Co., Inc.

Energetically she set to work, indignation rising at the mess made of the place by the successors of the treasure. Apparently none of them had ever heard of cleaning the inside of an oven or the underside of a cooking utensil—or if she had, she had taken a dim view of that activity.

Mrs. Lord had left a list of places where provisions could be ordered and charged, and Ellen Harlow ordered her supplies, and when they came she decided that as soon as she had time she would do her own marketing, for these prices were outrageous and the fruit wasn't carefully selected.

It was pleasant to fix her own luncheon and eat it quietly in a kitchen cooled by an electric fan; she treated herself to a nap afterward, for she wanted to be rested, to have the dinner a success. Fried chicken, cream gravy, French fries, braised celery, a tossed salad, apple pie, cheese and coffee. Perhaps New Yorkers expected soup but, the first day, she would risk doing without.

At five the little boy, Dickie, came in with the nurse. Dark-haired like his mother, he had his father's round gray eyes and rather owlish look. He looked all boy, as Billy had been—Jamie had been a shy little fellow—yet there was something battened down and defensive about him that made her feel immediately protective.

To the nurse, Gertrude, she took an instant dislike. Gertrude was a careless, rough-and-ready young girl, who took no pains with the boy's supper, then said, "Now you eat it all up. If you don't, you'll feel those long arms coming out under the bed at night."

"You shouldn't frighten the child that way," said Ellen Harlow quickly.

The girl looked up, naïvely surprised. "My gosh! He's gotta mind, ain't he?"

"My gosh," said Dickie, his face changing to hilarity from the wariness which the threat of reaching arms had brought. "My gosh, gosh, goshy, you're all slosh, slosh, sloshy!"

"He's cute," said Gertrude. She gave his round head a friendly pat. "He makes up the darnedest things."

Goodness! said Ellen Harlow to herself, *I haven't been here a day yet and I'm planning to change everything!*

She felt self-conscious, entering the dining room in the white apron of her predecessors, but that vanished when Mr. Lord looked up from the French fries and said solemnly, 'Mrs. Harlow, a long-outraged stomach thanks you." This was the way she had dreamed that Paul would feel. But Paul and Jean would rather have their wretched delicatessen stuff and their evenings without her.

At the pie Mr. Lord addressed his wife. "Louise, this can't be happening to us."

Ironic that strangers should appreciate—and pay for—the things her children did not care to have her do for them.

Mrs. Lord came out to the kitchen during the dishwashing and Ellen Harlow brought up the problem of her letters. "My children think I'm visiting in Provincetown. I can tell them, in the fall, that I've moved into the city, but for the summer I have to seem to be in Provincetown. I don't want to ask my friend there to mail my letters to them. Is there any way you know?"

MRS. LORD thought a moment. "The shop has some connection with a summer place there. Yes, I can get it arranged."

"Perhaps you think I'm doing wrong in deceiving them. But I want to earn this money myself. It isn't fair to let them pay for something they don't want me to do."

Mrs. Lord said easily, "I think you're smart to pay for your own pleasures. Give me your letters about once a week."

It was arranged, as simply as that. But since Nettie Davis could not be expected to go on forwarding mail without undue curiosity, Ellen Harlow wrote the postmaster in Provincetown to forward the mail. Now she felt that every loose end was tied up.

She did not pretend to herself that hou work was inspiring; much of it was ti somely repetitious, but that was true other work. There was undoubtedly a g deal of tiresome repetition to totting figures or whatever Mr. Lord did in his surance office. But housework had varie too, and interest: it demanded a good ma skills, and there was satisfaction in runn a house intelligently. Ellen Harlow efficiency and a forehandedness which had always praised—"You think of eve thing, Ellen"—and she found pleasure taking over management of this erratic est lishment.

THE work was no harder than when children were little, she told herself—oh, t long-ago young wife in her own kitcher and she was as active as ever, except stooping, she thought, and more capable

The loneliness was the hardest to b There was the desolation of being with Jim and the strangeness of being with companionship. She knew no one and no way of making friends, and if she had someone congenial she would have shr from explaining her position. Going church brought memories of the churc Oak Park, with Jim beside her.

Dickie was a comfort. She bided her t but only for a few days, then put her servations before the Lords and offere care for the boy herself, until the right n was found. It was then that Mrs. L nicknamed her intimately, with droll someness, "The Para Gertrude was dism and a colored girl, had gentle manners ar scaring threats, obta but Ellen Harlow ally prepared Dic supper herself; and the Lords were out, she had no dinner t she often put him to She told him how J always ate his spinach and how Billy tended to be a turtle and drew his hand legs under him—"I'm in my shell; tur over and see if I come out!"—and Dickie ored for a turtle and played the same

Saturdays she took him to market a Sundays she took him to the zoo. H more hers, she reflected, than either of J children, closer than Bill's baby would

But he was not her own, and her ached for her own. Sometimes she th of herself with wonder. This was not h at all, this strange, uprooted Ellen H Her old self had died with Jim. Yet sh become a sort of person in her own righ felt; she was not a dead weight on the of others. A burden.

She went to the movies, to lectures, few theaters and concerts. She wrot children about the movies and lecture they occurred on the Cape, and abou theaters and concerts as if she and had gone to New York for them. Sh books on Cape Cod from the public li and sent descriptions of sea and sand, berry marshes, quaint houses and sho

They wrote how glad they were th was having this interesting time and much good they could see it was doin They said they missed her, but they careful, she thought critically, to say n that might uproot her from her distant

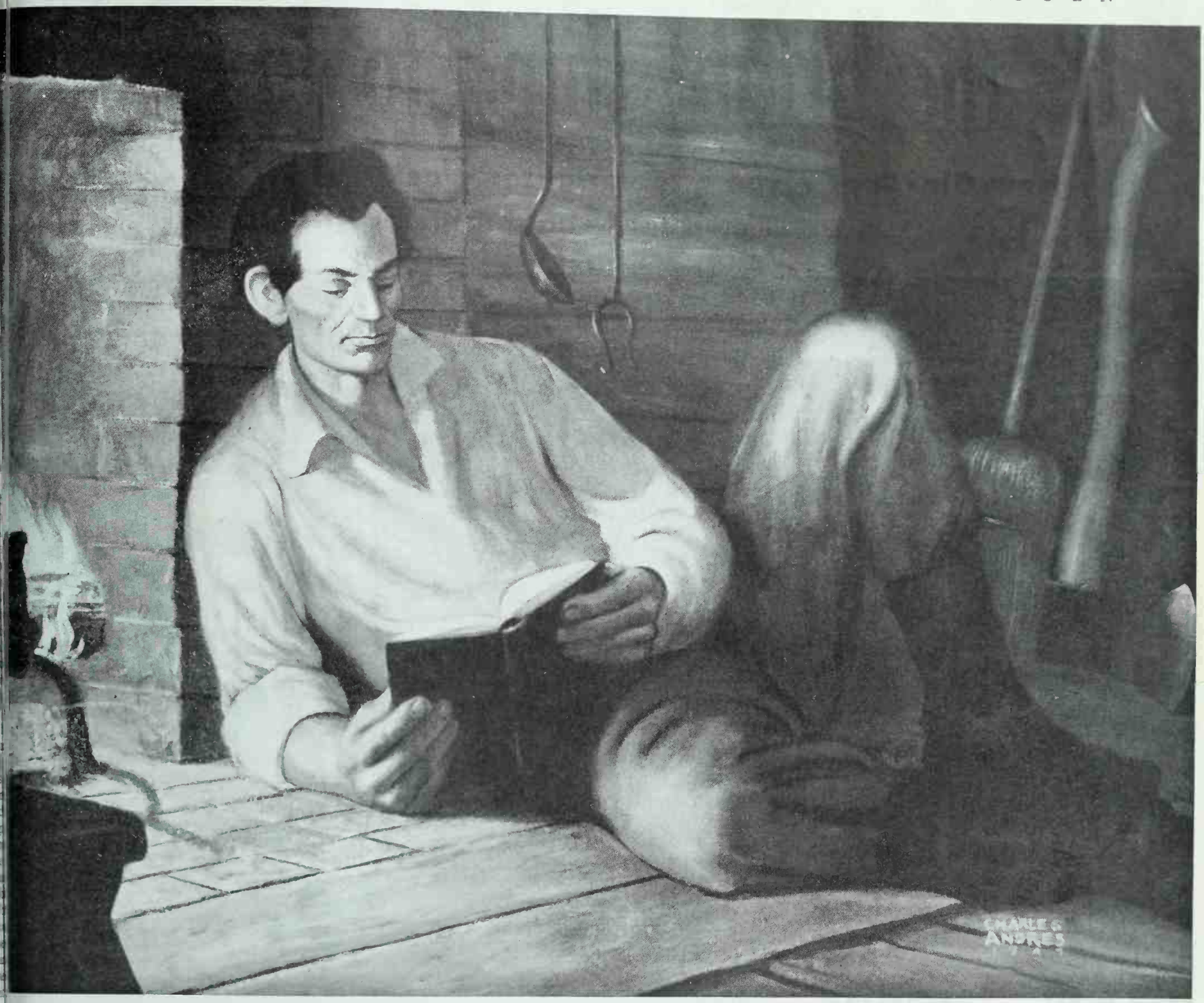
In the evenings, listening to the rad knitted Christmas sweaters for the children while her thoughts roved bac forth. She might go home for Christm thought suddenly one evening. She afford it. She was not saving quite t week, but by Christmas she would ce have well over seven hundred doll hundred and fifty of that the remains insurance.

A week or ten days would do it. mastime in Chicago, New Year's in D But she would not leave the Lords lurch, she resolved conscientiously. had spoken of going to his parents i mont but they were perfectly capable versing the plan, having his people c

(Continued on Page 263)

"Whenever I get down in the dumps," said the first girl, "I buy a new hat."
"Oh, so that explains it," said the other sweetly. "I've often wondered where you got them." —VOLTA REVIEW.

"*. . . to see the right . . .*" ABRAHAM LINCOLN



© 1948. BETTER VISION INSTITUTE, INC.

HIS EYES WERE GATEWAYS TO GREATNESS

FROM the beginning, those marvelous, all-seeing eyes were at work. By flickering hearthfire, by the dim gleam of candle and lantern, those patient, tired eyes were unfaltering in the search for knowledge and truth, as they probed to "see the right". Through them, *Abraham Lincoln*—the boy, the ngling storekeeper, the traveling lawyer, the great-hearted president—found the Light that was to illumine e pathway to freedom and tolerance for all of mankind. We owe much to Lincoln's immortal eyes.

BETTER VISION
FOR BETTER LIVING

BVI

History records that Abraham Lincoln, at the age of 47, bought his first pair of spectacles "over the counter" in a casual store visit! Today, there is no need for such abuse of priceless eyesight on which we depend for 83% of our knowledge. Modern ophthalmic science, through the professional services and skills of the ophthalmologist, the optometrist and the ophthalmic dispenser (optician) can do wonders to preserve and extend the precious quality of good vision. *Have you had your eyes examined lately?*
BETTER VISION INSTITUTE, INC., 630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

It's the bright thing to do!



New Glo-Coat gives a far brighter gloss
. . . without rubbing or buffing





Natural color phot

BRIGHTER DAYS ARE HERE—for you and your kitchen floor! The reason? Today there's a new and better Johnson's Glo-Coat on your dealer's shelf. This *new* Glo-Coat gives your kitchen linoleum and varnished wood floors nearly *twice* as much gloss as before.

With this wonderful new Glo-Coat shine your floors also get the benefits of tough wax protection. Dirt and spilled things can't readily penetrate the shining coat of wax... Johnson's Glo-Coat takes the wear so linoleum keeps its beauty years longer And just a quick wipe with a damp cloth keeps floors clean and sanitary.

Can you imagine anything more perfec for your kitchen linoleum and other floors Especially if you have children trampin in and out!

Don't wait—ask your favorite dealer to day for brighter-than-ever Johnson's Se Polishing Glo-Coat.



Set your dial and begin to smile—Fibber McGee and Molly—Tuesday nights—NBC

BRING OUT THE BEAUTY OF THE HOME

...with JOHNSON'S Self Polishing Glo-Coat



Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax
Paste Wax, Cream Wax, Carnu for co

© S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Racine, W 19
"Johnson's" is a registered trademar

(Continued from Page 260)

York. She would wait and see, she
it—see, too, what her children were
ng.
y might offer the trip as a Christmas
t. But she would not accept it, she
it proudly. They would wonder how
uld afford it. They thought of her as
n Nettie's home, sharing her pleasures,
only her small expenses. They asked
stions—they were quite willing to let
take the burden, she thought; then she
it that was not quite fair. It was nat-
r them to believe two bereft women
ood company for each other.
h of her resentment was wearing
She remembered her young days with
id thought, with compunction, that
d never given his mother any real
one with him on those visits of hers.
been sheer carelessness on her part, a
realization that a mother had any
a married son, and might like a lunch
ter alone with him. She was ashamed
that carelessness.
g people! she thought. *We don't know*
g when young.
with her own mother it would have
fferent, she told herself. Her mother
d just before Billy was born and it
en Ellen Harlow's initiation to grief.
d herself that
ld never have
own mother
way, never
nought of her
as a burden.
e was no bur-
the Lords.
got on splen-
She felt she
ave found no
family that
her so well.
at they were
by any means;
were untidy,
f them, and
tual for din-
d when Mrs.
s in what she
'the throes,"
ng heaven
hat of fantasy
es, she didn't
hat went on
er. But that
len the scope
d.
were friendly
full of casual
s. "You must go out to this, Para-
Mrs. Lord would say—giving her a
some play or benefit. "We impose
shamefully about Dickie, because
in so much."
brought her books on Mexico and
"You must speak the language.
only way to know the country.
knows we'll be sunk without you—
ou like the trip maybe you'll go on
for another!"
ill take quite a while to afford this
id Ellen Harlow, uncomfortable at
ption now.
's the spirit! Stay with us a long
en go in style."

ght go, at that. Oh, sometime in the
e, of course. She joined a language-
ss and met a pleasant woman there,
like herself, keeping house for her
e's going to be married," she con-
ne of their lunches together. "That's
I planning this trip. I don't know
do after that."
met always at tearooms or at Mrs.
house. Ellen Harlow explained
a room with friends, to which she
t ask guests.
letters the Spanish lessons figured
She and Nettie were taking Span-
tie was talking of a trip to Mexico
. That would rejoice Agnes, she
She had not forgotten Agnes' prob-
tion, "You mean for a *long* stay?"
tober the seasonal dress shop in
town closed, so no more letters could be mailed from there. But by then it was all right to say they had moved into New York for the winter, into a pleasant apartment which she described at length—the Lords' apartment. She did not give the address of the apartment; she gave the address of Mrs. Lord's shop, as if that were where she lived. She was afraid some friend might come to New York and she had no intention of being taken by disastrous surprise.

THE day that it happened no premonition warned. She felt nothing sharper than an irritation that she had let Mrs. Lord talk her out of clearing up after a party the night before. "Those dishes will be there the next day," Mrs. Lord had insisted.

The dishes were there the next day, and had thrown the day's program out of joint. Mrs. Lord telephoned that her stepfather was coming in to dinner and Ellen Harlow liked more preparation for that because Doctor Asher was a big, hearty man who enjoyed a good meal.

She was so busy, getting a meringue ready for the oven, that she nearly decided not to read Nettie's letter, forwarded from the old hotel address, which came in the late-afternoon mail. Dickie ran to her with it. "Letter for you, Mizzy"—his contraction of "Mrs. Harlow"—and she almost put it by; then she began to wonder why Nettie was writing and tore it open.

At the first words she sat down quickly. She read the letter through twice, trying to take in, with a mind stunned by the weight of the catastrophe, exactly how it had come about. Nettie had written:

Dear Ellen: I am quite at a loss to know why your daughter Jean should have written me to know how you are. Her letter to me was addressed to a number on Madison Avenue in New York, then returned to her, and she then sent it to Gray Mantels. She wanted me to tell her specifically how you were—she said your letters were so uniformly cheerful that they revealed nothing and she was concerned because she was afraid it was a "front."

Naturally I wrote back that I could hardly give her the information, as I had not laid eyes on you and had heard from you only a few times myself. It seems so peculiar, her writing to me—I think she must have confused me with some friend you have been seeing. I thought I had better let you know at once because your letters have evidently given her anxiety, and if one is so fortunate as to have children deeply concerned for one's happiness there is no more immediate duty than setting their fears at rest.

When had Nettie written to Jean? How long before she had written this? Probably not long—she said, "I thought I had better let you know at once." If she had not sent it air mail the letter might not yet be in Jean's hands. That was the only hope she could muster and a precarious one involving Jean's obedience to a peremptory telegram not to open any letter from Nettie Davis. Jean would be too curious, too concerned to pay attention to such a prohibition.

Nettie had brought down her house of lies. She could imagine Jean reading it to Paul, rushing to telephone James.

What bad luck for the shop to have handed back a letter to Mrs. Davis! Someone might have had the sense to think there might be some connection with the Mrs. Harlow who was getting mail there and ask Mrs. Lord about it. No use thinking about that now.

She went through dinner in an almost unbearable state of worry. Her one solace was, *They can't get at me here. I'll have time to think something up while they are writing to the shop.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Alien

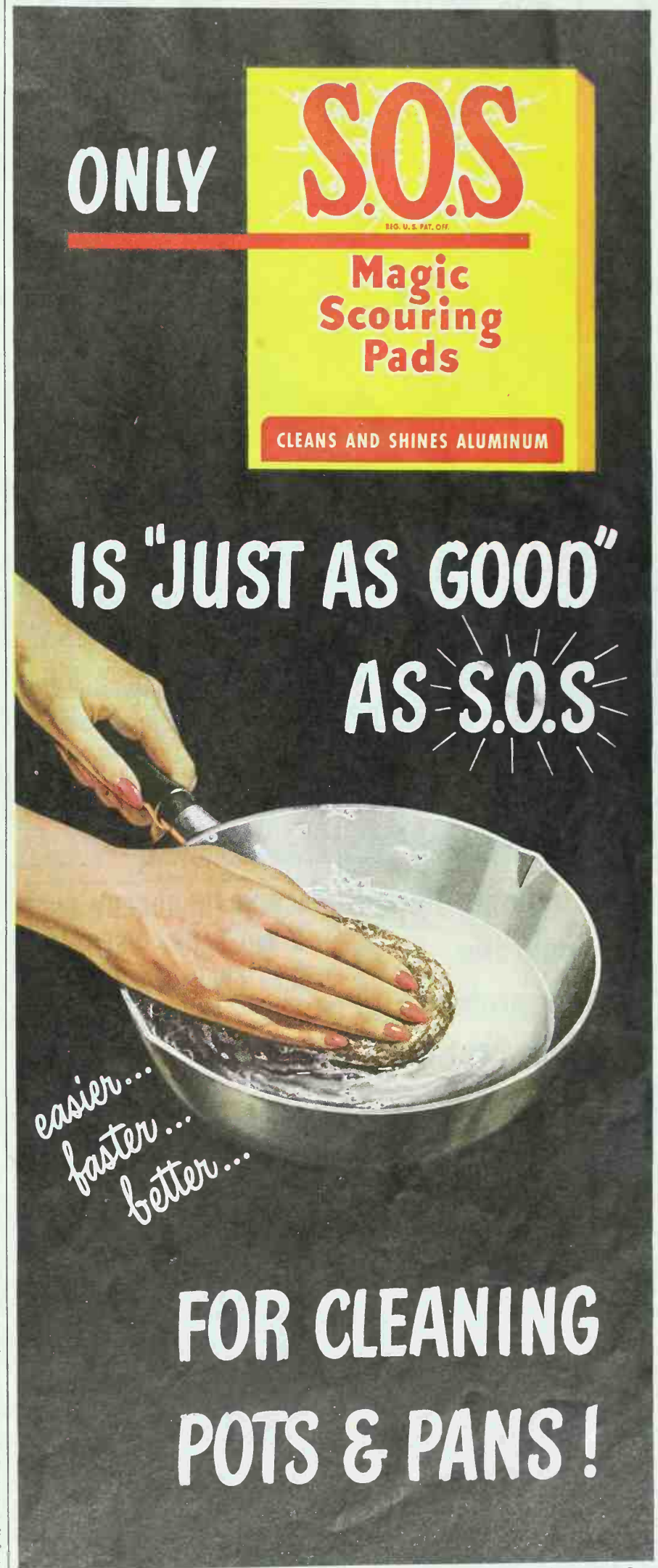
By Marylu Terral Jeans

I who live on the prairie
Still remember the sea
And hear the waves' white thunder
Haunting me.

I who am blind to meadows
Recall when day is done
The scalloped wings of sea gulls
Against the sun.

And I who have loved sea music
Calling wild and clear
Walk in bitter silence,
A stranger here.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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The phone rang when she was bringing the coffee into the living room. Mrs. Lord took it, then called, "For you, Mrs. Harlow. Western Union." She explained, "They called you at the shop and Gerda was there and said to try this number."

"Hello?" said Ellen Harlow in a taut voice. "Yes, this is Mrs. James Harlow."

The telegram was from James: "Deeply worried. Have tried to telephone you but no phone in name of Davis listed for that address. Will come New York immediately unless hear from you tonight."

"Thank you," said Ellen Harlow faintly. "Yes, I got it, operator. Thank you." She put down the instrument, her mind a blank.

Mrs. Lord came out to the hall. "Not bad news, is it, Mrs. H.?"

"I don't know what I'll do," said Ellen Harlow. She lifted stricken eyes to the other woman. "I thought I was so safe -——"

Mrs. Lord looked startled. Then she said, "Come in and tell us about it. . . . Get her something, Russell," she said to her husband. "Mrs. Harlow's had some sort of shock."

"It isn't serious," said Ellen quickly. "I mean, no one's dead or sick or anything like that. It's just . . . I've been found out."

The Lords exchanged an odd look. "Don't tell me you've robbed a bank," said Mr. Lord. He filled a glass and put it in her hands. "Now—down the hatch and let's hear what it is."

Ellen Harlow took half the content choked a little. "No, I haven't rob bank," she said, "but I've told a lot of and now I don't know what to do. A son James is coming on here unless I him tonight. And I don't know what to him."

"Start at the beginning," said Mrs.

"I've told you lies too. I told you working for a trip to Mexico. I was was working for my living."

"We all work for our living," said Lord. "Why shouldn't you?"

"But, you see, my children ——"

"You mean your children don't wa to work?"

Ellen Harlow swallowed. "They wo like what I'm doing at all. But they want me with them. I found that o day of the funeral. They didn't k heard. But they were talking themselves, and I could see that they was a burden." The bitter word was stab. She hurried on, defensively, "T like all young people, that's all, wan live by themselves; and it's the way it to be, of course, only—I see that, now at the time I was hurt. I wanted away, and the only way I could think to say I was going to a friend of min body in Oak Park knew her. So I felt

She told them, "I found positions have, but they weren't very congenia

Bringing up Parents

DR. BARBARA BIBER, CONSULTANT
Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

BABY talk is one form of communication held in general contempt—and rightly so. But knowing how to talk to young children is a wonderful asset for any parent. The first step in learning how is to become a good listener. Too often grownups get the meaning of what a child says, and miss the highly original way in which he says it. Thunder becomes a "bump noise"; a garage may be an "autohouse"; or a child may turn on the heat by "winding up the radiator." Parents are bound to pick up such expressions—and, if not used too much, they help to establish a language bond between parent and child. But this common language is altogether different from baby talk—which is a "child's language" made up by adults. And more often than not, it is resented by children.



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couldn't bear the thought of living in one of those wretched little rooms and going out to meals—I've been used to a good home. That's why I ——" This was wasting time. "He'll be coming on if I don't phone him soon," she said urgently. "What am I to say?"

"Take it easy," said Mr. Lord. "It's an hour earlier in Chicago than here."

Mrs. Lord said thoughtfully, "Just tell him that you decided not to go to this friend and felt you wanted to earn some money. Tell him you kept up the fiction about being with your friend to keep him from worrying."

"I'll have to say that, of course." Ellen Harlow thought miserably of all the embroideries with which she had adorned her tales. She said desperately, "But what have I been doing in New York?"

"How about being a governess for Dickie?"

"For a five-year-old? That would be a nurse."

"I expect it would."

Mr. Lord prompted, "How about something in your shop, Louise?"

"Receptionist?" said Ellen Harlow eagerly.

"N-no. We don't have one. Better have it something behind scenes. Can you type?"

"No. And I never was good at sewing."

"Well, you could be a supervisor. That's vague enough. See to things, shop round for matching stuff and accessories and ideas and to check up on other shops. Make it a glamour job."

Ellen Harlow shook her head. "But where do I live?"

"Here, of course. You rent a room from us. From one of your co-workers." Mrs. Lord gave her quick laugh.

Her stepfather said, "My office is too far away or you could be a receptionist there, Mrs. Harlow."

Ellen Harlow gave him a grateful smile. They were kind and heartening. But this was just one of those things to them. They didn't feel the hurt, the humiliation.

"Call him right up and get it over with," Mrs. Lord advised. "You can put it over. Call yourself a shop supervisor. Make it elegant."

"But if he's already started—or comes on later?"

"I'll slide you into the shop in a black satin dress and we'll put on an act. Keep 'em flying, Mrs. H., and pretend you're having the time of your life."

Ellen Harlow got up and went to the telephone, and like a band of conspirators they trooped after her, waiting silently while she got the connection. Her heart was hammering. She kept swallowing to clear her throat while she stood waiting, the operator's voice sending the familiar number over the wire: "Winnetka . . . Chicago; give me Winnetka ——"

The operator said, "Go ahead," and Ellen Harlow said, "Hello?" in a suddenly clear voice. "Agnes? I want to talk to James. Is he ——"

James was close, for his voice sounded almost at once. "Mother?"

"Yes, James. I got your telegram and I'm sorry you were worried." She could not keep her voice from stiffness, from constraint, and his own voice was strange and sharp as he demanded:

"What does all this mean? Mrs. Davis wrote she hadn't seen you. I couldn't believe it, when Jean told me."

"I'm sorry, James. I pretended about her because I wanted you to think I was with a friend. I didn't want you to worry."

"Worry? We've worried our heads off since her letter came. We didn't know what to think. I tried to telephone ——"

"I'm so sorry. I never dreamed ——"

"I don't see why you'd deceive us like that."

"Don't you? Well, I wanted to get to New York. Without argument. I did think of going to see Nettie Davis ——" She threw that pretense aside. "I wanted to be where I could make a life of my own."

His silence seemed to say he was thinking about that. She could imagine him standing there, Agnes somewhere behind him, full of



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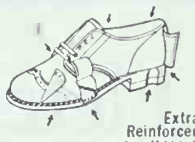
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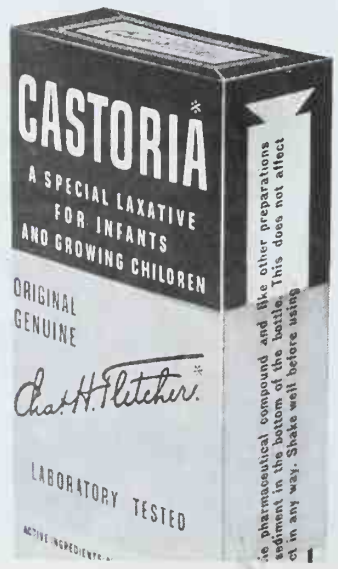
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Chas. H. Fletcher

The original and genuine

CASTORIA

her cool curiosity. Here she was and there he was, half a continent away, this thin little wire stretching between them, carrying their voices back and forth.

His was bewildered now. "But what are you doing? Where do you live?"

"I live with a friend. Mrs. Russell Lord. Louise Lord, she's known at the shop. She's a dress designer. I get my mail at the shop. I"—there was no perceptible pause; she went on steadily—"I keep house for Mrs. Lord and her husband and I like it."

"You keep house?" Sheer incredulity edged the words. "You mean you ——"

"What's so strange about that?" Her tone was astonishingly calm. "I like to keep house—it's what I've done all my life. And I like the money I earn. It gives me a feeling of independence."

"Mother, you don't need to ——" He had not sounded as wretched when his father died. "I don't see how you ——"

"The Lords are lovely people to be with and this is more my home than any I could have now. Don't think I am ungrateful for what you offered, but I didn't feel I wanted to be perpetually visiting."

"Mother, you are coming to us—I am coming to get you ——"

"Now don't be upset, Jamie. There isn't the least use in coming on because I am not going to leave. I could come to see you all at Christmastime if that is convenient, but I shan't come if you are going to argue about this." She had not spoken so competently and directively to James for a long time and somehow her assurance gave her pleasure. She added, "I am only sorry if you are upset."

"Upset?" He was angry now. She could picture his saying tautly, over his shoulder to Agnes, "Mother's working—as a housekeeper!" He went on, "Haven't you any idea what this means—how it looks? How do you suppose we feel to have our mother—— What are people ——"

"You don't need to say anything at all, outside the family. It's my affair. I like being independent. It's really best for me, Jamie," she went on, in a gentler tone, "and best for us all. With the best will in the world you couldn't have made any place for me in your lives. Just remember that it's the work I've done for my family all my life, and the Lords are my family now. I'll write you all about them."

SHE was not conscious of the Lords behind her; she was intent only on smoothing over his hurt, without revealing her own.

She said, "You call Jeanie right up and tell her not to worry. Say I'll be seeing you all soon, and right along, from time to time. And maybe I'll go to Mexico next year," she flung in hastily. He wasn't to think those Spanish lessons were a fraud, like Nettie Davis. "Good-by, my boy. It was good to hear your voice. My love to you—to the children. And to Agnes too."

She had been firm to the last, but when she put down the phone and turned to the three about her she felt spent. She tried to smile at them, in apology for having betrayed their kind plans, but her mouth felt trembling.

"I had to tell him," she said. "I was sick of lies. I had to tell him."

"You told him, all right," said Mrs. Lord.

"He doesn't have to spread it. It's my affair. It's nothing to be ashamed of."

"You're a wonderful little woman, Mrs. Harlow," said Doctor Asher. He was looking at her warmly and admiringly and wonderingly, as if seeing her in a new and vivid light. Then his face began to crease and his eyes to twinkle. "You certainly remind me of—didn't she you, Louise?"

"She did. You could push mother just so far and she'd never give a sign, and then—*wham!*"

"Your mother was a fine homemaker too. There aren't enough of them."

"I'm glad you adopted us for your family," said Mr. Lord. "This calls for a little celebration. Wouldn't you prescribe that, dad?"

"Definitely." The doctor spoke a little absently, his eyes still on Ellen Harlow. "A very sound idea. Both of them." THE END



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our Children and Tuberculosis

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN
President, Chicago Board of Health

E rapidity with which, once watchlness is relaxed, a deadly disease can gain ground it has lost has been ilstrated dramatically of late with nary tuberculosis—the kind that at- he lungs.

re the war, tuberculosis was de- g a little. Not spectacularly, but y, year by year. We had reason to tulate ourselves that this fight was won. But came the war, with people in crowded quarters and working ours, often with insufficient rest and er diets, and the disease jumped up ngly, the number of new cases in- g 17 per cent in the time between d 1945. Now that living and workditions are more favorable, it seems ceding slowly, but it is going to take a lot of doing on the part of everybody to get tuberculosis under control—and it is something that must be done.

It is true that science has been searching for a "miracle cure" for this disease, and that some months ago a new drug, streptomycin, gave hopes of being the answer. Later experiments qualified these early expectations, however, and it is still used only in carefully selected cases. Further work with streptomycin is being carried on by TB specialists in many places, and it may be that more successful results will be reported later. But if tuberculosis should strike your household now, don't think your doctor is failing you if he doesn't employ this treatment.

There is also hope in new surgical techniques in which infected parts of the lung or lungs are removed; but these techniques, too, need further development. Whether or not they are employed in a particular case must be left to the doctor's judgment.

A way of immunizing against tuberculosis, in somewhat the same way that we immunize against diphtheria and smallpox, has been still another hope of the scientific world, and a measure of this kind called BCG (for the bacillus of Calmette and Guerin, discoverers of the method) is now being tried on an intensive scale in this country and in other parts of the world. A number of favorable reports on its efficacy have been made, but investigation has shown that these experiments were not properly controlled. Enough research has been done to prove that inoculations with BCG are safe, but it has not yet been established that they will prevent the disease in every case.

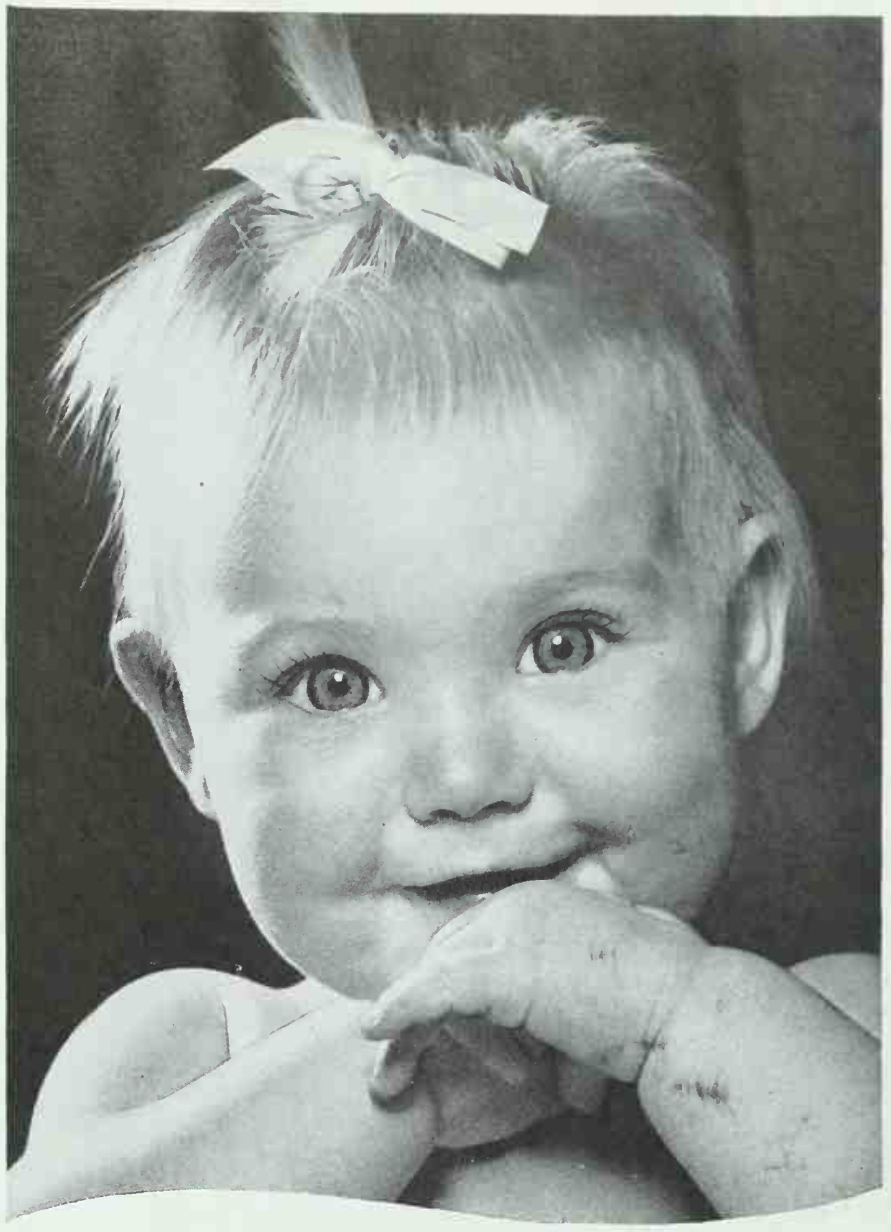
As the tuberculosis picture stands now, therefore, we must rely on the same old weapons that have proved effective in the past: education of the public to its dangers, and co-operation of doctors, industry, school, health authorities and parents to keep it going down. Especially is the co-operation of parents needed. For one of the most hideous things about this disease is that the young are often its victims,

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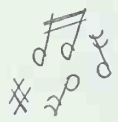


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and that it usually makes its entrance into the system during infancy or very early childhood.

Tuberculosis is not inheritable, but a tuberculous parent or other adult with whom a baby or small child comes in contact can pass it on with fatal ease. Oftentimes the small victim will recover from this first, or primary, infection, without any treatment at all, and without the disease even being noticed. But such a child may become re-infected later in childhood, or even in early adulthood, with grave results.

A latent focus is stirred to deadly activity by some other illness, such as measles, whooping cough or influenza; or by the generally lowered resistance caused by lack of rest, improper diet, or prolonged exposure to cold and wet. And sometimes the disease flares up of its own accord, with no re-infection at all.

Adolescence is a time when many a latent TB infection makes its presence known if youngsters push themselves too hard, get insufficient rest and don't eat the right kind of food. Or a young man just starting out in life, or a young mother vitally needed by her family, may have to spend months or years in bed in order to recover; or perhaps may lose the fight in a short time.

The more tuberculosis in the adult population, therefore, the more pains we should take to guard our children against this insidious menace. And the best thing is to have X-ray examinations for *everybody* in your family. For every case of known TB in a community, there are numbers unsuspected. That "bronchial" cough of grandpa's, for instance, in some cases is TB. Grandpa has passed the age where the disease works most rapidly, but he could pass it on to a favorite grandchild with results that might be fatal.

As a matter of fact, the best mass protection against TB is an X-ray program which takes in every member of the community. This can be done inexpensively with small films.

Inquire about it at your public-health department, school or hospital. If a movement is under way to X-ray your whole town, get behind it. Under any circumstances, make sure *now* that your own family, at least, has this safeguard.

If an adult in your household is found to have an active case, follow to the letter your doctor's directions for keeping children away from the patient, and for keeping separate any articles used in the care of the invalid. If this were done with every case of tuberculosis, the disease could be stamped out in a short time.

Some people have tubercle bacilli—the germs which cause tuberculosis—in their lungs or other parts of the body without having the active disease itself. This fact can be detected by means of the tuberculin skin test, in which a substance is injected into the skin. Within a few hours, the site of the injection becomes red and inflamed if the person has been infected with tubercle bacilli.

The number of these tuberculin "reactors" varies widely from community to community; in some areas as much as 50 per cent of the population is "tuberculin positive," though only the usual small number m have active tuberculosis.

The tuberculin test, therefore, is anoth effective weapon when TB is on the ra page, as it was during the war years, a as it is now in somewhat lesser degr When this test is made and the result positive, your child should be taken imme ately for a complete physical examinati including X ray of the chest, to make c tain the infection is actually inactive and r just hidden.

The danger of active TB without a symptoms must always be guarded again I have seen many cases in which t patients, or the parents in the case of child, had absolutely no knowledge of illn until the disease was far advanced.

Usually, however, there are warning s nals if the parents know what to look f and this is the third thing to have in mi If your child has a persistent cough or f quent colds; is easily fatigued; has recurr fever (especially if this comes late in t day), or fails to gain weight as he or s should—check the possibility of tuberculo with your doctor.

If active tuberculosis is discovered, not conclude that your child is doom or that a life of in lidism is inescapable. the disease is found ea enough, *and if you fo the doctor's instructi faithfully*, the chances a favorable outlook to are splendid. Especiall is important for the chil be kept at rest, or ur carefully controlled ac ity, for as long as the do says it is necessary. Take my word it: Intelligent, devoted adherence to rules will pay priceless dividends in covered health. I have seen it hap and I have also seen the tragic fail which were caused by carelessness ignorance.

> **One of a wife's most serious problems is how to encourage a man's esteem for the sake of his job or his business, without letting him get too important around the house.** —RUSSELL PETTIS ASKUE.

Science has given us the means of de ing early tuberculosis, *but we have to loo it.* If we wait for noticeable signs to app the disease may become far advanced, the infected person may already have pa it on to many others. So we must hun tuberculosis, by X-ray examinations of h chest and by the tuberculin test, not on those who are ill or suspected of being ill of everybody.

During my years in public-health wo have talked to thousands of courag men and women who have had to l about tuberculosis the hard way—by ha it themselves or having a case in the fa Here is a significant fact that I have b served: once the disease is cured or arre these families are better tuberculosis than families which have never had a This was proved at Saranac Lake, New a great TB treatment center, where would expect the tuberculosis rate a children to be high because of many tacts with patients in their home church, in the movies and elsewhere. X-ray examinations of school children revealed a lower rate than in many communities. The facts at hand inc that this is due to the training these pa have had; they know how important it avoid exposing others to the disease they know how to keep from doing it. shows what education can do!

"THY KINGDOM COME"

(Continued from Page 23)

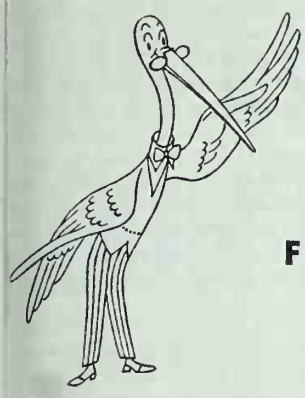
The Committee on Institutions didn't want to make Louisville's jail a country club. But committee members wanted it to be a place which wouldn't drag a man down farther into a morass of hopelessness.

Nor did the visits to the jail stop after that week end. Committee members still visit and counsel with prisoners regularly; provide them with clothing when they are ready to be released, and help them to find jobs.

Cleaning up the city jail was the project—and the first success of the mittee on Institutions.

In that first small group gathered to just seven years ago were many of the leading citizens: doctors, lawyers, merc ministers. The spark plug of the was a dynamic, intensely serious named George Stoll, president of th Oil Refining Company. Stoll was n

(Continued on Page 270)



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(Continued from Page 268)

a chronic board member for churches and institutions. All were active church members. All knew something about Kentucky institutions and didn't like what they knew.

"Our institutions," they agreed, "are weak because we, the people, make poor employers. We don't try to understand the problems of the working officials. We don't back the good men. We evade responsibility. So the institutions become political pawns, and we cuss the politicians."

Their plan of action was based on the idea that no mere wave of reform could humanize such institutions. No sound and lasting progress could be accomplished so long as public indifference and ignorance existed. Even the churchmen's attitude, they discovered, was largely that of "pass the hat, and pass the buck."

"We knew that we could not rush into action and do a better job than the trained and experienced workers already in our state and local institutions," a speaker for the Committee on Institutions stated. "We must study the conditions, evaluate the needs, then plan how to bring them about. We agreed to seek no publicity, never to criticize officials or institutions in public, but to make our suggestions only face to face. Most important of all, we pledged ourselves to continue our work as long as it was needed. We wanted no 'flash in the pan' action."

Each member of this young committee was a deeply religious man. He promised, with the entire group, to repeat ten times daily the words of the Lord's Prayer. Surely inspiration would come to help "His kingdom come, His will be done." He promised to maintain a sincere interest in the inmates of the institutions to be studied, remembering humbly that given their circumstances in life, he might have fared the same.

A pessimist is a person who is seasick during the entire voyage of life. —ANON.

The program got away to a slow start. Members made the rounds of churches, as many as six on a Sunday. They buttonholed churchgoers and quizzed pastors. Who were the men who could be depended upon to do a reliable job? They finally gathered several dozen carefully culled members.

These men tried to find the answers to certain questions: How do model institutions get that way? How do institutions in other cities or countries work? Why are people institutionalized? What about costs of food, medical, dental, educational and religious care, and their comparative value in other states? What happens to the personality of a man who is put into prison? Or into a mental hospital? Or a home for the aged? What can be done to rehabilitate these people?

To get these answers, the committee members dug into their own pockets to buy books and literature. They brought authorities into Louisville to give them different points of view. And they undertook slowly and carefully to get the co-operation of institution officials who, in the beginning, had some natural doubts as to the committee's purposes.

One police-court judge ignored invitations to attend these meetings. But the committee continued to send out invitations to officials it wished to interest, with minutes of each meeting. Curiosity got the better of this judge. Convinced that the committee was not planning to put him on the carpet, but had a real interest in helping him to better his court, he became co-operative.

MAKING the right contacts, interesting people who could help, winning the confidence of wary institutional employees, the committee found slow work, but rewarding in result. Members learned early in the game that you can't hurry reforms.

The committee selected the state reformatory at La Grange for its next project. This is an institution where youths, first offenders and "short-timers" are usually retained, while dangerous or habitual criminals are sent on to a maximum-security prison. Hence a visit to the reformatory could easily be the turning point in a young boy's life. The committee determined to save as many of these boys as it could.

Officials at the reformatory had not been doing too badly with the funds and equipment provided. They had begun academic and vocational schedules. They had religious services and work programs. But there were too few teachers, and a minister visited the school only two days per week. One of the first steps of the committee was to employ a full-time chaplain trained for prison work.

FARMING, men of the committee decided, should be an integral part of the reformatory's work program. "Almost every boy gets a kick out of growing things," one of the men said. "Besides, many of these boys came from rural communities, and even rudimentary knowledge of farming would help them better themselves at home."

Skilled horticulturists were sent to advise and work with the farm manager. The boys were taught about soil testing, crop rotation and animal husbandry. Those who interested themselves in this work came out of the reformatory with equipment to earn their living from the soil.

Speakers who talked about subjects the boys knew and could appreciate visited the reformatory periodically. Musical and dramatic entertainments in which the boys took part were introduced. To promote greater public understanding of the whole parole and probation problem, the committee engaged in a series of radio broadcasts. "We were finally able to state our needs and explain our position," says Warden F. S. Kieren.

To help provide the most palatable and nourishing food on the budget provided by the state, the committee secured an experienced retail grocer to buy provisions and a prominent cafeteria manager to assist in planning the meals.

Nor did the committee's work stop there. Warden Kieren reports: "Members of the committee take upon themselves to act as personal counselor to paroled boys. When a parolee finds himself in distress, he is often put on his feet or restrained from further crime by the sympathetic treatment of these men." Richard V. Wood, head of the reformatory section of the committee, is directly responsible for providing clothing and temporary living quarters for released prisoners. He and his committee dig into their own pockets for necessary funds. They make arrangements for the boys to stay at the Y.M.C.A. or a similar place (with slight supervision), and pay for a few of the meals needed until the boy returns to home or a permanent job.

"On the whole," Warden Kieren states, "the committee is the civilian eyes, ears and mouthpiece of this institution."

The care of the aged and treatment of the mentally sick are two weak spots in our social structure. The Committee on Institutions found plenty of work to be done in these two fields. The Louisville Home for the Aged and Infirm presented a difficult problem. The fact that almost one half of its 216 residents were permanently hospitalized made its management expensive and unwieldy. Necessary medical care was given to the sick, but for those aged who were up and about there was little to do except gaze hopelessly, day after day, at the four walls.

"A person of any age needs to feel that someone cares about him, that he is not forgotten and passed by," a committee member who interested himself in the Home for the Aged explained. "I believe that one of the simplest things we did was also most helpful in increasing morale among the old folks. We tried to make them feel that they still had a part in an active life. We sent every inmate greetings on his birthday. We brought in daily newspapers and magazines. We organized Sunday-school classes, speakers, musical concerts. For those who could not attend religious services, the visiting minister brought printed religious leaflets. It made a big difference."

Actually the committee acts as a go-between with city authorities in helping the

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home obtain needed improvements. On the home committee, seven churches are represented by two members from each church. Each member church contributes one or two dollars per month.

At the Lakeland Mental Hospital—incidentally, the second oldest in the nation—the committee found actual want due to insufficient state allotment of funds. Bringing the facts directly to the state legislature, it obtained a *50 per cent increase* in the appropriation.

The committee also installed a chaplain, not only to look after the spiritual welfare of the patients but to help prepare them for return to society. Families of the patients appreciated the minister's counsel and would often speak to him of their problems more freely than to members of the psychiatric staff.

Dr. A. M. Lyon, acting superintendent at Lakeland, explained his feeling about the committee: "When a fellow is struggling to do his best under handicaps, and a group offers to help, it gives inspiration. It means something when they say, 'What can we do to help you?'"

Juvenile delinquency in Louisville was about the toughest problem the committee tackled. In that job it had the able assistance and constant encouragement of Capt. William Kiefer, superintendent of the Crime Prevention Bureau of the Louisville Police Department. He pointed out to members of the committee the map on his office wall. It was a significant map of the city, clustered with tacks: a tack for each boy who had appeared in Juvenile Court during the preceding twelve months.

By far the heaviest cluster of tacks centered about a ten-block area in the west end of the city. This was a rough neighborhood, where the breaking of street lights, sidewalk crap games, car thefts and store looting were almost taken for granted. There had been 91 Juvenile Court cases from this district in the past year.

WHAT was the trouble? A visit to the neighborhood made that pretty obvious. There wasn't a place in the section where a boy could bat a ball or kick a football. A boy with time on his hands and a normal amount of animal spirits couldn't help getting into trouble.

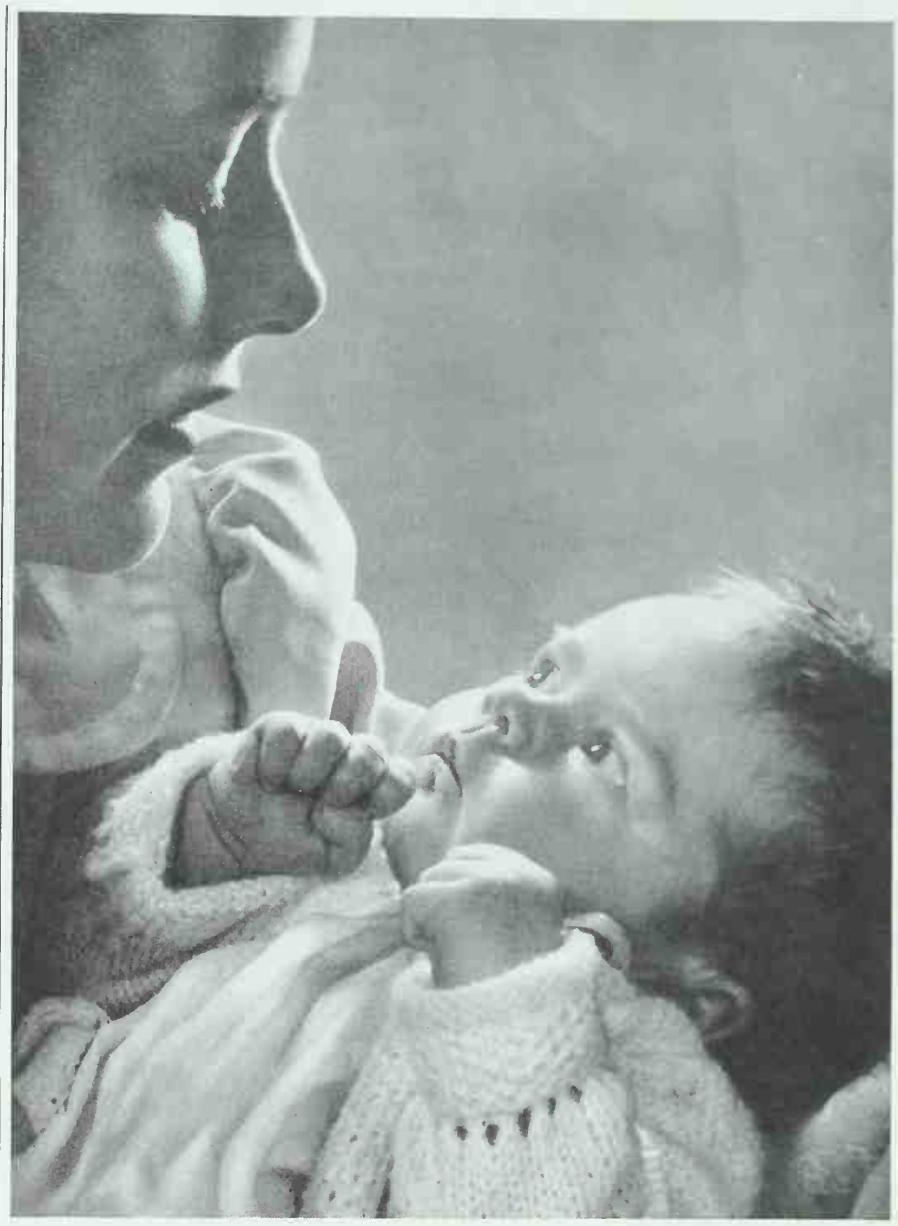
The committee decided that supervised athletics and a recreation area might help. Members secured a big two-and-a-half-story house, vacant for years. It was owned by one of the member churches of the Louisville Council of Churches. The house, rented for one dollar a year, was converted into a boys' club. Craft shop, play room, billiard table, table-tennis sets, good library, musical equipment were installed. A Salvation Army worker directed operations.

Three years later, the cluster of tacks on Captain Kiefer's map had all but vanished from that troublesome neighborhood. There were no offenders within a half-mile radius of the boys' club from June, 1946, to February, 1947. Since then, six boys have appeared in court—two of whom were club members. A remarkable record when one considers there are nearly 600 members of the club.

The committee sends underprivileged and delinquent boys and girls to summer camps and conducts a systematic follow-up program of visiting the homes of youngsters selected for assistance.

Recently Captain Kiefer reported that juvenile delinquency throughout Louisville had declined 47 per cent in the past two years, while the national peak in juvenile crimes was reached in 1946. Louisville's peak was reached in 1944 and has been decreasing steadily ever since. "Much of the credit must go to the Committee on Institutions," he says.

A Louisville newspaper reporter who had made an investigation of grand juries came to a meeting of the committee. He was genuinely disturbed. "The trouble with our grand-jury system is that the jurors know practically nothing about their duties and privileges. The result is that they simply become yes-men for the commonwealth's attorney."



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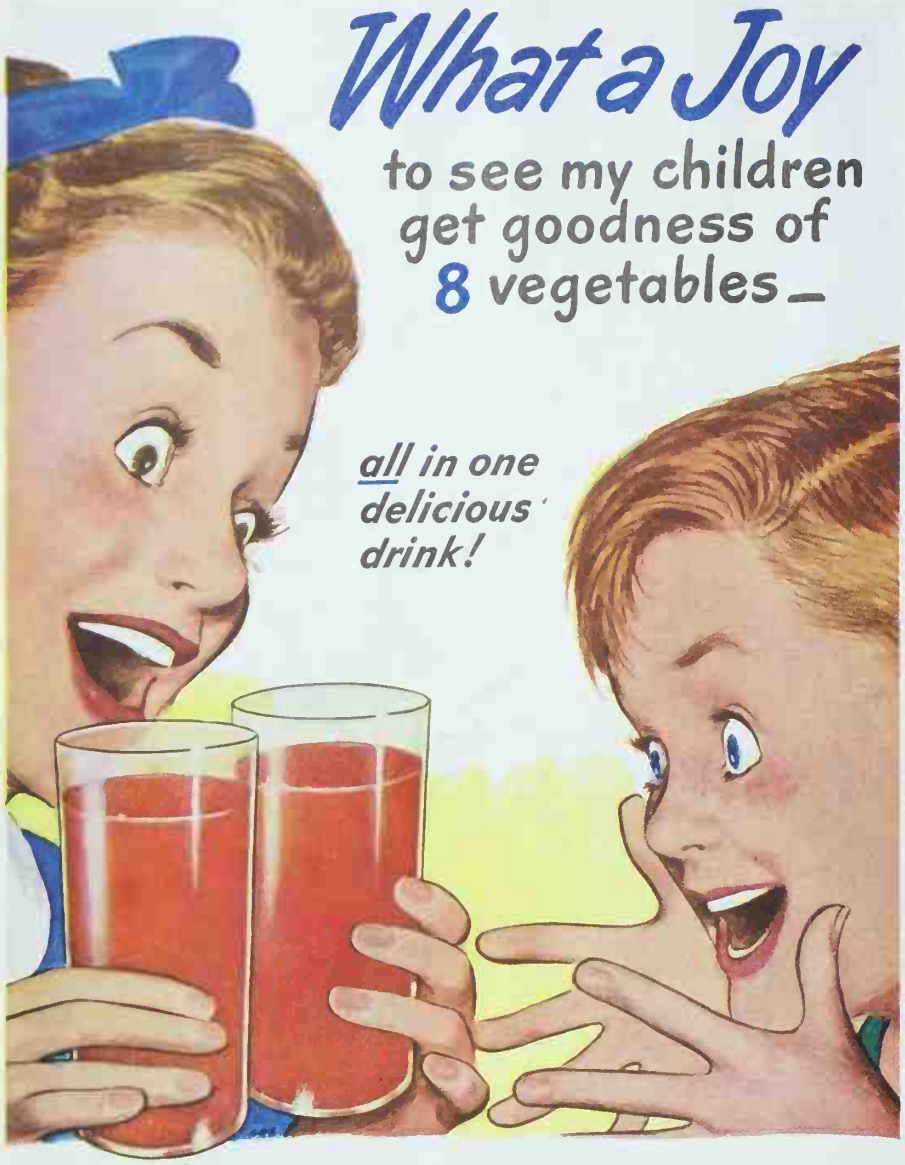


He may toe out | toe in | or keep his feet parallel

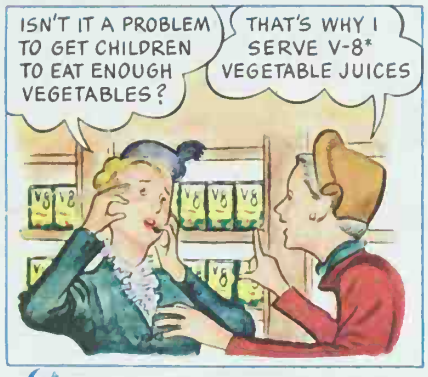
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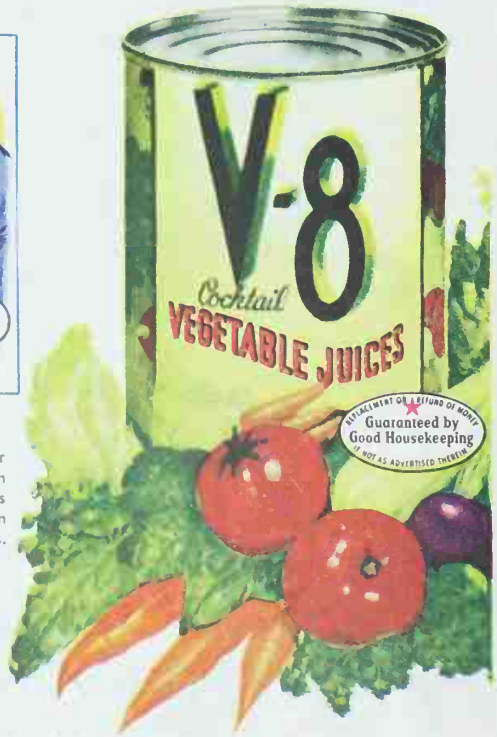


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"What can we do about it?" the committee members asked themselves.

When the various possibilities had been considered, accepted or discarded, the result was a booklet, Helps for the Grand Jurors, now in wide use. Its appearance was greeted by Commonwealth Attorney Frank A. Ropke with enthusiasm. Jurors who get all the facts needed for intelligent service echo his feelings.

The committee has also attempted to alleviate the problem of alcoholism in Louisville. It enlisted the co-operation of the police department. Films were shown and lectures on alcoholism were given in the traffic-school course, as well as in a health-and-safety program in the city schools. The committee works closely with the Louisville chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous and assists them to put on educational radio programs. The committee also refers to the AA individuals in need of assistance.

The Committee on Institutions today has a well-established program for progress in Louisville. Its 200 members divide their work into three main channels—penal institutions, health and child care. In addition to projects of short duration, they also tackle long-term problems. Under way at present is a movement to consolidate city and county penal systems and substitute a penal farm for existing worn-out buildings.

The chief source of the committee's strength is the fact that it is a community enterprise. It has the backing of some 400 Protestant churches of varied denominations representing over 100,000 individuals. It has the active co-operation and assistance of many Catholics and Jews.

As the Louisville Courier-Journal has said editorially: "The Committee on Institutions could point to a solid record of achievement if so minded—but it doesn't take credit."

Institution officials, however, have been completely won over by the committee's work, and give it full credit for recent institutional reforms and progress. "The very greatest value of the committee is intangible. When an official has someone watching him in a sympathetic way—let alone helping him as well—it shows that people do care what he does. He can't help but try harder."

Young boys with bright new hopes for the future; old people convinced that life has not passed them by; former jailbirds who have discovered that there is a place in society for honest work; a tortured brain slowly winning the way back to light and normalcy—these are the miracles the committee has worked.

They're doing it in Louisville. It can be done elsewhere.

CURTAIN WISE

(Continued from Page 215)

place, working from side to opposite side to equalize the pull. Ruffles may be allowed to hang free while the body of the curtain is stretched, or the stretcher may be set to consider the width of the ruffles, and the ruffles themselves folded into tiny pleats and pinned on the frame. In either case, the ruffles will undoubtedly need a bit of pressing to make them look really ruffly and crisp.

If you send your curtains to a commercial laundry, ask about a new wax finish which gives curtains crispness and freshness. This doesn't show, but does help the curtains toss off soil, gives them body, prevents them from absorbing moisture from the air, so they don't easily become limp and weary-looking. This particular beauty treatment lasts only from washing to washing. One of these days, we're promised, the product which does all these good things will be available for use in our home.

Paper or nylon, fabulous lace, crisply tailored or femininely frilled, fresh curtains seem to soften a room just as a film of powder softens one's face—and it's well worth a bit of trouble for a face, or a room, to be a little prettier, isn't it?

THE END



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TEA WITH MR. ROCHESTER

(Continued from Page 41)

ngs one just "thought" and the things e "made up" came from different parts oneself. One thought with one's mind, t making up came from so deep inside t one couldn't tell where.

'Thinking," confided to one's diary and o be seen by any *honest* mortal eye, gave a delicious feeling of superiority. One s not so impotent as the grownups im- ed. When one was sent out of the room some improvised errand because of Mr. eter's saying "Little pitchers have long s" it was satisfactory to remember the r', "Mr. P. is brown and squirmy. He is y like an earwig. If he was trod on, there d be a dark, oily r and a bitter l."

ere were poems he diary too. y wished there some way of ig out whether were real poems. Elena, perhaps; was her opinion n having? Her ite reading was ldy old book d Urn Burial, she read in bed; he liked creepy, ng things like ses and cacti. ad a dark, hag- face that made hink of an old yard, but her ere so dark and that when one d to her one d *into* her eyes, ay one drops a e into a pool to n for the ripples. e mistresses and rls were too or- y for words, too o put into the . Only Miss blower was a lit- fferent because ook the Shake- e class, and one he feeling now again that she keeping back hing too pre- to tell. "You owls, with your ster eyes!" she out once, her twitching with eration. She as if she were to cry, and sud- one saw that it readful for her. ad really been in that wood near Ath- nd now she had crashed into the class- and it was common and awful, and ere all common and awful too.

APS Miss Hornblower felt about Shake- as one felt about Jane Eyre, which one tracted surreptitiously from the Sixth library and read in secret under the the desk.

at agony when the tea bell clanged and woke one up out of that dream! ere the vases of purple spar, the pale mantelpiece. The master of Thorn- all had vanished, like the devil through door. But, stumbling down the cor- one still saw the flash of his dark eyes, the deep sardonic tones of his voice. the thick hunks of bread and plum ne thought with anguish of the seed liss Temple took out of her drawer. ard the half term a personality dis- d itself from the indeterminate back- of moonfaces and pigtails to the ex- being half confided in. Bunty Adams as a very inadequate substitute for the ball game. The host of imaginary characters had retreated too far into the depths of Prissy's being to be recalled. Besides, they were not to be shared. One would as soon have said one's prayers aloud. Bunty was not even quite on the diary plane, but she was a receptive little thing and proved a rapt audience for the real-life dramas staged by Prissy, in which Aunt Elena and Aunt Athene played their parts, rather touched up, rather twopence-colored, as befitted creatures translated into the sphere of Art. "People when they die leave their amethysts to Aunt Elena, she is that kind of person; but Aunt Athene gets the diamonds. She's lovely, you know, and rather frightening, and the drawing room is full of things she adores: Chinese things, older than you'd believe—from before Christ. If you broke one of them, it would be like committing a murder."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

They Call Them Teens

BY P. BRACKEN

Marjorie Ann is a charming child,
Delightfully fresh and fine . . .
A daughter that's rare and beyond compare
(And *I* ought to know—she's mine!)
But Marjorie Ann and Elizabeth Lou
Are the dearest of high-school friends;
And after she visits Elizabeth's house,
My quondam serenity ends.

For Elizabeth's mom has a suit from Saks;
She's coifed by a deft Pierre
(I'm generally wearing my shirts and slacks;
I've terribly difficult hair).
Her Eggs *Fromage* are a Rector's pride;
Her walls are a jonquil dream
(Our breakfast eggs are usually fried;
Our walls are a loathsome cream).

But just today, at the P. T. A.,
In one of the straight-backed rows,
Whom should I see but Elizabeth's mom
And we said constrained hellos;
For Elizabeth Lou goes visiting too . . .
And my, it was good to see
That Elizabeth's mother unhappily stands
In the self-same awe of *me!*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

And then there was Mr. Considine. But Prissy did not speak of him, because gradually he had come to assume all the characteristics of Mr. Rochester, and Mr. Rochester belonged to that part of Prissy's experience which was too poignant to be shared. Her voice would go all trembly if she tried to tell Bunty about Thornfield Hall. "I've had a blow, Jane. Jane, I've had a blow." Was ever a woman so honored? He was so strong, so fascinating. And rather wicked, she supposed. For what was that queer business about Adèle? Prissy felt rather wicked, too, as if she had a guilty secret to hide. Aunt Athene's eyes were so piercing, and she was so particular about what one read.

But she tried out a poem on Bunty, one day, in the dusk of the shrubbery, with the red electric trains clanking up to London beyond the iron railing. She read it in a thin, strangled, unnatural voice:

"I looked out of my window this morning
And saw the hawthorns in bloom.
When the golden day was just dawning,
Their scent came into my room.

"They were white as the tents of the Arabs
And humming with little brown bees,
With dark little bees like scarabs,
And my heart flew out to the trees.

"It is lulled in those bowers so airy
By the incense-and-pepper smell
That will make of my heart a fairy,
Of my breast but a hollow shell."

"Oh, Prissy! I think it's super. If you hadn't told me, I could easily have thought it was Shelley or someone. I could, really."

"Oh, no—not *Shelley!*" said Prissy, modestly. "Of course I had to find a rhyme for 'Arabs,' and there *is* only one. You don't think it sounds dragged in?" she inquired anxiously.



Apple of Your Eye

YOU'RE PROUD of your child's eager mind, rosy sturdiness, and winsome ways. And indeed you have a right to be—because *your care and good judgment help bring them about.*

And because food is such an important part of that care, millions of devoted parents are proud of their selection of Nucoa for their family's spread for bread. For there's nothing haphazard about Nucoa's fine nutritive value. It's as *calculated* as baby's first formula. And it is rigidly controlled by laboratory supervision. That's why every pound always has the same high food-energy count . . . and never, winter or summer, less than 15,000 U.S.P. units of precious, protective Vitamin A!

Dependable Fresh Taste!



Test Nucoa on hot foods for proof of fine flavor. Nucoa is new-churned the year round, on order only. There is no "storage" Nucoa.

Nutritionally Rich!



No other churned spread, at any price, is richer in the satisfying, stick-to-the-ribs kind of food energy so important to children. And no spread is a finer year-round source of protective Vitamin A.

Try Nucoa Shortbread



So delicately rich in flavor without extravagant cost! (1) Cream 1 cup Nucoa until soft; add ½ cup granulated sugar gradually. (2) Add 2½ cups sifted flour gradually to creamed mixture. Knead with hands until a well-blended dough is formed. (3) Divide dough, press to ½ inch thick in two 9-inch Nucoa-d pie plates. (4) With tines of fork mark into 6 or 8 wedges. (5) Bake in slow oven (325° F.) until golden-brown, about 25 to 30 minutes. (6) Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar, garnish, and cut while warm.



So good "it melts in your mouth!" Cook with Nucoa Margarine as it comes—pure white. For table serving, it is easy to tint Nucoa a delicate yellow with the pure Color-Wafer inserted in each package. "NUCOA" REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serve Nucoa proudly on your table...



"Definitely not. I think it's maharvelous."

Oh, if only Bunty were a person of authority!

It was queer seeing Aunt Elena again, after all the things one had been saying about her; like meeting a person who had figured the night before in a vivid dream. She was waiting on the platform, in her old toque with the crushed wallflowers. Her kiss was like the peck of a hen: so perfunctory that it bereft one of affection.

But Aunt Athene at the front door, looking more like a rose than ever, drew one down into a secret garden of spices.

When one returned to No. 7 Queen Anne Terrace, it was like opening some old, adorable book and stepping between its covers. The wrought-iron gate had come from Spain. One looked through it into a paved courtyard, and there was the house, that looked so powdery one felt one could brush off the cedar-red bloom with one's fingers. The porch with its fluted columns, the shell under the fanlight, the blue front door and the tip-tilted windows were the frontispiece. Aunt Athene had come from inside the story to greet one.

You know those golden almonds of light that holy people have behind them in old pictures? Aunt Athene seemed to have one, too, like a person walking in beauty. Not that her light came from God. Oh, no! Her other world was certainly not heaven.

"How funny everything looks! I'd forgotten it was like this," said Prissy, looking about her. Everything was more beautiful even than she had remembered.

After the drabness of school, the drawing room simply took one's breath away. It was pale, and patternless except for the startled silver deer on the curtains, and colors showed up in it as though spotlit. The celadon bowls, the bowls of peachblow and *sang de boeuf*, shone with a luster that seemed to shed tinted pools of reflected light, and their delicate curves against the cream walls made one want to stroke them. The teakettle bubbling over a blue flame and there w faint smell of methylated spirit and free and a breath from Aunt Elena's greenh as of earth freshly watered.

The aunts asked innumerable questi most of which were easy enough to ans But now and again an oblique one came s ways from Aunt Athene.

"And is there any *talking* after lights ou

One had always remembered two cry remarks let fall by some grownup: "T never was such a person for consuming own smoke as Elena," and "Athene has a beautiful mind."

Aunt Athene had beautiful hair a beautiful voice and beautiful laug Wasn't that enough? Must she also h beautiful mind, to set her above other p and make her so fastidious that she wou ever let one go to a cinema or read a with love in it?

So, when she said in a casual kin voice, "Is there any talking after l out?" one knew what she meant. meant "Are there any *horrid* girls, wh to tell you things you shouldn't know?

If she only knew how terrified one w finding out about things one shouldn't k

But one couldn't believe that reading Eyre was wrong. And if it were, if at fou one had no right to have discovered so about love, well, it couldn't be helped. I the most thrilling, glorious and bea thing in the world. It was like stained windows and sunsets and nightingales ing in the dark.

"Not much talking; we're too tired," mured Prissy, looking into her empty And suddenly she thought, *If she as what I've been reading, I shall get scarlet. please God, don't let them mention* him *just now, when I'm so tired.*

The holidays were haunted by Mr. sidine. There was always the delicio that one might meet him face to fac

(Continued on Page 276)

"Oh, Mommy, I'm going to be a Mommy!"

"SOME DAY, Mommy, I'll have my very own little boy, too. And I'll let you hold him . . . 'n take care of him. And just like Andy, he'll have a lovely blue Whitney Carriage that steers 'round corners like Daddy's car.

"*Today, I had the bestest time when I took Andy out.* I 'pertended' I was his *real* mommy. And when folks admired him, I said 'thank you very much.' You know, Mommy, lots of people stop and admire his new carriage, 'n . . ." Excuse us for interrupting, Sally, but we just can't resist saying here that a Whitney Folding Coach amazes *most* folks. People just seem to stop and admire it every time. After all, Whitney is the only carriage that has self-centering Steer-O-Matic Wheels* that turn corners automatically—with just finger-tip guidance. It's the only carriage that has Center-Suspension Springs which mean a practically jar-free ride for Baby. And more! Whitney is the only folding coach with Invisible Folding Frame† that gives it the beautiful styling of the expensive English coaches.

*Patented under the Jonkhoff System.
†Pats. applied for.

FREE! *Write for your free copy of "For Babies Only." Address Department J-3. Be sure to see the new Whitney Folding Coaches in fashion colors at your favorite store.*



Whitney BABY CARRIAGES CRIBS JUVENILE FURNITURE HAMPERS

The Only baby carriage with Steer-O-Matic Wheels . . . *

F. A. WHITNEY CARRIAGE COMPANY • *Since 1858* • LEOMINSTER, MASS.



By Munro Leaf

This crazy-looking creature that is floating in the air just before it crashes to the floor is a Bed-Jumper. It has burst the stuffing out of the pillow, ruined the bed that cost a lot of money, and it is very likely to ruin itself, too, if it keeps on being a Bed-Jumper. Bed-Jumpers make trouble for others and sooner or later they hit the floor or a board on the bed and then they've made trouble for themselves too.

...r a better start in life

start meat earlier!







...nomical—
...All meat—
...No waste

...Swift's Diced Meats
for Juniors
...nfidentially, grownups go
for them, too!)

Always look for the name SWIFT

First in Meats for Babies

Feeding tests have shown that meat gives babies a better start in life. 6-weeks-old infants *drank* a special formula with Swift's Strained Meats added . . . were more satisfied, healthier, had higher hemoglobin level than babies who received no meat! Swift's Strained Meats are especially prepared for tiny stomachs. With these smooth, ready to serve, all-meat products, it's easy to give your own baby the body-building benefits of meat much *earlier* in life.*

Why meat is so important

Swift's Strained Meats provide an abundance of the complete, high-quality proteins your baby needs for sturdy growth. They're an excellent source of B vitamins and the blood-building iron that helps baby avoid anemia—so common in infancy. Swift's Strained Meats are 100% meat, not mixtures. Each one gives baby a tempting, new flavor, unaltered by other foods. Introducing foods *separately* this way helps baby form good, sound eating habits for life. For variety serve all six Swift's Strained or Swift's Diced Meats—beef, lamb, pork, veal, liver and heart. At your food store now.

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ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

* *ASK YOUR DOCTOR* how soon and how much Swift's Strained Meats to feed. Usually 1 teaspoon is enough to start—the amount may be gradually increased as the baby grows older.

All nutritional statements made in this advertisement are accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

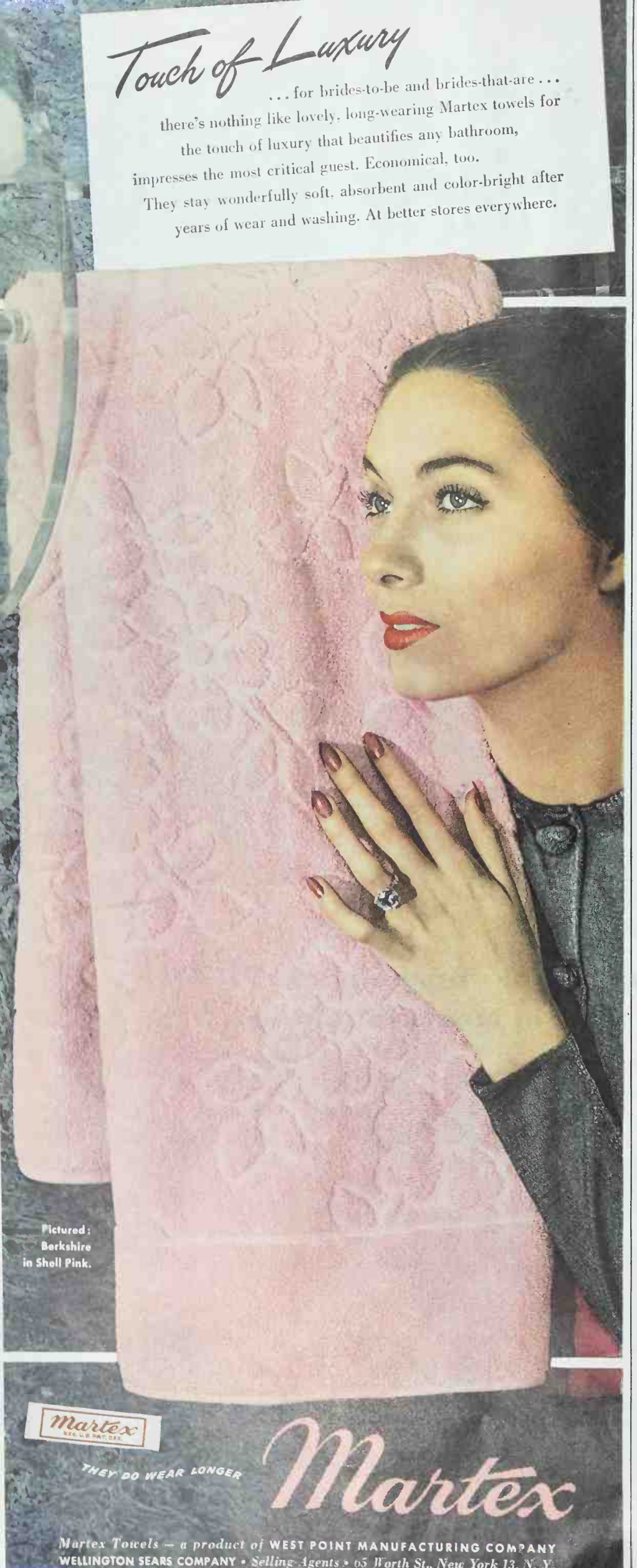
SWIFT QUALITY FOODS

SWIFT... *foremost name in meats*

...*first with 100% Meats for Babies*

Touch of Luxury

... for brides-to-be and brides-that-are ...
there's nothing like lovely, long-wearing Martex towels for the touch of luxury that beautifies any bathroom, impresses the most critical guest. Economical, too. They stay wonderfully soft, absorbent and color-bright after years of wear and washing. At better stores everywhere.



Pictured: Berkshire in Shell Pink.

Martex
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THEY DO WEAR LONGER
Martex

Martex Towels — a product of WEST POINT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
WELLINGTON SEARS COMPANY • Selling Agents • 65 Worth St., New York 13, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 274)

a way, one wanted to more than anything in the world, but when there was a prospect of such a meeting, one was seized with panic.

Prissy had always known that he was a very special kind of person. When he came to tea in the old days, she used to have hers in the schoolroom. She remembered that his soft black hat on the hall table looked sootier and richer than other people's, his stick more unusual, his voice coming through the closed door sounded deeper and softer. And afterward, when he had gone and one was permitted to return to grown-up society, it seemed as if something of his personality still lingered in the drawing room, like the smell of incense in a Catholic church when the Mass is over—a faint tobacco-and-carnation scent. And the room looked different—kind of hushed and golden. More flowers than usual, the yellow fluted teacups and a walnut cake. But perhaps it was Aunt Athene herself who seemed the most changed. The pupils of her eyes were so large they almost covered the iris, and she kept moving restlessly about and humming a tune as if she had just come in from a concert. Then she went to the piano and played the Brahms Rhapsody over and over again, as if she were continuing a conversation in her own mind.

One night these holidays there was a dinner party—some of the cathedral clergy and their wives, Mr. Pargeter and Mr. Considine.

"I should think Prissy might come in for dessert," said Aunt Elena, stalking in and stealing a salted almond from one of the silver shells.

Aunt Athene was laying the table herself, instructing Prissy in the art for when she should be grown up and running her home.

Her arrangement looked sumptuous but careless, like a banquet in a picture in the National Gallery; as if subtle and exquisite ladies with high, bald brows and bosoms of snow were to pose on the Hepplewhite chairs. The polished mahogany was a dark pool in which floated the reflections of pink, pointed cyclamens spilling out of a Venetian goblet, and iridescent bubbles of glass.

"A bit medieval, isn't it?" said Aunt Elena. She gave her little sniff, and there was a gleam in her dark eyes. That sudden gleam was what one loved her for, that goblin light in the graveyard. It was queer, the way she often echoed some vague, scarce-formulated thought in one's mind, making one feel that deep in her heart was the fire that would always warm one. "Dinner with the Borgias," she said. "Alexis, and Simon P., perhaps. But what about the clergymen?"

"I think it's lovely," said Prissy tremulously. "But may I have my dessert in bed, please?"

For she could not, no, it was out of the question that she should, be called upon to face the ordeal of adult quizzical eyes, *his* eyes, upon her awkwardness, her shivering, skinned-rabbit nakedness, thrust in upon their vinous warmth, their conviviality, their terrible grown-up patronage, in her skimpy tussore and black ribbed stockings, her sharp little elbows sticking out like pins and her arms all goose flesh.

"Of course you can," said Aunt Elena, hurriedly undoing the mischief she had done, while Aunt Athene's eyes traveled over her in a *distraite* fashion. "Yes," she said, "yes. It wouldn't be very amusing for Prissy."

Amusing, thought Prissy, was hardly the word. It would be more thrilling, more frightful and perilous, than she could bear. Her dream world would be in mortal danger. She trembled to think what she might have to suffer if Aunt Athene were to catch a glimpse of it. Contempt, perhaps; or heartless tinkling laughter. She could imagine that Aunt Athene might even go to the lengths of telling him, "You must know, Alexis, that Prissy has a crush on you." The agony of it would kill her.

She had a few other narrow escapes, glimpses of his tall figure at the end of vistas, crossing a street, going into a shop. And then, toward the end of the holidays, the happened.

Aunt Athene announced that she wa ing Prissy to have tea with Mr. Cons

"But I don't want to go," said Pris her guard.

"You don't want to go? And why may I ask? When a most distingu scholar has been so kind as to invite a schoolgirl to tea, she should feel g honored."

Greatly honored! But he hadn't her, of course. He scarcely knew she ex Aunt Athene was taking her along a might have taken a Pekingese or a suns It was too much. She felt too young tender for such an overwhelming exper To meet one's hero in the flesh was te enough, but to meet him in the prese Aunt Athene was an ordeal beyond powers of endurance. Those cool eyes which missed nothing and dwelt faint disdain on schoolgirl blushes gaucheries! *Oh, God, make something h to prevent it.* Aunt Elena—if only Aunt could be substituted for that other one it was not to be. At the appointed Aunt Athene set off in her lilac dress, h looking like glass through the thin silk stockings, with Prissy walking, cold wi prehension, beside her.

An elderly maid opened the door Aunt Athene stepped into the hall, he cate scent floating in with her like so visible attendant spirit.

Prissy felt very strange indeed. S as if the foundations of the visible worl shifting under her feet, as if the w reality were dissolving and those other world slidin their place.

> **Growing old is no more than a bad habit which a busy man has no time to form.** —ANDRÉ MAUROIS: The Art of Living (Harper & Brothers).

The pale April s spilled into the ha touched an old pri maple frame, and in the topaz and knobs of a bundle o in a copper jar. A Caesar stood in a gazing out coldly into space. Prissy strung up that she saw everything w natural distinctness, as if these ina things were possessed of a magical p endowed as in a fairy tale with a stra and consciousness of their own.

But what was Aunt Athene doing this vertiginous and dangerous pla one met her in a dream, she was no mo a sprite, a quintessence of aunt, w gone with just one look out of her gre or a tinkle of laughter, or a key wo woke one up, thinking, *That was mos ening and important.* For in dreams only those physical attributes of a which have served to express for essential being. But here, on the th of the imaginary world, she was too her whole self, taking off her cape justing the hairpins in the gold conch her ears with those turned-back thun double-jointed fingers that made he so speaking and theatrical. Here w hips like melons curving under the her skirt, her high-arched feet, and t of her neck that was as white as mi heels on the parquet floor went clicke with the sharp little taps of a pony o road. Her eyes were dark today, th so dilated that there were only thin color round them.

She followed the maid up the st into a room on the first floor. A ta rose from the chair by the fire to gr

Prissy hovered in the backgrou had time to see, before Aunt Ather attention to her presence, that this the drawing room of snow and fire t so captivated Jane, but a somber bo room with chairs of red-and-gold Then, as if she were crossing a va into a pool of limelight, she came stepping from Persian rug to rug, to hand held out to her. But he was s ing to Aunt Athene and shook ha Prissy without looking at her. His l so cold it gave one a fresh feeling, as

(Continued on Page 279)



Inspired Easter gift—Textron's newest Hostess Coat, about $20

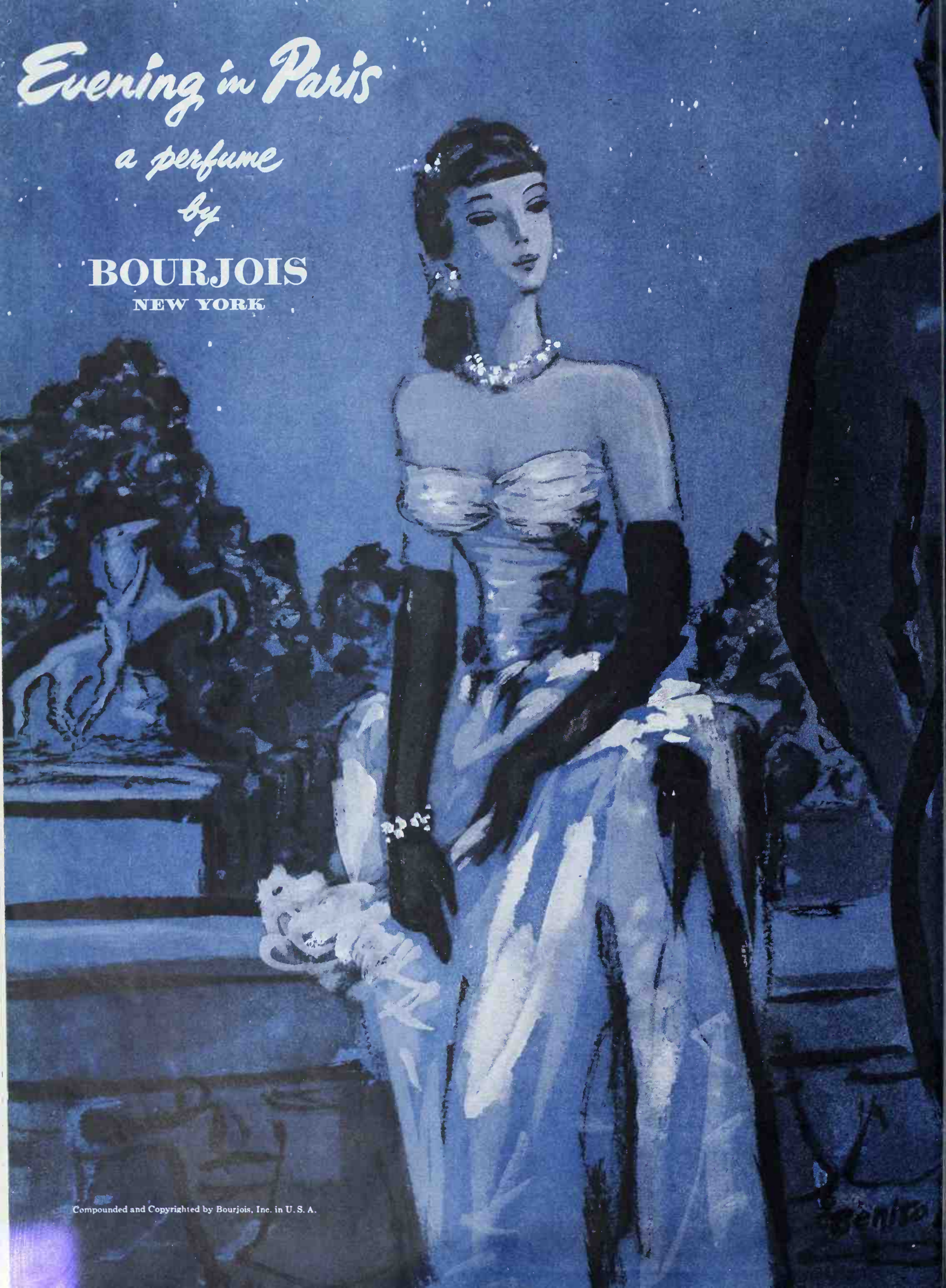
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(Continued from Page 276)

g snowdrops in a frosty wood. She stole ok at the face turned away from her. He n't so dark or so stern as she had remem-ed, and his eyes were blue, as blue as a or's. Prissy felt a little cheated; as one s, for instance, when someone in a book out at a door on the right, whereas in s mind the door has been all the time he left.

hey were too much interested in their versation to be aware of her for a long . She sat on a slippery sofa with elegant en feet, and drank in everything.

was a very interesting conversation. sy tried to remember every word of it to rd in her diary. She was very proud that ation of hers could evoke the sudden de-ed laughter that made Mr. Considine kle up his eyes. She was proud of Aunt ene's beauty, her wit, her tea-rose ity.

hen tea came in, it would be terrible. would have to draw her into their or-Perhaps she would make a noise gulping ea.

ne maid came in and set down a tray on ble in the corner. For some time they no notice of it, but left the tea to get ed in the silver teapot.

r. Considine was talking of the bazaars pahan, and some old tiles he had bought. one he cherished most, he said, had a n of a prince in a turban of pale petunia g on a piebald horse, and the glaze on as of the texture of rose petals.

LAST they came to the tea table, leaving bazaars and roses. The prince in the an of pale petunia rode away on his pie-horse through the gates of the secret d.

nt Athene poured out the tea in that al way of hers that made everything ouched seem fragile and priceless.

The dean's wife has cups that are blue in-and that always makes the tea seem a r color and tasteless," she said irrele-ly. "And, do you know, she has redeco-d their bedroom a *newly married* pink—ying! With *blue* curtains, that *senti-al* blue. I didn't know what to say. One so sorry for the dean, who after all es Sir Thomas Browne in his sermons." Poor fellow, poor fellow! *He* can hardly any delight raise up the ghost of a " said Mr. Considine. "But, then, what *ld* a dean be doing in the bed of Cleo-a?"

"Hush!" said Aunt Athene, laughing. "Are the pink sugar biscuits for Prissy? Look, Prissy, isn't that nice? Mr. Considine's housekeeper knows what little girls like."

Oh, damn and blast her! "I would rather have a cucumber sandwich," said Prissy primly.

THEY went on with their gay, incomprehensible conversation as if she were not there. It was quite safe to steal glances at Mr. Considine, recalling the moments when he had played with Jane as a cat with a mouse, the delirious moments when he had broken short a sentence with a betraying word, all the moments of agony and bliss one had shared with the little governess. And that most wonderful moment of all, when he had at last declared his love and gathered her into his arms, and one had nearly fainted with delight.

But suddenly Mr. Considine took her by surprise. The blue eyes looked straight into her own, and he said, with an amused smile: "Prissy has been weighing me all this time in her invisible scales. And what, Prissy, if I may ask so personal a question, is your private opinion of me?"

Prissy gave a little gasp. It was a supreme moment. Something must be said—something original, extraordinary. Jane would have known. Oh, for words—words telling, arresting enough. They came, quicker than thought, from she knew not where, in her clear, piping treble.

"I *think*, Mr. Considine," she said, brightly and confidingly out of the innocence of her heart, "that you are more knave than fool."

There was a moment of silence so appalling that all the nerves in Prissy's body seemed to tingle agonizingly, and then she felt suddenly sick and very cold, as if a great clammy frog were squatting in her entrails.

A deeply shocked sound came from Aunt Athene. "I am *ashamed* of you," she said, in a hissing whisper. "Don't laugh at her, Alexis, please. If there is anything on earth one abominates, it is a pert, precocious child. I can only apologize for having brought her."

Out of the abyss of her desolation, Prissy saw with amazement that Mr. Considine was convulsed with silent laughter. He was in a paroxysm of mirth that seemed to come from deep inside him, and was betrayed only by the quivering of his mouth and the twitching of his nostrils. Time stood still while he



"I'm hoping I'll be able to get you off my mind now."



Young lady shoes . . . worn with a delicate air that tells a man you're lovely. Why not live in Paradise—the fashion classics so downright *fitting* for you!

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laughed and laughed, and Aunt Athene sat there looking as if a serpent had stung her.

"I don't know when I've had such a dusting," he said at last, drying his eyes. "What have I done, Prissy, what have I done?"

But the pain in Prissy's throat prevented speech. The other world had crashed about her ears. She was smirched and degraded. She had humiliated Aunt Athene, and though Mr. Considine had laughed, he must, in his heart, think her a cheap and common girl. He and Aunt Athene had beautiful minds—oh, you could tell they had, with their talk of music and Cleopatra and the ghost of a rose. So beautiful.

Aunt Athene turned sideways in her chair, as if she could no longer bear the sight of Prissy, and Mr. Considine began to talk hurriedly. They took no more notice of her. She was cast into outer darkness, she was with the lost and the damned.

Presently Aunt Athene rose to go, gathering up her gloves, and looking in the little glass in her handbag at her cool disdainful face.

"Wait a moment," said Mr. Considine. "There is something in the next room I'd like to show Prissy."

Aunt Athene, with a faint shrug of her shoulders, sat down again.

"Come, Prissy," said Mr. Considine, smiling down at her.

It was terribly kind; but it would only make matters worse, thought Prissy wretchedly.

Mr. Considine shut the door of his study, and led her to a cabinet, on the shelves of which, neatly arranged and labeled, was a collection of strange and interesting jects.

"Look, Prissy, at this pink shell. If hold it to your ear, you can hear the voic the sea."

He took out the great cold shell and pu into her hands. It had lovely curves, ribbed lips, and on the delicate rose c were freckles of brown. The tears pou down Prissy's cheeks as she held it ob ently to her ear.

"You know," said Mr. Considine, wouldn't show this collection to your a She wouldn't care about it. But to me, s are such . . . *enchanted* things. This o for you, because you are . . . rather a f kind of person."

"Me!" said Prissy, with quivering She could hardly believe her ears. "I wa awful. I don't know why I said it." began to cry now as if her heart would br

"My dear child, I think it is the most lightful thing that has ever been said to r said Mr. Considine. He put an arm a her, stooped, and kissed her cheek.

Oh, holy smoke! Oh, God!

The real world and the secret world cla soundlessly together, like two meteors liding in space. They fused and became

In a daze, she followed Aunt Athene d the stairs and out into the street. Her seemed scarcely to touch the earth. Athene walked on in silence, still in her ishing mood. But she couldn't reach P in her secret world. She had only pity for Aunt Athene and all other women shut-out, the unblessed. For was she Jane's counterpart, her equal? THE





Every woman's cherished dream – the beauty of a radiantly lovely complexion! Hard to achieve, you think? Not when you discover the exciting make-up magic of Avon's four superb Foundations . . . the exquisite flattery of Avon's mist-sheer, petal-smooth Face Powder. And the beauty of it all is that Avon Foundations and Avon Face Powder are color-blended to match, styled to complement your individual skin tones . . . and brought direct to you in your home by the Avon Representative. Welcome her when she calls . . . be a hostess to loveliness.

Avon cosmetics

IN RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

BACK VIEWS OF HAIR-DOS ON PAGES 70 AND 71



Veiling and flowers in back; sleek front view.



Hair shaped to crown of head, ends up or under.



Roll hair up on ribbon or scarf; neat and pretty.



Soft side waves from center part; loose graduated roll.



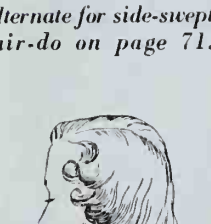
All hair brushed from center back; feather curls.



Alternate for side-swept hair-do on page 71.



Secure on both sides with elastic bands; pretty bows.



Side part; brush hair forward, ends into loose curls.



Bed of Roses

Helter-skelter they go, in a joyous shower . . . like blossoms strewn before a bride. These are "he-loves-me" roses, the kind that come impulsively at daybreak or Tuesday or any old time and send your heart soaring.

Down they pelt, and each finds its match in softness and velvet smoothness as it kisses the gleaming sheet. Pacific Combed Percale is exquisitely fine—as tender against your skin as the silkiest petal.

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There are Pacific Balanced Sheets to fit your every need, from guest room to nursery. See them at better stores; we shall be glad to send you the name of your nearest retailer. Always be sure to ask for Pacific Sheets by name when you shop.

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PLUS $2,500.00 IN CASH PRIZES !



HOW YOU CAN WIN YOUR CAR

WHAT A THRILL to wake up some morning and find yourself the owner of a Super-Deluxe Ford "Fordor" Sedan—given away in exchange for just a few minutes of your time!

20 CARS TO BE GIVEN AWAY! Yes, 20 lucky entrants can win new Super-Deluxe Fords in this exciting New Postwar Old Dutch contest. Four "Fordor" V-8 Sedans will be given away each week for 5 weeks—*plus* 50 crisp, new $10 bills per week! A total of 54 prizes each week.

SIMPLE, HERE'S ALL YOU DO. Just write a last line for the jingle shown above. It's fun, easy—so get busy on *your* last line right away!

Sample Last Lines and "Pointers" on Winning

To write a winning last line, get the rhythm of the jingle by reading it over quickly 2 or 3 times. Then make a list of all the words you can think of that rhyme with "Seismotite"; "light," "might," "bright," for instance.

It's so easy—last lines will come rolling off the tip of your tongue, like: "It makes your housework fast and light" or "Cleans sink and bathtub shiny bright."

But you'll be able to write much *better* last lines once you try the amazing New Postwar Old Dutch Cleanser made with Activated Seismotite. The more you know about the fast, easy way it cleans—the more last line ideas will keep popping into your head.

So enter now, and as *often* as you like. Go to your dealer, get New Postwar Old Dutch Cleanser (in the same familiar package) and more free entry blanks. Then send in your entry or entries *today!*

Facts to Know About NEW POSTWAR OLD DUTCH CLEANSER

READ THEM! THEY MAY HELP YOU WIN!

Utterly Different The *only* cleanser made with ACTIVATED Seismotite.

Has New Action New Postwar Old Dutch cuts grease faster! Thanks to Activated Seismotite—cleans, polishes with a new, smooth *gliding action* that means less work, less rubbing!

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Has New Appearance Now *snowy white*, New Postwar Old Dutch Cleanser made with Activated Seismotite rinses away quickly. Try it today on sink, tub, pans for *new speed*, *new ease* in cleaning!

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LISTEN

to "Nick Carter—Ma Detective" Sunday Nite contest details and na of weekly winners. See cal paper far time, sta

FREE ENTRY BLANK *Mail Now*

A few minute's time may bring you a new Super-Deluxe Ford or Cash Prize!



For faster cleaning, with new ease,
Just say, "New Postwar Old Dutch, please!"
With ACTIVATED Seismotite

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Dept. F2, Box U, Chicago 77, Illinois

Here is my entry. I am enclosing 2 Windmill Pictures from 2 cans of Old Dutch Cleanser (or facsimiles).

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

RULES: 1. Print or write plainly your "last line," using sufficient words to complete the jingle. Make sure the last word in your last line rhymes with "Seismotite." Use entry blank at left, or one side of a sheet of ordinary paper. Additional entry blanks may be obtained at your dealer's. Print or write plainly your name and address. All entries must be the original work of the contestants and submitted in their own names.

2. Mail to Old Dutch Cleanser, Dept. F2, Box U, Chicago 77, Illinois. You may enter as many times as you like. Each entry must be accompanied by the windmill pictures from 2 cans of Old Dutch Cleanser (or facsimiles).

3. There will be five weekly contests, with identical prizes each week. Opening and closing dates:

OPENS	CLOSES
1st Contest . . . . . NOW	Midnight, Sat., Feb. 28
2nd Contest Sun., Feb. 29	Midnight, Sat., Mar. 6
3rd Contest Sun., Mar. 7	Midnight, Sat., Mar. 13
4th Contest Sun., Mar. 14	Midnight, Sat., Mar. 20
5th Contest Sun., Mar. 21	Midnight, Sat., Mar. 27

Entries received before midnight Saturday, Feb. 28 will be entered in the first week's contest. After that, entries will be ente each week's contest as received. Entr the last week's contest must be postm before midnight, Mar. 27, and recei April 10, 1948.

4. Prizes for each week's contest are: Super-Deluxe Ford "Fordor" Sedans (subject to availability)—*plus* 50 addi cash prizes of $10 each.

5. Entries judged on originality, suits and aptness. Decision of judges final. entries will not count extra. Duplicate will be awarded in case of ties. No entri be returned. Entries, contents and ideas in become property of Old Dutch Cle

6. Any resident of Continental United may compete except employees of The C Packing Company, their advertising ag and their families. Contests subject United States and local regulations.

7. Weekly Ford winners will be annc approximately one week after close o contest over Old Dutch Cleanser's Carter" radio program. All winners to b fied by mail. Complete list of winners s request after May 1, 1948.

APRIL, 1948 ★ 25c

Ladies' Home

JOURNAL

The Magazine Women Believe In

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GENERAL STILWELL REPORTS

"Vinegar Joe's" uncensored diary reveals the startling wartime partnership of Roosevelt, Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek. Asked Stilwell, "What will the American people say when they learn the truth?"

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AUDREY De GRAFF

ur house should be called 'The hbowl.' There seems to be no ing place for an author and a ewriter. My story, *Anne Has erything*, is not autobiographical, t I have three sons. My hobbies antiques, interior decorating l hats, although both The Fish- vl and I have reached a saturation nt at the moment. About the y pet hate I have is stuffy people; that I mean those who don't fully preciate little boys of eleven and elve."

RAY PIPPITT



ROMA ROSE

struggled along—a happy ama- r writer—for years with little cess until we moved into an obso- e eighteen-room shelter we call st Resort.' Some of the cleaning nen I engage come to the iron e, take a look and leave without ning in. But I had one once who ld come in if I would stay with . The house scared her, she said. e incongruity of an untrammeled ily like us living in an old man- n gave me the idea for *The ian Sucing*."



THEODORE H. WHITE

e man who edited *General Stil- l Reports* attended Harvard on a sboys' scholarship, majored in Eastern studies and the Chinese guage and graduated *summa n laude*. As a Far Eastern corre- ndent (photo above was taken at Press Hotel in Chungking), he Stilwell relieved, the last battles he Burma Road and its reopening 1945. With Annalee Jacoby he te *Thunder Out of China*. He one of few correspondents to l the general's confidence.

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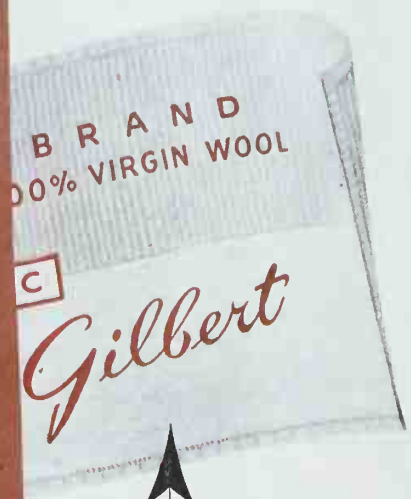
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Our Readers Write Us

Just Like a Journal Cover

New York City.

Dear Sirs: While photographing the Bass Derby at Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, last October, I came across these



Feminine Izaak Waltons

two energetic fishermen. They reminded me so much of the JOURNAL mother-daughter covers that I couldn't resist this shot. Sincerely,

LISA ROBINEAU.

Marriage is for Men Too

San Diego, California.

Dear Editor: You portray marriage as an adjustment only for women. An unsuspecting bachelor might get the impression that marriage is a masculine Utopia where all that's required is financial wherewithal and reasonable pleasantness. In certain circumstances a loving wife is expected to overlook the absence of the latter.

Women, being more or less prepared for marriage all their lives, have fewer adjustments than men. The average American male is usually surprised to find he's the "marrying type" and has no particular regard for children until he has one. Then he becomes the complete homebody armed with a wallet of snapshots—or else we find him at the age of thirty-five with his brood grouped around him, still saying he doesn't really like children or believe in settling down, and if he had it to do over he'd be a civil engineer building bridges in China or another Halliburton on a round-the-world donkey trip.

It's not fair to send a woman, armed with expert advice from everyone from mother to the local Ph. D., into marriage with a man who hasn't even had a heart-to-heart talk with the local bartender. No wonder women control the home, own half the wealth, discipline the children and plan the recreation. Women get a head start and neither partner has time to wait for daddy to catch up. Sincerely,

JEAN HARR.

Curing the Well

Carrollton, Missouri.

Dear Editors: There is a misconception almost universally embraced by the so-called well: that one crippled in body is also crippled in mind and spirit.

Having once been one of the well, I know their mental processes. They, never having been invalids, are without a guide.

Their need is to feel that they are doing good. Do you know what it is to be done good by the semiprofessional doers of good? They visit the sick in their affliction and are grateful that they are not as these. They come bearing gifts. Light reading for the supposedly enfeebled brain that detests light reading. Invalid food for the frail woman with the appetite and digestion of a ditchdigger. A sweet little aphorism, "Look up and not down, forward and not backward." And always they come bearing a new cure.

Those cures! My disease, arthritis, is nothing much to bother about when you have learned to work with it and not against it. I can say confidently—and prove it, I think—that I never knew how to live until held to my chair. But the cures! And the operations that I was inveigled into when the focal-infection theory was prevalent!

The gallons of mineral waters I have drunk, swum in, been dipped in, parboiled in, frozen in! As for mud baths and mud packs, "I am cousin to the mud." I took the jaundice cure, the fever cure, ten thousand diet cures, five thousand vitamin cures, electric rays, hot and cold compresses, tank baths; and I've had so many serums and drugs injected into me, with needles varying in size from darning needles to bicycle pumps, that I'm porous as a sponge in a drought. You can see through me, if you hold me up to the light.

It wasn't anything sudden and terrific that cured me of my frantic pursuit of cures. On the same day I received two letters. One from Tucson, Arizona, and one from Winnipeg, Manitoba. The one from Tucson was from a Canadian woman who had left the cold climate of Winnipeg and had been cured of arthritis in the sunny, dry climate of Tucson. The letter from Winnipeg was written by a woman who had struggled for years with arthritis in Tucson and had gone to Winnipeg and been cured.

Happily, I had been "born with the gift of laughter." What if I do enjoy being an invalid? I ask you. That's more than most of the well people I know can say about being well! Sincerely yours,

MRS. Z.

Education Where it Counts

Kansas City, Missouri.

Dear Editor: Christian Gauss' article on present education is the finest I've read in any magazine. It should be textbook material for college students.

Sincerely,

LUCILE ROSS MAXWELL.

▶ This was the first of a series of education articles. See How Good are Your Schools?, by William G. Carr, associate secretary of the U. S. National Education Association, in this issue. ED.

Catwalk

Long Branch, New Jersey.

Dear Mrs. Taber: I thought you might enjoy seeing this picture of our Tabby. Her own ramp enables her to climb to our second-floor apartment, and in through a little swinging door. This is the greatest



Tabby has her own stairway.

convenience for pet and owner alike. She always announces her arrival indoors by a friendly "Meow." Sincerely yours,

BEULAH DUNNE.

Prisoner's Hut—But It's Home

The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: This has been a hectic week. Evie, who has looked after us on and off since 1941, got married. They waited four years for a house, at last abandoned hope, and are squatting in a Nissen hut down in the abandoned camp that once housed German prisoners. This is the only way in which they can get their name on a list for a house.

But what you can do with youth and hope and some oddments of chintz, is nobody's business. The gnomish little hut-

(Continued on Page 6)



Your Hands will tell you why!

IVORY SNOW KEEPS LOVELY LINGERIE LOVELY LONGER

Prove it!

MAKE THE HAND TEST



he lovelier the lingerie—the more it deserves
wonderful Ivory Snow. Your *hands* will tell you why!
This week just wash your dishes with Ivory Snow—
and when you see how it pampers your hands,
you'll *know* it's ideal for dainty lingerie.

ou see, there's no finer soap! So mild! 99 44/100% pure!
It's the *only* soap *both* Ivory-mild
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stel slips, for *all* your dainty lingerie,
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(Continued from Page 4)

ment has a cozy and homelike air, if it isn't the cottage of their dreams. Leslie, a handy youth, has built in a fireplace, another window, and partitioned the place into rooms. The two of them have painted and schemed and planned, and made something out of very little. Young people getting married over here today face many snags. They have no water laid onto these huts. They have no electric light. And the furnishing dockets they are allowed provide them with three sheets, and fifteen yards of curtain material. There is little choice of style and color. You take what you can get. There is a deal of outcry against the monotony of the designs and a lot of ingenuity is expended making the houses look different. It is wonderful what people do achieve.

There has been a great whip round for pots and pans, blankets, sheets and towels. And I would like the many kind people who sent parcels for me to share out to know what a wonderful help they have been. A great many of the things are absolutely unobtainable here.

On the whole, there is a feeling of hopefulness in the air. If things aren't much better, at least they are no worse. People who have twice as much wage find they can buy only half as much with it, and this is making them think a bit. People seen in towns have an oddly pinched and rather green look that is rather distressing. But with warmer weather, this will probably improve.

A bird is singing in the garden. My cow is expecting a calf, and how nice if it is a little daughter! And hey nonny nonny—in spite of what the tax collectors have done to me, it now is spring.

My love to you both,
DOROTHY BLACK.

Dorothy Black's daughter, June, is now a member of the JOURNAL editorial staff. The letters she receives from her mother are of such interest that, from time to time, they will appear in the JOURNAL.

For Sale: Integrity

The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England.

Dear June: Hardly a day but some handsome young fellow who looks as if he really might be what he says he is, a friend of a friend of yours in Hertfordshire, comes to the door. Tweed suits, best prewar material, evening frocks intended for export only, warm underwear (which nowadays most people are in sore need of)—"Oh, don't bother about coupons. Between friends, ha-ha." Secret little men creep to the back door—"And would you like a side of bacon on the quiet?" I was even stopped on the main road between here and London by a nice young man who said, "If they don't give you supplementary, come to me! I'm always around."

I have so far turned a deaf ear to these blandishments. The hateful part, I think, is the effect it will have on children. Time was when parents were supposed to be above reproach, above lying and thieving and petty cheating. Now it's funny. They boast about how they got this and that "off the record." "With a root and a toot and a fiddle at the Customs" is the latest parody on the familiar song.

There isn't enough food. Not for people living alone who can't eat out. Not for old-age pensioners, who have more money than they've ever had and find it buys less. And so in Mann's antique department, there is a queue of old ladies, neat and smart and apologetic, trying to sell heirlooms to poor Mr. Brand, who does not want them—or old gentlemen bringing along the gate-legged table, and pointing its beauties out rather shamefaced.

And there are the new rich. One was in Tylers' the other day, buying candied apricots at a pound a pound. "Give us two pounds," he said to the astonished assistant. People have been running rackets in firewood, or this and that, and taking cash payments only.

Love from MAMMA.
(Dorothy Black)

As Jew is to Gentile . . .

Haddonfield, New Jersey.

Dear Editor: The account of Doctor Liebman's daily life and his article were stimulating.

(Continued on Page 8)

French's



baked in



U-m-m-m!



Ham with that French's Flavor!

Wrap a tender smoked ham loosely in wrapping paper, place fat side up on rack in uncovered roaster. Add no water. Bake ham in moderate oven (325°F.) allowing 3½ to 4 hours for 10- to 12-lb. ham.

Now take ham out, remove paper and skin. Score fat surface in squares. Spread with 4 tablesp. French's Mustard. Cover surface with 1 cup brown sugar mixed with 2 tablesp. flour. Stud squares with whole cloves. Bake in moderately hot oven of 400°F. 15 minutes or until golden brown. Serve with pineapple slices browned in ham liquor.

FREE! NEW RECIPE BOOK

"Mealtime Magic" in full color. Send name and address to The R. T. French Company, 1445 Mustard St., Rochester 9, N. Y., and this booklet will be sent you FREE.



Largest selling prepared mustard in U.S.A. today

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Give breakfast extra "come-on" with

AMERICA'S LUXURY BACON



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less shrinkage, more flavor

"Peach of a way to fix bacon"



says Marie Gifford

Director, Armour Consumer Service

When you want to be fancy without any fuss bring on this big platterful of bacon and broiled peaches. Of course, make it Armour Star Bacon—the hand-picked luxury bacon that's dry-sugar-cured for more flavor, less shrinkage.

And make it this easy way whenever you want to fix fruit with bacon in almost no time at all. Place bacon strips on broiler rack, 3-3½ inches below the heat unit. Broil at moderately high heat, 2-2½ minutes to the side, turning once. Canned peach halves, lined at back of the rack, may be broiled at the same time. Brush with bacon drippings when turning the bacon and serve bubbling hot!

☆ ☆ ☆

For other interesting bacon recipes—a whole booklet-ful—write: Marie Gifford, Dept. 256, Box 2053, Chicago 9, Ill.

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And be sure to try exciting new Armour Star Vacuum-Packed Bacon. There's literally nothing else like it! Because it's fresh as the moment it was packed! Whichever you choose—the new vacuum-package, the familiar cellophane or parchment packages, or the slab—you get the same fine, dry-sugar-cured, luxury bacon!



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'SUB-DEB' ROUGE 75¢

'SUB-DEB' LIPSTICK $1

(All prices plus tax)

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(Continued from Page 6)

Would it be quibbling to point out that the opposite of "Jew" is not "Christian," but "gentile"? The true Christian has more kinship with the Jew who lives by the faith of his fathers than with a secularly minded gentile.

Sometimes our differences cannot be ignored, but they can be voiced with love and justice. Sincerely,

MARGARET A. J. IRVIN.

Journal Magic in Africa

Irumu Congo Belge
Mombasa, East Africa.

Dear Editors: The pictures of Mrs. Taber's dogs are fascinating to our natives here. They have seen police dogs, but no cockers. To the semieducated natives, the JOURNAL is seeing how America lives and the magic of the white man.

Sincerely,
HILDA L. NOWECK.

Recipe for Happy Marriage

Saint Remy, New York.

Dear Sirs: Clifford Adams forgets the vital point that marriage must be tailored to fit one's personal needs. Had I read his opinions four years ago, I would have suffered some misgivings about the marriage I was planning, for my husband and I, according to Mr. Adams' qualifications, are almost perfect candidates for marital unhappiness. My husband is seventeen years my senior, of a different faith, and divorced. I hate routine, loathe housework, and can't bear to be alone. And I flagrantly break the rule which forbids combining a career and motherhood.

Both my husband and I had unhappy childhoods. We're not active in community affairs. We are neither tolerant nor tactful in our relationship with each other. And after four years of marriage we are more in love than ever.

Let's stop thinking of marriage as a strait jacket into which two protesting personalities are forced.

Yours truly,
MRS. THOMAS W. O'MARA.

Postman *Likes* Them Big

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Dear Sir: I disagree with the letter from the postman's wife in the JOURNAL. I too am a letter carrier, and I like the JOURNAL, and the bigger the better. Not only because I enjoy the magazine, but because it means more business for the Post Office Dept. Like any other big business (and we are the biggest in the country), we must keep on increasing our sales. Increased volume and increased efficiency help to lower operating costs. However, I do not feel that the Post Office Dept. should be operated primarily as a moneymaking proposition.

The original intention, as the name Postal Service implies, was one of services to the people of these United States. We postal employees do not want less mail, we want more; but we do want the postal service raised again to the high standards it once maintained—and even these improved upon. We want to give this country the finest postal service possible. It's up to the American people to demand this from their congressmen.

All the postal employees want in return are working conditions and pay scales comparable with those in private industry. Yours for service,

W. ORNER.

The World's Best Weapon

New York City.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: The Steinbeck-Capa story is a beat in the best sense of the word. It beats away a curtain of confusion which has covered two hundred million of our fellow human beings.

With the Stimson story, it should be *Everybody's Home Journal.*

Never underestimate the power of journalistic honesty. Cordially,

RICHARD E. LAUTERBACH.

State College, Pennsylvania.

Dear Mr. Gould: I want to congratulate you on the February issue, which is for my college-professor money the best yet by long odds. Frightened by the accelerating war talk and the definite drift toward greater hostility, I can think of nothing better the JOURNAL could do with its enlightened editorial direction than the Steinbeck-Capa article, both pictures and text. Sincerely,

JOHN S. BOWMAN.



Dress Up and Go in spite of Varicose Veins

In spite of painful surface varicose veins, many women lead a normally active life . . . thanks to Bauer & Black Elastic Stockings.

They're almost *invisible* under even the sheerest hose! Their smooth control gives improved appearance. And they give welcome relief by their firm, comfortable, *scientific* support.

Two-way stretch, lightweight and cool, neutral in tint, they have long-wearing lisle heels and authentic fashioned leg and instep. They'll withstand repeated launderings.

Ask your doctor's advice . . . then be sure you get *Bauer & Black* Elastic Stockings for the finest combination of relief and beauty.

EXPECTANT MOTHERS—*to help ease the discomfort of swollen legs and forestall development of surface varicose veins, many women rely on Bauer & Black Elastic Stockings. Ask your doctor about them.*

Elastic STOCKINGS

At drug, department and surgical stores

BAUER & BLACK

Division of The Kendall Company
2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 16

It's Listerine for You, Chum... but QUICK!



The "Bottle Bacillus"
(Pityrosporum ovale)

THOSE innocent-looking flakes and scales you see on scalp, hair or dress-shoulder are warning. They may be symptoms of infectious dandruff . . . and that is a distressing, unsightly condition that no woman wants to risk.

This is no time to fool around with smelly lotions or sticky salves that cannot kill germs. You need antiseptic action . . . and you need quick! It's Listerine Antiseptic for you, followed with several minutes of vigorous finger-massage.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives your scalp and hair a wonderfully cool and refreshing antiseptic bath . . . kills millions of the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale). This hard-to-kill germ, many dermatologists say, is a causative agent of the trouble.

You will be delighted to find how cool and clean your scalp feels . . . how wonderfully fresh your hair looks . . . and how quickly those distressing flakes and scales that rob the hair of its magic, begin to disappear.

In clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of the dandruff patients.

When you wash your hair

If you're smart you will not wait for symptoms; you will make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of your regular hair-washing as countless fastidious men and women do. It's a healthful, cleanly habit and may spare you a nasty siege of trouble.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than sixty years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF



CITY CHICKEN

(Yield: 6 servings)

For a delicious dinner surprise, try these tender veal "drumsticks."

1½ lbs. veal steak* (¾" thick) cut in 1" squares
½ cup fine crumbs
1 tsp. salt
1 egg
2 tbsps. water
½ cup Crisco for frying

All Measurements Level: Thread pieces of veal on wood or metal skewers. Dip meat in salted crumbs, then in egg beaten with water, and again in crumbs. Brown on all sides in hot Crisco. (*Notice how evenly it browns . . Crisco doesn't soak in.*) When well browned, reduce heat, cover and cook until tender, about 35 min. (*At proper frying temperatures, there's no unpleasant smoke or smell with Crisco.*) Use drippings to make milk gravy. A good vegetable to serve with City Chicken is *Baked Stuffed Tomatoes:* Scoop pulp from whole tomatoes. Fill with kernel corn or peas. Top with crumbs mixed with melted Crisco. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 25-30 min.

*Round or shoulder

CRISCO COOK BOOK—64 pages of "Recipes for Good Eating"! Yours for only 10¢ in coin and a Crisco label (any size) mailed to Crisco, Dept. HJ, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Offer good in the U. S., including Hawaii.



"How I turned a hum-drum meal into a yum-yum dinner!"

"Here's a delicious answer to what'll-we-have-tonight. It's 'City Chicken.' Just imagine tender veal morsels wrapped in crisp, golden jackets . . . yummee! As delightful as any drumsticks you ever served on Sunday!

"And it doesn't take skill—just a skillet and new, improved Crisco—to make this delicious dinner dish! Because with pure, all-vegetable Crisco it's easy as can be to fry foods so tender they melt in your mouth. And Crisco is easy to digest, too—9 out of 10 *doctors* say so. That means 'have another' of these luscious foods fried crisp, tender and light in pure, digestible Crisco.

"And here's a tip—creamy Crisco is a marvel for cakes and pastry, too. Yes, for all 3—digestible fried foods, lighter cakes, flaky pastry—wonderful Crisco can't be beat!"



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LADIES' HOME

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Come Breath, Go Breath

By Struthers Burt

"COME breath, go breath. I ain't agoing to draw you." Undoubtedly you've heard this famous American story of a lazy man just sitting in the sun. The story usually gets a laugh but, like most humorous stories, it's wrapped around a deadly serious idea. It describes, accurately, the attitude too many of us have toward what goes on outside us. Toward politics, government, public events, local, national and international.

Most of us are far-visioned about everything except what finally counts—the future. The future of ourselves and our children. The future of civilization.

What happens to it happens to you; for one of the few known facts is that, for the time being at least, we're here. And another is that everything is connected.

You may live in Kansas or California but, whether you realize it or not, you are also living in Washington, Moscow, London and Paris. What happens to men anywhere, happens to you.

"But," you ask, "what can I do about all this? Everything is so vast and complex. Just to think about it paralyzes the mind and will. Moreover, I'm just one person."

To be sure you're one person, but a lot of people wanting the same thing, and organized for doing it, can do a lot. Organization begins in a small way and expands from a small and local unit. A grain of sand is small, but enough grains of sand put together make a seacoast or a dike.

The first thing you should do is to sit down quietly and spend a short time assessing yourself. Ask yourself some questions.

(Continued on Page 290)

THE ECONOMICAL MAN IS THE PATRIOT

By Dorothy Thompson

A GREAT majority of the people of the western world are deathly opposed to and afraid of communism. That is as true of the people behind what has come to be known as the "iron curtain" as of those farther away from it. There are fewer real communists in Eastern Germany than in Western Germany; fewer in proportion to the population in Hungary than in France. In fact, if communism were something a people could try and afterward get rid of, a couple of years of experience with it might be healthy for the whole world.

Gradually, however, everyone is waking up to the chief fact about it; namely, that it is a weapon for the conquest of the world by Russia, and the fulfillment of a messianic Russian dream much older than communism. That the whole world must become Russian was expressed by the leading Russian writers in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, before Lenin was ever heard of. Even Karl Marx, founder of communism, was aware of the menace to Europe from the Russian East, and once said that if the Slavs ever penetrated into Europe as far as the River Elbe—where they are today—they would have to be driven back by armed force. The greatest raids on the world in the past have come from the plains of Central Asia, in the Russian power sphere. Communism has become merely an instrument of the perennial Russian world-conquest dream. It is compatible with Russian nationalism and no other. In Russia, it absorbs into itself the dreams of Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great, and correctly claims to be the awakener of national consciousness and will-to-power in the broad masses. Everywhere else in the world it is the destroyer of national consciousness, as it is also the destroyer of national conscience and culture and the poisoner of souls.

If it attempts, as it does, to base itself on the "broad masses of the proletariat," this is not because it cares for the welfare of working people. It does not. In the late summer of 1947, while the Italian proletariat were on the verge of starvation, communists called a harvesters' strike. The fruit of the rich Po Valley went unpicked, rice rotted uncut, vegetables were ungathered. The United States sent food ships, one of which put into the port of Civitavecchia. Communist stevedores walked out and refused to unload it. In January, 1948, a Friendship Train ship, scheduled to land its cargo in Taranto, had to be diverted to Sicily because communists in Taranto would not unload it. How many workers starve does not concern communists, but they see in the trade-unions the means to capture power and hold a knife at the throat of civilization; among workers they see grievances to be exploited. And they believe that, being the least educated of the population, the workers are the most easily deceived. Fortunately, they are



Coconut Dream Cake

Bake your favorite spice cake in layers, spread generously with butter cream frosting, and sprinkle with golden-brown toasted Baker's Coconut.

To toast coconut, spread thinly in shallow baking pan. Place in moderate oven (350°F.) and toast until delicately browned, stirring often to toast evenly.

Have a party! Baker's Coconut is back!

LET'S CELEBRATE! Baker's Coconut is back at last—snowy, creamy-moist, tender and sweet!

Now you can have creamy coconut pies. Velvet-textured cakes wearing a snowy or toasted coconut crown.

Cookies and macaroons to the queen's taste. Ambrosia, made with coconut and juicy oranges. Even the simplest puddings and fruit cups quickly take on party glamour with a topping of Baker's Coconut.

Welcome Baker's Coconut back to your pantry shelf today. Your grocer has it.

Send! Exciting new recipe book, "Coconut Glamour Desserts," full of luscious good things you haven't had for years. Send only 10¢ to Baker's Coconut. Box LHJ-4, Battle Creek, Mich.

Coconut Strawberry Pie

Spread whipped cream on top of luscious coconut cream pie and garnish with halves of fresh strawberries. Sprinkle with snowy Baker's Coconut.

BAKER'S COCONUT

Products of General Foods

Grocers have two kinds of Baker's Coconut—Baker's Southern Style (so good it seems like fresh-shredded coconut—sweetened) and Baker's Premium Shred (more moist and tender than ever before).

wrong about this, because the industrial worker, though he may have less book learning than some others, is not deficient in common sense. In our own country, most communists are not workers but derailed "intellectuals."

The success of communism does not depend, therefore, on either its promises or its propaganda. It requires, as a precondition for power, the breakdown of the established social and economic order. Perpetually it undermines confidence in all the institutions of that order—in churches, moralities, traditions, education, industrial leaders, noncommunist labor leaders, and the popular bodies of the state. But it is only where serious breakdowns actually occur that all this preparatory work bears fruit, *and these breakdowns are very rarely initially caused by communists, but by false policies whose results the communists then exploit.*

This means that the success or defeat of communism depends, not on what communists do, but upon what the rest of us do, and particularly on what our Government does. The very measures a government takes to *fight* communism may contribute to it. And of these, nothing is more contributory than a runaway inflation leading, inexorably, to a price collapse and economic disintegration.

We have today a very anticommunist Government which is nevertheless steadily contributing to create the very conditions most favorable to communism. It is doing so by spending money. It calls on the population to save; it proposes measures to discourage spending, such as impeding installment buying. But, in the meanwhile, it is making it all but impossible for any part of the population to save, because the steadily mounting costs of the basic necessities of life consume the entire income left after taxes. These taxes themselves take 30 per cent of the national income, and they are *spent* by Government. They are *not* invested. What the people themselves are *not* spending is not, therefore, saved—withheld from the buying market—but is spent in that market. The spending, by increasing the demand, raises the prices; the taxing, by increasing the costs, is also passed on to the consumer in increased prices. So that we are all being taxed to raise the cost of living.

ONLY taxation to retire the national debt would have the opposite effect. But that is not what is being done with our money. In the current year, the Administration proposed taxes of 46 billion dollars, with a proposed budget of 40 billions, which would leave a surplus of 6 billions to apply on the debt, but there are thousands of people with pet projects who are after that surplus, and the chance of its being used to reduce debt is small indeed.

When President Roosevelt started the New Deal, the nation was in a depression (following an inflation) which was due to a lack of purchasing power. Goods were plentiful; money was scarce; and the national debt was negligible. Under those conditions there was an excellent case made for Government spending Government-created work, as a me rebalancing the economy. Today, e the *opposite* situation prevails, bu Government is using the same remed parently unaware that what will patient of one disease will kill him other.

THE Government has proposed Uni Military Training, universal "free" cal care, an enlarged social-securit gram, which three items *alone* will c citizens twelve thousand million (12 billion), which is more than any time budget submitted by Mr. Roo The American people must seriousl themselves whether they want soc curity in dollars that, when paid, n worthless; medical care of certainly d quality, at the cost of being unable decent food; and universal military ing at the of economic down.

The Rus certainly, wou fer American nomic collaps a huge Am Army, to Am stability wi army, for ne can fight fron lapsed home

It is also pr to send 6.8 l of American raw materia machinery t rope for prac no return. Tl pose is to st ropean collap halt commun

We have ce got to aid E But we are ing to aid I if we collap economy o United State would mean t of Europe a triumph of

Several ago, I sugge the LADIES' JOURNAL th should dema ERP be put an indepe business a trator, who gather arou men of busin engineering

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Consolation

By Frances Minturn Howard

How quickly green springs over
broken stones!
The grass will build a longer
house than we,
Raising above the rusted iron bones
Of cities and machines, a tracery
Of leaf and sun; each part that
decomposes
Mocked by the little colored faces
of roses.
It is obscurely comforting to know
The wounds of earth heal lightly;
that immortal
Spring shall come yearly through
the same green portal
Whatever mischief man himself
bestow
On man. When all the sounds of
war are spent
There shall be peace beneath a
quiet sun,
And one bird perched upon a
skeleton
Of steel, singing of things more
permanent.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

to see that American dollars were r handed out to the State Departn hand out to European governm spend as they choose, but were po used to recapitalize the econon Europe and lay the basis for the Eu fortune.

I am happy to say, as I write lines, that this idea, by no mean inal with me, appears to hav umphed in Washington. I cite to emphasize that where we must the question is not only how but *how.*

In the forthcoming election ca the American people will, as us promised the moon and—as usu nothing. It is absolutely necessa us to resist all such talk. We get from Government free. Under conditions, we pay for what we only in taxes but again, on top c prices.

The patriot who loves his country people will not, in this campaign, cheerful spender of its substance, thrifty conserver of it. It will be t who says clearly, "We can't have things; we've got to choose among who will get my vote. TH

In *homes of distinction* one mayonnaise is preferred

SALMON SALAD MOLDS ON TOMATOES
Drain 1-lb. can salmon, bane and flake it. Toss lightly with 1 c. chapped celery. Add ¼ c. sweet pickle juice, salt and pepper. Pack into 5 custard cups. Unmald each an peeled tamata half. Arrange an crisp lettuce, garnish each serving with Kraft Mayannaise and a stuffed alive cut petal fashian.



"YES, I ALWAYS USE KRAFT MAYONNAISE. YOU KNOW IT'S MADE WITH *Fresh Lemon Juice*"





A master blend of choice ingredients . . . Kraft *Kitchen-Fresh* Mayonnaise is made with fine oil and eggs, fragrant vinegar and spices, and—crowning touch for exquisite flavor—*fresh lemon juice*.

KRAFT *Mayonnaise*

How many years can YOU COOK WITH ONE MIRRO SAUCE PAN?



• Fifty years or more of everyday use is the right answer! That's a lot of meals-per-MIRRO, and it's just *one* of the reasons why these beautiful pots and pans are tops with wise wives everywhere.

Easy cleaning keeps MIRRO gleaming-bright. Overall even heating makes better cooking consistently simple. Features that are *really* convenient and the everyday usefulness of fine styling both play important parts in MIRRO popularity.

See MIRRO in the stores. You'll want to join the good cooks' chorus of "MIRRO, That's For Me!"

MIRRO
THE FINEST ALUMINUM



COVERED SAUCE PAN
2 qt. 1.15
3 qt. 1.45

At department, housefurnishing, hardware stores ... wherever dealers sell the finest aluminum.



All prices slightly higher in west.

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS

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"Who they *should* have in there is that Mr. Bates in Accounting."

UNDER-COVER STUFF

BY BERNARDINE KIELTY

Bruce Marshall, author of FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE, THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND FATHER SMITH and VESPERS IN VIENNA, is a Scot with a rather solemn face but a twinkling eye. He also shows two personalities in his living. He is an accountant in a big Paris firm, and—as we know—a writer of parts. When asked what his recreations are he answered: "Writing novels, if regarded as a chartered accountant; accountancy, if regarded as a novelist." After a lecture tour in this country for the past three months, he is now returning to France. There, on the Riviera, he and his wife have at last found a little house of their own (after years of war and losing apartments and living in hotels) where Bruce, as his wife says, can close the garden gate, give up accounting and settle down to writing. "Of course," she adds, "if some important matter came up in the accounting firm ——"

• • •

A. E. Coppard, poet and short-story writer, is also an accountant. THE COLLECTED TALES OF A. E. COPPARD, recently published, is a book which the lover of the short story cannot afford to miss. His are stories out of the earth of England itself, beautiful stories, sometimes real as hedgerows, sometimes fanciful, always original. We might go so far as to say that this is the outstanding collection of short stories of any living author—not forgetting Mann and Hemingway (but we'd like to give it a little more thought before positively committing ourselves). A. E. Coppard finished his schooling at the age of nine. For two years after that he was shop boy to a trousers maker in Whitechapel, London; he later graduated to office work, and eventually became an accountant to an engineering firm in Oxford. Even though he is acclaimed one of England's foremost writers, both in prose and poetry, and in spite of the fact that first editions of his books bring fabulous prices as collectors' items, Mr. Coppard, with a wife and children to support, has more than once through the years had to return to clerical work.

Sophie Drinker, a woman of musical aptitudes herself, and the wife of ***Henry Drinker,*** musicologist and composer, has been growing more and more indignant for the past twenty years about the world's deplorable attitude toward women in music. It all started when she tried to get music for a group of women to sing, and found that the only choral music written for women's voices was "childish, trivial, and far too sentimental for these intelligent women who took time out of their busy lives for spiritual exaltation." To track down this discrimination, she went about finding out what women have actually done in music from the earliest days on, and has now written it all down in MUSIC AND WOMEN. In many instances she proves her findings by pictures of women musicians, from "Dyak Women Beating Drums" to "The Vassar College Choir." This is a serious, scholarly book, a contribution to social history—the place of women in society—as well as to musical history. It also makes a plea to amateurs to take up music, to join choral groups that sing only for their own pleasure, and to play chamber music among friends of an evening. For music, Mrs. Drinker tells us, is an outlet for the spirit and the emotions. It gives access to regions in the subconscious that can be reached in no other way.

• • •

A possible answer to the complaint about women not receiving their due in the music world is ***Nicole Henriot,*** *twenty-three-year-old tall slender blonde from Paris, who played the Schumann concerto with the Philharmonic in New York. She played the piano as no man in the world could play it, with the grace of a ballet dancer—as light and gossamer as Alicia Markova dancing Giselle, her fingers as sure as Markova's toes. And what poor man, in his evening tails or his afternoon cutaway, could hope to compete with the elegance of that Paris gown with its*

(Continued on Page 16)

. . . and *glorified* . . . by the stored-up heat which radiated from the bricks or stones after the fire was removed. Today the same delicious results are *automatically* yours with the new Maytag Dutch Oven Gas Range.

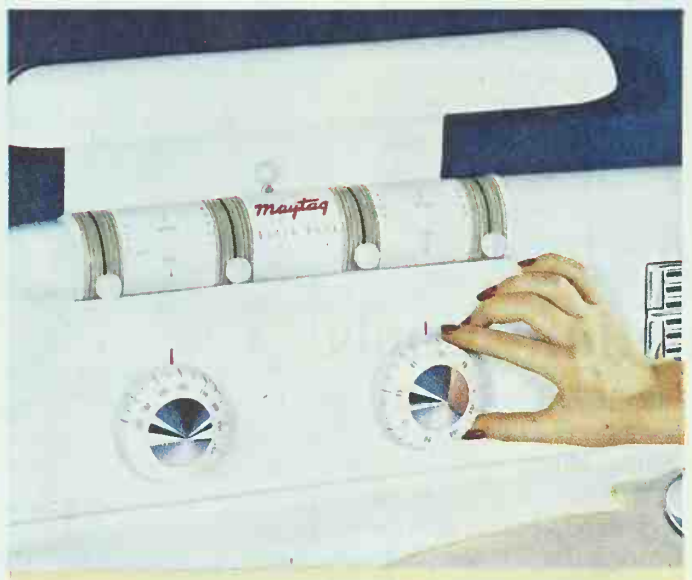




Different! Maytag's New Dutch Oven Gas Range!



eps kitchen cooler, cleaner—Retained heat is the secret Maytag's heavily insulated Dutch Oven. Vents close ıtomatically when gas goes off—kitchen stays delightlly cool and free of cooking odors, greases.



Cooks while you're away—Just set Dutch Oven control dial. Automatically turns off gas, yet foods go on cooking by retained heat until deliciously done, ready to serve. (Safety note: small children can't reach the control panel.)



Cooks full meal on 1 burner—Place meat, vegetables and dessert in separate containers within Dutch Cooker Well. It will stew, steam, boil, roast and fry foods—retaining natural full flavor and vitamin richness.

ans quick as a wink—Spiral-Flame Burners and chrome-mmed grids lift out easily for cleaning. Moist cloth eps one-piece white porcelain range top and burner wls bright and new-looking.



Automatic Dutch Oven Feature Saves Time and Money—Cooks On with the Gas Off—It's Cooler, Cleaner, Too..!

What a difference in foods deliciously prepared the Maytag Dutch Oven way! Meats, rolls and pastries all baked and browned to perfect goodness.

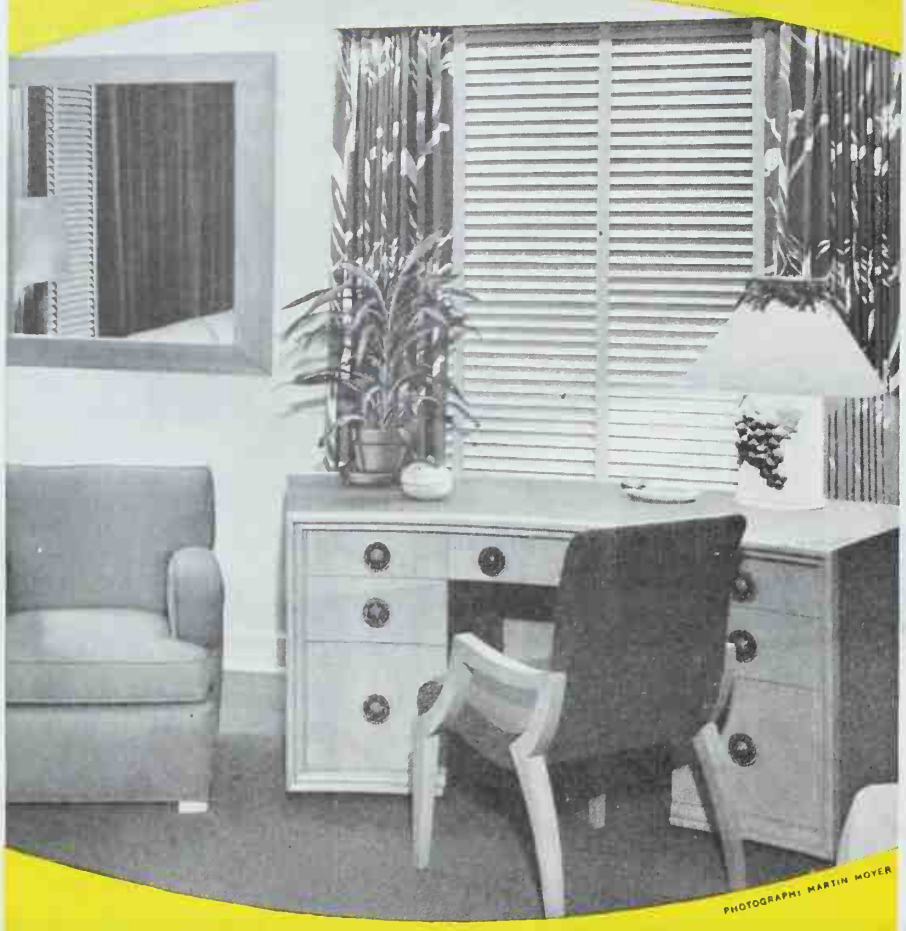
Maytag reveals this early-American cooking secret in its modern, new Dutch Oven Gas Range. Does everything a conventional range will do—roast, boil, stew, simmer, bake, broil and fry—*and* it includes the time- and fuel-saving Dutch Oven.

Simply set the dial for Dutch Oven operation—then relax. After the required number of minutes, the gas automatically shuts off, but your food continues to cook by retained heat. Only a few minutes of gas are required for a full hour of cooking. Think what this means in savings!

Ask your dealer to show you the beautiful new Maytag Dutch Oven Gas Range. Approved by the American Gas Association for all gases.



Window Treatment for American Modern



PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN MOYER

The best in American Modern is exemplified in this room setting by the interior decorating department of The Bon Marché, Seattle. Note how well the Venetian blinds suit the pleated drapery and harmonize with the sculptured chair, designed to actual body measurements.

How to get the best when you buy Venetian Blinds

Of course you have decided on steel Venetian blinds for your home. You want the beauty, flexibility, inherent strength of steel.

But underneath the smooth enameled surface there are important quality differences in steel blinds—differences that you should know about.

Top-quality steel blinds are *galvanized* and *bonderized*. This protects the flexible, easy-to-clean steel slats, preserves the beauty and long life of the enameled finish.

It's easy to identify steel blinds of this top quality. Just look for the yellow-and-black seal with the flower on the window sill (shown below). This seal is one assurance of lasting beauty and long life in steel Venetian blinds. Look for it at leading stores and Venetian blind dealers.

Galvanized, bonderized steel slats bearing the yellow-and-black seal have been granted the Good Housekeeping Seal which provides for replacement or refund of money if not as advertised therein.

This advertisement is printed by Acme Steel Company, Chicago, to encourage quality labeling for consumer protection.

"A GALLERY OF AMERICAN WINDOWS"—send for this new booklet of ideas from leading stores and decorators for beautiful windows in your home.



Acme Steel Company, Dept. LHJ-48
2844 Archer Avenue, Chicago 8, Illinois

Please send me a copy of "A Gallery of American Windows." I enclose 10c to cover cost of handling.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Look for this seal of quality when you buy Venetian blinds.

(Continued from Page 14)

tight velvet basque and its incredible voluminous skirt! She played the concerto that Clara Schumann played in Germany and all over the rest of Europe a hundred years ago. It was written in the first years of Robert and Clara's marriage, and is a charming and romantic tribute to family happiness.

• • •

What woman can resist a novel that starts out with a full description of another woman and her clothes? For instance: "On a September Friday in 1911, a young woman with dandelion hair came down into the lobby of the Saratoga Hotel on Dearborn Street, in Chicago. She was dressed with unusual skill—to catch the eyes of all susceptible men, or to win jealous appraisal from any women who witnessed the taste and drama of her costume. . . . She wore beautiful shoes of black kid. The shoes had sky-blue leather tops, but of course the tops could not be seen beneath the folds of her narrow trimly hung dark skirt and the pleats of blue satin flouncing underneath. The jacket of her traveling suit had wide revers; stiff-starched lace flowered beneath her chin, and one blue brooch was fastened brightly. Her hat was a wide, high, Arabesque turban of silk tiers constructed on a cape-net foundation. Over the layers of silk a sheathing of thick midnight-blue lace had been arranged, with additional lace in narrow scallops guarding the edge of every tier." In this wise Dolly Hessian appears in the first scene of ***MacKinlay Kantor's*** MIDNIGHT LACE, and

HUGELMEYER



MacKinlay Kantor

proceeds westward to a small city in Iowa, where she sets about her lucrative business of trimming hats, and the harder but at last successful campaign for getting a husband. . . . And here's another, set in London of 1910: "Through the traffic, snorting disdainfully, spanked a proud pair of chestnuts, harnessed to a carriage with a dneal crest; in front, an angust coachman; behind, two motionless footmen. In between a pretty girl twirling a pretty parasol—a vision in Parma violet. 'What a peacherino,' said the man in the straw hat. 'Mauve,' breathed his girl. . . . But the Duchess waved an elegant hand and laughed merrily to herself." This is TROTTIE TRUE, by ***Caryl Brahms*** and ***S. J. Simon***, a hilarious comedy about the Gaiety Girl who became a Duchess.

Both Dolly Hessian and Trottie True are endowed with ambition and unhampered by scruples—two girls rarin' to go in a day when the prevailing code of ladylikeness and refinement made going hard. Both books are extremely clever and far better written than most of the problem novels that we have to take so seriously. MIDNIGHT LACE is realism plus romance. TROTTIE TRUE is sheer farce. But you won't like them if you mind that a not-nice girl has her cake and eats it too.

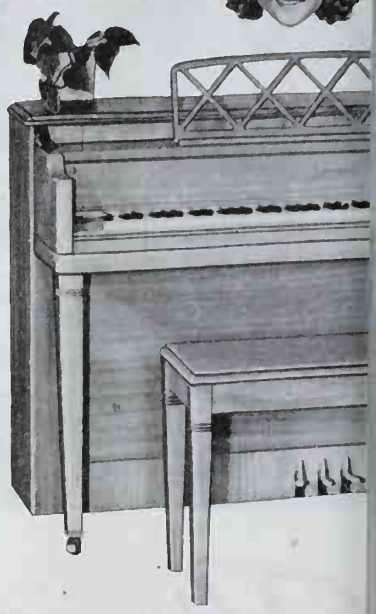
(Continued on Page 18)

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Facts for every family about to buy a new carpet!

BIGELOW WEAVERS

to the ladies:



You have the eye-for-beauty! You can just *picture* the magic difference a rich, new rug would make in bringing your home up-to-date, adding to its charm!

Where will you be most likely to find exactly the rug of your dreams? Where there's a wide, wide *choice*, of course—at your Bigelow dealer's!

Choose from Bigelow's beautiful ready-cut rugs—or luscious wall-to-wall carpeting. So many smart new shades! So many superb decorator patterns—18th century florals, modern motifs, hooked-rug effects, sculptured beauties. Find them all at your Bigelow dealer's!

You have the practical slant, too! What's the use of a good-looking rug unless it *stays* good-looking year after year?

That's where a Bigelow Rug really stands out! The experience of millions of women *proves* that you can expect *many, many years* of service and loveliness from your Bigelow Rug!

Many other practical plus-ses! Fast dyes for lasting good looks. Bigelow Rugs and Carpets can be dry-cleaned or wet-shampooed. And such Bigelow "exclusives" as *Permaset*, a "permanent wave" that *keeps* twist textures twisted.



Wide, wide choice at a medium price! Just one example: Bigelow's beautiful Serenade 6910-12, with a luxurious textured surface. Around $13.50* a sq. yd.



...ny gently priced Bigelow Rug values! ...chis: Bigelow's decorative Beauvais 1729, a ...e long-wearing carpet. Wide choice of pat... ...n Around $8.95* a sq. yd.



Such beauties—and such buys! Here's another: Bigelow's Glentwist 94333, a handsome carpet made with Permaset yarn. Around $9.95* a sq. yd.

*Slightly higher west of Rockies.

LIVELY WOOL SPRINGS BACK UNDERFOOT

Bigelow Rugs and Carpets

Beauty you can see . . . quality you can trust . . . since 1825

to the men:



You pay the bills! So it's soothing to know that your wife can find Bigelow Rugs and Carpets from as little as $7 a square yd. up to $18!

And no matter how little or how much can be set aside for your rug, your wife can find the rug that lives up to her dreams for *what you want to pay*—Bigelow makes a wide range of styles in every price range!

You have the technical mind. You'd get a kick out of watching the wheels go round in the Bigelow plants.

You'd see the bales of imported virgin wools arriving . . . all with special qualities of wear, body and luster that blend to give your rug extra richness, extra life.

You'd learn how Bigelow keeps this wool "lively" by quality controls from bale to finished rug. "Lively" wool springs back underfoot—keeps your rug lovelier all its long life. You'd notice that Bigelow never skimps, but assures you *a finer rug* with extra care, extra tests, extra inspections!

Invest those rug dollars—at your Bigelow dealer's!



Yours for a toast to charm

Come on! Let's set the table to make it young and spritely, but smooth and spicy. How? Well, just add the glamour of crystal to a drift of damask and a gleam of silver. That calls for *Chintz*, or any other Fostoria ever-popular "Master-Etching". They're hand-made by skilled American craftsmen; like lacy flowers from a frozen loom. You'll find Fostoria at the better stores everywhere.

FOSTORIA

FOSTORIA GLASS COMPANY · · · MOUNDSVILLE · WEST VIRGINIA

(Continued from Page 16)

Surprise department: Not long ago British and American undergraduates at Oxford debated the question: "That in the Opinion of This House, Columbus Went Too Far." And Francesco Saverio Nitti, former Premier of Italy, made a speech in Rome, linking Christopher Columbus with Niccolò Machiavelli as the two Italians who had done most to hurt Italy. By discovering America, said Mr. Nitti, Columbus shifted the axis of the world to the west, thus shoving Italy, at that time the center of world commerce, into a decline. While Machiavelli, Columbus' contemporary, with his sly slant on international politics, "made us Italians out as men always ready to lie." Seventy-nine-year-old Nitti held his listeners, the Italian Parliament, enthralled. How the Oxford debate ended we have never heard.

• • •

In reviewing ***Maurice Evans'*** superlative production of ***Shaw's*** MAN AND SUPERMAN, the *New Yorker* critic describes the costumes as "making every lady as graceful and sexless as a yacht and every gentleman a dream of double-breasted chivalry." That was 1904 or thereabouts. But for the last word in grotesque fashion we give you 1913, the day of the hobble skirt and the soaring feather, the Model T Ford and Mack Sennett bathing costumes. They say that at college reunions where "the girls" pull out the old dresses of their day and parade in them, 1913 always gets the prize. In HIGH BUTTON

INTERNATIONAL



Glamour girls of 1913.

SHOES, the current musical hit, 1913 has its ultimate expression. Instead of the usual musical-comedy overdose of feminine pulchritude, here we have high jinks in dancing and humor in costume. To the women in the audience it is a welcome relief.

• • •

Most of us are too busy working and enjoying ourselves to consider how it is that we are able to do both these things—to consider how it is that we are so much happier and so much more prosperous in this country than the people in other countries. But we do care deeply about freedom for all. Thousands of people lined up to see the Freedom Train as it went about the country; and for them, and even more for those who missed it, the official book of the Freedom Train is now out: HERITAGE OF FREEDOM, by *Frank Monaghan*, presenting the documents and explaining them. If ever there were a book for the library table, this is it. What men those forebears of ours were! William Penn and Roger Williams, with their grants for civic and religious liberty, Washington, Franklin, Jefferson! What logic

(Continued on Page 21)

..... ONLY .....

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GUARANTEED 15 Years

$1.50* EACH - 10c A YEAR TO OWN THE BEST

Heat-hardened, Spring-tempered Cutlery Steel

1. Full tang handles
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3. Tapered ground blades
4. Bakelite Handles; won't crack
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Go to your favorite housewares dealer and ask for Flint. The price is $1.50* each . . . every piece backed by a 15 year written guarantee. For 10 cents a year you take the drudgery out of meal-getting with an efficient, smart-looking Flint Kitchen Tool. And remember, only Flint gives this 15 year guarantee. Available in single pieces or sets as shown below. At hardware, department or appliance stores, everywhere.

*Ladle and masher, $2



$11.50 value only $10.
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Spring in your heart . . . stars in your eyes
. . . this is *your* day . . . to cherish for keeps!
For keeps, too, happy bride, you'll treasure
the proud craftsmanship, the friendly beauty
of your precious, hospitality-inviting Community,
beloved by brides of long ago . . . and today.
Community patterns are distinguished, in good taste.
Community's famous "Overlay" of solid silver
keeps your table an enduring delight.
And fine jewelers are showing Community
dinner services in four loved patterns†
thoughtfully priced to bless the bride's budget.
(No Federal Tax)

If it's Community*... it's correct!

†*(Pattern not illustrated—*MILADY)*

COMMUNITY . . . THE FINEST SILVERPLATE . . . ONEIDA LTD., ONEIDA, NEW YORK

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Back when this bewitching beauty was a wee toddler, she lisped "Buffa" for "Bertha" and played on these stone steps with a boy named—Bill Entwistle! Said *then* he'd marry her—and what do you think? HE DID!



"Woodbury's a habit with me!" says Buffa. "I swirl on its creamy rich lather—so mild, skin feels smoo-oth. Next, rinse, and skin's a-sparkle!"



Ridin' home from Pinehurst Dunes Club. Just look—not a jeep can ruffle Buffa's smooth beauty! Smooth-skin-appe *so sure* with Woodbury. (Made with beauty-cream ingredie



"Catch, girls!" Buffa adds—in private, "Catch on to Woodbury for a satin-glow complexion!"

FROM

Beauty Crown

TO

Bridal Veil

SHE'S ANOTHER WOODBURY DE



The Beauty Crown: Bertha Hicks Garrett of Rocking m N. C. was twice chosen Chanticleer Beauty Queen of l University's Co-ed Ball. "Buffa," as she's called, was sele first in her freshman year by famous illustrator Varg again wore the beauty crown her junior year!

The Bridal Veil: On happy day of marriage to Wil Harry Entwistle, Jr., uniting two prominent Rocking families. Buffa has hair the color of honey, black l shading blue eyes, a complexion as tempting as Car peaches. Woodbury has been her beauty care since childl



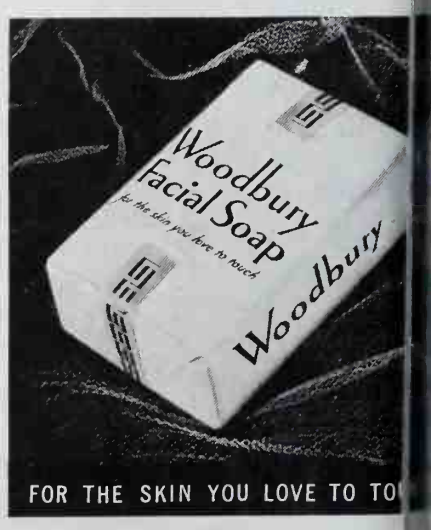
"We'll be so happy!" Bill whispers—in a moment alone before wedding. Lucky man! "*I'm* lucky, too," says Buffa, "to wed the man I've *always* loved!" Happens to girls who choose Woodbury as their romance partner!



The bride's dress of luscious ivory satin brings "Ohs and Ahs" from wedding guests. Satiny, too—her complexion! Cherished only by Woodbury—*extra-mild*—made for the skin alone. Try this *true* beauty soap!



Bermuda bliss for honeymooners. Both sports-lovers—the Entwistles make *twosome-fun* of tennis, golf, fishing! "Followed always by my Woodbury Facial Cocktail," says Buffa, "to bring back fresh skin-sparkle."



Add Woodbury Beauty Baths—t beauty routine of Woodbury Facial Coc You'll give "thanks double" for Wood wonderful mildness . . . for its rich *beauty* ingredient! Skin feels so smooth, lovely a



Exclusive GIRDLWAIST*



Easy to alter



Roomy pockets

RDLSLAX*

ourself in them
shion stores near you

with California fashion, designed to
of choice quality rayon gabardine.
WAIST* band fits like a glove and
shirts where they belong. Basic
12 to 18, a value-wise price of $11.

multi-striped washable rayon shirt,
, about $7.
.g.

Coret of California

611 Mission Street, San Francisco 5

(Continued from Page 18)

and sweet reasonableness pervaded these men of the eighteenth century! If in this little country we managed, against prejudice and opposition, not much more than a hundred and fifty years ago, to found a free society, why can't the statesmen of nations now do the same!

The book has a great many facsimiles of the documents, and either the complete text or the vital passages, running all the way from a letter of Christopher Columbus to General Wainwright's last message from Corregidor, and the single piece of scribbled paper, bearing Roosevelt's corrections, which was the notification to Stalin of the Anglo-American combined staff's plan to launch the greatest amphibious operation in the history of the world (Normandy). There are gratifying small bits, too, like Benjamin Franklin's epitaph, written by himself:

The Body of B. Franklin, Printer,
Like the Cover of an old Book,
Its Contents torn out,
And stript of its Lettering and Gilding,
Lies here, Food for Worms.
But the Work shall not be lost;
For it will, as he believed, appear once more
In a new and more elegant Edition
Corrected and improved
By the Author.

And Washington's address to the Jews of Rhode Island in 1790, ending: "May the Children of the Stock of Abraham, who dwell in this land, continue to merit and enjoy the good will of the other Inhabitants; while everyone shall sit in safety under his own vine and fig tree, and there shall be none to make him afraid." And the 101st Airborne Division's famous Merry Christmas report as it stood fast in Bastogne surrounded by the German divisions, ending with the message to the German commander from General McAuliffe, "*NUTS!*"

• • •

For those mothers who find it next to impossible to explain the problems of sex to their children, a small educational pamphlet, UNDERSTANDING SEX, by *Dr. Lester Kirkendall,* Director of the Association of Family Living, in Chicago, will be of inestimable help. It is hard to talk to one's children about the physical aspects of sex. It is strangely embarrassing for the great majority of mothers. And this pamphlet assumes the burden.

Written for homes and classrooms alike, it is a definite answer to practically all the sex questions that you can think of—a clear, sensible statement, addressed to young people, in the belief that the more young people know about the subject of sex the more they will see that problems and questions which they thought were theirs alone are really much like those of other boys and girls. Doctor Kirkendall explains in easy-to-understand terms the beginnings of sexual maturity, the problems of that period of which girls and more often boys are loath to speak, and the physical act of mating. But he does not stop here. His chapter on *Attitudes of Sex Behavior*, read at the right age, may well prevent the all-too-common indecencies of shady jokes and washroom talk. And his straightforward discussion of petting and of premarital sex relations, with the consequences to be considered—the effects on future happiness and the dangers of sexual maladjustment—is sensible and to the point. The greatest achievement of the little book is that it faces those problems about which the boy and girl have always been most secretive, and answers the questions that the young people have never dared ask. It makes life seem not fearful, but normal and natural.



Something borrowed...

. . . *from a bachelor . . . something blue! Walk-Over's new come-hither hue! A lovelier, livelier edition of navy . . . disarming as a young man's fancy. Handled by Walk-Over with loving care to spark your feet and fashions with Spring!*

Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.





"Bachelor Blue"

by Walk-Over



ALWAYS IN THE PICTURE!

"Fresh up" with Seven-Up!





ENJOY HOME LIFE TOGETHER—BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

When Dad's in that "picture-taking" mood, there's nothing like chilled 7-Up to create an atmosphere of smiles. For lively 7-Up pleases the taste of every age . . . always joins in to add its share of fun with its fresh, clean taste and bright sparkle.

Be a "fresh up" family. Discover how 7-Up . . . the *all-family* drink . . . adds enjoyment to family work and play. Order a case today where you see those famous 7-Up signs.

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YOU LIKE IT  IT LIKES YOU!

SEX EDUCATION . . . San Diego Pioneers

PARENTS WANT HELP

by MARGARET HICKEY

MOST conscientious parents have puzzled, at one time or another, over the problem of presenting necessary and intelligent information on sex to their children. Often they flounder in a confusion of good intentions, but lack scientific knowledge. Mothers and fathers do not wish to give up their prime responsibility of answering their children's questions, but they are welcoming the skilled assistance of the teacher, the doctor or the school nurse.

While it is by no means the rule for schools to include instruction in the facts of sex and attitudes toward marriage and family life, more and more are presenting such information as a part of their health and human-relations programs. These range from schools which give no instruction to those with programs of such sanity and usefulness as the San Diego, California, effort described here.

In Oregon, mandatory health legislation passed in 1945 specifies eleven areas of health education, among them structure and function of the human body, personal hygiene, and family-life education. In these areas sex education and social hygiene are taught. Oregon has well under way its first state-wide experiment with outlines and units of study prepared by Dr. H. S. Hoyman, School of Health and Physical Education, of the University of Oregon. Its beautiful film, Human Growth, was produced with funds from the E. C. Brown Trust, with the technical aid of the university's Dr. Lester Beck.

The American Social Hygiene Association, with thirty-four years' experience in giving medical and sociological information on sex, is ready to help local parents, youth leaders and community groups. Their films and pamphlets can be secured from national offices at 1790 Broadway, New York City. The U. S. Public Health Service films and materials may be borrowed by state and local health departments. Most of these departments maintain film libraries and offer helpful consultation to interested groups. Voluntary and independent agencies like the local P.T.A., the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A., and the local Social Hygiene Society are prepared to secure public approval and help the schools make a wise start.

The most urgent need at the present time is for teachers trained to present the role of sex in life and in accordance with the age level and understanding of the children and young people under their guidance. Social hygiene, the epidemiology of venereal diseases, and their relation to family life should be a part of the training of all teachers. A permanent center of education for family life has been established at the University of Utah. In addition to "materials and methods of social-hygiene education," a Family Life Institute is held for school principals, teachers, public-health nurses, social workers and others. The Salt Lake City school system has made budget provision for adult classes and the establishment of social-hygiene education through the school system.

"We must impress upon parents and students, too, that sex problems are by no means matters of physiology and biology alone," points out Dr. Harriet Cory, director of the Missouri Social Hygiene Society. "The most helpful element is the constant rebirth of idealism which appears in each year's crop of adolescents. They will face these problems with courage and honesty if we provide them with proper resources."

As communities become aware of the educational urgency in this field, they will also recognize the need of improved medical control in venereal diseases, better laws to insure premarital examinations, prenatal care, and adequate protection against the growth of unwholesome entertainment and prostitution.

The schools, the parents, the churches and the communities should accept complementary responsibility in the field of sex education and human relations for young people.The quality of life, both for individuals and for nations, depends upon the exercise of conscience and discrimination in personal relationships. Both qualities are the result of education. Let us make sure that this very important phase of juvenile guidance is not overlooked in our schools.

THE END

THEY sat in a San Diego doctor's office, a frightened thirteen-year-old girl, her frantic mother and older sister. This was their story:

It had been the thirteen-year-old's first date. She wasn't clear how it happened, or if anything really *had* happened, but she had been shocked and ashamed and bewildered. She did not mention the incident to her mother until a month or two later, when she decided she was going to have a baby.

Her mother wept, her father was angrier than she had ever seen him. Her sister looked at her as if she were a leper and sniffed, "*I* was never that kind of girl! She'll simply have to be sent away somewhere."

The visit to the doctor's office proved that no baby was on the way; yet to the doctor's concern, the family's attitude remained as vindictive as ever. The father wanted to lock the girl up. The mother vowed that her daughter would never be allowed out again with a boy the rest of her life.

"Every day some unhappy wife sits in my office pouring out her troubles, which are often rooted in some early unfortunate sex experience like this one," the woman doctor explained to this writer. "This young girl has obviously learned her lesson; what she needs to regain her balance and self-respect is trust and sympathy. If her family's attitude continues, she may freeze up emotionally until someday she may become incapable of feeling or returning her husband's love.

"Now take the average American family," she went on. "The son is generally expected to have premarital experiences. The family doesn't approve, but tends to wink at the situation, especially the father. The daughter, on the other hand, is taught that all sex is evil, up until the day she marries. Then sex becomes sanctified. The result is an inhibited and unresponsive wife and a sexually impatient husband who—if he is immature and irresponsible—finds the easiest way out by slipping back into his promiscuous habits, and pretty soon the marriage is on the skids.

"We shall never reduce the terrific divorce rate in this country," the doctor concluded, "until boys are taught that marriage means grave responsibilities and until young girls know enough about the

(Continued on Page 273)

HARRIET ARNOLD—PIX



Facts of life are linked with human-relations training. Community endorses program to help boys and girls "grow up." Their instructor is a trained social hygienist, mother of six children.

They're flattering but fragile so handle with care

A lady is never too young (or too old) to look her loveliest in feminine frills like these. They're well worth saving for . . . and *caring* for!

So please, never trust dainty washables to strong soaps and rough handling—*one* wrong washing can ruin them. *Always* treat nice things (those that show and those that don't) to gentle care with pure, mild Ivory Flakes. Then they'll come out fitting right . . . with colors clear and fresh!

Keep your washables lovelier with this special care



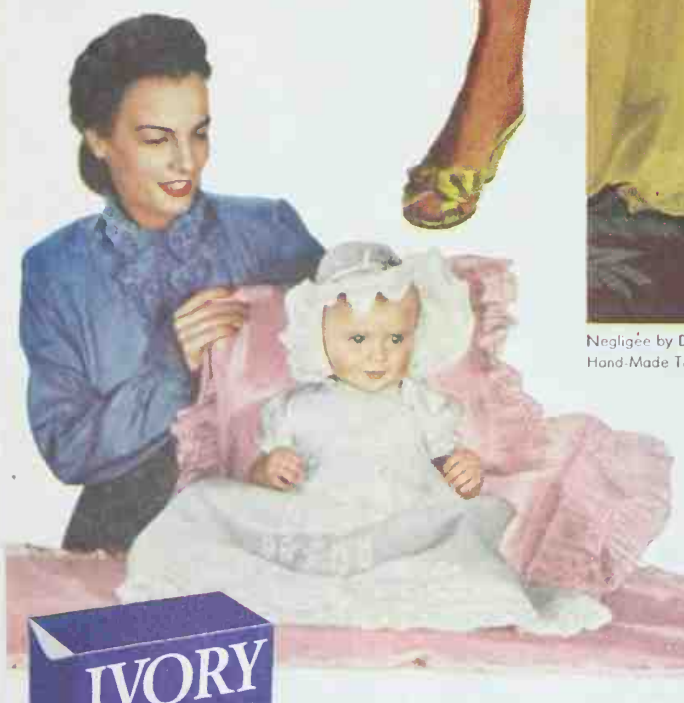
LUCKY YOU, if you have negligées and underthings like these. *Smart* you, if you trust 'em to Ivory Flakes care. Pure, mild Ivory Flakes is *one* soap that fashion experts recommend for all fine washables.

MISTY stocking shades are oh-so-flattering . . . oh-so-delicate. Give nylons special care . . . Ivory Flakes care . . . and colors stay truer up to *twice as long!*

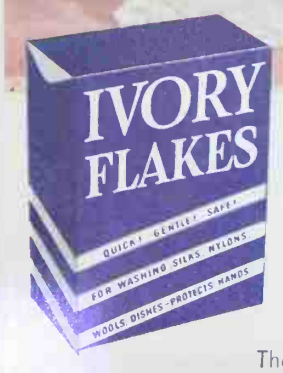
IVORY FLAKES care helps fluffy-ruffled blouses like the one below keep their crisp new look . . . helps 'em *wear* much longer, too.



Negligée by Dorine Liebert
Hand-Made Toddler Dress by Yolande



ALWAYS pamper dainty baby things with Ivory Flakes to help 'em stay blossom fresh . . . guard against shrinking and fading.



If it's lovely to wear...It's worth

Ivory Flakes care

The fast flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory . . . 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% Pure

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Available in sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38 bust.



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Designed in sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38, and 40 bust.



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Sizes small (28-30), medium (32-34) and large (36-38).



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Sizes small (28-30), medium (32-34) and large (36-38).



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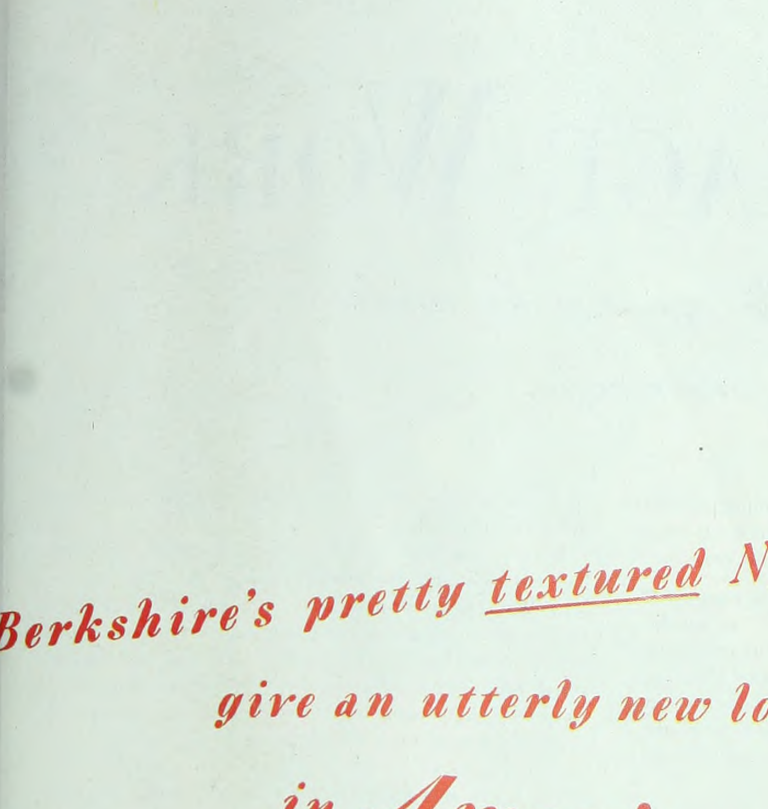
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Berkshire's pretty textured Nylace nylons

give an utterly new look to legs

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Sheer... Sheer... **Berkshire** Stockings

for the loveliest legs in the world . . . by the world's largest manufacturers of full-fashioned stockings.

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MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

In marriage there is one partner, not your mate, from whom you can never escape.

BY CLIFFORD R. ADAMS

Ph. D., The Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

MAKING A CHOICE

CHOOSING a suitable person for your husband—or wife—vitally affects your chances of happiness in marriage. True, there are many men with whom you could be happy; the romantic idea that there is just one ideal mate for you is a mistaken one.

But it's also true that there are some apparently suitable men with whom you would be miserably unhappy. Unfortunately, circumstances or traits which make a man desirable as a date often blind a girl to his dubious qualifications as a husband.

Many factors influence girls in making their choice. Here are some common ones which cannot be disregarded, but which are dangerously inadequate as the sole basis for marriage:

Romantic appeal. Every girl hopes that the man she marries will be glamorous; but the mere fact that he is handsome, or socially accomplished, or a brilliant idealist, or all these together, does not mean that he is a suitable husband for you. Yet many girls' choice is solely determined by such things as these.

Practical advantages. While economic considerations cannot be ignored, the girl who marries for financial gain alone is taking a serious risk. For only spiritual values are enduring; tangible assets can be lost.

A single common interest is often misleading. Shared enthusiasm for tennis, or the theater, or music, or books, is a fine thing; but because you have spent happy hours together in pursuit of your hobby, it doesn't follow that you will be equally companionable when you are immersed in the day-to-day routine of family life. After all, you don't expect to live on the tennis court.

The psychological moment can be dangerous. Too often, a girl marries almost on impulse—because her friends are marrying, or she is bored with her routine, or because the man she is dating proposes at an auspicious moment. Don't mistake your motives. Be sure you are marrying because you want to be the wife of this particular man—not just because you want to get married.

If you are making a choice—whether it be a choice between eligible men, or between marrying and remaining single—here are some points to consider:

Do you enjoy being with him? Ask yourself whether you really enjoy his company for its own sake, or merely for the sake of the amusements and activities you now share. If the latter, better watch out; for much of the contentment of marriage depends on the capacity for companionship under a variety of circumstances. And while it's desirable that you start with some tastes and enthusiasms in common, it's at least as important that each have the capacity to interest the other in new things.

Are your backgrounds similar? You stand a better chance of harmony if you are fairly evenly matched in education, intelligence, religious training and beliefs; if your family and home environments haven't been too unlike. Standards and ideals especially should correspond.

Can he make you feel secure? Reasonable assurance of adequate living standards is essential for security; so is a relationship of mutual confidence and respect. For the feeling of security depends on emotional values no less than on material resources.

Do your ideas of marriage itself correspond? If your goals and basic purposes are similar, minor differences tend to lose their importance. But it's essential that you agree on what constitutes a good life. And to feel the same about children is vital. Though many childless marriages are happy, this is almost never the case if the absence of children is due to the wish of one partner alone.

All these questions apply to the mature woman considering a second marriage as forcefully as to a girl dazzled by her first courtship. In either case, it's vital to appraise a romantic impulse in terms of enduring values. For marriage, to be successful, must be a supremely practical institution; only then *can* it be truly romantic.

THE OLDER WOMAN

TOO many women of 40 to 45 react to the coming of middle age as though it were a complete surprise. Entering this new cycle of existence without previous planning for it, they are depressed to discover that their once-active days now seem barren and futile.

A married woman may blame her husband. A single woman is apt to blame her lack of a husband. Either one may blame the menopause—and indeed, it often aggravates the difficulty. But it is seldom solely responsible, and sometimes, as in Mrs. Wright's case, it is not a factor at all.

By the time Mrs. Wright was 43, both her children had married and established homes in other cities. Mrs. Wright, previously busy and content, no longer had an adequate outlet for her energies. Leisure hung heavy on her hands. Her husband, in contrast, was as active and engrossed as ever in his thriving business. Gradually she became bored, restless and discontented.

Similar emotions were plaguing her unmarried sister, Laura. As buyer for a gift shop in a neighboring town, Laura was busy six days a week; but evenings and week ends were burdensome. She thought that if she had a home, husband and children, her life would be full. When she finally blurted out her woes to her sister, both were astonished to find that each was envying the other!

Here is where their story departs from that of thousands of less enterprising women. Determined to solve the problem, they decided to pool resources, since each had what the other lacked. Laura moved into the children's quarters in the Wrights' home, and with Mr. Wright's co-operation, the sisters opened a gift shop.

The venture has made everybody happier. Both women have filled the gaps in their lives, and Mr. Wright not only shares a new interest with his wife, but also has the satisfaction of seeing her content.

Through personal initiative and fortunate circumstances, Mrs. Wright and Laura solved their problem after it arose. A surer way is to anticipate the situation, and adopt preventive measures far in advance.

Even in her twenties, a woman is wise to seek and foster interests which she will enjoy pursuing actively later on, when leisure permits. If you do this, you can greet middle age as a period of new opportunity, instead of the terminal phase of your career. Even if your present schedule prevents your taking more than a minor part in outside activities, you can do enough to prepare the way for full-scale participation later.

Or, if you're already past 40, and feel blue and downhearted, here are some pointers:

Consult your doctor. He can help relieve distress accompanying menopause.

Keep busy. Useful activity is the best antidote for a feeling of futility. Don't depend on recreation alone to fill the gaps in your schedule.

Develop a hobby. Even household tasks once performed as necessities—gardening, sewing, painting furniture—can give you a starting point.

Check up on your looks. You needn't look young—but you should look your best.

Do something different. This is your chance to try some of the things you've "always wanted to do."

At 45, the average woman has a life expectancy of more than a quarter century; fully half her adult life still lies before her. The years ahead can be richly rewarding, or a futile waste—as she chooses.

Ask Yourself

AM I CO-OPERATIVE?

In marriage, as in any other partnership, a spirit of co-operation is essential. Co-operation is largely a result of attitudes. Answer the following questions with an honest *yes* or *no*.

1. Are many of your friends luckier than you?
2. Do most husbands subtly evade their responsibilities?
3. Is homemaking harder, and less appreciated, than men's work?
4. Do some of your friends often misunderstand your motives?
5. Are you usually blamed when things go wrong?
6. Do many husbands take unfair advantages of their wives?
7. Will most people lie to get ahead?
8. Do husbands often exploit their wives' sympathy?
9. Is it hard to find dependable persons nowadays?
10. Did you ever get a raw deal through spite?
11. Have some of your friends turned out to be "two-faced"?
12. Do you think many people envy your good fortune?
13. If you want something done right, must you do it yourself?
14. Do your high ideals prevent you from making friends readily?
15. Are men inclined to overlook the rights of wives?
16. Do you deserve better than your present lot?
17. In general, is life easier for men than for women?
18. Do your friends get more from you than they give?
19. If you could, would you change a lot of things about men?
20. Do you think most people need to be watched?

Determine your score by counting all of your "No" answers.

A score of 14 or more indicates that you try to be very co-operative.

A score of 10 is average. With a score of 8 or less, you need to make a deliberate effort to meet people on a more co-operative basis.

DO YOU AGREE?

I am single and 49 years old. Should I marry a bachelor of 53 who is now dating me?

Are you *sure* you want to marry? A widow and widower, or a young couple, usually make happier marriages than do single persons in their forties and fifties. A long courtship—without conflict—is the best answer to your question.

THE END



Part-time Parent!

Small fry in the back seat are safe as in their own back-yard—when Mama trusts them to the Plymouth, while she takes the wheel. . . .

They're tucked under wing, and locked in snug and *tight*—a little button on the back door looks after that! Just push it down, and —presto—the handle won't turn.



Positively? Try to pull or tug, and prove it!

Even parked, the Plymouth keeps the kids from mischief, too. Like playing with the h-o-r-n, for example. No matter how they're tempted, it doesn't give a toot. (Shuts off with the ignition—that's the secret!)



And all the way to and fro, wherever you take them—the Plymouth's there with the security of famous, more-efficient brakes—the blowout protection of Safety-Rim Wheels.

Maybe, other times, its sparkling lines and smart looks take priority. But mothers know best why "Plymouth's for *me!*"

Plymouth



the low-priced car most like high-priced cars





Date for your Diary

THE SUB-DEB ★ EDITED BY MAUREEN DALY

COME springtime with "April showers and May flowers," comes prom time with fancy bids, bright balloons, crepe-paper decorations and king-sized excitement in high schools round the country—and it's going to be fun. But even the smoothest girl can use a tip or two to make the evening real dream-diary stuff. So, for all the first prom-daters with a special date marked down on their calendars for this spring, we asked some of our older Sub-Debs—gals of 17 or 18 who already have a formal dance or two on their dating records—for hints on how to get along at a first dance. And here's what the dating veterans had to say:

If you want to look like Rita Hayworth, j.g.—the right dress can do it. But if you want to "feel" right, too, don't turn glamour girl overnight. Go all out for pinks, whites and light colors that make you stand out on the dance floor; pick a real dancing dress with full skirts, bows and bustles, but give yourself a full-dress rehearsal the night before. Practice walking, sitting and dancing in the long skirt—to get accustomed to *acting* as lovely as you look.

Bright-lights evenings take more make-up than the casual dash of lipstick that makes you pretty for a movie date. So even if you have a pink-and-white complexion, use a powder base (a light hand lotion will do) and an extra dust of powder for this evening. With teen-agers, excitement makes the nose get shiny! Try a dark, rosy lipstick—one application, then a dust of powder, and a second coat of lipstick will keep your mouth make-up perfect for hours. A little mascara, just on the tips of your eyelashes, or a light touch of cold cream on your brows, lashes and eyelids, will give you that wide and wistful look around the eyes.

IF you have a long, lush formal coat in white wool or a short velvet evening jacket, you're a lucky gal. But if not, leave the fringed scarf on the piano and your mother's mink coat in the closet; last summer's pastel shortie coat will do quite nicely as a wrap, thank you. And for an evening bag (you wouldn't go without a powder puff and lipstick, would you?), try one of the small grosgrain-silk cosmetic cases sold in any dime store—the size is just right and a flower from your corsage will dress it up for the evening.

For a first dance, double-date if you can. An extra couple always makes that much more extra chatter. At the dance, take time out to say a long hello to everyone you know, stop to talk with the chaperons, ferret out your old friends and even take time to make a few new ones—time goes faster and both you and your date get a feeling of fun if the evening is filled with "Hi, Joe," "Look who's here" or "Let's talk to Susy."

If you're "new" at a dance, make a point to remember names and be friendly to everyone you meet. Try striking up a powder-room conversation with some of the girls—borrow a corsage pin, make a casual comment about an attractive dress, or a friendly question or two will do it. Then you can comment to your own date later, "There's Sally Smith over there. She's here with Bob Bazlen—do you know him?" Who knows—this time next week you, your date and Bob and Sally may be double-dating and having fun together like old friends!

What about those tall, silent characters who find dancing too serious a business for talking? Why, that's just the way you like to dance too! This is the time for a little *femme fatale* silence—your head on his shoulder, intent on the music and with the silence complete. No need for conversation, and all you have to remember to make *you* remembered is the exit line: "That was a *wonderful* dance!"

Maybe your date for the evening is no Arthur Murray special, and you may be a bit unsure of the dance steps yourself. So if he trips on your toes and you step on his, if you just can't get on the Latin beat for Big Brass Band From Brazil—save the boy the embarrassment of having to apologize to you by getting a laugh in first. Smooth things over with a smile and a quick "Even Rogers and Astaire had to practice for a while" or "Don't look now, but I don't think you're being followed!"

THAT lull between dances, when couples get shuffled and the band takes a break, is no time to strike up a conversation about homework, politics, the school paper or what's new with the baseball team. Keep the conversation quick and casual: "Isn't this a good crowd?"; "How much money do you think this dance made for the junior class?"; "Who's that tall girl over there with the orchid in her hair?"; or "Don't you just love this band?" Don't worry about talking too much or saying the same thing twice—a dance is no time for heavy thinking, and besides, you're just talking for fun!

Most high-school dances these days are date affairs, without dance programs or stag lines; but if you should happen to find yourself stranded for a dance, take a quick trip to the powder room to pretty up a bit, wander over to talk to the chaperons or your best girl friend and her date, or—if you *must* sit down—sit down alone where you are easy to see and easy to pick up for the next dance. (Maybe Doctor Spencer himself will ask for the next dance!) Keep that bright "I'm just waiting for someone" look on your face, and don't ever get stuck on the side lines with another single girl—no boy will ask you for a dance if it means leaving another girl to stand alone!

After the dance, your date will probably suggest a bite to eat at a local sandwich shoppe or at one of the bright-lights spots in town. No need to puzzle and fret over the menu, trying to decide whether to order breast of guinea hen under magnifying glass or tea and toast to help the budget. On dance nights, beau boys usually come prepared to pay. Give your order to your date or directly to the waiter—and a glass of milk and a chicken sandwich, a hamburger and a soft drink, or even a small order of waffles is always "right," and good too!

On a dance night, the curfew hour will probably ring a little later than usual—but get permission from your parents *beforehand* to stay out for one hour after the band stops playing, to give you time for something to eat, a little chatter and the ride home. And mention the final dead-line hour to your joe boy *early in the evening*, so he can plan to get you there on time without breaking up the party.

"How to say good night but not good-by" sounds like a popular-song title—and you'll have to figure out the right answer right on your front doorstep. Besides the old stand-by, "I had a wonderful time," refer back to something you two shared in common during the evening. "Jerry and Anne were fun—hope we can double with them again sometime"; "Those jokes of yours—I haven't laughed so much in a long time"; or "You're a good dancing teacher—let's try it again soon." Say you had a wonderful time. Of course your date had a good time too—but it helps to make him remember just why and to remind him that there's more fun where that came from!

TAKE A HINT, MISS JONES . . .

. . . your manners *do* make a difference! Whether it's a date for a dance, an evening at the theater with your beau boy or just movies-and-a-malted for two, it's important to know what to do, how and when! Check up at once with MEMO FOR MANNERS, Sub-Deb booklet No. 2272—just 5c from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. It has all the answers!

Now...evening-soft hands all day long!



Because this amazing lotion is magic here... as well as here...





HERE'S the wondrous thing about Trushay—it's *double*-beauty magic for your hands. First—it's the most wonderful softening lotion that ever touched your skin.

So delicately fragrant—so creamy-rich—so extra-soothing without a trace of stickiness. A joy to use *any time*. And yet Trushay's magic doesn't stop there!

For it also has a fabulous "beforehand" extra. Smoothed on your hands *before* doing dishes or light laundry, Trushay protects them even in hot, soapy water. Actually helps prevent drying damage. So your hands stay evening-soft, delightfully smooth all day long.

Once you discover Trushay's *double*-beauty help, you'll never again be satisfied with *half-way* lotions.

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the lotion with the "beforehand" extra



Modess . . . because

PLATTER PARTY

By Sheila John Daly

WITH fellows and gals across the country going record crazy, now's the time to get the crowd together, snare all the top tunes you can buy, beg or borrow, and go all out on a platter party. Send your invitations out a week ahead of time, written in white ink on the back of a disk cut from black construction paper and centered with a smaller disk of red on which has been written a current popular-song title. The message reads:

Things will really be spinning at my house on Friday at eight. So bundle up your best recordings and join us for a juke-box jamboree.

By asking your gal pals and buddy boys to add their records to your collection for the evening, you'll get a cross-sectional sampling of musical tastes, from sentimental ballads to Dixieland, from Grieg to Gershwin, from boogie to Bach. Be sure to supply paper stickers and pencils so that each guest can label his records with his own name before contributing them to the common collection, unless you want a harried lost-and-found department working overtime after the party.

To establish the atmosphere for your platter party, make the house look as much like a juke joint as possible. Turn the lights down low, set candles on card tables covered with checked cloths set up in the living room. Tape large black silhouettes of long-stemmed notes on the walls, interspersed with black cardboard cutouts of records, centered with small disks in bright colors and printed with a song title. Cover your phonograph or radio-phono combination with brightly colored crepe paper to represent a juke box (if you want to pick up a little extra coin for school activities or a club project, you might cut a nickel slot into the trimming!) and establish one person (your younger sister will do) to operate the musical controls.

To start the party off, hold a musical spelldown. Play the first few bars of an instrumental arrangement of a popular song and score a point each to the first person to guess the name of the song, and another point for the name of the orchestra playing it. If your guests are all eager beavers who recognize a song on the first downbeat, then trip them up by playing some oldies that will be harder to identify. After a thirty-minute session, the person with the highest number of points cops the prize—which might be an album of popular records, an assortment of single disks or a collector's item discovered at your local used-record shop.

ROUSE your friends of note and start them on a treasure hunt. Around the house you have hidden paper cutouts of notes—whole notes, half notes, quarter notes, sixteenth notes and even thirty-second notes. While music is playing, the contestants are allowed to search for the "lost chords," but whenever the needle is lifted off the record all players must come to a complete standstill. Anyone who moves after the music has stopped is disqualified. At the end of the playing period the prize is awarded not to the one who found the most notes, but to the contestant whose find adds up to the most whole notes. The player who was lucky enough to find two half notes ranks above the eager soul who scampered around finding thirty-one thirty-second notes! Make the prize a copy of the sheet music for a current popular favorite.

The next contest will be a walkaway for the Martin Block, j.g., in the crowd, whose radio diet consists almost exclusively of disk-jockey shows. Divide the guests into teams of two for this game, called Strictly Off the Record. One of the team members is chosen as disk jockey, the other as guest star. Give them ten minutes to choose the two records they want to play and to discuss what band leader or singing sensation is to be impersonated by the guest star.

Then give the first disk jockey a tin-can-on-a-stick microphone and tell him that he's on the air. He is expected to give an introduction to the show (the host or hostess can help him out by acting as announcer and giving a commercial first), and a brief commentary on the record he has chosen to play. He can use any tricks he likes, such as picking up the needle and saying, "Let's listen to that passage again—the tenor-sax solo is something special," or even singing along with the record. Then he introduces his guest star, interviews him and plays another record. The hostess signs off with another commercial, and the next team takes over the mike.

WHEN each twosome has performed, have all the guests vote to determine which show got the highest Hooperating from the exclusive audience. For a prize it would be nice to be able to offer the team a thirteen-week contract on a local radio station, but you'll just have to settle for more records.

If you don't enjoy what you have now, how can you be happier with more?

The refreshments, like the party, are casual. Serve tall glasses of cold cola or root beer, or frosted bottles laid in a bed of crushed ice. Or offer cool glasses of ginger ale dressed up with a squeeze of lime, a maraschino cherry and half an orange slice balancing on the edge of the glass. Match these tall coolers with crisp potato chips arranged on a platter around a small bowl of cream cheese whipped with cream and onion juice to taste, and sprinkled with flecks of chopped chives. Add bowls of crunchy buttered popcorn and hot cheese corn (make it yourself by sprinkling hot buttered popcorn liberally with grated cheese) and platters of cheese sticks and stuffed olives. To make the cheese sticks, cut the crust off slices of bread, cut into finger lengths and toast on one side. Cover the untoasted side with a sharp cheese spread and pop under broiler until cheese melts. Sprinkle with paprika and serve hot.

To climax the evening, match the fellows and girls as partners for a dance contest. In one box place slips of paper containing the names of the songs and orchestra on the A side of a currently popular record, and in another box slips with songs and ork from the B side. Boys draw from one box, girls from the other, and match sides for tripping the light fantastic. Record fiends will have no trouble, but have the records on hand to help confused couples.

Divide the contest into three sections—ballroom, rumba and jitterbug—and award prizes in each division. The couples demonstrate their terpsichorean ability alone in each of the divisions. The Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Murray, j.g., who cop the top spot in each section receive as a prize a recording of the type of music to which they danced: a slow, sentimental ballad for the winners in the ballroom contest, a Spanish disking for the rumba couple and an example of jumping jive for the prize jitterbug team.

Your guests will all go on record as saying that the juke-box jamboree is No. 1 hit on their party parade! THE END

Taken from the book, Party Fun, to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Sugar dandy

Dreamy? It's like slipping into a cloud...Munsingwear's very own rayon fabric knitted in Sugar Check and Sugar Diamond designs! The pajamas, in brief, have never been cooler, more comfortable. The gowns, just as beautifully and subtly bared as the newest evening gown. All easy to care for! At fine stores everywhere.



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Sleeping-and-Lounging Wear • Underwear • Foundation Garments • Hosiery

SPRING CLEANING MAGIC!

No soap—no other cleaner—
cleans painted walls and woodwork
like Spic and Span!





SEE HOW EASY!

IT'S LIKE DUSTING . . . . only with a damp cloth. I wring my cloth out in a Spic and Span solution just so it's damp. Then I rub easily over the surface . . . and . . .



SHINING-CLEAN!

LOOKS FRESHLY PAINTED! See that shining, glossy finish! And I didn't rinse or wipe dry. There's no soap, no other product like Spic and Span. It's got an exclusive ingredient . . . and it'll work shining magic all through your house!



SPIC and SPAN®!

I've stopped using soap to clean painted walls, woodwork, all washable surfaces, now that I've found Spic and Span! It's made especially for all these cleaning jobs. NO RINSING! NO WIPING!

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FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

WAR began between the U. S. and Spain in April, 1898. American doughboys, wearing dog tags for the first time in history, embarked for Cuba singing There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight. Dewey sailed with his fleet for Manila, train robbers held up the Sante Fe Overland, and Teddy Roosevelt resigned as Assistant Secretary of the Navy to organize the Roughriders.

The longest word in the English language is proantitransubstantiationist (28 letters), according to the April, 1898, JOURNAL.

Writes Lilian Bell from abroad, in this issue: "Paris seems a city of leisure; Berlin a city of war. German soldiers on the streets seem to be in perfect condition—as though they could go to war at a moment's notice."

Prize contest: $25 from the JOURNAL for the best dinner menu for four costing $1.

Problems of young men: "The scorcher posture on the bicycle is extremely injurious. The chest is contracted by it, the lungs squeezed so that consumptive tendencies are very much favored, and curvature of the spine is also invited."

Corsets: "A person with a 24-inch waist should wear a 21-inch corset."

Dentifrices: "Nothing will whiten the teeth so thoroughly and give such a delightful taste to the mouth as a fresh strawberry crushed over the teeth."

"Washing a red woolen dress is not difficult. You simply need warm soapsuds and a teaspoonful of beef's gall to keep the color."

"A silver chatelaine to be worn at the waist is an acceptable gift for a girl of 17. Many pretty trifles can be attached to it, such as tablets, pencils, pincushions, court-plaster cases, bonbon boxes, glove hooks, files, tiny mirrors, purses, needlecases, scissors, thimble cases, dime boxes and so on, almost indefinitely."

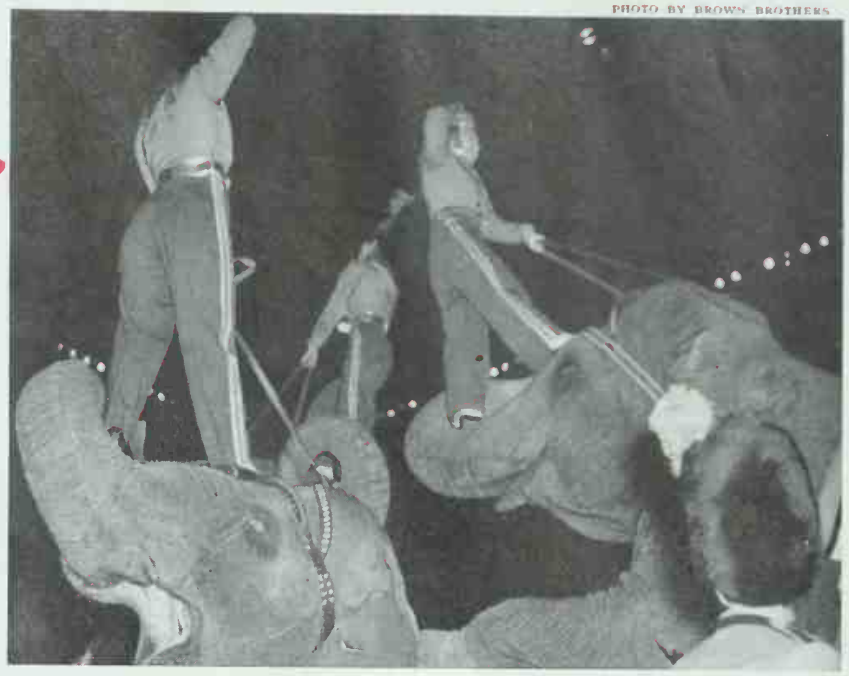


Advises Ruth Ashmore: "If you wish your little daughter to say 'mamma' and 'papa,' at least teach her to pronounce the words correctly, and do not let her say 'momma' and 'poppa.' "

"For a person of average height, eight yards of black satin is sufficient for a skirt."

Journal About Town

PHOTO BY BROWN BROTHERS



Never underestimate the power of a woman—even when it's pachyderms on parade; in Ringling's circus, they're all females.

THIS is the month when we look out the window and see elephants strolling down the street, and ***Roland Butler,*** from Ringling's, drops in to tell us about the circus at Madison Square Garden. As with us and millions of others, elephants for Mr. B. are far and away the favorite circus animals. Tells us about Modoc, matriarch of all forty-one pachyderms in the circus—the time in the Garden basement when Jewel, the youngest, and curious as a cat, clambered incredibly into a pageant float, and got stuck, holding up the performance upstairs. Modoc calmly walked over, head-shoved the float onto its side, smashed the superstructure with her trunk, releasing the miscreant (costing Ringling's a couple thousand dollars), but the show went on. . . . And don't underestimate the fact that all the circus elephants are females.

While doing a little research for a speech on vision, ***Louise Benjamin*** ran into a place where they'll make up any

WALTER HERSTATT STUDIOS



Never put bananas in the refrigerator; wear 'em on your glasses.

kind of frames you want. For instance, the ***Duchess of Windsor*** wanted several pairs of blue-plaid frames—no fooling—and got them; another woman had them make her a pair to match her new green limousine; a South American lady ordered four expensive pairs, bejeweled and wildly colored, but without glass—just to frame her eyes; and a red-haired girl with almost invisible pale eyebrows ordered a pair of glasses with becoming brown eyebrows painted on the frames. On the counter, Mrs. B. noticed a really luscious pair of frames with banana bows. Turns out they were for ***Carmen Miranda.***

Ann Batchelder has been telling us about a place across town called the House of Blanche, which specializes in wedding cakes—from $20 up to $5000. Yes, that's what they told Miss B.—$5000. Size doesn't seem to faze ***Madame Blanche,*** for whom a 500-pound cake is commonplace; she once made one that was eight feet high—wouldn't say for whom, but her customers include the Vanderbilts and Astors, and guests at two White House weddings have eaten her cakes and taken home pieces to put under their pillows. Just for fun, we asked Annie what the recipe would be like for a quarter-ton cake, in case you'd like to make one.

500-POUND WEDDING CAKE

25 pounds candied lemon peel; 25 pounds candied orange peel; 50 pounds candied cherries; 25 pounds toasted filberts; 25 pounds shelled pecans; 100 pounds mixed candied fruits; 25 pounds citron; 50 pounds raisins; 50 pounds butter; 25 pounds sugar; 3⅛ gallons honey; 41⅝ dozen eggs, or 499½ eggs; 2 cups and 4½ teaspoons salt; 53⅛ pounds flour; 2 cups and 4½ teaspoons baking powder; 2 cups and 4½ teaspoons allspice; 2 cups and 4½ teaspoons cloves; and 9⅜ quarts brandy if you like.

In the sixteenth century the average length of life of civilized people was 20 years; today in America it is 65 years.... According to one nutritionist, "For every inch the waist measurement is greater than the chest measurement, a person may subtract two years from his life expectancy." . . . Dentists, with a new method for using sodium fluoride, expect a decrease of 50 per cent in tooth decay. Best results are obtained on children between 11 and 13. . . . According to ***J. Edgar Hoover,*** during the war there wasn't a single case where the wife of any official ever revealed a top secret—which, Mr. Hoover concludes, proves one of two things: either the wives are discreet, or their husbands didn't tell them anything.... Hat sales, believe it or not, are on the decline. In 1927, 144,000,000 hats were sold; in 1937, 100,000,000, and in 1947, only 70,000,000. . . . Males of 17 commit more burglaries than those of any other age, males of 18 commit more robberies, and males of 23 commit more murders. . . . American women are fast becoming the longest-legged ladies in the world, according to a recent study.

And now the newest thing-of-the-month is toys. You simply tell this outfit here in town the age and sex of your child; they send you monthly descriptions of playthings passed on by their child psychologists, and you agree to select at least four toys a year. From birth to age fourteen, they claim, every toy which they choose will educate as it amuses. A kind of year-round Christmas.

Ann Klein, **the seventeen-year-old high-school girl, who models after school and on week ends, is on the cover again this month, this time in a new-look hair-do directed by *Dawn Crowell,* who had to perform a sort of upside-down Sir Walter Raleigh in the process. Seems that after the hairdresser had done his job to picture perfection, every hair in place, Dawn had to take off her coat in a wet, driving snowstorm and hold it over Ann's head in a dash to the photographer's studio—just in case you care to know how an editor gets good pictures.**

Henrietta Murdock has lately been hearing from a Calcutta admirer of her decorating pages, and the other day ***Mrs. Gupta*** suddenly appeared from India. Said when she was married, at thirteen, she had fifty-one saris in her trousseau; now has many more—changes them quite a few times a day; her days here being taken up with purchasing kitchen equipment for her Calcutta home. Mrs. Gupta likes to cook; says she's learned to make a lot of American dishes, and thinks her Indian friends, when she gets back, will be especially fond of her apple pie.

PHOTO BY STEPHENSON



Our interior decoration editor decorates her exterior with a sari.

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.

She shut her eyes and waited.

Henry and the Angel

THE Glades-By-The-Sea, that elegant hotel on the eastern coast of Florida, was a resort where Northerners could get away from it all for forty dollars per day and up. It boasted a lobby the size of a railroad terminal, enough furnishings to set a king or two up in business, and a management determined to see that the guest had a good time if it killed him.

"No," said Mr. Mahaffey. "I don't want to play golf. Or bingo. Or the horses. I don't want to fish. I came down to rest, blast it."

And with this withering denunciation of hospitality, Mr. Mahaffey, boat manufacturer from the frozen North, retired to his room, ignored the view, and relaxed by calling long distance and the factory back home.

"Why'd they cancel the order?" he demanded loudly and petulantly, after some preliminary conversation. "Somebody must have messed it up. For Pete's sake, can't I get away for one day without having troubles? Good grief!" He shook with self-pity and the bedsprings trembled. "I come down here to try and stop the ants from crawling across the inside of my skull and this kind of thing has to happen. Orders canceled. Hey—where are you—what the blast —— Operator!"

"That was me," a honeyed voice said. "I pushed down the jigger and cut you off."

Mr. Mahaffey stared querulously at the slender blond and blue-eyed creature who was, miraculously, his daughter.

"You came down to rest," said Angel. "Not to spend four hours a day on the telephone."

Mr. Mahaffey groaned, stretched out obediently on the bed and relaxed. Angel stared out the window. "What are you looking at?" said Mr. Mahaffey.

"Bald heads," said Angel. "I have below me one of the finest collections of bald heads on the Eastern seaboard. This is a foul place if you ask me."

"The food is good," said Mr. Mahaffey, "the beds are comfortable. You wanted to come."

"I did," said Angel, "and I have been deluded and deceived. In my girlish innocence I thought, 'Ah, Florida—blue skies and a tropical moon—the rustling of palm trees.'"

(Continued on Page 128)

WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A MAN WHO WON'T EVEN LOOK AT A GIRL BECAUSE HE'D RATHER SEE HER FATHER? ★ BY WILLARD H. TEMPLE

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

Possible Presidents

HAROLD STASSEN

The political experts say he has a fighting chance. "I agree with them," he says—and keeps on fighting. • By Roger Butterfield

HAROLD EDWARD STASSEN, who is regarded by many persons both in and out of the Republican party as the best all-around candidate the Republicans could nominate for President this year, is a solid and impressive specimen of Minnesota manhood. He stands 6′ 3″ tall in his socks and weighs 210 pounds, all bone and muscular flesh. His Size 12 shoes give him a firm stance on the ground, and his hands, which take Size 9½ gloves, give him a firm grip on the people he meets. His eyes, which are the same reddish-brown color as his thinning hair, are remarkably steady and level, due to his many years' expert handling of a rifle. (In one national rifle meet during his college days, Stassen made the absolutely perfect score of 400 bull's-eyes out of 400 tries.) His bland, impassive face rarely registers any excitement or strong emotion, and his conversation is 99.44 per cent serious. But sometimes, when he is feeling relaxed, he will flash a wide grin and an enormous wink which give him the look of a big, slap-happy sailor. Stassen's most arresting feature, however, is his head. It is a large, oddly shaped head which requires a specially designed hat of 7⅞ size. And it contains one of the biggest, busiest and most purposeful brains in American public life.

INTERNATIONAL



On active duty.

For more than two years now—ever since he got out of the Navy in late 1945—the Stassen brain and the powerful Stassen physique have been working in smooth co-ordination toward a single goal: to get Stassen nominated for President at the Republican Convention in June. If this statement makes him sound egotistical, it must be admitted that there is plenty of self-confidence in the Stassen make-up. But he is not a vain or domineering man. His ambition to be President is a normal and even logical development of the successful career he has already had in politics—on his college campus, in his home county, in his state (where he was elected governor at the precocious age of 31, and re-elected twice), in his party (he was the convention keynote speaker and Wendell Willkie's floor manager when he was only 33), and in national and world affairs (he was voted the most useful American delegate to the San Francisco Conference which organized the United Nations in 1945, by the correspondents who were present).

Along with this he was the chief administrative officer for Adm. William F. "Bull" Halsey in the Pacific from mid-1943 to the end of the war, and received two decorations and a letter of commendation for "distinguished service," including some under fire. Since the war he has traveled through much of Europe and Soviet Russia, and talked with 200 leading statesmen in 16 countries. He is doubtless the only candidate of either party who has visited the Kremlin at midnight to argue in favor of the capitalist system with Josef Stalin (see his article in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for July, '47).

Since the war also he has visited every one of the 48 states, delivered more than 2000 speeches and informal talks, engaged in at least 100

INTERNATIONAL



Tagged "youngest governor," the 31-year-old Republican took office in St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1939. He is receiving oath of office from state Chief Justice Henry M. Gallagher before assuming the duties of governorship.



This picture of the young politician in the yard of his old home with his o clad father, William A. Stassen, helped turn 1938 gubernatorial race to Stassen landslide. Opponent Elmer Benson was defeated by the farme

debates and open forums, lectured at Harvard, Amherst, Dartmouth, Columbia and other universities, appeared prominently at several congressional hearings, interviewed personally most of the active Republicans of the country, including large groups of county chairmen and ward leaders, and shaken hands several hundred thousand times.

He has also written a score of articles, ranging in subject from A Program for Progress to My Favorite Tree (he chose the oak), and a book entitled Where I Stand, in which many of his political ideas and proposals are set down in black and white for any voter to read. His writing and lecture fees during 1946 alone netted him an income of $42,000, which was more than he received for four and a half years' service as governor of Minnesota. After paying his income tax on this, Stassen put practically all that was left into his Presidential campaign.

It would indeed be surprising if an American of Stassen's age (41), talents and achievements did not feel a strong urge to try for the big job in the White House. The unusual thing is that he has been frank and open about it all along, while some of the other candidates were putting on a great show of bashfulness, at least in public.

INTERNATIONAL



U.S. rifle champ, '26

TECHNIQUE OF A CANDIDATE

When Stassen was captain of the rifle team at the University of Minnesota, in the mid-1920's, he and a friend staged a show before a large crowd in the armory one night. The friend fastened Christmas-tree balls to the buttons of his coat and then stood in a sidewise position while Stassen, standing 100 feet away with his rifle, calmly and methodically shot the colored ornaments to bits. Nobody was hurt, but a number of spectators, including the president of the university, nearly had heart failure. Stassen admits today that this was a foolishly daring stunt, but at the time he didn't think so. He had practiced for weeks with a dummy, and he knew he would not miss unless he or his target suddenly became ill, insane or blind. This seemed like such a remote chance that they were both willing to risk it.

Stassen still takes an occasional long chance in politics, but only after the same kind of long, slow and patient preparation that he used to put into his rifle practice. He is one of the most deliberate and systematic men alive. When he has a hunch he discusses it with at least a dozen people before he does anything about it. Then, very often, he follows it.

One of the central features of his campaign—and, in fact, of his whole life—is a continuous opinion-sampling process, or miniature Gallup Poll, which goes on around him all the time. Most public men have an intimate group of friends and aides on whom they rely for suggestions and criticism. Stassen has a list of several hundred such ad- *(Continued on Page 240)*



Stassen doffs his size 7⅛ hat and wades into the Presidential campaign with a smile at least as big.

INTERNATIONAL

SOVFOTO



Stassen is the only candidate of either party to visit the Kremlin at midnight and argue with Stalin in favor of capitalism. Picture was snapped on Neva embankment at Leningrad during his 1947 tour of major Russian cities.



The Stassens have two children, Glen, age 12, and Kathleen, 6. On a Sunday-school-group trip, Harold was the only boy among twelve girls. One, Esther Glewwe, he later married. They own a small house in St. Paul.

"Don't be a fool, Anne," Mona told her.
"I know Dick. He hasn't changed a bit."

IT WAS MORE THAN A DREAM.

IT WAS SOMETHING SHE HAD TO HAVE—

EVEN IF SHE LOST EVERYTHING GETTING IT.

Mona has everything

BY AUDREY DEGRAFF

BRUCE came into the apartment kitchen, where Mona was putting his breakfast on the table. She was using her floral-sprigged Royal Doulton, and the design on her house coat seemed to match. Her dark hair was piled just anyhow on top of her head, giving her height and a whimsical dignity. She hadn't missed her lipstick, either, despite the early hour.

"Holy cats, darling, what struck you?" Bruce was ready for the office, ready to get his own breakfast, as he usually did. He raised one amused eyebrow and sat at the place she had ready for him.

"Coffee, sweet?" Mona lifted dark lashes, gave him a long, innocent look.

He watched her adoringly, making mock ceremony of spreading aside his knife and fork, saying, "Ha-h'm-m," as though he were head of a large household, and succeeding in looking like just what he was, a nice, good-natured guy.

Mona poured his coffee, and handed it to him with a smile that curled her lips and brought into play a very self-savoring dimple.

He bowed. "Thanks, sweetheart. Hope this doesn't rouse me out of my pleasant stupor." He took an approving gulp, grinned. "Now, what's on your mind?"

Mona leaned across the table, dropped and raised her eyes again, did the same thing with her voice. "Bruce, would you do a little research on the Blaisdell place? It's still empty. Dick Blaisdell is married and living in Texas, hasn't been here for five years. It wasn't even his, it was his family's. He'd probably be ——"

Bruce swallowed toast, pushed back his chair. "The house isn't even on the market. Not a dealer has it." He rose.

Mona rose with him; she kept slipping in front of him, looking up at him, all of her reproaching him that she didn't have the Blaisdell place. "You could make an offer."

"I could not." Bruce was in the hall now, Mona keeping pace with him. He reached for his hat, jammed it on his head.

"*I* could." She said that sweetly, but she said it; she'd said it before. It wasn't the best thing in the world to say to Bruce. It meant a lot; it meant that Bruce Marston earned a fair-enough salary, but not enough for the kind of car that Mona drove, the sort of clothes she wore, the clubs they belonged to, the things they did. This was Bruce's apartment, though. Mona crept close to him, tiny against him. She picked at his coat lapel. "'By," she whispered, and looked up at him sadly.

"Aw gee, honey," he pleaded, "don't."

Her eyes filled with slow tears.

"Mona, sweetheart, you mustn't. I'd give you the house, if I could. I ——"

"I can't help it," she confessed, and a weakness like this made her enchanting. "When I want something I just have to have it. I can't think of anything else until I get it."

Bruce kissed her. "Thinking won't hurt. 'By." He went out quickly, as though he were late, Mona thought, as though he had to be on time, as though he had to have that miserable job.

She turned back to the kitchen, drank four cups of coffee and did the dishes. No help in the darn town, not for any amount of money. Eating out was tiresome, monotonous. So was everything, except the house. Now, if she had the house, could start decorating —— Her spirits lightened, thinking of how she'd do it. Simplicity, charm, nothing like the modern elegance of the apartment. The Mount Vernon type of thing, that would be it.

Her thoughts carried her through dressing, driving downtown, going through a few stores. In the Town Shop she found a dress, copper-colored sequin blouse against a brown skirt. There was a mite of hat for it, a divine pair of gloves and bag, all with a sequin touch. *But I'm not interested in clothes now*, she thought. *I can buy that dress if I want it, but I don't want it. There's just one thing I want now, just one.*

She paused by the window of Hartley Bros. There was a corner of a room displayed, a little Victorian love seat, done in a large floral, a table with a few books, purse and gloves lying on the pseudo mantel above the glowing pseudo fire. *That's an idea, charm, interest.* Something had to happen there, nothing ordinary; romance, subtle romance spiced with intrigue, tempered by . . . oh, someone like Bruce. Nothing further than that, nothing that would put Bruce out of the picture. She

(Continued on Page 146)

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

How Good are Your Schools?

If you are worried about how little your child learns at school, here is a yardstick you can apply where it is most needed.

BY WILLIAM G. CARR

Associate Secretary, National Education Association of the United States; Secretary of the Educational Policies Commission.

THE Greek philosopher Aristotle found it necessary to warn his countrymen over two thousand years ago of a simple but annoying truth. It is, he told them, in the nature of all human institutions to decline. At first glance this may seem like pure pessimism, but Aristotle was no pessimist. What, then, did he mean, and how does it concern us in dealing with our public-school system today?

All of us will admit that if the owner of a home, a farm or a business neglects it, it will run down. We do not regard this admission as pessimism; we accept it as simple fact. The same rule holds true of our schools; left to themselves, they too run down, and stagger under the ever-increasing load that is thrust upon them. Happily, it is possible to counteract this decline. Where interest is high, human institutions prosper. Nowhere is this more clearly shown than in typical recent records of some of our schools.

In Barrington, Illinois, within a single year, aroused citizens reorganized their school district, planned and financed a modern high-school building and gave an impetus to their public schools which is still getting results.

In Las Vegas, Nevada, eager and intelligent community interest in the schools brought higher teacher salaries, higher teaching standards, better reading classes, school nurses, school lunches, and new courses in music, art, agriculture, auto mechanics and business.

In Decatur, Illinois, parent interest paid off in the establishment of kindergartens, new courses in job training, and a program of adult education.

In New York Mills, New York, the residents, led by the board of education, asked for and got an industrial-arts program, redecorated school buildings, university experts to assist the teachers, a streamlined modern cafeteria to replace the old lunchroom, expanded recreational facilities, new furniture—and a bond issue for a new school building.

Ideally, every child born under the American flag should have an equal chance to get a good education. Actually, it makes a great difference whether he is born in, for example, Maine or Mississippi. He would have to go to Mississippi schools for fourteen years to secure as much schooling as he would get in Maine in ten years.

So great are the variations in quality in our schools, from one district to another, and from state to state, that national averages conceal more truth than they reveal. Despite our national unity of aim, a school is only as good as its community wants and works for. In studying our school system there is only one question that makes much sense, either in results or statistics: "How good are the schools in *your* community?"

Now, a complete analysis of a school system is a technical and intricate process. You cannot measure a school's quality as easily as you can weigh a pound of potatoes. But you *can* succeed in making a rough estimate of the quality of your school. This article should help you in making such an estimate.

Before we get out our yardstick and grade the school, however, let us make a quick check on ourselves. What do you want of your schools? Are your own expectations and demands up to par—or better—in terms of what can be had from education today? The lowest level of demand asks simply that children be kept off the street, out of mischief and sheltered from the weather, in order that they may learn

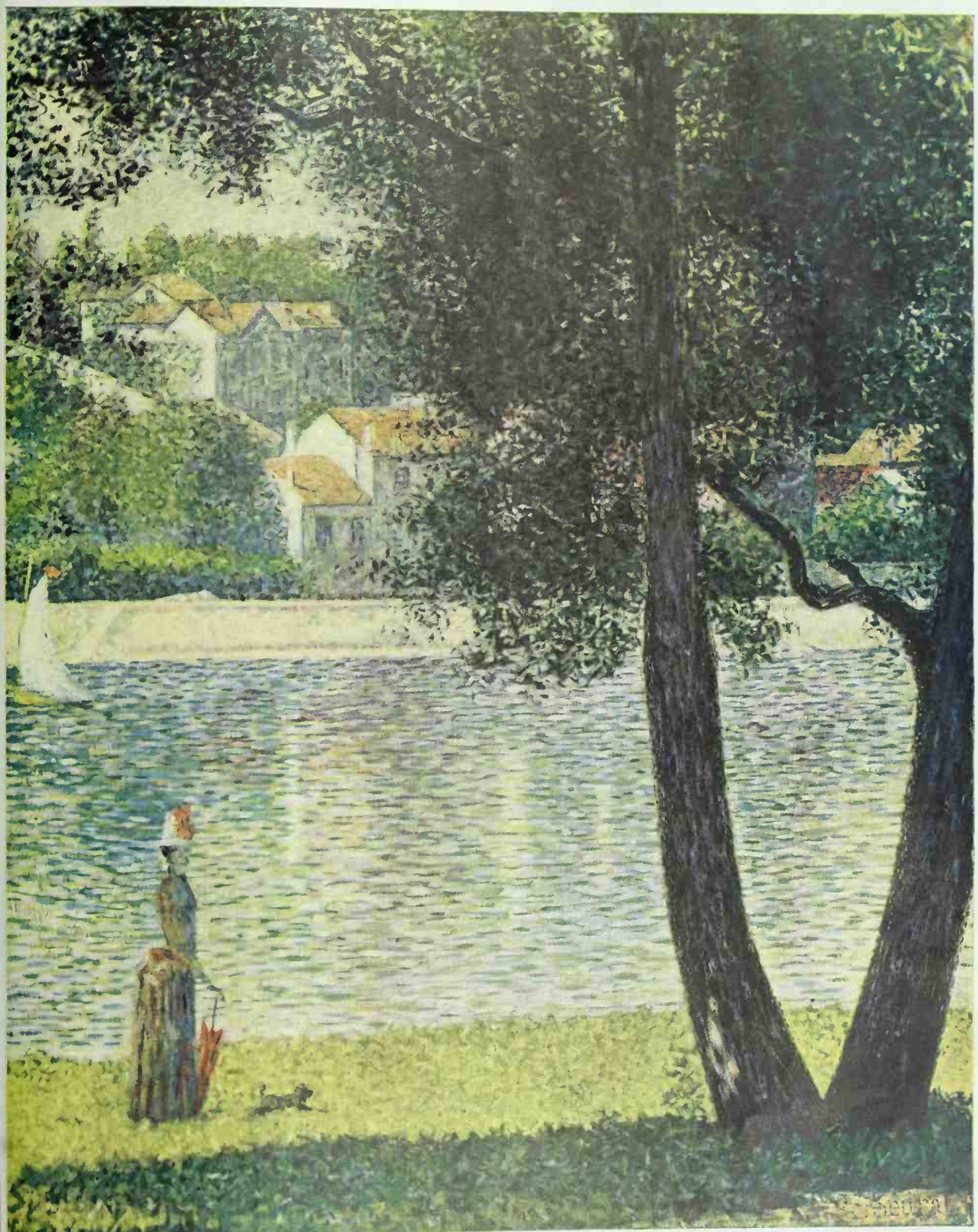
(Continued on Page 290)

GEORGES-PIERRE SEURAT, 1859-1891

Can art and science be reconciled? This problem has fascinated many artists from the Renaissance to the present day. Georges-Pierre Seurat, who died in 1891 at the age of thirty-one, made the greatest effort since Leonardo da Vinci to weld the two together. During the nineteenth century three scientists, Chevreul, Maxwell and Rood, discovered important facts regarding the nature of color and arrived at a principle ultimately known as the optical mixture of tones. That is, they found that small areas of different colors placed side by side will combine at a distance on the retina of the eye, somewhat as though the pigments of the colors themselves had been mixed on the artist's palette. But optical mixture gives a greater luminosity of tone than pigment mixture, since the blending is not of material colors but of colored rays of light. In *Seine at Courbevoie* the river is made up of myriad spots of color, which combine at a distance to form an infinity of reflected tones. These, blending together, produce the effect of the shimmer of water in full sunlight.

The same principle of optical mixture was applied by the Impressionists, but they used it to convey the fugitive aspects of Nature, while Seurat used it to express the timeless character of a static world. Before beginning a picture he made innumerable studies in black and white and in color, and when he worked on the final canvas he knew so exactly what he wanted to do that he painted one section after another without ever having to step back to see the general effect. When friends praised his canvases he said, "They see poetry in what I have done. No, I apply my method and that is all there is to it." Yet his friends were right. There is more than method in his work. There is also a mood, a quality of feeling very unusual in modern art. For Seurat belongs to the tradition of the Egyptian carvers, of the sculptors of the Parthenon, of Piero della Francesca and Velásquez. His mood, like theirs, is impassive, unself-conscious, disdainful of specialized expression of emotion. This impersonal detachment lends his paintings a tranquillity, serene and majestic. They seem to exist "at the still point of the turning world."

—JOHN WALKER, *Chief Curator, National Gallery of*



OWNED BY MME. GINETTE CACHIN-SIGNAC, OF PARIS, PART OF THE COLLECTION OF FRENCH XIX-CENTURY PAINTINGS "DE DAVID A NOS JOURS" LOANED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART.

Seine at Courbevoie, by Georges-Pierre Seurat



INTERNATIONAL

"Health, excellent. Disposition, nasty. Patience, still some left."—Burma, 1943.

GENERAL

The commander of a war theater of the United States Army is the most important and most lonesome of all men in whatever area he serves. He can have no intimates or friends to share his fears and worries. The pressures and strains that bear upon him are unrelenting; he must resolve them all in the clarity of decisions upon which the lives of men and the security of the republic depend.

The quality of introversion which such terrible responsibility brings found its only release in General Stilwell in a series of papers, letters and journal jottings which were found after his death among his effects. These papers were written for himself alone. They were written in the sharp, hard language of command and bitterness; they present only one facet of his many-sided character. There is no reflection in them of the generosity, the kindliness, the warmth of love which won him so enduring a loyalty among those who knew him best.

The papers brought together here come from three sources. The first source is his personal command journal, which was kept faithfully throughout the war. The second source consists of longer essays and analyses usually written during periods of reflection when Stilwell for his own satisfaction attempted to summarize a situation, sharpen his perception of character, or think through a particularly vexing problem. The third source is General Stilwell's letters to Mrs. Stilwell. Material in brackets [ ] is added as editorial explanation.

Excerpts from the book shortly to be published by William Sloane Associates. Copyright, 1948, by Winifred A. Stilwell.

MAP BY JERRY CUMMINS

Burma was a Japanese-occupied wedge between India and China. Stilwell alone believed that raw Chinese troops could push through North Burma and break the blockade. Arrows show the sweep of battle: X force was under Stilwell, Y force under Dorn.



by GEN. JOSEPH W. STILWELL
Edited and arranged by
Theodore H. White

STILWELL REPORTS

It is with deep feeling and pride that I present these words of my husband, Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell. General Stilwell's military career began in 1900, when he entered the United States Military Academy at the age of seventeen. After his graduation he saw service in the Philippine Islands with the 12th Infantry. Between the two world wars, he was stationed in China for a total of ten years.

In 1921, he served in Shansi province as construction engineer on a road being built by the American Red Cross for famine relief. In Shansi, he spent months working and living with Chinese laborers and peasants. In 1927, he spent several months as an observer of the Chinese armies then engaged in civil war. During a later assignment as military attaché, attached to the American Embassy in Peking, he learned to know Chinese officials and military leaders of the highest rank.

Few people realize that General Stilwell throughout the greatest years of his career was almost blind. The explosion of an ammunition dump during World War I caused a severe injury to the left eye so that he could not distinguish the fingers on a hand at three feet. The vision of the right eye required heavy correction and constant use of glasses. During the trying days in Chungking, as well as during the jungle campaigns in Burma, it was often necessary to work by candlelight. His indomitable urge to do his job, and do it well, forced him to strain the one remaining eye.

It is my hope that the publication of these journals will bring a clearer understanding of the problems America faces in China.

—MRS. JOSEPH W. STILWELL.

N the day the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor, the United States Army was scattered thin along the Pacific Coast of our country. Four ny and one Marine Corps divisions—in all, ne 100,000 men—were spread from Puget nd to San Diego. These units were under the r-all command of Lieut. Gen. John L. DeWitt, mmander of the 4th Army.

Maj. Gen. Joseph Warren Stilwell, as senior tical commander in California, was directly re- nsible to DeWitt. Stilwell's command was the I Corps with headquarters at Monterey. On the rning of Pearl Harbor Sunday, General and s. Stilwell were entertaining the officers of the I Corps staff at their Carmel home. A telephone g, and Mrs. Stilwell answered it. It was a nd calling—"Turn on your radio. The Japs attacking Pearl Harbor." Mrs. Stilwell blurted news to her husband, and the party con- ged on the nearest radio.

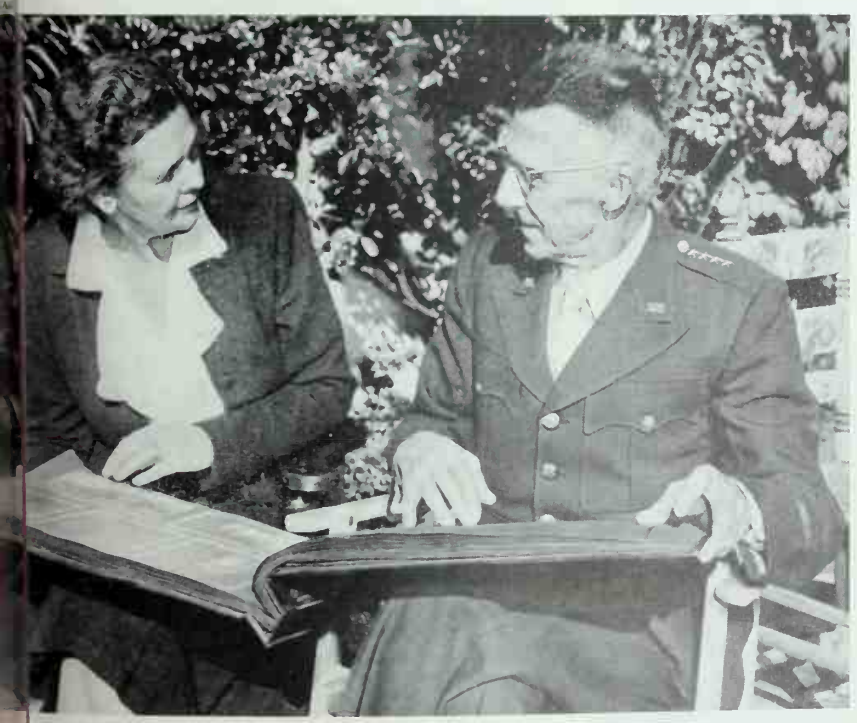
ometime that afternoon or evening, General well found time to scribble the first entry in wartime diaries. T. H. W.

ember 7, 1941. Japs attack Hawaii. [Plan] NBOW 5 in effect. 3:00 P.M. Goode phoned. Jap t 20 miles south, 10 miles out [of Monterey]. t Dorn to [Ft.] Ord to call off show and alert ison. Phoned Hearn to start reconnaissance. Phoned Hearn to have Dorn call enlisted men back to camp.

3:30 phoned White at Ord. White to send reconnaissance troop down Highway No. 1. Guam being attacked.

December 11. Up at 6:30. Saw Moon. No bombers here. Out in desert. But eighty to a hundred B-17s on coast. Navy—no ships, no planes, or very few.

I had just gotten to Mittelstadt's command post in Balboa Park, San Diego, when the phone rang and Dorn was told there was an urgent call for me. He took it down and handed it to me. "The main Japanese battle fleet is 164 miles off San Francisco. General alert of all units." I believed it, like a damn fool, and walked around the room trying to figure what to do. I imagined a wild rush up to Frisco with all available troops, and the first thing to do seemed to be to inform the Marines at Camp Elliott. So we dashed out and barged in, and saw General Vogel, a calm, solid citizen who, although under forty-eight hours' notice, agreed at once to play ball. Then we phoned Army to check on the language and the position, which by latitude was *460* miles out, instead of *160*. Then Colonel Howard, Vogel's chief of staff, came in with Navy's estimate of Jap force in Hawaiian waters. (Four heavy ships, two to four aircraft



eral Stilwell wrote full, frank letters to his wife, noted wedding anniversaries in diary, dreamed of his home at Carmel, California. "I found out what Carmel ans," he wrote from abroad. "'Vineyard of the Lord'—and ain't that the truth?"

INTERNATIONAL



Stilwell, Madame Chiang Kai-shek and the Generalissimo. Of Madame Chiang, Stilwell wrote: "direct, forceful, energetic, loves power, eats up publicity and flattery . . . is a great help on occasion." He referred to Chiang by nickname "Peanut."



U. S. ARMY PHOTO

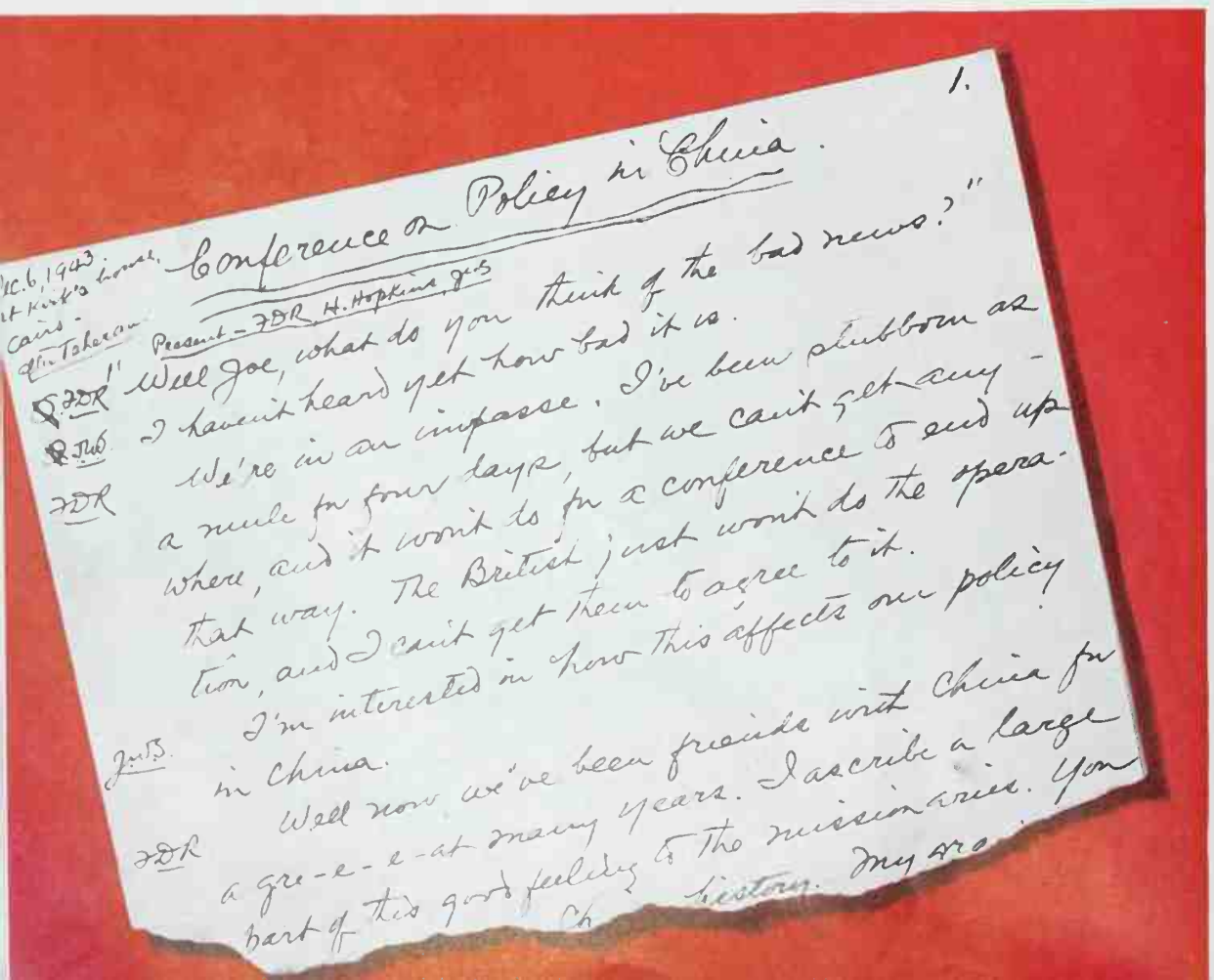
1943: flight from Burma; 140 miles, 20 days, on foot. The objective was elemental: survival.

carriers, eight destroyers, some subs.) They guessed it might be this force, in for a raid, and they calmed me down some, enough to get to Dawley's command post without going nuts.

Of course Army passed the buck on this report. They had it from a "usually absolutely reliable source," but they should never have put it out without check. They added that the 4th Air Force had gone after the Japs, but they did not report results, which of course were negative. Then, when a Navy patrol scoured the area and found nothing, they had to admit the report was not dependable. (I stopped at Encinitas to phone Hearn, and he said then that the Navy had already reported negatively.)

December 22. How things do fall on you out of a clear sky. Hearn knocked on my door at 6:30 and said Bradley was on the phone. He was. Bryden had called from Washington and I am to shove off at once for work on a war plan, for some expeditionary force which Bradley implied I was to command. He emphasized the fact that *I would be away for some time.* (You can bet on *that.*)

December 25. The family made it Christmas for me, but the clock went too fast. Packed next day and off at 9:30—the family all at the front door to see me off. Not a tear in the crowd—just smiles and waves for good luck. Reached Washington in bright sunshine, 4:00 P.M. Xmas Eve. Reported to Adjutant General.



Half page from Stilwell diary, on meeting Roosevelt and Hopkins after the Teheran conference. Later, he noted "A brief experience with international politics confirms me in my preference for driving a garbage truck."

"What will the Americ

Went to War Plans Division and found Gerow out but Eisenhower in. Latter gave me a jolt about [Plan] BLACK. From there went down to the War College and saw Maloney. That was the 24th and they handed me the first directive, for Dakar.

Pretty gloomy. Chow at Pennsylvania Avenue with Smith and Dorn. Had chow at dog wagon.

Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. What a brave picture for a guy off to who knows where or what. It meant a lot to me to see you all there at the front door, everybody cheerful and facing the music. Good omen for a good ending to all this crazy business, and you sounded the note of optimism I needed. We may have some dark times ahead, but I'm sure we are coming out of it. This country is a slow starter, but it is full of guts, and we are going to win.

In Washington, General Stilwell found that he had been chosen to command the first blow against the enemy.

America's first offensive plans of the war were being put on paper, and Stilwell was charged with organizing the great attack that a year later finally resulted in the American campaign in North Africa.

Washington was suffused with the first turbulence of war's vast confusion. It was General Stilwell's duty to bring together men, plans and resources in a draft of action.

December 26. Nobody knows where I'm going. Up to see Gerow at 1:00. Waited till 4:00. No Gerow. Back to War College. Everybody is "in conference" or going to, or coming from. This A.M. it was Dakar, this P.M. it is Casablanca.

Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. My impression of Washington is a rush of clerks in and out of doors, swing doors always swinging, people with papers rushing after other people with papers, groups in corners whispering in huddles, everybody jumping up just as you start to talk, buzzers ringing, telephones ringing, rooms crowded with clerks all banging away at typewriters.

Everything is uncertain and in the "planning stage." But I'll be here for some time yet.

January 14. Ordered out to a meeting at Stimson's house at 9:00 P.M. When I got there, found I was the only guest. Henry and I talked for an hour and a half on China. Apparently he doesn't care for the selection of ——. Has been looking all over for the right man to go out and run the show. Thinks the Chinese will accept an American commander. Told him I doubted it, but he had that distinct impression. Asked me how I felt, and I told him I'd go where I was sent.

eople say when they finally learn the truth?"

From a letter to Mrs. Stilwell, September, 1944.

He said, "More and more, the finger of destiny is pointing at you."

Walked back.

January 16. Chief of Staff sent for me at 2:30. Up there till 5:00 talking over China. Stimson didn't want to consider me, "because he had his head down." (Referring to the way I was sitting one day.) George [Marshall] told him the only reason I had my head down was probably because I was getting ready to butt something. So the Secretary [Henry Stimson] said he'd see me, and I went up. Next day Henry [Stimson] said he had been stimulated, and that George should keep his eye on me, because I might be a commander. So George told him, hell, that's just what he'd been telling Henry. So Henry says —— won't do, and I believe has told George to sound me out. George said how about it and who else is there. They had considered —— and —— and —— and turned them all down.

So I said, "What's the job?" and he gave me the paper. Co-ordinate and smooth out and run the road [The Burma Road, then still in operation and the only communication between China and the West] and get the various factions together and grab command and in general give 'em the works.

Are the chances for getting results good? I said yes if I have command. "What'll we do about that?" Ask Chiang if he'll do it. "O.K. Write out the question." So I went out and wrote it and he's sending it to T. V. Soong. The angle is that I may be appointed chief of staff of Chiang Kai-shek's joint staff, whatever that is, and in carrying out Chiang Kai-shek's instructions, I exercise command. Well, there it is. Either they refuse and I don't go, or they accept, and maybe I do. Events are moving fast, and so George said, "By the time you get there, you may be in command in Australia. Also, we'll make you a lieutenant general." (The Chinese specified a rank above brigadier, on account of the Russian lieutenant generals and full generals.)

January 21. George Marshall: "It's hard as hell to find anybody in our high command who's worth a damn. There are plenty of good young ones, but you have to reach too far down."

Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. Pinky, Sandy and I had sea food for dinner and then we went to a movie. How Green Was My Valley. It is one of the best films I ever saw, with a lot of background singing by a Welshmen's choir. It doesn't quite touch The Informer, but it's as good in a different way.

My routine is about as interesting as if I were in jail. These lads who are stationed here permanently sure have my sympathy. Six months of this and I'd be screaming in my sleep.

Edwards brought the chocolates and mail. I liked the letter best, but am grateful for the peppermints. Conferences continue. I had an hour and a half with the Secretary of War, at his home, so you can see your old man has stepped into rarefied atmosphere. Not that that means anything. Everybody "confers" all the time. Outside of these affairs, we scribble plans and then do them over again, or switch to new ones, *ad nauseam*. I won't be here forever, but that's as much as I can say.

All the while the plans for the future were being shaped on Washington's drafting boards, the outline of present events grew worse. The critical point of disaster, for America, seemed to be Asia: there, the Japanese had seized Hong Kong, isolated the Philippines, invaded Malaya, occupied Thailand, and seemed about to sweep away every Allied defense point north of Australia.

Stilwell had had long prewar service in Asia; he was regarded by the Army as its most accomplished student of Oriental affairs. He knew the government of China, had toured its battle fronts in the early years of the war against Japan, spoke and read Chinese.

Secretary of War Stimson had invited Stilwell to dinner to discuss the China situation with him. Their friendship was to grow steadily during the war years. To Stimson after their conversation it seemed that Stilwell could serve the nation more effectively, immediately, in Burma against the Japanese than in leading the indefinite and much debated North African campaign.

Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. They have made up their minds about me: first working on one plan, then on another, and so on. A new one is now injected and we are setting that up. I think I can take most of the boys along with me. We have to start sooner than I had expected, but I will come out to the Coast to see you. I am going where I believe you would want me to go. A respectable job in a mixed sort of capacity. Now that the load is on me I can feel it and begin to have all sorts of doubts. Can I do anything worth while? Or will I ball it up? What if I don't put it over? etc.

Well, that will wear off and anyway, I can only pitch in and try.

February 2. Saw Chief of Staff about policy, etc. Got some dope. Packed. Office at 1:50. Cold. Haircut. Left at 6:30. Fine dinner.

February 3. Home [Carmel] at 11.00. Grand day.

(Continued on Page 166)

INTERNATIONAL



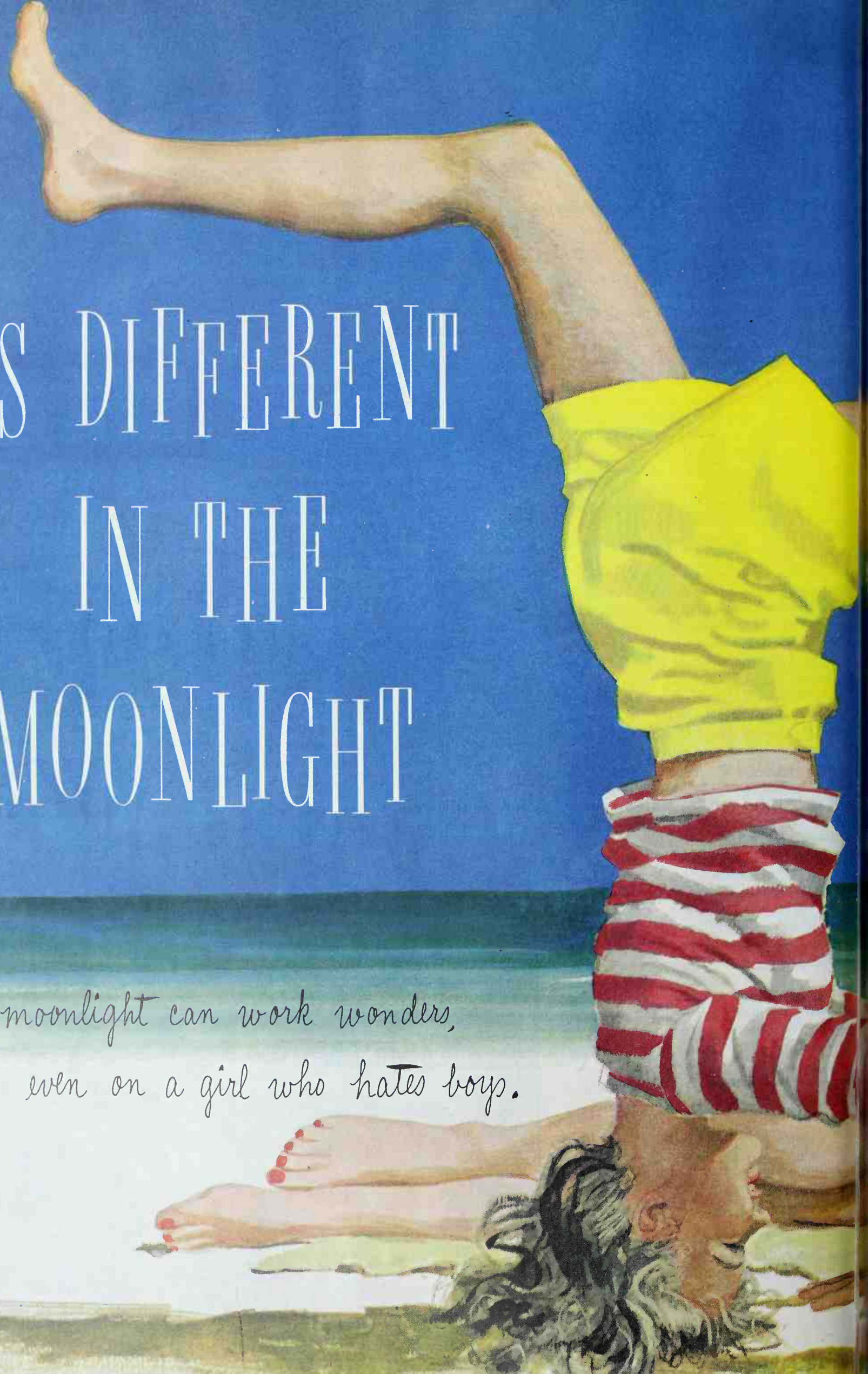
Stilwell dutifully bestowed the Legion of Merit on Chiang on behalf of President Roosevelt, but wrote of Chiang: "He is responsible for the major disasters of the war."

U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS



he general with Col. Frank Hunter, of the Marauders, efore the final drive on Myitkyina. The Marauders rotected Stilwell's Chinese troops by ambushing Japnese on their flanks; later were decimated by disease.

IT'S DIFFERENT IN THE MOONLIGHT



The moonlight can work wonders,
even on a girl who hates boys.

By Dorothy McDowell

EVERY year in the summer, we go to the Cape: not the Cape you read about, but a sort of remote corner filled with people, not tourists, and there are six cottages there and we know all the people that go there every summer just like we do, except when somebody rents theirs like the Marsdens did this year. That really turned out to be a good deal, although at first I thought it was going to be awful in spite of the fact that the new people, Mr. and Mrs. Meade, played much better bridge than the Marsdens did, my mother said, and my father said that was a dubious compliment because it would be hardly possible for anybody to play worse bridge than Harry Marsden, who led away from his ace and always discarded his re-entry, from which you can see that bridge means a great deal to my mother and father. The reason I thought it was going to be a not very good deal was because the Meades had a son in their family, and if there was anything on earth I couldn't stand it was dumb boys who always think they're so smart and know more than girls about things like sailing and fishing and all, and always showing off, and then going all goopy and horrible over some girl and acting like she was made of eggs and might break, when anybody knows girls are lots better at things than boys except boys won't admit it. Anyway, this boy Sam turned out to be not quite so revolting as most boys and he had a simply shrewd boat and didn't hardly act like a boy, so we got along quite well.

It was just like always on the Cape and I got a good tan in about three days and stuck all those dopey dresses my mother makes me wear in the winter in the back of my closet, and we had quite a few good picnics on the island and a wienie roast and then Bill came home.

Bill is the only man I know of except possibly my father when he is in the right mood that it is possible to act with like a human being. I hadn't seen him in six years, which made me only a *(Continued on Page 280)*

"It's from your dream man," said Janie. "I hope he doesn't write as dopey as the last one you were engaged to."



ILLUSTRATED BY

The Girl that I Married

A perfect wife is a matter of opinion— and whose opinion is sounder than her husband's?

BY G. M. WHITE

SIX years of married life do not make one an expert on domestic relations. They do not make a man an expert even about his wife. The rising divorce rate for young married couples is easier to explain than one happy marriage. What makes a marriage last? I wish I knew. Marriage is the only journey that begins at the destination and is always beginning. Marriage failure is more comprehensible, for it has a beginning *and* an end, and more newsworthy, because happy marriages are still not extraordinary. When two young people in love marry, they feel that nothing exactly like it has ever happened before. I believe they are right.

Before we were married Jerry said that if she were to choose an accomplice for a murder she would choose me. After a long acquaintance with this obscure feminine logic, which has resulted in no murders but one birth, I concur. As a partner in crime I would choose my wife, for I know she would never betray me. She might have hives after we had disposed of the bodies, but no jury would link our evil deeds with her hives. Nothing more would ever pop out of her.

According to the latest marriage quiz we took together, our marriage should have deteriorated long ago. According to folklore, Jerry and I should never have married in the first place. I have no doubt that her friends wonder what she sees in me, and so do I. Among my friends I know that some of the lesser wits have mouthed, "I wonder what he sees in her."

But after six years of drastic testing I still choose her as a partner in living. I am not sure that I can explain why.

This is not the chapter in the story when he says, "Are you happy, honey?" and she replies with a coy sweep of her lashes, "Uh-huh!" Ask yourself nine times aloud, "Am I happy?" and see how silly it sounds. Living together does not make a man or woman dreamy-eyed; only the thought of it does. But happiness often finds us at home, and I am still curious about the girl that I married.

My mother seldom gave me advice, and the advice she did give me I seldom took, but once she told me never to marry a complaining woman, and that I have always remembered. I married a healthy person for whom the slightest deviation from normality is certain indication of deep psychosomatic disturbances. In her quiet way my wife sometimes appears thoughtless or unfeeling, but when she seems that way to me I know I am mistaken. You see, I know about the hives.

One dark night three days before Christmas in 1944 I was embarrassed by having the Navy plane in which I was flying disintegrate in a mid-air collision. The last luminous glare of the wobbly altimeter said 800 feet. I had just time to hit the silk and hit the ground—the only faintly glamorous thing I did in three and a half years of military service, and then I landed on my behind. At the naval air station I fumed through details of questioning and examination, anxious to get home on time so that Jerry would not be worried. About nine in the morning, when the sun was high, I made it. My wife was still asleep. (She refuses to get up in the morning, and when she finally does, she doesn't dress; still she never looks like any hell I ever imagined.)

"Hey, wake up! I bailed out last night. I'm all right. Some stuff, eh?"

Sure, she came to, but not less drowsily than on other mornings. Plainly she was unimpressed. I was so disgusted I went to bed without waiting for breakfast. I wasn't hungry anyway, and my back ached. While I was grateful that she never annoyed me about the dangers of flying, it seemed she might show an interest in my survival.

But although Jerry was, as she says, mouse-quiet, I couldn't sleep. After making many loud tortured noises, I managed to convince her that she should drive me to the station hospital. An X ray disclosed a compression fracture of the spine. I groaned at the thought of spending months in a hospital, but Jerry raced home and brought back my dress blues, which she thought would be useful to an invalid, and our small radio, which was, and I was flown to a regional hospital for treatment the next morning.

On Christmas Eve, after a fourteen-hour train ride, Jerry appeared in my hospital room lugging a large suitcase filled with our Christmas gifts (which included book ends, kitchen utensils and other weighty objects that she had to haul back). She also carried with some difficulty a little potted plant, which she presented to me.

"Isn't it sweet?" she cooed over it. All flowers delight her, and she collects little pots.

"*Just* what I wanted," I assured her.

She lit a candle Santa Claus to celebrate Christmas, but at nine o'clock all visitors had to leave, and only when she kissed me did I notice that her face *(Continued on Page 216)*

Why I still Love Him

One wife says that true love is love at first sight—strengthened by second sight.

BY JANE ALLEN

FOR seven years I followed a career which paid well, not only in dollars, but in the exercise of my training and abilities and in recognition from my associates. It was a wonderful period and could have been extended up an ascending ladder.

And then along came a man who kicked the ladder out from under me and won my signature to a contract for matrimony. Why did I do it? Why give up the exhilarating novelty of dates with a variety of men and bind myself to the monotony of one only? Why forfeit a nice income, entirely my own, to become a charge on his? Why leave a snug little flat, whose care was the labor of the apartment-house maid, to take on all the planning, cooking, serving and cleaning in seven rooms for a family that has become five people?

Accounting for this folly would include, I suppose, such influences as social expectations, dread of spinsterhood and the urge toward fulfillment in children. But the determining factor probably was romantic love. In view of the way the venture has turned out, I cannot regret the memories of the first kiss on a spring night flavored with the scent of wistaria, the fears and jealousies out of all proportion to their causes, the agonizing separations and ecstatic reunions, the picnics on the beach, the dizzy midnights in supper clubs, the moonlight and roses, the corsages and butter creams.

Yet, in the very moment of treasuring my memory's souvenirs, I shudder to think how easily I could have been led astray by the blinding business of "falling in love." I know so much more about Frank now than I knew about him at the altar, and so much more about the content of marriage, that it is the better part of the truth to confess that I was entering the unknown with a stranger.

If by now I consider our contract the best deal I ever made and continue to love him, it is largely because I like and respect him as a human being. The more I see of marital bliss and misery, the more I am convinced that, in general, fine marriages are made by fine people, whose love is sustained and deepened from sources other than itself.

When I try naming the personal qualities of the male partners to such successful marriages as I know of (including my own), I get a confusing list. But in the confusion I am sure I see two lines of consistency. I see one community of traits and attitudes—sympathetic understanding, appreciativeness, helpfulness, courtesy, fellow feeling, and so on—which has the effect of producing a *co-operative enterprise*. And then I see another community of traits and attitudes—zest, amiability, humor, and so on—whose effect is to make for *enjoyable companionship*. The term "companionate marriage" has picked up a soiled meaning, and this is too bad, because marriage at its best, in this modern western world, should be—can be—an adventure in companionship.

One thing that makes a real intimacy nearly impossible is the condescending, faintly and fondly contemptuous attitude on the part of so many men toward the feminine role. There seems to exist among males, as if they were under a compulsion to build themselves up, a self-protective fraternal conspiracy dedicated to maintaining the fiction that the real and important activities of life are carried on by them out in the market places. They see themselves striding forth to run the world, whilst the "little woman," lulled and innocent, remains witless and safe in the calm sweet sanctuary of the home doing "woman's work." Yet how often I have observed these big strong males, after a long week end with the family, run practically screaming back to their work places on Monday morning! They can't take it—and then, what they can't take, they deride.

Well, this I have been spared. Frank is able to give me the impression that what I do is exacting, exhausting, valuable and important. He does not belittle "the little woman." I feel that I am more to him than a cheaply hired housekeeper and governess.

It is probable that, being immensely kind, he ladles out a certain amount of graciously concocted applesauce, but I do not believe he looks down a long nose at my responsibilities to find them piffling. It gives me value in my own eyes to know that he values me, as a person, as a manager of our household and its economy, as a practical psychologist and personnel director, as something of a craftsman in foods, fabrics, sewing, interior decorations and outdoor gardening, as a hostess and as a confidante for his ambitions, plans and anxieties.

He does not ridicule me, either with indifference or supercilious amusement, because I go to a child-psychology class and participate in a co-operative nursery school, that I work for the election of a woman to the local school board, that I help to bring lecturers, concerts

(Continued on Page 288)

MRS. NEGLEY'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

THE crossword puzzles in the newspaper were a great comfort to old Mrs. Negley. They were just about the only thing she could do that didn't interfere with anyone's plans or cost extra money; and they put no strain on her rheumatic joints. But above all, they filled in the time and gave her the illusion of being busy and occupied. Friday was her birthday. She woke early—it was really a good thing, after all, that she didn't live with her daughter-in-law and son, for she might have disturbed them—and hobbled to the door of her kitchenette apartment to get the paper. She was glad there was no one in the corridor to see her in her shabby gray flannel robe. But it felt cozy and it was like an old friend.

Perhaps today she'd be too busy to need her puzzle. She had invited three ladies for cards and coffee in the afternoon. And, although they hadn't mentioned it, Edward and Alison might be planning to have a birthday dinner for her at their home. She hoped so. It had been five days now since she had seen Judy, her granddaughter; and she was homesick for a sight of the tall, gentle child.

Probably the longing to be part of her family—to see them, to touch them, to listen to their voices—wasn't any worse on special occasions; but it seemed so.

She was putting her breakfast dishes away when the telephone rang. The children! Breathless, she hurried across the room, afraid that they might not wait until she got the right end of the phone to her ear. Judy's eager young voice first:

"Gram! I'm sick about it! There's a basketball game after school, way out in Elmhurst, and supper afterward. I got you a present, though, and I'll come to see you tomorrow."

Then, before she'd had time to be disappointed, Edward's voice, still sleepy, but large and hearty: "How's my best girl? Feel young enough to try a night club?" He meant it kindly; but sometimes he made her feel ashamed, talking to her as if she were a silly old child. Alison might not be affectionate, but she never did that. She heard Alison, just inside the range of the instrument, saying crossly:

"Oh, Ed, for heaven's sake, she'll think we're taking her out tonight. Let me explain!"

Alison explained in the clipped voice that sounded just the way she looked—clever and fashionable, and surprisingly young to be the mother of slender, shy Judy. There'd have to be a rain check on the birthday dinner. The maid was going out; and besides, they had a tiresome party for some of Ed's business people. But they'd come in to bring her their present and wish her a happy birthday. She could count on it absolutely.

She really didn't mind about the dinner; she was proud that Edward and Alison were so much in demand for social affairs. But it worried her sometimes that they quarreled so much. Edward, with his ruddy good looks, was a woman's man—always had been. Alison must have her secret heartaches. And Judy was just at the sensitive age when the woman she would become depended so much on the home she lived in now.

Wincing as she bent to put on her shoes, she thought, *If only I had a chance to do something for them!* But what did they need from her, an old woman to whom even tying her shoes was a fresh and painful problem each day? She couldn't work crossword puzzles for them, and that was about all she was good for now. It was the other way around; they did for her. Ever since her small income had dwindled so alarmingly a while back, Edward had given her an allowance each month.

She remembered Alison's explaining crisply that the allowance wouldn't cost any more than having her come to live with them, which would mean a larger apartment. "If you take a less expensive room at the hotel, *(Continued on Page 159)*



ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

No matter how many birthdays one has, this is the perfect gift ★ *By Adelaide Gerstley*

Smiling, she held out a tiny packet. "Here's
your birthday present, gram. I hope you like it."

Postscript to a Lovely Evening

"THIS is for you," he had said, giving her the corsage box as he had helped her out of the car. "It isn't anything—just a dandelion." And now in the powder room—that bright white place of stark tile and porcelain that spoke so bluntly of being a men's room set aside for girls on special occasions like this—she lifted the cover of the box, parted the white tissues gently and uncovered the flowers. Twin camellias, deep pink, cool, perfect. No one had ever given her camellias before. Back in the days when she used to go to college dances, she had had gardenias, roses, an orchid now and then, but never camellias. She lifted them carefully out of the box. They would go in her hair, of course. She wouldn't trust them on the dress. Not, certainly, this strapless job. She looked over at the two girls who were helping each other with their corsages.

"I wonder—when you're through—would one of you mind helping me with these? I—I'd like to put them in my hair, but I don't know whether they'll stay."

The girl in the red dress smiled friendlily. "Oh, I think they will." She finished pinning the other girl's flowers and came over. "Got a couple of bobby pins?" Lee placed the camellias just behind her ear and the girl fastened them securely in place with three bobby pins and a small comb. "There. That'll hold, I think."

"Thanks," Lee said.

She looked at herself quietly in the mirror. It was unbelievable. She had never looked like this before in her life, had never even hoped to look like this. Like distilled essence of moonlight and magnolias. The black dress, its boned bodice melted to the lines of her body, flared at the hips to a froth of net. In contrast to the black, her neck and shoulders were startlingly white and smooth, the flesh delicately rounded over the bones, and her hair, thick and heavy, brushed unfamiliarly against her bare skin.

Five years ago she wouldn't have had a dress like this. And more to the point, even if she had, she couldn't have worn it. She was such a rail of a thing during that short, terrible year with Philip. Her bones would have stood out in unlovely ridges underneath her flesh, and black would have made her look like a starved waif. Besides, Philip would have been uncomfortable taking her to a dance in a dress like that, strapless—naked-looking.

All the same, she wondered about the dress. It didn't seem to fit quite so snug as it had when she had tried it on after the alterations the day before. She could have lost weight. That was the trouble with having a body that registered emotions like a seismograph. She lifted her arms above her head, twisted her shoulders this way and that in front of the mirror. Behind her, she saw a smile on the face of the girl in the red dress.

"What's the matter?" the girl said. "Haven't you ever worn a strapless before?"

She lowered her arms, folded them across her waist. "N-no. And frankly, I'm worried."

The girl burst out laughing. "Well, don't stand all hunched up like that. Expand yourself!" She arched her chest in example, made a circle of thumb and forefinger in the high sign of encouragement, and swept out.

Lee watched the door close after her, became aware of the stillness of the room, the unwinking glare of fluorescent lights, the coldness of mirror and chrome and white plaster walls. The litter of tissue and green florist boxes and broken ribbon only intensified the emptiness of the place. Not exactly what you would call haven, but that's what it was for her, for this moment. And she wished in sudden, unreasoning panic that she didn't have to leave it.

Outside, there was a dance going on—the first Harvard formal she'd been to in five years. Outside, there was a stranger waiting for her—a man she'd met for the first time last week. Outside, there might be Philip. Well, that was all right. If she had to meet him, she couldn't have chosen a better time. She had never looked more stunningly different from the girl she used to be. She gave a last look in the mirror and thought of the girl in the red dress. "Expand yourself," the girl had said. She gave her reflection a small grin, lifted her head, took a deep breath and walked out.

Paul was waiting for her at the bottom of the steps leading up to the ballroom. She was struck anew by the crazily unblended sophistication and naïveté of his features: the black cowlick spurting in small-boy abandon over his forehead; the quick, intelligent, all-too-knowing look of the narrow, slanting eyes; the placid, Cheshire-cat wideness of his mouth. A far cry, certainly, from the beautifully regular, thoroughly jelled good looks Philip had. And that was all right too. She was a far cry from the dazzled little innocent who had attached such *(Continued on Page 261)*

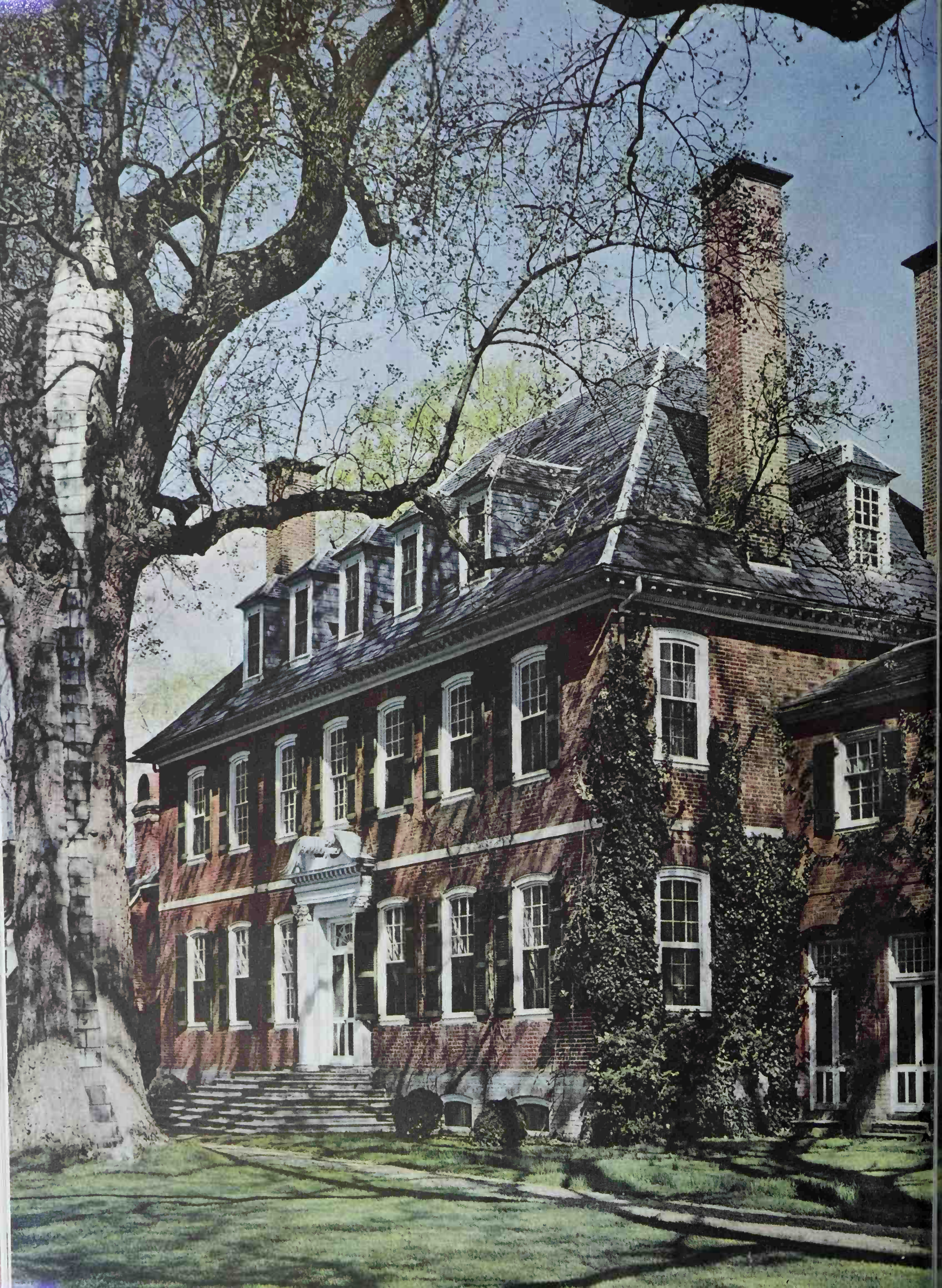
It was all here. The man, the girl, and a moon . . .

with the shadow of the past across it. ☆ By Ruth Morgan



She had never looked like this before in her life—had never hoped to look like this.

TRIED BY



Along the Lower James

BY RICHARD PRATT
Architectural Editor of the Journal

THERE are two distinct parts to the program of the Colonial concert that is played along the lower James. One is devoted to the harmonious symphony of town buildings known as Colonial Williamsburg; the other includes at least five separate masterworks—the beautiful country mansions called Carter's Grove and Westover, Shirley, Berkeley and Brandon. Taken all together, it is probably the finest performance of eighteenth-century architecture in the country.

Like most of the early great plantation houses of the Southern tidewater sections, these opulent dwellings were built where they could best be reached by boat, the land approaches then being little more than tracks through the wilderness. Indeed, this latter fact comes over you even today, as by long wooded ways you make your pilgrimage in spring to these grand old establishments. You get a feeling of what a trip it must have been to town for those first proprietors.

Town for them was Williamsburg, capital of the Colony of Virginia; and it was here that the wealthy owners of Westover, Carter's Grove and the rest came by boat and horseback to call on the governor at his palace, sit in the legislature, handle cases in court, and carry on their business affairs. Here they might meet up with George Washington for dinner at the Raleigh Tavern, take in a Congreve comedy with Thomas Jefferson, consult with Patrick Henry on a point of law, or discuss a son's college career at William and Mary with George Wythe, in the house which occupies the next two pages. Thanks to the munificence of Mr. Rockefeller, the town of Williamsburg has been so faithfully brought back to life that you see it now as it was two centuries ago. And here, on these pages, thanks to Mrs. Archibald McCrea, of Carter's Grove; to Mrs. Richard Crane, of Westover; and to the Colonial Williamsburg, we give you houses from both town and country at their best.

Westover

When William Byrd in 1729 wrote to a friend in London that "in a year or two I intend to set about building a very good house," he made something of an understatement; for what he did in fact erect was the masterpiece on the opposite page—the mansion called Westover. As you can see, the morning sun across the James lights up one of the loveliest façades in America, shines on one of the most beautiful doorways in the world.

For Colonial beauty on a smaller scale—
some typical town houses in Williamsburg.

PHOTOS BY PRATT



St. George Tucker, law professor, lived here in 1789.



The 1799 house of an early judge, James Semple.



Built about 1756, here actress Sarah Hallam died.



The reconstructed house of William Levingstone.

PRATT

Facing the Palace Green in Williamsburg is one of the purest examples of Georgian Colonial architecture in America.

The George Wythe House

The story goes that this beautiful house was built about 1755 by Richard Taliaferro for his daughter Elizabeth and her husband, George Wythe. Wythe was professor of law at the College of William and Mary, around the corner, where Thomas Jefferson had been a student. The latter, in fact, was a frequent visitor at the house, occupying it with his wife for a time in 1776 while the Wythes were in Philadelphia attending the Continental Congress. It was on that occasion that Wythe's pride in his home appeared rather gracefully in a letter to his distinguished guest: "The conveniency of my house and servants and furniture to you and Mrs. Jefferson adds not a little to their value in my estimation."

Still more historical luster is given the house by the fact that not only did Wythe entertain Washington there on the latter's early Williamsburg visits, but turned the house over to the great Revolutionary War general for use as his headquarters before the siege of near-by Yorktown.

Apart from the beauty of its architecture, the house as a home had the self-sufficieney of a huge plantation—on the scale, of course, of a town residence. On the grounds behind it there were gardens for flowers, vegetables, fruits; there were a stable, chicken house, lumber house, smokehouse, weaving house, laundry and kitchen—all separate small buildings in an orderly arrangement, and now all restored and completely equipped; the kitchen being the small frame building to the right of the main house in the photograph above.

It would appear from this that the Wythes lived well, and with cellars amply stored with food and drink, most of it grown right on the place; it is almost certain that they did. That they lived attractively, too, the pictures opposite prove.

One of the four beautiful bedrooms, furnished with pieces of the period.



Looking much as it did when Washington used to dine there.



The original paint colors of the study have been duplicated.

WESLEY BALZ—JOHN JOYCE, INC.

WESLEY BALZ—JOHN JOYCE, INC.

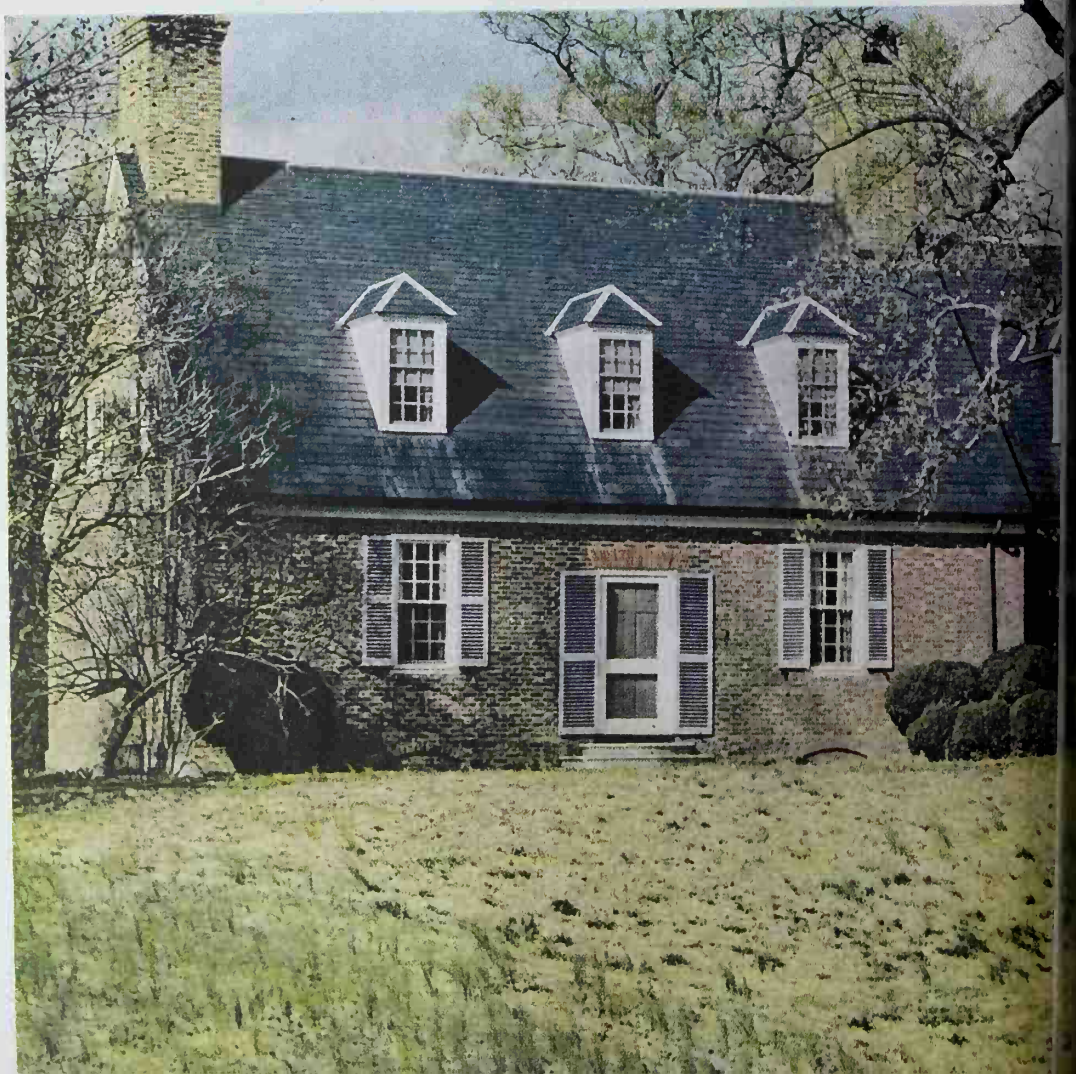


The carved staircase and main hallway, completely paneled in pine, are the climax of Carter's Grove's interiors, called the finest in America.

PRATT

Carter's Grove

This magnificent Colonial mansion, monumentally framed by enormous tulip poplars, faces out over the James from the topmost of its terraced lawns, six miles below Williamsburg. The downriver wing at the right was built in 1690; the upriver wing from five to ten years later; and the main central section between 1720 and 1730, when the English master builder, Richard Bayliss, was brought over to Virginia to design and carry out this most important part of the house, assisted by a fellow countryman, David Minitree.







From the land side Carter's Grove still has the plantation aspect—still functions as one. Looming larger and larger as you approach it through the fields, it rises beyond the lovely brick stables, growing more and more beautiful the closer you come.

Carter's Grove

It is typical of many Virginia mansions of the time that Carter's Grove was built of materials that for the most part were grown or manufactured right on the plantation. All the timbers and framing were cut from forests on the property, and all the famous paneling, of pine, walnut and poplar, was carved from lumber off the place. Even the bricks were baked on the site, of clay that was dug from the fields which lay between the house and the river. What transformed these local products into such a wonderful work of art was the taste and intelligence of Carter Burwell, who was proprietor of the plantation during the time that the principal construction was done. His taste produced, no doubt, the general idea, while his intelligence led him to bring a builder like Bayliss from London for the design and

WESLEY BALZ—JOHN JOYCE, INC.

In the paneled drawing room, a duel was fought. One killed, one wounded.

execution. Burwell could hardly have done better, as Carter's Grove today bears beautiful witness, both inside and out.

However, not all the handwork on the house was performed by such a skillful craftsman. One bit of carving—on the stair rail in the main hall—is a vivid reminder of an incident that took place in 1781, when a Colonel Tarleton, in command of the British Light Horse Cavalry, was occupying Carter's Grove—his troops occupied in raiding the countryside. It seems that one night, in his cups, the colonel mounted his horse, rode into the hall and up the stairs, slashing at the rail with his sword on the way. The cuts have been carefully preserved, of course, and are carefully pointed out to visitors. The colonel's workmanship may be British, but it can't compare with his countryman's carving, though for the sake of the legend it is almost as precious.



In the delightful setting of this drawing room, George Washington is said to have proposed to a Williamsburg girl named Mary Cary, and Thomas Jefferson to Rebecca Burwell. Because of the nature of the response that was given there in both cases, it is now known as the Refusal Room.

This simply furnished and paneled room is called the office, and as such it is used, serving also as an informal sitting room and study. Its more primitive appearance is due to the fact that it occupies the up-river wing, built twenty-five years or more before the main part of the house.

Wayward Pilgrim



First love—like sunlight—

is sometimes blinding • By Elizabeth Goudge

THERE were those who thought Sally Adair, daughter of the famous artist, was beautiful, and those who denied it. But everyone agreed that she had the intuition and sympathy of an older woman. That sympathy was sharpened the day that Sally found in her father's studio the sketch of a man's head. The face was that of a handsome man, but a man who had endured much. *My father must have hated him*, Sally thought, looking at the mercilessness frankness of John Adair's pencil. The sketch bore a haunting resemblance to one of the five children she had met shopping in the village.

Later, at a party, she learned that David Eliot, the man of the sketch, was related to the children, and bound even more strongly by his love for their mother, Nadine. Nadine returned the love, but, compelled by the Damerosehay tradition and Grandmother Eliot, had broken with David. Her stolid husband, George, hoped that the children and his unwavering kindness would finally bring contentment to Nadine. Their decision to buy the Herb of Grace, an inn, should form another link.

George couldn't know that, although Nadine had given David up, she held an inner reservation: If marriage to George proved intolerable, David would always be waiting. She was therefore furious when Grandmother Eliot said, "I hope to see David happy. Marriage would help, marriage to some nice girl. Then Damerosehay could be theirs."

Nadine knew that time alone would not make her enthusiastic toward the idea. She tried to suppress her anger, hoping desperately that George, the children, and the Herb of Grace would at least keep her from being sorry.

II

No, she was not sorry, Nadine decided five months later, as she sat working at her housekeeping books in her upstairs sitting room. It was a lovely little room, furnished with Nadine's eighteenth-century escritoire, a Sheraton chair with a tapestry seat, a comfortable little armchair and a corner cupboard with glass doors holding precious bits of china.

The powder-blue curtains framed a view that in the past five months had mysteriously become part of Nadine's very soul. She laid down her pen, propped her chin in her hands, and feasted upon it. Below her, the strip of garden that stretched from the house to the river wall was a blaze of color: purple and white Michaelmas daisies, scarlet dahlias and early yellow chrysanthemums. The river was blue, and almost as still today as the tawny *(Continued on Page 82)*

★ *Copyright, 1948, By Elizabeth Goudge* ★

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

His eyes looked dazed, and there
puzzled recognition dawned in
them. "Haven't we seen each
other before somewhere?"

ILLUSTRATED BY HADDON SUN



"Do you think I don't know how you feel about us?"

The Indian Swing

HAPPINESS WAS THE MAGNET THAT DREW HIM INTO THEIR LIVES ★ BY ROMA ROSE

My father heard through the Bank that they were going to reopen the Warrenby house, and when he told my mother she was all excited and pleased. "Let me see," she said, shaking back her sleeve ruffles and putting her forearms on the table, "that will be Cecelia, the granddaughter, won't it? I remember the time I saw her—she was ten and I was eight, and they served green ices. I've heard she has several children now. Arthur," she said to me, "I want you to be very nice to them. We'll have them over soon to a nice party on the lawn."

"How old are they—big enough to play baseball?" I asked, but my mother didn't know.

The Warrenby house was next to ours. It had an iron fence and an iron deer, and ours had a stone fence and a lily pond. But nobody had lived in the Warrenby house for as long as I could remember. My father didn't allow me to go in there because it was Private Property. Anyway, it was a dark spooky place with shutters on the windows.

The day they moved in I went over to see what size they were, but I didn't tell my mother anything about going. I knew she wouldn't let me go so soon. When you're thirteen years old you have a pretty good idea of everything your mother is going to say—so you're careful.

The house was big and brown with a lot of porches, set in several acres of old trees and high weeds, with a big barn to match the house at the back. We had always lived in our house and never moved, but I knew right away that this was a funny way to move. The doors were open and there were packing cases piled inside, and barrels and all kinds of stuff, but nobody was around. Pretty soon I heard voices out by the barn and I went out and there they were, the whole family—a boy and a girl about my size, and three smaller ones with a lady, and up in a tree was a big man with black hair and a black mustache and a derby hat. He had been putting up a swing.

It was an Indian swing—just one long rope with a loop in the end to put your foot in. They had nailed some boards on the tree for a ladder. I watched the man stand on a high limb, put his foot in the loop and swing off, holding to the rope with his hands. He gave a big whoop and went higher than the eaves of the barn. It made my stomach squeeze, just watching. The next time he went even higher, and they all whooped. After he had swung a few times, he reached up and grabbed a branch above him and stood on the limb he had started from. He fastened the rope and climbed down the ladder. Then the girl went up and swung. She went high too.

It's the getting off that's hard about an Indian swing. You have to be ready to stop swinging and step back on the limb while you're still going high. You don't let the old cat die, or you can't reach the limb, and you're too high off the ground to get down. I found that out later, but that first day they didn't see me, so I didn't have to swing. I watched awhile, and went home.

About a week later, my mother went to call, and when she came home she told my father she wouldn't be at all surprised if they were the kind of people who kept goats. And do you know, it wasn't very long afterward that they got a goat. It was a little brown goat with long ears, and Mr. Griffith made a wagon for it out of a big box and painted it, and the goat used to pull James and Endicott around in it. The goat's name was Annabelle, and she didn't smell, either, the way my mother said she would. After the first time or two, I wasn't embarrassed when I watched Jasmine milk her. Jasmine wasn't ever embarrassed about anything. She would squirt some milk at me and laugh when I jumped back.

All of them but James could play baseball—even the mother and the father. James was only two and he wouldn't leave his pants on. They just let him run around like that most of the time.

I helped them cut the tall grass for the ball diamond. The whole batch of them got out there, and in no time at all we had it fixed. The father, Mr. Griffith, was a wonderful hitter, but he always let Endicott be his runner. The mother wasn't bad, considering, and Jasmine was good for a girl. Not as good as Thurman or Humphry, of course. They made lots of noise, hollering and laughing and groaning when they played. It was fun, but it worried me, too, because I knew my mother wouldn't like the noise.

She didn't either.

One day we had to play eleven innings to work off a tie. I did pretty good—the best I ever had—and in the last inning I got caught between third and home and Mr. Griffith tried to tag me out. It was pretty close, but I got home safe, only I tore the knee out of my knickers. Mr. Griffith stood panting a minute, and then he said, as if he could hardly talk, "I'll go—see—if—the bread's—done." He started slowly to the back porch. If he'd been a kid, I'd have thought he was sore, or something.

"I'll go, Jim," Mrs. Griffith said real quick. "Let me go."

He kept on walking, and waved back at her to stay where she was. He didn't look around.

Mrs. Griffith stood there with her hand out and her mouth ready to say something, but she didn't say it. We went ahead with the game after that—there wasn't much more because my run had won for our side.

Then Mrs. Griffith called, "Are you all right, Jim?"

He came to the kitchen door. "Sure, it's all right. It was just done. I took it out. Let's eat the extra loaf." *(Continued on Page 107)*

daingily. "You think you're too good for us."



Tones of AMBER, BEIGE AND GRAY. It's the gray China-silk scarf twisted through amber beads, the gray-beige straw hat, the gray gloves, the bamboo-handled umbrella . . . it's the variation of these soft colors that gives a beige suit its most distinguished look this spring.

SUIT AND HAT BY HATTIE CARNEGIE, NECKLACE AND UMBRELLA BY LILLY DACHE.

SIX WAYS TO USE COLOR

With Your Favorite Suits in Navy, Beige or Gray ★ ***By Wilhela Cushn***

Fashion Editor of the Jou



MIMOSA YELLOW with gray. The prettiest blouse tie silk in yellow, black and white with a neckline th shows when the jacket is closed, the hat a yellow stra with a sprig of mimosa, the gloves gray doeskin, t jewelry little golden tassels clipped to the pock

SUIT, HAT AND BLOUSE BY HATTIE CARNE



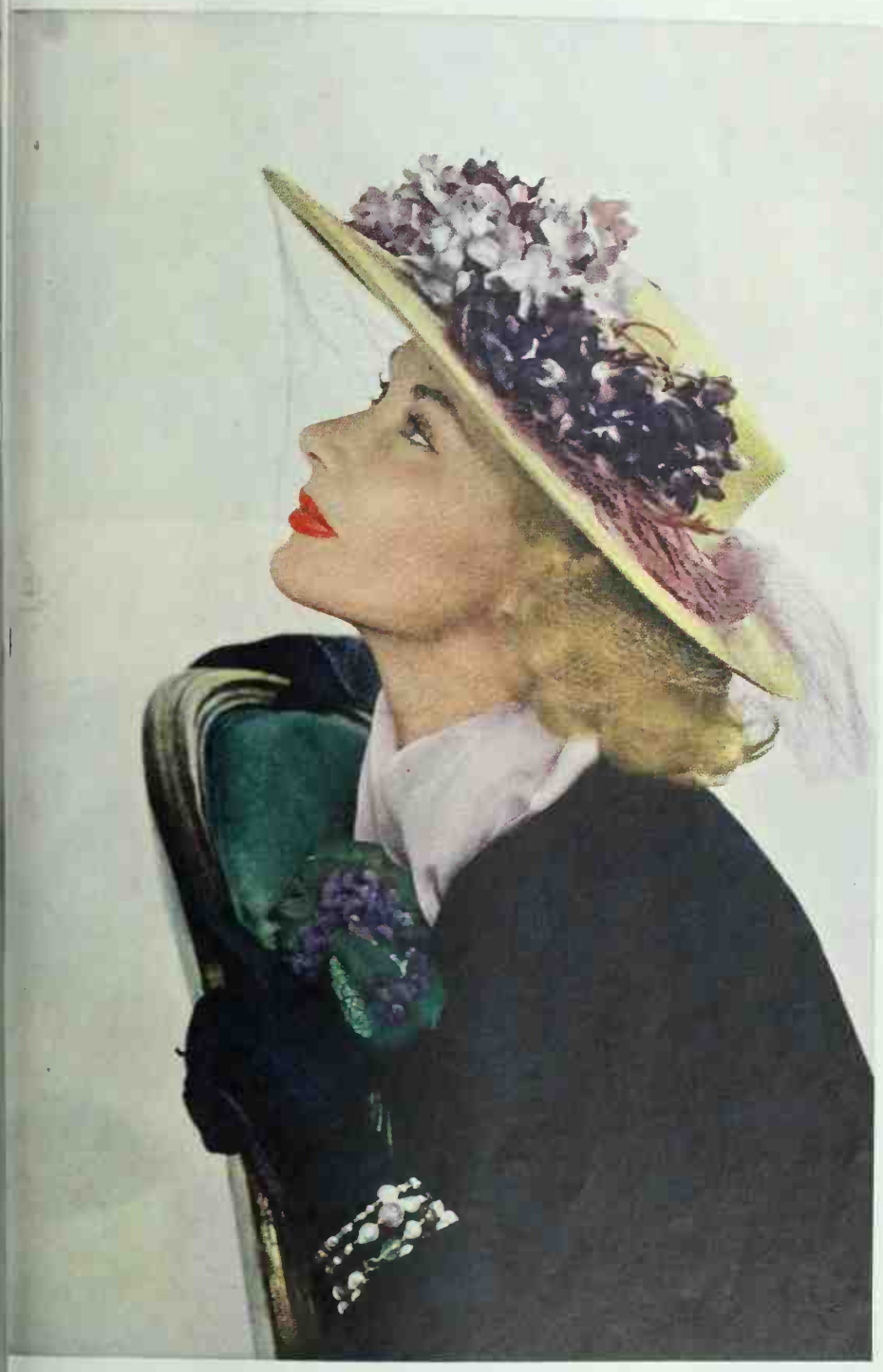
BEIGE AND NAVY accent each other. A jabot of navy-blue lace, sheer inspiration on a beige faille jacket with a sheer navy wool skirt. The small veiled side-tilted hat and the softly crushed gloves are kept in navy blue. Colors added in multicolor pearls, in bracelets and pin.

SUIT BY MAURICE RENTNER, HAT BY LILLY DACHE

BURNT ROUGH-STRAW hat, butternut leather bag with heavy gold initials, matching pigskin gloves—these are the character-building accessories for a lightweight mixture tweed suit. Its blouse may be gold-and-white tie silk with a knobby gold stickpin in its pretty bow.

SUIT BY PAULINE TRIGERE, HAT BY HATTIE CARNEGIE, BAG BY ROSENFELD





MAUVE AND VIOLET with navy. The big violet-trimmed hat faced with purple velvet, the mauve scarf in chiffon or sheerest silk, fresh violets centered at the neckline—these most romantic of all colors are special favorites of fashion, loveliest this spring with your navy-blue suit.

HAT BY MME. ANDRÉE, SUIT BY PAULINE TRIGERE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



GARNET RED WITH BEIGE. The fashion of the red hat, most often seen with navy blue, is even more dramatic with beige. Take a simple two-piece beige wool dress or suit, wear with a garnet Shantung blouse or gilet, gloves in beige doeskin, necklace in pink quartz.

DRESS BY ADELE SIMPSON, HAT BY BRAAGAARD, JEWELS BY SEAMAN SCHEPPS.

Blue-and-white tie silk, simple and wearable. By Dorothy Cox, with Chanda's white straw sailor, straw bag.

Natural linen crash and navy linen-weave rayon; both suits worn with white piqué berets, white cotton or white piqué gloves—for commuting, traveling or town.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL HIMMEL



Striped taffeta afternoon suit by Ceil Chapman; Mme. Andrée's sidewise white straw

THE SUMMER SUIT is the centerpiece of a summer wardrobe. Shantung, linen, cotton, tie silk, taffeta . . . a suit stays with you while other clothes wilt or grow tiresome. It takes more changes, goes more places, is less subject to heat prostration than almost any other costume.

This summer, shantung comes in lovely deep shades of green, smoky-blue, toast-beige, gun-metal gray—designed for busy town living, commuting, traveling, and perfect with your favorite burnt-straw hat. Linen is cool and basic in navy blue or natural crash; tie silk in white or dark-ground prints; cotton in dark striped shirtings, small plaids or putty-colored piqué. And taffeta is the darling of every woman who loves a dressy suit—navy blue or pin-striped black to change with pretty blouses.

BY CYNTHIA McADOO AND MARY JEAN STRAIN



Toast-beige shantung to live in; box-pleated skirt, by Larry Aldrich; hat by John Frederics.



Smoky-blue shantung with bustle back, easy flare, by Ceil Chapman; yellow beret by Mme. Andrée.



Navy-blue taffeta by Adele Simpson, its blouses in white organdy or pastel silk.



The happiest clothes of your life

It's a sentimental spring. Sweet blues an mauves, rose-pink and yellow are colors t love. Tiny waistlines, romantic full skir and slim basques were made to order f pretty young brides, and their trousseau Your going-away suit may be your "som thing blue": a lightweight wool mixture, i skirt simple enough for golf, with pink a white sweaters. Your print should be tow ish—a tie-pattern silk—twice as useful b cause it has three pieces—blouse, skirt a little short jacket. And since you've ju turned twenty you'll want a taffeta dan dress, petticoat style, a bathing suit with boned-bodice silhouette, one or two basq or bare-top cottons to wear everywhere . and a short white coat that goes happ over everything. A trousseau li this won't mortgage your futu Its easily planned, easily packa accessories include two soft str hats, a collection of colored b deaux and silk scarfs, a pair brown pumps for day and sa slippers for evening, straw b and sandals, several strands crystal and multicolored bea

BY RUTH MARY PACKA



Your wedding dress is a dream of frothy lace and tulle that need not be put away. Changing its white satin corselette for a rose-colored satin sash, you'll wear it dancing all your lovely "first summer." A dress to love at sight, a dress to buy or make yourself—we'll tell you how. Your veil is short and sweet, your bouquet white rosebuds.

For further information on our bride's dress, ideas for bouquets, headdress, write the Fashion Editor, Ladies' Home Journal.



ntal blue suit, honeymooning with
cloche, chamois gloves, beige bag.





Tie print—good tripper or town suit. White accessories change about with the suit.

Taffeta dance dress, worn with satin ballet slippers.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL HIMMEL



asque dress for lunch, after-
lso with straw accessories.

ON DRESS, BATHING SUIT BY CAROLYN
ANCE DRESS AND YELLOW LINEN BY
N, CLOCHE HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS.

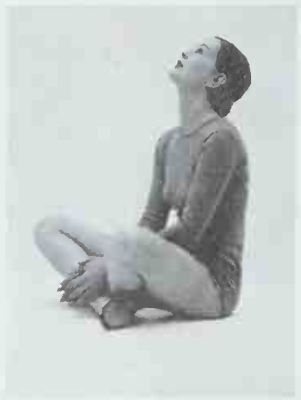




Beach-and-country cotton fashion, bare top, detachable cape—pretty with bright scarfs, straw bag, shoes.

Touch of mauve: your bathing suit—boned bodice, skirt flare.

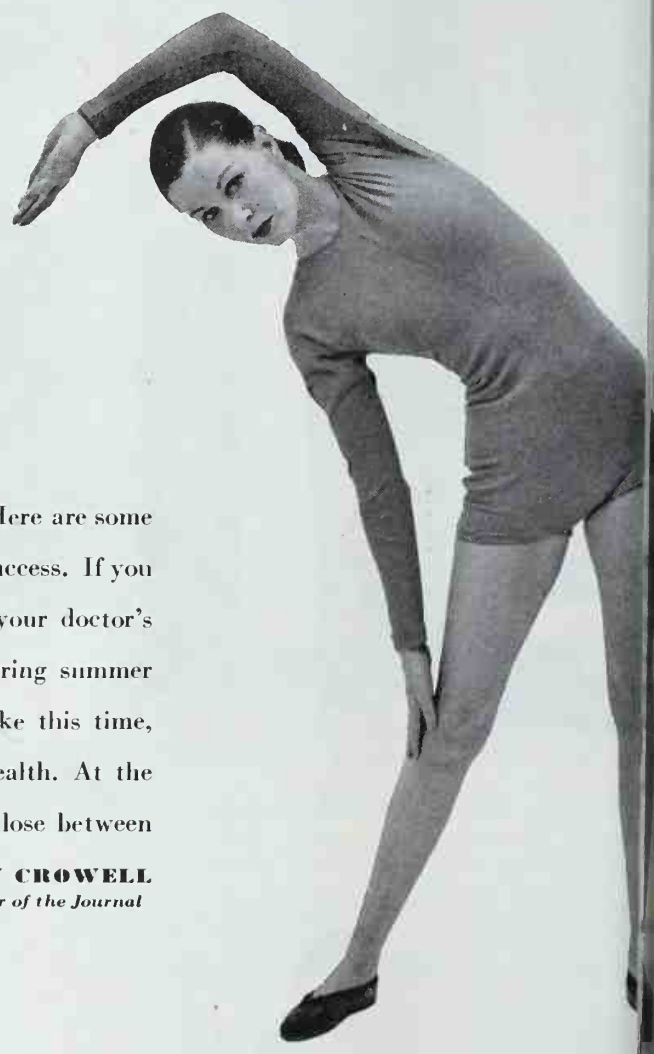






YOUTHFUL NECKLINE. *Try this to tighten flabby chin muscles, form a prettier throat:* **1.** *Sit on floor, legs crossed, shoulders, spine straight. Lower head and bring chin in to chest.* **2.** *Swing head up and back slowly, raising chin very high.* **3.** *Now sway head sideways, down to right. Return head to upright position, then sway to left. Try exercise five times, slowly.*

FOR SMALLER WAIST . . . LIMBER BODY. *Stan with feet apart, head high, back straight. Now (photo swing your left arm overhead in a curved position, palm up ward. Sway body to right from waist, reaching as far sid ways and down as possible. Keep right arm straight, wit fingers touching leg as low as possible. Reverse exercis bending to left. Begin by repeating three times on each sid*

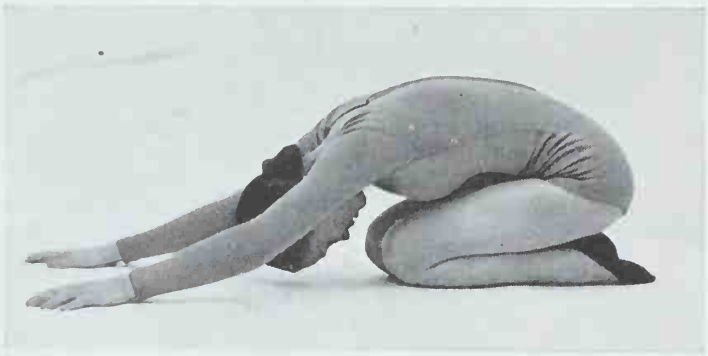


Lithe, Limber, Lovely

Are you in the market for a prettier waist in a smaller size? Remodeled hips? Trimmer thighs? Here are some exercises which give you fluid, rhythmic co-ordination rather than violent motions for their success. If you do them to the graceful tempo of a waltz, you'll lose weight while you gain good posture. With your doctor's approval, choose the exercises which will beautify and revitalize your figure in time for wearing summer clothes. Begin with a few exercises, then gradually increase the number you do each day. Take this time, also, to reorganize your eating habits in deference to your good looks as well as your good health. At the end of three weeks, if you average fifteen minutes of exercise each day, it is possible for you to lose between six and ten pounds—to diminish your measurements by two or three inches. ★ ★

BY DAWN CROWELL
Beauty Editor of the Journal

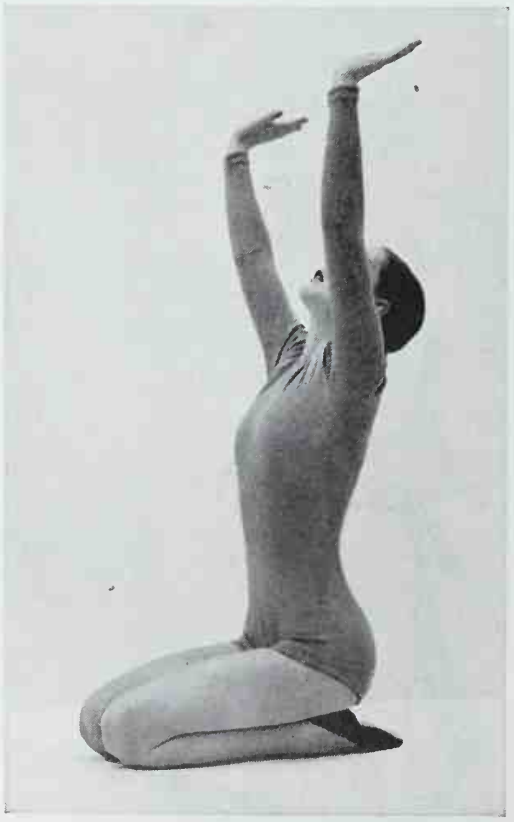
SLIMMER, FIRMER SILHOUETTES.



1. *Kneel down with bent knees under your chest and thighs resting on calves and heels. Arms overhead, palms and forehead touching floor. Body should be relaxed, your breathing normal.*

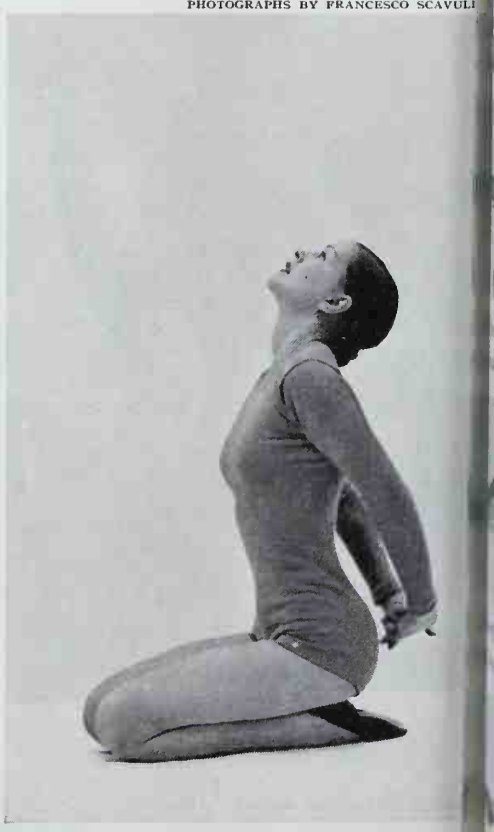


2. *Now raise trunk upward, slowly, breathing in and out deeply as you unfold into a half-upright position. Keep your head down between your outstretched arms, letting hands drop toward floor. Relax by avoiding tensing of muscles.*



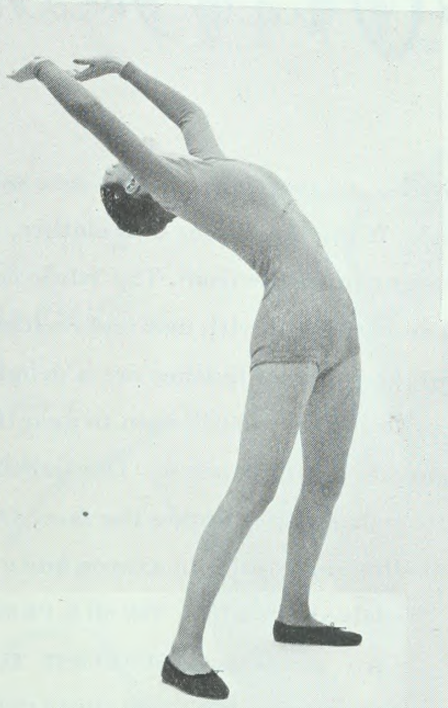
3. *Continue unfolding to an upright position. Now stretch arms up, keeping them straight. Pull in your abdominal muscles, raise your chest and continue even breathing.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULI



4. *Next, lower arms in semicircles tow back, clasping fingers and turning pa down. Tilt your chin up, your head be Repeat complete exercise five times, slo*





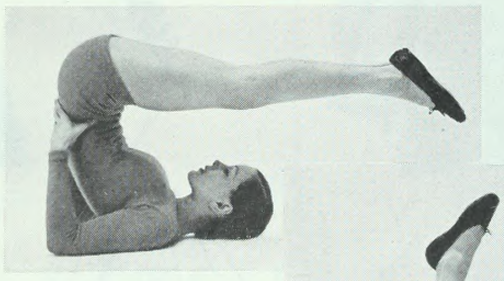


DY STREAMLINER . . . CO-ORDINATION . . . BALANCE. *tand with feet apart, knees straight, arms outstretched. Then (photo) l torso forward from waist, bringing arms and head in to knees as e as you can.* **2.** *Rise slowly from Position 1 to an upright position, ing arms stretched above head. Sway back from waist; tilt your up.* **3.** *Rise on toes, stretch arms forward at shoulder level and r torso slowly to sitting position on heels. Hold position for a few nds and rise again to original position. Try exercise four times slowly.*

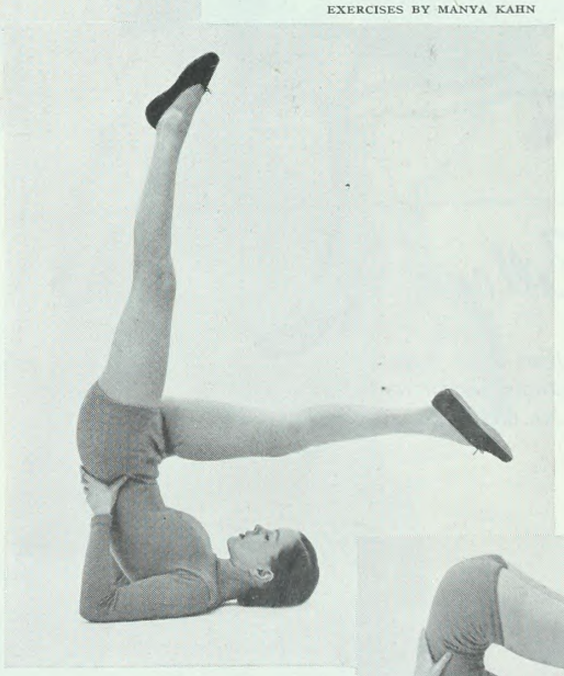


TO STRENGTHEN OR DEVELOP A PRETTIER BUSTLINE. **1.** *Stand with feet about six inches apart, arms stretched forward at shoulder level.* **2.** *Slowly stretch arms apart and back as far as you can, keeping head and chin up, abdomen in. Breathe in with first position, out with the second. Repeat slowly six times, always maintaining erect position.*

FIRMER ABDOMENS, STRONGER BACKS, FLATTER SURFACES. **1.** *Begin by lying flat on your back, arms at sides, knees straight. Now (photo) raise both legs slowly up and back to a horizontal position, supporting torso with hands.* **2.** *Slowly raise left leg to vertical position without bending knee. Body should rest on shoulders and head. Keep breathing normal.* **3.** *Slowly lower left leg to position of right. Then lower both legs backward until toes touch floor,* without bending knees. *Return to original position. Repeat exercise three times, alternating leg positions in second step.*

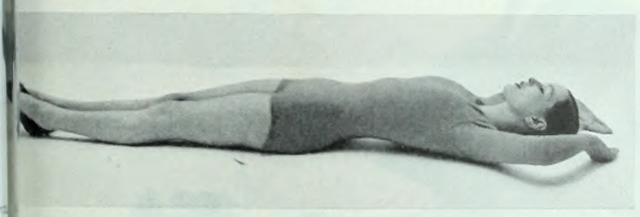


EXERCISES BY MANYA KAHN

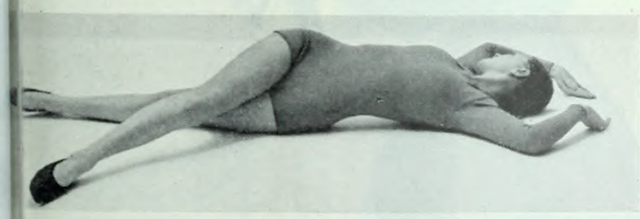




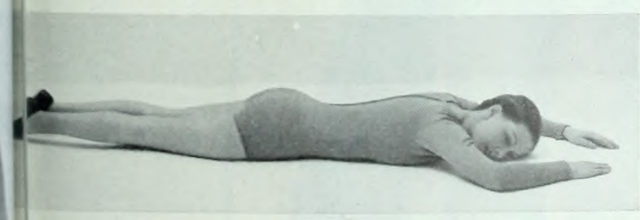
FLATTER HIPS AND FLEXIBILITY.



e flat on back, arms above head, elbows slightly bent, backs nds on the floor. Maintain completely relaxed body.



art rolling over from the waist down, stretching thigh and uscles, pointing toes down. Resist pull from waist up.



eep stretching until body rolls over, face down, arms over- legs outstretched. Roll over three times in same direction.



lax before starting three rolls in opposite direction. Be- Position 1 and (photo) start rolling in reverse direction.

CORRECTION: *Due to misinformation, our readers were told in our January issue to use one part iodine and one part peroxide as a solution for strengthening fingernails and bleaching fingertips. This has been found ineffective. Please forgive our error.*—**D. C.**

What makes them

New detail . . . new fabrics . . . new colors add up to such a femini pretty look. If you make your own clothes, you have a wide selection of n Vogue designs to choose from. The fabric counters are replenished with favorites and refreshed with new and exciting materials whose wrinklepr stainproof, shrinkproof finishes are a delight. Shades of pinky mauve a persimmon are colors you will want to wear through summer. We've combi these thoughts on these pages. The quilting detail of our PORTRAIT C LAR dress charmingly frames the face. Our SLIM REDINGOTE accents y waistline and is made in a rayon and a wool jersey combination, prin and dyed to match. TIE SILK PRINTS in neat small patterns ca worn everywhere. SUNBURST TUCKS are stitched in place hold their press. ROUNDED SHOULDERS keynote a bolero fashion. D TUCKS accent the fullness of your skirt. All are the kinds of dresses would like to make in other colors, other fabrics. ★ BY NORA O'LEA



Portrait Collar

Quilted detail on taffeta dress. (Have collar quilted—directions not in pattern.) Vogue Design No. 6346, 12 to 20.



Slim Redingote

Printed rayon jersey dress . . . matching wool jersey coat. Wear with or without cape. Vogue Design No. S-4861, 12 to 20.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, postage prepaid, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 21 Dundas Square, Toronto, Ont.

Back and other views and prices of these patterns are on page 97.

LOOK NEW...

Deep Tucks

Three deep tucks accent the skirt fullness. Unpressed pleats, soft girdle. Vogue Design No. 6353, 12 to 20.



Rounded Shoulders

Mauve linen shawl-collared bolero. Vogue Design No. 6368, 12 to 20. Navy skirt, No. 6361, waist 24 to 32.



DRAWINGS BY MARGARET SOMMERFELD





Tie Silk Prints

Pretty, open neckline with cuff effect. Gathered hip fullness follows around back. Vogue Design No. 6387, 12 to 18.

Sunburst Tucks

Heavenly silk shantung with stitched sunburst tucks. It has a kimono top. Vogue Design No. 6350, 12 to 20.

© VOGUE

Time of Peril

Secretary of War Stimson, at Potsdam, had his first direct observation of the Russian police state in action. Deeply disturbed over long-range political meaning of the atomic bomb, he urged President Truman to take "immediate, direct action" in September, 1945, to reach an understanding with Russia. Two years later he believed "the way to agreement was still in direct action." Final excerpts from ON ACTIVE SERVICE*, by ex-Secretary of War HENRY L. STIMSON and McGEORGE BUNDY.

THE ATOMIC BOMB, PEACE AND RUSSIA

THE first reaction of the American people to the advent of atomic energy was a great feeling of pride and satisfaction in a colossal wartime achievement. The bomb which exploded over Hiroshima made it clear that the victory was at hand. But this reaction was quickly succeeded by others relating to the disquieting future. As Stimson put it on August 9:

"Great events have happened. The world is changed and it is time for sober thought. It is natural that we should take satisfaction in the achievement of our science, our industry and our Army in creating the atomic bomb, but any satisfaction we may feel must be overshadowed by deeper emotions.

"The result of the bomb is so terrific that the responsibility of its possession and its use must weigh heavily on our minds and on our hearts. We believe that its use will save the lives of American soldiers and bring more quickly to an end the horror of this war which the Japanese leaders deliberately started. Therefore, the bomb is being used. No American can contemplate what Mr. Churchill has referred to as 'this terrible means of maintaining the rule of law in the world' without a determination that after this war is over this great force shall be used for the welfare and not the destruction of mankind."

This statement was the public expression of thoughts which had been for many months heavily on the minds of those familiar with the atomic project. When Stimson went to the White House on April 25, 1945, to discuss the atomic bomb with a President to whom the matter had hitherto been a secret, he took with him a memorandum which dealt not so much with military use of the bomb as with its long-range political meaning.

Memorandum Discussed With the President April 25, 1945

"1. Within four months we shall in all probability have completed the most terrible weapon ever known in human history, one bomb of which could destroy a whole city.

"2. Although we have shared its development with the U. K., physically the U.S. is at present in the position of controlling the resources with which to construct and use it, and no other nation could reach this position for some years.

"3. Nevertheless, it is practically certain that we could not remain in this position indefinitely.

"a. Various segments of its discovery and production are widely known among many scientists in many countries, although few scientists are now acquainted with the whole process which we have developed.

"b. Although its construction under present methods requires great scientific and industrial effort and raw materials, which are temporarily mainly within the possession and knowledge of U. S. and U. K., it is extremely probable that much easier and cheaper methods of production will be discovered by scientists in the future, together with the use of materials of much wider distribution. As a result, it is extremely probable that the future will make it possible [for atomic bombs] to be constructed by smaller nations or even groups, or at least by a large nation, in a much shorter time.

"4. As a result, it is indicated that the future may see a time when such a weapon may be constructed in secret and used suddenly and effectively with devastating power by a willful nation or group against an unsuspecting nation or group of much greater size and material power. With its aid even a very powerful unsuspecting nation might be conquered within a very few days by a very much smaller one. . . .

"5. The world in its present state of moral advancement compared with its technical development would be eventually at the mercy of such a weapon. In other words, modern civilization might be completely destroyed.

"6. To approach any world peace organization of any pattern now likely to be considered, without an appreciation by the leaders of our country of the power of this new weapon, would seem to be unrealistic. No system of control heretofore considered would be adequate to control this menace. Both inside any particular country and between the nations of the world, the control of this weapon will undoubtedly be a matter *(Continued on Page 135)*

* To be published in April by Harper & Bros. Copyright, 1948, by Henry L. Stimson.

If You Ask Me

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

I am an American and have been living in Belgium for two years. In the opinion of all the Europeans I know, the purpose of the Marshall Plan and other American-aid-to-Europe plans is simply to stabilize American economy. They believe that without European markets the United States would be a bankrupt nation. They are also of the opinion that the United States is going to fight another war for these markets. I have tried to tell them that our reasons for helping Europe are purely humanitarian and to preserve the democratic way of life so that all nations may reap the blessings of freedom. Don't you think it is too bad that while America is spending so much money for aid, it spends so little to publicize its motives?

Yes, I think it is too bad that we do not do a better publicity job; but we must remember that after the last war we built up mutual feelings of distrust—with Europe looking upon us as Uncle Shylock and with us picturing European nations unwilling to pay their debts. Now we have fought another war, far more costly and devastating. Europeans know what that war has cost them on their own doorstep and we do not. Therefore we have allowed in this country a great deal of loose talk about another war, which must be terrifying to the Europeans. It leaves them rather open to believing the U.S.S.R. propaganda which is against the Marshall Plan and against any really orderly return in Europe to democratic procedure and economic recovery.

I think all we can do is to put as much of the burden of planning for recovery on the European nations as we can and to request certain definite things in return for the money given by us. If possible, we should keep our demands reasonable and watch such greedy people at home who might try to get more than a fair return out of whatever plans are made.

Time alone will answer this question for the Europeans. I think we may learn to spend a little more and to do a better publicity job about this country, but it will certainly take time, and during that time actual things should take place which will prove that our intentions are not evil.

Please tell me whether a young woman of 22 should rise when older men and women enter a room or when introduced to them. I was taught to do this when I was a child, but was under the impression that at 21 I should cease to follow junior etiquette. Is this correct?

My own feeling is that when you are introduced to people it is better to stand up; but it is possible, if you have been receiving for a long time, to sit down if you are very tired. Ordinarily I would expect to stand during an introduction. I think it would be natural to stand up if older men or women enter a room because they may want to sit in the chair where you are sitting, unless it is an entirely informal gathering where everyone is wandering around and where there are plenty of chairs; then there seems to be no particular reason for getting up if it disturbs your conversation with some particular guest.

As a rule it seems to me the thing to do is that which your own instinctive kindness would suggest as proper. One cannot always live according to somebody else's ideas.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

When President Roosevelt was serving his second term, there was a cooky recipe published in the papers called "Roosevelt cookies." My mother made them often and they became my favorite cookies. She has lost the recipe and all I can remember is the fact that it called for about two tablespoons of vinegar. The dough was rolled out and made quite a few delicious cookies. Have you the recipe?

I do not have the recipe, but I think perhaps what you mean may be the donkey cookies made by the Women's National Democratic Club in Washington, D.C. I am quite sure if you write to them they can give you the recipe.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
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"I know about spring and a young man's fancy—but he was like that all winter too."

I am a high-school senior of 17. I would like your honest opinion: How old should one be before she learns all the facts of life?

I am afraid one is very old before one learns all the facts of life. In fact, perhaps one comes to one's death with a humbler feeling than one had at the beginning, because the riddle of life is a difficult one to understand.

If what you mean by your question is just how old you should be before you know certain simple facts about sex, I should say that that depended entirely upon your own development. The earlier you come to look upon these facts as commonplace knowledge, the better. Everyone must acquire a certain maturity to handle these facts wisely, and nothing more.

I was called a communist by my Republican friends because I espoused the policies of President Roosevelt. Now it appears that I have reached the height of the ridiculous since you have joined the wolf pack screaming "communist." Recently I have seen the finest young people hide their convictions for fear the "loyalty" bill will lose them their jobs. If it is so serious, why hasn't the FBI taken care of it?

I do not happen to like the loyalty tests. I disapprove of them and have said so a number of times, but they will not lose young people their jobs unless their convictions are questionable convictions. You may have been called a communist by your Republican friends because you followed President Roosevelt's policies, but I do not quite know what you mean by "joining the wolf pack screaming 'communist.'" You must know that there are American communists in this country, and unless you are one, you must admit that their beliefs and the beliefs of citizens of a democracy do not coincide.

I hope that the FBI will not do more than it is now doing about communism in this country. In fact, I would prefer to see it do less, and I would prefer to see us, as American citizens, do more.

What is your opinion of compulsory military education?

I have stated my opinion a number of times. It is usually called Compulsory Military Training, and I dislike it. I think that temporarily, until the U.N. has set up a permanent police force which can be used against aggressors anywhere, we should keep ourselves with sufficient military power to answer any demand made upon us by the U.N., and to defend ourselves until the U.N. can take over this job.

To do that, probably Universal Military Training will be necessary for a few years. I would not object to Universal Citizenship Service to be required of every young person, boy or girl, for a year—let us say at 18. I would not object at all to some basic military training being given through that period, but I should like the education and the future aspirations of the young to be taken into consideration in the type of work assigned to them, and I should like an emphasis placed on doing some kind of work which would develop their sense of responsibilities for citizenship in whatever communities they lived. This, in a democracy, seems to me a very essential plan, particularly when the need for military service is wiped out in the future, as we all hope it will be through the U.N.

Since I am to vote this year for the first time, I would like to know where I can get information on the basic platforms of the Democratic and Republican parties. I really want to choose my own party. I am tired of being told So-and-so is a Republican or a Democrat: or, "Look at what that man did in office." I'd like to know.

If you want this year's platforms, you will have to wait until after the national conventions, when they will be adopted. You can easily get a copy by writing to the national committees of both parties, or from your own state committee, or even from your local newspaper if it prints them in full.

I imagine that what you want, however, are the platforms of the past and the record of how these platforms have been implemented, if you are trying to decide which party, on the whole, is the one which best represents your own views. For this I think you could write to the national committees in Washington, D.C., and ask for a summary of past platforms with the actual carrying out of the principles stated. Even then you will have to do a good deal of checking through your own observations. The League of Women Voters would furnish this type of information also.


MENU
(Planned for 6)
Tomato-Salad Appetizer
Spring Dressing
Cherry-Glazed Baked Ham
Baked Bananas Relishes
Asparagus
with Lemon Butter
New Potatoes
Mustard-Water-Cress Sauce
Salt Sticks
Crème Brûlée
Coffee

A is for April

BY ANN BATCHELDER

LET no one get ahead of me on the annual first-robin story. I can tie that one in several bowknots and have two yards of Christmas string left over. For here at our humble manse we have fed, sheltered and protected a pair of bluebirds all winter, and the mourning dove has given up Florida or wherever he's supposed to go and stuck it out in an evergreen in the orchard. And from what some returned travelers tell me, maybe he was wise at that. In any event, he *ate* well. So did the hundreds of assorted birds that are charming mendicants. Going from door to door. Sure of a square meal any time, and no wood to split to earn it, either.

That first crocus. I have only three or four crocuses on the place. Never cared much for them. What I do put in are clumps of tiny miniature iris and daffodils and narcissi and are *they* pushing along!

It does things to you. These first spring days have a singular influence on the memory. Comes the sun and the early violets and the sweet smell of growing things and pleasant earthy smells, and we sort of forget the long cold winter *(Continued on Page 256)*

PHOTO BY STUART-FOWLER

LINE A DAY

By Ann Batchelder

1 "The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." From the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's.

2 Now a word as to English muffins. Don't decide you can't bear them until you do them this way. Split the muffins (they must be fresh), toast them on the cut side. Then butter them pretty unsparingly and set them under low heat until the butter seeps through and bubbles like an old maid meeting the new pastor. Serve very hot. Jam, marmalade, whatever you please to go on them. Then change your mind if it needs changing.

3 As far as something "to go on them" is concerned (still thinking of English muffins), try a Welsh rarebit for a change. This is welcomed by those who lag at the toaster and those who like something different—if only a rarebit.

4 For a supper in the kitchen, melt two tablespoons of butter or margarine and blend with two tablespoons of flour. Add gradually two cups of thin cream. Cook, stirring constantly until thick as heavy cream. Thin it if you must. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Add half a teaspoon of curry powder mixed with a little cream. Stir some more.

5 *Chapter II.* Have ready half a dozen hard-cooked eggs. Quarter them and add to the sauce. Serve on hot chow-mein noodles or just everyday noodles. Or on thin, crisp toast. Olives, pickles and chutney are in their little dishes; pass them all. Sliced endive with French dressing is nice for the salad. Nice any time, for that matter.

6 *News item:* Believe it or not, but wild rice comes now all cooked in cans, and ready to heat with the addition of seasonings and a lump of butter. The sautéed mushrooms or the crumbled crisp bacon you must put in, if that's your taste. They add a lot. Washing wild rice is a chore, and this is ready to use, and it's good too.

7 Serve grapefruit sections on crisp lettuce—with your favorite French dressing—and you have a good salad. Dust the grapefruit lightly with finely chopped chives and you have something pretty special—and pretty too.

8 For the hors d'oeuvre tray for special occasions: Get a bottle of little artichoke hearts in oil, separate the leaves, stuff them with caviar, arrange them on slices of tomato and serve with seasoned sour cream. This is party business and not a *business lunch.*

9 I have tried the oft-touted cheeseburger, and now make my report. Toast and re-toast buttered English muffins, split. Lay on specially ground round steak, well seasoned. Then a layer of soft cheese. Grill this and you get—a cheeseburger. Very delicious too. Big plate of fried onions? Yes.

10 Given to me and I will share. When you make a dish that needs a squeeze of lemon juice—and so many do—cut the lemon in half. Hold a piece of clean cheesecloth over the cut side. Squeeze as hard as you will and not a drop will hit you in the eye. Seeds stay where they belong, too. Now *you* try this.

11 Halves of English-walnut meats, set in a tart lemon jelly cut into squares (a nut in each square), serve as a salad. Or, with a little sweeter jelly, as a fruit salad or in a fruit cup. Such are the things that catch the eye, the imagination and the taste.

12 Magic isn't confined to card tricks, rabbits in hats, and so on. There's magic in food too. For example, this salad: Put in a big pottery bowl about half a pound of endive, broken into leaves. Now add a big Spanish onion, sliced very thin.

13 *Second stanza:* Add small thin slices of honeydew melon and the leafy heads of water cress. Chill. Dress at the last moment with a fine French dressing and toss your salad with care. Serve with toasted salted crackers and ripe, warmed Camembert cheese.

14 This is old as the hills, but just to remind you: Make a batch of good-sized cream-puff shells. Split them almost through. Fill them with peppermint ice cream, cover with whipped cream and grated chocolate.

15 *General-confession note:* Now the winter is over and gone, I will tell you something. Since last fall, I, personally, without visible help, have consumed five pounds of Vermont sage cheese—and my waist measure is still twenty-six. They know how to make it—and *I* know how to eat it.

16 You *can* eat spinach—even if you have to be helped step by step. Cover cooked spinach, seasoned well and with a little nutmeg added, with a really fine cheese sauce. Now put in a casserole and cover with fried bread crumbs and more grated cheese. Bake to the brown-and-bubble condition—and I'll bet papa and even little Percy will finish it up.

17 The first and classic way to eat peanuts is to walk along a shady street, snap the shells and have fun. Preferably *not* along the choicest residential street.

18 But in sandwiches, salads, croquettes, muffins and with such dishes as ham, treat the peanuts with more respect—and find out what a help they are.

19 Creamed oysters, crab meat, tuna fish and those new tiny shrimp, steaming in the chafing dish, are never-failing favorites for the buffet supper. Have little hot buttered baking-powder biscuits—but *little*—to serve them on—lots more heating in the kitchen.

SUPERSTITION

I built a bonfire on a lone high hill
Years ago, and the embers burn there still.
How do you account for that?

Today I saw the new moon through the glass
And met on the path a strange black cat.
Looking out, I saw a gypsy woman pass.
She laughed in her sleeve. Laughed at me.
What do you make of that?

20 *From an old cookbook:* "Remember the master of the house has the last word on what shall grace his table. Never try to disguise something that you *know* he is averse to. He is bound to perceive your deception and resent it. The least he can do is to shove the offending portion away and keep a discreet silence." What was the old boy afraid of?

21 *Herb note:* Tarragon, when fresh, is something to figure on in a salad. It's easy to grow, and so is basil and so is sage. Dozens of others too. Go on, have a back-door or window garden and grow your own.

22 Something as slick as a kitten's ear is the purée of sweet potatoes, hot avocado pears and diced pineapple, with broiled ham. Or with pork chops. Serve with hot buttered rolled griddlecakes glazed with brown sugar. And I'll send my address when I hear where it's being done.

23 Looking for something for the tea table that everyone in the world hasn't had? Bake some tiny spongecakes. Cut off the tops, scoop out the insides and fill the cakes with lemon cheese. Put on the tops. Sprinkle with powdered sugar. And these are straight from Spain. Yes, *Spain.*

24 For the occasional guest who suffers from insomnia, a thoughtful hostess keeps on her pantry shelf a jar of instant decaffeinated coffee. It's made right in the cup—no trouble at all.

25 The stuffed egg is always with us, sweet in manner as the young bride, or as boring as a mother-in-law on the honeymoon. Try a little chopped watermelon pickle mixed with the riced yolks.

26 This is my month for eggs; and if you are tired of the idea of poached eggs, fry halves of little tomatoes, arrange them on slices of French toast lightly spread with anchovy butter. On each tomato put a poached egg and over all pour a good tomato sauce.

27 Want to remove pecan meats whole? Soak the nuts several hours in one quart of water and one tablespoon of salt. You'll be surprised! Many of the nuts may even be cracked in your hands. And the meats come out nice and whole.

28 Soak a cup of seedless raisins overnight. Mix them with one fourth cup of brown sugar, two teaspoons of vanilla and a little heavy cream. Add to your rice pudding. Cover the top of the pudding with fine brown sugar and run under the broiler until the sugar melts. Chill. Serve cold with cream. A surprise rice pudding.

29 Piccadilly may mean top hats and spats to you. To me it means a tumbler of red-currant jelly, mixed with half as much chutney, the juice of half a lemon and a little salt and pepper. Heat and serve on grilled lamb chops. That's Piccadilly.

30 ERA OF ELEGANCE, by Andrew Tully, is a book absolutely uninhibited. The Astors, the Fricks, the Vanderbilts are put through their paces, and their fascinating backgrounds with them. Little is left now of that glittering age, but this book brings it to life.

"21 KINDS!... ANY ONE A WELCOME HELP IN PLANNING MEALS THESE DAYS!"



Each Campbell's Soup brings you good eating and sound nourishment... value for your food budget

With food prices what they are, it's a good time to get better acquainted with the Campbell's Soup section at your grocer's. There's valuable help here for many of your meal plans. When you select your family favorites among the 21 Kinds, you'll find it also pays to go exploring—to try some Campbell's Soups you've never tasted before. With all the good meats and vegetables and other fine things that go into them, they're always delicious, always nourishing—always grand value!

Campbell's Soups

21 SOUPS TO CHOOSE FROM! HOW MANY DO YOU KNOW?

- ☐ ASPARAGUS
- ☐ BEAN with BACON
- ☐ BEEF
- ☐ BEEF NOODLE
- ☐ BLACK BEAN
- ☐ BOUILLON
- ☐ CHICKEN (WITH RICE)
- ☐ CHICKEN (CREAM OF)
- ☐ CHICKEN GUMBO
- ☐ CHICKEN NOODLE
- ☐ CLAM CHOWDER
- ☐ CONSOMMÉ
- ☐ MUSHROOM (CREAM OF)
- ☐ OX TAIL
- ☐ GREEN PEA
- ☐ PEPPER POT
- ☐ SCOTCH BROTH
- ☐ SPINACH (CREAM OF)
- ☐ TOMATO
- ☐ VEGETABLE
- ☐ VEGETARIAN VEGETABLE
- ☐ VEGETABLE-BEEF

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

PEPSI-COLA

GOOD NEIGHBORS CLUB

MEET YOUR NEIGHBORS, EXCHANGE IDEAS AND RECEIVE $1500.00 IN CASH PRIZES EACH MONTH

A service to the women of America by the Pepsi-Cola Company



$700.00 paid to Enid Godnick of Lawrence, N. Y., for this idea:

The need for greater public understanding of atomic energy led to our community program of atomic information, sponsored by our church group. Through speakers, motion pictures and promotional material we gain authentic knowledge of this great new world force; learn to work together more intelligently toward our common goal—peace.



$75.00 paid to Mrs. A. F. Williams of Wood-Ridge, N. J., for this idea:

Whether you're forgetful or not, you'll find my "card file system" of housekeeping helpful. I keep a permanent file, divided into 12 months, and consisting of small, dated cards carrying such notations as "taxes due," "renew car insurance," "Mother's birthday," "plant tulip bulbs," and similar brief reminders. It works wonders!



$250.00 paid to Mrs. Amos Hood of W. Monroe, La., for this idea:

Growing youngsters need a hot, nourishing lunch, but many rural schools have no cafeterias. Realizing this, twenty mothers in one rural community divided into five groups. One day a week, each group would make soup, take it to school, and serve hot soup and crackers at noontime to every child.



$50.00 paid to Mrs. F. R. Dunning of Compton, Calif., for this idea:

Our community has organized against "high-pressure salesmanship." Before a housewife will talk to a house-to-house salesman, he must show her the "password"—a card issued to him by our Office Committee upon receiving proof that his merchandise is all he claims. Inferior products just don't get by.

* * *

In addition to the above winners, the following contestants were awarded $10 each:

Alma Bailey; Mrs. Carl E. Bonelli; Mrs. Paul M. Bradley; Mrs. Harold J. Broomhead; Mrs. Fred E. Brown; Mrs. Mary Nell Byars; Bertha Young Drane; Mrs. Permelia M. Dunn; Mrs. Julia Cheney Eddy; Mrs. Paul F. Eilola; Mrs. Thorold Friedley; Mrs. George W. Hay, Jr.; Ruth A. Hill.

Mrs. John H. Hudspeth; Mrs. Martha S. Jennings; Mrs. Irma Kennedy; Mrs. L. A. MacPherson; Myrtle Murchie; Mrs. Lois H. Murry; Mrs. Chester Jay Oxley; Mrs. Virga Parker; Mrs. Byron Prewitt; Mrs. Morton Ralston; Mrs. John C. Simpson; Esther Thompson; Mrs. Jennie Towery; Mrs. Edna Vanderlip; Mrs. Oscar Weissberg; Mrs. Estelle R. Wiggins; Mrs. C. Willingham.



$125.00 paid to Mrs. Philip Booth, Jr. of Memphis, Tenn., for this idea:

"Cleanliness Cards," posted in rest rooms, theatre lounges and other public places by a group of Memphis women, encourage neatness; remind people to throw trash into receptacles and, generally, to respect public facilities and property as they would their own homes. Results in civic cleanliness and order are already visible.

Send in your entries now . . . read these simple rules

1. These contests are being offered *every month* as a public service of Pepsi-Cola Co., to be of help to women in their daily lives.

2. Here's all you do: Write out in 50 words or less, the best idea you have which will help your neighbor. Then write your reasons for selecting the idea you did. Ideas can deal with any subject of interest to women.

3. Submit your entries in your own words . . . literary style will not count. The originality and aptness of the subject matter, and your reasons for selecting it, are the things for which prizes will be awarded. You may enter these contests as many times as you wish. Write each entry on a separate sheet with your name and address on each.

4. Mail your entries to Pepsi-Cola Company, Dept. L, Good Neighbors Club, P. O. Box 230, Long Island City 1, N. Y. All entries that are received during April, will be judged in the April contest.

5. Every month, 35 cash prizes will be given totaling $1500.00, in order of excellence as follows: 1st Prize: $700.00; 2nd Prize: $250.00; 3rd Prize: $125.00; 4th Prize: $75.00; 5th Prize: $50.00; plus *30 prizes* of $10.00 each.

6. Checks will be mailed to prize winners in the Apr. contest not later than May 31, 1948.

7. Pepsi-Cola Company shall have the right to publish all prize-winning entries in any form desired, with or without editing, and including names and addresses of winners, and also pictures of the five top prize winners. Do not send any pictures with entries.

8. Judges will be a nationally-known judging organization. Their decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries returned.

Enter the Pepsi-Cola "Treasure Top" Contests and Family Sweepstakes.
51 separate cash prize-winners . . . every state . . . every month. Ask your dealer.

WAYWARD PILGRIM

(Continued from Page 62)

marshes, and beyond the gold October woods swept to the blue of the sky. Through the open window there came no sound except the soft lap of the water against the wall, and the tap of a hammer where in the boathouse Ben was messing about with boats.

At the sound of that hammer Nadine's face softened with sudden tenderness and compunction. Ben had not been able to go back to school this term. Lucilla had insisted that his mother take him to see a doctor about his cough, and his lungs were not satisfactory. Nothing to worry about, said the doctor, a few months of laziness and fresh air would probably put things right; but there might have been something to worry about if Lucilla had not taken action, and Nadine was ashamed.

I'm a poor sort of mother, she said to herself now. *It was a good thing for Ben's sake that we came here. And George's too; he's a new man.*

Yes, this move had justified itself. When she first arrived, with everything to do and feeling herself without strength to do it, she had bitterly hated the house. But her hatred had not lasted long, for the response of the house to her onslaughts upon it had been so swift that the bitterness had ebbed away. Nadine had a supreme gift for furnishing and decorating, but never had she so enjoyed putting her gift to use as she had during these past few months. The house had seemed to help her as though it were an actual person. And it had been the house itself that had attracted to her assistance Malony, Annie-Laurie and Smith. Nadine suddenly began to laugh as she thought of these three, and went back in memory to the blessed day of their arrival.

After the first few days she had declared with bitter passion that she would not stay in this house, *she would not,* unless a bathroom and a resident lamp cleaner were put in, and the mice put out. She realized it would be impossible to install electric light for a long time to come, and she agreed with George that lamplight and candlelight were very beautiful, but she was not going to do the lamps herself. Nor was she going to live here without a bathroom. Having delivered herself of this ultimatum, she took a headache to her room, lay on her bed with it and cried. George meanwhile spent the morning touring the neighborhood in the car and interviewing every plumber he could find, only to be told by each firm that baths at present were unobtainable.

George bought ten mousetraps and came home very crestfallen, to find Caroline helping Jill prepare lunch. It was the beginning of the summer holidays, so the children were at home, with the exception of the twins, who were staying at Damerosehay in the care of Lucilla so as to set Jill free to help get the house in order.

"We'll send Mrs. Eliot her lunch on a tray," Jill said now to the miserable George. "You shall take it yourself, sir. Tired out, she is. What beautiful mousetraps, sir. I don't know when I've seen finer mousetraps than those."

SHE laid the tray swiftly and deftly with a special invalid's lunch, setting a little vase of flowers upon it, and George tramped up the stairs with it and carried it to Nadine and set it upon the table beside her bed, upsetting the vase of flowers as he did.

"How sweet of you, darling," she said, mopping up the water, and hating herself now for her tears and her temper. "Did you have any luck about the bath?"

"No, but I bought ten mousetraps."

An advertising expert talking about the psychology of propaganda said: "A boy boarded an excursion steamer where every seat was occupied. 'Seen the whale tied to the pier on the other side?' he asked his fellow passengers. His whale story was laughed at, but he kept repeating it. Gradually, one by one, the passengers got up and crowded over. The boy got a seat. Soon he could have had a hundred seats. . . . He sat alone for some time. Finally he hopped up and rushed to the other side of the boat, muttering, 'Maybe there is a whale there after all!'"

"How splendid. What are you goin bait them with? We eat all our chees tion."

Again she hated herself, but George not hurt this time by her sarcasm, fo attention was distracted by the most traordinary chugging noise that came ing in through the open window. He tur "What the dickens!"

NADINE slipped off her bed and wer stand by George. The most astonishing traption was chugging up the river looked as though it had originally been barge, though it was now fitted with a and carried the most extraordinary a ment of oddments. In the center o barge was a bathing machine, its little dows hung with gay flowered curtains. hind the bathing machine was strung a line from which brightly colored femal dergarments fluttered out over what w parently a vegetable garden. The fro the boat was filled up with the most am assortment of machinery, above which ered a flagpost from which fluttere Union Jack. At the top of the flagpost curious bunch of scintillating brightnes at this distance could not be identified. appeared to be a crew of three: a male dimly discernible among the machin female figure tangled up in the washin a cat cleaning its whiskers on top of the ing machine. Th had been trav slowly downrive at sight of the H Grace it slac speed and then much noise, ca anchor beneath t den wall. The part of the cra now hidden fr astonished gaze dine and Geor they could still flagpost with i and the brig above that n vealed itself as of bells, that sweetly as th rocked to stilln top of a ladder appeared above the wall.

"Must be a sort of circus," said Na

"Great Scott!" ejaculated "They're coming ashore!"

The man came first, climbing off der onto the top of the wall with the ness of a monkey. And he was like a to look at. He had a brown, sad, p face, and dark hair cropped short. small, thin and wiry, clothed in d dungarees and sweater. The girl lowed him looked about eighteen y very thin, light and graceful, with sunburned face, and wonderful shin hair twisted in plaits about her he wore a jade-green skirt and yellow and her thin brown legs were bare. two of them were upon the wall, the a flying leap and landed behind th three marched in single file along t the wall and vanished in the directi front door. A moment after ther knock, and then voices.

There was a racket on the st Tommy burst in. "Come along dow There's a chap here, a sort of tinker anything. We've asked him to lunch

"Asked him to *lunch?*" ejaculate

"Of course, mother. This is an know. We're bound to give shelte freshment at any hour."

"Did he ask for lunch?" d George.

"No. He asked for beer, and t our scissors and knives and sell us I had to tell him we hadn't the bee were having cider and canned lunch, and he said he could mak

(Continued on Page 87)

OUT-PERFORMS ALL OTHER SHORTENINGS !



Perfected after 18 years of research, Swift'ning* is a wholly new kind of shortening. It gives you a combination of important advantages no other can supply !





ft'ning is superb in any recipe!

wift'ning in all your favorite recipes, new or old. Try it for cakes—-mix or conventional; for pies; for light digestible fried foods. See if you don't get finer all-around results than ever before.

MON POSY PIE

A Martha Logan "Helping Hand" Recipe. Little hands show you where beginners are most apt to make mistakes.

PIE CRUST

t oven 450°F. Use a 9-inch pie nd only standard level measure- Sift **1 cup sifted all-purpose flour** **tsp. salt** in a bowl. Cut **⅓ cup ing** into flour with pastry blender nives until particles are size of peas. Sprinkle cold water, a t a time, over *different parts* of mixture, tossing lightly with a *Use as little water as pos- just enough to make dough hold r (3 tbsps. or less!).* Place dough ed paper. Press gently *with the* into a ball. Let stand at room rature for a few minutes.

Cover board with pastry canvas ling pin with knitted cover, both floured. Roll dough in circle ⅛" Use *light* strokes, work from *out.* Lift rolling pin as it nears Invert pie pan on dough, cut 1¼" beyond edge of pan. Fold in half; lay fold in center of pan; *Fit pastry in pan, press- ing with finger-tips from center out to remove air bubbles.* Prick with fork in several places. To form standing rim, double under the pastry extending over edge of pan. Flute with fingers. Cut 10 leaves from remaining crust. Bake until light brown, allowing 12 to 15 minutes for pie, about 5 minutes for leaves.

LEMON FILLING

Soak **2 tsps. unflavored gelatin** in **⅓ cup cold water** about 5 min. Put **3 slightly beaten egg yolks, ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup lemon juice, ¼ tsp. salt** in a double boiler. Cook over boiling water until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Add gelatin, stir until dissolved. Add **1 tbsp. grated lemon rind,** remove from heat, chill until beginning to set. Beat **3 egg whites** until *fairly* stiff; gradually add **½ cup sugar,** beating constantly. Fold into *cooled* gelatin mix. Pour into cooled pie shell; chill till set. Trim with strawberry halves and the pastry leaves sprinkled with green-colored sugar.

Pure, tasteless Swift'ning comes in 3-lb. and 1-lb. tins, and 1-lb. cartons. Keeps without refrigeration, of course.

ONLY IN SWIFT'NING—THIS SPECIAL "QUICK MIX" INGREDIENT FOR CAKES! Do you prefer conventional cake recipes, or the new speedier mixing methods? Either way, you'll get *marvelous* cakes with Swift'ning for delicate, snowy white Swift'ning contains an exclusive "*quick-mix*" ingredient that makes it supremely blendable. Try the sure and easy cake recipe on the 3-lb. Swift'ning tin. You'll love it!

FLAKIER PIES THAN WITH ANY OTHER TYPE OF SHORTENING! You'll be thrilled with the pies and biscuits and shortcakes you turn out with Swift'ning. Tests prove Swift'ning makes them tenderer, extra flaky.

HIGHLY DIGESTIBLE! EXTRA NUTRITIOUS! No other type of shortening is more digestible than Swift'ning. And it contains a combination of important nutritional essentials not supplied by shortenings of other types.



***Swift'ning is the trade-mark for Swift & Company's new improved Bland Lard.**



Miss Nancy du Pont

of Wilmington . . . Her lovely face speaks joyously for her. It captivates you with a young believing friendliness that makes *you* feel believing and friendly, too.

". . . a sense of confidence and happiness glows thr

An amazing power in You

. . . CAN CHANGE YOU
. . . CAN MAKE BEAUTY COME TO YOU

Sit alone for a few minutes and think about What is she like . . . this *You* that others s your face every day? Does she look heart-wa —somebody worth being? Or, does she seem a drab—disappointing?

There is within you, constant and true, an ing power that can make you a lovelier, delig to-be-with person—if you will only *use* it. It out of the close interrelation of the *inner* yo the *outer* you and the power each has to chan other. You know how a sense of confidenc happiness glows through you when you *fee look* lovely. You walk on air, face alight, spirit ing. And—in reverse—when the inner you

ss and defeated—*you look* long-faced, unlovely.
ing lovely is a challenge to *you*. Your own
al loveliness depends largely on what *you* do to
it real. Above all, you must *want* to be lovely.
you must have the vision to practice beauty's
liscipliines—faithfully.

much of everything you do can help beauty
to you. Exercising—to relax you and keep
elaxed. Eating the right food. Drinking enough
. Sleeping enough hours. Getting enough fresh
All these are your beauty's friends.

id promise your face that you will not dull it
eglect.

maculate cleanliness is the first thing your face
right to expect from you. The "new look" for
is flower-fresh, natural. It calls for a lighter
with cover-ups, *doing more* with creams and
. The new care for faces—as you'll see in the
rding rites that follow—gives far more than
ee cleansing. It stirs your whole face awake.

ur face is the changing, outer expression of
eal you. Does it speak truly for you? It *can*—if
id it is *your will* to keep it lovely.

ke a look at *your* face—right now.

A New Face Treatment

s can be so helped—by the care they are given.
skin has two sides like a window—and to care
ne side only is *not* enough. Pond's has consulted
dermatologists and studied the needs of facial
and now brings you the new "Outside-In-
Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream, that
on *both sides* of your skin.

OM THE OUTSIDE the Pond's Cold Cream works for
s you massage. The lovely softening oils clean away
e dirt, make-up, dried skin particles, throw an in-
e veil of smoothing softness over your skin.

OM THE INSIDE each step of this new Pond's face
ment stimulates healthy, beauty-giving circulation.
blood vessels speed up their work—bringing in
ell food, carrying off skin-cell waste.

ice each day—*always* before you go to bed—
your face Pond's special, new "Outside-Inside"
Treatment . . . *this is the way:*

Vater Stimulation
ress face cloth, comfortably hot and wet, against
ace—to stimulate blood flow to skin.

Two Creamings—to "condition" skin

1) *Cleanse* . . . Circle Pond's Cold Cream briskly over warm, damp face and throat. This demulcent Pond's treatment sweeps dirt from pore openings. Tissue off.

2) *Rinse* . . . With *more* Pond's, massage briskly to rinse off last traces of tenacious dirt. Tissue off.

Cold Freshener Stimulation
a cold water splash, plus the tonic astringence of Pond's Freshener.

Yes—it does *charming* things for your face . . . softens it, strokes it smoother, puts roses in it.

As NANCY DU PONT *says: "This face treatment is fun to do, and your skin looks wonderful after it."*

Her mother, MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., *adds: "It is the most satisfying face care I know about."*

It's Exciting to "grow Beauty"

WAKE UP the beauty and charm in *You!* Beauty can grow into any woman's life if she gives it a bit of encouragement.

BE SMART about beauty! Find what can help you get the effects you want. Know what products you need. *Get* them and *use* them, not haphazardly, but carefully and intelligently.

KEEP AT IT—*every day.* Be faithful to necessary details. Get your beauty techniques down *right*, so it becomes second nature to do them.

HAVE ENTHUSIASM! *Use imagination!* Don't dwell on what you haven't—plan for what you *will* have. Each day's *success* will lead you straight to another—and to a charming, lovely, self-confident You.



To help your face look lovely and lovable—these truly wonderful beauty aids by Pond's!

Is yours a "Special Skin"?

DRY! You are more than likely to have skin dryness in the spring—the winds are so trying. So give your face *special softening* with a very rich *lanolin* cream—Pond's Dry Skin Cream. It is homogenized—to soak in better, and it has a special emulsifier for extra softening aid. Smooth over face and throat and leave 5 to 15 minutes each night—or if skin is *very* dry leave on overnight.

OILY! Use Pond's Liquefying Cream for your "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment. It melts instantly, tissues off quickly and completely.

DULL! *Darkened by Exposure!* When skin looks rough, darker than you like, a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream will re-style your complexion *quickly*—no twenty-minute wait for results! Spread the cream lavishly over your face—except eyes. The "keratolytic" action of the cream starts right away to loosen and dissolve off little roughnesses. After 1 full minute tissue off. Your complexion looks clearer, more velvety. Your make-up goes on beautifully smooth—and stays!

For the new angel-sweet look— Pond's Angel Face

This *newest type* of new make-up gives your complexion a softer finish than cake make-up. It gives no coated look. And it's *not* drying. You just smooth it on with the downy puff that comes in every Angel Face box, no water, no wet sponge, no greasy fingertips. A smoothing "cling" ingredient, pressure-fused right into Angel Face, makes it go on more evenly, stay on longer than powder. (And it loves life in your handbag—can't spill.)

Be a "Lass with a Delicate Air"

For the new gentle technique in faces, you use pastel colors and a light, light touch. You let the sweet, tender quality of your own skin show through your make-up.

If you have naturally light skin, you'll find Pond's "Ivory Angel" and Pond's "Pink Angel" bring just the right gentle softness of color. If you have a more "mezzo" toned skin, "Tawny Angel" will bring it warm glamor. Don't scrub Angel Face on. Stroke its puff lightly—outward and *upward*—with the grain of your skin, not against it. You'll have that velvet-and-roses look!

Lips, too, look gentle! And their color is charming—coral pink, soft blue-pink, rose red! That perfectly wonderful Pond's "Lips" shade "Dither" is as sweet a pink as you'll find anywhere! Outline your lips' own curve with it. *No* exaggerating now. Instantly your lips have a *softer* look—*very* beguiling.

It's truly *exciting* to discover new loveliness in *you*. Why not *do* it?

REMEMBER—the You that others see first is in your face. It is not vanity to care for the beauty of your own face. It helps you to be a more confident, worth-while and charming person. It shows others what a very nice You lives in back of that face.



Made for spring suit fashions—Textron's new Dark-Ligl
of finest rayan crepe, abc

Moonlight and Shadow

IN TEXTRON'S DARK-LIGHT SLIP

Now Textron's newest dress-sized slip has a night-black skirt and a moon-white top frothed with delicate edging. So perfect under light, sheer blouses . . . so practical under Spring's dark suits. And sized just like your dresses—at the bust, waist and hips instead of at the bust alone. Just ask for your dress size, 12 to 20! Also in navy blue with white or solid white, pink or black. At leading stores throughout the country.

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TEXTRON
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HOSTESS COATS · BLOUSES · MENSWEAR · WOVEN & TRICOT LINGE

(Continued from Page 82)

. The girl's jolly nice too. Awfully ty."

Go down at once, George," said Nadine, d get rid of them."

You *can't* get rid of them," said Tommy gnantly. "This is an inn, I keep telling ."

eorge went, followed by Tommy. Na- carried her tray to the window, sat down began to eat. She felt much better after had eaten a little; in fact, almost well. looked thoughtfully at the tops of the ato plants showing above the garden . She'd just slip down, she thought, and f the tomatoes were worth buying.

s she went down the stairs she heard a t clatter of knives and forks and con- ation coming from the kitchen. She t out through the old ship's door and id into the garden. Standing by the , she found herself looking straight at the .. It was most attractive. The bathing hine, a large one, had been divided to e two tiny cabins and a kitchen-living n.

hen she turned her attention to the vege- e garden in the stern. It had two beds, planted with tomato plants bearing itiful ripe red to- oes, and the other lettuces and rad- s with a border of ies. These beds had n made—Nadine ed and gazed n—by filling two baths with earth. *large baths.*

er headache van- d as though it had r been. She has- d to the kitchen. ge, her children, and the two stran- were seated at the en table, drink- cider and devour- alad off the beauti- willow-pattern a as though they known one another ears. The cat was r the table, also partaking of nourish- t off a willow-pattern plate. There was cant place at one end of the table, op- e George, and, as soon as she saw Na- . Jill got up and pulled the chair back.

We hoped you would feel well enough to us, madam," she said. "You had such a lunch. Could you fancy toast and a cup ffee?"

Yes, I could, Jill. Thank you," said Na- and took the empty place.

My wife," said George, red-faced but tly. No matter how flustered, he was ys a good host. "Mr.—er ——"

im Malony," said the monkey-faced . Standing, courteously he bowed to ne, his bright yet sad, dark eyes twin- with friendliness. "And this is my hter Annie-Laurie."

nie-Laurie turned toward her hostess smiled shyly. She had a queer, crooked like that of a beseeching child; though, second glance, one saw that she was far being a child. Her beautiful bright- eyes were deeply and maturely anxious, though her crooked smile had a child's al, it died abruptly. It was a resolutely d-in face. There was undoubtedly some- very wrong with this girl. Yet at the time there was something very right her, a direct simplicity in her beseech- a vitality that leaped like a pure flame. ne answered the smile, but for once d herself without words.

pause was broken by Tommy, who ated the region below the table with a re. "The cat Smith," he told his mother. oying the trimmings of your fillets."

en the conversation flowed on again e Nadine's entrance had interrupted it, the subjects of fish, boats, rivers and side inns. It was sustained chiefly by my and Jim Malony, but George, Ben and line flung in occasional eager questions now and then. Annie-Laurie said little. Every now and then she smiled at her father, with the tenderness of a woman who has heard her man's tales many times before but is glad to see him happy in their repetition. Her attitude was much more wifely than daughterly. And indeed he seemed scarcely old enough to be her father, for in spite of his puckered face he was obviously a youngish man. He was a born raconteur. He talked in a husky croaking voice that was yet unusually articulate, and his Irish brogue seemed too glorious to be true.

AND Nadine did not think for a single moment that it was true. She no more believed that Jim Malony was an Irishman than she believed he was what Tommy had said he was, a tinker. She was utterly nonplused by the pair. They were not of the class that she was accustomed to describe as working people, nor were they exactly gentlefolk. What on earth were they?

"Troubadour." It was Ben who had spoken. He was sitting next to Annie-Laurie and had turned to her. "Your father is like a sort of troubadour," he said. "You know, one of those men who traveled from house to house in the old days, telling wonderful tales and cheering everyone up."

"He's always cheerful," said Annie-Laurie. Her voice was clear and charming, educated, without the trace of an Irish accent. As she spoke she turned to smile at her hostess.

"Do you like flowers, Annie-Laurie?" Nadine asked. "You have some lovely pansies in the garden on your houseboat."

"I like flowers, children, birds and animals," said Annie-Laurie. "Anything that needs looking after. My pansies are pretty, but you can't grow many flowers just in a bath. It was because your garden was so lovely that my father and I stopped, and then the old house looked friendly. We hoped it was an inn. But I think perhaps you are only using it as a private house and that we ought not to have asked to come in?"

"That's all right," Nadine assured her. "It is going to be an inn when we have got things straight. We have only just moved in, and nowhere, simply nowhere, can I find a bath to put in the bathroom we want to make."

"Bath, is it?" inquired Mr. Malony. "Glory be to God, ma'am, I've two baths!"

"Mr. Malony," said Nadine, "I will pay you any price within reason for those baths, and if you are a sufficiently skilled workman to help our local plumber put them in for me, I will double it."

"Ten quid the pair?" suggested Malony instantly. "Let you give us twenty quid and our food, now, and I don't know but what Annie-Laurie and I won't stay here until you've got the place to your liking. There's nothing Annie-Laurie can't do—cook, clean lamps, wash, iron, sew—and, glory be to God, there's no mouser to touch Smith in the whole of the United Kingdom. Done, ma'am?"

"Done," said Nadine.

And they were still here, sleeping in their houseboat anchored beyond the boathouse at the edge of the wood, but having their meals at the Herb of Grace, and toiling there from morning till night. They were invaluable.

Malony had helped a local plumber to install two bathrooms, one for the guests and one for the family. Procuring the paint from no one knew where, he had repainted the house from top to bottom quite superbly. He had worked in the garden with Ben and Tommy, assisted George to get the garage into order, scrubbed floors, washed up, done anything and everything that his quick eye

The canary, brightest of popular captive songsters, derives its name from the Latin term for "dog"! Ancient navigators who discovered a little group of islands about forty miles west of Africa were astounded by the great number of large, fierce dogs found there. Accordingly, from *canis* (dog) they called the islands the Canaria. Much later, the English-speaking world became familiar with the archipelago. Slightly modifying the spelling, they called it the Canary Islands. When modern explorers discovered the islands to abound in bright yellow songbirds, they captured many for export to Europe. Because the shrill-voiced singers came from the Canary Islands, they were called "canaries."



Orchids to you for holding on to your honeymoon happiness . . . for guarding the charm *he* finds so adorable. No wonder you vow never to be without Mum!

Your bath washes away *past* perspiration. But to keep that daintiness from fading . . . to prevent risk of underarm odor *to come* . . . always complete your bath with Mum.

Be a safety-first girl with



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum safer for charm — Mum checks perspiration odor, keeps underarms dainty all day or evening.

Mum safer for skin — No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

Mum safer for clothes — No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

SKIP the dishes



UNTIL YOU GET

4-WAY IMPROVED

DREFT!



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See! MORE SUDS THAN ANY LEADING PRODUCT KNOWN!

1 *More suds than anything!* Ounce for ounce in average water, Improved Dreft makes more suds than any dishwashing product known.



Feel! MILDEST EVER TO YOUR HANDS!

2 *Feel how clean your hands are* after using Dreft! No slippery, greasy feeling. For Dreft leaves hands as well as dishes greaseless. Contains no alkali, either. Gentle Dreft is *even milder to hands than before!*



Smell! WONDERFULLY "SNEEZE-FREE"!

3 *Sniff away!* Less sneezing with Dreft. Because Improved Dreft contains less of that irritating "dust" that causes sneezing than any leading dishwashing product of its kind.



Look! WASHES ¼ MORE DISHES!

4 *Biggest value yet!* Improved Dreft now weighs more, goes farther, lasts longer. In fact, a package washes *one-quarter* more dishes than before.

If *those* dishwashing facts surprise you,

Listen to these!

More dishes are washed with Dreft than with any other brand in America.

Dreft was first
. . . to cut dishwashing time in half!
. . . to give you greaseless dishwashing
. . . to perform miracles *no soap* can match!
and here's another "first" . . .



Dreft makes Dishes Shine *—even Without Wiping!*

PROCTER & GAMBLE'S PATENTED SUDS DISCOVERY

saw needed doing. They had already had a few guests, friends who came to give them a good send-off, and Malony had known exactly how to deal with all of them. With a green baize apron tied round his middle, he shared the duties of hall porter (only the children insisted upon the old name of chamberlain) with Ben, and, attired in a white apron or a leather one, he was Tommy's better half as waiter or garage mechanic. And when Jill was helping Nadine with the cooking (for they had no cook as yet), he minded the twins with a skill that was little short of genius.

Annie-Laurie was as valuable as Malony. She took over entire charge of the lamps, and all the duties of a chambermaid. She was very nearly as good with the twins as Jill and Malony, and she was deeply attached to Mary, the Pekingese. But though she was friendly, she was not very forthcoming. She replied courteously and sweetly when spoken to, but she never told anybody anything, and all of them except Nadine found her reserve a little difficult to live with. But Nadine liked it. She liked Annie-Laurie, and believed Annie-Laurie liked her. There was a deep unexpressed sympathy between them.

Malony had given Nadine and George a short sketch of his history. He had begun life as a plumber and house decorator; a bad bout of pneumonia had left his lungs weak, and sea air having been ordered by his doctor, he had started a bathing-machine business. He had owned twelve bathing machines and done very well out of them; which was how he had come by the bathing machine. But the bathing business palled on him. He had a longing to see the world. He also had a pal who was a bargee, but who was sick of it and wanted to settle down. They did an exchange, the pal taking over six of the bathing machines and Malony the barge, which he made into an excellent houseboat. Smith had been the bargee's cat and had come into their possession with the barge. Since then he and Annie-Laurie had just been seeing the world, picking up a living by doing odd jobs at riverside houses. Annie-Laurie was his only child. Her mother had died at her birth. She had had a good position at a dressmaking establishment, but had thrown it up to look after her father in his illness. This tale, admirably and amusingly related, George swallowed in simple faith; but Nadine did not believe a word of it.

The table knife, so familiar in the American household, is used by only one third of the world's inhabitants. Another third use chopsticks—and the remaining third eat with their fingers. Only in very recent times has it become customary to use a special blunt-end knife at the table. Until the time of Magellan, Europeans used hunting knives or daggers. But when a mutinous sailor threw a knife at the great explorer and almost killed him, Magellan ordered the ship's smith to cut the points off all the knives on board. He made the blunt knives standard equipment on later voyages. And though this didn't save his life in the Philippines, the blunt-end knife came into wide use among other seamen and eventually evolved into the familiar table knife!

But her unbelief had not prevented her from agreeing wholeheartedly with George's proposal that they should turn their unused coachman's quarters into a comfortable little flat, suitable as a winter home, and invite Malony and Annie-Laurie to stay with them for always. After one hurried glance at each other they had asked if they might think it over. They had given no answer as yet.

Nadine looked at her watch. It was three-thirty. In another hour or so their first real guests would be arriving; for the personal friends who had hitherto stayed with them had hardly counted. But these two, John Adair and his daughter, were strangers. And important strangers too. The familiarity of the name John Adair, when she received his note asking for accommodation for an unlimited period, had sent Nadine to her Who's Who, to find to her dismay that he was John Adair the painter, a wealthy and famous man who would require to be fed as such. A crease of anxiety showed between Nadine's eyebrows as she looked at her watch. There was a tap at the door.

"Come in," said Nadine.

Annie-Laurie entered. "If you please, Mrs. Eliot, my father and I think it would be best if we were moving on now."

"But, Annie-Laurie, you surely won't leave me just when I have guests coming?"

"We'll stay another week."

"Then you have decided not to accept the general's offer of staying with us permanently?"

"No."

The little monosyllable dropped bleakly, and looking up at Annie-Laurie's face, Nadine saw it desolate. She pulled forward the little armchair. "Sit down, Annie-Laurie and let's talk this over."

"It would be best for us not to stay," said Annie-Laurie wretchedly; but she sat down.

"Listen, Annie-Laurie," said Nadine. "I am very fond of you. Your father would like to stay. It is you who have decided against it."

"How did you know that?" whispered Annie-Laurie.

"I felt it, somehow. Why? I know you are fond of me."

A curious pulsation passed over Annie-Laurie's sealed face. She pushed her thin hands up into her lovely gold hair and held them there as though she carried in her head a burden too hard to bear.

"You'll have to try and tell me a little about yourself, Annie-Laurie," said Nadine gently. "That tale your father told us, the plumbing business and the bathing machines and all that nonsense. I didn't believe it. No, do I believe that he is Irish. Tell me the truth about him."

Annie-Laurie's shawl slipped to her lap. The were trembling. "I was a comedian. We did acts together. I sang Irish songs and sang Scotch ones, and we both danced. He's clever. There's nothing he can't do. We made a lot of money at one time. We had . . everything."

Music-hall artist Nadine was surprised that she had not guessed that before. "What made your father go on the halls?" she asked.

"He couldn't keep his engineering jobs."

"Why not?"

"They didn't satisfy him—and then drinks sometimes."

"But not now."

"Not since we've been here," said Annie-Laurie. "Something new, something that interests him, and he's all right for a bit."

"And that's why you think you ought not to stay with me?" asked Nadine gently. "You think he'd disgrace the Herbert Grace?"

"Not only Jim—father. I would. I've been in prison. Wherever we go, whatever I do, it comes out." The desolation in her voice seemed to open a sort of pit at Nadine's feet. "So you see why we must go," said Annie-Laurie.

Nadine thought quickly and hard, unconsciously stretching out her hand and pressing it against the wall of the old house. It was warm in the sun, and seemed to tell her what to do, like a friend speaking. She made her decision. "There's no need to go, if you would like to stay. Whatever it was that you did that is in the past. I trust you, Annie-Laurie, both you and your father."

Annie-Laurie took a deep breath. "He's not my father."

Again Nadine pressed her hand against the warm house wall, and again she was reassured. "How old are you, Annie-Laurie?" Nadine asked.

"I don't look it, but I'm over thirty," whispered Annie-Laurie. She was looking at her hands clasped in her lap, her head bent, and Nadine could not see her face. She, too, looked at Annie-Laurie's hands. The knuckles were showing white through the sunburned skin. She stretched out

(Continued on Page 90)

"Have you seen what we've done to our home?"





er Pembroke Bath, Master One-Piece Water Closet, Campanion Lavatory.

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(Continued from Page 88)

hand and put it over them. "I had to tell you," said Annie-Laurie, "after you'd said you trusted me—even though ——"

"It's all right," said Nadine. "You can still stay, if you want to. You do want to, don't you?"

"Yes." She looked up at last, her adoration warm in her eyes, but her relief a thing of such intensity that she could not speak of it. "He stuck to me through it all," she said.

"You can't marry him?"

"It's not possible," said Annie-Laurie. "But we're not really doing anything wrong. I can't explain ——"

"Listen, Annie-Laurie," said Nadine. "What you have told me is between us. I will not speak of it to anyone—not even to my husband. And I will not speak of it to you again, either, but if at any time you would like to tell me more about yourself, then I shall be glad to hear it." She paused. "For your own sake, not mine."

Annie-Laurie looked up speechlessly, and the light and warmth that had been in her face were gone. She was sealed in again.

"Very well," acquiesced Nadine. "That's settled then. And keep a firm hold on your Jim. We don't want him to start drinking again."

Annie-Laurie stood up and smoothed her overall. "I don't think he will—not here."

Annie-Laurie vanished and Nadine turned to her housekeeping books, to stave off what she knew was coming. But it was no good. By the time she had added up the butcher's book the reaction had set in. What on earth had she done? Well, why ask that? She knew perfectly well what she had done. She had of her own deliberate choice taken into her household a man who at any moment might start drinking and a girl who had been in prison, and the relationship between the two of them, though Annie-Laurie had assured her they were doing "nothing wrong," was, to say the least of it, odd.

That was not the last of Nadine's shocks that afternoon. A half hour later there came the sound of a car, and then George's voice raised in welcome. Mary leaped from her basket, ricocheted across the room and started bouncing back and forth against the door. Nadine opened her door and, with Mary bouncing about her, passed with her loveliest grace and dignity down the stairs to greet her guests. They were laughing and talking with George in the bar parlor, now called the hall, but they looked up and saw her and paid her beauty that homage of a quick surprised silence to which she was so used that she hardly noticed it.

"My wife," said George with his customary pride.

Oddly enough, it was the girl whom N dine saw first, and saw with a pang utterly unreasonable fear, followed immed ately by a pang of equally unreasonable d like. For what could there be to fear in th child, or to dislike either? She looked a tho oughly nice girl, Nadine decided, and thou she couldn't, in her hostess' opinion, called beautiful, her hair and her tawny ey were lovely. Nadine shook hands with h In her golden-brown tweeds and hone colored jumper the girl looked like some lo ing, faithful sort of animal, a retriever o pony or a young lion that had been bo without carnivorous propensities.

"I hope you'll be happy here," Nad said.

"It's a beautiful place," said Sally. "S of . . . set apart. It's like seeing a pict in an exhibition of some strange, shin dream place and stepping over the sill of t frame and finding yourself safe inside it.'

What a lovely deep voice she had, a si er's voice. Yes, she was attractive.

"We've met before, Mrs. Eliot," s John Adair.

Even while she was speaking to Sally had known that. Now she turned to h "In the train once. What a coincidence!'

"I'm no believer in coincidence," he t her, his strong, ugly face creased with amu ment. "And I don't leave things to chanc

So he had come here because of her. H in the world had he found out who she w where she lived? Her answering laugh ha it the ring of genuine amusement, a that had been absent for so long that it p itively startled George. Recovering, smiled broadly. A little amiable flirta would do Nadine as much good as a bo of tonic. He had no fear of this man. Na might think the fellow had fallen for well, he obviously had, but probably because he wanted to paint her.

Nadine gently withdrew her hand and came the perfect hostess. "Tea will be se presently. It's so warm I believe you c have it in the garden. You are our only gu for a couple of days, and then there are men coming for a week's fishing, and s week-end people."

"You see before you two homeless v bonds," said John Adair cheerfully. "L of flat fallen in. Couldn't find anot Furniture stored."

"What about your painting?" a George.

"I've kept the studio. I can go to t when I need to. But, as it happens, finished my commissioned portraits and going to take a holiday."

"That doesn't mean that he's goin stop painting," said Sally. "The back o

(Continued on Page 92)



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(Continued from Page 90)

car is so full up with all his painting things we could hardly bring any clothes. He means that he's just going to paint what he wants to paint."

"And where is he going to paint?" asked Nadine with a suspicion of dryness.

"Have you an attic with a north light?" he asked.

"Well, as a matter of fact, we have," said Nadine, "but ——"

"Never say 'but,'" said John Adair with twinkling eyes. "It is not only one of the ugliest words in the language, it is also a singularly depressing word, connoting irresolution. Mrs. Eliot, *have* you an attic with a north light?"

"It's yours," laughed Nadine. "I'd wanted it to store the apples in, but I can't have it."

"No, I'm afraid not."

"It's a bit dusty, but Malony, our houseman, shall sweep it out."

"Thank you very much. This evening? I'd like to settle in as soon as possible." Though his words were brusque, his tone was courteous, and his twinkling eyes were once more so full of animation and delight that she did not resent being stampeded.

On their way upstairs she showed them the drawing room, which she had made a place of tranquil beauty. It was very simple. She had been lucky enough to get hold of some old green brocade for the curtains, which she had lined with peach color. The armchairs were upholstered in pale green and Lucilla had given her a couple of Persian rugs from Damerosehay for the floor. There was some old glass on the Adam mantelpiece, plenty of books in a tall glass-fronted bookcase, an old rosewood piano and bowls of flowers.

THE only picture was a painting of Ben's. He had not shown it to her, but she had found it and, to please him, had framed it and hung it in the drawing room. It showed a herd of red deer racing through a village street at night, under the light of the moon, and leading the red deer was one white one. He had drawn the street from the one at the Hard, and he had got very well the contrast between the peaceful old houses dreaming under the moon and the swift movement of the deer. The flying clouds overhead seemed no swifter in flight than the red deer, and the white one was like a fallen moonbeam; indeed, the light in the picture came from him rather than from the moon. But Nadine did not think it was very good; the anatomy of the deer seemed a bit odd.

But after just one delighted glance round the room John Adair was in front of it. "Who did that?"

"Ben, my eldest boy," said Nadine. "You know, in old days, it was a common occurrence for people in these parts to wake up in the night and hear the deer from the forest galloping down the village street. When he heard it, that captured Ben's imagination. But I'm afraid the picture is not very good."

"It's damn good," said John Adair almost with violence.

"But the drawing ——"

"Faulty, of course, he's had no teaching. But he's got it—the light."

"Yes, the moonlight is lovely," said Nadine.

John Adair snapped his fingers impatiently, for that was not the light that he had meant.

"How old is this boy?" he asked.

"Sixteen."

"At school, of course?"

"Actually he's at home just now. He's not too strong. The doctor said he must have a term or two off and keep out in the air as much as possible."

"For this boy, probably the best thing possible," said John Adair, tapping the picture with his finger. "I'll soon correct the faulty drawing."

"You mean ——" asked Nadine.

"We'll share my studio, your son and I. You, too, of course. I'm going to paint you for next year's Academy."

Nadine looked the picture of incredulity. "I've no time for such nonsense," she laughed.





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"You'll find the time," he assured her, "and you knew, the moment you saw me here, that I had come to paint you."

She did not deny it. What was the use? No conventional insincerities would deceive this man. "How did you know where to find me?" she asked.

"That day in the train you dropped a letter headed 'The Herb of Grace.' When Sally and I were searching for a roof to put over our heads she showed me the advertisement of your inn in some paper. I made a few inquiries and heard that General Eliot had an exceedingly beautiful wife. Then I put two and two together. And here I am."

Sally, at the window, gave an incredulous cry of delight. "It's the twins!" she cried. John Adair and Nadine joined her and beheld the twins and Jill coming through the garden. "You're the mother of my children," she said, turning eagerly to Nadine. "I used to see them in the greengrocer's shop at Chelsea."

"Was it you who sent me the bunch of violets?" asked Nadine.

"Yes, I did."

"Thank you," said Nadine. "It's odd, isn't it, that we should be together here? That *is* a coincidence."

They looked at each other, and Nadine saw a tiny shadow of fear in Sally's eyes. It was gone in a moment, but unmistakable. So Sally was a little bit afraid, too, and was probably as unaware of the reason as she was herself.

A traveler, wishing to test the ingenuity of the Chinese, who are reputed to be able to do anything they are paid to do, arrived at an inn and, throwing down a copper, said to the innkeeper, "For this copper, I want food, drink and entertainment."

The innkeeper disappeared and presently returned with a slice of watermelon. Placing the watermelon before the traveler, he said: "You asked for food, drink and entertainment. Here it is. You eat the pulp, drink the juice, and play with the seeds."

THOMAS STEEP: Chinese Fantastics (Century Company, Inc.).

John Adair and Sally had been at the Herb of Grace for a fortnight, though it seemed longer, so much a part of its life had they become, and so quick was Sally at making herself useful wherever she might happen to be. She liked being useful, especially when it meant minding the twins.

This morning she had been aware of a slight atmosphere of strain in the house. The two fishermen were now in residence, and today a relative of General Eliot's who was visiting Lady Eliot at Damerosehay was expected to lunch. And Nadine still had no cook. Sally had offered to cook for the period of her stay, but Nadine had received this offer a little brusquely; her pride would not let her accept quite that much help from a guest. Sally could understand that, and so this morning she had just offered to look after the twins while Nadine cooked and Jill did the children's washing.

Sally gave the twins their morning lessons in the drawing room first. They did not like acquiring information and generally behaved like demons in the process, but she promised them that if they were good they should take her afterward a long way inside the wood, whose real name, Jill said, was Knyghtwood, and they gave quite a good imitation of a couple of cherubs.

Lessons finished, she took them upstairs to their nursery and put on their stout little walking shoes and cardigans, and went downstairs to find Mary.

The party of four set out. The cat Smith came a little way with them, treading with delicate precision and swinging a slow, rhythmical tail; but not too far, for he was urban-minded and not really at home in Knyghtwood. Sally had so far explored only

3 lines of defense against CANCER

YOU are the first line of defense!

Alertness is your job. It's up to you to note cancer's warnings early, while chances of cure are best. That's why you, and everyone, should learn cancer's "danger signals" (they are listed below), and tell your doctor at once if any of these warnings appear. Sometimes cancer gives *no* warning, so it's also wise to have a thorough medical examination at least once a year.

The second line of defense is diagnosis!

This is your doctor's job. The "danger signals" are NOT sure signs of cancer, so it's up to your doctor to find out their cause. In many cases the doctor may advise further examination at a cancer clinic or hospital, or by a specialist. If he does, don't be alarmed. The chances are you don't have cancer. For example, out of 654 women who visited one clinic because most of them had suspicious symptoms, *605 or 92½ per cent were found to be completely free of cancer!*

The third line of defense is prompt treatment!

There are still no drugs, no pills, no "sure cures" for cancer. The only treatments that have been successful are *surgery*, which removes the cancer, *and radiation*, which destroys it. Success often depends upon starting treatment early. Medical experience shows that the chances of effecting a cure *are much greater* when proper treatment begins in the early stages of the disease.

Some hopeful news about cancer

While cancer is the second greatest cause of death, exceeded only by diseases of the heart, real progress is being made in controlling it. Today, if treatment is started before the disease spreads, it is estimated that cures can be expected in 3 out of 4 cases of cancer of the breast, in 4 out of 5 cases of cancer of the mouth, and in over 9 out of 10 cases of skin cancer.

Cancer research and education are progressing through the all-out efforts of public and private agencies. But *you* are still "the first line of defense." To learn more about protecting yourself from cancer, write for Metropolitan's free booklet, 48-J, "There's Something YOU Can Do About Cancer."

These are cancer's "danger signals"

- Any unexplained lump or thickening, especially in the breast.
- Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.
- A sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.
- Noticeable changes in the color or size of a mole or wart.
- Loss of appetite or continued unexplained indigestion.
- Any persistent change in normal elimination.
- Any persistent hoarseness or unexplained cough.

Pain is *not* an early symptom of cancer.

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Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love

the fringes of it, and she was almost as excited as the children.

"With Jill we've been as far as the big oak," said Jerry. "And with Ben we've been as far as his special place, but with you we're going right deep in to the Place Beyond where the Fairy Person with the horns is."

Sally was interested. "Who is this Fairy Person?" she asked.

"We saw his pointy face looking at us out of the wood that first day we came," said Josie. "We couldn't see more of him, because he was hiding in a holly tree. Then he went away and we haven't seen him again."

"What's the Place Beyond?" asked Sally.

"What the other places aren't," said Jerry, a little impatient with her stupidity.

Sally looked about her at the wood. It was, she thought, the loveliest wood she had ever seen, and full of deep peace. The woods across the river were beech, but this was chiefly birch and alder, with willows growing next the water, and brambles, crab apples, wild cherry and stunted oaks growing up the inland slope. The willow shoots were wands of gold, the birches and oak silver, the brambles gemmed with bright leaves, the mosses and lichens saffron and coral and jade. The river to their left showed only as a suffusion of silver light, while overhead the patterning of branches against the sky cut patches of blue. There were stirrings of unseen wild things going about their business in the undergrowth, and the rustle of wings, but the sound seemed only to intensify the deep stillness.

Such autumn days have a holiness that spring lacks, thought Sally. *They are like old saints for whom death has lost its terror.*

Jerry and Josie were now Rat and Mole. They ran along making little squeaking noises, and dropping now and then to all fours. Mary was the spirit of all her hunting ancestors, here, there and everywhere, hot upon exciting rabbit smells. Sally strode along with her hands deep in the pockets of her coat, her face a little flushed with her joy.

Mary suddenly swerved uphill to the right, Rat and Mole after her. Sally ran after them. At the top of a grassy bank there grew an oak tree, a splendid old giant to whom one must obviously pay one's respects. Standing together, Sally and the twins and Mary did homage. Just as they were turning away, Sally's eye was caught by some narrow green leaves at the foot of the oak.

"Look!" she said. "They're like the leaves on the inn signboard. Is it the herb of grace, Josie?"

"Yes," said Josie. "Ben said so. Rue. Herb o' grace o' Sundays. But it hasn't any flowers."

"It'll have them when the spring comes," said Sally. She picked a spray of leaves and put it in her buttonhole.

THEY ran down the bank and went on, and the enchantment and silence of the wood were threaded through by the sound of running water. Presently they came to it, a stream that ran through the wood toward the river. The water was amber in the sunlight, red-brown in the shade, tinged with iron but crystal clear so that one could see the pebbles on the bottom. The stream was a wide one and in the center of it was an island. It was reached by a bridge made from the fallen branch of a tree overgrown with clumps of fern.

"It's Brockis Island," said Josie. "Brockis means badger, Jill says. This is Ben's special place. He's painting it. Ben put the bridge there so that we should not get wet going to the island. We think no one knows about the island except us."

THEY crossed the branch, pushed their way through the bushes upon the farther side and found themselves facing a small natural archway made by two old thorn trees leaning toward each other. The archway was just the right size for children, and Sally had hard work to get through it, yet once through she caught her breath in wonder, for inside was a small perfect green lawn so thickly surrounded by the trees that one could see nothing through them, and with the berry-jeweled branches arching overhead to make a roof. It was a sweet and secret place, a perfect little house for children. The badger's hole was between the roots of an old thorn tree, and Sally looked at it with shining eyes, thinking of Ben, whose special place this was. A root of the herb of grace grew here, too, beside Badger's front door.

Jerry seized a fallen bit of wood, flung a leg over it, galloped once around the green lawn, neighing loudly, and proceeded to crash through the bushes upon the farther side. Josie, quick as lightning, copied him, and Sally, dashing after them and seizing them by their disappearing tails, was only just in time to prevent their plunging into the stream.

"I'm your horse," she said. "A mighty war horse. You'll cross this rushing river one by one upon my back."

This was a good idea. Sally, a hardy creature who never caught cold, took off her shoes and stockings and waded across with them, carrying Mary in her arms upon the second crossing. Then she sat down upon the farther bank, dried her feet with her handkerchief and put on her shoes and stockings again. When she looked up they had all three disappeared. Of course. They were knights on horseback now. They would go fast.

The narrow path through the wood that they had followed had ended at Brockis Island. There was no track through this part of the wood, and the trees grew more closely together. Sally walked on, keeping the gleam of water upon her left. She did not feel anxious; she'd be sure to come upon the twins sooner or later. And it was good to be alone for a little with this beauty. And as the shade deepened so did the mystery of the place, and the sense of holiness that was the autumn's gift. Her heart beat a little quicker.

There was a brighter gleam of sunshine and she came to a clearing in the wood. She shut her eyes for a moment, dazzled, and opened them upon the landscape of a vision or a dream; the same landscape that she had remembered from some picture when she had first seen Ben. Only now it was not a vague, illusive memory of something that she saw, but a clear and distinct picture. A second, smaller stream ran through this clearing. The bog myrtle grew here, too, robed in silver light, beautifully massed against the deep shade of the wood beyond. She saw the shapes of many birds about her; and she saw animals clearly, too, a rabbit, a bear, deer, many dogs. And there, upon his great white horse, was the Chevalier. But his face was not Ben's face this time; it was a fair face with clear-cut features, the face of a much older man.

The color, the light were so heavenly that she could not look any longer. Against her will her mortal eyes closed, and when she opened them again the scene was of the earth. Yet there were birds still. And the

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For Robert, Growing

By Marjorie Lederer Lee

How big is Robert?
Two Teddy bears tall;
One medium bounce
Of a red rubber ball;

The length of a riddle
Plus one long laugh;
The height of two roses
(No, two and a half).

One pussy willow
(A full-grown sprig);
Or fourteen lollipops—
That's how big. . . .

Think of the wonders
On looking around
Twenty-nine kisses
Away from the ground!

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KNITWITS

dogs were there: a funny old mongrel like a gray woolly hearthrug and a majestic and incomparable chow. And the Chevalier was there, gazing with deep absorption at something that was clear to him but hidden from her. But he was a man of this century, on foot in the woods.

Though she did not move, he was aware of her and turned. His eyes looked dazed for a moment, and then puzzled recognition dawned in them. "Haven't we seen each other before somewhere?" he asked.

She came forward. "Yes, at a party in London. I'm Sally Adair. My father and I are staying at the Herb of Grace. I knew a relation was coming to lunch, but I didn't know he was you."

"And I knew John Adair and his daughter were guests at the Herb of Grace, but I didn't know the daughter was Sally the Shepherdess. . . . Why, the old Mongrel likes you!"

The chow, gazing at her with imperial consideration, had not yet made up his mind about her, but the Mongrel was leaning his old head against her knee. She caressed his rough fur. "He's the one who's just the same," she murmured.

David looked puzzled, as well he might. "The sunlight got in my eyes and I saw a strange picture," she explained. "A picture of all sorts of birds and animals in a wood."

"One sees the oddest things in woods."

"What we ought to be seeing," said Sally, "are the twins and Mary. I brought them out for a walk and now I've lost them."

"Those twins!" said David with sympathy. "Many's the time I've lost them. If they turn into anything that gets a pace on, like a speedboat or a motor bike, it's all up."

"They were knights on horseback."

"Not so bad as a speedboat," said David cheerfully. "I suggest that if we tramp on to the edge of the wood, where I've left my car, singing Gaily the Troubadour, they might think the time had come to ride home from the wars. Do you know the Troubadour, by the way?"

"Of course," said Sally.

As they swung inland and began to climb up the slope of the wood, her deep contralto voice rang out in the air. David was silent for a moment, astonished at the loveliness of her untrained voice, then he joined in. Another couple might have felt themselves ridiculous, singing the sentimental old ballad together at the tops of their voices, but neither Sally nor David suffered from self-consciousness. They tramped on singing, through waist-high bracken, until the trees thinned and they came out into a narrow winding lane, high up on the brow of a hill. David's silvery-gray car waited at the edge of the wood, but there was no sign of the twins.

"You'd have thought the row we made would have fetched them, wouldn't you?" said David.

"I suppose the Place Beyond was beyond again," said Sally, and she explained about the twins and the Fairy Person whom they expected to find. "What is the wood like beyond the hollow?" asked Sally, as they settled themselves in the front of the car with the dogs installed in the back.

David laughed. "I can't tell you. I don't know this wood." Then he looked at her teasingly. "I believe you're taking this mysterious place of the twins' quite seriously. You're disappointed because you didn't get there, aren't you?"

Sally flushed, but she did not deny the charge. "Yes, I am," she said stoutly. "Though if I'd got there I don't suppose I'd have seen whatever it is the twins are seeing. Children have vision."

"Imagination," amended David.

"It's the same thing."

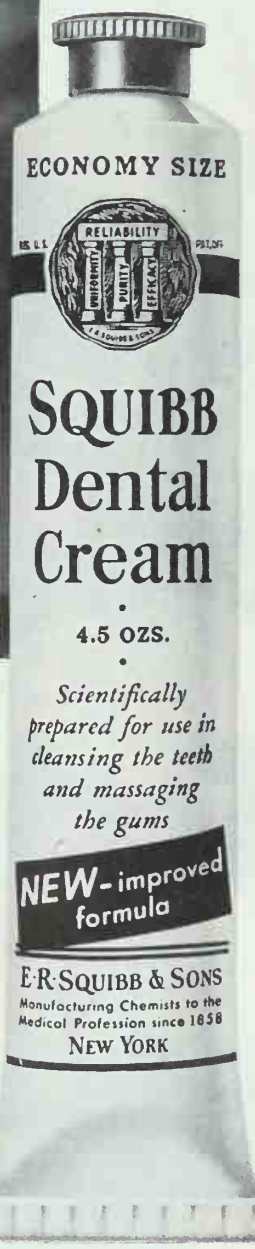
"Not quite, I think. Imagination comes from yourself and can deceive you, but vision is a gift from outside yourself—like light striking on your closed eyelids and lifting them to see what's really there."

"You said children had only imagination, but I think that sometimes they have both. And I think you have too."

(Continued on Page 97)

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T for Throat...

that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if *Camels* don't suit *your* "T-Zone" to a "T."



(Continued from Page 95)

"No. I'm no use at all." He spoke with itterness.

"People say that when they need a good oliday," said Sally sagely.

"Well, I'm taking it. Indefinitely."

"You've been ill, haven't you?"

"I'm ashamed to say I had what they call nervous breakdown. A thing I've always espised in others."

"I'm so sorry, but I expect it was a bless-ng in disguise," said Sally with practical ympathy. "It's made you take a good oliday. Are you staying in those sea marshes nat you told me about?"

"Yes. With my long-suffering grand-nother. You'd like my grandmother, and ne'd like you. I think you'd better meet as oon as possible. What about this afternoon? could drive you over to Damerosehay to tea nd bring you back afterward. I promised randmother to take Ben over. They're *n rapport*, she and he. Would you like nat?"

"Yes, I'd like that," said Sally. "Only first e've got to have lunch at the Herb of race, and we can't go ack to lunch without e children."

David made a noise ke an air-raid siren, nd presently there as the pattering of nall feet in the wood. nen the twins emerged th lips stained with ackberry juice and ives in their hair. ary, incredibly dirty, istled in the rear. ney replied with sweet gue smiles to David's eeting and climbed o the back of the car th the two old dogs, out whose necks they flung their arms and ainst whose furry faces they leaned their eeks with a warmth of affection never stowed upon their immediate family. vid started the car for food with a sigh of ief.

Sally turned round to the twins. "Did you there?" she asked eagerly.

They smiled at her with the amused derness of a mother whose child asks a estion to which the answer would be be-nd its comprehension, nodded, but re-ined silent.

"Oh, please tell me what it was like!" aded Sally.

They smiled again, but vouchsafed no swer.

"Did you see the Fairy Person?"

They nodded, and pursed their blackberry-s ned lips together like tight dark rosebuds. They were slipping down the delectable e that led to the Herb of Grace, David king about him with delight, and as they n red the river they were greeted with a d t of music, like the chiming of fairy bells.

"Whatever is that?" demanded David, startled.

"It's the bunch of bells that hangs on Annie-Laurie's houseboat," said Sally. "It chimes like that whenever anything rocks the houseboat."

"Annie-Laurie—what Annie-Laurie?"

"Annie-Laurie and her father are the prop and stay of the Herb of Grace," said Sally. "I suppose you'd say they're chambermaid and boots, though they're not quite the type. They live in their own houseboat on the river."

"Glad Nadine's got help," said David. But he looked for a moment vaguely disturbed; until they drew up before the inn and the beauty of the place overwhelmed him with delight. He had his back to the inn, and was helping Sally out of the car, when Nadine appeared at the open front door.

"There's Mrs. Eliot," said Sally.

His face set suddenly into hard lines, as though steeling himself for something. Then he turned round.

"David!" said Nadine. She came slowly down the path between the chrysanthemums and Michaelmas daisies, graceful and most lovely, her eyes blazing with hunger in her carefully composed face.

"Hullo, Nadine," called David cheerfully. "You've got a jolly place here." And he ran up the steps to join her. They had both of them forgotten Sally's existence. She saw that they had, and turned away and busied herself in getting the children and dogs out of the car.

Nadine had a way with a rabbit that was little short of genius, and when she had finished stuffing it with prunes and doctoring it with herbs, the dish was scarcely recognizable as rabbit at all. Her apple cream, waiting upon the side table, looked superb too. The talk at lunch was good, too, for John Adair and David always had plenty to say, and the wit to say it well, and Annie-Laurie and Malony waited with their usual deftness; and the room was full of flowers and the mellow light of a perfect October day.

Yet there was something wrong with this luncheon party, and John Adair was highly intrigued. His keen eyes went from one face to another, intent upon catching any clue to the emotions of these people. Yet all the while, as he watched and listened, the easy flow of his own talk sparkled in and out of the conversation of the others, throwing it into that clear-cut relief that he required for his observations.

Father's on the warpath again, thought Sally. *He's in one of his detective moods.*

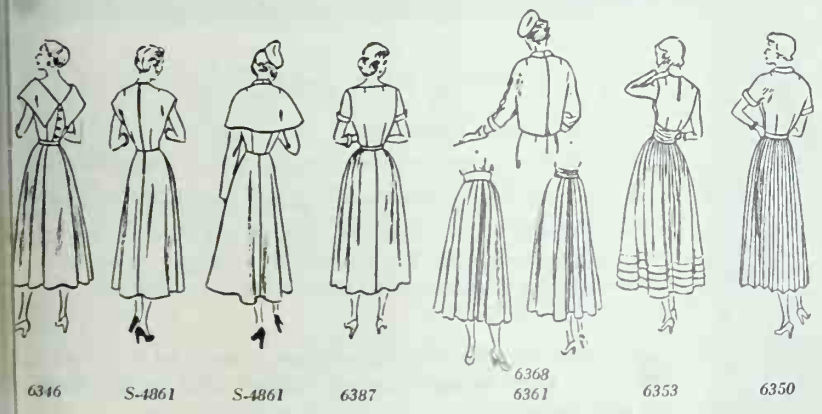
(Continued on Page 99)

Save in rare moments of despair or fatigue, Toscanini does not think of himself as a septuagenarian. He attended a party one night with swarms of people milling around. At midnight a close friend prepared to leave. Toscanini demanded, "Where are you going?" The other said, "Home." Toscanini protested. "Wait a little while," he said. "Soon the old people will go and we'll have fun."

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Back and Other Views, and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 74–75

Vogue Design No. 6346. One-piece dress, sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 50c.
Vogue Design No. S-4861. One-piece dress and redingote, sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. $1.
Vogue Design No. 6387. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress, sizes 12 to 18; 30 to 36. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6368. Jacket, sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 40c.
Vogue Design No. 6361. Skirt and cummerbund, sizes 24 to 32 waist. 40c.
Vogue Design No. 6353. One-piece dress, sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 60c.
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So choose the silverplate more women own and love than any other. Look for the yearmark "1847." Nothing you buy for your home will give you more *lasting* pleasure!

(Continued from Page 97)

That's a very clever fellow, thought David neasily. He was so accustomed to getting n well with everyone that this sensation of nease was unpleasantly unfamiliar. Intinctively he knew that John Adair disliked im. He did not return the dislike. On the ontrary, he liked the artist immensely. He ked his fierce red beard, his haphazard eatures, his clear, brown-tawny eyes. This ould be the lion of a fellow to deal with if ne got seriously across him.

Which you will do, young man, thought ohn Adair savagely, *if you harm Sally.*

He was astonished at the violence of his eaction to the fact of Sally's love. He had ot been seriously disturbed by his discovery the love between Nadine and David, even iough the woman was one by whom he was mself much attracted. As long as a love rved his art (and his tendresse for Nadine as enabling him to paint a good portrait of r), well and good. No woman he had ever me across was worth one faulty stroke of a ush upon canvas. Except Sally; though he id not known it until this moment. What a ild she was, what a naïve child. She uldn't hide it. She hadn't even the wit to alize that her very avoidance of David's ances, her diffidence when he spoke to her, ve the show away by their unnaturalness. et, child that she was, she was putting up a od show, and he was proud of her. She was rcing herself to talk with unusual anima-

When a man accustoms himself to owning a dog and turning around at every corner to look up and down street for him, and whistles him out of stairways, or yells at him to stop his fooling with other dogs and come along, or makes dashes into a crowd of earnest and excited dogs who are holding a caucus and have each other by the ear, and especially his dog—that man is a slave to a habit that he will never break. It will cling to him after he gets to heaven, for most men who love dogs are pretty sure of going to heaven.

—BURDETTE: Rise and Fall of the Mustache.

on, and she was most eetly and touchingly ferent to the woman nose tenacity was ocking her happiness. Tenacity. He had umbled upon the ord unaware, yet he ought it was the ht one. It occurred him suddenly that idine was holding the in against his will. first he had been are only of the love ween them and had eculated as to its oth. They were both viously capable of ssion: Nadine had in her face, David ld not have been the actor he was without yet he did not think that they were lovers. e hunger in Nadine's eyes was that of a man unsatisfied, and there was an aus- ity about David Eliot that seemed some- v to forbid it. They had, he thought, ned from an impossible love, the man h clean, clear-cut decision, the woman with ie reservation. Did she know she was still ding on? He could not be sure of that yet. Annie-Laurie," said Nadine, "you'll find ther dish of apple cream in the larder. l you bring it, please?"

Yes, madam," said Annie-Laurie.

ER very distinctive voice fell into one of se queer silences that come suddenly at nty minutes past the hour, and David ced at her with quickly concealed yet ful speculation as she left the room. He had a severe shock, John Adair had ced, when he first set eyes on her, and he been careful not to look at her again; l now when the further shock of her voice startled out of him that quick, anxious ce. What did he know about the girl? at sight of him, had obviously had a k, too, for that sealed-in look of hers had n so deep that all the contours of her were painfully sharpened. Forgetting t Sally for the moment, John Adair d at his beard in high delight. Who'd e expected to find such an interesting h of personalities in this back of be- d? From the moment that he had set on Malony and Annie-Laurie, they had rested him. The girl's mask of a face, the 's tragicomic monkey's countenance; were both worth a portrait when he'd ned with Nadine.

Could you spare me a short sitting this noon?" he asked Nadine, as they all sat e garden, drinking their coffee.

"I am afraid I am not free this afternoon," she said. She was lying back in her deck chair, her hands clasped about the warmth of her coffee cup, a little smile lifting the corners of her lips. David was beside her and she was drenched in sun. The hunger had gone from her face, and for the first time in John Adair's acquaintance with her she looked happy. John Adair knew what her refusal meant: today was David's.

AND David knew, too, and did what he could. "Nadine, will you show me the house before I go?" he asked.

"Go?" she asked. "You'll stay till after supper, surely?"

"I promised to take Ben over to have tea with grandmother, and I've asked Sally if she'll come too. I'll restore them both in time for supper."

"And stay for it yourself?"

"I can't do that, Nadine. Hilary is coming to supper at Damerosehay."

"For a man who's supposed to be suffering from a nervous breakdown, you seem to be living in rather a whirl of social gaiety."

He laughed. "I'm here for some while, Nadine."

John Adair lifted an eyelid in Nadine's direction. Her look of happiness had vanished and there was a trace of bitterness in her face as she looked at Sally, sitting on the river wall, talking to Ben. For so experienced a man, David had really been extraordinarily tactless.

"Still not free this afternoon?" John Adair asked, as they stood at the garden gate an hour later, having just watched David, Sally, Ben and the two old dogs speed away up the lane, and George take to the river with the two fishermen.

"Not this afternoon."

He took her arm. "Nonsense. The twins are with their nanny. Annie-Laurie and her father are in charge of the inn. Come along."

She looked up at him, met the keen glance of his tawny eyes, and knew that he knew. She met his steady look with an equally steady one of quiet acknowledgment.

"One of my sitters told me once that a sojourn in my studio was almost as cathartic an experience as a visit to the confessional," he said, as they walked up the staircase.

"Why?"

"Her idea was, I think, that when she saw her sins and sorrows splashed in paint upon canvas she felt somehow relieved of them."

"You've an uncanny insight, haven't you?"

"Yes, I think I have, but I combine it with discretion."

Nadine did not answer. They climbed up the attic stairs and reached the door of the studio. He opened it, stood aside, and she went in. The room was wildly untidy, and already looked as though John Adair had been working in it for years. Yet there was beauty here. Rich colors gleamed from the stacked canvases, a pot of flowers stood by one window, and over the screen behind the model's throne was flung a glorious strip of green velvet, the background for Nadine's portrait. She looked at the portrait. It was already, to her inexperienced eyes, well on the way to being finished. He had not spared her at all, and the youthfulness of the blue-linen dress she wore was not echoed by the face above it. Yet he had given her a splendid beauty, a beauty that she did not think she possessed.

"It's not quite right," she said.

"No. I've got too far ahead in time. That happens sometimes even in photography, you know. At the time it is taken a photo is not a good likeness, yet two years later it is."

"And this unattained beauty that you have given me?"



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"What denial?"

"You know, or you should know, what needs cutting out of your own life. Some quite trivial thing, probably. But it's enough."

"Enough?"

"To keep you stewing in your own juice, pulled both ways and getting nowhere. Sit down, will you, and we'll make a start."

She took her place and for an hour, as he worked, such talk as they had was the easy trivial gossip that befitted the warm, sleepy afternoon. She did not avail herself of the honor of the studio to tell him anything at all about herself. He had not really expected that she would; she was too proud a woman. And he loved her pride. Seeing it, as he did, as a threat to the happiness of his Sally, yet he loved it.

He might in thought extol compassion, but he had none for his sitters. As he painted, the woman he thought he loved ceased as a woman to exist. Nadine was almost fainting with exhaustion before he noticed it.

"Tired?" he asked in surprise.

"Of course not," said Nadine, putting her hand to her forehead and finding it damp. "But it's time I saw to the supper."

He looked at his watch in astonishment. "Did we have tea?"

"We did not."

He came to her, gave her his hand as she stepped down from the throne, and saw at last how tired she was.

"I'm a brute," he said, but quite without penitence, and took her in his arms. "I love you, my girl."

She began to laugh. "You expect me to believe that?"

He raised her face, looked at it and kissed it. "Yes, you're a beautiful woman, and you know it."

"And you're making love to me because of some nefarious purpose of your own."

"Well, whatever purpose I may have in expressing it, the thing's genuine right enough. You're a beautiful woman!"

They went downstairs together laughing. He had eased her pain more than he knew.

"There they are!" said Lucilla, her face flushing like a girl's. She knew by some sixth sense when David was near. And a minute later there was the sound of the car in the drive, and then a commotion of footsteps in the hall, the dogs barking and Ben's voice talking to them. Then came David's clear voice, and a girl's answering, and their two voices chimed together in music that sent Lucilla's heart leaping up in delight; for she knew that once more the lilting thing had come to pass in the lilting hour. Lucilla struggled up out of her chair. "Margaret, is the room looking nice? Am I tidy?"

"Why, of course, mother," said Margaret.

THEY came in. "Grandmother," cried David, "you get lovelier every day!" He came to her and hugged her. Other loves came and went, but hers had been steadfast since the day of his birth.

"The same thing cannot be said of your manners, David," she said.

He laughed and released her. "This is Sally Adair, grandmother. She's staying with Nadine."

"How nice of you to come and see an old woman, dear," said Lucilla. This was her usual opening gambit with the young, but with Sally's clear truthful eyes looking into hers, she suddenly thought what a silly thing it was to say.

Sally seemed to think so too. "Why?" she asked. "People get nicer and nicer as they live. And houses. And everything."

"If they're good stuff at the start," Ben warned.

"Vintage port," said David. "To get nicer and nicer you must love the sun and give good juice when you're bruised. . . . This is my Aunt Margaret."

Sally's eyes had already gone to Margaret with the same sweet look of humility with which they had greeted Lucilla, a look that had touched Lucilla as deeply as though the child had knelt and kissed her hand.

SHE said, "My dear, you're very pretty. Sit here by me, and take your coat off. It's warm in here. I'm old and have to have a fire when I expect you young people would rather be without it. David, take Sally's coat. May I call you Sally? Ben, my darling, when you've handed the tea come and sit here by me and Sally."

David and Margaret, sitting together, watched the three by the fire. "Someone fresh does mother good," murmured Margaret.

"I thought they'd get on," he answered.

Ben ate bread and honey and felt happy as he always did when he was with grandmother or David. He laughed suddenly, happily. "Look at the Mongrel."

It was the Mongrel's habit to lie at Lucilla's feet with his chin on her shoe. Today he had taken up his usual position, but he had stretched out a furry forepaw and laid it on Sally's shoe. "These two," he seemed to be saying, "are mine, and beloved of me, and this hearth is mine, and here they shall remain."

"Caught," said David to Sally. "Tethered to Damerosehay forever now."

"I don't mind," said Sally. "This is the House of the Perfect Eaves."

"My dear!" cried Lucilla in delight. "So you had a grandmother who read you The Wind in the Willows."

"My Scotch nanny read it to me," said Sally. "Both my grandmothers died when I were quite young. I've missed my grandmothers dreadfully."

"In that case," said Lucilla, "could you adopt me?"

Sally went pink and her eyes were bright in the firelight that Ben would have said there were tears in them, had it not been his conviction that Sally was not the weeping sort.

"Aunt Margaret," said David, "I very much doubt if we are wanted. Shall I help you wash up?"

Ten minutes later, when Margaret was washing the Worcester cups and saucers and David drying them, Ben joined them.

"I'll dry too," he said. "Grandmother's showing Sally the house."

"No!" ejaculated Margaret in distress. "Why did you let her, Ben? She'll be tired to death."

"Grandmother never gets tired or catches cold when she's doing what she wants to do," said Ben comfortably.

"Aunt Margaret," said David, "go to the drawing room and put your feet up and read the Times. Ben and I are going to finish the washing up and peel the spuds for supper. Now don't for heaven's sake go out in the garden and weed. Put your feet up and rest." He took the dishcloth gently but firmly from her. "We'll put away the cups too. We know where it goes."

David's courteous gentleness was more leading. He was really as masterful as Lucilla herself. Margaret was obliged to obey, but in the drawing room, with the Times unopened on her knee, she listened anxiously for the crash of china. There was several plates, by the sound of it. Now that the worst had happened, Margaret was able to relax a little and open the Times. But she only skimmed over the headlines. Presently she got up and crept out of the room, and through the garden door to the garden. Here, well out of sight of the kitchen window, she did a little weeding.

Lucilla, upstairs with Sally, heard the crash too. "David and Ben must be d

(Continued on Page 102)

I once overheard a conversation between two women who were returning from a country wedding. "D'ye know, Hetty," observed one of them, "I believe as how a person kin stand more sorrow 'n he kin joy."

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- 2 tablespoons Swift's Brookfield Butter

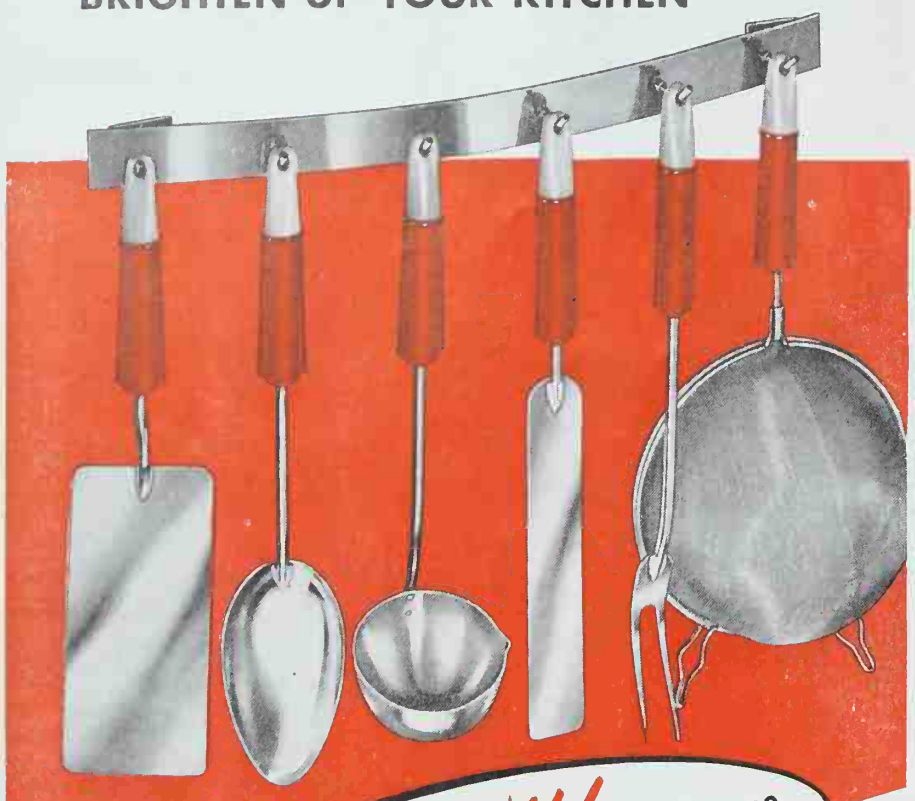
Cook macaroni according to directions on package. *Place* half the macaroni in baking dish. *Cover* with half the Swift's Brookfield American, thinly sliced, and half the franks. *Repeat* this with other half macaroni, cheese and franks. *Add* to hot milk 1 teaspoon salt, dash pepper, ½ teaspoon, each, Worcestershire Sauce and prepared mustard, 1 tablespoon minced onion. *Pour* over macaroni. *Top* with crushed crackers or potato chips and dot with butter. Cubed leftover luncheon meat, cooked chicken, corned beef or ham bits may be used instead of franks. Bake 45 minutes in moderate oven (350°). Makes 6 servings. For most successful results, remember, whenever your recipes call for cheese, use Swift's Brookfield American—choice, flavor-ripened cheddar, blended with gentle, mellow-mild cheese.

Swift's Brookfield



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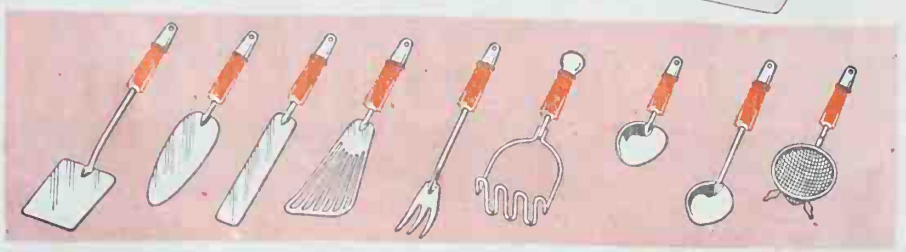
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EKCOLINE WinGrip Kitchen Tools

Precision Made by EKCO

EKCO



(Continued from Page 100)

the washing up," she said equably. "Separately they're to be trusted, for they both love beautiful things, but not together. They talk about things that interest them, and of course that doesn't do if you're washing up."

"They are very alike," said Sally, as they turned to leave Lucilla's bedroom.

"Yes," said Lucilla. "I have always thought so, but you are the first person to remark on the likeness to me. You must like them both, to notice it."

"Yes, I do," said Sally simply. "I like you all. I like this house."

"It will be David's," said Lucilla. "I like to think of him living here with his wife and children."

As she spoke, she looked a little anxiously at Sally, watching for a sign that her words might have touched some secret spring of joy in her; for she was a little fearful now lest the conviction that had come to her that Sally and David had been made for each other should not be shared by Sally and David. But the girl did not smile or flush, and her face had a sudden look of weariness, as though a secret burden that she carried were pressing more heavily than usual. Lucilla felt cold all over with a horrid apprehension. If there was one thing she hated, it was having to be seriously angry with David. She had hoped never to have to be angry again, for she was too old to bear the strain of falling out with her dearest on earth. Yet she would be if he were to hurt this child.

Lucilla that evening arose from the supper table with something of an air. "Margaret and I will leave you to your wine," she said to her son and grandson, for David had managed to bring a bottle of port from town.

It was almost like the good old days, thought Lucilla, as she rustled from the dining room with Margaret in her wake. It was years since she had been able to leave the men to their wine, and she did so enjoy the little interval of feminine peace in the drawing room after dinner. Lucilla had been trained in the tradition that lays upon the woman the duty of amusing the men in their moments of leisure, and not one of her sons or her grandsons had ever known her to preside at her dining table or her fireside in other than a cheerful spirit. But she had liked the little interval in between in which to take a fresh hold upon her cheerfulness.

"Help yourself to port, Uncle Hilary," said David.

"Where'd you get it?"

"A friend at court." Alone with Hilary, the house as quiet as the spirit of the man beside him, David suddenly relaxed. Unconsciously he let out a sigh of relief.

"It had to come, David," said Hilary.

"What?"

"A bit of a crack-up on your part. I got it badly after the last war. It passes; if you can remember, while the horrors are on, that it *does* pass. You're lucky it's no worse."

"Very lucky," David agreed fervently.

"Anything on your mind at the moment?" asked Hilary.

David laughed. Hilary had a reputation in the family for density, owing to the fact that he never gave advice unless asked for it. But David knew that not much escaped old Hilary.

"Nothing personal," said David. "It's about the family at the Herb of Grace. They've got a man and girl there, doing the chores."

"Yes. An Irishman and his daughter."

"He isn't an Irishman and she isn't his daughter."

"You don't surprise me. Neither the accent nor the relationship seemed to ring true."

"A few years ago Annie-Laurie—her name is Doris something or other, I can't remember what—was tried for murder."

"Bless my soul," said Hilary. But he said it calmly. It was his habit to take all things calmly until he had looked into them. "And acquitted, obviously, or she wouldn't be at the Herb of Grace now. And deservedly acquitted," he added firmly. "I like that girl."

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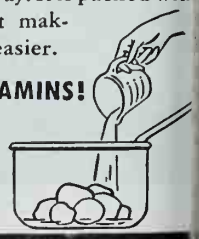
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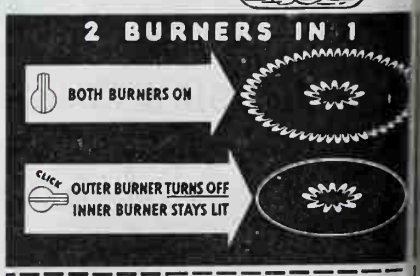
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"Those who followed the trial had their ubts," said David gloomily. "They con-lered that she had a very merciful jury and very brilliant advocate."

"She pleaded not guilty, of course?"

"Yes."

"Whom was she accused of murdering?"

"Her husband. . . . And there she is at e Herb of Grace with Nadine and the ildren. And Sally Adair."

"And doing them nothing but good," said lary decidedly. "I repeat, I like that girl. ike Malony too. Go on. Get the whole ing off your chest."

"That's just what I can't do. I know only e bare outline."

"Then give me the bare outline."

"It was the usual three-cornered affair. hen she was quite young, Annie-Laurie s engaged to Malony—that's not his me, of course—but chucked him to marry ne good-looking rotter. He gave Annie-urie a pretty bad time, and then took nself off to the Spanish civil war. He was orted killed, and after a while Annie-urie married Ma-y and had a child him."

"The Enoch Arden ry?"

"Yes. He'd been lly wounded and ne back in poor pe. Annie-Laurie nt back to him, tak- Malony's child. ey had a flat l she apparently ked after him de-edly."

"And Malony?"

He went on with job. He was a well-wn comedian—sic hall and radio. nie-Laurie was in same line of busi-s. They'd done acts ether when they e married, but had sense to part com-y when she went k to her first hus-d. But Annie-rie went on work-—she had to, poor she had a sick band and needed the money—but she n't very successful without Malony. n he took to seeing her again, helping her such as she would allow him to. You can't ne him. He loved her, and she had his l. But it naturally led to trouble between ie-Laurie and her husband. Then the l died."

"Poor Annie-Laurie!"

"AFTER that, everything seems to have gone ng between them. Her husband slept y and was allowed sleeping tablets. One t she gave them to him, and the next ning he was dead. She fetched the an from the flat below, saying that he taken an overdose of his tablets. His or was away, but the neighbors insisted fetching another. He examined the ts and found them to be of a strength no doctor in his senses would have given man as weak as Annie-Laurie's husband. made a fuss about it and things looked against Annie-Laurie. Her great was a chemist's wife in the next street. night before her husband died Annie-e went there to fetch him some more ts, which the chemist had promised to ready for her in the place where he al-put them. It was after closing time, here had been an air-raid warning and hemist and his wife had gone to the st shelter. She had the place to herself. id not take the box of tablets put ready r, but took from the chemist's private r the key of the cupboard where he his drugs, and took a box of much ger tablets. Her fingerprints were on ey and the cupboard. She said, of e, that in the commotion of the air raid d not been able to find the right box, and so had unlocked the cupboard and taken what she thought was the same stuff. But it looked bad. Especially as she had had a row with her husband that very evening. The people in the flat below heard it."

"A GIRL capable of planning a cold-blooded murder would have had more sense than to leave her fingerprints on the cupboard and the key," said Hilary.

"That was one of the points her advocate made. He got her off."

"Whatever made you take such a burning interest in all this?" asked Hilary.

"I followed the trial in the papers. You see . . . I had met her once, and as an artist she was unforgettable."

"She was good?"

"Yes. So was Malony. He was just an extremely clever comedian, but she was . . . something very much more. She was reaching after something. Watching her, one was reminded of a leaping flame, like a hand reaching; not getting there, but jumping for it. Her voice wasn't much, but she sang with a simplicity that got right under your skin, and her dances all had a touch of originality. There was one unforgettable one. She danced dressed as a little Christmas tree, with Malony lumbering about in the background as an extremely comic Father Christmas. She was dressed in spangled dark green with Christmas roses in her hair and bells round her waist that chimed as she danced. I can't think where she got them from, for their chime had a special loveliness. She has them now, tied to the mast of the houseboat. When she'd finished the dance she'd sink to the floor and hold out her hands to an imaginary fire, and sing something about bells; I don't remember the words but the tune's in my head now."

"You've remembered everything in the most astonishing detail," said Hilary a little dryly.

David laughed. "Yes. It was unforgettable. There was a touch of genius there. Needless to say, I don't think she was particularly successful. Her art was too delicate for the sort of work she was doing. It was Malony who pulled her through. He would have pulled her to the top with him if they'd gone on together. I wonder why they didn't start again when their troubles were over. And why in the world are they masquerading as father and daughter instead of husband and wife?"

"Did Annie-Laurie recognize you when she saw you?"

"I think she did. I don't think she knows that I recognized her. And now what the dickens am I to do?"

"I don't see the necessity for your doing anything," said Hilary.

"But George would have a fit if he knew that a girl with a past like Annie-Laurie's was living in close contact with his wife and children."

"He would indeed," agreed Hilary. "But unless you tell him, why should he know?"

"But, Uncle Hilary, Annie-Laurie had two husbands at once, and I believe she murdered one of them."

"It wasn't her fault that she had two husbands at once, and you only suspect her of murder, you have no proof. Leave this to Nadine. If my observation is not at fault she and Annie-Laurie are devoted to each other. It's Nadine's business—and mine too, now you've told me. But not yours. Odd how the artistic temperament always makes the suf-

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Night Song

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Who sleeps within the sound of
running water
Dreams all night long of quiet
things and cool,
Wind flowing through the moon-
wet leaves of aspens
And big-eyed deer around a
star-filled pool.

Who sleeps within the sound of
running water,
Of water never held against its
will,
Dreams all night long of ferns and
soft green mosses
And small wild feet tiptoeing
down a hill.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE WORLD'S MOST GLAMOROUS CAKE:

Betty Crocker "Chiffon"



It's the first really new cake in 100 years!

"Beginner Easy" to make, it's "perfect," say women who have tried it! More delicate than Angel Food—richer tasting than "Butter" Cake. It contains a *liquid shortening*... tastes fresh longer than most other cakes!

To get the chiffon-like texture and amazing volume that make Chiffon Cake so revolutionary, use silky-fine SOFTASILK Cake Flour. Milled for cakes and cakes alone, it permits eggs and baking powder to exert their full rising action . . . *Try a Chiffon Cake soon!*

General Mills



Recipe for Betty Crocker Fresh Orange Chiffon Cake

This recipe has been developed specially for SOFTASILK Cake Flour. Don't risk costly baking waste by using another flour with it.

	10-IN. TUBE CAKE (MAKES 16 TO 20 SERVINGS)	8 OR 9-IN. SQUARE CAKE (8 TO 10 SERVINGS)
	Heat oven to 325° (slow moderate).	350° (moderate)
	Sift an ample amount of SOFTASILK Cake Flour onto a square of paper.	
STEP 1 **Measure** (level measurements) and **sift** together into mixing bowl	2¼ cups *sifted* SOFTASILK Coke Flour (spoon lightly into cup—don't pock)	1⅛ cups (1 cup plus 2 tbsp.)
	1½ cups sugor	¾ cup
	3 tsp. double-action baking powder	1½ tsp.
	1 tsp. solt	½ tsp.
Moke a "well" and add in order	½ cup cooking (solod) oil such os Mozolo or Wesson	¼ cup
	5 unbeoten egg yolks (medium-sized)	2 yolks
	grated rind of 2 oranges (about 2 tbsp.)	1 tbsp.
	juice of 2 medium-sized oronges plus woter to moke ¾ cup	juice of 1 orange plus water to make ⅜ cup (¼ cup plus 2 tbsp.)
	Beat with spoon until *smooth*.	
STEP 2 **Meosure** into *large* mixing bowl	1 cup egg whites (7 or 8)	½ cup (4 whites)
	½ tsp. creom of tortar	¼ tsp.
	Whip until whites form *very stiff* peaks (picture at right). They should be much stiffer than for Angel Food or meringue. DO NOT UNDERBEAT.	
STEP 3	**Pour** egg yolk mixture gradually over whipped egg whites—*gently* folding (picture at right) with rubber scraper *just* until blended! DO NOT STIR!	
Pour into *ungreased* pan immediately	Use 10-in. tube pon, 4-in. deep	*Use 8x8x2-in. or 9x9x2-in. square pon
Boke	65 minutes in slow moderate oven (325°)	*30 minutes in mod. oven (350°)

Immediately turn pan upside down placing tube part over neck of funnel or bottle, or resting edges of square pan on 2 other pans. Let hang, free of table, until cold. Loosen from sides and tube with spatula. Turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen.

*Small recipe may also be baked in a 9-in. tube pan, 3½-in. deep. Bake 50 minutes at 325°.

HOW TO SERVE: Delicious uniced or served with whipped cream and berries or a dessert sauce. Or spread Fluffy Orange Icing *(right)* thinly over sides and top! Surround cake with scoops of ice cream which have been rolled in tinted coconut. Dip coconut in cold water to which a few drops of food coloring have been added. Use about ½ cup coconut for each color.



Fluffy Orange Icing

Cream one and one half 3-oz. packages of cream cheese until light and fluffy. Gradually add 2¼ cups sifted confectioners' sugar. Beat well. Stir in grated rind of two oranges (1½ tbsp.). If too thick, add a few drops orange juice.

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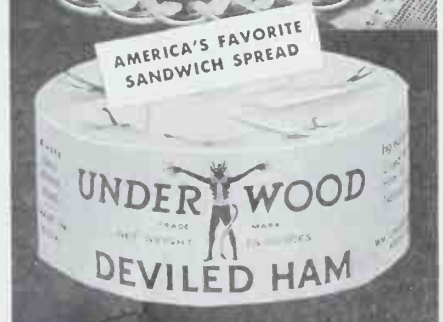
RECIPE FOR

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM RICE CROQUETTES

2 cups cold boiled rice
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon flour
1 tablespoon melted butter
1 egg yolk, beaten slightly
1 can UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

Mix all the ingredients, and let stand for thirty minutes. Form into croquettes, dip in egg, roll in fine crumbs and fry in deep, smoking-hot fat. Drain and serve immediately on a hot platter with currant jelly.





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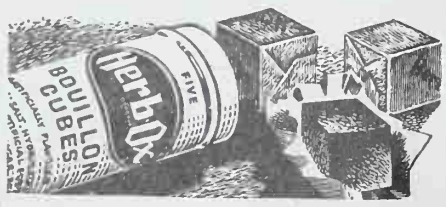


SAVORY LAMB LOAF

Mix 1½ lbs. ground lamb shoulder with 2½ cups of bread crumbs that have been soaked in 1 cup of Herb-Ox Bouillon. Add 1 cup cooked peas, ¼ cup minced onion, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Pack in well-greased loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1½ hours.

Herb-Ox adds rich, savory goodness to stew, gravies, meat pies, casseroles—makes low-cost meat taste like a million! Send for free menu book. Write The Pure Food Company, Inc., Mamaroneck, N.Y. Dept. LHJ-4.

First in Quality, too . . . as a delicious Consomme—cheerful start to any meal.



ferer feel that every problem of the universe must be dealt with by himself. A form of arrogance, really."

"*You've* just shouldered Annie-Laurie," retorted David.

"All sin and trouble is the business of a priest. And if that sounds arrogant, too, it's not a personal arrogance. We work under orders, but not under our own steam."

The two fishermen left and the weather broke. In the morning the sun still shone from a cloudless sky, but there was a scarcely perceptible chill in the air, a sharpening of outline, a silence of birds; by nightfall there was a gray veil over the sky and it was so cold that Malony lit a roaring wood fire in the hall. After supper, instead of going to the drawing room, they sat in front of it and Ben roasted chestnuts for them all, while George and John Adair smoked their pipes and Nadine and Sally knitted for the twins.

The Eliots found it a queer sort of evening. Hitherto the Herb of Grace had been to them a summer home. But now doors were shut, curtains drawn to hide the sad gray dusk. Instead of the lap of the water against the river wall, they heard the whisper of the flames, and instead of the flowers in the garden they smelled the roasting chestnuts, burning apple logs, the oil lamps, polish, all the house smells. This intimacy with the house was deepening; when winter came it would be deeper still. Nadine marveled to see how the old place seemed to have shrunk in size with the shutting out of the daylight. It seemed gathering them in, holding them close.

"Like an old man wrapping us round in the folds of his cloak," said Ben.

"H'm?" asked George sleepily.

"When we first came, and it was summer and we didn't so much need his shelter, he just stood there with his arms held wide, welcoming us. He didn't come very near. Tonight he's closer."

"H'm?" asked George again.

"He's talking about the look of the house from the front door, darling," explained Nadine. "It does look like that, you know. The way the stairs branch is like arms held wide."

"When you've finished Brockis Island, Ben, you might paint his portrait," suggested John Adair. "You've not tried your hand at a portrait yet, have you? At least, not a man's portrait. The white deer in the drawing room, of course, is an excellent likeness."

"What of?" demanded George; and now he looked definitely worried, and the explanatory jerk of John Adair's pipestem toward the little stone deer in the alcove, glimmering up above them in the shadows, did not seem to help him at all.

"I CAN'T paint him yet," said Ben. "I don't see him quite clearly yet. At least, not his face. It's still hidden under his hood. You see, I've no clue to what he looks like."

"You've the house," said John Adair.

"That's his body. I can see that all right; the build of him, the attitude. But not the face."

"George, turn on the news," said Nadine, taking pity on her poor husband. "It's time, I think."

The tolling of Big Ben filled the silence. The news was followed by a talk upon atomic energy, and after that, unable to look each other in the eye, they seemed also unable to think of anything to say.

"Go to bed, Sally," said John Adair abruptly. "You look fagged out."

The famous Dr. Edward C. Rosenow, of the Mayo Clinic, is one of the greatest living bacteriologists. Why did he decide to devote his life to the patient, laborious study of the cause and cure of disease? Because of a "lighted face." One night out on the isolated farm in Wisconsin where he grew up, his brother became dangerously ill. When the nearest doctor was sent for, young Edward followed him into the sick room and hid behind a chair where he could observe without being seen. Presently he saw something that determined his career. After careful examination the doctor turned to the parents and said, "Have no fear; he is going to get well." Whereupon the drawn faces of his parents lighted up in a way wonderful to behold. Edward determined then and there that what he wanted to do more than anything else in this world was something that would cause such light to appear in people's faces.

—Retold in START WHERE YOU ARE: by Lewis Leroy Dunnington (Abingdon-Cokesbury Press).

"So she does," agreed George, eying h anxiously. He liked Sally. No nonsen about her, and an excellent seat on a hors She had been out riding with David tl afternoon, and it was his opinion that Dav took her too far. "Takes it out of her," muttered.

"YES," said John Adair. He complete detested David just at present. He w draining Sally of everything she had to gi and he was giving nothing whatsoever return.

Obedient, Sally rolled up her knitting a bade them good night. They watched h tall figure go slowly up the stairs. When s came home she had changed her riding thi for a housecoat of peacock blue. The s wool fell in long folds to her feet and she h a gold belt round her waist. The li gleamed softly on her bright head.

"Looks like one of those fellows' angel said George. "That fellow—what's name?—something to do with a bott know it as well as my own name."

"Botticelli?" suggested Nadine.

"That's right," said George.

"I don't always l the Botticelli face complained B "When she turn round just then looked more like Ju on the balcony."

John Adair hoo derisively; but he pleased. "Too m muscular developm for Juliet."

"It was her fa saying good-by," sisted Ben. "Y know—'Good ni good night: partin such sweet sorrow wish David had s her like that, on stairs. You know, played Romeo abou million times."

He spoke out of ignorance and, lea back against mother's knees, dered at the sur tremor that w through her body; wondered, too, at look John Adair gave her, sorry yet s how merciless.

"Yes, she looks fagged out," reitera George worriedly. "Does she need a tonic you think?"

"I leave it in Doctor Eliot's hands," John Adair gently and miserably.

Nadine could stand no more. She, rolled up her knitting. "Ben, it's past bedtime. I'll come too."

They went up the stairs.

In the night a wild southwester from sea sprang upon them.

"Annie-Laurie!" ejaculated Nadine, l ing a faint chiming of fairy bells, and k ing that the houseboat must be swin "We ought to have moved them in b this."

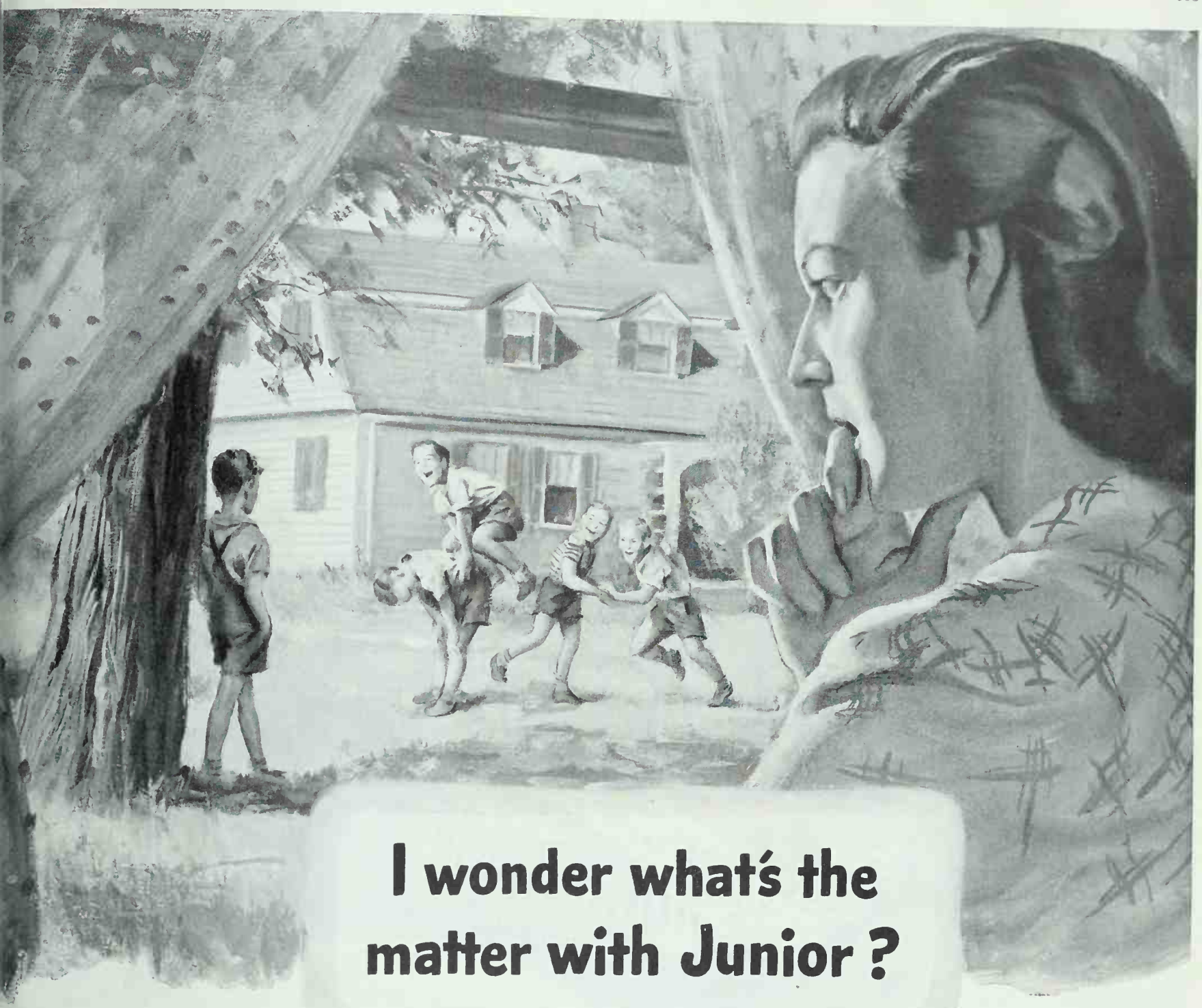
"They're all right," murmured Ge sleepily. "How you do worry about that More than you do over your own childr

"Ben and the twins are safe inside Herb of Grace," said Nadine. "Shut window, George. The rain's blowing str in."

"Horizontal weather," muttered Ge shutting the window. "There must racket out at Damerosehay."

He went back to bed and fell asleep a but Nadine lay awake, thinking of D rosehay. There they would be getting th force of the wind, and the old house v be shuddering and creaking. David w be awake. On just such a night as thi fore the war, they had both of them awake and steeled their wills to give other up. She could remember as thou were yesterday the hours of misery sh

(Continued on Page 107)



I wonder what's the matter with Junior?

If your child is frail or under par – there's at least one thing you can do – immediately!



When a child is thin and frail or nervous, it may be due to a number of things. But the most common *correctable* cause is faulty nutrition. And this cause is one which you, the mother, can do something about.

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Dated fresh daily—Remember, when freshness fades, flavor fades.

Jane Parker

CINNAMON BREAKFAST ROLLS

AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES . . . except on Pacific Coast

A&P

(Continued from Page 104)

through that night; and in the morning ad thought the conflict won. And so it been, up to a point; she had gone back to ge. But she had not ceased to love d. The love for her husband that Lu- had assured her would eventually be of a way of life that assumed it had not born, because she loved David too ut- to let go of him, to endure the thought n married to another woman. Without here in the background of her life, still g her, still faithful to her, she could not To the thought of him still there she when life got too much for her, as other le clung to religion. It meant as much at . . . David waiting. . . . If George d die. . . . David ng. But what if he d now against his

though flying from act, she suddenly d from her bed reached for dress- own and slippers. went to the door lipped out into the passage. She d her way to th f the attic stairs ly knowing what id, she went up them and found her- t the door of John Adair's studio. She d the handle and went in, felt for the es and lit the lamp. She sat down in a It was quieter here than in her bed- and she felt less tormented. Though ere the stricken trees seemed still pres- ith her. John Adair had a passion for and they looked out at her from several canvases. She did not really care about much, even though it had been in a that David had first told her that he her. . . . David. . . . She pulled herself y away from the brink of that pain and herself looking at her own portrait, at xtraordinarily lovely woman to whose ted beauty she had not yet attained, ainst the background of a wood with blue flowers growing at her feet.

A sudden bitter exclamation broke from her, and she jumped up and went to the picture. He had altered the background without telling her, and instead of the green drapery it was the background of just such another wood as that in which David had first loved her. And the flowers about her feet, echoing the blue of her dress, were the same flowers as those on the inn signboard, the flowers of the narrow-leaved rue. How dared he! By painting her so, with her back turned to the wood in which David had loved her and with the bitter herb of denial at her feet, he had literally forced upon the woman that she was the woman that she had to be. She went back to her chair and forced herself to be more reasonable. How could he possibly know about the wood and David? He didn't know. And it was natural that at the feet of the hostess of the Herb of Grace he should paint the flowers from the inn signboard. *I'm sorry, John,* she said, looking about her, reaching for the comfort of his strong presence. It was odd how his steady, passionless love was supporting her these days. Angry though she was with him, yet she was leaning on him.

More women have been loved for their eyes and their smiles than for their complexions, and yet women bestow much care on their complexions, and little do they think of their expressions. To a woman who has learned to smile with her eyes, age matters little: she will always secure admiration.

—HUMPHREYS.

Suddenly, her mind reeling under the burden of the necessity that he had laid upon her, everything seemed unreal. She got up hastily, turned down the lamp, groped her way to the door and down the stairs. She reached her room, still filled with the noise of the storm and got into bed. Lying there sleepless, she heard in a lull in the storm the faraway chiming of bells. . . . Annie-Laurie. . . . What was the burden that Annie-Laurie carried, rocking through the storm in her houseboat? Whatever it was, it was a hard one, and Annie-Laurie carried it with courage. Remembering Annie-Laurie, Nadine was ashamed of herself.

(To be Continued)

THE INDIAN SWING

(Continued from Page 65)

all piled into the kitchen. He was in a rocking chair, and on the table was of fresh-baked loaves of bread. The n smelled so wonderful that you never d that it was hot in there. I guess there nything that smells so good as baking. y baked twice a week—Tuesday and ay—and each time they made a fat loaf that they always ate right away t was hot, along with their tea. I al- ried to be there on baking days.

n we had tea at our house, it was for ny, and we had pink cakes and fancy ches and nuts and bonbons. But the s had tea every day, just plain tea memade bread and jam. My mother have had a fit if she'd seen how I myself with that hot bread.

this day we argued about the ball and Humphry showed with the how his mother had swung at a shoe- pitch, and they all howled and d, just as if she weren't their mother

ward Jasmine and her mother and hry did the dishes and put away, and d. Nobody asked me to, but I just to. While we were doing it, Mr. held James and Endicott on his lap ocking chair, and Thurman read out om Treasure Island. That's when I ny mother calling me. I didn't know g she'd been calling—we'd been mak- uch racket I couldn't have heard her. nt home and my mother and father the table. She saw the hole in my but she didn't say anything—she s if I weren't at the table.

t what," she said to my father, "does an *do*, besides play games and shout long?"

That's the first time I'd noticed, but Mr. Griffith didn't seem to have any job.

I don't know why I never thought of it before, because all the men I ever heard of worked at something or other, except Jake White, and even he helped out at the freight office when he was sober enough. My father went to the Bank every day—sometimes on Sundays and holidays too.

My father passed my plate to me, full of food, and I knew I'd better eat some of it, but I wasn't hungry after all that hot bread. I wished I could sit up and say Mr. Griffith was inventing some wonderful machine, or was writing a book, or something like that. And then I began to wonder why he *didn't* do anything, and I began to be ashamed for him, as if he were my own father, not doing anything. But maybe he was going to get a job right away. I'd ask Humphry what his father did.

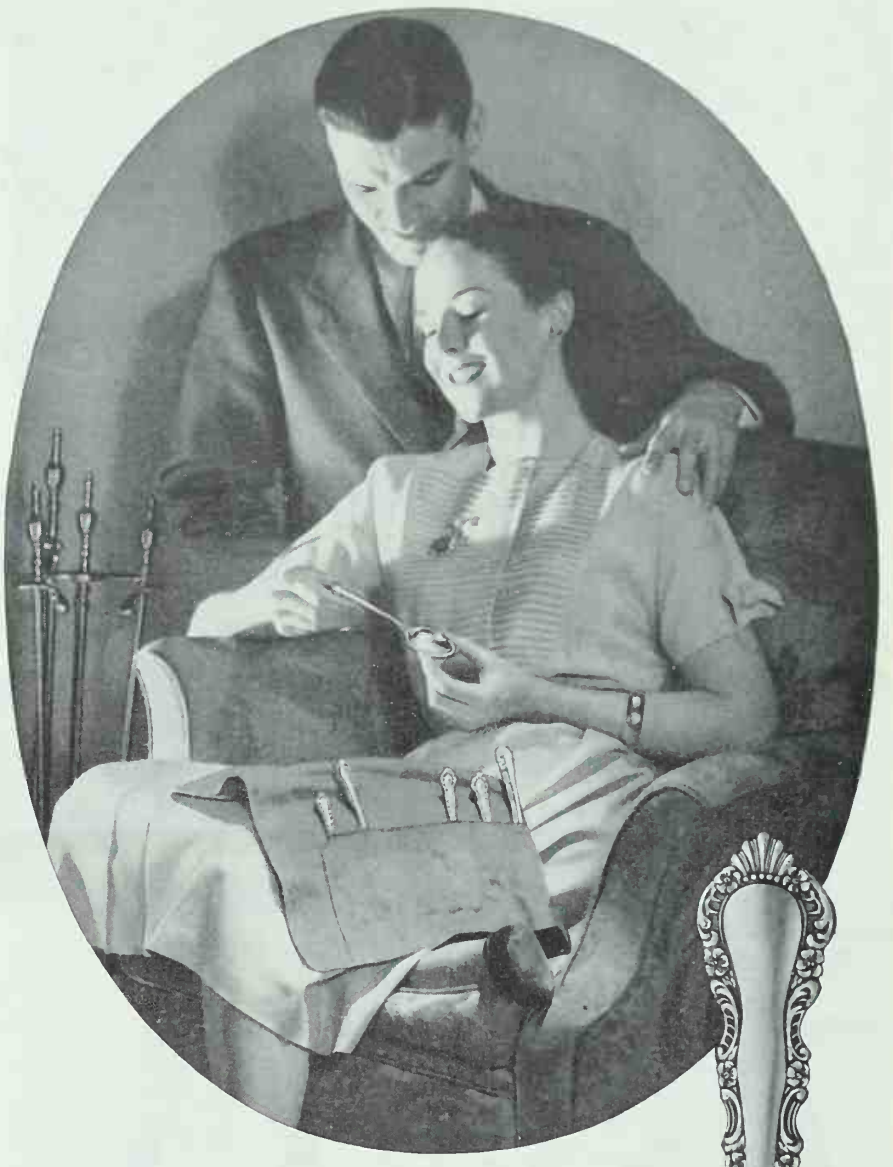
"—— like typical white trash," my mother was saying.

My father leaned back and lit his cigar. "Well, they probably won't be around too long," he said. "I hear the taxes on that place are in arrears. They'll probably lose it and move away."

"That big strapping man!" my mother said. "And she came from such a good family. It's a shame. You'd think she'd have enough pride—but I always say a man is what his wife makes him. All those children too. The old colonel would turn over in his grave if he knew what they're doing to the place."

"I think I'll go down to the Bank for an hour or two," my father said, making a lot of smoke and then getting up. "Arthur," he said from the door with a scowl, "you were

(Continued on Page 110)



Solid Happiness

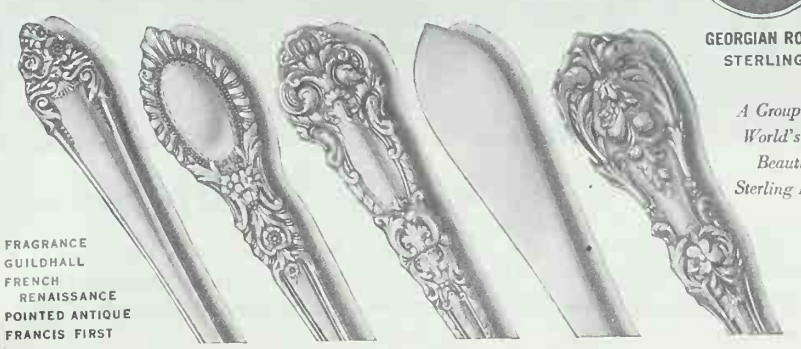
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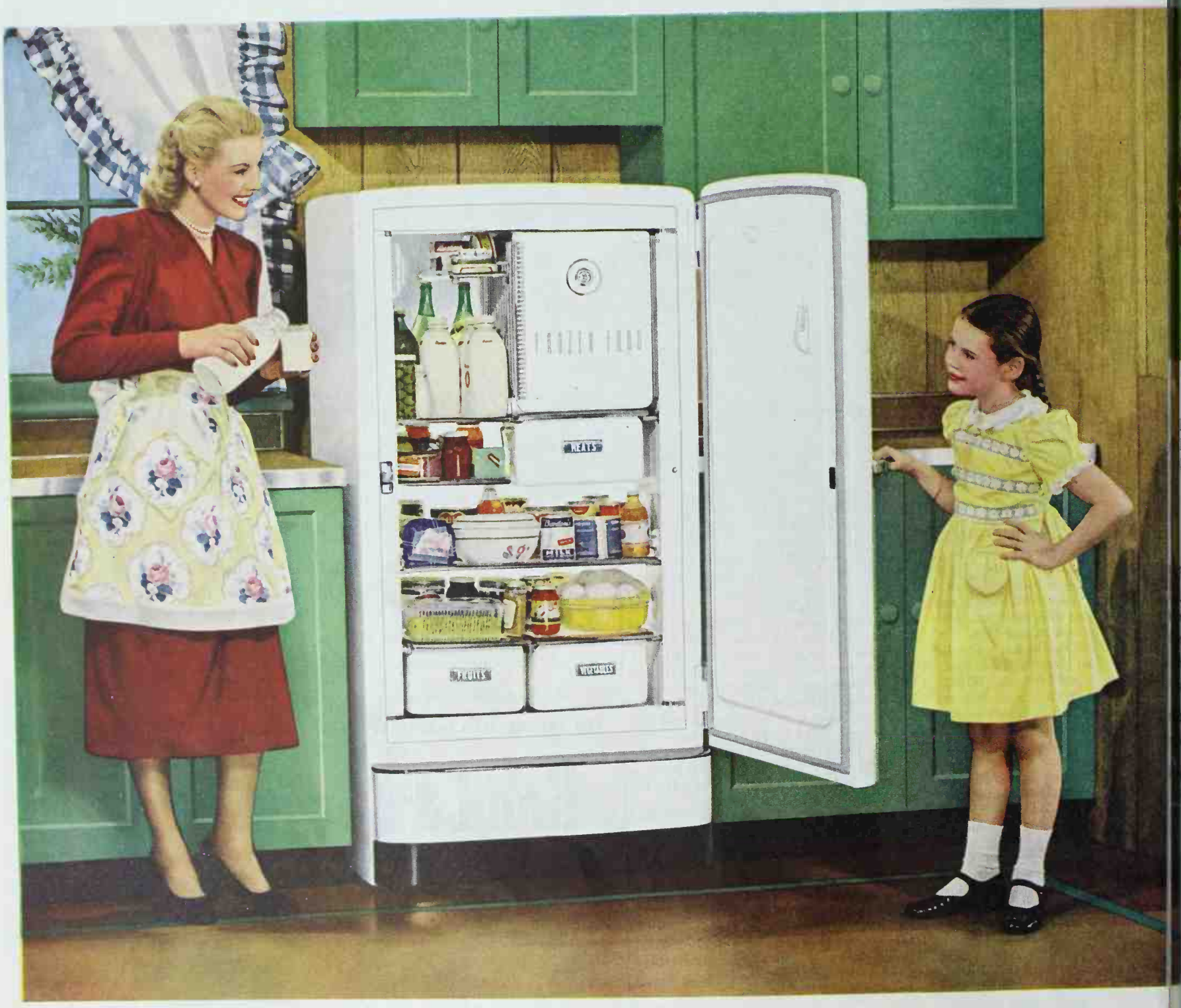
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(Continued from Page 107)

late. You go up to your room when you finish. And I don't want you hanging around next door.. You've got a home, you know."

From upstairs I could see the light on in the kitchen over at Griffiths'. They were probably all sitting around, still reading Treasure Island with their taxes in arrears, while my father was down at the bank working.

I sat watching their light and wondering if they had enough money to pay the taxes. I hoped they did have, because I didn't want them to move away, but it didn't look to me as if they had much money. They didn't have any cook or any maid, and they ate in the kitchen at a big table, and even the boys had to set the table and help do the dishes and sweep the floor afterward. They had asked me to stay for supper at their house, but I never did eat there, except the bread and jam. Now I was glad I hadn't, because they were so poor. Anyhow, my mother wouldn't have let me, because she wasn't going to ask them to eat at our house. They weren't our kind of people.

I worried about the taxes and Mr. Griffith's being a loafer. I didn't go over to their house for a couple of weeks. I heard them, though. They made a lot of noise, and when I'd hear Mr. Griffith, I'd wish he had a job.

I sat around on our porch and read and fooled around, and then one day, when I was out at our gate sitting on the fence, I saw Humphry and Jasmine coming home with Annabelle and the wagon full of groceries. They waved and hollered, and I got off the fence and walked to their gate.

"Where you been, Art?" Humphry asked. "You ought to see the tree house we built."

"Did your father help you?"

"Sure. It was his idea. Why?"

"Oh, I just wondered. I thought maybe he was away." That was a lie.

"AWAY where?" Jasmine said. She didn't sound as friendly as usual.

"Oh, I don't know. Away working, maybe."

"He's not going to go away for a long time," she said. "A year or two."

"What does he do when he goes away?" For the first time, hope began to rise in me. Maybe he was an explorer. I don't know what made me think that.

"He's a mining engineer," Humphry said proudly. "He goes to South America and places."

"He does?" I shouted. A mining engineer– that was a good thing to be. A big strong man with black hair and a mustache and muscles in his arms, and he made big mines for taking out gold and silver, so everything was all right. "Can I go up in the tree house?" I asked eagerly.

It was a good tree house, and we had some crackers and apples up there, but I didn't stay very long because I wanted to go home and tell my mother that Mr. Griffith was a mining engineer.

My mother wasn't much impressed. In fact, she gave me the idea that she thought it was worse than ever, if he really was one, to be loafing around home. She would think, she said, that there was a good deal of opportunity for a man who was trained for such specialized and useful work. I explained that he was taking a vacation of a year or two, but I could tell that it sounded peculiar, with the taxes the house in arrears. That's not the way a man to do.

I went over sometimes, anyhow, wh didn't have anything to occupy my t They didn't play baseball so much any m because now they had a croquet set. It a good game too. There's a lot of tricks t Once in a while I got them to play base Mr. Griffith would umpire. We didn't it, but he didn't play because he wa much better than the rest of us, I gues didn't talk loud over there any more, s mother wouldn't hear me and know I there. She and my father never did act forbid me to go over, but I caught on they didn't want me to.

I WAS there one day when my mother over, all dressed up like she was going s place. She right away said she just w to speak to Mrs. Griffith, and they s under a tree and talked, but the kid tened, and I heard too. She wanted to if Jasmine could come over the next da help serve at a big tea at our house.

"For Armenian Relief, you know," mother said. "I expect about a hu people, and I wondered if Jasmine woul to help carry out the teacups and pass of sandwiches." She was very nice and as if she was asking a favor. "If she wear a white apron ——"

Mrs. Griffith said, "Well, I think better ask Jasmine. Do you suppos could use our silver tea service? It's a large one."

"I remember it," my mother said. such a remarkably handsome set. I couldn't think of ——"

"I'd like very much to have you u It's the one that is rather famous in a way. My great-grandfather brought it England and it's been used to pour for G Lee. We unpacked it and polished it, b we're going to sell it."

My mother was shocked. "You're n ing to sell such a valuable set as that exclaimed. "Why, I remember when I little girl ——"

"Yes, we've decided to," Mrs. G said. She stood straight with her ha her sides. She was kind of a short woman, not nearly as nice-looking mother, and I think she had on one mine's dresses, or else maybe it was he but Jasmine wore it sometimes. He was faded and plain, but she looke ferent when she laughed or smiled. "It

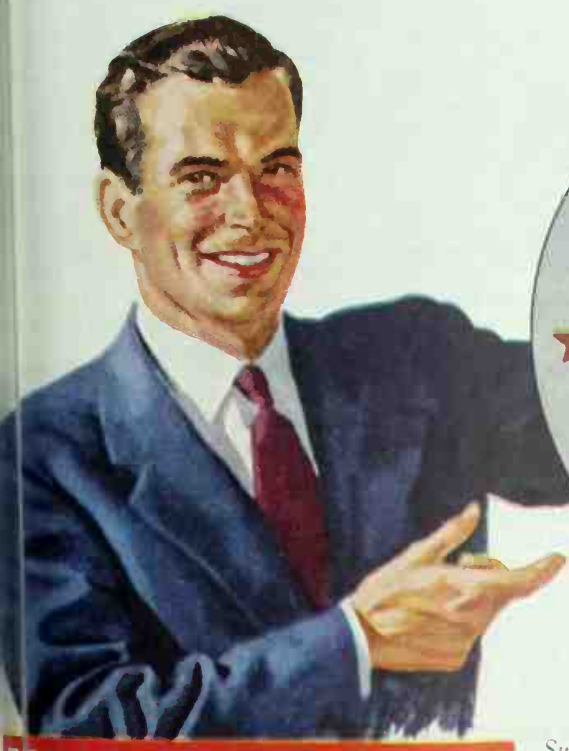
(Continued on Page 112)



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(Continued from Page 110)

be nice if you could use it before it goes out of our hands."

"Well," my mother said, and bit her lips for a minute while she was thinking, "in that case—it's very generous of you. I've always admired it so much. I wonder"—she smiled when there wasn't any reason to—"how much you're asking for it. I hadn't thought of it, but I might be interested myself."

"We're asking a good deal," Mrs. Griffith said. "Three hundred dollars."

My mother looked surprised. "Oh, as much as that?"

"Yes, I'm sure we can get that for it. Would you like to see it?"

They went into the house, and I went along. This was the first time I'd been in the dining room. It had dark red curtains, but no rug on the floor. There were two chairs in front of the fireplace, both of them with their seats worn out, and there were some big dark shiny cupboards with piles of dishes in them. On the table was the biggest teapot and the biggest tray I ever saw. The teapot was on a stand, and you just tipped it without having to lift it when you wanted to pour the tea. There were some other silver dishes too.

My mother admired it, and she ran her hand over the wood of one of the cupboards and admired it, too, and the dishes, and she said she'd have to talk to my father about the tea set. She invited Mrs. Griffith to the tea too.

"I just don't see how you can part with it," my mother said, and Mrs. Griffith said, "We never use it." They kept talking, and I went on out.

Next morning the first thing, my mother sent me over to tell Mrs. Griffith we'd take the tea set. I don't know where the kids were, but I went to knock at the back door, and through the screen I could see Mrs. Griffith sitting on Mr. Griffith's lap in the rocking chair. I didn't know whether to knock or not. There was a washtub full of clothes and soapsuds on two chairs, and a boiler on the stove running over once in a while making the smell of steam. Mrs. Griffith had her head against his chin, and they were just sitting there.

I made some noise with my feet and then I knocked. She got up real quick and started shaking the ashes out of the stove while she said, "Come in."

I never saw a grown woman sit on anybody's lap before.

"My mother said to tell you that she'd like to buy the tea set, and she has a check over at the house," I said all in one breath.

"Oh, thank you, Arthur," she said. "We'll send it right over."

"I'll take it," Mr. Griffith said, getting up.

"No. The children can," she said. "They can make two trips. Humphry can carry the pot."

"I'll take it," Mr. Griffith said again.

"You can't carry it, Jim. It's heavy. It's too far."

"I'll take it in the wagon."

"Then I'll go with you," she said. She smoothed her hair up on each side with her hands.

I stood there, but they didn't notice me.

"Celia, girl," Mr. Griffith said. He put his arm around her and tipped her face up with his other hand under her chin. "We made our decision a long time ago. This is the only way we can buy time. Let's not make an occasion of it. I'll just take the thing over."

She looked up at him for quite a while. "You won't mind—too much?" she asked him. "Taking it over?"

"I mind—but not too much," he said. He pinched her cheek. "Do you mind?"

"No. I'm glad we have it to sell."

"I'll help carry it," I said. I didn't see much point in all this talk about who was going to carry it.

So long as a man likes the splashing of a fish, he is a poet; but when he knows that the splash is nothing but the chase of the weak by the strong, he is a thinker; but when he does not understand what sense there is in the chase, or what use in the equilibrium which results from destruction, he is become as silly and dull as he was when a child. And the more he knows and thinks, the sillier he becomes. —CHEKHOV.

We put each piece in a gray bag wi drawstring, and laid them carefully in wagon. Annabelle pulled it and I walked side Mr. Griffith over to our house. I k what my mother was going to say later a bringing it over in the goat wagon. She it, too. She told several people, and e time she told it I felt old and sad. Bu course, it did look funny for a man to be ing his wife's things and delivering them goat wagon. Even if he was a mining neer. Especially if he was.

Jasmine served at the tea. She h looked at me when she passed me. looked pretty that day—not the way usually did. She looked like a stranger. a girl, instead of one of the kids you pl with. That was partly because she was ting older. She'd had her birthday ab month after I had mine, and she was teen too. She was the oldest of them Humphry was as tall as she was.

I was in high school and had long sers myself.

That's the first day I ever noticed sh prettier than Elaine Carpenter. Elain sort of my girl. Of course, it wasn't any serious, but I used to write notes to school and stand around and talk t She had smooth curly hair and a sma without any bones showing in it. Bu mine's face had plenty of room for her and her eyes, and her forehead. Her fitted her right and she was a regular lady, all at once.

She could c fast, though. Th next Saturday over at their and she was t around with th playing one-legg and she and Hu got into an arg and nearly had After that they c to play follo leader, and sh leader. The firs she took us was of the barn, a slid down to the eaves and jumped a pile of hay. Humphry was next, anc it, and then Thurman. When it was m I had some trouble working my wa the ridgepole. I wasn't allowed on roofs—it's bad for the shingles t around on them—and I wasn't sure slide down and jump off. It took me that Endicott was right behind me pushing me, and the others were dow hollering at me.

I finally slid down and jumped, bu myself some and felt sick for a whi others were sympathetic, but Jasmi said:

"What's the matter—was it too h you?"

What could I say? Besides, I think very well right then. All th had been climbing on and jumping things all their lives, I guess, a weren't afraid of anything. They afraid of going into the attic in t without a light. They didn't run p boards after dark.

Anyway, I sat on the porch until walk better. Mr. Griffith was re Mrs. Griffith while she peeled some Humphry pretended to be my bu was always kidding me about bein called me "milord," and dusted off a me to sit, and brushed imaginary lint off my clothes. He kept it up f being my butler, in fun, of course. mine wasn't in fun.

When we played anything, sh tried her best to beat me. When she'd give me a hard flat look, as some miserable specimen that wa human. Or else when I'd come wouldn't come out and play at all. though, the rest of them were enough, but I didn't go over m winter. I was busy at school. I friends besides them, anyway.

(Continued on Page 114)



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(Continued from Page 112)

One Saturday afternoon I ran into Humphry at the library and we walked home together. He asked me in, so I came. It was almost time for the bread to come out of the oven—I could smell it as soon as I got on the back porch. We gathered around and ate the extra loaf, but Mr. Griffith wasn't there.

I thought maybe he had gone off to South America or somewhere on a job, so I asked and Mrs. Griffith said he was in bed. It wasn't even dark yet.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Is he sick?"

"He's resting," she said, and right away I thought, just the way my mother would say it, *I don't know what he's been doing to make him tired.*

Humphry and I played checkers on the kitchen table. They had a big black stove that sat in the wall with a big curved tin roof sticking out over the stove, and they had painted flowers on it. Over the stove they had painted, "God Bless Our Cook." It was warm and nice, and quiet, for once, in the kitchen. The rest of the house wasn't warm at all.

Mrs. Griffith looked tired that day, her face kind of drawn and old-looking. It made me feel that I'd like to do something for her, but there wasn't anything I could do, of course. And then Jasmine came into the kitchen. I guess she had just taken a bath and got dressed up, and she looked so pretty, her hair soft and her skin rosy underneath. She sat down and started to read, and I let Humphry get into the king row. I wasn't interested in the checkers any more. She didn't look up or say anything. She just ate hot bread and butter with sugar sprinkled on it and turned the pages in her book, and afterwhile I went home.

The next day I came back, and the next. I hung around a lot, and one night about dark when we were playing out, I hid with her in a game of run-sheep-run. We hid in the barn. I could see the outline of her beside me, and I could hear her breathe. I moved closer and I could smell the warm smell of her hair. I could hear me breathing, too. I reached out and touched her, and she threw my hand off with a jerk.

"Jasmine"—I meant to whisper, but my voice didn't work right and I said it out loud—"don't you like me?"

"Sh-h-h!" she said.

"But don't you like me?"

I HEARD her breathe some more. "Certainly," she said, without whispering. "Why shouldn't I?"

"Would you go with me to the dinner dance at the club on St. Patrick's Day?" I'd been thinking about asking her, but I knew I ought to ask Elaine Carpenter. The Carpenters and my folks were good friends, and Elaine expected me to ask her. I had a new suit, and this was the first year that I'd been old enough to go. I was in the Younger Set now.

"We don't belong to the club," Jasmine said, moving away from me.

"I know. But we do. I'll take you." I would send her flowers to wear, and I'd take her in a taxi. She'd never been to the club. She would think it was swell, with a big orchestra and colored lights and the dance cards with a little pencil fastened on a string. Maybe she would let me kiss her that night, because she'd had such a good time.

"Why do you bother?" she said, suddenly, angrily. "Do you think I don't know how you feel about us? You're ashamed even to have your folks know you come over here. You think you're too good for us."

"You're talking silly," I said. I put my hand on hers, easy and slow, like I was coming down on a butterfly. She didn't move. My blood was tingling in my arms, and my hand on hers was throbbing as if it were something separate from the rest of me and terribly alive. "I think you're wonderful," I said. "I think your whole family is grand. I didn't know if I meant it or not, but I knew that's what I had to say.

"Do you, Art?" She sounded as if she almost believed me, but not quite.

"Why else do you suppose I hang around your house?" All I could think of now was getting her to say she'd go. Too many times she had taken my measure with that flat look, too many times she'd known that I was afraid to do what she could do without blink. This time I had to win. "I want you to go, Jasmine." I was laying it on. "I want to take you."

"Well," she said, and I could tell now that she wanted awfully to go, by the way she took a quick breath and squeezed my hand, "I'll ask my folks. I'll see what they say."

"Oh, they'll say yes. They know I'll take good care of you." My heart was pounding and I was so excited that my face and ears were burning. By some kind of figuring I thought I had won this time—had made her say yes.

BUT I didn't feel so good about it when I had to tell my folks.

When I'd been sitting there beside her in the dark, I had some wild and crazy thoughts about all the things I'd like to do for her, and when I was old enough and had my own money, I'd buy her everything she'd want. And back of wanting to buy her everything I couldn't help thinking that I'd have to, that because she might not like me enough just for myself. Maybe none of the whole family liked me enough—just for myself. They thought I was skinny and scared of things, instead of sensible and cautious the way they were at my house. I wanted them to like me. When I was with them I liked them better than I did my own folks. And when I was away from them, I would think, *What have they got that's so wonderful? Their father is a loafer, and their mother hasn't any figure, and they bring their groceries home in a wagon.*

> We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on the dial; we should count time by heart throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best. —BAILEY.

So, after I told my folks that I was going to take Jasmine to the dinner dance, I had to worry. My father gave me a talk about good judgment and choosing friends, and then he said, "But now you've committed yourself, Arthur, and you'll have to go through with it. A man's word must be as good as his bond."

My mother said she probably would have a party dress, and the other girls would have long dresses, and Jasmine would be very out of place. And it was true. I would be embarrassed, too, if she came in just an ordinary dress. I wished I hadn't asked her to go.

I hoped her folks would say she could not go. Then I could take Elaine Carpenter. She would have the right kind of dress, and the other fellows would want to dance with her, and she'd be friendly with the other girls at the club. It would be fun to go with Elaine.

But her folks said Jasmine could go. They said it was very nice of me to ask her, but there wasn't any way I could get out of it. No way at all.

I was purposely late going after her the night of the dance. I had her flowers in a box, and I hoped they'd got together and a dress for her. I walked in their drive, slowly, dragging my feet. I saw there were more lights on than usual. I thought they would be making a fuss over Jasmine tonight. I knocked at the kitchen door and heard somebody coming down the stairs to answer.

It was Mrs. Griffith. She looked as blank as a post before she said, "Why, hello, Art. You're all dressed up."

"Is Jasmine ready?"

"Jasmine isn't here just now," she said, quickly and nervously brushing her hands with her hands. "Did you want some special? Won't you come in?"

(Continued on Page 116)

Upstairs, downstairs, even outdoors!



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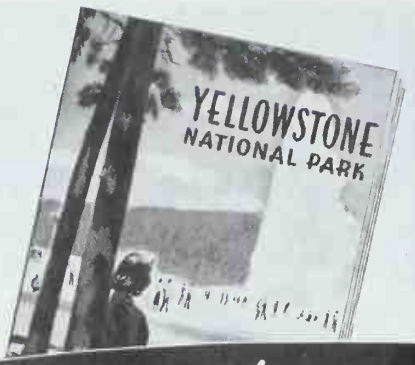
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(Continued from Page 114)

"Well," I said, beginning to get sore, "this is the night of the dinner dance at the club, and I ——"

"Jasmine's gone to town," she said, not paying any attention to what I said. "She went to the drugstore. She'll be back soon. Would you like to wait, or is there something I can do?" She stood there fingering the ruffle on her apron and her eyes kept moving fast from one thing to another without seeing it. "She's gone for some medicine," she said.

"Oh," I said. "Is somebody sick?" Here I was with the flowers, and it was time to go, and Jasmine wasn't even here. When you do go out of your way to be nice to some people, I thought, they don't appreciate it.

Mrs. Griffith rubbed her hand up and down her face and then she laced her fingers in front of her. "Yes," she said firmly, and with an effort at calmness, "Mr. Griffith is—very sick." A tremor passed over her face and right afterward she tried to smile. "He's . . . very sick. He's"—she put her fist in front of her mouth—"he's been quite sick for several days, but tonight he's worse."

I stared at her. "He is?" I said stupidly. I laid the box of flowers on the kitchen table. I wasn't mad any more. She looked so frail and twitchy, I wondered if it would be all right if I took hold of her hands and held them steady. "I'm awfully sorry," I said. "I didn't know."

Her hands kept moving frantically. I took a step closer to her. I could see down on the top of her head. I wanted to help her, but I didn't know how. I wished she wouldn't smile at me again because I knew it was hard for her. She didn't need to do that with me. I felt that I was tall and strong, and that she needed me. Her face was worn-looking as she brushed her hair up with the back of her hand.

"Is he—I mean, is it dangerous?" I finally asked.

She took a breath. I could see her holding herself together. "Yes, Artie. We've known . . . ever since we've been here, of course. That's why we came. His heart has been getting worse. But I didn't think it would be so soon." Her face crumpled up and tears started. I put my arms awkwardly around her shoulders and she leaned her forehead against me.

"He always seemed so strong," I said. "And he played with the kids all the time."

"He wanted it that way. He didn't want it any other way."

WE STOOD like that for a few minutes. Then she straightened up.

"I'll be all right now. I'm all right when I'm with him and the children."

"You've known it all the time—and you didn't say anything? You never told anyone?"

I still couldn't picture him being sick, with his black hair and his black mustache and talking and laughing and jumping his checkers over the board with his big hand. I couldn't imagine him dying.

"The children were so little," she was saying. "Jasmine—of course, Jasmine knew. But we didn't tell the others. We decided it would be better—happier, if they didn't know."

Jasmine knew it all the time. And her mother. And *he* knew. And they'd gone right ahead, being happy.

My heart began to swell up until it felt thick all through my chest. I wished I was a man already, and could be the father her and help them and take care of them a when they would need somebody. I wishe I belonged here with them.

"If there's anything I can do," I sai "anything—ever ——"

She looked me straight in the eye "Thank you, Arthur. I know you mean i I wouldn't have told you, otherwise." Sh reached up and mussed my hair, hard, an then she went over and shook the stove.

MY HEAD was full of thoughts about all them, and their courage and the way the lived. I thought of the first day I saw M Griffith, swinging high in the Indian swin with all the kids watching and whoopin And then I knew that if it had been m father, he'd have been at the bank day an night fixing up money so that when he di all that would be left would be piles of stoc and bonds and mortgages and insurance remember him by.

We heard Jasmine coming on the porc She was hurrying and she had a little pac age in her hand.

"Here it is, mother she said at the do "How is he?"

"He's resting, dea Mrs. Griffith took t package and was go out before Jasmine s me there.

"Artie, I'm sorr she said. "I was g ting ready when fat got sick ——"

"I know. Would y like to wait awhile a go later?"

"No," she said. couldn't go tonig I . . . couldn't. W don't you go on? not so very late. could get there in ti I have to set out s per for the kids, besides—well, father isn't feeling v well tonight." She t off her coat and tur to hang it on a h She knew about all this time and n told anybody.

"Would I be in way if I stay Maybe there's so thing I could do—b in some coal, or errands or ——" I couldn't think of way they'd really need me. If they thou I was in the way in the house, I w go sit outside and watch the lights of house and wait. I would stay near th I'd just sit quietly outside and w the lights.

"You mean you're not going to the di dance?" She turned around, surprised, that hadn't occurred to her.

I shook my head. Why should I go th without Jasmine, when her father was and her mother had told me how it was, had leaned her head against my chest cried?

Jasmine's eyes were on me, big and and her lips were parted and tremulo couldn't look away and I didn't want t heard a piece of coal move in the stove. I heard the teakettle start to sing, bu hadn't moved.

Still looking at her, I took off my and hung it beside hers.

"We'd better set the table," she sai ing to the cupboard. "You get the p And Artie," she said, turning to me her hands full of knives and forks, "set a place for yourself, won't you? like you to stay."

It may seem like a little thing, but it me proud when she said that. And I've proud of it ever since. Because she mean me just to have a place at the She meant a place in their lives. I wa a kid, but I knew that was the real

THE

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Spring Fever

By Ethel Jacobson

I took a purple clover,
A swaying blade of rye,
A honey-colored sunbeam,
A crystal cube of sky,
Nectar from a redbud,
A jiggerful of dew,
The echo of a birdcall
That went "Coo-coo!"

I blended them, I laced them
With other things I took—
The shadow of a moth wing,
The rushing of a brook,
The underearthen tumult
Of a seed about to sprout—
And I steeped them all together
To bring the essence out.

I stirred it with a fern frond
Crisp with April rain,
Then poured it in a tulip cup
And drank it like champagne.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★





Our Wedding Gifts

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As soon as Mary set the date for her wedding day, Ted and I made a date of our own — to call on Mr. Johnson, our jeweler.

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TOWLE
STERLING

A working-wife's work is eased by a ki planned around her n

- A breakfast corner supplies grouped near co center.
- Generous space for on a-week marketing—incl ing refrigerator with ze compartment.
- Storage of most-used sup plies planned to save time

PHOTOS BY STUART-STEPHENSON

Working-Wife Kitchen

BY GLADYS TABER

GONE, forever, are the days when ladies embroidered roses on silk and played the harpsichord and read Lucile to pass the time. Now our young women, who hold down nine-to-five jobs and keep house at the same time, have very little leisure.

It takes doing. But it can be fun! No need to drag home to a sink full of unwashed dishes and a meal of cold cuts and salad from the delicatessen. If you plan, the family can live exceeding well; and if you have a kitchen that helps instead of hinders, getting home and reaching for a gay smock is the most exciting part of the whole busy day.

The working-wife kitchen was planned by the JOURNAL along two sides of an 8 by 10-foot room to streamline the weekly marketing and the daily cooking and cleaning, and to make every moment count for both business and pleasure. Not a wasted *(Continued on Page 122)*



Quick and easies for two . . .

Y LOUELLA G. SHOUER

you're a working wife who wants to be queen in the kitchen evenings, u've probably found that one of the major problems in your iek-change aet is marketing. For marketing takes as much time as oking these days, and yet time's the thing you just haven't plenty of. make the most of it, you'd be wise to plan your meals for an tire week with a one-shot shopping list for Saturday morning. You'd wise, also, to have and hold a refrigerator with storage spaee best ited to your needs. The one on the opposite page, for instanee, s room for a week's worth of frozen foods, whieh makes quiek eals a snap to prepare. Here's a sample: the meals, the market der—and the daily do's. With a method like this, emo-pad housekeeping can be not only foolproof, but fun.

SHOPPING LIST

Meats, Poultry and Eggs. ½ pound ground beef, 1-pound slice ham, ¼ pound sliced bacon, 1 small roasting chicken, 1 dozen eggs—medium.

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables. 1 bunch water eress, 2 grapefruit, 12 oranges, 2 heads lettuce, 1 head chicory, 1 head romaine, ½ pound mushrooms, 1 bunch celery, 1 box hothouse tomatoes (4), 5 pounds new potatoes, 1 green pepper, 2 pounds yellow onions.

Dairy Products. 2 packages cream cheese, ¼ pound blue cheese, 1¼ pounds butter or margarine, 1 quart ice cream, plus 2 half pints cream, and 4–5 quarts milk (delivered by your milkman).

Frozen Fruits and Vegetables. 1 package peas, 1 package spinach, 1 package mixed vegetables, 1 package asparagus, 1 package raspberries, 1 package strawberries, 1 package rhubarb, 1 package pineapple chunks, 1 package baked apples.

Groceries. 1 package noodles, ½ pint salad oil, 1 large loaf bread, 4 cinnamon buns or sweet rolls, 1 package potato chips, 1 package hot-roll mix, 1 package pastry mix, 1 No. 2½ can peach halves, 1 No. 2 can tomato juice, ¼ pound sweet chocolate, 1 dill pickle, 1 small can deviled ham, ½-pound can crab meat, ½-pound can salmon, 3-ounce jar chipped beef.

Have on Hand. Bouillon eubes, seasoning, flavorings, garlic, shredded coconut, vinegar, coffee, walnuts, olives, cereal, biscuit mix, shortening, American cheese, mayonnaise, mustard, chili sauce, sugar, flour, etc.

N YOUR CHOREBOARD

turday. Off to market early! Home ain to stow away the week's supplies in pboard and refrigerator. Even though ere's the usual Saturday tidying of the use to do (unless you have someone to it for you), you'll have time to do some vance cooking for Sunday. This is lly your only day for homework. Put chicken on to cook in water with seaers and make up 1 recipe of pastry t shells. Use a good pastry mix—it's ier. One package should make 8 tart lls. If you have time make cookies, , but this week end, at least, choose a ple drop cooky.

Dinner will be simple tonight—but e. Cook an entire package of noodles. ve enough for dinner for two tonight. frigerate the rest to use in the casserole Sunday. Cook 1 package frozen peas. hen you butter them, toss in part of a ch of water cress, cut coarsely. You'll the bitey taste. Your salad is your al green one *à la maison.* Make ugh French dressing while you're at o last a week. If you go in for salad ls, 1½ cups isn't too much. Serve eapple tonight only partially thawed.

CURRIED MEAT BALLS

Al 1 tablespoon butter or margarine t ½ pound ground beef. Soak 2 tablespons dry bread crumbs in 6 tablespons milk. Add 2 tablespoons chopped on, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ury powder and a little pepper. Shape i small balls—golf-ball size. Fry on alsides in 2 tablespoons shortening or sad oil. Remove meat balls. Make a th gravy from pan drippings by addin 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cups water, ½easpoon salt, dash of pepper and an ex a dash of curry powder. Add 1 bouillon cube for flavor. Cook until thickened. Reheat meat balls in gravy. Serve on noodles.

Sunday. Scrambled eggs are on order today. You saved the cooked chicken liv yesterday, mashed it while warm an mixed it with butter or margarine to spreading consistency. This mixture, spread on slices of hot toast, makes a fine so for hot, creamy scrambled eggs. Bacon goes along too. The 4 cinnamon bu you bought yesterday are best if

Week's Menus

SATURDAY

Dinner

*Curried Meat Balls—Noodles
Peas with Water Cress, Butter
Green Salad
Bread and Spread
Frozen Pineapple Chunks
with Shredded Coconut
Coffee *or* Milk

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Grapefruit
Scrambled Eggs
on Chicken-Liver Toast
Bacon
Cinnamon Buns
Coffee *or* Milk

Company Supper for 6

*Ham Chipsies—Tomato Juice
*Chicken Casserole
Italian Salad
Hot Rolls
Pineapple-Strawberry
Ice-Cream Tarts
Coffee

MONDAY

Breakfast

Orange Juice
Ready-to-Eat Cereal—Milk
Reheated Rolls
(leftover from Sunday supper)
Coffee *or* Milk

Dinner

Sunday's Réchauffé

Chipped-Beef-and-
Mushroom Tarts
*Spinach with Blue-
Cheese Butter
Celery and Ripe Olives
Bread and Spread
Canned Peaches—
*Ice-Cream Whip
Cookies
Coffee

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Canned Peaches
Ready-to-Eat Cereal—Milk
*Marmalade Toast Sandwiches
Coffee *or* Milk

Dinner

Chicken Broth
*Hot Crab Salad
*Baked Tomatoes
Baking-Powder Biscuits
Rhubarb-Strawberry Sauce
on Sliced Oranges
Cookies
Coffee

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Grapefruit
Poached Eggs on Split
Buttered Reheated Biscuits
Coffee

Dinner—I guest

Pan-Broiled Ham Slice—
Steamed Bread
New Potatoes
with Mustard-Butter Sauce
Frozen Mixed Vegetables
*Chocolate Pot de Crème
Coffee

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Rhubarb Sauce
Ready-to-Eat Cereal—Milk
Toast
Coffee *or* Milk

Dinner

*Eggs San Remo
Fried-Tomato Slices
Russian Salad
Frozen Raspberries—
Riced Cream Cheese
Coffee

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Peach Half with
Crushed Strawberries
French Toast—
Hot Raspberry Jam
Coffee *or* Milk

Dinner

Creamed Salmon with Dill Pickle
Potatoes Cooked in Jackets
Frozen Asparagus
Green Salad
Frozen Baked Apples
with Brown Sugar and Cinnamon
Coffee *or* Milk

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Orange Juice
Ready-to-Eat Cereal—Milk
Toast
Coffee

New dinner trick! Kabobs Paprika



KABOBS PAPRIKA

A delicious way to serve economical cuts of meat

1½ lbs. veal or lamb shoulder, cubed
18 tiny white onions
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
1 teaspoon paprika
1 clove garlic
⅓ cup Wesson Oil
2 tablespoons vinegar

Spear meat with skewers—you can get plain ones from your butcher—alternating each cube with an onion. Combine all other ingredients and beat with rotary beater until well blended. Pour into shallow dish and place skewered meat in this mixture. (This savory marinade, made with golden, sunshiny Wesson Oil, makes these kabobs juicy and tender.) Marinate from 1 to 2 hours, turning occasionally. Remove from marinade. Broil 20 minutes, turning once. Serves 6. A good dish made *better* with Wesson Oil!

WESSON Oil for cooking, salads—and for *baking!* Yes—Betty Crocker of General Mills Inc. uses Wesson Oil in her new chiffon cakes. Wesson Oil is the surprise ingredient in these first really new cakes in 100 years. Wesson Oil makes mixing easier, insures delicate flavor in these glamorous, light-textured cakes. They are rich tasting and keep their moist freshness amazingly long. For best results use Wesson Oil in Betty Crocker's chiffon cakes. Recipes now available in grocery stores.



Wesson Oil FOR SALADS & COOKING



SPECIAL GREEN OLIVE DRESSING FOR SHRIMP AND GRAPEFRUIT SALAD

(Grand main dish for a party luncheon!)

½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon sugar
Dash of pepper
⅓ cup Wesson Oil
2 tablespoons wine vinegar
2 tablespoons stuffed olive slices

Mix all ingredients in a jar and shake vigorously until thoroughly blended. (This makes ½ cup dressing.) Place crisp salad greens in a bowl. Divide a grapefruit into sections and add to greens, with one 5-ounce can of shrimp (or 1 lb. of fresh shrimp, cooked, peeled, cleaned). Pour dressing over salad and toss gently. Serves 4 to 6. The thing you'll notice instantly about this dressing is that you taste every delicious salad flavor...each distinct seasoning. You see, *unobtrusive* Wesson Oil is so delicate and light...it never drowns flavors under a heavy, oily taste. Try Wesson Oil. You'll find it's the perfect salad oil for every type of salad.

heated in the oven for a bit. After you've had your round with the papers and the breakfast dishes are washed, do the necessaries for your simple company supper so that you'll have time to relax in the afternoon and evening. First get your casserole all ready to bake.

CHICKEN CASSEROLE

Take the cooked cold chicken off the bones. Remove skin and cut the meat into good-sized pieces. Cook the bones in water with celery tops, onions and seasonings to make extra stock. Rinse the leftover cold noodles under the cold-water faucet so they loosen up and come to life again. You'll know what I mean when you get to doing it. Sauté ½ pound fresh mushroom caps (save the stems for Monday's dinner) with 1 medium onion, minced, in 3 tablespoons of the bacon drippings saved from breakfast. Add the peas—also left over from Saturday's dinner. Combine with chicken. Make a thin gravy from 1 quart of the chicken stock and season highly with salt and pepper, a dash of Tabasco, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, a sprinkling of nutmeg and herbs from your shelf. Mix everything together—gravy, noodles, chicken, mushrooms and peas. Taste and reseason. Pour into casserole. Sprinkle with buttered cracker crumbs. Store in the refrigerator.

HAM CHIPSIES

Next on the list, prepare the ham spread and chill in the refrigerator: Mix 1 package cream cheese with 1 small can deviled ham; add ¼ teaspoon pepper, a little salt, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon minced onion, dash of Tabasco and Worcestershire. Thin with a little cream and chill in refrigerator. When ready to serve as a predinner bite, heap it into small bowl—surround with potato chips—a fine dip for chips!

For the rolls, use those from the bakery, or try one of the new hot-roll mixes. Everything's in it. Just add water, let dough rise; shape, rise and bake—the usual routine. If you do these in the morning, they can be reheated at night. All brands of roll mixes can be used as refrigerator-roll dough. You could prepare the dough, then, on Saturday, if there's time.

One hour before company comes, remove casserole from refrigerator and set out 1 package frozen strawberries to thaw. In the half hour before your guests arrive, put the casserole in the oven to bake. Fix the salad greens. The Italian slant to this salad is that you'll be adding toasted broken walnuts and sliced ripe olives to the dressing before tossing with the greens at the last minute.

There's nothing much to do about dessert. You baked the tart shells yesterday. You bought a quart of ice cream, too, and put it into the freezing tray. To serve, put generous spoonfuls of ice cream in each shell. Mix the partially thawed strawberries with whatever pineapple was left last night. Serve over the ice cream.

Monday. There were 2 tart shells left—your recipe made 8. You'll reheat them tonight and fill them with creamed chipped beef and mushrooms, made from 1 small jar chipped beef and the stems of the mushrooms—remember?

SPINACH WITH BLUE-CHEESE BUTTER

For your vegetable, cook 1 package frozen spinach—be careful not to overcook it. Drain and add 2 tablespoons crumbled blue cheese, creamed with 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Season and toss lightly with a fork.

Crisp celery passes for salad tonight.

ICE-CREAM WHIP

The 1 quart of ice cream was a little more than you needed for the Sunday tarts. What was left in the freezing tray you'll proceed to beat up with a spoon or fork until it is soft but not runny—just before dessert-serving time, of course. Now beat in 2 tablespoons orange marmalade (a jam, if you haven't marmalade) and ser on drained cold canned peach halves. Personally, I like ice cream this way as a sau better than in its usual state.

After Dinner Chore. I won't give y much night work; but if you want rhub sauce tomorrow night you'd better make tonight—that is, if you like it cold, and w doesn't? It really cooks by itself and wo interfere with your leisure. It's quickly do

Tuesday. The rest of the canned peac will be your breakfast fruit.

MARMALADE-TOAST SANDWICHES

Cream 2 tablespoons butter or mar rine with 3 tablespoons orange marm lade. Spread between slices of bread, m ing 2 sandwiches. Toast first on one si then on the other, under moderate bro heat.

For consommé, use what chicken br you might have left, plus 2 bouillon cu and seasonings. Sprinkle crumbled b cheese on top of broth.

HOT CRAB SALAD

Pick over a ½-pound can crab meat, moving any bits of bone. Add 2 tablespo mayonnaise, ¼ cup minced green pep and 1 teaspoon grated onion. Season w ¼ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon peppe 1 teaspoon prepared mustard and 1 teasp Worcestershire sauce. Heap in 2 sha scallop shells. Bake in hot oven, 450°, with the tomatoes a biscuits until brown.

BAKED TOMATO

Remove the top from 2 tomatoes. Sea dot with butter or m garine and bake in with hot crab salad biscuits.

Use half the recip biscuits given on the age of biscuit mix. out or drop them cording to amoun time you have. I'd fi crab and tomatoes then biscuits. Everything can bake tog while you have the soup course. The rhu sauce was made last night and you sh have enough left for tomorrow's brea After dinner, make the *pot de crèm* Wednesday's dinner. It needs to chill night.

CHOCOLATE POT DE CRÈM

(for 3)

Break up ¼ pound sweet chocolate. in top of double boiler with 2 tables hot water. When chocolate is m gradually add ½ cup light or heavy and blend well. Heat a few min while you separate 3 eggs. Beat the until thick and the consistency of m naise—the whites until they just h hold a peak—not so stiff as for pi ringue. Stir in the yolks first and over hot water until mixture thicke takes only a little doing. Remove heat. Fold in the whites, stir and minute or so. Add 1 tablespoon but margarine, ½ teaspoon vanilla and a of salt. Pour at once into custard cup chill in refrigerator overnight.

Wednesday. Dinner tonight will kind your menfolks like, but extremely to put together—purposely, so you'll plenty of time to chat. When you fi home, set the table and put potatoes cook. The ham and vegetable are r order. Your dessert waits in refrig Serve it right in the custard cups. bread by this time isn't its freshes don't want to bother with biscuits. W have steamed bread? Once the l turned, lay slices of bread on top. few minutes put a lid on the skille bread comes out hot and flavored wit of the ham. Eat it while it's hot, spre butter or margarine.

Thursday. By now you have collec dabs of cooked vegetables. There's

(Continued on Page 122)

> Misery breeds war. You can never have international peace as long as you have national poverty. You may multiply the pomp of the parade grand as you will, but if behind it is the festering slum, war will come as certain as the spread of pestilence. —STEPHEN LEACOCK, from Last Leaves: (Copyright, 1945, by Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc.).

THE CAKE DISCOVERY OF THE CENTURY

Betty Crocker "Chiffon"!





An entirely NEW TYPE of cake!

1. "It's more delicate than the finest Angel Food Cake—and more moist!
2. "It's richer-tasting even than 'butter'-type cakes.
3. "It's easier and faster to make than ordinary cakes."

Betty Crocker

It uses 5 less eggs than Angel Food . . . You can make it in either the large tube pan or the smaller square one!

"UNBELIEVABLY DELICIOUS!" . . . "Distinctive in taste, texture!" "So velvety moist, it stays fresh longer!" So say homemakers who have tried "Chiffon"—the first really new cake in 100 years!

THIS NEW-TYPE CAKE—now presented to you by our Betty Crocker Staff—is not Angel Food, not sponge cake—not butter or pound cake. It combines the best points of each. The luscious, velvety quality of butter cakes, a delicate "chiffon-like" texture, Angel Food lightness! And this 7-egg cake rises as high as a 12-egg Angel Food!

SO EASY, too! Just follow the three simple, clear-cut steps in the recipe. And note the easy-to-mix-and-measure liquid shortening, new to cakes!

BEST OF ALL, you can make these cakes with Gold Medal "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour. Imagine! Cakes more glamorous than any hitherto possible—made from the same all-purpose flour millions rely on for biscuits, rolls, pies, etc. Tomorrow, treat *your* family to the Cake of the Century—Betty Crocker "Chiffon"!



General Mills

The magic's in the method!

Golden "Chiffon" Cake

This Betty Crocker recipe has been developed for Gold Medal exclusively: don't risk a food-wasting baking failure by using a different flour.

	10-IN. TUBE CAKE (16 TO 20 SERVINGS)	8 OR 9-IN. SQUARE CAKE (8 TO 10 SERVINGS)
GET READY	Heat oven to 325° (slow moderate).	(350° moderate)
	Sift an ample amount of GOLD MEDAL FLOUR onto a square of paper.	
STEP 1		
Measure (level measurements thruout) and sift together into mixing bowl	2 cups *sifted* GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour (spaan lightly into cup, don't pack)	1 cup
	1½ cups sugar	¾ cup
	*3 tsp. dauble-actian baking powder	*1½ tsp.
	*1 tsp. salt	*½ tsp.
The secret's in the shortening! Make a "well" and add in order	½ cup caaking (salad) ail such as Mazola or Wesson	¼ cup
	7 unbeaten egg yalks (medium-sized)	3 yalks
	¾ cup cold water	⅜ cup (¼ cup plus 2 tbsp.)
	2 tsp. vanilla	1 tsp.
	grated rind of 1 lemon (abaut 2 tsp.)	1 tsp.
	Beat with spoon until *smooth*.	
STEP 2		
Measure into *large* mixing bowl	1 cup egg whites (7 or 8)	½ cup (abaut 4)
	½ tsp. cream of tartar	¼ tsp.
	Whip until whites form *very stiff* peaks (picture 1). They should be much stiffer than for Angel Food or meringue. DO NOT UNDERBEAT.	
STEP 3		
Paur egg yolk mixture gradually over whipped egg whites—*gently* folding (picture 2) with rubber scraper *just* until blended. DO NOT STIR.		
Pour into *ungreased* pan at once.	Use 10-in. tube pan, 4-in. deep	†Use ungreased 8x8x2-in. or 9x9x2-in. pan
Bake.....	*55 min.* in *slow mad.* oven (325°), then increase heat to *mod.* oven (350°) far *10 min.*	†*30 min.* in *mod.* oven (350°)

Immediately turn pan upside down, placing tube part over neck of funnel or bottle, or resting edges of square pan on 2 other pans. Let hang, free of table, until cold (picture 3). Loosen from sides and tube with spatula. Turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen. Serve uniced, or with whipped cream and berries, ice cream or dessert sauce.

†Small recipe may also be baked in a 9-in. tube pan, 3½-in. deep. Bake *40 min.* at 325°, then *10 min.* at 350°.

If you live at altitude over 3,000 ft., write Betty Crocker for recipe adjustments.

*If you use Gold Medal Self-Rising Flour, omit baking powder and salt.



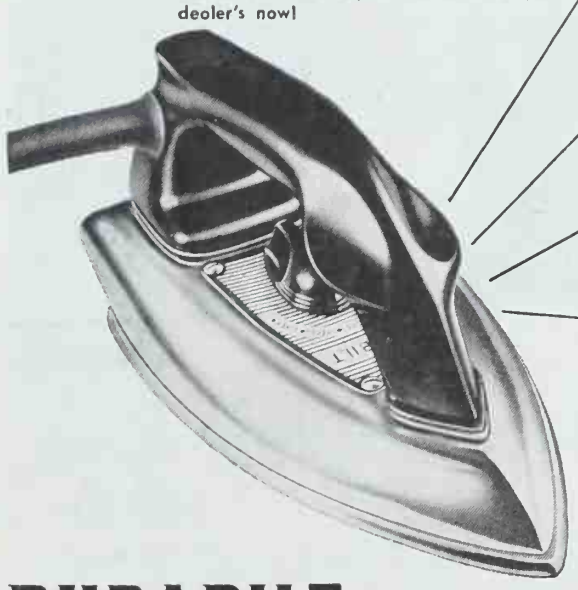
1 Whites must form VERY stiff peaks — 2 Fold down—over—up—aver . . . DON'T STIR — 3 "Hang" upside down, free of table

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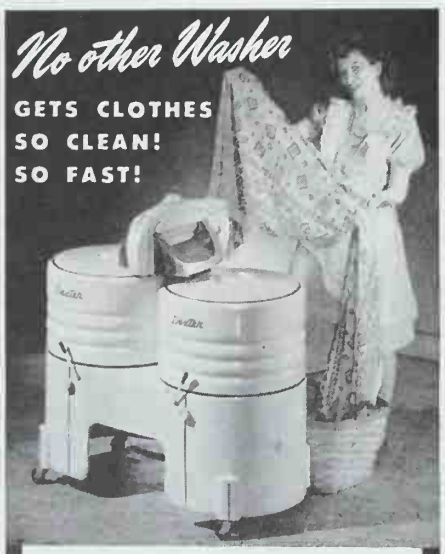
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THE DEXTER COMPANY Fairfield, Iowa

DEXTER TWIN TUB

WASHES CLEANER • QUICKER • EASIER

(Continued from Page 120)

celery, green pepper and salad greens. Combine the vegetables, add a little grated onion. Mix mayonnaise and chili sauce, half-and-half, and toss with vegetables. Thaw the raspberries partially and rice a package of cream cheese over the two servings for dessert—or you could thin the cheese with cream and serve on top of the berries.

EGGS SAN REMO

Simmer 1 clove garlic in ½ cup chicken stock or broth made from 1 bouillon cube and water for a few minutes. Remove garlic. Make a sauce of 1½ tablespoons butter or margarine, ½ tablespoon flour, ½ cup milk and the stock. Cook until thickened. Season with salt and pepper. Dip 4 thick slices tomato in flour. Season and sauté in a little fat until brown on both sides—don't let them get mushy. Place them in a heatproof pie dish. Poach 2 eggs and place on 2 of the tomato slices—or do 2 eggs apiece if you're really hungry. Pour garlic sauce over eggs. Sprinkle generously with grated cheese. Run under moderate broiler heat for a few minutes until cheese melts.

Friday. Very good frozen baked apples can now be bought at many frozen-food counters. They are packed 2 to a box. Reheat them in hot oven with brown sugar and cinnamon. You know all about creaming salmon—but do try adding ¼ of a dill pickle, minced fine, to the sauce just before you remove it from the heat.

Saturday. Breakfast over, you'll soon be on your way to market again for next week. Your refrigerator, if not empty, is all ready to take on another week of good meals.

WORKING-WIFE KITCHEN

(Continued from Page 118)

movement, an unnecessary step. The basic principle was to locate equipment right where it would be used, arrange for food storage near work areas, provide a pleasant eating space right at hand, and make good use of automatic appliances for storage and preparation.

For working folk, time is squeezed tightest at breakfast, so a special breakfast center was set up next to the eating counter. An electric coffee mill, coffee maker, toaster and orange juicer are right at hand with adequate outlets, and a cupboard holds dishes, glasses and breakfast-food supplies. Breakfast can be a quick meal but an enjoyable one, for the radio and phone are within reach and a magazine rack holds the morning paper for a hasty glance at the news while the bacon cooks.

I especially like the low height of the eating counter. Not only better than stool-perching while you eat, but a good height for shredding cabbage or slicing meat.

When our working wife starts to get dinner, everything is within easy "grabable" reach, but not cluttered. Pans and utensils hang on a simple rack over sink and range, knives are in full view without pawing in a drawer, paper towels help in quick wipe-ups, seasonings are on the shelf. The can opener is folded in to the wall when not working; there is even a rack for pan lids on the side of the cabinet at the left for speed-up. At the food-preparation center by the refrigerator, a narrow shelf above the work-counter canisters holds cookbooks and recipe file out of the way but leaves room on the counter for the mixer. For the young five-to-nine wives who go to business from nine to five, the mixer and the pressure saucepan are symbols of their generation. My mother used to whip egg whites for angel cake with a wire whisk on a flowered china platter. It took a long time and a lot of energy. The cook of this kitchen turns on the beater, and while the whites froth—not too dry—she sets the table, sets the oven timer and perhaps gets a chance to set herself down.

The young housekeepers on the JOURNAL staff do most of their marketing on Saturday, stocking up for the week. When it's a question of money or space, they vote for a large refrigerator even if it means a smaller range.



Drive him out with new double-action VANiSH. Cleans toilet bowls quickly—leaves your bathroom sweet and fresh. *Be moder*
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REFINISHING WOODWORK?
Ask for "How-to-do-it" folder with X-Cell-All Paint and Varnish Remover —famous since 1900.

In this kitchen there is room to store away all types of foods. Staples and canned foods go in the upper cabinets at the right. The big refrigerator with its two separate compartments takes care of all the rest.

The upper compartment of the refrigerator is a special zero-temperature freezer chest where a quantity of frozen foods may be kept, ice cream for many desserts ripened, and in moderation fresh foods frozen. This part of the refrigerator is heavily insulated, and has its own separate door. This means that the freezer section is not exposed every time something is wanted from the fresh-food compartment.

The large lower compartment is for fresh foods, and here the humidity is high enough that most foods do not need to be covered to prevent their drying. For vegetables that keep best when kept where the air is quite moist, there are two special glass-covered drawers. In this lower section of the refrigerator, there is a special holder for butter which keeps it at the right temperature for easy spreading.

Although small, the compact apartment-sized range is a dream. The automatic timer will turn the oven on or off while the working wife is away, the regulator insures correct baking temperatures, and the well cooker gives long, slow cooking for baked beans, meats and soups.

The sink doubles its service with the storage drawers and cupboard space, two sink wells and sliding drainboard.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Spring Song

By Nora De Laney

I love him from the bottom of my heart,
Deep down, and I will never stop;
But—should some handsome lad desire—
I have some lovely room on top.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The walls are finished in a tile-patterned felt-base wall covering which is so easy to install that either a handy husband or a handy man could cope with it. It is easy to wipe clean in a jiffy with a damp cloth.

Nowadays we know that color can be depressing, or can lift the spirits. And the colors in the working-wife kitchen simply sing. The curtains and chair covering of durable cotton fabric not only wash easily, but are in the gayest candy-pink-and-green pattern, and the ceiling is peppermint-stick pink. Nobody could ever feel discouraged with such happy color around.

Week ends, the kitchen is the center for baking and brewing and snacks and leisurely meals with or without music. Weekdays, the room is trim and uncluttered and efficient, a welcome for the workday family. Home for supper, and fun to cook it!

I thought, as I sniffed the Saturday baking, how many women could adapt some of the working-wife-kitchen ideas. A handy man could always build racks to hold kitchen utensils on the wall. Knife racks of various kinds can be bought inexpensively. An eating counter could be made of old lumber, and why not use a pair of secondhand piano stools for chairs? The window sill in most kitchens would stand widening, and there you have a place for telephone, radio, books and files. The magazine rack and bulletin board could be homemade in a short time.

Breakfast equipment can always be lined up in one place, food supplies stored in groups according to use. And the gift of color is anyone's, for paint and brushes are available even at a crossroad country store. Curtains may be made of inexpensive cotton or dress fabrics or dyed sheeting. A little planning, some help from the man of the house, and the kitchen is ready for business and the business girl of today.

THE END



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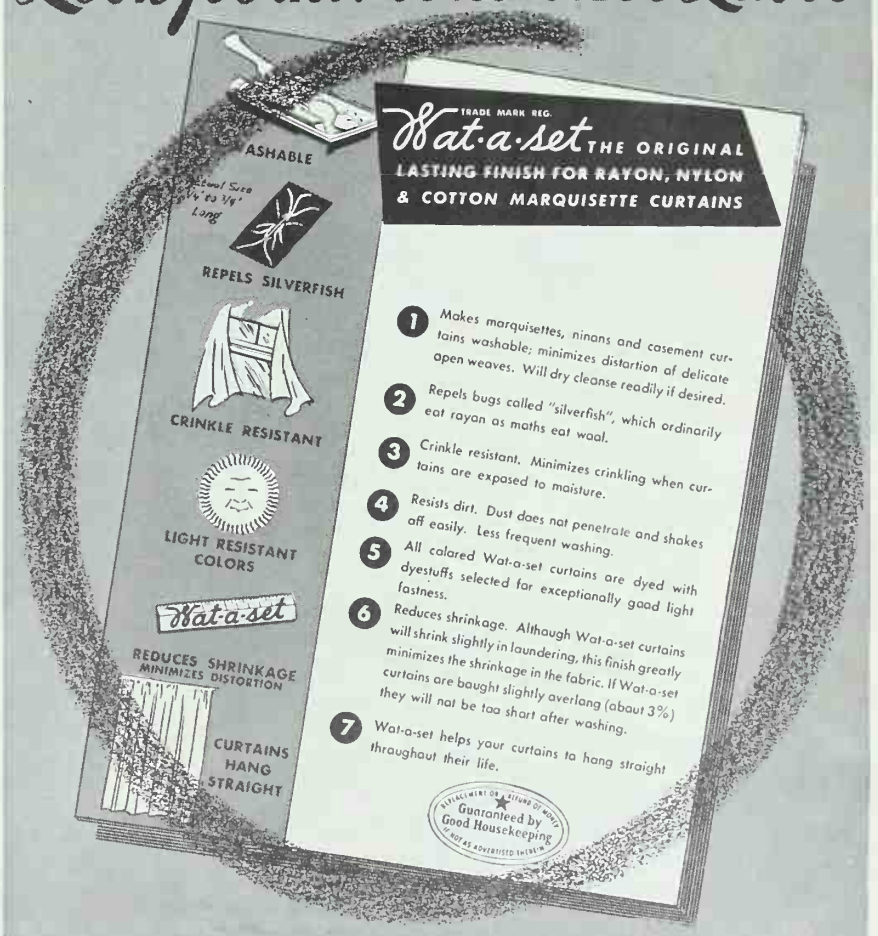
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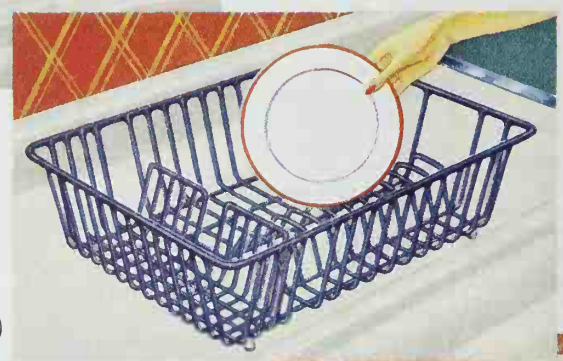
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more leisure and beauty to your home





Save your sink, reduce chipping and scratching of expensive tableware . . . the colorful *Rubbermaid Sink Mat* above makes a safe dish pan out of your sink and keeps bottom of bowl smooth, beautiful, easy to clean . . . the sanitary *Rubbermaid Sink Strainer* is kind to step-on cans. It cannot dent, break or stain . . . and the *Rubbermaid Drainboard Mat* with its quick-drain ribbed edges completes this picture of perfect protection.



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The cockers welcome spring, enjoying the warm sun, the new green grass. The pups think dandelion digging is good fun and complicate the task.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

I DO NOT actually feel a year older on my birthday, now coming up on the clock face of time. I only feel a sense of the value of the moments, hours and ys that are yet mine, and now and then a ep and passionate wish to do as well by em as is in me. Some people never have is feeling, but I had it even when I was a ild. I can remember riding my old bicycle emad in the early morning, with the spring nd blowing my braids and ruffling my ddy collar, and thinking, "I must enjoy s, every bit of it." And batting tennis lls against the side of the house. The sun uld be gold on the pale yellow clapboards, e grass of the lawn brilliant green, the y feathered with a cloud or two, the od ping of balls on the racket, the ing of my arm—it was all something to perience as fully as possible.

Now, as time flows along, I sometimes nk it is maddening how much one does ss—you can't ever squeeze the orange t at any given moment. Something apes and is lost. On a spring morning, o can see every brave spear of green in e garden where the daffodils will be ablished soon? Or every shade of deli- e color in the heavenly blue of scilla? Or ch every vibration in the chilly melody the peepers in the swamp? The music is ol and slender, and exciting; it is like onlight and darkness together, it is the tillation of spring.

Spring this year is even more special er the storm and cold of the winter. We k a kind of arrogant pride in our winter ts time. "It's twelve below today," we d. "It's even more of a blizzard than in hty-eight." But having all the pipes zen every few days, the doors snowed t, the roads sheeted with glass gets to tiresome before long. And I do not like ht to snap down over day like a spring on a box. I like soft, long twilight with sky glimmering until eight o'clock. ne to wander around the yard and watch cockers and the cats, and still have per before deep dark.

Maeve is still growing. It is amazing to her with Linda and Little Sister, for y stay the same, compact little cockers, al she towers over them. They do every- ng together; they have just figured it o that Maeve is a cocker who got a little . Her Irish-setter red is near mahogany , her coat as soft as fine silk. It is hard to realize that we have a dog who can open doors easily with one hand, pick my glasses off the middle of the table, and sort the papers on the desk, all without standing on tiptoe. She also likes to help George milk, so she gets me up in the morning to let her out, and vaults the fence we put up to keep the dogs inside. She flashes across the road and dives into the barn. George says she is a great help. Sometimes in the daytime she tries to get Linda and Little Sister over too.

Rangy as she is, every movement is full of grace. She runs with a free-floating gait beautiful to see. With the cockers racing beside her, she skims a little ahead now and then, turns to see if they are there, and moves on. We were so afraid she might get rickets with all those long slim bones that we dosed her heavily with wheat-germ oil, yeast, vitamin concentrates. Maybe that is why she is as vigorous as a wild pony. Sometimes she goes so fast she turns a somersault over herself when she brings up at the house door.

LITTLE SISTER has become so much like our lost big Sister that we sometimes call her just Sister. Now I am beginning to feel almost stunned at the likeness, for George came in the other morning and said, "You know what Sister's doing now? She's covering her dish with paper before she eats!" Big Sister is the only dog we ever had who followed this etiquette. It was like unfolding her napkin. She always covered her dish with a layer of paper before she took it off and began eating. If there were no bits of paper available, she would use straw from the kennel, or fallen leaves. In the house, she could find paper napkins. And now Little Sister was laying paper on her dish before eating. George said, "She's Sister sure enough, come back."

Last year we turned the furnace off the last week in April. Some years we can do it earlier, sometimes May is the first possibility. Even when there was plenty of fuel, we used to turn it off the first moment possible. I like the house warmed by the great open fire in the stone fireplace, and by the little fire in my Franklin in the bedroom. And the comfortable old cookstove in the back kitchen heats both of the kitchens nicely. Upstairs you can run for your money, but who cares? It is fun to go to bed and watch the Franklin glow, and

Try this NEW Royledge pattern on YOUR kitchen shelves!



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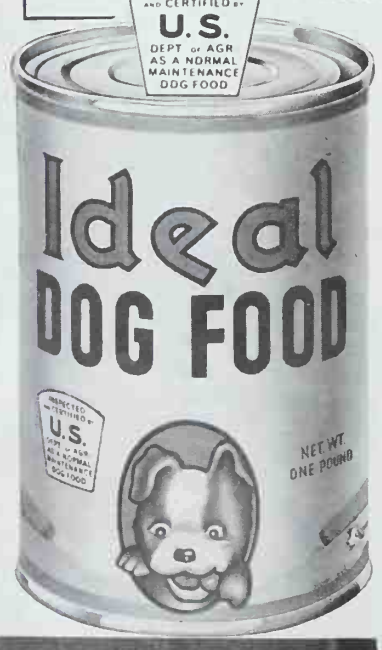
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mine has little doors opening in two places so you can see the flames crackle, and the garnet embers.

It is strange how the habit of saving has become part of our lives. Maybe some people still waste, but I don't personally know a soul, either country dweller or city, who has not a strong conscience about any kind of waste.

At Stillmeadow we never throw away anything. Literally. Except used tin cans, which I always wish we could convert somehow to something.

Any clothing we don't wear constantly goes to England or a refugee collection. Books and shoes and materials go to Piney Woods School in the South. Here colored children get either academic or vocational training as well as food and housing.

Used curtains go to a friend in England, for she says the pride of a woman does suffer at hanging old sacking and frayed, mended rags at the windows. She has become a sort of curtain bureau for us and all our friends.

The food we buy, we always add a can or two extra, and set them on a special shelf earmarked for food boxes. And then we raise all our vegetables and some small fruits, and freeze or can or preserve every extra bit so that our house, at least, is no drain on national economy. For this we deserve no credit. Our canned carrots this winter were like plump tender slices of summer itself, and the store carrots at twenty cents were withered, rubbery, dry little things.

Every family with a yard can raise vegetables and live better, as well as help to make more food available for the rest of the world. The county or state agriculture department will test the soil so you can add what it lacks. And if you bury your garbage regularly, the soil will be enriched immeasurably. The Indians who planted fish in the maize hills really were smarter than they knew.

It pays to buy good seeds from a reliable firm. The germination on cheap bargain packets may be as much as 40 per cent less than with good seeds. And it pays to work the soil until it is fine and light in the hands.

Jill thinks it pays to plant earlier than the rules call for. But there is no use planting until the ground is warm enough for the seeds to germinate.

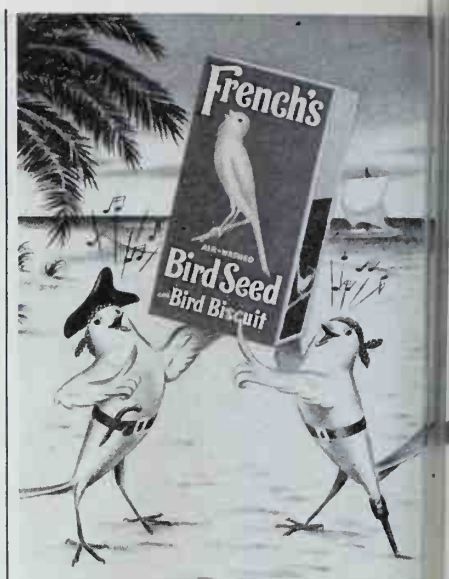
Here in New England, you may plant when the maples are in leaf. Lettuce and peas and chard go in when the maples are in bud. It is wonderful to look out and see the rosy mist against the soft sky and know the maples have given you a sign.

We also read the almanac. When it predicts cold weather, we wait for the planting. I love to read the almanac anyway, although I don't have any idea what things like *Moon perigree* can mean. It sounds nice. The almanac even tells you what are your lucky and unlucky days! Thursday is my lucky day—Monday is unlucky—and June and July are my months to be successful. On Thursday I am supposed to take the initiative in all things and on Monday, the almanac says darkly, do the opposite! Oh, me, I almost never feel like taking the initiative on Thursday.

This is the season of delectable dandelion greens. We dig them with a sharp knife, lifting the root and all. Washing them is a fearful nuisance, but a spray helps, and one wash in very hot water besides the cold washes. Cooked with salt pork or bacon, they are the most elegant of fare. Herb vinegar dresses them nicely for folk like Jill, but for me, I like them plain. They are best when they are young. We like the tenderest leaves raw in salads too. Digging is complicated by bouncing spaniels, but the dishpan does fill up nevertheless.

Daffodils, scilla and grape hyacinths make spring inside the house. The grape hyacinths are my favorite, with their deep amethyst purple and pointed cones of flowerets. It is a little hard to raise them here, but in Virginia fields they grow wild, a cloth-of-purple cover.

April meals are casual. The outdoors is too exciting to miss. For besides the yard and garden, the brisk sunny days invite kennel



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and a package of song.

A "treasure chest" for any love of canaries—a chest so packe with golden song that it's *pre ferred* by 7 out of 10 canar owners!

Here is a *complete* diet- not a few common seed: French's Bird Seed and Biscu is a diet of the twelve teste ingredients that keep your p healthy and happy.

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SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS



cleaning, painting screens, settling the barbecue again for the summer, fixing the gate hinges, and a lot of other jobs. And on rainy days, which come often, the house cleaning goes on apace.

We go to town on the freezer supplies, for new vegetables begin with asparagus. Frozen strawberries for breakfast, *petits pois* with a mint leaf cooked in the pan, with broiled kidneys on toast, for lunch. Dandelion greens and buttered rosy beets for supper, with a broiler or a brace of veal chops. A compote of mixed frozen fruit is about the best spring dessert.

How casually we take the miracle of the freezing unit. It is the greatest household invention since the refrigerator, I think. But when I remember my childhood, I really appreciate it all over. We ate winter vegetables all winter—squash, cabbage, turnips, parsnips. But asparagus and peas and spinach and chard we just waited for. Raspberries and strawberries had a short season, as did peaches. Now there is no season at all. And oysters, turkey, duck, young broilers and old retired hens all come to the kitchen whenever we feel in the mood for them.

I am still trying to finish the reading I planned for those fictional long winter nights. One thing I have been reading about is world government. I do earnestly believe that if every American insisted that war be outlawed once and for all, if we stopped talking about the cold war and the next war, and if we organized into a vast body of opinion, other countries would follow.

The talk of increasing the Army and Navy and building more and bigger atomic bombs

Sow a thought, you reap an act; sow an act, you reap a habit; sow a habit, you reap a character; sow a character, you reap a destiny.
—ANON.

seems just as silly to me as if I built a grass fence around the barn and then set fire to the haymow. It is time to wake up to the fact that war is a luxury we cannot afford. The mass urge for self-destruction which swept us so recently ought to be overpowered at once by a mass urge for life.

How good the world is, except for this war mania that poisons the roots of being. So much love, so much compassion exists everywhere. Not a day in our lives but we see some evidence of man's real goodness, whether it be rescuing a stray kitten or sacrificing something dear for another. So much beauty too. Music and poetry and painting still create the shape of dreams.

There is the sky, now in April like a soft blue pearl, and there is the moon, a silver shaving in her field of stars. And the air, breathing of violets.

In such a world, why should mankind turn away from the infinite richness it has inherited, and struggle to blow itself into black oblivion? I do not feel that we will.

When I get discouraged because the nation's leaders seem not to realize what the simple people know in their hearts—when, in short, they seem to have not a grain of common sense—I simply turn off the news commentators, and put the newspapers out in the kennel for the puppies' housebreaking.

And I go out with Honey and amble around the quiet garden where Jill planted the white and blue tulips last fall. Honey and I no longer race around or jump over things; we remember the days when we did, but now our birthdays come along, and together we walk thoughtfully over the flagstones. Paw and foot fall on the lemon thyme between the rosy-gray stones. The dusk is violet-colored down by the brook.

Then Honey lifts her head and her dark dreamy eyes meet mine and her tail wags violently. A hopeful rabbit hops outside the picket fence, looking over the pea planting. Honey makes a wild dash for him, ears flying, nose quivering.

"I can run as fast as anybody when there is a real reason," she says.

And April is in my heart again. THE END

Questions about washers women want answered!



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Does it wash everything? Blankets to lingerie? The Young's agitator-action speeds out the dirt—gently and thoroughly—in just 8 minutes! A *big family-size* wash too! Thermo-sealed tub keeps water *hotter* longer—saves soap!



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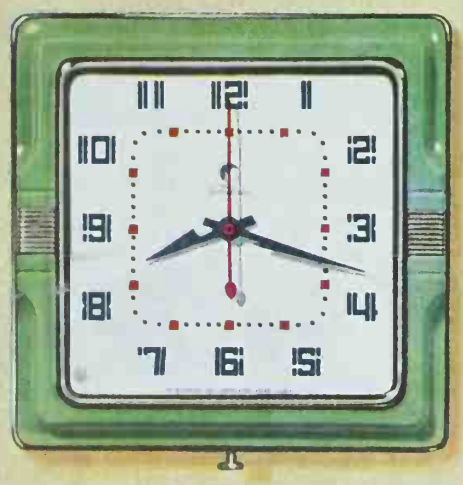
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ELECTRIC CLOCKS

TELECHRON INC., ASHLAND, MASSACHUSETTS

HENRY AND THE ANGEL

(Continued from Page 35)

"You got 'em," said Mr. Mahaffey. "What are you kicking about?"

"They're no good," said Angel. "Not without men. I haven't seen a man around here who can't remember the blizzard of eighty-eight."

"Young men can't afford to come here," said Mr. Mahaffey. "Young men are working overtime and getting high blood pressure and bad livers so they can come here when they're old. That's life. But there is one young man —— See who that is knocking at the door, Angel."

Angel opened the door. A young man stood on the threshold. He was tall and lean and black-haired. He grinned at Angel and looked past her to her father.

"Ah, there you are, Mr. Mahaffey," he said. "If I may come in ——"

"Shut the door, Angel," said Mr. Mahaffey.

"But daddy ——" Angel protested.

"Shut the door."

The young man was still smiling when Angel closed the door in his face. She felt sorry for him and he looked interesting. They were booked to stay here three weeks. It would be nice to sit on the terrace nights with someone.

"Who is he?" said Angel.

"I don't know," said Mr. Mahaffey. "I don't want to know. He pops out of the woodwork. He cornered me at the cigar counter. I took a stroll around the hotel before breakfast and he leaped out of the shrubbery at me. If he doesn't stop I shall complain to the management. I don't want to see anyone while I'm here. I don't want any activity. If anyone suggests that I mingle with a group I shall brain him. Let's go down to dinner."

"What for?" said Angel. "Where's it going to get us?"

Nevertheless, she dressed. She put on a new frock purchased especially for the trip. She rode down in the elevator, emerged into the magnificence of the lobby, and the financiers scattered about, took one look at her and forgot the stock market and what Washington was going to do next. Angel took her father's arm and they walked toward the dining room. A form slid out from behind a potted palm and trotted at their side.

"If you haven't tried it," said the young man who had tried to invade Mr. Mahaffey's room, "I recommend the pompano."

MR. MAHAFFEY stopped and looked around for the house detective.

"Don't mind father," Angel said. "He has to get used to strangers. Won't you join us, Mr. ——"

"Hooper," said the young man. "Henry Hooper. Delighted."

He went with them to a table while Mr. Mahaffey got red in the back of the neck. He held Angel's chair for her, and then sat down. "Mr. Mahaffey," he said, "I understand you're in the boat business."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Mahaffey. "What are you going to drink, Angel?"

The young man colored and looked at his plate. In a slightly subdued voice he ordered dinner. From time to time he looked sideways at Angel's profile. After a time he stopped looking sideways. After that he just looked and his lower jaw sagged.

Angel was not unaware of it. She was accustomed to having young men look at her that way, and it was to her credit that she remained grateful that they did so. She smiled at Henry.

"You're from the North?" she asked.

"Yes," Henry said. Apparently finding Angel overpowering, he turned to her father. "Perhaps we could play a round of golf," he said cordially.

"No thanks," said Mr. Mahaffey. "Pass the horse-radish."

Henry looked harassed but persiste
"Fishing, then," he said. "Perhaps we ——"

"Not a chance," said Mr. Mahaffey.

Henry gave up and Angel did most of talking throughout dinner. Afterward th was a concert. Mr. Mahaffey slumped i chair with his eyes closed. Midway throu the concert he opened them to find t Angel and Henry had disappeared. Dur the intermission Mr. Mahaffey went up his room. An hour later the connecting d to Angel's room opened and she came ins her cheeks pink and her eyes glowing.

"He's cute," Angel said. "Sort of sh

"You knocked him kicking," said M Mahaffey inelegantly. "They see you fall over like bowling pins."

"I DON'T think he wanted to meet you all," Angel said. "I think he believed could meet me through you. He was afr to make a pass at me. The indirect appro was Henry's bright idea. Make a pal of and then get to know the daughter."

"Just so long as he doesn't bother n said Mr. Mahaffey. "And just so long a doesn't get ideas about you. I disliked t young man on sight."

"Why?" said Angel belligerently.

"I don't like to see a young fellow loafi said Mr. Mahaffey. "I worked fourteen h a day when I was his age—I had no t to loaf. I'll have you know ——"

> **However virtuous a woman may be, a compliment on her virtue is what gives her the least pleasure.**
> —PRINCE DE LIGNE.

"He wanted to
me," said Angel, "bu
lost his nerve. I w
have let him too. I pr
cally had my eyes sh

Mr. Mahaffey stret
out on the terrace the
morning. He put up
feet and was at p
with the world when Henry bobbed u
front of him.

"Nice morning," said Henry.

Mr. Mahaffey glared at him.

"Speaking of boats ——" Henry be

"I came down here," said Mr. Maha
"to forget boats. Excuse me."

He went into the lounge. He did no
Henry again until lunchtime. But there
Henry was in his hair. Whenever Mr.
haffey looked up, there was Henry. Ev
the beach with Angel in an atrociously
bathing suit, Henry sat beside Mr. Maha

Mr. Mahaffey developed a techn
When he saw Henry coming he close
eyes and pretended to be asleep. At
beach when Henry started talking, Mr.
haffey put a newspaper over his face
knew what Henry wanted anyway.
was an old-fashioned young man who w
to ask the father's permission to cour
daughter. And by crimine, he had a
The daughter of L. J. Mahaffey was n
ing to marry any man who did not
honest day's work.

Mr. Mahaffey resorted to his tech
and felt better. His nerve ends stretche
and relaxed. He went up to his room
genial mood one night. Unlocking the
he stepped inside and then halted as he
strange sounds from Angel's room.
snuffling noises. Mr. Mahaffey went
connecting door and pounded on it.

"Angel," he called. There was no res
and Mr. Mahaffey pounded again.

"Wait a minute," said a muffled
Angel opened the door. She had
make-up hastily, but the signs were
On her face. And the pillow on th
ordered bed was wet to Mr. Maha
touch.

"What's this?" said Mr. Mahaffey

Angel sniffled. "What you've bee
dicting for years," she said. "The br
for your daughter. In a nice refined w
being let down by Henry."

"Has he been annoying you?" M
haffey demanded on a rising note.

"Very much," said Angel. "I ma
him into corners and he offers me a cig

(Continued on Page 130)



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FROM YOUR AMERICAN KITCHENS DEALER

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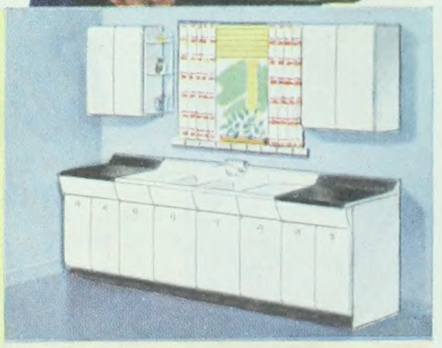


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CREAM DEODORANT
STOPS PERSPIRATION

(Continued from Page 128)

We dance and I suggest we sit one out. I start toward the terrace and he shies like a colt and leads me into the brightly lighted bingo room."

Mr. Mahaffey said thoughtfully, "You told me he was shy."

"He is not that shy," said Angel. "He dances too well. I think he's a wolf who's done plenty of prowling and now he's easing me out."

"Well," Mr. Mahaffey said, "your pride's been hurt. It won't do you any permanent harm. Might be good for you. Forget him."

"Not this time," said Angel, her eyes bright and wet. "Not Henry."

"You don't mean," said Mr. Mahaffey, "you can't mean ——"

"Yes," said Angel. "I'm in love with a man who'd rather play bingo than make love to me."

Mr. Mahaffey bit into a cigar and looked at the stricken face of his daughter. "What do you know about the guy?" he asked her.

"Nothing," said Angel forlornly, "except that I love him."

"Listen," said Mr. Mahaffey heatedly, "he's just some well-heeled bum living on money his father or grandfather earned by the sweat of his brow. He probably falls into a brokerage office for ten minutes a day, looks at the ticker and thinks he's done a hard day's work. Don't fall for a man like that."

"I don't care if he embezzled it," said Angel. "Don't worry about me. Go back to bed. Get your rest."

Mr. Mahaffey went to bed, but not to rest.

The next day Henry joined them for lunch.

Angel was quiet and demure. "I thought I might drive in to the races," she said finally, looking appealingly at Henry. "If anyone would like to go."

"Not I," said Mr. Mahaffey.

"Don't believe I will either," said Henry.

Across the table Mr. Mahaffey quivered with rage. To think that his daughter was now reduced to begging a man to go out with her and the man was refusing. Mr. Mahaffey picked up a fork and toyed with the idea of plunging it into Henry.

"Excuse me," said Angel. Her face flaming, she got up and left the table.

Henry settled back in his chair. "Mr. Mahaffey," he said, "a pleasant afternoon. I suggest that we stroll down toward the beach."

"I think not," said Mr. Mahaffey coldly. He rose and went after his daughter. He went upstairs and hammered on the connecting door.

"I have a headache," said Angel.

MR. MAHAFFEY ground his teeth in impotent rage. At five o'clock he went downstairs into the lobby and saw Henry loping down the front steps. A sudden thought struck Mr. Mahaffey. Come down to it, what did they know about Henry? An engaging talker, he never talked about himself. Trying to look like a man not following anyone, Mr. Mahaffey popped cautiously down the steps in Henry's wake.

The Glades was a mile or so from town. Henry walked briskly a quarter of a mile, then stepped off the road. Parked there was an ancient car in which no client of the Glades would have been caught dead. Getting into this contraption, Henry rattled off down the road and out of sight.

Mr. Mahaffey cursed and plodded onward. He crossed the highway into town, came upon a street of small stucco houses, and in front of the third was Henry's car. Mr. Mahaffey was two houses away from it when Henry came down the steps. Mr. Mahaffey stepped behind a convenient shrub and watched Henry walk off toward the business district. Following at a discreet distance, Henry's shadow observed him enter a cafeteria.

AT the Glades, Mr. Mahaffey had with envy watched Henry eat. *Filets mignons* smothered with mushrooms, rich sculptured frozen desserts, such items had been casual items for Henry's purse and innards. And now with such astonishment that he rubbed his hand across the glass to make sure the scene was real Mr. Mahaffey watched Henry get in line with a tray and finally move to a table with a bowl of soup and a piece of soggy pie. A twenty-five-cent dinner.

Mr. Mahaffey had seen enough. He sought out a taxi, and presently was again banging at the connecting door. Angel opened up to him.

"Your precious Henry," said Mr. Mahaffey, "is a swindler. He doesn't live at the Glades. He has a room in a third-rate rooming house. He eats most of his meals in a cafeteria. He's a fraud and a four-flusher and he's out to marry you for your money."

"He hasn't been ardent," Angel protested.

"And that is the most diabolical move of all," said Mr. Mahaffey, quivering. "That young knave knows women. He was shrewd enough to realize that you would probably fall for a man who could act disinterested. That's been his technique, and when he thinks that he has you hooked, then he'll change."

Angel said, "You think he will propose to me eventually?"

"I'm confident of it," declared Mr. Mahaffey.

There was a small silence. "You'll come to the wedding?" said Angel.

"Come what?" Mr. Mahaffey popped out of his chair as though someone had shoved a nail up through the seat. "I tell you the man is a swindler, the lowest form of life. Preying on women."

"His name is Henry Hooper and I love him," said Angel.

The hotel room was not wide, but Mr. Mahaffey managed to pace it nonetheless, throwing out words of wisdom at every turn. He explained in detail that he had done everything in his power to bring up his daughter and make her into an intelligent, reasoning human being. And by crimine, she didn't have the sense to throw over a plain wastrel. an utter no-good, then crimine he, L. J. Mahaffey, had been wasting his time all these years. And furthermore he wouldn't allow any such marriage, not even over his dead body, added Mr. Mahaffey, winding up in a blaze of clichés.

"Darling," said Angel, "it isn't as simple as you think. I fell in love with him. I couldn't fall out, just like that."

"I will take care of this," said Mr. Mahaffey in his best executive-meets-crisis m

(Continued on Page 132)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

April Again

By Catherine Haydon Jacobs

April again, and the awakening world
Matches the passion of its primal day.
The banners of the ages are unfurled;
A cavalcade of deities hold sway;
Juno and Ceres lead, and shepherd Pan.
The legendary green, the birds' great choir
Restore the winter-wearied hope of man,
Kindle his spirit with Promethean fire.

April again, and an unfailing faith
Guiding the eager hands that till and sow;
The comfort in the simple words "Thus saith";
In watching beauty bud, and bloom, and grow.
April again! An overwhelming sun
On all now ending and on all begun.

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It's your wish come true in chocolate flavor!

THE EXTRA-RICH SYRUP TO "PARTIFY" MILK DRINKS... MAKE DESSERTS GORGEOUS AS THIS—



(Continued from Page 130)

He planted himself on the beach in the sun the next day, and presently Henry came trotting up. Mr. Mahaffey did not pretend to be asleep.

"Nice day," said Henry.

"Is it?" said Mr. Mahaffey.

"Gosh," Henry said, "blue skies, lazy days. I could do this every day of my life."

"Some people," said Mr. Mahaffey through his teeth, "have to make an honest living."

"Speaking of that ——" said Henry, sitting up.

"Allow me." Mr. Mahaffey raised a large hand and halted Henry in his tracks. "I have a theory and I would like you to indulge an old man by listening to it. I believe one of the curses of the modern world is that some people have inherited money. It breeds softness and dry rot. I have done well enough, but when my daughter leaves my home for one of her own she will not get a cent from me. Not one red cent."

There was a momentary silence during which Mr. Mahaffey congratulated himself on delivering the knockout punch.

Henry said mildly, "Don't see it that way myself. I think people enjoy the feeling that they can give their children more than they had. But there is probably considerable in what you say, Mr. Mahaffey."

"Good day." Mr. Mahaffey marched back to the hotel. "I squelched him," he said to Angel. "He's finished. Let's go eat."

"I suppose we might as well," said Angel.

They went downstairs. They started across the lobby and Henry popped up and beamed at them.

"Well, well," said Henry, "we meet again. How well you're looking, Mr. Mahaffey. Your rest has done you good."

Moodily, Mr. Mahaffey went in to dinner. This young man, he decided, thought he was bluffing. Evidently a scoundrel with experience. Even possibly a man who made a habit of marrying well-to-do women. Mr. Mahaffey shuddered. Desperate measures were now called for. At the conclusion of the meal Mr. Mahaffey went to the telephone and called long distance.

"Purvis," he said finally, when the connection was made, "I need you. Take the first plane."

"Right," said Purvis, and that was that.

One of Mr. Mahaffey's favorites, Purvis was the brightest young man in his organization. He arrived the next afternoon, clad as though he had planned this trip for a month, brisk and businesslike, radiating efficiency.

"Daughter's got herself in a jam," said Mr. Mahaffey. "Fallen for a crook. You ever met my daughter?"

"I have not had that pleasure," said Purvis. The smile remained on his face, but the soul of Purvis shriveled to a small brown lump. Not that Purvis did not have a high respect and even a liking for his boss. But studying his employer's gleaming skull and protruding paunch, he did not expect anything in the nature of Angel.

"Here she comes," said Mr. Mahaffey. "Pretend it's business. . . . Angel, this is Mr. Purvis, my purchasing agent. Flew down to talk business."

"How do you do?" said Angel, cordially extending a hand.

Purvis, that bright young industrial gem, said nothing at all for twelve seconds. Salesmen who had encountered his stony glare and taut mouth would not have recognized him then. Ordinarily he resembled a lynx; at the moment, he looked like a rabbit in a noose.

"Well, well," said a familiar voice, and there was Henry.

"Afraid we're busy tonight, Henry," said Mr. Mahaffey coldly.

"If you and Mr. Purvis," said Angel shamelessly, "are going to talk business, I'm going to talk to Henry. Come along."

The four of them went in together.

Henry said, "I recommend the red snapper. Excellent. I ——"

"Do you recommend the ——" Mr. Mahaffey, about to ask Henry savagely if he recommended the local cafeteria, subsided when one of Angel's high heels dug into his instep.

Purvis, acting his part, plunged into a discussion of business.

Angel, in a pause, said, "You find this boring, Henry?"

"In your presence, Angel," said Henry, "any business topic is boring."

Purvis stopped at that, a spoonful of soup halfway to his mouth. He even blushed a little. He scowled at Henry. After that he looked narrowly at Henry every few moments. And when dinner ended he leaped up to hold Angel's chair.

"Miss Mahaffey," he said, "perhaps you wouldn't mind showing me the grounds." Purvis looked belligerently at Henry.

Henry flapped a hand at them. "Go righ ahead," he said. "There's a full moon. Don' miss it. Mr. Mahaffey and I will be waiting for you on the terrace." Angel's shoulders drooped. Purvis took her off and Henry said, "Now we can have a little talk, Mr. Mahaffey. If you'll give me about twenty minutes ——"

"Young man," said Mr. Mahaffey, "I wouldn't give you the correct time. You are a fourflusher and a fraud. You saw that young man who just went off with Angel. Purvis i a dynamic, red-blooded young executiv fighting his way to the top. And if he want to take my daughter wit him it is all right with me I hope he does." Mr Mahaffey glared at Henry "And furthermore, youn man, I want you to sto annoying her. That is a I have to say to you."

It takes a lot of experience for a girl to kiss like a beginner.

Mr. Mahaffey went to his room and waite for Angel. He heard her and Purvis finall in the corridor. Mr. Mahaffey banged on th connecting door. Angel opened up.

"What do you think of him?" said M Mahaffey anxiously.

"He's very good-looking, isn't he?" sai Angel.

"Rugged and manly," said Mr. Mahaffe beaming.

"Brainy as well as handsome," said Ange

"Absolutely," said Mr. Mahaffey, feelir the sunshine in his heart.

"Tender and sweet with women, but a m who is going to make his way in the busine world," said Angel. "A man's man."

"You're darn tootin'," said Mr. Mahaffe with difficulty refraining from breaking in a jig.

"Just a jerk compared to Henry," sa Angel.

The language Mr. Mahaffey addressed the closed connecting door was vigorous b incoherent and untranslatable.

Angel tapped on the panels. "I do blame you for trying," she said. "But it's good. Let's go home."

"Amen," said Mr. Mahaffey. "Tomorr night."

Mr. Mahaffey procured train tickets in morning, and sulked in his room. The t phone rang; Mr. Mahaffey recogni Henry's voice and hung up. Late in the e he emerged onto the terrace and a ha fastened itself to his arm. Attached to hand was Henry.

"Let go of me," said Mr. Mahaf "We're leaving tonight."

"I know," said Henry, "and I also kn that you are the hardest man to talk t have ever encountered. But I am going talk to you now, Mr. Mahaffey. I h something to show you."

Henry's face was drawn and his e shone. He looked feverish. The pressur his hand urged Mr. Mahaffey along path. They went down and along the b and presently they came upon a rowboat cove.

"Get in," said Henry.

Mr. Mahaffey said, "I know all about You don't live at the hotel. And I you ——"

"Get in," said Henry.

(Continued on Page 134)



Finest down-to-earth plan for a heavenly luncheon

Finest

RECIPE FOR SPRING BASKET DESSERT

Orange Sherbet: Soften 2 teasp. unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Combine 1 cup sugar with 1 cup Stokely's *Finest* Orange Juice; boil 1 min. Stir in gelatin. Add 1 more cup orange juice, 1 teasp. lemon rind, 1 tablesp. lemon juice, few grains salt. Cool. Pour into ice tray; freeze firm, stirring several times.

Grapefruit Sherbet: Substitute Stokely's Finest Grapefruit Juice for Orange Juice, adding ½ cup chopped Maraschino cherries after first stirring. *To Make Dessert:* Remove center from 9″ sponge or angel cake, leaving 1″ wall. Frost. Fill with sherbets. Serves 8-10 with a dessert as pretty as a Spring bouquet! Easy to whip together, too, with the finest, purest juices ever pressed from prize oranges and grapefruit. Each day's pack is laboratory checked to make sure it's *nothing but the finest*, when it's Stokely's *Finest* Juice.

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RECIPE FOR HAM CORNUCOPIAS

1 can Stokely's *Finest* Green Beans
½ cup diced celery
¼ cup minced onion
2 tablesp. diced pimiento
4 tablesp. diced dill pickle
½ teasp. dry mustard
3 tablesp. salad dressing
8-10 slices boiled ham

Drain chilled green beans. Mix together all other ingredients except beans and ham. Place a bundle of beans on each ham slice. Top with some of vegetable mixture. Roll up cone shape. Fasten with toothpicks. Serves 8-10. Serve around tomato aspic (made with Stokely's Finest rich, red, tasty Tomato Juice) into which avocado slices have been molded. This dainty dish will win you high praise . . . for every succulent green bean that peeks out of its savory ham blanket is a tender morsel of lusciousness. They're specially grown in fine soil from pedigreed seed, when they're *nothing but the finest* . . . Stokely's *Finest* Green Beans.

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OVER 115 *FINEST* FRUITS AND VEGETABLES . . . PRODUCTS OF STOKELY–VAN CAMP

(Continued from Page 132)

Mr. Mahaffey sat in the stern. Henry manipulated the oars. Out in the water a short distance was a curious structure. Two stakes were driven into the sand, and from them hung a row of objects. The waves sloshed against them. Henry tied the painter to one of the stakes.

"Mr. Mahaffey," he said, "I'd like you to take a look at these panels." He pulled them from the water. Mr. Mahaffey stared blankly at the painted wooden surfaces. Henry said briskly, "Mr. Mahaffey, I own a small paint business in the North. We've experimented with marine paints and come up with something that I think you'll find superior to the material you're using now. These panels have been in the salt water up North for some time. I brought them down here when I came South."

Mr. Mahaffey felt slightly dazed.

"To be frank with you," Henry said, "I started the business on the proverbial shoestring. Things have been rough, but we have a real product. I've been trying to sell you for months, but I couldn't get in to see your man Purvis. He told me over the telephone that he wouldn't do business with any two-by-four outfit like mine. I heard you were vacationing here and I came down. Ever since I've been trying to get you aside to show you these."

"You don't stay at the hotel," said Mr. Mahaffey.

"I can't afford it," Henry said, grinning. "Luckily, the assistant manager is an old college friend. He let me hang around and buy an occasional meal. I can't buy any more. I'm in hock to my landlady now."

The only old person is he who no longer desires to learn. —UGO OJETTI.

Mr. Mahaffey was scratching at the panels with a pin from his coat lapel. This young man, he thought suddenly, had something. He chuckled, thinking of Henry trying to see him, grimly intent on making a sale, playing every card he had, going broke to land an order he needed to get started. By crimine, he thought, this youngster was as alert a man as he'd ever encountered.

"Come and see me at home," he said. "Young man, I admire your tenacity."

Henry rowed in to shore and Mr. Mahaffey thought of Angel and yelped. Henry, then, had actually been giving Angel a brush off. And Angel had been right. She had thrown herself at Henry and Henry didn't want her. Henry scorned the daughter of L. J. Mahaffey.

"Take your panels," said Mr. Mahaffey, and threw them furiously into the bottom of the boat.

"But Mr. Mahaffey," Henry cried, leaping ashore after him, "why?"

Mr. Mahaffey said huffily in the gathering dusk, "My daughter—Angel—young man——" and then exploded, "She's heartbroken."

"Mr. Mahaffey," Henry said, "I fell in love with Angel when I first saw her. But my gosh, I was on a spot. I couldn't let Angel think I was trying to approach you through her. And that's what she'd have thought. I was in love with her and I had to keep it to myself. I had to sell you first. I've had a terrible time, wanting to say things to her and not saying them—my gosh ——"

"I think she's on the terrace," said Mr. Mahaffey. "Hurry."

Henry darted off and Mr. Mahaffey followed leisurely. When he reached the terrace a cloud slid from under the moon and revealed Henry and Angel, arm in arm, walking across the grass.

A form came up to Mr. Mahaffey. "Have you seen Angel?" said Purvis, in a gurgling sort of voice. "Mr. Mahaffey, if you don't mind my saying so, your daughter ——"

"Purvis," said Mr. Mahaffey in firm executive tones, "in my opinion, marriage would not be an expedient step for you at this stage of your career. Sit down and let me elaborate."

THE END



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TIME OF PERIL

(Continued from Page 76)

of the greatest difficulty and would involve such thoroughgoing rights of inspection and internal controls as we have never heretofore contemplated.

"7. Furthermore, in the light of our present position with reference to this weapon, the question of sharing it with other nations and, if so shared, upon what terms, becomes a primary question of our foreign relations. Also, our leadership in the war and in the development of this weapon has placed a certain moral responsibility upon us which we cannot shirk without very serious responsibility for any disaster to civilization which it would further.

"8. On the other hand, if the problem of the proper use of this weapon can be solved, we would have the opportunity to bring the world into a pattern in which the peace of the world and our civilization can be saved. . . ."

And it was already apparent that the critical questions in American policy toward atomic energy would be directly connected with Soviet Russia. Whatever might be the complications of domestic atomic policy, and whatever difficulties might arise in negotiations with noncommunist allied nations, it seemed reasonable to believe that the overwhelming menace of uncontrolled atomic power would in these areas compel satisfactory agreement and effective controls. But in the case of Russia, matters were wholly different. There was no assurance that the Russians would hasten to agree on controls, nor could any agreement including Russia be regarded with any great confidence unless it contained such far-reaching rights of inspection as to counterbalance (and perhaps, in Russian eyes, to undermine) the protective and fearsome secrecy of a police state.

Even the immediate tactical discussion about the bomb involved the Russians. Much of the policy of the United States toward Russia, from Teheran to Potsdam, was dominated by the eagerness of the Americans to secure a firm Russian commitment to enter the Pacific war. And at Potsdam there were Americans who thought still in terms of securing Russia's help in the Pacific war. Stimson himself had always hoped that the Russians would come into the Japanese war, but he had had no part in the negotiations by which Franklin Roosevelt tried to ensure this result, and in June, 1945, he was disturbed to find that a part of the Russian price was a Soviet lease of Port Arthur and Soviet participation with the Chinese in the control of the Manchurian railways. This agreement was accompanied by a Russian promise to leave the Chinese in full control of Manchuria, but in the light of the Polish situation Russian promises of this character no longer seemed reliable. Still, such an agreement was perhaps better than nothing.

The news from Alamogordo, arriving at Potsdam on July 16th, made it clear to the Americans that further diplomatic efforts to bring the Russians into the Pacific war were largely pointless. The bomb as a merely probable weapon had seemed a weak reed on which to rely, but the bomb as a colossal reality was very different. The Russians may well have been disturbed to find that President Truman was rather losing his interest in knowing the exact date on which they would come into the war.

The Russians at Potsdam were not acting in a manner calculated to increase the confidence of the Americans or the British in their future intentions. Stalin expressed a vigorous and disturbing interest in securing Soviet bases in the Mediterranean and other areas wholly outside the sphere of normal Russian national interest, while Russian insistence on *de facto* control of Central Europe hardly squared with the principles of the Atlantic Charter to which the Russians had so firmly announced their adherence in early 1942. These extravagant demands were backed by the Red Army, which was daily increasing

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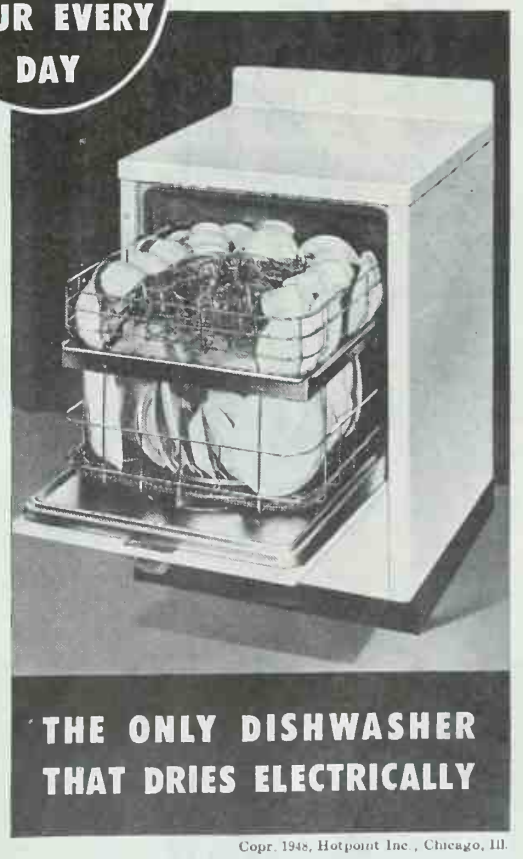
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in its relative strength in Europe as the Americans began their redeployment for the Pacific attack. It is therefore not surprising that news of the atomic bomb was received in Potsdam with great and unconcealed satisfaction by Anglo-American leaders. At first blush it appeared to give democratic diplomacy a badly needed "equalizer."

Stimson personally was deeply disturbed at Potsdam by his first direct observation of the Russian police state in action. The courtesy and hospitality of the Russians were unfailing, but there was in Potsdam nonetheless, palpable and omnipresent, the atmosphere of dictatorial repression. Nothing in his previous life matched this experience, and it was not particularly heartening to know that the Soviet machine was for the time being operating to ensure the comfort and safety of the Allied visitors. Partly at first hand and partly through the reports of Army officers who had observed the Russians closely during the first months of the occupation, Stimson now saw clearly the massive brutality of the Soviet system and the total suppression of freedom inflicted by the Russian leaders, first on their own people and then on those whose lands they occupied. The words "police state" acquired for him a direct and terrible meaning. What manner of men were these with whom to build a peace in the atomic age?

For the problem of lasting peace remained the central question. Any "equalizing" value of the atomic bomb could only be of short-range and limited value, however natural it might be for democratic leaders to be cheered and heartened by the knowledge of their present possession of this final arbiter of force. As Stimson well knew, this advantage was temporary.

Could atomic energy be controlled, he asked himself, if one of the partners in control was a state dictatorially and repressively governed by a single inscrutable character? Could there be *any* settlement of lasting value with the Soviet Russia of Stalin? With these questions and others crowding his mind, he wrote in Potsdam for the President a paper headed, "Reflections on the Basic Problem which Confronts Us." It was a tentative and, as he later thought, an incomplete piece of work, presenting only one side of a many-sided question. But it was all right as far as it went.

> **No man who continues to add something to the material, intellectual and moral well-being of the place in which he lives is long left without proper reward. This is a great human law which cannot be permanently nullified.** —From UP FROM SLAVERY: By Booker T. Washington, copyright 1901, 1929 by Booker T. Washington, reprinted by permission of Doubledoy & Company, Inc.

The central concern of this paper was the Russian police state, and only secondly the atom. Stimson's first main point was that the present state of Russia, if continued without change, would very possibly in the end produce a war.

"1. With each International Conference that passes and, in fact, with each month that passes between conferences, it becomes clearer that the great basic problem of the future is the stability of the relations of the Western democracies with Russia.

"2. With each such time that passes it also becomes clear that that problem arises out of the fundamental differences between a nation of free thought, free speech, free elections—in fact, a really free people—[and] a nation which is not basically free but which is systematically controlled from above by secret police and in which free speech is not permitted.

"3. It also becomes clear that no permanently safe international relations can be established between two such fundamentally different national systems. With the best of efforts we cannot understand each other. Furthermore, in an autocratically controlled system, policy cannot be permanent. It is tied up with the life of one man. Even if a measure of mental accord is established with one head, the resulting agreement is liable to be succeeded by an entirely different policy coming from a different successor.

"4. Daily we find our best efforts for coordination and sympathetic understanding with Russia thwarted by the suspicion which basically and necessarily must exist in an uncontrolled organization of men.

"5. Thus every effort we make at pe manent organization of such a world co posed of two such radically different syste is subject to frustration by misunderstan ings arising out of mutual suspicion.

"6. The great problem ahead is how to de with this basic difference which exists as flaw in our desired accord. I believe we mu not accept the present situation as pe manent, for the result will then almost i evitably be a new war and the destruction our civilization."

It was easier to state the problem a insist that it be solved than to suggest a course likely to be effective. Stimson fou some hope in the brave words of the Sov Constitution of 1936. They were an indic tion that Stalin knew at least what freed *ought* to mean. But they did not suggest a clear answer to the questions Stimson th posed: "A. When can we take steps witho doing more harm than good? B. By wh means can we proceed? (1) By private d lomatic discussion of the reasons for our d trust? (2) By encouraging open public d cussions? (3) By setting conditions for a concessions which Russia may ask in resp to territorial concessions, loans, bases, or a other concessions?

"How far these conditions can extend serious problem. At the start it may be p sible to effect only some amelioration of local results of Russia's Secret Police Stat

All these lesser aspe of the Russian prob paled in meaning be the problem of Russia atomic energy. And in last paragraph of his P dam Reflections Stim came to a gloomy con sion.

"7. The foregoing h vital bearing upon the trol of the vast and r lutionary discovery o which is now confron us. Upon the succes control of that energy pends the future succ ful development or destruction of the mo civilized world. The committee appoi by the War Department which has considering that control has pointed this in no uncertain terms and has called an international organization for that pose. After careful reflection I am of th lief that *no* world organization containi one of its dominant members a n whose people are not possessed of speech, but whose governmental acti controlled by the autocratic machinery secret political police, can give effe control of this new agency with its deva ing possibilities.

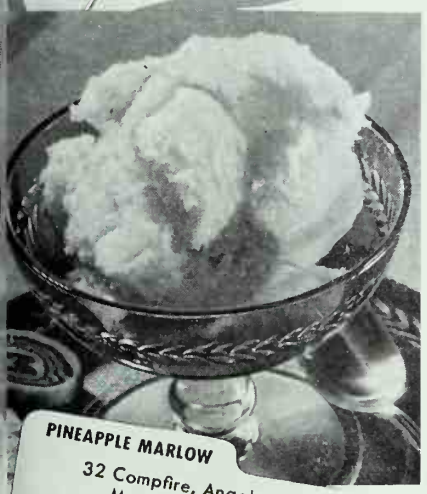
"I therefore believe that before we our new discovery with Russia we s consider carefully whether we can safely under any system of control Russia puts into effective action the pro constitution which I have mentione this is a necessary condition, we mu slowly in any disclosure or agreeing t Russian participation whatsoever and stantly explore the question how our start in *X* and the Russian desire to p ipate can be used to bring us nearer removal of the basic difficulties which emphasized."

Returning from Potsdam, Stimson himself nearing the limits of his str and after two weeks made crowded atomic attacks and their announce followed by the surrender negotiatio retreated from Washington for three of rest. In the quiet of the Adironda thought again about the atom and Twice McCloy came from Washing talk with him, and at the other end secret telephone were Bundy and Ha the War Department civilian staff was ing long and painful thoughts abo atomic triumph.

Stimson was worried. Granting could be said about the wickedness of

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32 Compfire, Angelus or Recipe Marshmallows
2 tablespoons pineapple juice
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1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup whipping cream, whipped

Place marshmallows and 2 tablespoons pineapple juice in saucepan. Heat slowly, folding over and over until marshmallows are half melted. Remove from heat and continue folding until mixture is smooth and fluffy. Allow to cool, then blend in the pineapple and lemon juice. Fold in the cream, pour into tray of refrigerator and freeze without stirring. Serves 6.



CAMPFIRE ANGELUS or RECIPE Marshmallows

are food marshmallows, made of the purest ingredients in the world's finest marshmallow kitchens. For that Extra Goodness they always give, use them in salads, desserts, frozen delicacies and for toppings on cakes—tarts—open face pies, etc.



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was it not perhaps true that the atom itself, not the Russians, was the central problem? Could civilization survive with atomic energy uncontrolled? And was it practical to hope that the atomic "secret"—so fragile and short-lived—could be used to win concessions from the Russians as to their cherished, if frightful, police state? A long talk with Ambassador Harriman persuaded Stimson that such a hope was unfounded; the Russians, said Harriman, would regard any American effort to bargain for freedom in Russia as a plainly hostile move. Might it not then be better to reverse the process, to meet Russian suspicion with American candor, to discuss the bomb directly with them and try to reach agreement or control? Might not trust beget trust; as Russian confidence was earned, might not the the repressive—and aggressive— tendencies of Stalinism be abated? As he pondered these questions—and above all as he pondered a world of atomic competition—Stimson modified his earlier opinion and on September 11 he sent to the President a memorandum urging immediate and direct negotiations with the Russians looking toward a "covenant" for the control of the atom. With its covering letter, the memorandum is self-explanatory.

September 11, 1945.

"*Dear Mr. President:* In handing you today my memorandum about our relations with Russia in respect to the atomic bomb, I am not unmindful of the fact that when in Potsdam I talked with you about the question whether we could be safe in sharing the atomic bomb with Russia while she was still a police state and before she put into effect provisions assuring personal rights of liberty to the individual citizen.

"I still recognize the difficulty and am still convinced of the ultimate importance of a change in Russian attitude toward individual liberty, but I have come to the conclusion that it would not be possible to use our possession of the atomic bomb as a direct lever to produce the change. I have become convinced that any demand by us for an internal change in Russia as a condition of sharing in the atomic weapon would be so resented that it would make the objective we have in view less probable.

"I believe that the change in attitude toward the individual in Russia will come slowly and gradually and I am satisfied that we should not delay our approach to Russia in the matter of the atomic bomb until that process has been completed. My reasons are set forth in the memorandum I am handing you today.

"Furthermore, I believe that this long process of change in Russia is more likely to be expedited by the closer relationship in the matter of the atomic bomb which I suggested and the trust and confidence that I believe would be inspired by the method of approach which I have outlined.

Faithfully yours,
HENRY L. STIMSON,
Secretary of War.

THE PRESIDENT
THE WHITE HOUSE

11 SEPTEMBER, 1945

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT:

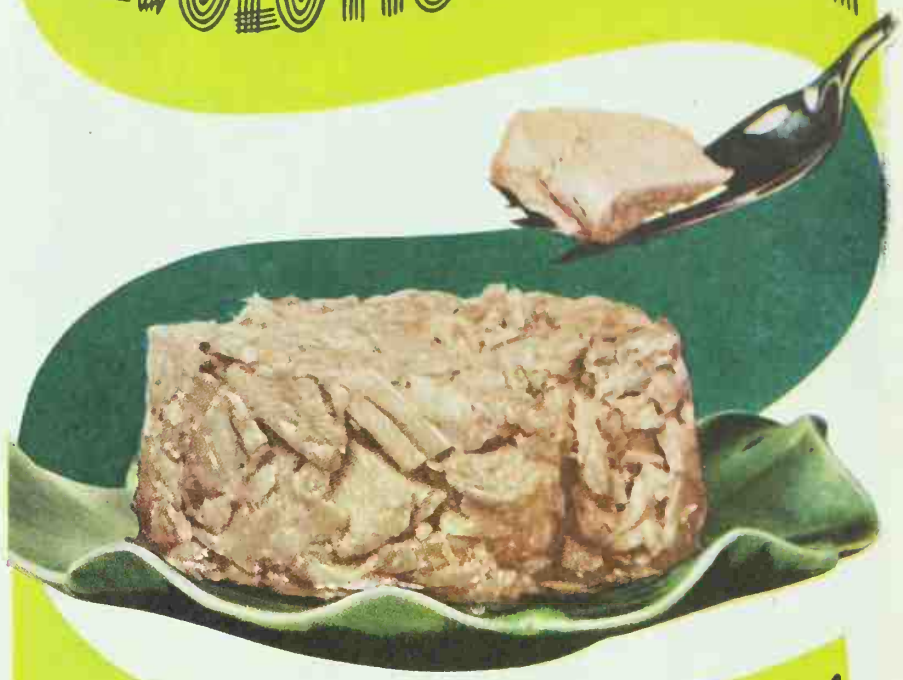
SUBJECT: PROPOSED ACTION FOR CONTROL OF ATOMIC BOMBS.

"The advent of the atomic bomb has stimulated great military and probably even greater political interest throughout the civilized world. In a world atmosphere already extremely sensitive to power, the introduction of this weapon has profoundly affected political considerations in all sections of the globe.

"In many quarters it has been interpreted as a substantial offset to the growth of Russian influence on the Continent. We can be certain that the Soviet government has sensed this tendency, and the temptation will be strong for the Soviet political and military leaders to acquire this weapon in the shortest possible time. Britain in effect already has the status of a partner with us in the development of this weapon. Accordingly, unless the Soviets are voluntarily invited

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REVOLUTION in TUNA



a new and exclusive Grated Style

Packed in larger "bite-size" pieces... far superior in texture, flavor and appearance... here is the ideal tuna for *every* tuna recipe... hot or cold!

The result of years of research, this new Grated Style has been acclaimed by food experts from coast to coast as "the perfect pack"... ready for instant use in salads, sandwiches or hot entrees without the bother of flaking. Simply open the can and use!

Rich in protein, containing Vitamins "A" and "D," mineral and other vital food elements, these *quality* brands of tuna give you a maximum of food value. Because the dark meat of tuna is never used and only the tender *light* meat is packed, every dish you prepare is a *coup de maitre!*

VAN CAMP SEA FOOD CO., INC., Terminal Island, California

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR TUNA, WHEN YOU USE

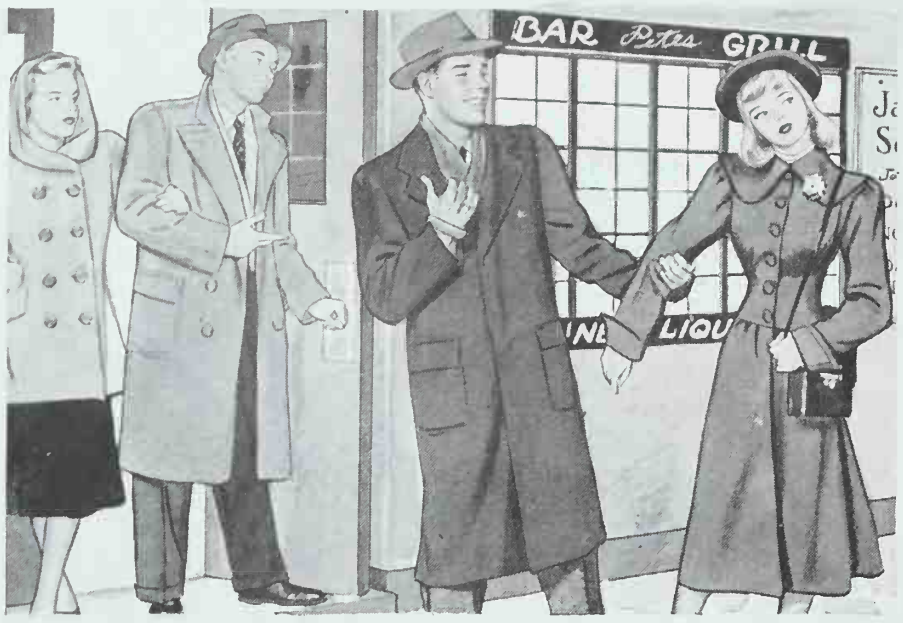
THE BRANDS THAT



MADE TUNA famous!

BUY EITHER BRAND...THE QUALITY IS THE SAME

Are you in the know?



If urged to go when Mom's said "no"—

- ☐ *Be cagey*
- ☐ *Paut and pratest*
- ☐ *Lassie, come home*

When the gang heads for forbidden ground—what's your cue? To moan about Mom (and be labelled "angel child")? Stamp your heels and be dubbed a bum sport? Be cagey! Suggest a spot where the eats or music's more fun. It takes tact! *Wherever* you go—at trying times, you're super-smooth when you've chosen Kotex. For "tactful" is indeed the word for those *flat pressed ends* that prevent revealing outlines. With Kotex, no telltale outlines show. Your public need never know!



Why is she giving him the go-by?

- ☐ *She's wolf-wary*
- ☐ *She's "specs" shy*
- ☐ *She's a snub-deb*

Maybe her future just passed? She wouldn't know. Her glimmers need glasses. Why be "specs" shy? Lenses today look mighty swish when the frames flatter your features, your coloring. They'll keep you from missing fun and friends. At certain times, if it's *comfort* you're missing—try the new, softer Kotex. You've never known a napkin with such heavenly softness that *holds its shape.* Made to *stay* soft while you wear it. And your new Kotex Sanitary Belt gives such comfortable fit. It's adjustable; all-elastic!



Where to park purse and gloves?

- ☐ *On your lap*
- ☐ *On the table*
- ☐ *Under your chair*

If you'd escape the raised eyebrow, remember this at a restaurant: Accessories are taboo on the table. Avoid clutter . . . keep 'em out of the butter! The safe, proper place for your purse and gloves is on your lap. Let etiquette lead you, and poise is sure to follow. On "those" days, too, you can feel composed—knowing Kotex has an exclusive *safety center* that gives you *extra* protection. Try all *3 sizes* of Kotex: Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. See which suits you *best!*



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More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

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into the partnership upon a basis of co-operation and trust, we are going to maintain the Anglo-Saxon bloc over against the Soviet in the possession of this weapon. Such a condition will almost certainly stimulate feverish activity on the part of the Soviet toward the development of this bomb in what will in effect be a secret armament race of a rather desperate character. There is evidence to indicate that such activity may have already commenced.

"If we feel, as I assume we must, that civilization demands that someday we shall arrive at satisfactory international arrangement respecting the control of this new force, the question then is how long we can afford to enjoy our momentary superiority in the hope of achieving our immediate peace-council objectives.

"Whether Russia gets control of the necessary secrets of production in a minimum of, say, four years or a maximum of twenty years is not nearly as important to the world and civilization as to make sure that when they do get it they are willing and co-operative partners among the peace-loving nations of the world. It is true if we approach them now, as I would propose, we may be gambling on their good faith and risk their getting into production of bombs a little sooner than they would otherwise.

"To put the matter concisely, I consider the problem of our satisfactory relations with Russia as not merely connected with but as virtually dominated by the problem of the atomic bomb. Except for the problem of the control of that bomb, those relations, while vitally important, might not be immediately pressing. The establishment of relations of mutual confidence between her and us could afford to await the slow progress of time. But with the discovery of the bomb, they became immediately emergent. *Those relations may be perhaps irretrievably embittered by the way in which we approach the solution of the bomb with Russia. For if we fail to approach them now and merely continue to negotiate with them, having this weapon rather ostentatiously on our hip, their suspicions and their distrust of our purposes and motives will increase.** It will inspire them to greater efforts in an all-out effort to solve the problem. If the solution is achieved in that spirit, it is much less likely that we will ever get the kind of covenant we may desperately need in the future. This risk is, I believe, greater than the other, in as much as our objective must be to get the best kind of international bargain we can—one that has some chance of being kept and saving civilization not for five or for twenty years, but forever.

"The chief lesson I have learned in a long life is that the only way you can make a man trustworthy is to trust him; and the surest way to make him untrustworthy is to distrust him and show your distrust.

"If the atomic bomb were merely another though more devastating military weapon to be assimilated into our pattern of international relations, it would be one thing. We could then follow the old custom of secrecy and nationalistic military superiority, relying on international caution to proscribe the future use of the weapon as we did with gas. But I think the bomb instead constitutes merely a first step in a new control by man over the forces of nature too revolutionary and dangerous to fit into the old concepts. I think it really caps the climax of the race between man's growing technical power for destructiveness and his psychological power of self-control and group control—his moral power. If so, our method of approach to the Russians is a question of the most vital importance in the evolution of human progress.

"Since the crux of the problem is Russia, any contemplated action leading to the control of this weapon should be primarily directed *to* Russia. It is my judgment that the Soviet would be more apt to respond sincerely to a direct and forthright approach made by the United States on this subject than would be the case if the approach were made as a part of a general international scheme, or if the approach were made after a succession of express or implied threats or near threats in our peace negotiations.

"My idea of an approach to the Soviets would be a direct proposal after discussion with the British that we would be prepared in effect to enter an arrangement with the Russians, the general purpose of which would be to control and limit the use of the atomic bomb as an instrument of war and so far as possible to direct and encourage the development of atomic power for peaceful and humanitarian purposes. Such an approach might more specifically lead to the proposal that we would stop work on the further improvement in or manufacture of the bomb as a military weapon, provided the Russians and the British would agree to do likewise. It might also provide that we would be willing to impound what bombs we now have in the United States provided the Russians and the British would agree with us that in no event will they or we use a bomb as an instrument of war unless the three governments agree to that use. We might also consider including in the arrangement a covenant with the U. K. and the Soviets providing for the exchange of benefits of future developments whereby atomic energy may be applied on a mutually satisfactory basis for commercial or humanitarian purposes.

"I would make such an approach just as soon as our immediate political considerations make it appropriate.

"*I emphasize perhaps beyond all other considerations the importance of taking this action with Russia as a proposal of the United States—backed by Great Britain, but peculiarly the proposal of the United States. Action by any international group of nations, including many small nations who have not demonstrated their potential power or responsibility in this war, would not, in my opinion, be taken seriously by the Soviets.** The long debates which would surround such proposals if put before a conference of nations, with

(Continued on Page 140)

*Italics added. Stimson later considered those sentences and one later passage to be the heart of the memorandum.

*Italics added. This was the most important of all.

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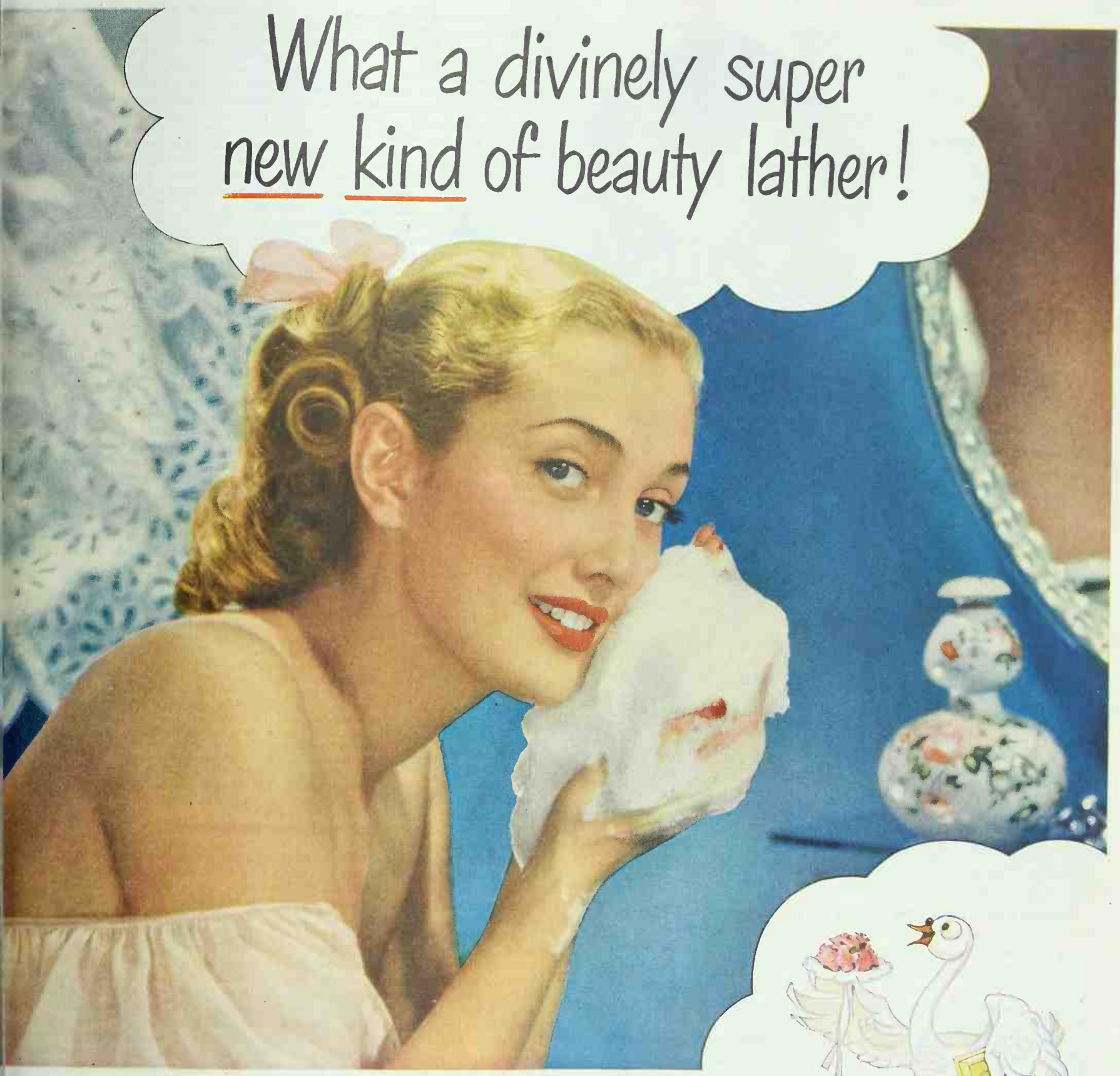
Lost Generation

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

Look not for the flower of innocence in these eyes.
Gravely and silent they have looked on death,
Seen terror rain down from unfriendly skies,
Learned while yet infants how frail is man's breath.
They have turned from a landscape where the ground
Is poisoned and destroyed: give them a toy
And it is held in thin hands, with no sound
Of childish mirth. This solemn-faced small boy
Is older than his father: in his face
Wisdom is the ghost that will not leave.
The world to him is a wild and dangerous place.
No covert here where he may hide and grieve.
Look well on these, and on the world we made
As heritage for them—and be afraid.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

What a divinely super new kind of beauty lather!



Lather so soft—it's like washing with spring rain!

Thanks to Swan's exclusive super-creamed blend!

Agrees with the most delicate skin—mild as fine castiles!

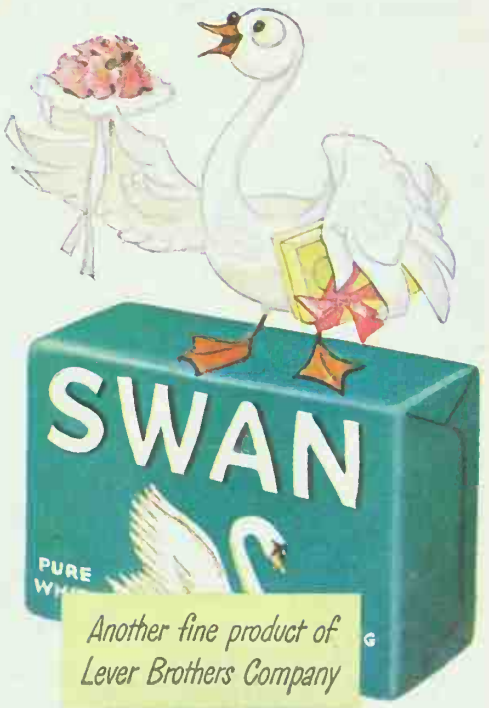
Thanks to Swan's exclusive super-creamed blend!

Leaves your skin smooth as satin. Rinses away so thoroughly—no over-soaped feeling!

Thanks to Swan's exclusive super-creamed blend!

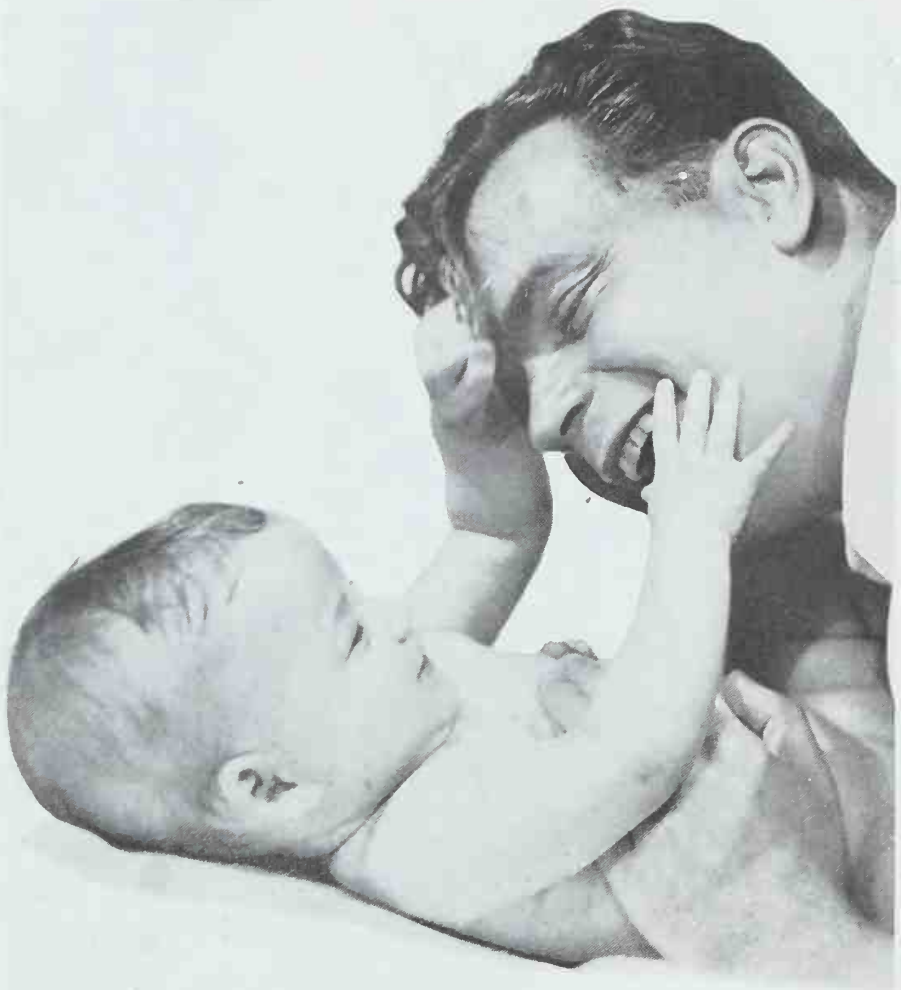
Firm, long-lasting—this pure floating soap cuts down soap-dish waste!

Thanks to Swan's exclusive super-creamed blend!



Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

Try Swan's super-creamed blend for a super-lovely you!



"You're an old smoothie, pop!

"First time you gave me a bath, I had to laugh—you were so nervous! But now your technique's smooth as satin—you haven't fumbled the soap in ages! What with your taking ways and my Mennen Baby Oil complexion—we're a couple of smoothies!"



Protects baby's skin better because it's Antiseptic! Over 3300 hospitals buy and use Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil to help protect the tender, sensitive skin of newborn babies. The majority of doctors prefer an *antiseptic* oil. Mennen actually helps prevent the growth of many surface bacteria that can cause serious infection. Yet this pure, fresh-scented antiseptic oil is as gentle to baby as your sheltering arms!

Smooth, unbroken shield of protection—always on guard against irritation! Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil goes on smoothly, covers completely. This protective film helps prevent diaper rash, urine irritation, roughness, chafing—and many other skin troubles that bother babies.

Famous, original Mennen Antiseptic Oil is chockful of benefits for your baby. See how wonderfully helpful it is in keeping baby's skin soft, smooth, healthy. Start using Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil after every bath and diaper change—today!



And for chasing chafing and prickles—NEW Mennen Baby Powder! Between Mennen Baby Oil smoothdowns, baby loves to be sprinkled with *New* Mennen Baby Powder. So soft, so white, so fragrant. Borated, too, for extra protection. Buy some right away!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping





Mennen Baby Powder | Antiseptic Baby Oil

Two of the world's finest baby products

(Continued from Page 138)

provoke but scant favor from the Soviet. As I say, I think this is the most important point in the program.

"After the nations which have won this war have agreed to it, there will be ample time to introduce France and China into the covenants and finally to incorporate the agreement into the scheme of the United Nations. The use of this bomb has been accepted by the world as the result of the initiative and productive capacity of the United States, and I think this factor is a most potent lever toward having our proposals accepted by the Soviets, whereas I am most skeptical of obtaining any tangible results by way of any international debate. I urge this method as the most realistic means of accomplishing this vitally important step in the history of the world.

HENRY L. STIMSON
Secretary of War."

These opinions, which he urgently expressed again to the President and the Cabinet on the day of his retirement, were the ones with which Stimson left office. As an expression of his views in 1947, they were seriously incomplete. A major point of his September memorandum was that the best way to make a man trustworthy was to trust him. This point Stimson publicly reemphasized in his last press conference. But what if the man whose trust you sought was a cynical "realist" who did not choose to be your friend, who would rather make you his dupe? What if Stalin and his lieutenants were in this final and essential test of purpose no different from Hitler? What if the police state was no transitional revolutionary device, but a fixed and inevitable accompaniment of nationalistic aggression? Would trust and candor by themselves break down or even modify the menace to the world in such a case?

As having their own way is one of the greatest comforts of life to old people, I think their friends should endeavor to accommodate them in that, as well as in anything else. When they have long lived in a house, it becomes natural to them; they are almost as closely connected with it as the tortoise with his shell; they die, if you tear them out of it: old folks and old trees, if you remove them, it is ten to one that you kill them. We are growing old fast ourselves, and shall expect the same kind of indulgences; if we give them, we shall have a right to receive them in our turn. —BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

These questions and others like them acquired for Stimson new and pregnant meaning in the two years that followed his presentation of the September memorandum. The behavior of the Russians during this period filled him with astonishment and regret. Like many other Americans, he had met and talked with Stalin during the years of effective wartime alliance.* Like other Americans, he had received Stalin's cordial acquiescence in his general statement that Russia and the United States were natural friends and Allies. But in the two years after Potsdam, Russian policy everywhere was based on broken pledges, and the United States replaced Nazi Germany as the target of Communist abuse. Russian hostility to the Western democracies was not in the main a reaction to antecedent Western wickedness. It was the Russians who ended the wartime friendship.

SOVIET threats against Greece and Turkey, Soviet aggression in Iran, all these—and the maneuvers of Russian-dominated Communists everywhere—raised deep and serious questions about the basic intentions of the Kremlin. It was a daring and imaginative democrat indeed who could ignore in 1947 the mountain of evidence supporting the hypothesis that Stalin and his associates were irrevocably committed to a policy of expansion and dictatorial repression. In so far as it insufficiently emphasized this aspect of the Russian problem, Stimson's September memorandum was dangerously one-sided.

Yet that memorandum was not designed to present a complete policy, but only to urge a certain tactical procedure. Presented at a time when some Americans were eager for their country to browbeat the Russians with the atomic bomb "held rather ostentatiously on our hip," it was designed to present an alternative line, aiming at a great effort to persuade the Russians that in a choice between two worlds and one they could find more profit in the latter. Stimson had no desire to criticize the course actually followed between September and December, 1945, but he did not believe that it represented precisely the policy and method he had in mind in presenting his September memorandum. This was not by any means the result purely of an American decision; the Russians continued to make it extremely difficult for any American negotiator to conduct the sort of bedrock discussion of fundamental problems which Stimson was advocating. The good faith and honorable intentions of those charged with American policy in this period seemed to Stimson unquestionable. If he had a difference with them, it was in method and emphasis, and not in basic purpose.

NOR could he claim with any certainty that his own policy would have been more successful. If there had been an immediate and direct effort in September, 1945, to reach understanding with Russia on atomic energy, would it have succeeded? He could not say. Much would have depended on the manner in which the attempt was made; there would have been required a clear understanding, detailed and definitive, of what was meant by the "covenant" Stimson proposed; such a covenant would surely have involved more than the mutual assurances that had been so quickly violated by the Russians after Yalta and Potsdam. In talking with the Russians about the atom it would have been necessary to "talk turkey." If these points were not clearly stated in the September memorandum, it was because at that time it was Stimson's primary object to turn the thoughts of his colleagues back to the great principle of direct negotiation on basic issues which had been so long pursued by Franklin Roosevelt, and upon which Stimson's whole experience in forty years of public service had led him to rely. If the Americans and the Russians could reach real agreement, face to face, on atomic energy then the world could breathe more easily and turn back with renewed optimism to lesser questions. In 1947 Stimson was inclined to think the chances of a successful direct approach in 1945 had been smaller than he thought at the time; but the existence of any chance at all would have justified the attempt, so great was the objective at stake.

And even two years later he still believed that there was every reason to keep open wide the door to Russian-American agreement. The detailed plan for international control of atomic energy developed and advocated by the American Government has thoroughly approved. Yet he could not believe that in the United Nations Commission in an atmosphere of charge and counter-charge, with a dozen nations free to comment and amend, there was available to the United States the best means of winning Russian adherence to those proposals. The way to agreement was still in direct action.

But in 1947 he was no longer able to believe that American policy could be based solely on a desire for agreement with Russia and writing for foreign affairs in the summer of 1947, he saw the proper line of policy as a sort of synthesis of his two memoranda of 1945. He dismissed as "naïve and dangerous" any refusal "to recognize the strong probability that one of our great and powerful neighbor nations is at present controlled by men who are convinced that the whole course of history is set against democracy and freedom, as we understand those words

*At Potsdam, July, 1945.

(Continued on Page 143)



He depends on you—your wise and loving care can spare him much daily discomfort

His thinner skin needs your gentlest care



f curse you use a soft, soft baby brush for his hair. ne nd of bristles you use would be much too harsh— s sn is so new-to-this-world and so tender. Some- ne you're almost afraid to touch it. It actually is uch thinner and more delicate than yours. Recent udi show it would chafe more quickly—be "hurt" ore easily. All over his tiny body his skin needs your ntl t care.



No matter how much work it is—because his skin is so tender, you see that he is kept dry and that every bit of irritating soap is rinsed from all those diapers . . . But how careful are you in the selection of his bathroom tissue? Check for 3 "tender skin" qualities. Powder puff softness that doesn't chafe. High absorbency for really clean cleansing. And enough strength to prevent shredding and tearing.



More mothers every day are finding this ideal combination of "tender skin" qualities in ScotTissue. You can depend on ScotTissue for giving your baby's thinner skin the gentlest care. For babies up to 6 months, try lining the diaper with 20 or more fluffed-up sheets of ScotTissue. You'll have fewer diapers to wash, less staining. Just flush away the soiled tissue. Pleasanter for baby and you, too! Trade Mark "ScotTissue" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ScotTissue is soft as old linen

BYE BYE *backache!*

I didn't mind too much not having a maid. Then the woman who did our washing went for the big pay envelope in the bottling plant, and I was sunk! . . . Because our three kids pile up a lot of laundry in a week. And after a day over the ironing board, I felt like a left-over from a train wreck!

So when Ted—always a soft touch for something new—trotted home with one of those Yale irons for which he paid $17.65 of OUR money, I was not amused—not any! Well . . . that TipToe is the darndest iron! So light you just don't believe it at first. Seems to bounce all the heat out the bottom, dries and smoothes the fabric fast without hard pressing.

Know about the Toe? This iron bends on the bottom near the front. Tip the handle forward, and most of the ironing surface rises off the board at an angle. You iron with the Toe alone—it's wonderful for tucks and ruffles and Jinny's cute little fluffy dresses—and you don't have to be afraid of scorching! I finish the children's things in about half the time, without getting so dog tired—and my back hasn't been heard from lately!

TipToe by YALE

is the finest electric iron ever made. Weighs only 3 lbs.. 2 oz. Powerful tubular heating elements, cast in the base, deliver a steady flow of heat, make TipToe faster acting . . . The hinged soleplate permits the use of the toe as a small iron, on fine or delicate work—gives you really two-irons-in-one! . . . The sculptured handle is comfortable to hold, shields your fingers from heat, is always cool . . . Reversible cord . . . Dependable fabric dial . . . On display at leading stores everywhere. Address of dealer nearest you will be sent if you write to . . . Electrical Appliance Division, The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co., Empire State Building, New York City.



For a practical present to please any woman . . . send a TipToe

Made by The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., makers of famous YALE locks, builders' hardware, materials handling equipment and other products since 1868

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(Continued from Page 140)

He continued with an explanation of his unhappy conclusions: "We have been very patient with the Soviet Government, and very hopeful of its good intentions. I have been among those who shared in these hopes and counseled this patience. The magnificent and loyal war effort of the Russian people, and the great successful efforts at friendliness made during the war by President Roosevelt, gave us good reason for hope. I have believed—and I still believe—that we must show good faith in all our dealings with the Russians, and that only by so doing can we leave the door open for Russian good faith toward us. I cannot too strongly express my regret that since the early spring of 1945—even before the death of Mr. Roosevelt—the Soviet Government has steadily pursued an obstructive and unfriendly course. It has been our hope that the Russians would choose to be our friends; it was and is our conviction that such a choice would be to their advantage. But, for the time being, at least, those who determine Russian policy have chosen otherwise, and their choice has been slavishly followed by Communists everywhere.

"No sensible American can now ignore this fact, and those who now choose to travel in company with American Communists are very clearly either knaves or fools. This is a judgment which I make reluctantly, but there is no help for it. I have often said that the surest way to make a man trustworthy is to trust him. But I must add that this does not always apply to a man who is determined to make you his dupe. Before we can make friends with the Russians, their leaders will have to be convinced that they have nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by acting on the assumption that our society is dying and that our principles are outworn. Americans who think they can make common cause with present-day communism are living in a world that does not exist."

But Stimson was not willing to accept the argument of extreme anti-Russians that only force would stop communism. "An equal and opposite error is made by those who argue that Americans by strong-arm methods, perhaps even by a 'preventive war,' can and should rid the world of the Communist menace. I cannot believe that this view is widely held. For it is worse than nonsense; it results from a hopeless misunderstanding of the geographical and military situation, and a cynical incomprehension of what the people of the world will tolerate from *any* nation. Worst of all, this theory indicates a totally wrong assessment of the basic attitudes and motives of the American people. Even if it were true that the United States now had the opportunity to establish forceful hegemony throughout the world, we could not possibly take that opportunity without deserting our true inheritance. Americans as conquerors would be tragically miscast."

He preferred a middle course. "In dealing with the Russians, both uncritical trust and unmitigated belligerence are impossible. There is a middle course. We do not yet know surely in what proportion unreasonable fears and twisted hopes are at the root of the perverted policy now followed by the Kremlin. Assuming both to be involved, we must disarm the fears and disappoint the hopes. We must no longer let the tide of Soviet expansion cheaply roll into the empty places left by war, and yet we must make it perfectly clear that we are not ourselves expansionist. Our task is to help threatened peoples to help themselves. . . .

"Soviet intransigence is based in very large part on the hope and belief that all non-communist systems are doomed. Soviet policy aims to help them die. We must hope that time and the success of freedom and democracy in the Western world will convince both the Soviet leaders and the Russian people now behind them that our system is here to stay. This may not be possible; dictators do not easily change their hearts, and the modern armaments they possess may make it hard for their people to force such a change. Rather than be persuaded of their error, the Soviet leaders might in desperation resort to war, and against that possibility we have to guard by maintaining our present military advantages. We must never forget that while peace is a joint responsibility, the decision for war can be made by a single power; our military strength must be maintained as a standing discouragement to aggression.

"I do not, however, expect the Russians to make war. I do not share the gloomy fear of some that we are now engaged in the preliminaries of an inevitable conflict. Even the most repressive dictatorship is not perfectly unassailable from within, and the most frenzied fanaticism is never unopposed. Whatever the ideological bases of Soviet policy, it seems clear that some at least of the leaders of Russia are men who have a marked respect for facts. We must make it wholly evident that a nonaggressive Russia will have nothing to fear from us. We must make it clear, too, that the Western noncommunist world is going to survive in growing economic and political stability. If we can do this, then slowly—but perhaps less slowly than we now believe—the Russian leaders may either change their minds or lose their jobs."

> **If a dog will not come to you after he has looked you in the face, you ought to go home and examine your conscience; and if a little child will not come to your knee, go home and look deeper yet into your conscience.**
> —WOODROW WILSON.

In such a policy atomic control must wait for a change of attitude in Russia. Stimson continued to believe that "the riven atom uncontrolled can only be a growing menace to us all," and that "upon us, as the people who first harnessed and made use of this force, there rests a grave and continuing responsibility for leadership, turning it toward life, not death." He was further convinced that "lasting peace and freedom cannot be achieved until the world finds a way toward the necessary government of the whole." But he was forced to the conclusion also that these goals were dependent on Russian agreement. "We cannot have world government or atomic control by wishing for them, and we cannot have them, in any meaningful sense, without Russia. If in response to our best effort there comes no answer but an everlasting 'NO,' then we must go to work in other fields to change the frame of mind that caused that answer. We cannot ignore it."

But the core of this statement, published on Stimson's eightieth birthday, was not his opinion of Russia, though that was what the press mainly noted. His central argument was directed once again, in hope and challenge, to the American people. Drawing on his unhappy knowledge of past failures as well as his experience of success, he summarized his understanding of the central issues of American foreign policy. And he found the final question to be "one of will and understanding." The following excerpts may stand as a better summary of his position than any restatement would be.

"Americans must now understand that the United States has become, for better or worse, a wholly committed member of the world community. This has not happened by conscious choice; but it is a plain fact, and our only choice is whether or not to face it. For more than a generation the increasing interrelation of American life with the life of the world has outpaced our thinking and our policy; our refusal to catch up with reality during these years was the major source of our considerable share of the responsibility for the catastrophe of World War II.

"It is the first condition of effective foreign policy that this nation put away forever any thought that America can again be an island to herself. No private program and no public

(Continued on Page 145)

"Makes starched clothes 3 times easier to iron!"

WRITES MRS. R. L. GAUDET, NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.



Mrs. R. L. Gaudet of Needham Heights, Mass., with her three children. Mrs. Gaudet is enthusiastic about Satina.

"I'm just never without Satina," writes Mrs. Gaudet. "It's a necessary part of washing for me just as soap is. It's *three times easier* to iron starched clothes when I put Satina in my starch."

With Satina, your iron just glides along—no sticking or pulling. Satina makes clothes smell fresher, look newer, stay clean longer, too.

You may use Satina in boiled or unboiled starch. It dissolves easily in boiling water or the boiling starch solution.

Read what two more fans have written us about Satina:

"I really do like Satina!" writes Mrs. F. F. McEwen of Chicago. "It makes my ironing more than 3 times as easy. The iron runs so smoothly. Satina gives the clothes a sweet clean fragrance, too."





"I certainly appreciate Satina", says Mrs. E. J. Block of Ypsilanti, Mich., "especially when I have to iron curtains. Satina in my starch makes ironing more than 3 times easier."

Real enthusiasm like this—from thousands of Satina users—makes us sure *you'll* think Satina is grand, too, if we can just get you to try it once. We're so convinced of this that we're offering you a *free* full-size package. Enough for 4 big starchings! Just you try it and judge Satina's performance for yourself!



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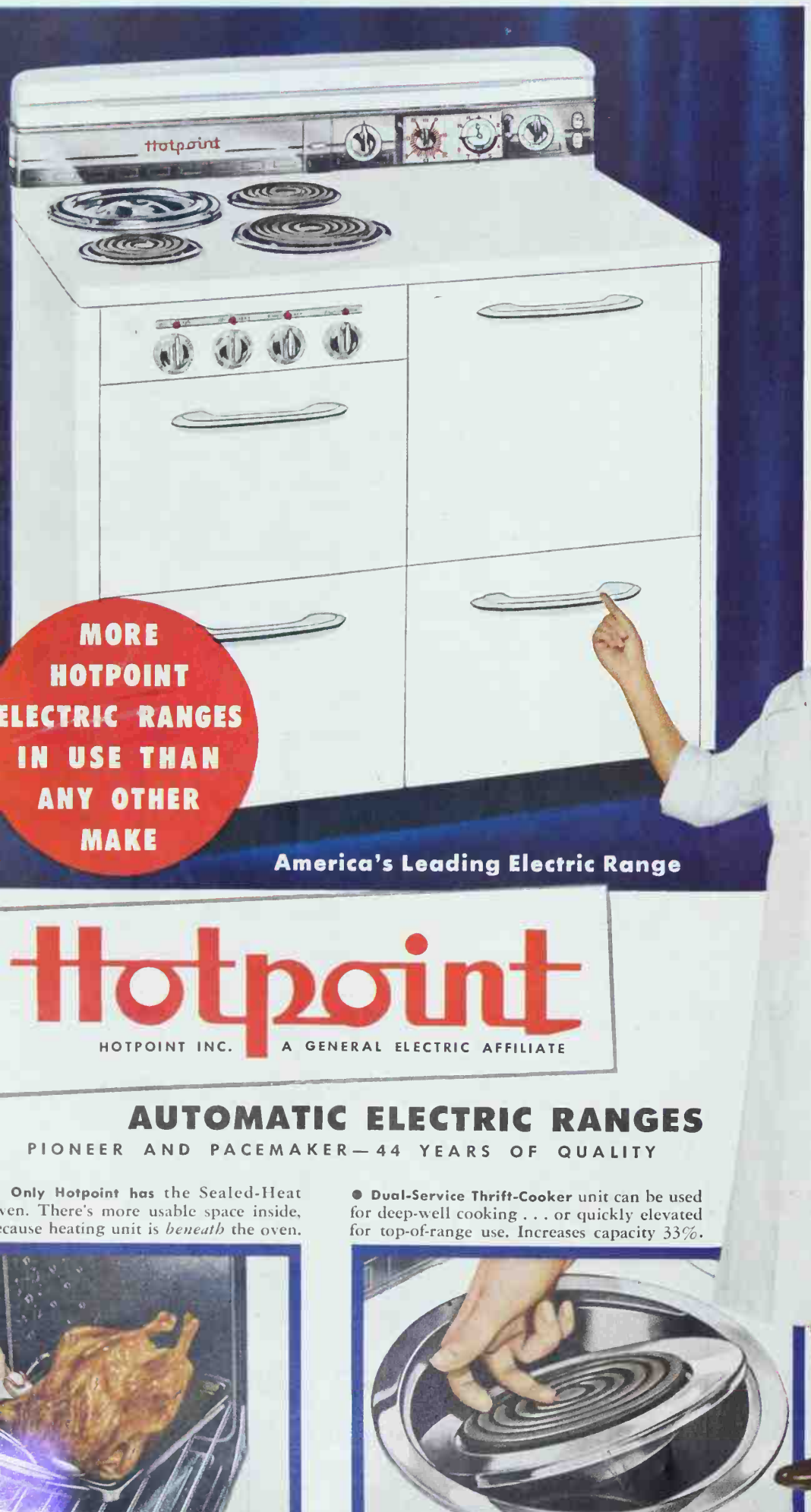
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Now you can broil 10 steaks to perfection at one time . . . in Hotpoint's larger, *hotter* broiler! But that's not all. You get superb styling, matchless convenience plus 11 important new improvements with Hotpoint—America's finest, fastest and *most responsive* electric range!

COMPARE! Exclusive Sealed-Heat Oven For World's Best Baking Results!

Only Hotpoint's advanced design brings you this amazingly efficient oven—the automatic Sealed-Heat Oven for far better baking! You get maximum usable space, because the heating unit is sealed *beneath* the oven—not inside.

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You get a third more top-of-range cooking capacity with Hotpoint's *four* lifetime, pan-hugging Calrod* units. One is easily lowered for deep-well cooking with the handy Thrift Cooker that's provided. See these and many more outstanding features in the brilliant new Hotpoint Automatic Range. You'll agree it's Hotpoint for beauty, performance and value! Your nearest dealer is listed in the phone book.

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PIONEER AND PACEMAKER—44 YEARS OF QUALITY

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(Continued from Page 143)

policy, in any sector of our national life, can now escape from the compelling fact that if it is not framed with reference to the world it is framed with perfect futility. This would be true if there were no such thing as nuclear fission, and if all the land eastward from Poland to the Pacific were under water. Atomic energy and Soviet Russia are merely the two most conspicuous present demonstrations of what we have at stake in world affairs. The attitude of isolationism—political or economic—must die; in all its many forms the vain hope that we can live alone must be abandoned.

"As a corollary to this first great principle, it follows that we shall be wholly wrong if we attempt to set a maximum or margin to our activity as members of the world. The only question we can safely ask today is whether in any of our actions on the world stage we are doing enough. In American policy toward the world there is no place for grudging or limited participation, and any attempt to cut our losses by setting bounds to our policy can only turn us backward onto the deadly road toward self-defeating isolation.

"Our stake in the peace and freedom of the world is not a limited liability. Time after time in other years we have tried to solve our foreign problems with halfway measures, acting under the illusion that we could be partly in the world and partly irresponsible. Time after time our Presidents and Secretaries of State have been restrained, by their own fears or by public opinion, from effective action. We should by now be wholly clear that only failure, and its follower, war, can result from such efforts at a cheap solution.

"We have fresh before us the contrary example of our magnificent success in wartime, when we have not stopped to count the cost. I have served as Secretary of State in a time of heightened isolationism, and as Secretary of War in a time of brave and generous action. I know the withering effect of limited commitments, and I know the regenerative power of full action. I know, too, that America can afford it—as who does not know it, in the face of our record in the last seven years? . . .

"The essential question is one which we should have to answer if there were not a Communist alive. Can we make freedom and prosperity real in the present world? If we can, communism is no threat. If not, with or without communism, our own civilization would ultimately fail.

"The immediate and pressing challenge to our belief in freedom and prosperity is in Western Europe. Here are people who have traditionally shared our faith in human dignity. These are the nations by whose citizens our land was settled and in whose tradition our civilization is rooted. They are threatened by communism—but only because of the dark shadows cast by the hopelessness, hunger and fear that have been the aftermath of the Nazi war. Communism or anti-communism, menace or no menace, it is our simple duty as neighbors to take a generous part in helping these great peoples to help themselves.

"The reconstruction of western Europe is a task from which Americans can decide to stand apart only if they wish to desert every principle by which they claim to live. And, as a decision of policy, it would be the most tragic mistake in our history. We must take part in this work; we must take our full part; we must be sure that we do enough.

"I must add that I believe we should act quickly. The penalty of delay in reconstruction is to increase the size of the job and to multiply difficulties. We require a prompt and large-scale program. The Government must lead the way, but we who are private citizens must support that leadership as men in all parties supported help to our allies in 1941. The sooner we act, the surer our success—and the less it will cost us. . . .

"As we take part in the rebuilding of Europe, we must remember that we are building world peace, not an American peace. Freedom demands tolerance, and many Americans have much to learn about the variety of forms which free societies may take. There are Europeans, just as there are Americans, who do not believe in freedom, but they are in a minority, and . . . we shall not be able to separate the sheep from the goats merely by asking whether they believe in our particular economic and political system. Our co-operation with the free men of Europe must be founded on the basic principles of human dignity, and not on any theory that their way to freedom must be exactly the same as ours. We cannot ask that Europe be rebuilt in the American image. If we join in the task of reconstruction with courage, confidence and good will, we shall learn—and reach—a lot. But we must start with a willingness to understand.

"The reconstruction of western Europe is the immediate task. With it we have, of course, a job at home. We must maintain freedom and prosperity here. This is a demanding task in itself, and its success or failure will largely determine all our other efforts. If it is true that our prosperity depends on that of the world, it is true also that the whole world's economic future hangs on our success at home. We must go forward to new levels of peacetime production, and to do this we must all of us avoid the pitfalls of laziness, fear and irresponsibility. Neither real profits nor real wages can be permanently sustained—and still less increased—by anything but rising production. But I see no reason for any man to face the American future with any other feeling than one of confident hope. However grave our problems, and however difficult their solution, I do not believe that this country is ready to acknowledge that failure is foreordained. It is our task to disprove and render laughable that utterly insulting theory. Our future does not depend on the tattered forecasts of Karl Marx. It depends on us. . . .

"We need not suppose that the task we face is easy, or that all our undertakings will be quickly successful. The construction of a stable peace is a longer, more complex and greater task than the relatively simple work of warmaking. But the nature of the challenge is the same. The issue before us today is at least as significant as the one which we finally faced in 1941. By a long series of mistakes and failures, dating back over a span of more than twenty years, we had in 1941 let it become too late to save ourselves by peaceful methods; in the end we had to fight. This is not true today. If we act now, with vigor and understanding, with steadiness and without fear, we can peacefully safeguard our freedom. It is only if we turn our backs, in mistaken complacence or mistrusting timidity, war may again become inevitable.

"How soon this nation will fully understand the size and nature of its present mission, I do not dare to say. But I venture to assert that in very large degree the future of mankind depends on the answer to this question. And I am confident that, if the issues are clearly presented, the American people will give the right answer. Surely there is here a fair and tempting challenge to all Americans, and especially to the nation's leaders, in and out of office." THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Unto Himself

By Isabelle Bryans Longfellow

Unto himself a man must turn
When all is said and done,
Skirting the crowd, the two or three,
The chosen, lovely one.

Unto himself through a narrow gate
Clicked softly, surely after,
Into the wordless vestibule,
Under the silent rafter.

Unto himself like a wanderer
Come gladly home once more,
Even his dearest love in wait
Outside that inmost door.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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"THE STERLING OF COOKING WARE"

HERE ARE MODERN new cooking utensils that offer you better, faster cooking and far easier cleaning. Nesco Evenheet Utensils are smartly styled in enduring stainless steel. And like your fine sterling silver, they retain their gleaming beauty even after years of service.

Between their inside and outside surfaces of ever-brilliant stainless steel is bonded a layer of heat-spreading metal that distributes the heat evenly through every inch of the utensil. "Spot scorching" is avoided ... cooking is speeded ... less fuel is needed. Ordinary cleansers are all you need to keep them spotless and bright.

There is a Nesco Evenheet Utensil for every cooking need, including Covered Sauce Pots, Percolator, Covered Fry Pan, Double Boilers, Covered Sauce Pans and Mixing Bowls. Get yours today!



3 LAYERS OF METAL Surfoces of Evenheet stainless steel have o layer of heat-spreading metal banded between them.

FINGER-FIT HANDLES Coal plastic handles, plus praper balancing, make Nesco Evenheet Utensils eosy to lift and carry.

FOLDED EDGES Nesco Evenheet Utensils have top edges folded far extra durability and sanitation. Covers fit securely.

LASTING BEAUTY This fine Evenheet stainless steel is practically impervious to food acids, scratching, pitting and wear.

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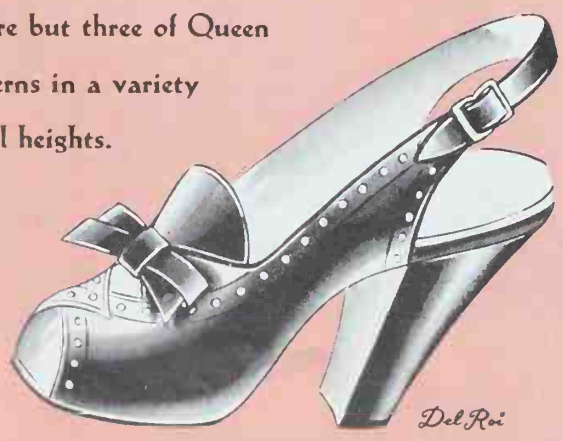


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ANNE HAS EVERYTHING

(Continued from Page 39)

always came back to Bruce; no matter what happened to her thoughts, they came right straight back to him.

Mona found her car again and headed out from town. What good was the love seat if you didn't have anywhere to put it? It would look simply ridiculous in the apartment. But in the house, the Blaisdell house —— There was that room by the stairs. If she remembered rightly, that had a fireplace and the Blaisdells had some sort of sofa there. She'd ride out and see, peer in the window again.

It was a good ride to take, she thought as she spun along. She liked the road; it was almost her road, the trees beside it were almost her trees, this white-spired church at the turn would be her church. She would head an occasional committee, have the minister to tea.

Now here . . . just beyond here. Those were the chimneys, that was the house, white through the trees; there was the sparkling sign, "Blaisdell." Mona turned in at the drive as though she belonged there, circled the house with a flourish, came to an abrupt halt right behind a gleamingly new station wagon. Someone ahead of her, someone else trying to buy. She jumped out angrily.

She faced a girl in blue tweeds, a girl with fair hair, blown a bit by the wind, blue eyes alight, that met Mona's with friendly interest, red smiling lips that made her pretty.

"Good morning," Mona said abruptly. "Do you like the house?" she asked.

"Like it! Why, I love it!" The girl's voice was bright and friendly too. "You'd never believe me," she derided herself, "but I've actually been driving around just to see it from every angle."

"But it's not for sale," Mona told her.

"For sale! Of course not." She looked puzzled. "It's home, my home. I live here. I'm Anne Blaisdell," she added.

For just a second Mona couldn't speak. Her throat was thick; something sickened within her, framed itself in angry protests that must never be speech. For just a second, her eyes dulled and some amazed, trapped creature gazed out from them. But there was something else in her, too, something that made her smile and hold out her hand.

"How nice. I'm Mona Marston . . . an old friend of Dick's," she added, pausing to let that mean anything it might. "We've been wondering if he'd ever come back, if ——" She glanced toward the house.

Anne rested one gloved hand on her car door, cast a quick loving glance at the house. "Oh, we're here all right, even settled—ready to live, in fact."

As though it were permanent, Mona thought, as though the house were hers forever, as though she didn't know the slow poison that that thought had started, as though the beginnings of that poison were not already in Mona's next words:

"I hope you have help. It's such a big house."

"Yes—oh, yes." Anne smiled apologetically. "I'm lucky; I brought mine with me. Look," she added, with a glance at her wrist watch, "I've taken enough time off, so I'll have to go in and order my groceries. Dick's asking a few friends in tomorrow. Won't you come?" And she looked right at Mona, as though she really wanted her.

"Thank you," Mona managed, "I'd love to."

Driving away, she thought, *So that's Anne Blaisdell, living in the house, her own servants.* Tears spilled down Mona's cheeks. She brushed a few away, then she let the air dry the rest. *Wait till I tell Bruce,* she thought, and the thought comforted. Bruce would be sorry.

"How did Noah really know there were only two fleas in the Ark?" thoughtfully queried a small boy.

—M. S. CHRISTOPHER: Life's Little Laughs (Longmons, Green).

She went home and drank more of th coffee she had left. It was bitter, chokin It was lunchtime, but she couldn't eat. She' be ill. It was this apartment; it was closin her in, hurting her. There was nothing to d it was just there. They were actually payin extra rent for the thing, just because she ha had to have it when they were first marri and someone else had already spoken for i If it hadn't been for her, they wouldn't hav got it; if she hadn't seen the landlo personally and arranged a sort of priva bonus for him. Bruce was silly about thin like that, bent over backward. After a nothing had been signed. Mona sighe remembering. Things like that would up to her.

On this thought she spent the afterno calling real-estate men, asking what w for sale, hoping against hope there mig be something else, something so charmi that the Blaisdells' would seem u desirable.

There were places—a sprawling Engl affair and an enormous manor house, seve estates—but they toned into undesirabil against the vision of white clapboard, pa green shutters, the red chimneys of the Bla dell house.

She was glad to hear Bruce open the d glad that his arms sought her, that his v inquired tenderly, "Why pet, why hor what is it?"

"The house," she sobbed, "the ho She has it, Anne Blaisdell, Dick's wife.

house," she storn "It was mine, m mine."

Bruce laughed ea "But, honey, it n was your house, it always hers. She r ried Dick, you didn

"You're darn ri I didn't." She c away, her eyes rowed distantly. "I wouldn't have had for a gift. He'll lead her a life, you just

"What's she like?" he asked.

"Oh, pretty, sweet," Mona minced, ' I hate sweetness. Plenty of servants," catalogued. "Must be her money; the I dells lived up to the limit. Probably t why he married her."

"Could be love," Bruce reminded ge

She smiled and showed her savoring ple. "Could be," she accepted for hersel doubted for Anne. "You can see for self, we're going tomorrow."

He was thoughtful. "If you'd rathe go, dear—you know, really see her there ——" as though he understood thought, as though he really understo

"Oh, no. I'm not like that." She s "Besides," she added, more to herself to him, "maybe she won't like it her well."

Mona, dressed for the Blaisdells, ca corner of her red lips with a sharp tooth, deepened her dimple, opened shutters of her eyes to show a brigh light. The copper sequins, the love of a every bit of it was becoming. And the situation was not without its hum cause, if she hadn't driven in there yes morning, she wouldn't be going to the at all, she wouldn't be driving out t her newly polished car, Bruce arrivin in his own coupé, all unsuspecting, dreaming that the last person Dick have invited to meet his wife wa Marston, the former Mona Williams.

She had gone steady with Dick fo three months. Oh, years ago, in he teens, when it didn't mean a thing. been fifteen, probably. Boy, what a t that had been, spectacular, someth the movie stars'. Not that she, Mo any grudges—she wasn't like that—b did. He still didn't like her. Of all t ishness. But it would take a bit of d

(Continued on Page 148)

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Lucky Strike means Fine Tobacco



Lucky Strike *presents* The Man Who Knows –

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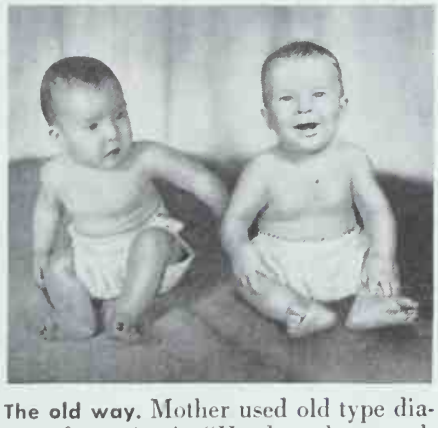
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So round, so firm, so fully packed — so free and easy on the draw

TWIN BABIES TEST DIAPERS

Trial proves cushion-weave gauze diapers softer, more absorbent



The old way. Mother used old type diapers for twin A. "Hard to dry, as always," she reported. "Not soft enough for Joanie's sensitive skin." Mother was delighted to take part in Chix test.



The new way. Twin B used CHIX Gauze Diapers. Mother said this exclusive cushion-weave gauze grew softer with each washing, made twin A's ordinary diapers seem harsh. "CHIX diapers are amazingly absorbent," she said. "They wash easier, dry faster. And the sensible 20 x 40 inch size will fit the twins as they grow."

THE DIFFERENCE IS IN THE SOFT CUSHION-WEAVE



Chix

GAUZE DIAPERS

CHICOPEE SALES CORP., NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 146)

was worth it, though, she thought, otherwise she might lose the house.

Mona's arrival was timed nicely: not one of the first ones, so she'd be put aside for later guests; not one of the crush, so she'd be unnoticed; but one of the later ones, so she could stay on the plea of waiting for Bruce, get to know Anne better. Yes, the timing was right. Cars were leaving now. The windows were alight and it was their light that caught her heart, sent it spinning to an aliveness in her eyes, in her thoughts.

My house, my lovely house. I could be happy in it, happy in it forever. I'd never feel lonely and lost, as I do sometimes, for no reason. I'd never have great empty days that frighten me. I'd be here, living like a picture. It's mine, it was meant for me.

She parked smartly, stepped carefully from beneath the wheel. She didn't need an extra look in the mirror. She was right and smooth, from head to toe, as she would be in gesture and speech. She couldn't be wrong, not here. She went in by the rear door that led to the gracious hallway. She knew the house, knew it from standing with her face pressed against its windows, from finding a porch door ajar once and tiptoeing through. She didn't dare trust a glance at the curving staircase and the windows on the landing; she had to be careful, or else it would show, the wild hunger in her—more than that, the torment.

"Oh, Mrs. Marston!" That was Anne, coming toward her, hand outstretched, Anne in a sheath of gold lamé, with her hair a blond flame above it, her lips bright-colored, smiling, her eyes —— Mona stared straight into Anne's eyes, met their blue depth with a flash of her own. No one had a right to be that pretty, to eclipse her own guests, to draw lesser souls like a magnet, poor things to be picked up.

"Mona, please," Mona protested. "How lovely you look. . . . Oh, hello, Dick." She widened her eyes, gave her hand to him, said demurely, "Am I allowed in? . . . He doesn't like me," she said ruefully to Anne. "We scrapped; I think it was over a third-form dance."

"Hello, Mona."

"Divine" had been the word to describe Dick. "Is he divine, or is he divine?" had been the way of putting it. Five years of marriage, four years of war, a year in prison had rather outdated the description. Dick's brown eyes were still enormous, his dark hair still waved, his features were still clear cut and well proportioned. Only, for some reason, it didn't add up to divinity. And his cold stare, his brief "Hello, Mona," gave her a blank feeling for a moment, as though she ought to go home.

Anne saved them with a ripple of laughter. "Why, Richard Blaisdell," she exclaimed, "you really look as though you're still mad!"

"Probably is," Mona said lightly. "I was a brat, and a bratty brat," she added. "However, *I've* been married for five years to the nicest guy in the world, and *he* still loves me, so I can't be that bad," and she gave Dick an amusing *moue*.

"Do you know all these people?" Anne asked.

MONA knew them all; they were her crowd, she had grown up with them. She hadn't bothered with them much lately; they weren't very interesting. Still, when she had this house, they were the people she would ask to parties, because, after all, they were the most desirable people there were. She declined a selection of canapés passed by a trim colored maid.

"Yes, of course," she was saying. "Sue, it's been ages; too long, in fact. . . . And Phil, how are you? . . . Connie, how nice."

"Isn't this a heavenly place?" Connie's voice was deep, smooth, as though anything she said was so and needed no proving. She wore tweeds, had not much style, a sort of nondescript good looks. But she never had to try.

"Marvelous house," Mona agreed; daring, "I'd have liked this."

"Who wouldn't?" Connie reproved. "Oh, well, some people have everything. Just look at that gal. She's as grand as she looks too. No wonder she has everything: handsome husband, servants, money, clothes, three of the most adorable children."

"Three?" Mona said politely.

"Twins, boys, and a little girl."

Mona cast a long look at Anne, slender, virginal, leaning against the piano, engrossed in a low, amusing conversation with the Carstairs. She looked back at Connie. "Don't tell me she sings and does a perfect swan dive," she requested bitterly.

Connie gave her a look. "If she does, I'm in the front row, applauding." And she turned away.

Nearly everyone had left when Bruce came.

"Hello, darling," Mona called, going to him, clasping his hand as though, now, she were really arriving too. "Anne, my husband, Bruce Marston. Dick you've met, I'm sure."

Dick was brief. Bruce didn't notice it, because Anne gave him her hand, her smile, spoke a welcome that said, *I like you, we'll be friends.*

After that, it was a foursome about the fireplace, friendlier than the party had been, Dick relenting a bit, following Anne's lead, liking Bruce. *Right,* Mona thought, *it couldn't be better, but we mustn't overdo.*

"It's nearly seven," she exclaimed. "Come, Bruce, we must go. I have to cook his dinner," she added. "I haven't had a cook or a maid since Noah's ark."

"Stay," Anne urged. "Come on, stay and have dinner."

Mona was sorry, but firm. "Thank you, but I've left mine in the oven. I've got to get back to it. But it's been so nice, all of it; seeing Dick again, knowing you."

"Thank you," Anne said. "We've—oh, just a second. Dicey's taking the children up, they want to say good night. Do you mind?"

"Mind! I should say not." But she did mind, because the children gave her a blank feeling, dwindled her down to a mannequin in bronze sequins. The twins were dark, like Dick, rosy and sturdy, Richard and Matthew—Dicky and Matt. Linda, their sister, was a blond angel, with her mother's blue eyes and her pretty mouth.

Dick sat back and let them clamber all over him. Dicey, the colored nurse, smiled from the doorway. "Oh, no, pet," Anne exclaimed, rescuing Linda and a half-filled glass. They all laughed at that. Dicey came for the children and they chorused good night all the way upstairs.

"They're darling," Mona said emphatically.

"I like them," Anne admitted, and her eyes met her husband's, briefly, happily.

The Marstons said good-by. Bruce hadn't driven, after all. He'd come out on the bus so they could ride home together. Mona drove.

"Well?" she asked, turning the car about.

"SWELL place," Bruce agreed. "I can see why you liked it. Must be some satisfaction to see it in such good hands. She's quite a girl, Anne. Got everything, as far as I can see."

Mona waited half a moment. "I know the type," she suggested quietly.

"What do you mean?"

She sighed. "You men, you're so easy. Oh, I admit she's smart. It would take a woman to see the staging."

"Staging?" Bruce was bewildered.

Mona laughed. "Really, I hate to disillusion you, but here it is. Exquisitely simple gown, price at least a hundred and fifty, cut so not a curve of that well-disciplined figure can be overlooked. Simplicity; oh, yes, simplicity is the note. 'And my three beautiful children; my youth, my figure, children to heighten the effect.' I've seen that act before."

"I just don't get it," Bruce protested.

He wouldn't, she thought. He saw only the good in people.

"You're not supposed to get it, darling, that's the point. You and everyone else are supposed to be overwhelmed with Anne." She chuckled. "When I think of Dick Blaisdell—he hasn't changed, not one iota. He'll lead her a life."

The next move must be hers, Mona realized, because she knew exactly what the conversation following her departure had been:

"How on earth did she get in here?" Anne explaining, and Dick, "Leave her alone. I know her from way back." Anne, "But we were only children, dear. You heard what she said. And he's awfully nice." "Well, anyway, leave her alone," Dick would decide.

(Continued on Page 150)

JENNIFER



"Golly, mommy—couldn't you say 'this is my daughter' instead of 'this is my little girl'?"



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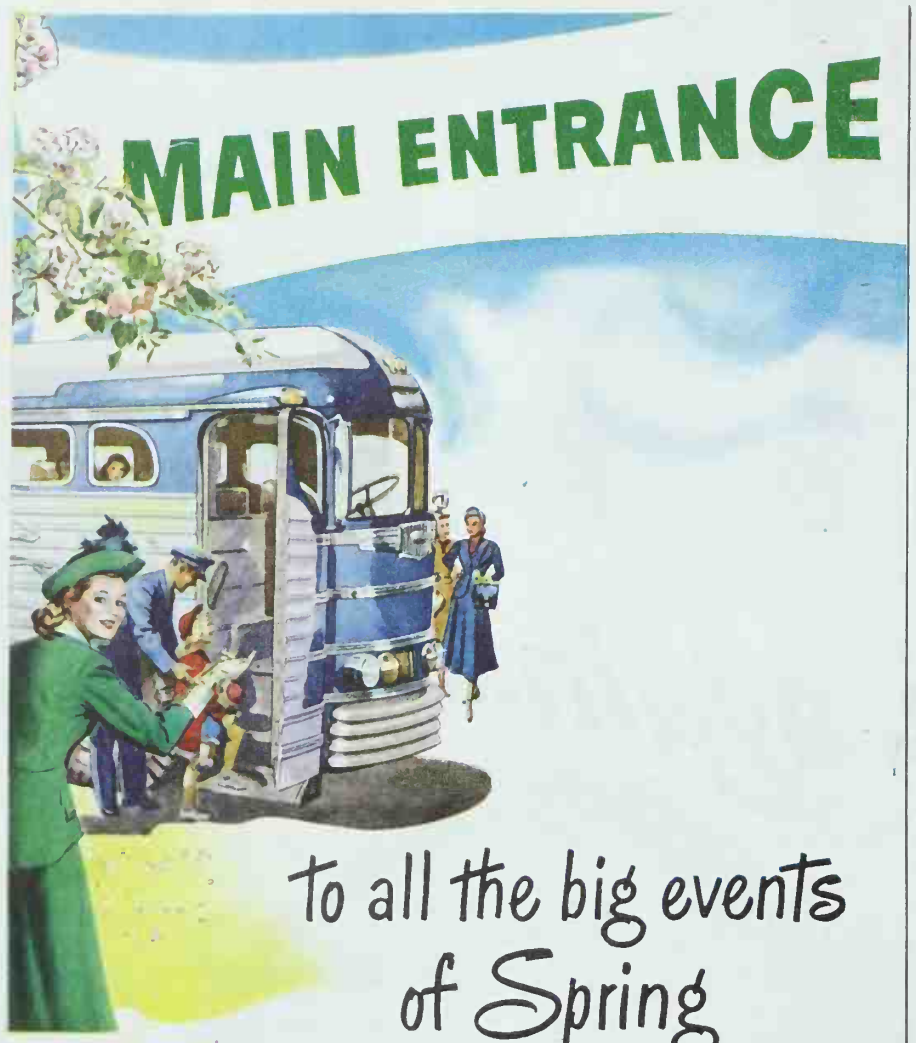
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APRIL



Puyallup Daffodil Festival, Washington, Apr. 2-4 • Cherry Blossoms, Washington, D. C., April 6 • Festival of the States, St. Petersburg, Florida, April 12-17 • Azalea Gardens in Bloom, Norfolk, Va., Charleston, S. C., April 15 • Ramona Pageant Opens, Hemet and San Jacinto, Cal., April 17 • Season Opens, Shenandoah Nat'l. Park, Va., April 18 • Patriots' Day Celebration, Boston, April 19 • Opening Major League Baseball, April 20 • San Jacinto Day Festivals, Texas cities, April 21 • 89'ers Day Rodeo, Oklahoma City, Okla., April 22 • Drake Relays, Des Moines, Iowa; Penn Relays, Philadelphia, Pa., April 23 • Trout Season Opens, Mich., April 24 • Giant Slalom, Mt. Hood, Oregon, April 25 • Apple Blossom Festival, Winchester, Virginia, April 29-30 • Apple Blossom Festival, Wenatchee, Wash. April 29-30

MAY



Kentucky Derby Day, Louisville, May 1 • Cinco de Mayo Celebration, Mexico City, May 5 • Diamond Jubilee Festival, Cincinnati, O., May 5 • Cotton Carnival, Memphis, May 9-16 • Tulip Time, Holland, Michigan, and Pella, Io., May 14 • Gold Rush Revival, Auburn, Cal., May 14-16 • Bach Music Festival, Bethlehem, Pa., May 15 • Season Begins at Grand Teton, Wyo., Mesa Verde, Colo.; Grand Canyon (North Rim), Ariz. National Parks, May 15 • Season Begins at Lassen Volcanic National Park, Cal., May 16 • West Coast Relays, Fresno, Cal., May 17-23 • Mid-America Exposition, Cleveland, O., May 20 • Jumping Frog Jubilee, Angels Camp, Cal., May 21-23 • Season Begins at Rocky Mountain, Colo. and Kings Canyon, Cal., Nat'l. Parks, May 25 • Apple Blossom Celebrations: Kentville, Wolfville, Grand Pre, Nova Scotia, May 27 • Wisconsin Centennial, Madison, May 29 • Indianapolis Speedway Auto Races, May 31

JUNE



Blessing the Fleet, Gloucester, Mass., June 8 • Rose Festival, Portland, Oregon, June 9-13 • National Open Golf, Pacific Palisades, California, June 10 • Rhododendrons Bloom, Carolina Mountains, June 10 • Buccaneer Days, Corpus Christi, Tex., June 12 • Flag Day Celebration, Betsy Ross House, Philadelphia, June 12 • Season Begins at Acadia, Glacier and Crater Lake National Parks, June 15 • Bunker Hill Celebration and Parade, Charlestown, Mass., June 17 • California Rodeo, Salinas, June 17-20 • Season Begins, Isle Royale National Park, Mich., June 18 • Republican National Convention, Philadelphia, June 20 • Indian Ceremonial Dances, La Junta, Colo., late June • Season Begins, Yellowstone Nat'l. Park, June 20 • Redwood Empire Centennial, Eureka, Cal., June 23-27



GREYHOUND

(Continued from Page 148)

Mona saw a very much younger Dick, she saw the scorn in his eyes, the contempt on his lips. "I didn't know they came like you, but, boy! I'm sure glad I found out. I'll be on the lookout for the rest of my life." Mona tried hard and honestly to remember what it had all been about, but she couldn't, just that it was some little thing. Yes, that would be Dick, petty.

So she waited a week before she called Anne, told her what fun the party had been, how adorable the children were. "They made my heart turn over," she confessed. "Just as soon as we find a house . . . but this apartment arrangement! Well, maybe I'm sentimental, but children should have a home."

"I know what you mean," Anne told her warmly. "My youngsters just revel in the out-of-doors. I do too. I let Dicey have a nap half the time and I go out to play."

"Oh, could I," Mona pleaded, "sometime ——"

"Any time."

That was how Mona started the afternoons. She wore her gray suit, red ghillies and a red sweater and scarf. Anne wore a soldier-blue coat, belted; so did the children. *The effect again*, Mona thought. *Bruce should see this.* She walked between Dicky and Matt, holding a hand of each; she stopped to pick branches for them, to turn aside a stone to see what lived under it. They came home rosy cheeked, tired, ready for baths, supper and bed.

"It's been fun." She pressed Anne's hand. "Will you let me come again? I promised to go on with the Peter Rabbit story."

"Come any time," Anne urged warmly.

"Thank you." She waited. "Anne, I just feel funny about Dick. He"—she hesitated again, raised misty eyes, choked—"he's right, I was rotten, spoiled. My grandparents—oh, you can imagine. I can't even remember what the fuss was all about, but I can't bear to have him think I'm still like that."

"He doesn't," Anne assured, concerned.

"He does, I could tell, and I like you so well. Bruce and I don't make friends easily, we just seem to live for each other, but we both felt so friendly, so ——"

"We are friends," Anne said quietly. "We will be, and don't you worry about Dick."

Whatever Anne did about Dick worked. It got to be a foursome, intimate little dinners, first at the Blaisdells', then at the apartment, Mona doing everything herself, perfectly. "Like a living magazine article," she chuckled, when Dick marveled.

Dick and Bruce had lunch together, arranged the same club night so Anne and Mona could movie together. Mona went out and played with the children, helped Anne on Dicey's day off. It all went along exactly as she had planned it; there was nothing that could go wrong. The usual triangle thing was out. She'd had her affair with Dick, and Bruce wasn't like that.

There was one tiny slip, but it didn't amount to anything, though it could have. It was Dicey's day out. Mona had spent the afternoon helping Anne. She was lifting Linda out of her high chair. Anne had the twins. Linda pressed a sticky face to hers, caught her curls in one of Mona's earrings.

"Ouch!" Mona bit out sharply. "And let go my pearls." She yanked the small hand viciously. The pearls scattered on the kitchen floor. Mona's eyes sparkled, her nostrils quivered.

Linda's eyes widened and then she screamed, "Mommy, mommy!"

"I'm so sorry." Anne took her child in her arms. "There, pet, there. We do have moments like this," she explained.

"Why, I sounded cross." Mona was incredulous. "Linda baby, forgive Mona. She wasn't cross at you, honey, just that mean old earring."

Linda hid her face, clung to her mother.

"Never mind," Anne said. "I'll be down to help you find the pearls."

There were tears in Mona's eyes when Anne came down again. "I'm crushed, really. Why, I couldn't love Linda more if she were mine. I've got the pearls. They aren't portant, just Linda."

"Don't worry about her," Anne evenly. "Children don't remember thin

It was about time, now, for Zoe to e the picture. Zoe hadn't been in it from beginning, just someone like Zoe. Ther the New York paper, there was Zoe's ture, arrived from Hollywood, vacationi New York, was a possibility for Broad

Mona handed the paper to Bruce. ' was at school with me, roommates," chuckled. "We must have her up. M-r what a team we were."

They certainly were. She remembe their slogan, "All's fair in love and war." a matter of fact, they never sparred, cause, with their looks and money clothes, they just swept over everyt Zoe was the dusky beauty, with the h voice, slant gray eyes and an angry red for a mouth; Mona petite, demure, ado naïve, almost.

"Never heard of her," Bruce said. " she come?"

Mona said, "Don't be silly."

Zoe would come, she wrote, for the fo ing week end. It would be refreshing the sort of thing she'd been doing.

Mona told the Blaisdells about it on nesday, when she and Bruce were stayi dinner. Anne's Laraine, brought out her from Texas, was serving. Mona "I'm having a small dinner for Zoe a apartment. It will have to be small people, us, and a man for her, becaus not lucky like you. I can't find anyo help me." She smiled at Laraine and L smiled back.

"Would Zoe like Sunday in the coun Anne asked. "Buffet, perhaps?"

"She'd love it," Mona grasped than "just love it. You're darling to think

Later, in the powder room, over li she asked, "Say, do you think Laraine know of anyone who would help Saturday? You know, after Hollywo everything."

Anne thought. "She hasn't been u long—to know anyone, I mean—but I ask her."

"Will you let me? I could tell he kind of person would do. That is, if yo mind."

"Not at all. Go ahead," and Ann closer to the mirror, working the c with a soft brush that she used.

Mona's sharp tooth caught her l eyes leaped ahead of her through th down the hallway. She'd put an ol there, with a tray set against the wall, of flowers and one candlestick. Anne was pretty, but the chest would be note.

She pushed through the kitche "Oh, excuse me, Laraine, dinner w fect. I don't see how you do it, all y There's so much always. Laraine, chance do you know anyone who cou to me for next Saturday evening?"

Laraine thought. "I do know of a can ask her to call you."

"That would be wonderful. You' kind, really nice. I told Mrs. Blais other day, she just didn't know ho she was." She lowered her voice. "Y you know, there are friends of mine who live right in town near the mo the stores and all those things, a can't get any help. Mrs. Peter Ca told me she'd triple any girl's salary her every evening off, and she'd do t for a nursegirl, because her husban lives there and never goes out. Tha I told Mrs. Blaisdell: 'You be pre nice to Laraine and Dicey, miles out that enormous house, and countles waiting to snatch them up. Beca all, those girls,' I told her, 'have a the big money; they've got place people to be helped and all.'" Mon "I mustn't put ideas in your he won't forget about the girl?"

Laraine's eyes were big, her han a saucepan, was motionless. "No, no she said feelingly, "I won't forget.

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Zoe arrived Saturday, about four, Zoe with clothes out of this world, eyes smokier and sleepier than ever, hair sleek and black, lips no longer a gash but sweetly provocative.

"Darling, your husband's awfully cute," she told Mona, flinging her things about the guest room, hardly noticing its cream-and-blue-satin perfection. "Don't worry, I won't poach, but is he indicative?"

"Not exactly." Mona wasn't going to let Bruce be typed. "I have a Bob Stuart coming for you, a man in Bruce's office."

"Exciting?"

"Not very."

Zoe was opening her bags, hanging her clothes up. "And who else?" she asked.

"The Blaisdells, Dick and Anne."

Zoe disappeared in the closet, came out again. "Is he attractive?"

Mona, leaning against the doorway, murmured softly, "Divine."

"I see," said Zoe. "And the interference?"

"May not be able to come, but, in any case ——" She looked at Zoe, Zoe looked at her. They laughed just like old times.

Dick arrived alone. "I'm sorry," he told Mona at the door. "Darnedest thing happened. Staff walked out. No notice, no anything. Anne sent her regrets, and you're to come tomorrow, just the same. She's doing a few things tonight and I'm to help."

"I'll help, too," Mona whispered condolingly. "Now come and be glamorized."

"Hello there, Dick." Zoe's voice, her deep gray glance, her understanding smile encompassed Dick, recognized his divinity, reminded him of what life had been like before he had been shot down over Munich. It was very pleasant to remember.

Mona greeted Bob Stuart; the party progressed from there.

It broke up at a quarter to four; that is, Dick left then. Bob Stuart had left much earlier, Bruce had fallen asleep at three. Mona tiptoed about, putting things away in the kitchen, careful not to disturb her last guests.

Sunday was cold and rainy. Mona thought they should get to the Blaisdells' early, to help. Bruce thought they should call and find out, go to the club, perhaps, instead.

"Don't be silly," Mona snapped. "We're not the only guests."

They were very early indeed. There were dishes in the kitchen, from a quick family lunch. Anne wore an old sweater and skirt, Dick was upstairs, shaving, and the children had just got in for their naps.

"I'll help you with these," Mona offered. "Zoe's gone into the living room with Bruce. Sweetie, I'm in sackcloth and ashes over the whole thing. Whatever happened?"

"Oh," Anne's voice came wearily from the sink, "Thursday was Laraine's day off, Friday was Dicey's. They both looked up some millionairess in town and walked out on Saturday."

"Oh, dear!"

Anne tried to laugh. "I'm writing mother. She'll send me someone. I sort of hated to tell her; she was afraid of just that. Thought we ought to stay put in Texas. Dick had a good place there, with dad."

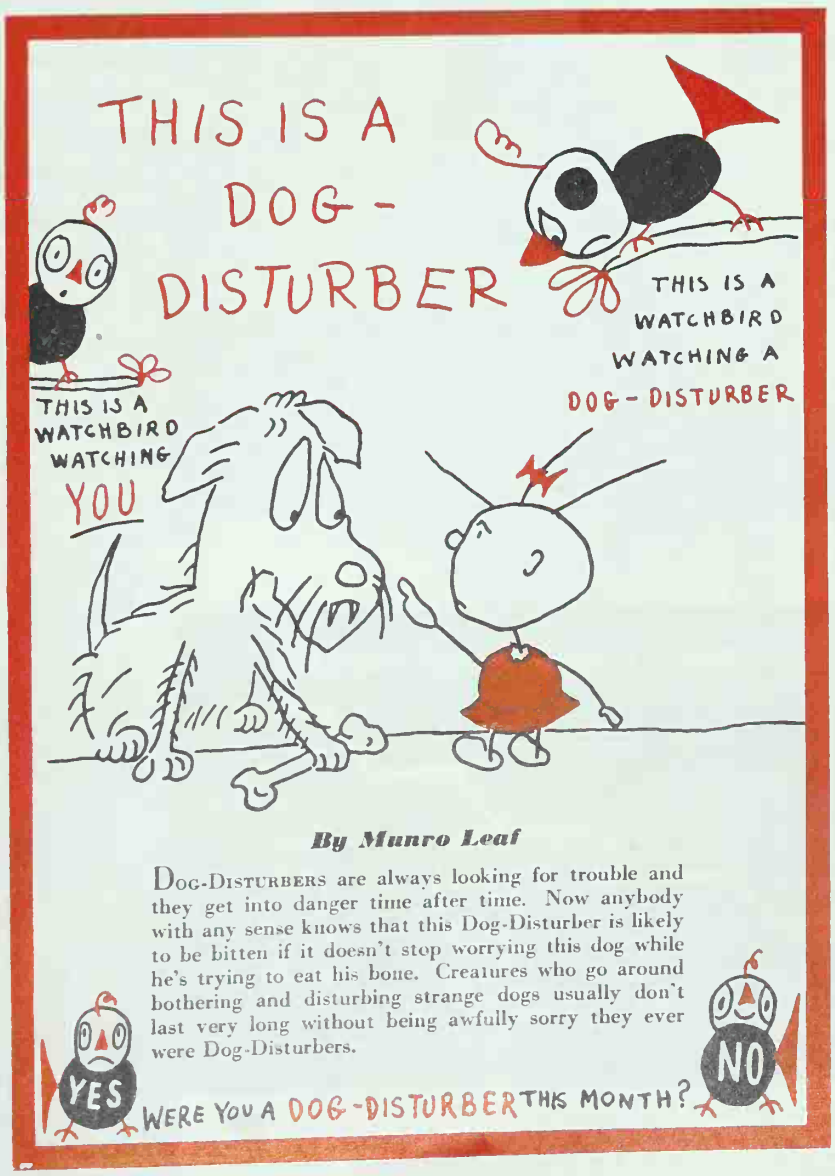
"Aren't you ever homesick?" Mona tried.

"No, I guess not. Not really. It's not as if I couldn't go back, ever. It was Dick who was homesick. For this. I don't blame him. Now I'll hurry and dress, so I can meet Zoe. Look, Mona, in case I get tied up with the children later, will you take over for me?"

"Sure thing," Mona agreed, "or I'll mind the kids if Linda will have me."

It wasn't Anne's day. She had a tired look around her eyes, and the blue dress that should have done something for her made her look pale. She smiled, but only when she remembered to, as though her thoughts weren't smiling. Just when everyone came, the children woke up. They called until she went up to them, found something to amuse them and came down with the flower ripped from her dress. After that there were adult intervals, with polite laughter and conversation. These were broken by scuffling, shriek-

(Continued on Page 153)



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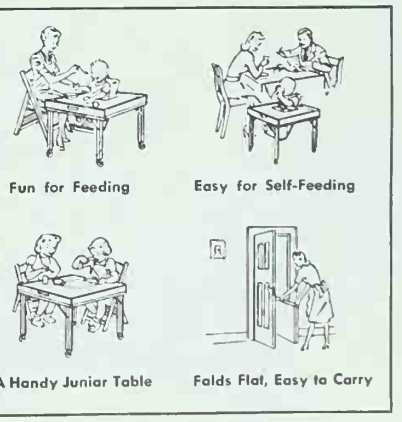
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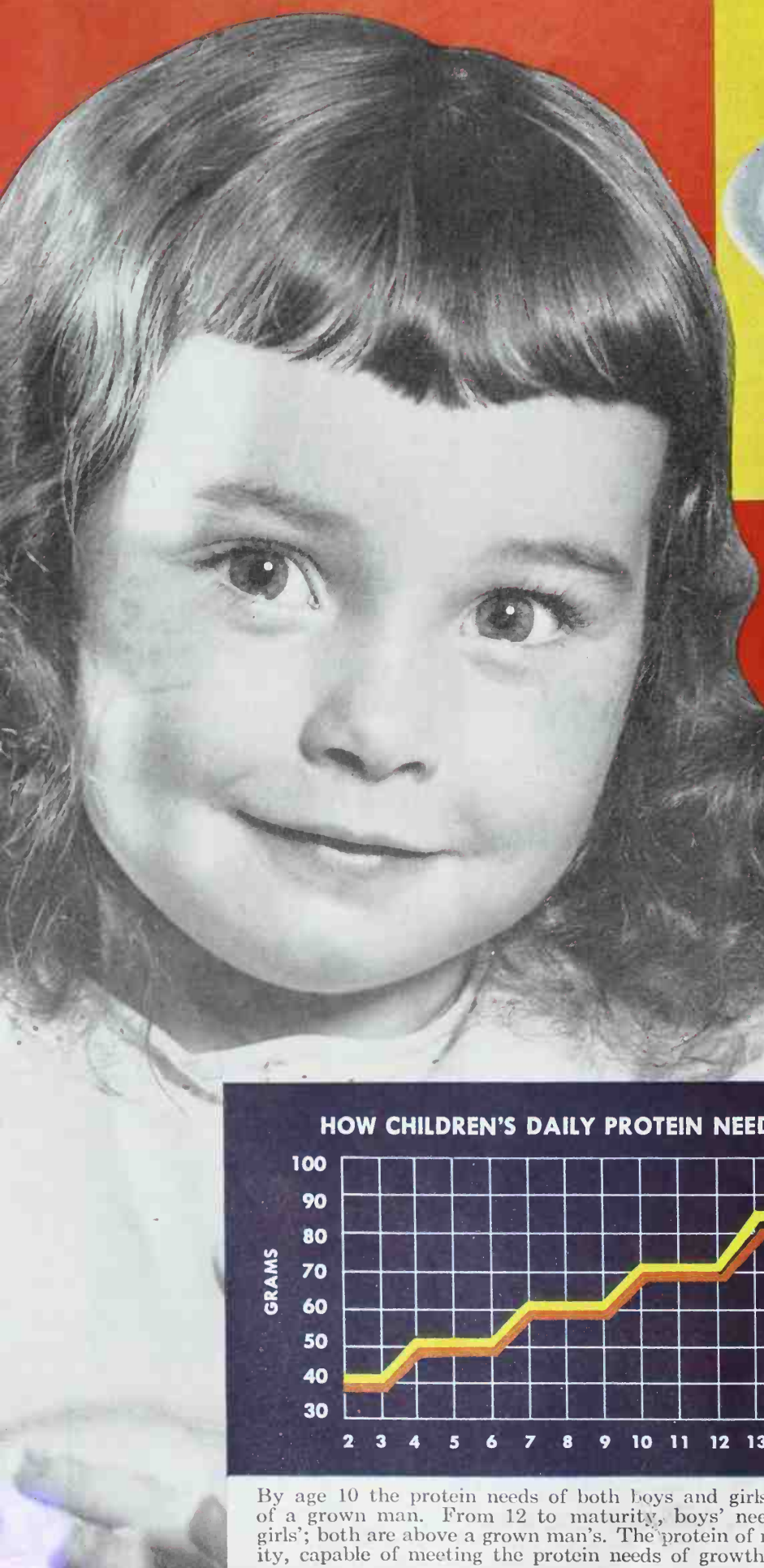
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(Continued from Page 151)

ing and banging, with a variety of objects being thrown down the stairs. Anne kept jumping up, quieting them down, hurrying to the kitchen and back. She tried taking the supper trays up and leaving them. Bedlam followed, a plate of applesauce and a spoon came hurtling down the lovely staircase. Linda's underpants followed them and Linda herself, in just her little shirt.

"Dick," Anne said wearily, but Dick was by the window, discussing life with Zoe.

"Let me," Mona said, but Linda remembered the earring, the pearls. She gave Mona a remembering look and screamed.

Anne went up with her and stayed for nearly an hour. When she came down again, everyone was in the kitchen, hunting for things, finding the wrong ones. Zoe was stirring something at the stove, singing cleverly, waving the spoon, teaching Dick the words. Everyone was having a wonderful time. Anne went into the dining room, poured herself some coffee. Mona followed with a plate of supper.

"I am sorry," she murmured. "You look ready to drop," and she went about, lighting the neglected candles, touching the cutlery. In the living room she could see Bruce emptying ash trays, trying to straighten up. *This is the way it will be*, she thought.

"Do I have to leave?" Zoe asked, lazily, on Monday morning.

"Leave! Why should you?" They were having a late breakfast in the living room, each curled on an end of the sofa, coffee in front of them.

"Oh, I should go," Zoe said, "because little Mrs. Blaisdell's saintliness is being tried to the core . . . and she's not dumb. Oh, no!"

"Besides, you don't break up happy homes," Mona replied, smiling.

"Heaven forbid! No, nothing more serious than a luncheon date. I could take an evening train, unless ——"

"Yes?"

"Unless—oh, I don't know. Never disturb the future, darling. There's one question in my mind. What are you after?"

Mona said nothing.

Zoe tried, "Could it be Mr. Blaisdell, after I drop him good and hard and Mrs. Blaisdell has already gone back to mamma? He'd be easy picking then, dear."

Mona almost snapped that she wouldn't have Dick on a silver platter. But then Zoe wouldn't want him either; she was like that. Mona almost mentioned the house, but Zoe might tell. She was like that too.

Mona smiled enigmatically. "I just want you to have a good time, dear. I've missed you."

Zoe said, on a low, disbelieving laugh, "That's what I thought."

ZOE stayed. Monday she had a luncheon engagement, and again Tuesday. Wednesday she went on a long ride in the country and stopped for dinner by the fire at the Tip Toe Inn. Thursday she went to New York to look over a play. Friday Dick went down on business and came up with Zoe again on Sunday morning. Happened to run into her, he explained when he left her at the Martons' apartment.

After he left and Zoe had gone into the guest room to unpack again, Mona confided to Bruce, "I feel awful about this. So responsible."

Bruce was worried. "Can't understand Dick. He's really okay. I did say something ——"

"You did! What did he say?"

"He didn't like it. He was pretty gruff. His exact words were, 'So you don't rate.'"

"That's Dick." Mona spread both palms in argument, her eyes looked big and dark. "He always was like that. Poor Anne!"

"All it needs at this point is for some fool to tell her," Bruce worried again. "Well, Zoe can't stay forever, and that will finish it."

Mona kept in touch with Anne, went out to help. She did help too. She was neat, and the disorder of the beautiful house hurt. She dusted, vacuumed, started dinner while Anne helped the children.

"Dick coming?" she asked on one of these occasions.

"I don't know, really. He eats downtown a lot, to help. I've found a schoolgirl, Pat Crane, who lives up the road. She helps some, so it's better. Actually, I wish Dick would come for dinner. Zoe still with you?"

"She comes and goes. She's due back in Hollywood next month."

"DIDN'T she like the play?"

"I guess not. She prefers the movies. Of course, she's not a star yet; she's never had a real leading part. She'd like a new person to play opposite her. You know, romantic team."

"Can she do her own choosing like that? I mean, when she's still had only small parts?"

"Not exactly. I don't know, really. Anne, you're staying in too much. Can't you get in town for lunch, or something?"

"Not a prayer," Anne sighed.

So that wouldn't work; they wouldn't just happen to enter the restaurant where Dick and Zoe would be lunching tête-à-tête. Something would work, though; she'd think of something. She might call up and ask for Dick, say she had a telegram for Zoe and he might know where she was. No, too blatant. As Zoe said, Anne wasn't dumb. But she'd have to get Anne in town.

It happened all by itself the following Tuesday evening. Bruce was working late. Zoe had been gone since lunch, which meant dinner at the country inn by the fire. Anne called.

"Mona"—her voice trembled—"I've got to find someone to stay with the children for a while. I've got to go home." She stopped, her voice broke.

"Anne," Mona said quickly, "ask your girl to stay this evening. I'll be right out."

All the way out there her thoughts sang, *My house, my house, it's going to be my house. I didn't do a thing about it, not really. Anne's too nice for Dick, anyhow. She'll get another chance, marry someone much, much nicer. Someday I might even tell her the whole story, and she'll thank me. I want to stay friends with her always.*

Mona drew up with her usual flourish, stood in the dark of the driveway and looked at the house. *Yes, I could live in it,* she thought, *and still be friends with her. Because I really like her a lot. It's just that I know what Dick's really like and ——*

The door opened. Anne stood framed in the light. Mona went quickly toward her. Anne's tears were gone, but the sign of them was still there, about her swollen eyes. She wasn't pretty now, she wouldn't be for an hour or so.

"Mona, you angel. It's mother, she's ill. I had a telegram, and I had already sent that selfish letter to send me some help. I wish I could reach Dick."

"Tried the office, the club?" Mona asked.

Anne nodded.

Mona went straight to the phone, dialed Bruce. "I'm at Anne's, something's happened. Anne's mother is seriously ill. Find Dick, will you? Bring him out." She turned to Anne. "Bruce will find him. Look, don't

(Continued on Page 155)

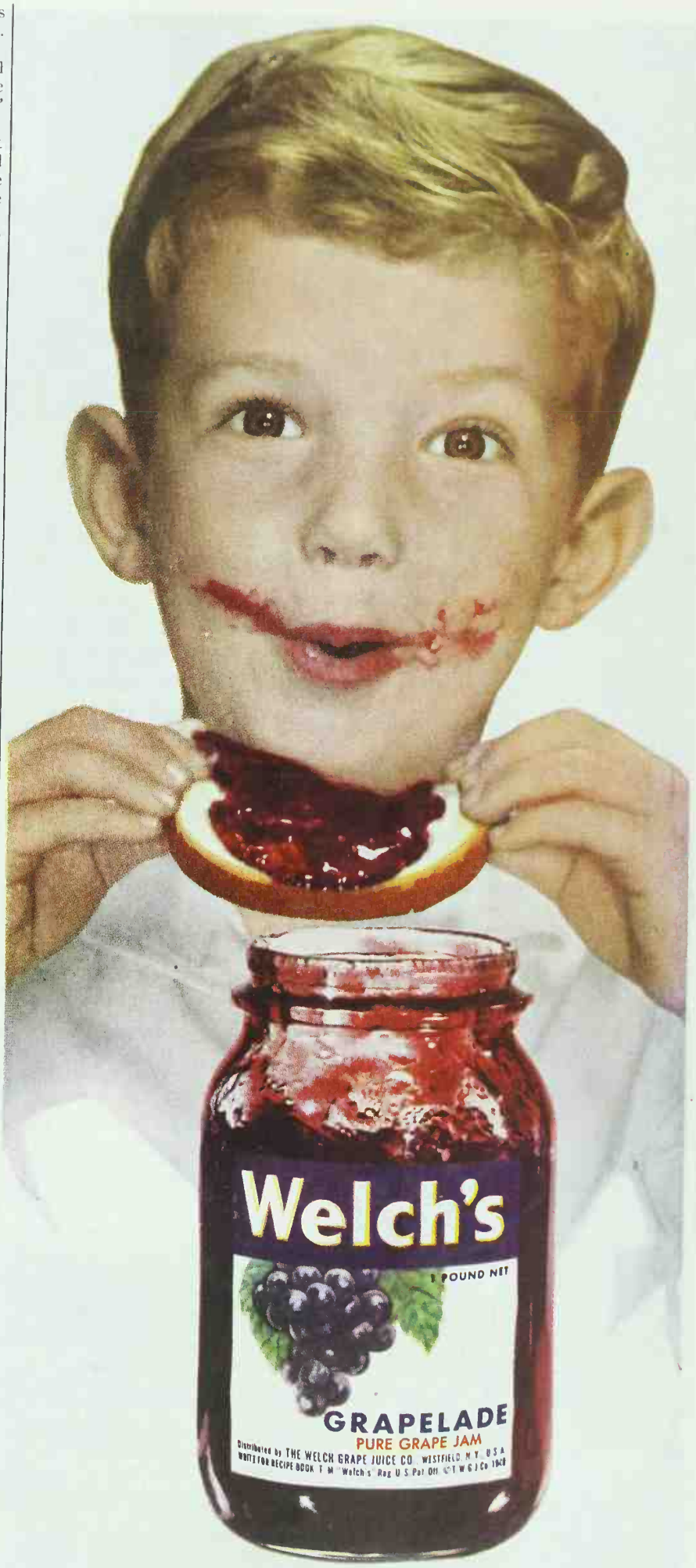
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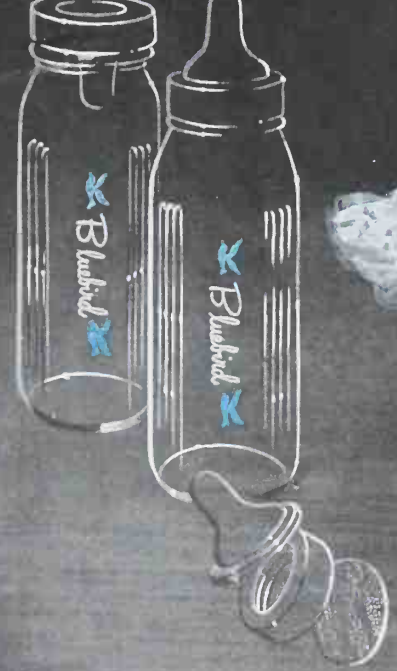
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Bluebird
NURSER

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Give Baby a Better Start with . . . Bluebirds!

(Continued from Page 153)

greet him looking like a lost soul. It's important, never mind why. Here, grab a coat, we'll get a breath of air and you'll be ready to meet the world."

Anne found the soldier-blue coat, spoke to the girl, Pat, climbed in beside Mona. Mona backed out carefully, turned toward the hills, stepped on it.

Anne asked, "Why did you say that, about looking right for Dick?"

Mona murmured, "I'm just an old cynic, from way back. I know men and I know Dick; they're all alike. Tears annoy them."

"But . . . I did an awful thing," Anne confessed. "I called the Carmichaels to see if they could spare Dicey for just a few days."

"Could they?"

"She was out. I left word for her to call."

"Who answered? ' Mona asked sharply.

"A Miss Carmichael. She did seem awfully nice."

"You're not to worry," Mona decided, "because I can always stay. Bruce will too."

"But Linda ——" Anne's voice drifted off, and Mona remembered the pearls again.

She drove faster. Lights twinkled ahead, the Tip Toe Inn. She stopped, kept the motor humming. She leaned over the wheel and asked concernedly, "Come on, how about going in and getting some coffee?"

"No, no, thank you," Anne said quickly. "Wait a minute!" Her hand fell on Mona's. "That's Dick's car. He's here." She jumped but. Mona let her go as far as the car; to make sure, as far as the porch window. Then Anne came back. "Let's go home," she said dully. "So that's the score!"

There is a rich family by the name of Lofting, in England, whose fortune was founded by the thimble. The first ever seen in England was made in London about 240 years ago by a metal worker named John Lofting. The usefulness of the article commended it at once to all who used the needle, and Lofting acquired a large fortune. The implement was then called the thumbbell, being worn on the thumb when in use. This clumsy mode of utilizing it was soon changed, however, but the name, softened into "thimble," remains.

—CHARLES C. BOMBAUGH: Facts and Fancies for the Curious (J. B. Lippincott Co.).

Mona took the back road home because a car was coming toward them. It might be Bruce. He'd give Zoe his car, ride back with Dick. He mustn't see her.

"Don't come in." Anne's voice was strangled. "I'll be all right."

"I'm not going to leave you now," Mona promised, following her.

Pat came down, her coat on, ready to leave. "Someone named Dicey called. I told her about your mother; she said she'd come right out."

"Thank you."

Pat waited; Mona went to the door with her. Anne still stood by the fire, hands thrust deep in the pockets of her coat.

Mona said, "I wish I'd never invited her. I wish—oh, you might as well know the truth, Anne. Bruce and I have been crazy. It was just one of those things. They've been together all the time, here and in New York. Whenever I think of you, grubbing away alone out here ——"

"Yes," Anne said thoughtfully, "I have been alone."

"Don't be a fool, Anne," Mona said sharply. "Don't be a softie. I know Dick. He hasn't changed a bit. You deserve something better than things like this. A girl like you won't go begging. Make a break, unless you think you can take a lifetime of this."

Anne stood motionless, her cheeks, her eyes bright from the fire. She did not move at the sound of a car turning in, at footsteps on the driveway, at the door opening, Bruce coming in. He was alone.

"Hello, Anne. I located Dick for you. He was at another office, be right up."

Anne didn't look at him. "The Tip Toe Inn is appropriately named," she said ironically.

After a pause, Bruce said, "Gosh, I'm sorry." He went over to the fire too. He said kindly, "I know it seems important now, but it's not really one of the important things." She was silent, unmoved, and he said again. "Don't go home angry. It would be so easy, now, to make a break, and so wrong for you both."

Mona opened her lips to speak, closed them. Had Bruce gone mad? What was he trying to do, spoil the whole thing?

Anne poked at the fire with her foot, then she looked up at him. Their eyes met in a long moment. "You're right," she breathed uncertainly. "I seem to know you're right. We've lived through so much, Dick and I—the war, his being away. We've built so much together that I can't bear to destroy." She sighed. "But the world looked pretty flat and ugly a moment ago, when Mona and I happened to stop by the inn . . . and I saw them." Her voice edged. "I'm not sure. Maybe Mona's right; maybe he is like that, only I can't seem to believe it."

"Mona!" Bruce repeated. "Mona drove you to the Tip Toe Inn?" He turned, unbelievingly, to Mona, looked long and hard at her, with Anne watching, so that Mona felt for a moment as though she died standing there, that she didn't exist. Her eyes widened till the light shone out from them, flinging forth their desperate message to him. *The house! The house!* Bruce said carefully, "Mona made a mistake. Dick's not like that, not really. There'd be nothing left of his life at all, if you walked out of it. You'll have to take my word for that. He—he doesn't suspect that you know this, he——" The going was hard for Bruce. He, too, pushed at the fire with his foot. "He'll see what's real, he'll . . . and you will, too, won't you?"

Anne looked up. Suddenly she wasn't just a girl by the fire, tired, defeated, bitter. Suddenly she was Anne, with her honest blue eyes and her bright voice. "I will, Bruce," she promised; added, "Because it's you who ask me."

For just a moment the room whirled about Mona, then she seemed to be alone in it. Bruce had gone, hurriedly, without speaking to her. Anne had turned back to the fire, was brushing at the hearth with the hearth broom. The place seemed empty, frightening.

After a while, Mona went into the hall. Dicey was just coming in. "Why, I just now passed Mr. Marston," she exclaimed, "and I don't like those Carmichaels of yours," she added accusingly. Mona slipped past her, out to the car.

For some reason she let the car roll out of the drive before she started the motor. She didn't look back at the house either. Her mind raced ahead to the apartment, to Zoe, to Bruce. Zoe wouldn't be there; she'd scuttle fast if she didn't like the music. But Bruce, Bruce would be there, he'd have to be there. She couldn't face it alone, the apartment, the town, life. Bruce had to love her, he had to. He was her armor, her protection.

She ran up the stairs, let herself in. "Bruce," she called, "Bruce."

So he hadn't come back yet. Petulantly she called his name, ran from room to room, coming at last to the living room, pausing there, her hand on the telephone. He was angry, that was it, angry because she tried to get the house. But it wasn't the house she wanted now, she was over that. Now it was Bruce. Why was he mad? Everything was all right with the Blaisdells. Anne still had the house, and Dick, and her children and her servants, and—slowly, awfully, the thought came—and Bruce. Not the triangle thing; some other sort of thing that Mona couldn't explain, but it was there. It was in their eyes, back there by the fire. It was in the empty stillness where she waited, her hand on the telephone, the frightened, trapped creature looking out from her eyes, its voice breaking roughly through her lips. "Bruce," then, following the fear in her eyes, confirmingly, "Bruce."

THE END





Baby Quiz
for mothers and others

1. Is it normal for a baby to be cross-eyed?

Yes—most babies can't focus well till they're about three months old. Those three months are important in skin care, too. Many doctors recommend crystal-clear Johnson's Baby Oil for after-bath smooth-overs, to keep baby's skin comfortable—plus Oil applications at every diaper change, to help prevent "urine irritation."





2. Will snuggling "spoil" a baby?

Medical authorities agree a baby *needs* loving. Snuggling from Pop. "Babying" when mother is caring for him. Frequent sprinkles of satiny-soft Johnson's Baby Powder are *part* of good care—helping chase chafes and prickles; keeping baby sweet.

3. Does a baby inherit a temper?

Psychologists say no. But your doctor will tell you that what often looks like temper is *skin discomfort*. Smart mothers keep both Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder on the nursery tray—to keep baby protected—comfortable—happy.



Recommended by more doctors—used by more mothers





PHOTO BY TANA HOBAN

To help your child come through her first operation with no psychic scars, tell her as much as you can about what the doctor plans to do.

Your Part in Your Child's Operation

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

President, Chicago Board of Health

"I CAN'T possibly leave poor little Junior all alone—we've never left him before!"

Whenever I hear a mother wailing this way at our Contagious Disease Hospital in Chicago, I know just what to expect from poor little Junior: screams and impossible behavior for a few hours after mother leaves, until the doctors and nurses have had a chance to straighten him out; then exemplary conduct until mother's next visit, when we have screams again.

The fact is that overemotional parents may have a much more upsetting effect on their children than the most painful medical experience. This is often the case, for example, when an operation is needed for the child.

"I can't *bear* to think of Teddy suffering!" the emotional mother may cry.

I don't like to see children suffer either. Nobody does. But, as a doctor, I know that when a surgical operation is ordered, it is going to save the child from more suffering than it will cause. Attacks of appendicitis or tonsillitis, I know, will cause far more pain and are a greater menace to health and safety than the operation to remove appendix or tonsils.

Most parents realize this and face the issue courageously, if not always calmly. If they only understood how important their own conduct is to the child, all parents would be much more careful about what they say and do at the time of the operation and in preparation for it.

Psychiatrists, or doctors who specialize in disorders of the mind and nervous system, tell us that many nervous and emotional upsets in children can be traced to the shock and fright suffered at the time of an operation. Yet, with all the marvelous developments of modern surgery and anesthesia, we know the child suffers little actual pain in most cases. This means that a great deal of the emotional shock that results from an operation can be prevented by proper handling on the part of doctors and, especially, parents.

Let us consider the experience of many a young child who is having his tonsils removed.

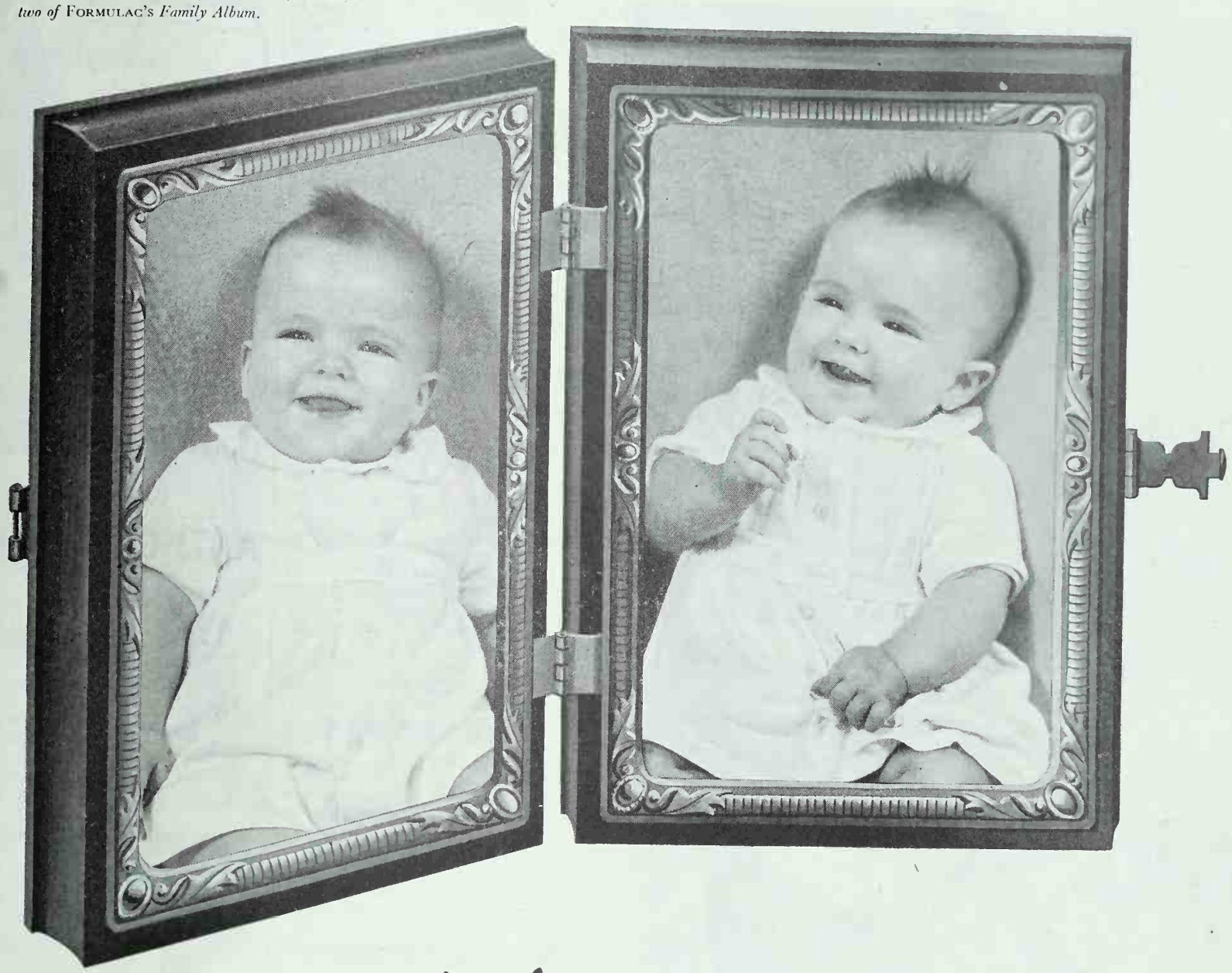
In the first place, the child may have overheard some reference to the operation, or discussion of it, by his parents. If the parents are nervous about it themselves—and it is natural that they should be—this feeling is communicated to the youngster—intensified many times, because there is nothing in his experience to tell him what he is facing, and the unknown is always alarming to children.

Naturally, the child asks questions. Often as not, parents make the grave mis-

(Continued on Page 158)

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

Robert and Richard Gusé, of McPherson, Kansas, two of FORMULAC'S *Family Album.*



twin types

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(Continued from Page 156)

take of giving evasive answers or trying to make light of the whole affair. Then comes the day of the operation. The child is taken to the hospital, an unfamiliar place, where, among strange surroundings and people in mysterious garb, he is undressed, put to bed and subjected to examination. No matter how kind and jolly the doctors and nurses are—and their uniform kindness and wisdom with children are an everlasting credit to both these professions—the youngster will scarcely be reassured by all these, to him, strange goings on. Finally he is taken away from his parents and wheeled off to the operating room, a terrifying place to his now tortured imagination, where he is given the anesthetic. He awakens later, to a discomfort he cannot understand, magnified by the unaccustomed surroundings.

Months later, these children may show disturbing symptoms of an emotional upset, such as bed-wetting, nightmares, negativistic or extreme "contrary" behavior, or excessive fear of the dark, strange places or people.

When we think of the surgical experience as it must seem to the child, it is not so difficult for us to understand what is happening. The fears engendered by the operation have struck deep into the roots of the child's feeling of security. He doesn't realize it himself, of course, and will repeatedly answer "Nothing" or "I don't know" when asked what the matter is. The fact is, however, that, subconsciously, the experience has been profoundly disturbing.

A WELL-KNOWN doctor who has studied many of these cases reports that the symptoms are most likely to occur in children who were inclined to be fearful, nervous or emotionally unstable before the operation. However, where the child's feeling of security is firmly rooted in a family where real love exists, the fears may soon be forgotten.

In any case, most of the bad emotional aftereffects of an operation can be prevented entirely by proper handling. When the time comes for your child to face his first operation, remember these rules:

1. *Do not* discuss the operation, or anything about it, in the child's hearing.

2. *Do* answer questions as directly and informatively as possible. Never brush a question aside or give an evasive answer. If the child asks, "Will it hurt?" you must say "Yes." You may then add that it will not hurt very much, and that the doctors and nurses will do everything they can to make it better. Qualify or modify your answers any way you wish, but you are betraying your child if you lie to him about this important matter, and he will not forget it.

3. *Do* tell him as much as you think he can understand about what is going to happen to him, whether he asks questions or not. There is little you can tell the child of three that will mean anything to him, whereas the youngster of six or over can absorb a fairly detailed description of the procedure.

4. *Do*, if it can be conveniently arranged, visit the hospital once or twice with the child in advance of the operation, and talk about how much the hospital people do to make us feel better.

5. *Do* ask your doctor if the child is going to have a preanesthetic sedative, which he will order if he thinks it best. This is done routinely in many hospitals today. The sedative is given in the hospital room some time before the operation is scheduled, so the child is relaxed and "dopey," if not actually asleep, at the time he is taken to the operating room. This procedure greatly diminishes the fear that develops during the trip through hospital corridors and during the administration of the anesthetic itself.

6. Most important of all, *stay calm yourself!* All you can do to allay the child's fears will be useless if you are noticeably apprehensive; and, on the other hand, a calm, matter-of-fact approach to the situation on your part will do more than anything else to reassure the child. Control of your own emotions will be the most effective way to help your child come through his operation with no psychic scars. THE END



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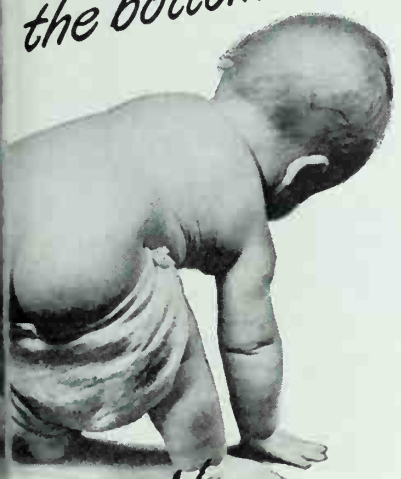
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MRS. NEGLEY'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

(Continued from Page 50)

we'll all have our independence," she'd said. "And we won't be on top of each other all the time."

Mrs. Negley wouldn't have minded being crowded; but as time went on, she realized that they needed that extra room which served as a second, less formal parlor. They really were good children. And they were coming to see her. They hadn't said what time; she'd have to be ready for them.

She phoned the three ladies in the hotel and called off the afternoon game. "My children will be coming," she told them, tasting the delicious words. "I know you girls will understand."

Even youngsters like Judy never minded changing an engagement if something more romantic and thrilling came up in a friend's life. And to all the ladies her age, a visit from their children took precedence over everything else.

She finished her dressing, placing the last gray shell pin in her neat, thin knot of white hair at eleven in the morning. Alison always liked her black crepe because it had a touch of pink in the vestee. Alison didn't like dullness, in clothes or in anything else. She wished she dared put on her bedroom slippers for a while; her best shoes pinched. But the children might arrive at any time.

She filled in an hour answering her birthday cards. She'd gotten quite a few; people were so thoughtful. There was even one from the three telephone girls who took turns at the hotel switchboard. Such pleasant girls, and so sweet of them to remember her!

An infatuated young man sought counsel at the bazaar of an ancient and prayed the ancient to tell him how he might learn of his fair lady's faults.

"Go forth among her women friends," spake the venerable one, "and praise her in their hearing."

—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN: A Book Without a Title.

Her cheeks felt warm. She hoped they were as pink as they felt.

At noon she took something out of her little ice chest and swallowed it, standing there in the Pullman kitchenette, not knowing what she was eating. The coffeecake she had ordered for the ladies looked tempting. Perhaps Edward and Alison would have a piece. It would be like a little party after all. She fixed the door so that they could come right in.

After lunch, she looked longingly at her day bed; but she wanted the spread to be fresh—and anyway, she couldn't lie down in her best dress. So she sat in the high-backed armchair and did her crossword puzzle. She hadn't had time for it during her busy morning.

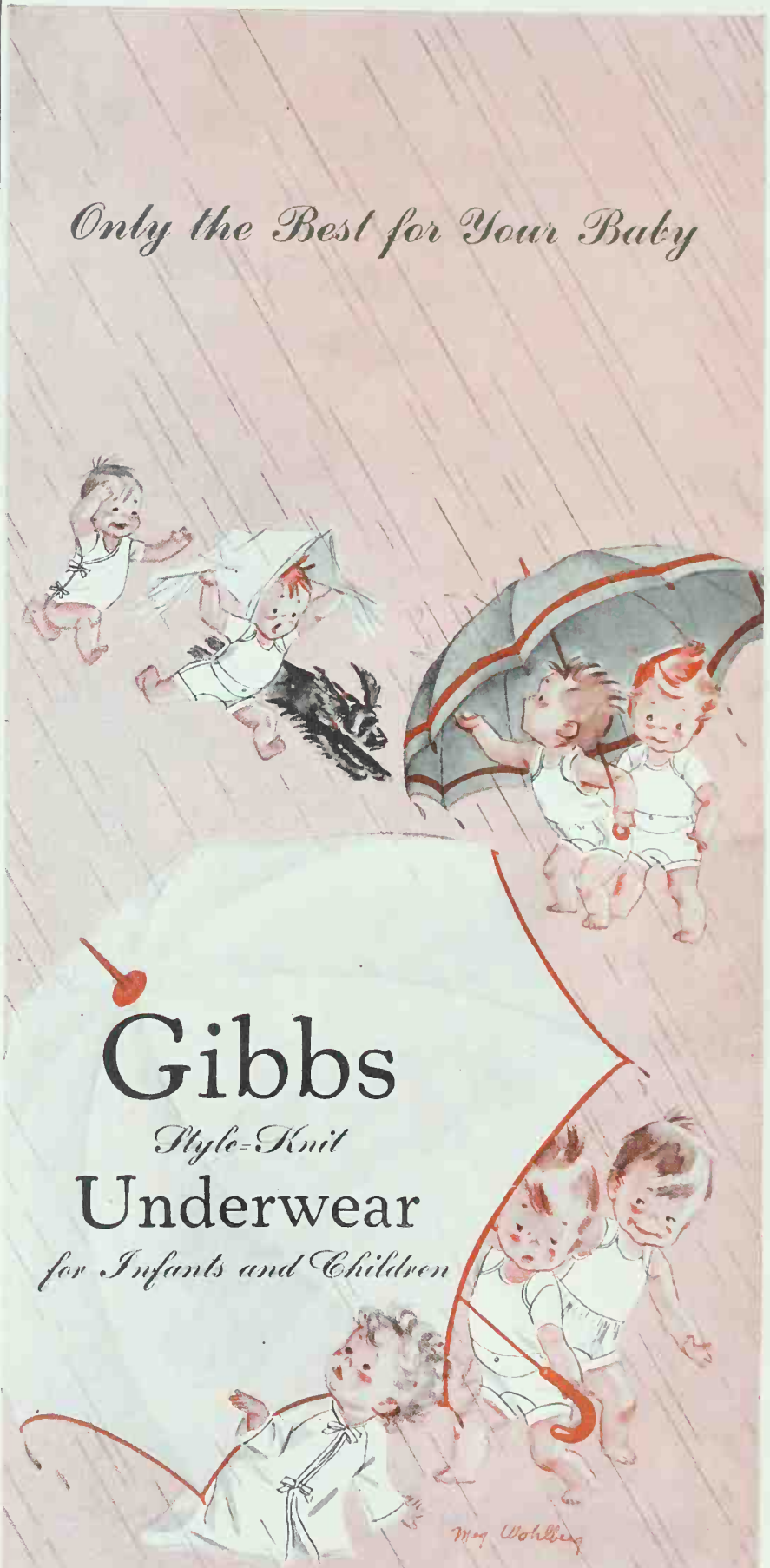
She nodded awake in the dingy twilight, the newspaper rustling against the hem of her skirt. There had been a knock at the door—Edward still knocked like a boy, in the rhythm of a popular song. She started out of her chair too quickly and had to sit down again, dizzy for a moment, blinking as someone switched on the light.

"Mother Negley! What a way to spend your birthday!" Alison, laughing, sleek in black satin, was coming toward her, her high hat foaming with feathers, the new diamond clip flashing under the orchid on her shoulder. As she bent for a light kiss, her rich exciting perfume was another, warmer caress.

"Sorry we're so late." Edward, pink and relaxed as if he'd just left the barbershop, rubbed his smooth cheek against hers and laid a huge tissued box in her lap.

Such a lovely silver ribbon; she'd save it. Alison always took such pains with her packages. "For me?" With knobby fingers, she fumbled with the bow.

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You'll *never* find "floating oil" in delicious Peter Pan Peanut Butter! A secret process prevents the oil from separating, ever. That's important—separated oil soon gets rancid, causes unpleasant flavor, loss of nourishment. Ever-fresh Peter Pan *keeps* the same rich, fresh-roasted peanut flavor—the same body-building food values—as the day it was made. No oil separation means no stirring, no lumpy waste. Every last, tasty bit spreads smoothly with just the touch of a knife. And creamy-smooth Peter Pan Peanut Butter never sticks to the roof of your mouth. Try it, today.

No wonder Peter Pan is America's favorite

Recipe for a happy, hearty lunchtime!

Just warm up the noodle soup—pour the milk—set out the apples—grill strips of bacon. Now spread extra-smooth Peter Pan Peanut Butter on the bread, and garnish each plate with bacon, carrot sticks and parsley. Ready in a jiffy—a really well-balanced meal.

The makers of Peter Pan also pack Derby Ready-to-Serve Canned Meats.

"Of course it's for you. Why did you think we came?" Alison stole an intimate sidewise glance at Edward and they both smiled indulgently. Mrs. Negley didn't mind their laughing at her as long as they laughed together.

She was slow with the knot and, before she could stop him, Edward pulled out his penknife and cut the ribbon in two or three places. Swiftly he rumpled the paper into the wastebasket and laid the box, now gleaming nakedly, back in her lap. Well, it was silly to care about the pretty wrappings.

As she uncovered the delicate lavender negligee with its rose silk lining, she felt them watching her and tried not to let them see that it wasn't quite what she would have chosen for herself. The robe was exquisitely soft and fine—although much too nice for pottering around a kitchenette—and it must have cost a great deal; but she already had a wrapper that she liked and was used to, and there were so many things she needed more. Winter coats would be on sale next month for half price or less. She needed one badly. Her old coat really wasn't presentable any more. She was surprised that Alison hadn't commented on it.

She tried to get her courage up to ask them if they'd mind if she exchanged the robe—in Alison's set, gifts were turned in for credit as a matter of course—but she hesitated too long.

Alison opened the closet door and whisked out the friendly gray wrapper that was so easy to get into when the rheumatism was bad. "I've had my eye on this for the rummage sale," she said brightly, draping the poor old thing, shapeless as a washed-out flannel blanket, next to her modish black satin. Mrs. Negley never dared talk back to Alison.

She tried to sound pleased as she faltered her thanks. The new robe was a pretty thing and they meant it kindly. Especially as Edward complained a good deal these days about mounting expenses. She never dared ask if her allowance was a strain on him; because if he'd said yes, she never could have managed without it.

EDWARD glanced at his watch. "We'd better go." He uncrossed his legs.

Mrs. Negley remembered her coffeecake. "I hoped you'd have time for a little party." She started to struggle out of her chair, but Edward rose first.

"Some other time, mother. This is business tonight."

"Can't the party wait a few minutes?" Alison asked sharply. "Your dear friend in New York—the one who needs you for business conferences over week ends—won't be there."

"You women are all alike," Edward sa sullenly. "You think a man's business is ju a side line for his private life. I haven't an thing to hide in New York. I used to ask yo to come with me, but you won't leave Judy

Alison bit her lip. She was dreadful nervous. Quick-tempered too. "You don have to stay over two week ends." Her fa looked thinner, older. "They don't do bus ness on Sundays. At least they didn't in n day."

"I know. I know," he mocked. "Yo day. To hear you tell it, you could get ba your old job in San Francisco tomorro Maybe yes and maybe no."

BEWILDERED, Mrs. Negley looked from o sullen, angry face to the other. One mome they had been so jolly, even though th were making fun of her a little; and now th were snarling and snapping at each other li a pair of straining dogs.

"Children!" she said feebly, and cover her face to hide the tears.

"Now you've made her cry—and on h birthday." Alison's own voice was choked

In the silence that followed, Mrs. Negl got herself under control again and oper her eyes. Alison was sitting next to Edwa on the day bed. The sulky expression th robbed him of every trace of good looks w almost gone, and, as Alison took out her l gold compact and did things to her nev composed face, he slipped his arm around shoulder.

Then they rose and said good-by. As nothing at all had happened. Each of th kissed her lightly on the cheek, and off th went to their party.

But something had happened. As M Negley smoothed her robe over a croch covered hanger, the angry words seemed s to crackle through the room. If there w only something she could *do!* Even tho they quarreled, they still loved each oth She knew. She might be a useless, tired woman now, but she had known love. remembered how, across a room and in midst of a dozen chattering people, her h band's eyes and hers used to catch in a wa glance of secret understanding. How of she had seen Edward and Alison look at e other in such a way!

The lessons of love and death are har learn, she thought, *but the lessons of love daily living come even harder.*

The next morning, while she was cut the untouched coffeecake for her breakfa it was still almost fresh—the wonde thought came to her. *If I lived with them—* Her hand trembled so that some of the rai filling tumbled down the front of her robe. She dabbed at the sticky trail a matically.

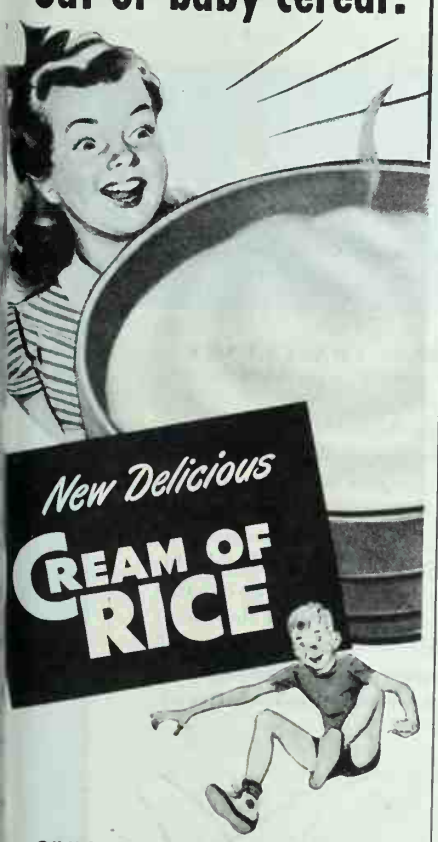


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If she lived with them, she might be useful. Alison would be free to go to New York with Edward on those business trips, and Judy wouldn't be alone when the maid went home. To be a part of life again! To live in a family—with her own folks! The thought was so dizzyingly, so terrifyingly sweet that she had to sit down. Once, at the time of the elevator strike, she'd spent a whole, never-to-be-forgotten week in their home. It had been wonderful.

She'd looked through a crack in the door and seen Judy's young friends swarming in! She'd baked her famous angel-food cake for Edward—she had no proper oven here in the hotel. She'd watched Alison dressing fastidiously for a party, trying flowers at shoulder and waist to see where they looked better; and the next morning she'd heard what was said and what was worn and what was served. And twice, with their comings and goings in the car, they'd given her a lift to the Women's Club. She had kept up her membership for old time's sake, although it was an extravagance, since she could get there so seldom. Most of the ladies her age were able to go about without the added expense of a taxi.

If she had a chance, she could be a person again, even though she was old. A real person, with food for heart and mind more nourishing than the crossword puzzle in the morning paper. If she lived with them ——

The knocker plumped softly three times. Judy's knock. Unsteadily she rose and opened the door for her darling.

"Gram!" The strong young arms hugging her until it hurt. The kiss that wasn't a perfunctory peck.

Breathless, Mrs. Negley stood on tiptoe to touch the soft young cheek with her lips. "You're up early, child, for Saturday morning."

"Rehearsal at school. I'm the female lead." Shaking back her bright hair, she sprawled on the couch. She wore a pert plaid skirt and a scuffed leather jacket. Her shoes were scuffed, too, and not very clean. She looked beautiful. "It's Our Town, you know. I'm Emily."

"Our Town?" Mrs. Negley had read the play, had heard it given over the radio. The joy that lies in little homely things. Growing up. Love and death. The loneliness of separation. She looked into the clear blue eyes that seemed so unshadowed, so confident. "Isn't it an awfully sad play for young folks?" she asked.

"Oh, I die; but that's all right," Judy said cheerfully. "The class voted for it." She pulled off her jacket. Even in her baggy sweater, the coltish grace of her developing figure was lovely. "I come back and I realize how marvelous it was to be alive, living with my mamma and papa—in the play, I mean." She darted a quick glance at her grandmother, then looked down. "I'm not really very good in the part," she said with sudden humility. "It doesn't seem real. It's too out-of-this-world. I don't know anyone like the people in the play who's good and sweet all the time—except you, maybe. But Miss Stimson says I'm better than any of the other girls would be." She pulled up a wrinkled sock and giggled suddenly. "I have to kiss Wally Matthews. Right on the stage. I hope the kids don't scream the night of the performance."

Mrs. Negley drew a deep, painful breath. It was only a play—a play the child was walking through, uncomprehending. But it was life. Judy, growing up, part of a happy family. Judy in love. A bride. A mother. And many, many years hence, please God, Judy dying—looking over her past life and finding it good.

But this is now, Mrs. Negley thought, yearning over the warm hand resting carelessly over hers that was stiff and freckled and knotty. *If only I can help her stay a happy child!*

Judy's charm bracelet jingled as she looked at her watch. "I get fined a quarter if I'm late," she announced, rising and slinging her coat over her shoulders. Smiling, she held out a tiny packet. "Here's your birthday present, gram. I hope you like it."



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Carefully, she untied the string, looked up with eyes suddenly blurred. How could the child have known! "A book of taxi rides! And so many of them!" Her throat ached. "It's what I wanted more than anything. How did you think of it?"

"I didn't really," Judy said honestly. "It was mother's idea. She thinks you don't get out enough. She helped me out paying for them, too, so you could have a fatter book." All at once her voice changed, came out hard and defiant. "My mother's really very kind. She isn't mushy, but she does lots of kind things people don't give her credit for."

"I ——" Mrs. Negley shrank back. She had often wished that she were closer to Alison, but she had never criticized her.

"I didn't mean you, gram. Don't look so scared." Judy scooped her into another hug. "You're always angelic. Too angelic, mother says. I guess I was just ranting to myself." She tossed her hair back and turned toward the door. Mrs. Negley watched her level eyes look slowly around the room and stop at Edward's picture. Then with another of her quick changes of mood, she smiled radiantly at her grandmother. "G'by." She stood in the door, long-legged and graceful. "While the taxi driver's telling you the story of his life, make him turn the meter off." She was gone.

Almost before Mrs. Negley had finished tucking her tickets to freedom into her bulging, battered handbag, the floor maid came in. Mrs. Negley cut her a piece of coffeecake.

"I'm going to be busy today," she said recklessly; "so take the morning paper too. I won't have time for my puzzle."

Alison wanted her to get out more often!

She telephoned the three old ladies in the hotel whom she'd had to disappoint the day before. She had thought of the Shakespearean production, but she knew they wouldn't care for it.

"Let's go to see Ingrid Bergman this afternoon," she said to Mrs. Jarrow, the last one. "Just our little crowd."

"Are the other girls going?" Mrs. Jarrow asked.

Mrs. Negley said yes and that it was her treat.

"How are we going to get downtown?" asked Mrs. Jarrow. She coddled the largest and most painful bunion in the hotel. "If you invited Mrs. Stack, she might give us a lift in her car."

Mrs. Negley had been waiting for the question about transportation. "I have a book of taxi coupons that my granddaughter gave me for my birthday," she said with modest pride. Then, as she hung up, she wished she hadn't bragged, for Mrs. Jarrow had no grandchildren to give her presents.

At the last moment, she decided to invite Mrs. Stack too. She was one of the few

(Continued on Page 164)

Bringing up Parents

DR. BARBARA BIBER, CONSULTANT
Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

CHILDREN have a way of seeing the world aronnd them in greal detail. They often amaze us wilh their ability 10 ac-cnmulate informalion. This leads to a donble awakening: The parenls mnsl slep down (gracefully, if possible) from lhe heighls of lhe all-knowing; and the child mnsl accepl lhe fact lhat he will need olhers in this world besides his parents to help him meet the challenges of life. So it makes sense on both sides for parenls to admit that they don't know all lhe answers. Eslablishing snch a relalionship will make things easier later on—when lhe child challenges not only his parenls' facls, bnt also their attilndes. Afler all, the world doesn't stand still.

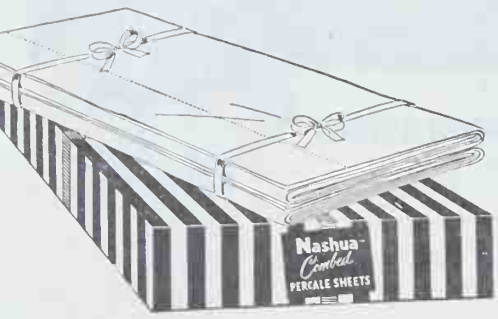


"Is this oak tree a maple, too, daddy?"

"Combing" makes the difference

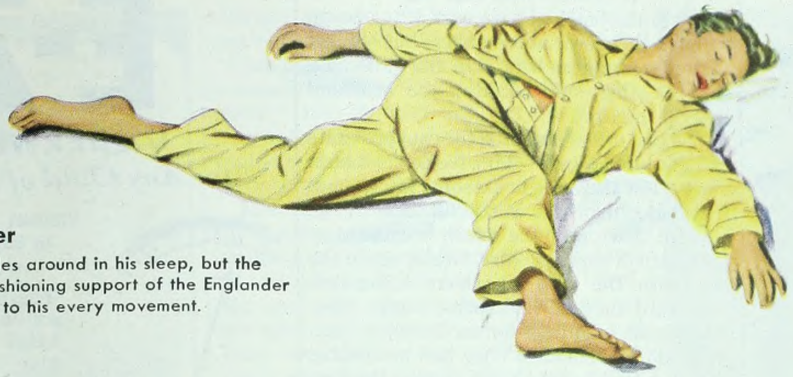
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Traveler
He rambles around in his sleep, but the gentle cushioning support of the Englander responds to his every movement.

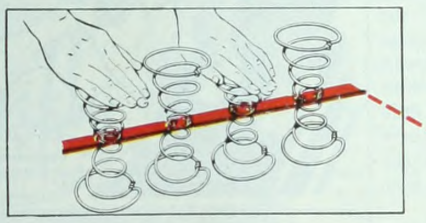


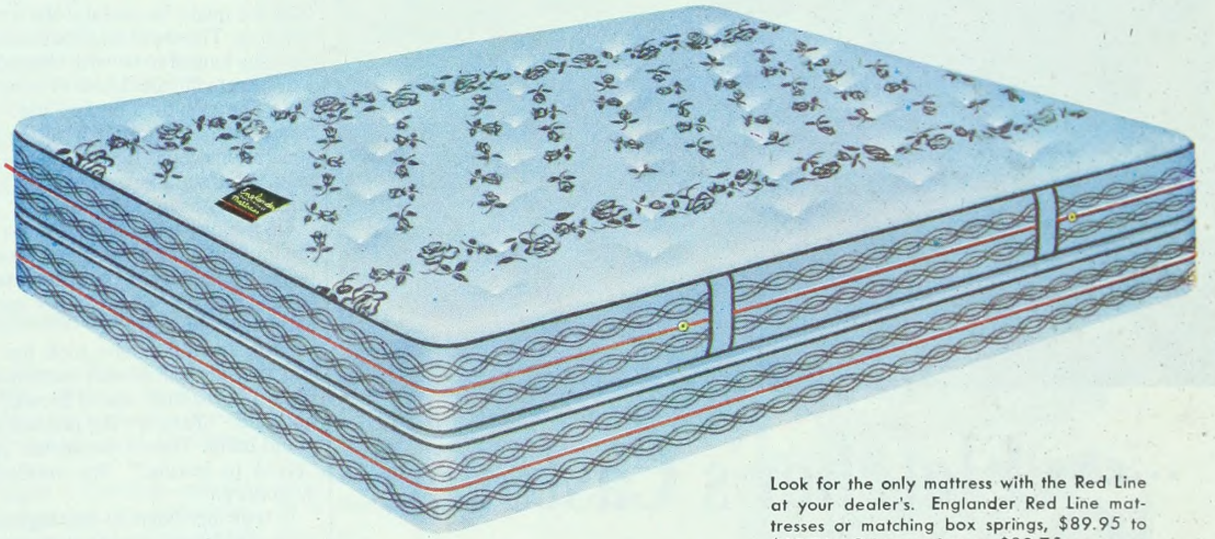
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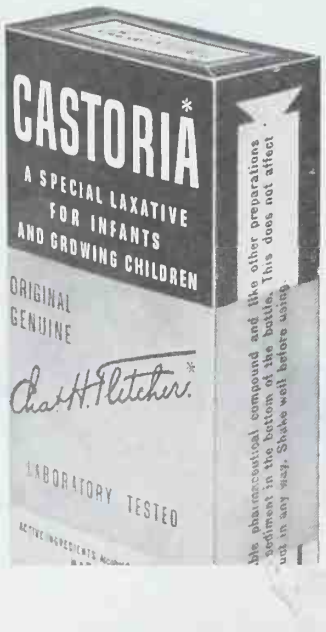
WHEN your baby is tearful and fussy . . . when she sobs because of "Childhood Constipation" . . . it's wise to know what to do. Give her Fletcher's Castoria.

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Chas. H. Fletcher

The original and genuine

CASTORIA

(Continued from Page 162)

ladies in the hotel who were wealthy enough to have their own automobiles; but she got little pleasure from hers, poor thing, because she was stingy and afraid of the wear and tear on the tires.

The taxi driver accepted the coupons quite as a matter of course—Mrs. Negley had been uneasy lest there might be some hitch—and Ingrid Bergman was wonderful. Two of the girls sat down near the screen because they were hard of hearing. Mrs. Negley sat in the rear with the ones who were farsighted. Afterward they all had sodas, except Mrs. Weatherall, who took tomato bouillon. She suffered from diabetes. They had no trouble finding a taxi to take them home. Back at the hotel, several of the ladies went into the dining room for dinner. But Mrs. Negley wasn't very hungry. And besides, the movie tickets had been expensive. She went to her room.

It wasn't until she had finished with her snack that the loneliness struck again. It was only seven o'clock—too early to go to bed. She had given her morning paper away, so she didn't even have her crossword puzzle. She took off her good shoes, hung her dress away, and began to make herself comfortable for the night. She missed her old robe, now that the little glow of being a lavish hostess had faded.

Braiding her hair that was so thin now over the pink scalp, she faced herself honestly in the mirror. An old wrinkled face and a mind that had grown rusty. Shaky hands. A body that twinged painfully with every movement.

SHE'D been an old hypocrite, pretending that she might be useful if she lived with the children. The truth was that she was lonely, that she longed to be with them, longed with a desperate homesickness to have them want her. She wouldn't be any use. She'd only be a burden. Perhaps in a rare instance three generations could live happily in one household. But she knew it wouldn't work with impatient Alison.

On Sunday morning, she had put another dream behind her. Sundays were the worst to get through; she had absolutely nothing to do. So many of the ladies spent the day with their children.

After breakfast, she took her dictionary and the newspaper and started her puzzle. "No. 1 horizontal: son of Jacob," the definition said. "*Joseph*," she printed in her clear round hand. Then it would be "*jocular*" for "given to jesting." She verified it in her dictionary.

It took her back to her high-school days when she'd been rewarded for hours of conscientious work by a mark of 100 and the teacher's smile of approval. Now, although she had no teacher, she could still know she had earned perfect marks when she completed this daily pastime.

Startled, she looked up over her reading spectacles. She must have forgotten to take the door off the latch, for it opened and Alison came in.

"I haven't thanked you," Mrs. Negley began warmly, thinking of Judy's gift; then broke off. Alison, the fastidious, wore one fawn-colored glove and one brown one, and her hat was dragged low on her forehead. When she looked up, her keen bright eyes showed dull and red-rimmed.

"They don't know I'm here. They're still asleep." Almost before she was seated, she had her cigarette case out. Then, "Mother Negley, I want to ask a favor of you."

Perplexed, worried, Mrs. Negley leaned forward. "Of course, my dear. Anything."

"I want you to come and live at our house," Alison said abruptly. "Judy needs you. As a favor to her and"—she hesitated—"to me."

They wanted her! The wild, piercing joy of her dream—her secret dream—come true!

But Alison, twisting her ill-assorted gloves, burst out, "I'm going to leave Ed." The words hung in the little room like a leaden weight. "I'm getting back my old job in San Francisco. For a while anyway. Ed doesn't believe I mean it. He says the courts will give him Judy if I'm the one who walks out." She

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rose and began to pace from couch to window and back again as if the room were a cage. "I can't prove anything, but I'm sure he has a woman in New York. People have seen them." She stopped and her hand dug frantically into Mrs. Negley's shoulder. "I couldn't—I can't leave Judy unless you go there to take care of her. Will you?"

Mrs. Negley's heart fluttered in little painful thrusts. Days filled with doing, with planning, with young life and laughter. After all, Alison wasn't her own flesh and blood. She need only be meek and yielding as was her habit, and she could be with her son and Judy—her darling, her sunshine—forever. For it would be forever. Alison was proud, and if she once went away, she would never come back. Unless Edward begged her to. And Edward—it hurt her to admit it of her own son, but it was true—was vain and shallow. If Alison left him, he would never beg her to return—not while he could find other women to flatter him. And he always could.

What had Judy said yesterday? "*My mother isn't mushy, but she's really very kind.*"

Mrs. Negley felt very old and very tired. But she knew what she had to do. Hesitating, fumbling for words, she tried to appeal to that kindness. "You can't hurt Judy and Edward so. Judy loves you more than anyone in the world. And Edward—Edward would be lost without you."

"Not on his trips to New York," Alison said bitterly. But she had taken a little gold locket out of her purse and was looking

The member of one profession is always flattered by being taken for a skilled practitioner of another. Try it on your minister. Instead of saying, "That was an excellent sermon of yours this morning," say, "As I listened to your cogent argument, I thought what a successful lawyer you would have made." Then he will say, "I did think of taking to the law."

—SAMUEL MC CHORD CROTHERS.

at it with brimming eyes. Edward's picture. Judy's picture. Mrs. Negley knew that locket; once it had held her husband's photograph. She herself had given it to Alison many years ago.

Anxiously, she urged, "You'll go back?" The moment she had spoken, she wished she hadn't; for Alison snapped the locket closed and tightened her lips.

"Not now," she said stubbornly. "Ed needs to be taught a lesson. If he can stay away from me when he doesn't have to, I can have my freedom too." Her voice hardened. "This time I've made my mind up. I only wanted to be sure before I left that you'd go there to take charge of—of things."

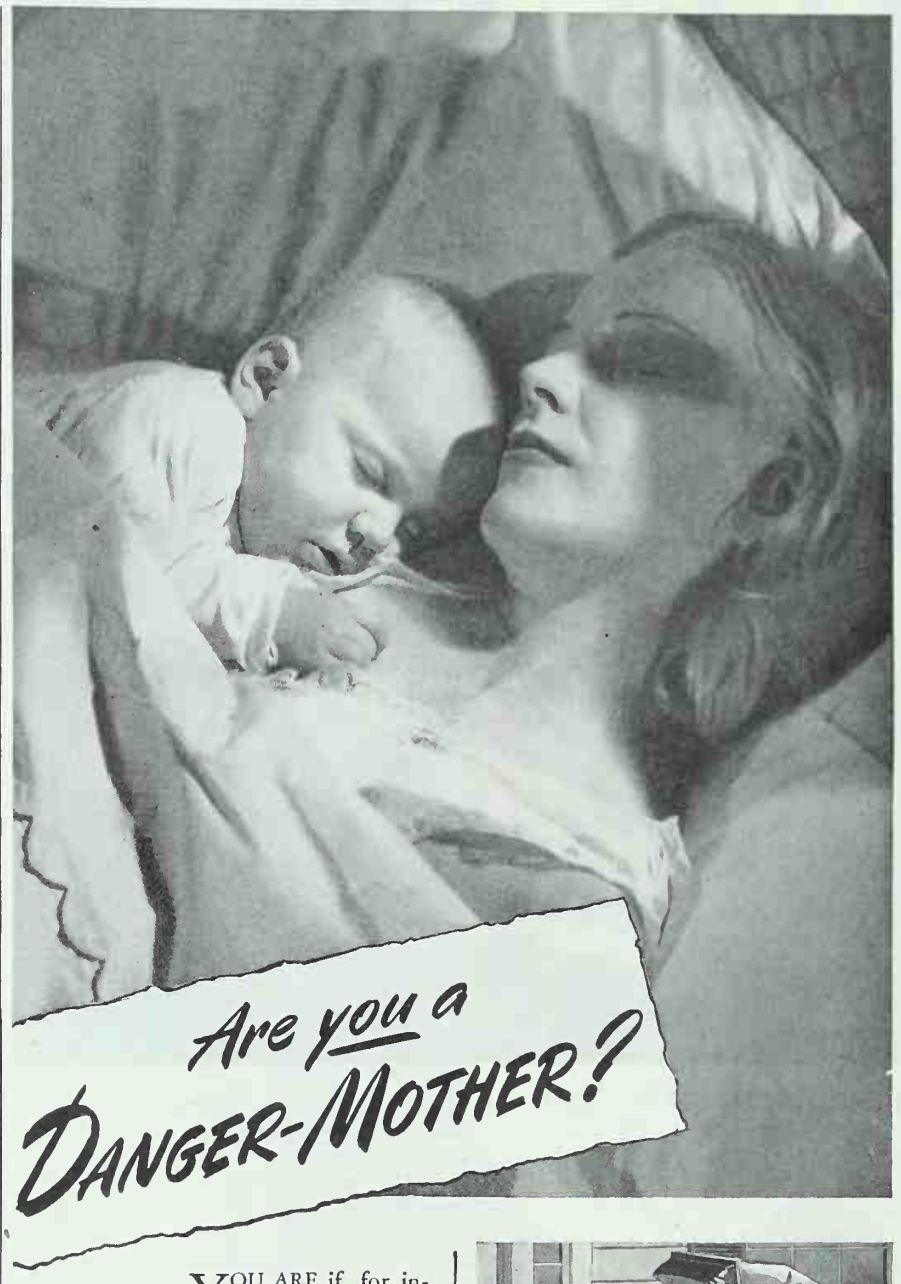
Mrs. Negley shrank from the commanding eyes. She couldn't hold out; she'd have to say yes. And Alison wanted her to come—needed her. Hadn't she said so? *If only there were something I could do for them!* How often she had thought it! And this was something she longed with all her heart to do.

But she saw it all clearly now, like a puzzle with all the letters filled in, vertical words and horizontal, interlocking in a pattern. Edward *was* difficult, but Alison loved him. And Judy loved them both, needed them both. She, the grandmother, was outside the pattern.

"I'm too old." Her voice quavered, although she had meant to speak firmly. "I hate to refuse you, my dear, but I'm too old to take the responsibility of running a home." She heard Alison's quick indrawn breath, and looked up, trembling at her own daring.

Tears were streaking down Alison's distorted face. "You never refuse Ed or Judy anything," she stormed. And scornfully, "You pretend to be so generous, but you're really just as selfish as the rest of us."

"Yes," Mrs. Negley said quietly. "Old people get set in their ways. I have my



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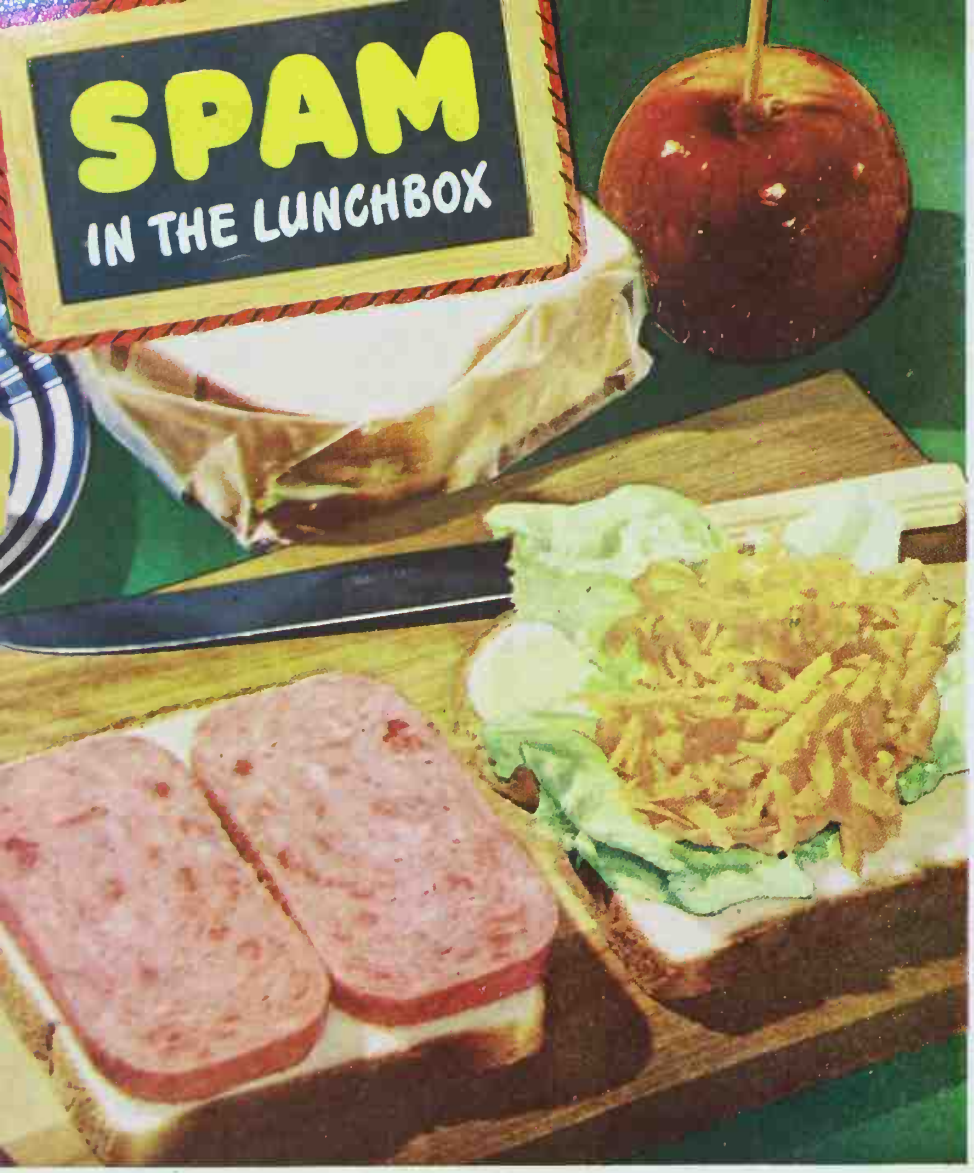
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friends here, my little occupations. I hope to take in the Current Events at the Women's Club. You'd be surprised how full my days are." How full? How empty, except on rare occasions like yesterday!

Alison choked, "I thought you'd snap at the chance to live with them. I can't go back to those extra week ends of Ed's in New York while I sit home alone. I can't!"

"You needn't," said Mrs. Negley boldly. "I'd—I'd be willing to stay with Judy once in a while so that you could go with him. I've often heard him beg you to come."

Alison bit her lip, hesitated. Then:

"Would you?" Alison was humble—proud, flashing Alison, humble, and to *her*! "We might make a go of it if ——"

"I'd be very happy to." Thinking how happy, the tears she had been holding back rose to her eyes. "I—sometimes I get bored with my own company."

Alison looked at her, a long keen gaze. Alison was hard to deceive—for long. Then the younger woman bent and kissed her mother-in-law, a real kiss that wasn't a perfunctory peck.

"So you're set in your ways!" she said softly. "I think I've underestimated you all these years." The ghost of a smile trer on her lips. "I think you're very kinc very, very unselfish. And I think n you're the best friend I have."

Mrs. Negley watched Alison walk ou hat adjusted as only Alison could adj hat, her trim shoulders straight. Ther something gallant about her. She would her heartaches with Edward; but she manage—and make the best of it.

Alone again. It was Sunday, barel o'clock; and Sundays were always en She looked around the room. Often felt imprisoned here in old age and us ness. But now, somehow, it was diff Her knickknacks were here, her f photographs, crowding bureau and tabl desk. She'd had her chance to get av and she had chosen to stay. Often she' lonely here, and no doubt many times be lonely again.

But not now. She unfolded the newsp placed her dictionary beside the chair it would be handy. The pattern of the word puzzle was filling in nicely.

"No. 21 vertical: three-toed sloth of S America." That word she knew; they it often in crossword puzzles. "*A-i*, wrote in her clear round print, smilin

GENERAL STILWELL REPORTS

(Continued from Page 45)

February 7. Left Monterey at 10:15. Family lined up and waving. Some send-off. Los Angeles left at 3:30. El Paso, Dallas, Nashville.

Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. What a send-off! What a family! Perfect. That visit was the all-time high, without any doubt, and you can all write your own tickets. I should have had someone get a picture of you, all lined up, but as usual the best ones get away. I won't need a photo to remember it, however.

February 9. We go Thursday. We go Wednesday. No, Thursday. No, Wednesday. To New York on Tuesday. Five go . . . no, seven go . . . no, five . . . no, no, no, fourteen go. What the hell, let's all go.

Call at White House, 12:00 to 12:20. F.D.R. very pleasant, and very unimpressive. As if I were a constituent in to see him. Rambled on about his idea of the war: "A 28,000-mile front is *my* conception," etc., etc. "The real strategy is to fight them *all*," etc., etc. Just a lot of wind. After I had enough, I broke in and asked him if he had a message for Chiang Kai-shek. He very obviously had not and talked for five minutes hunting around for something world-shaking to say. Finally he had it—"Tell him we are in this thing for keeps, and we intend to keep at it until China gets back *all* her lost territory." Then he went on to say he thought it best for Madame Chiang not to come here, as invited by some organization or other. It would be too much like a lecture tour of women's clubs. He's right on that. He was cordial and pleasant . . . and frothy.

> **We love peace, as we abhor pusillanimity; but not peace at any price. There is a peace more destructive of the manhood of living man than war is destructive of his material body. Chains are worse than bayonets.**
>
> —DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The smooth efficiency of the Air Transport Command that belted the entire globe at war's end has almost erased the memory of the first weaving of the transport strands. But in February, 1942, when Stilwell left for China, there was no ATC, only a struggling Ferry Command. Stilwell's flight from New York to Miami to Brazil to Africa was made at a time when passengers were ordered to stand duty watching the sea for disabled ships or enemy submarines.

From Africa to India the party flew via Kano, Maiduguri, El Fasher, Khartoum, Cairo, Bagdad and on across the gulf to Karachi. Even while Stilwell flew, the elements of his strategy were dissolving. Singapore and its 60,000 imperial troops surrendered the day that Stilwell left Miami; he arrived in India to find that the entire Malayan-Indies defense cordon was gone.

Stilwell's plane touched ground in Inc days before Rangoon was lost to the Jap The Philippines were lost, Java was bei vaded, Burma was crumbling. The n British commander of the Imperial defe India and Malaya was Gen. Sir Archibal cival Wavell, the desert warrior. The mander of the China theater was General Chiang Kai-shek. Between these two th lay the Burma front, the only land brid tween China and the Western Allies.

The British were responsible for the d of Burma—but Burma's importance w greater to the Chinese than to the Britis ready the Chinese had sent two armies—divisions in all—to the Burma borde of these divisions was already in line of 400 miles to the south. The British, the command of Lieut. Gen. T. J. H had two divisions and a brigade of disposed against the Japanese drive. The ish and Chinese cordially disliked and times actively hated each other. The Bu hated both British *and* Chinese.

America's contribut the defense of Burm the hundred old P-4 the hundred-odd pilots American Volunteer G commanded by Ge Chennault. The AVG a spectacular fight a odds, writing the fine ord of any Allied unit campaign. But outnum without secure bases, manned, they were back in the general ret that the Japanese dom the air over the battl and in the rear. There was no over-all co der, nor any strategic plans for opposition Japanese.

Stilwell made his stay in India as brief sible. A pause in Delhi, a pause in Calcutt then he was off across Burma, flying to C king to consult with Chiang.

February 26: Commander-in-C House, New Delhi. Letter to Mrs. well. Stopped here to confer with the mander in chief of the Indian army, G Hartley, and iron out a few points tha come up. Will go to Calcutta tomorro hit India at Karachi yesterday and h interesting trip up to Delhi this mo General and Lady Hartley have beer kind: we must have met Lady Hart Peking in the spring of 1936, at our em

After Calcutta, our plans are rather nite, due to events farther east and dou to transportation, but we have hope our own planes will catch up with us

My love to everybody, including th sor, who can hardly take exception t

February 26. Yesterday when I down my nose at his one brigade, C



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Hartley said, "Well, it might just turn the scale. Miracles do happen in wah, don't they?" And the monocled ass at lunch, "One does enjoy a cawktail, doesn't one? It's so seldom one gets a chawnce. In my own case, I hardly have time for a glahss of bee-ah!"

To airport. Over Calcutta at 5:45. Our plane is to take Wavell to Delhi.

February 28. Calcutta. Woke up with the skitters, dizzy and weak. 1:00 P.M. coming out of it. Wavell and Brereton coming this P.M. [Brereton, later Lieut. Gen. Lewis Brereton, commander of the 1st. Airborne Army in Europe, was at the beginning of the war commander of the 10th Air Force of the CBI theater, subordinate to Stilwell. Brereton and Wavell were both arriving from the Netherlands Indies where the Allied collapse had forced them to flee.] Arranged a talk at 6:30 at Government House. Wavell gave us the story [of the East Indies campaign].

A shock to Brereton to learn he had anyone over him. Expected to be the Big Boy [U. S. Commander in Chief] here. I arranged to accompany Wavell tomorrow, but was told by Brereton later that the plane would hold only five and as Wavell wanted Brereton to go, I could stay put.

March 3. Usual fuss of departure. Saw Wavell at airfield. More hopeful. Off in the hot box [The Indian sun usually baked the aluminum transport planes on the ground till they were almost perilously hot. Entering a grounded plane before flight was like entering a steam chamber.] at 2:20 [for China]. Delta region, short water hop, then Assam hills. Burmese villages on hilltops. Lashio at 7:00. Kunming at 10:30. To AVG place at Agricultural College. Had Chennault's room. Cool.

March 4. To airfield to wait for Chennault. Had a talk. He'll be O.K. Met a group of the pilots; they look damn good. Off at noon. Quick trip of two hours, fifteen minutes. Hell of a bumpy landing [at Chungking].

March 6. Conference with Chiang Kai-shek. Apparently, he told the 5th and 6th [Chinese] armies [in Burma] to take orders only from me as soon as I arrived. He seems willing to fight and is fed up with the British retreat and lethargy. Anxious to know if our Service of Supply in India would be for their use and if they were to have the supplies. Reassured him.

I asked about the general plan for operations in Burma and he said there was none. Wavell had not made any agreement with him, so the Chinese troops are just waiting for direction. Went over the President's message and my orders and explained the setup and help now on the way.

Chungking isn't half bad when the sun shines. The city lies on a rock promontory and we live on the Kialing [river] side. Views up and down the stream which is busy with boat traffic. Prices are fantastic: $80 for a pair of garters, $200 for a charcoal iron. Coolies go around with $50 bills. Clothes are not to be had.

March 7. Waiting.

March 8. A.M. at office. Conferring and studying map. P.M. ride around city.

March 9. Went to dinner at Chiang Kai-shek's. I was the guest of honor—on Chiang's right, and Gauss [U. S. Ambassador to China] on Madame's. Simple chow but very good.

They told me to stay after dinner "for a few moments." It ran into two hours and turned out to be a session of amateur tactics by Chiang Kai-shek, backed up by a stooge staff general. Chiang Kai-shek gave me a long lecture on the situation and picked on Mandalay as the danger point. "If the British run away, the Japs will get to Mandalay and crucify us." I showed him the solution, but [the] stooge jumped in and made a long harangue about how right Chiang Kai-shek was. I let them rant. Madame said, "How do you like it?" and I had sense enough to say I preferred the Gissimo's first plan—ATTACK. "But you must remember, one

(Continued on Page 169)

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MY DATE with Bill that night found me newly self-assured . . . confident in the new-found glamour of my s kling Lustre-Creme-lovely hair. Bill couldn't keep his eyes off its gleaming highlights. His cheek touched its alluring softness while we danced. And the spell lingered on after the music stopped and we returned to our ta My heart stood still when he murmured: "Dream Girl, that gorgeous hair rates a bridal veil."

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(Continued from Page 167)

[Chinese army] is only as strong as one division. We haven't the *ping li* [troop ngth]. We don't know the strength." ng Kai-shek had told me he thought [the Japs] were weak.)

aid, "Let's go before they build up." aid Chiang, we must wait, and if they reinforce, then we can attack. But if do, I said, "then they'll be too strong so ust defend." The way to defend, it is, is by the good old "*chung shen p'ei* defense in depth]. A column of divisions : 50 miles apart. After we make sure of ase and get all set, if the Japs don't , we can move. But not until; and ig Kai-shek doesn't like this flanking erattack: it's too risky over ground we know and over such great distances. anyway, the British are s.o.b.'s and he take their orders. Anyway, they won't I ventured the suggestion that they , and if they did, we might as well take ntage of it. Also that they had tanks ve could use them. That was O.K. Get tanks to support us. Also they romised gas for our tanks and trucks adn't delivered. Also they were putting ese in Mandalay and that was no good. ey did that we wouldn't play. They l have to hold Mandalay strongly, or et the Chinese do it. Chiang Kai-shek oing to send a radio to Roosevelt and m to tell Churchill that I would have to and or else Chiang Kai-shek would he Chinese troops out of Burma. I said anted Rangoon above all, and we must nber our interest there: all the British is a wall in front of India, but we want ort for our supplies. Yes, but he was to send the telegram anyway.

. then. Exactly what am I to do? a plane and go down there and find out: Will they hold Mandalay or shall we? Will they give us gas or not? Will they give us their tanks (support) t?

Look out for fifth column.

Study terrain, weather, nature of the e and what have you.

Use the old old *chung shen p'ei pei* and down along a string of bases.

at a directive. What a mess. How they the Limeys. And what a sucker I am. at least, Chiang Kai-shek is sticking to art of the agreement. Never before has eigner been allowed any control over se troops. Hedged around as it is, it's more than I expected this afternoon. I ght I was destined to be a tailor's dummy go to Tuesday meetings. Maybe the will go after us and solve it for us.

ch 10. Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. to the old stand, and find not much e, except the fantastic money situa- I go from one conference to another, vich in some courtesy calls and try to on an even keel. Leaving tomorrow to e British [in Burma] and try and ar- some general plans, which are lacking. body well, and working hard to get hep to the situation. It's the hardest job I ever had handed to me.

When Stilwell arrived in Burma to assume combat duties in March he found a country whose civil population, both rear and front, festered with discontent and treachery.

The strategy of the entire Burma campaign spun itself about the north-south railway line that ran 300 miles from Rangoon to Mandalay, and then in meter gauge, 250 miles more to Myitkyina. Somewhere in central Burma the Allies hoped to establish a front cutting from east to west across the railway, where the Japanese might be held. Meanwhile the actual line of combat was some 100 miles north of Rangoon, running east and west for roughly 100 miles. This front was being pushed north by the Japanese, but the Allies were trying to shield the railway as they withdrew to keep retreat from degenerating into a rout over pathless mountains and jungles.

The western end of the front (nearest India) was held by the British at Prome. The center, at Toungoo, directly on the railway, was held by the Chinese 200th Division; the eastern end (nearest Thailand) was held by the British again.

The Japanese in their swift drive north had almost encircled the 200th Division (Chinese) at Toungoo in the center. But in so doing they had also exposed themselves, and Stilwell saw an opportunity for a counterattack. Scattered across Burma, the Chinese divisions would be destroyed one by one; concentrated and used in battle, they might check the Japanese advance.

The plan depended on two things: the ability of the British to hold the western flank at Prome and the swiftness and diligence of the Chinese in moving to execute orders for a counterattack.

To the Chinese, however, concentration of divisions in the battle zone for a counterattack meant not a multiplication of opportunity, but a multiplication of risk of loss. In the course of the next two weeks Stilwell found that his authority to command was an authority of courtesy, not an authority of action. He decided then to fly back to Chungking and discuss the matter with Chiang Kai-shek.

March 18. Saw Chiang Kai-shek at 11:00 until 1:00. We had a battle and every point he set up, I knocked down. Just kept at it and at it. He'll consider the command suggestion.

March 19. Had a night's sleep—first time since Calcutta. Woke up without feeling all was lost. At 11:00 saw Chiang Kai-shek again. Stubborn. But he gave in a bit. 22nd Division can go to Taungdwingyi and can support 200th, or help British out of a mess if they lose Prome. Under my command only, and only in emergency.

Again told me 5th and 6th must not be defeated, so I told him to send someone who could guarantee that, because I couldn't. In war, we'd have to do our best and take what came. He laughed. Said he had bowed in some part of my recommendations, but insisted he knew what he was talking about. Told him when fighting started, I would have to be free to act, and he agreed. Of course under the general restrictions of defensive attitude, one division in Mandalay, no British command, and help for British only in an emergency. It's pretty bad, but maybe it will get better. All I can do is try.

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March 24, Maymyo. Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. You may imagine that I keep busy. There are so many things to do that I never know what day it is, but we are getting organized now and the staff is beginning to take a little of it off my back. You will know long before you get this what I'm up against, and it's not a pretty picture. The Jap air raids on Magwe about cleaned out our meager support, and now we'll be taking it on the nose for some time with no answer available. However, the Chinese have had a lot of that, and I believe can take more without cracking.

We have a dandy command post here, up in the hills, about 3000 feet elevation. Unfortunately, most of my time will be forward, in the low country, at least for a while, but I can always run up and get a bath and cool off. The rains are due in about a month and for once I wish they'd start tomorrow. It would help us in the air.

I think of you often and picture the scenes in Carmel. What a paradise. My traveling is done now, definitely, and if I can get back there, you won't be able to throw me out.

March 25. Situation confused. Got it straight with Tu [Tu Yü-ming, Chinese army commander in Burma]. He is quite cheerful with 22nd [division] coming down. General Scott, 1st Burmese Division, in. Looking for 4 guns and 200 men. Caught in surprise at Toungoo airfield yesterday.

[*Undated.*] ***"The System."*** The Chinese commanders are up and down—highly optimistic one minute, in the depths of gloom the next. They feel, of course, the urgent necessity of pleasing the Generalissimo, and if my suggestions or orders run counter to what they *think* he wants they offer endless objections. When I brush off these objections, they proceed to positive measures—for instance, stopping the move of a regiment until it is too late to bring it to bear—or just failing to get the order out, or getting it out with a lot of "ifs" and "ands" in it, or when pushed, simply telling lower commanders to lay off and not carry it out. Or just put on a demonstration and report opposition too strong. I can't shoot them; I can't relieve them; and just talking to them does no good. So the upshot of it is that I am the stooge who does the dirty work and takes the rap. (This is what I hope will be corrected by the conference of April 1st.)

But it has long since become a commonplace of political observation that the minority and not the majority is the more dangerous to the common well-being, for it is the minority that most frequently uses government to its own ends.

—VERNON LOUIS PARRINGTON: Main Currents in American Thought (Harcourt, Brace).

April 1. April Fool Day. Am I the April fool? From 3/19 to 4/1 in Burma, struggling with the Chinese, the British, my own people, the supply, the medical service, etc., etc. Incidentally, with the Japs.

Through stupidity, fear and the defensive attitude we have lost a grand chance to slap the Japs back at Toungoo. The basic reason is Chiang Kai-shek's meddling. Had he let me concentrate at Pyinmana, we would have been set to attack. Had he not stopped the 22nd Division when I ordered it in, we would have had plenty of force to cut off the Japs when they first went around Toungoo. Had he not gone behind my back to Generals Tu and Lin Wei, they might have obeyed my orders. He can't keep his hands off. Sixteen hundred miles from the front, he writes endless instructions to do this and that, based on fragmentary information and a cockeyed conception of tactics. He thinks he knows psychology; in fact, he thinks he knows everything, and he wobbles this way and that, changing his mind at every change in the action. We hang on, and he says, "'Get all set for a push right into Rangoon." He gets a gloomy report and sends word to dig in at Pyinmana. He curses the British for falling back, and does the same thing himself without reference to them. He is hipped on holding Mandalay and can't see that the way to hold it is to lick the Japs at Toungoo. He lets the native sabotage decide the strategy of the campaign. He tells me to keep in my own sector and have nothing to do with the British and then says Alexander can comma... He lets Yü Fei P'eng send me 50 trucks wh... I tell him I need 150.

Madamissima (Madame Chiang K... shek). A clever, brainy woman. Sees ... Western viewpoint. (By this I mean she ... appreciate the mental reactions of a foreig... to the twisting, indirect and underco... methods of Chinese politics and warmaki... Direct, forceful, energetic, loves power, e... up publicity and flattery, pretty weak on ... history. No concessions to the Western vi... point in all China's foreign relations. ... Chinese were always right; the foreign... were always wrong. Writes entertainingly ... superficially, with plenty of sarcasm for W... ern failings but without mention of any... China's little faults. Can turn on charm... will. And knows it. Great influence on Chi... Kai-shek, mostly along the right lines too... great help on several occasions.

Chiang Kai-shek has been boss so long ... has so many yes-men around him that he ... the idea he is infallible. He is, however, ... termined and forceful, and wants to get ... with the war. He is not mentally stable, ... he will say many things to your face tha... doesn't mean fully or exactly. My only c... cern is to tell him the truth and go about ... business. It is patently impossible for m... compete with the swarms of parasites ... sycophants that surround him.

April 4. We are making arrangeme... for the April 8/9 party [the Doolittle rai... Tokyo] but the three ... sential fields have all b... bombed. [The Dooli... raiders were to land ... Chekiang, one of Chi... eastern provinces, wh... usable airfields awa... them.] Leak? Or just ... caution by the Japs? ... pect talk in Washin...

April 5. Bad weat... Off at 11:00 A.M. Lunc... Kunming at 2:00. L... Yun [the governor ... Yünnan province] ... Comical little duck. Lashio at 6:00. Bu... rifles and bagpipes for G-mo. To Po... House for Lin Wei's exposition of the sic... ation. No change in Yedashe front.

On Stilwell's return he found the front ... withdrawn to the north but was still int... He proceeded with his plans, hoping to ... back on Pyinmana, where his main forces w... concentrated; draw the Japanese after him ... a trap; bloody their noses; and then, if ne... sary, retire in orderly fashion toward blo... Mandalay.

Before any of the plans for the Pyinm... trap could come to fruit, the Japanese, hea... reinforced, struck at the British flank in ... west at Yenangyaung, the oil center. Then ... the searing heat of the Burmese spring ... trapped and all but destroyed the polyglot ... Burmese Division. Stilwell sped the Chi... reserve to the rescue of the British. No so... had they been saved, however, than the cri... blow of the campaign fell: the Japanese, pu... ing through the dirt roads and jungle of ... Thailand border, fell on the eastern flan... Burma and ripped the Chinese line wide o... Destroying the Chinese 55th Division so c... pletely that it never thereafter was listed a... on Chinese military records, they raced n... through the 6th Army front toward Lashio ... the unprotected Burma Road.

The objective of the campaign thereafte... came elemental survival. The line had ... turned beyond any hope of reconstruction, ... the Allied command problem became sir... the withdrawal of its troops.

Stilwell raced the 200th Division by ... train and truck eastward toward the open fl... hoping to slow the enemy column spee... north. The 200th Division arrived late. ... well demanded from Chinese civilian age... in the rear use of their trucks to rush troo... shore up the gaps in his crumbling front. T... he was denied, for Chinese trucks were too ... evacuating supplies that would be pric... in China to spare transport for military ... poses.

As Stilwell struggled back with his Ch... troops through Mandalay and Shwebo to... north, he learned that the Japanese had s... Lashio, thus effectively cutting the Burma l...

(Continued on Page 172)

E DOROTHY GRAY GALLERY OF FASCINATING WOMEN—ONE OF A SERIES



it of Mrs. Alden S. Blodget of New York, professionally known as Cornelia Otis Skinner, painted by Gladys Rockmore Davis, distinguished American artist. Mrs. Blodget is us as stage star, author, and for her "one-woman-theatre." Mrs. Davis is represented in the Metropolitan and Swope Museums, Pennsylvania Academy, Corcoran Gallery.



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(Continued from Page 170)

and the escape route by which he had planned to withdraw his men to China.

Since his command authority over the Chinese had evaporated, Stilwell now sought to save the U. S. Army personnel that had been confided to his care. He hoped that he could send them north over the meter-gauge railway from Mandalay to Myitkyina. Stilwell's plans were suddenly cut short when a head-on collision occurred on the railway north of the town of Wuntho. The tracks became useless. Since there was no highway through the jungle to Myitkyina, American headquarters personnel had been trapped.

It was now a matter of walking out of Burma, or of waiting to be seized by the Japanese.

Stilwell chose to walk.

The long walk out of Burma was an agony that Stilwell shared with all those other hundreds of thousands who were fleeing the Japanese. The Stilwell party was numbered among the few that survived.

There was in Stilwell less of the martinet, perhaps, than in any other American officer of so high a rank. But the march and the survival of his party depended on their strictest obedience and cohesion. There were disease, jungle, enemy, elephants, tigers, snakes—and most of all hunger and exhaustion—to meet or avoid. Stilwell bound the party together with the thongs of his spirit. His was a polyglot crew—26 Americans, 13 British, 16 Chinese, a bevy of Burmese nurses from the Seagrave Military Hospital, several civilians, some Indian cooks and mechanics. He led the daily treks, counting cadence. He checked baggage and marching order. He cursed, snarled, tongue-lashed his people—and brought every man through alive.

May 26 (7 a.m.), New Delhi. Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. Ole Pappy calling from India, and reporting in from Burma. Everything O.K. I'm a little underweight—to be quite truthful, I look a good deal like the guy in the medical book with his skin off, showing the next layer of what have you. However, I'm eating it on again fast. I was glad to get my gang out of the jungle. Most of them now consider me more of a mean old so-and-so than ever, because I made them all play ball. Rank or no rank. We had quite a trip, which I suppose will now be exaggerated, as usual, till it's unrecognizable.

Tomorrow or next day I'll be going back to report to the Gissimo and I sure have an earful for him. He's going to hear stuff he never heard before and it's going to be interesting to see how he takes it. I have hopes that someday we can step on these —— [Japs] and end the war, and if I am lucky enough I can go back and have a few days at a place called Carmel, where there are a few people I know who will welcome a vulgar old man, even though he has proven a flop and has been kicked around by the Japs. Meanwhile, the vulgar old man is trying to think up a scheme to kick them around.

To put the world in order, we must first put the nation in order; to put the nation in order, we must put the family in order; to put the family in order, we must cultivate our personal life; and to cultivate our personal life, we must first set our hearts right. —CONFUCIUS.

For eighteen months—from late spring, 1942, to early winter, 1943—General Stilwell was not again to hear the sound of enemy fire. His war, instead, was to be a war of tangled wills, of staff conferences, of desk drudgery, of intrigue, ambition and politics.

The outlines of the struggle that was to occupy and absorb all of Stilwell's energy were established within a few weeks of his escape from the jungle. The grand strategy was the defeat of Japan. China's role was to be the anvil upon which the hammers of American power in the Pacific might shatter Japan's armies. Stilwell, as commander in chief of the CBI theater, was responsible for providing the supply, training and leadership to go with China's huge pool of peasant muscle and courage.

Burma was a great Japanese-occupied wedge thrust north between British India on the west and China on the east. To drive the Japanese from the jungle of North Burma and cut a road across its mountains required the co-operation of both the British and the Chinese. Stilwell's assignment was to urge, plead, threaten and beg both Chinese and British—over whom he had no real command power—to organize for the immediate reconquest of North Burma to end the blockade.

Theoretically, both British and Chinese agreed to the necessity and urgency of the campaign. But neither the British nor the Chinese were willing to put up the troops necessary for the operation. Stilwell fought a continuing battle to make his allies bring their promises to fulfillment.

While he urged combat to end the blockade he devoted himself simultaneously to the twin problems of training and leadership within the Chinese armies. This task brought Stilwell into politics. The long war in China had seen the troops gathered in pulpy groupings and fixed immobile in the provinces they occupied. Almost every province had as its civil governor an army general. Over the years, army politicians had won the upper hand over line commanders. As Stilwell tried to regroup and retrain Chinese units he found himself shaking the inner structure of the Chinese command, and inevitably he was drawn closer and closer to an examination of the politics and government that had produced such an army.

Underweight from his ordeal in Burma, exhausted by his march out, his wiry frame worn thin by dysentery and jaundice, Stilwell entered on his work in the summer of 1942 with no pause to recover his health and strength. By the end of May he was already planning the details of reconquest.

Nine thousand Chinese troops had escaped from the Burmese disaster. Stilwell wished to make these the nucleus of a well-trained Chinese-American force to strike back toward the Burma Road from upper Assam. He was to get Chiang's assent to the training of these troops at a military camp in Central India called Ramgarh.

General Stilwell's home and headquarters in Chungking clung to the side of one of the city's tumbling hills. Prior to Stilwell's arrival the central government had taken over the house as residence for a list of distinguished personages that included both T. V. Soong and Owen Lattimore. When General Stilwell arrived it was turned over to him as personal headquarters and staffed by the government with twenty-nine servants: seven gardeners, two gardeners, four houseboys, one cook and two kitchenmen, four water boys to haul water to the rooftop tank, three general servants and odds and ends whose function was never defined. Their duties were as much to watch Stilwell as to care for him. The Chinese espionage system kept him under surveillance, and on at least one occasion he found agents shuffling through his desk papers. Stilwell reduced this staff as soon as possible, and while he was there it operated with reasonable efficiency. A foul-tempered monkey, which had the run of the house, bit everyone except General Stilwell, General Dodd (its owner) and one of the servants.

Stilwell's staff lived in the various rooms in the basement and on the first floor. His own suite consisted of a very large and very gloomy bedroom, a bathroom with wretched plumbing and a small office in which he did most of his work and thinking. Of the two and a half years in the CBI theater, Stilwell probably spent no more than eight months in this house; but it was more home than any other spot in Asia.

June 4, Chungking. Got [Doctor] Mendelsohn to look me over. He says jaundice, perhaps due to bad yellow-fever serum last February. To bed and a purge in morning. At 12:30 to see Chiang Kai-shek and Madame. Both very pleasant. He invited me to Huang Shan for week end. I gave them the full story, pulling no punches and naming names.

June 7, Chungking, Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. When I got here I was met by letters from you and it sure was good to have them. Your letters are the only bright spot in a drab existence, so send one occasionally. I am enclosing a few photos taken at Dinjan just after I had gotten out of the jungle, to prove to you that I am not nearly dead yet, although I am a bit skinny. Dorn and I dropped about 20 pounds apiece, but we'll get it all back. I did not waste much time in India. Took three days to polish off the paper work at Delhi; then shoved off.

We finally got here on June 3, and next day I made a report to the Big Boy. I told him the whole truth. There are several things cooking now which will take a long talk; I hope some good will come of them.

(Continued on Page 175)



"My Lux Soap facials leave skin softer, smoother"

says this famous star



another product of Brothers mpany



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use this care for lovely Lux Complexions

Here's a *proved* complexion care! In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap by skin specialists, 3 out of 4 complexions became lovelier in a short time. Famous screen stars trust their million-dollar complexions to this gentle beauty soap.

"It's wonderful the way my daily Lux Soap care really makes skin lovelier," Susan Peters tells you. "I work the fragrant lather in thoroughly. As I rinse and then pat with a soft towel to dry, skin takes on fresh new beauty!" Don't let neglect cheat you of romance. Take the screen stars' tip!

IN VENICE—a Hand Kiss—and then



I felt like a movie star! On the Piazza San Marco, an Italian I'd met, came up and kissed my hand. Jim (this American boy) said, "Pretty silly, this hand-kissing." But later...



Right in front of the Doge's Palace, Jim took bo hands. "Mm-m-soft," he said. "Maybe there is som to kissing a girl's hand." It just shows...I was sm use Jergens Lotion and keep my hands nice. Be



Look what happened! One dreamy moonlight night in a gondola, Jim said he really loves me. "Never let any other man kiss your darling hands," he said. "They're mine now."

And-Oh, how soft I'll keep my hands for him. I'll always use Jergens Lotion.

Lucky for you there's Jergens—more effective than ever today. Due to recent research, your hands are even softer now, deliciously smoother with Jergens Lotion care. Protects longer, too.

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Movie Stars, too—what's their experience? The Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion.

Be just as clever—use today's even-finer Jergens Lotion. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). And lovely to use—never oily; no stickiness.

USED BY MORE WOMEN THAN ANY OTHER HAND CARE IN ALL THE WORLD



For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion

(Continued from Page 172)

bruary, when they inoculated us llow fever, they had some bad ich is now causing jaundice. This undice apparently caught up with ming and after I got here the doc I am taking it easy and coming id only speak of it to let you know, a hear I've been sick.

Two weeks of this God-damn All Mendelsohn can suggest is to

. [A Chinese general] came in. n if Chiang Kai-shek could be attack Burma]. He said I might do it—certainly nobody else could. l that no one dares tell him any- easant. "Ho Ying-ch'in [Chief of hinese Army] is the leader of the roup but he does not dare tell the e is anything wrong." Asked him no was really worried. He said, art" he thinks he is, but he is put- big front of being in full control. es Chiang Kai-shek look at me? he realizes I tell him the truth, ar he ignores. I am a convenient which he can side-step the British. that by an order to me (Aren't you of staff?) he can make use of any supplies and units available. He n friendly to China and expects me the Chinese side of any question I am the visible sign of American

double-crossed me in Burma. He e me [the] *kuan-fang* [official seal] *su ling* [commander in chief]. He taken the trouble to answer any ave given him. He won't clean up se army.
stion now is, What do I do next? re, or resign?

. Better and better now. Appe- oving. Doc brought some candy. Brereton: No women to China.

. Surprise radio from T. V. Soong gton]. Through Madame [Chiang]. a bucket of soft soap all over word I've had from him. It seems sten to me in the U. S. and won't y and wire the War Department n sending stuff to China. Maybe ad word of the serious shipping But something is up and some nay come out of it.

. Madame Chiang at 5:00. She w cracks and I came back at her. ai-shek came in early.
nce started badly. [Chinese] troops ast rest and I look out for them.

Get busy on the big picture (!). 1. Plan for stabilization as is. 2. Plan for the counter-offensive. (Basis of 500 planes [in China] and 5000 tons a month [over Hump].) I threw in the artillery training scheme and it caught Chiang Kai-shek's fancy.

Lesson in Psychology. How to handle Chinese commanders. [Chiang Kai-shek speaking.] "I have to lie awake nights, thinking what fool things they may do. Then I write and tell them not to do these things. But they are so dumb, they will do a lot of foolishness unless you anticipate them. This is the secret of handling them—you must imagine everything that they can do that would be wrong, and warn them against it. That is why I have to write so many letters." (Apparently, my dig got under his skin, and he felt called on to explain himself a bit.)

In late June, an incident occurred that was to signal the beginning of the long personal struggle between Chiang and Stilwell. This was the sudden withdrawal of American air units from India to bolster the perilous situation in the Middle East, where Rommel beat on the gates of Alexandria. When this happened, Stilwell found himself suddenly confronted with a Chinese ultimatum—the famous Three Demands: Chiang demanded that three United States divisions be dispatched forthwith to the Burma front; that 500 planes with concomitant replacements be assured him; that the United States guarantee him 5000 tons a month of airborne supplies over the Hump by August. The American Government was forced to reject Chiang's demands, and Chiang's incandescent wrath was focused on Stilwell. His longing for Stilwell's removal was conceived. In Stilwell's mind, at the same time, grew the feeling that he was webbed about with plot and conspiracy. A message of President Roosevelt to Chiang firmly supporting Stilwell was never delivered to Chungking by the Chinese Embassy in Washington.

June 25. Bang! Brereton to go to Egypt with all the heavy bombers and all the transports he needs. Bang! The A-29's are to be held at Khartoum and diverted to the British. Now what can I say to the G-mo? We fail in *all* our commitments, and blithely tell him to just carry on, old top. The AVG is breaking up, our people are dead slow about replacing it, the radio-net operators don't arrive, and our boys are brand-new at the game. All we have on the record is the sad Lashio show. [The first American bombing raid on Lashio by B-25's; nine B-25's set out on this mission from India planning to bomb Lashio, and then land in China. Only two planes landed successfully in China, the radio operator of one of them dead at his panel.]

June 26. 11:00 A.M. Put the hard word on Chiang Kai-shek. He was primed, I believe.



"It was awfully nice of you to think of going home so early!"



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It's amazing! Yes, and it's true. A Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as an expensive beauty shop wave. The Toni twins show it—and *you* can prove it today. But before buying the Toni kit you'll want to know—

Will TONI work on my hair?

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Must I be handy with my hands?

Not at all! If you can roll your hair up on curlers you can give yourself a smooth, professional-looking permanent with Toni. Just by following the easy directions.

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Why is TONI a Creme?

Because Toni Creme Waving Lotion waves the hair gently—leaves it soft as silk with no frizziness, no dried-out brittleness even on the first day.

How much will I save with TONI?

The Toni Home Permanent Deluxe Kit with re-usable plastic curlers costs only $2...Regular Kit with handy fiber curlers only $1.25. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is just $1. (Prices slightly higher in Canada).

Which Twin has the TONI?

Lucerne and Suzanne McCullough, pictured above, are well-known New York artists. Suzanne, at the right, is the Toni twin, and she says "My Toni wave was soft and natural-looking the very first day. That's why Lucerne says her next wave will be a Toni, too."

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Said the President had assured him the 10th Air Force was for use in China. Why then was part of it diverted without notifying him? He was fed up and couldn't believe the President knew the facts. In any case, I was to radio and ask for Yes or No on the question, "Is the U. S. interested in maintaining the China Theater?" (So I did.)

5:00 P.M. Madame called. Long radio from T. V. [Soong]. Now I'm the villain. I sabotaged the Chinese transport grab by saying we couldn't use more than 100 [transport planes]. I sabotaged the four-engine bomber transport [scheme] by saying we didn't want them. I won't ask for anything, so of course the War Department won't send it. I threw it right back at them, telling them what I had asked for, and inviting attention to priorities and tonnage allotted for May-to-October period. Explained the gas bottleneck, and the airfield bottleneck. Madame cooled off rapidly and finally came down to a walk, but I'm afraid I am now suspect. Also, I'm afraid the War Department is using me as a whipping boy. "In a jam, blame it on Stilwell."

July 3. Madame Empress [Madame Chiang] called for my report to Washington—and got it, without recommendations. She got hot on the phone and started to bawl me out, so I said I should like to see her. Kept me waiting till Tong got there; brought in Pearl Ch'en [Madame Chiang's secretary] and took down everything I said. Obviously mad as hell. She had snapped the whip and the stooge had not come across, and she'd reported to Chiang Kai-shek that I had. My position: the whole thing was rigged; it was simply a clarification of the second of the "*three minimum demands*," and so had passed beyond my province to comment on, till called on by my Government to do so. I was called in and given the orders of Chiang Kai-shek on the subject.

"And what would I recommend if asked?" I would study the question and recommend what was feasible and what would help win the war, if it turned out to be 800 or 1500 planes. "But doesn't your position as chief of staff give you the right to speak up?" I repeated that I felt I was being given orders. I then showed her how the program tied in on the freight line, and what 5000 tons [across the Hump] meant (304 planes, 275 crews, 3400 officers and enlisted men on ground, 5 fields each end, each to take 50 transports). She began to get some light. (I took some of the onus; as a matter of fact, I should have thrown the raw meat on the floor on the 1st.) But I told her I thought the G-mo wanted a soldier and not a rubber stamp or transmitting agency. And I also told her that at the first sign of lack of confidence, I wanted to go home. She had me dictate for the G-mo what I wanted to say about the message to the War Department, so I did.

July 5. Now Currie [Lauchlin Currie, Special Administrative Aide to President Roosevelt, later in charge of Lend-Lease for China] is coming out. They [the Chinese] asked for Harry Hopkins. They're off on the wrong foot again. Apparently, now that the stooge [Stilwell] won't come across, Soong is sending somebody that will.

Blood count showed worms. So I swallowed five doubtful-looking pills at noon. I knew there must be something the matter with me. Full list of "medicine," 36 hours: spirit of peppermint; paregoric; sulfathiazole; cough sirup; vitamin pills; magnesium; sulphate; luminol; hypoderme. Feeling better!

July 7. Broadcast at 9.00 P.M. Ho Ying-ch'in, 15 minutes; J. W. Stilwell, 1 minute.

General Stilwell's July 7 Broadcast: Five years ago today I went to Wan P'in Hsien to find out what was going on in a clash between Japanese and Chinese troops reported there. I found that the Japane attacking the town and that much surprise, the Chinese were putting u ited resistance. The defense of Luk proved to be prophetic and symbo Chinese defense has stood up, and no five years, it is a privilege to be here tribute to the man who has carried t den and gone through the test of batt Chinese soldier. To me the Chinese best exemplifies the greatness of the people—their indomitable spirit, th complaining loyalty, their honesty pose, their steadfast perseverance. dures untold privations without a w he follows wherever he is led, witho tion or hesitation, and it never occur simple and straightforward mind th doing anything heroic. He asks for lit always stands ready to give all. I fe great honor, as a representative of th Army, to salute here today, the *Soldier.*

July 18. Long radio from M Chiang Kai-shek wired T. V. Soong had "wired the American staff of C refuse transfer of two transport A lie. Also that "Chiang Kai-shek beg me for Lend-Lease materials alre livered to China." Another dar (Don't I always as Some bastard is trying to discre Chiang Kai-shek with a long droo how I could not dual status, or else be in a position t his orders. Appar thinks that he tell chief of staff to g tanks and I have F.D.R. gave it rig to him, and told hi under the law, th dent's representat had a different stat that of chief of st

"Good-by, Gladly," six-year-old Joanna said to her Teddy bear as she started to school.

"Gladly! Is that the name of your bear?" the moppet's visiting aunt asked.

"Yessum. One of his eyes is crossed."

"But where did you get the name Gladly?"

"From the song we sing in Sunday school," Joanna replied. "Gladly the Cross I Bear."

July 20. How it Works. T Hsing Corp. [a government-owned corporation with monopolistic chart ers] buys bristles locally at $1.40 pound, sells them to us [the United S $3.40 U. S. a pound and kicks back to the dealer. This leaves a little $1.40 a pound for Foo Hsing and t who run it.

The [Chinese] government revenue No customs, no salt [tax], land tax c way ahead. So how shall the army and fed? Answer: Print money. T they print, the less it's worth, but t rate is pegged, so they buy from us ican gold, 20 to 1, when the rate shou least 100 to 1. [This question of the rate was to grow increasingly import ing the war. The U. S. Army maki chases in China had to pay for its p in Chinese currency. This currency to it by the Chinese government at nese dollars for $1, U. S. As the printed more and more paper the value dropped to 100, then 200, then Prices rose accordingly and purchase U. S. Army in the field became extrav expensive. It cost $10,000 U. S., for e to build a single toilet at an airfiel prices go up while the rate stands pat ing is coming in, so prices on foreign are fantastic. Substitutes also rise And so it goes. Then they print so and the prices jump some more. The can eat, but the government collec in kind to feed the army. This scarcity of food and so food price up. Etc., etc.

July 21. Still hot. John Davies Currie at 10:00. He has Delhi-B arrhea]. Very little hope on condi U. S., Australia, Europe, etc. He's Soong. So am I. Soong planted the me of running away. No hope for troops, in India. [Requires] too mu nage. Just the 10th Air Force and c

(Continued on Page 179)

BY APPOINTMENT PERFUMERS TO H. M. QUEEN MARY YARDLEY, LONDON



Yardley English Lavender,
$5.50, $2.85, $1.75, plus tax.

Yardley English Lavender Soap, 40c.
Box of three tablets, $1.20.

Memories are in the making...

for the world is young and

you're enchanting, when you're wearing

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FAMILY RIFT

There's a rift in many a family.

There are flaws between husbands and wives.

There are brawls among the youngsters. Grandparents are often involved.

What's the reason? Dodge is the reason, and the feuds concern "who gets the car."

Dodge

SMOOTHEST CAR "AFLOAT"

Lowest Priced Car with Fluid Drive

(Continued from Page 176)

ig. Swell outlook. Marshall says he ie me, however, so maybe all is not lost.

y 23. Long talk with Currie. He did ream the mess was as bad as it is. d him on the intriguing and lying, etc. rchill, in F.D.R.'s presence, told him Peanut [From this date on Chiang Kai- s normally referred to in General Stil- 's papers by the nickname Peanut] that nd would invade Burma in near future. e had hardly gotten the good news an- ed when the wire from Wellington Koo e saying that in view of the bad situa- n Africa, they would have to reverse the ncement! So now where are we?

y 25. Murder! Radio from George nall saying that Frank's [Roosevelt's] to Peanut and handed to Tommy [T. ong] for transmission was never sent. damn fool; didn't he know he'd be t? He should be called up, dressed , and thrown out. Imagine an official s position sup- ng a message of importance. No er I am in the use.

ust 4. Chow at ng Shan with s, Chiang Kai- , Madame Sun Currie. Madame [widow of Sun en, the founder e Kuomintang] most *simpática* e three women, probably the st. She is most nsive and lik- quiet and poised, misses nothing, l wear well. adame Chiang hek, is quick, in- ent; she's the ex- ve. Wants to get s done. Wishes were a man. n't think deeply, catches on in a y. Very frank open, but gely enough ac- without test re- and rumors that t to be verified e action is taken. ilsive to point precipitation. ame K'ung is ant but colorless; doesn't give a what goes on. to be mad about money. Well, she has gh now, so what the hell. Let other le worry about running the show.

iang Kai-shek was late. He had been his evening prayers, which are not to terrupted by anything. This is a new . Anyway, *he* takes it seriously, whether incere or not. Maybe he is fortifying his tion by communing with his Maker. He heavily on his supposed knowledge of hology (*Chinese* psychology). How do move a guy like that? How do you get oint of view? He can hurdle logic and n by using his "intuition"; he dis- s proven principles and methods by g that Chinese psychology is different; mps to a conclusion in keeping with a ed resemblance to some former experi- ; and his obstinacy refuses discussion. has lost all habit of discussion, in fact, use everybody around him is a yes man. one dares tell him an unpleasant truth, use he gets mad. He's in a fix, and best he can hope for is to maintain present unsatisfactory balance of influ- by fear and favor. He is not taking a e forward step, or doing anything con- to improve the position of China, and ncidentally, his own.

ilwell had two headquarters, Delhi and ngking. These were separated by about 2100 miles of flight—roughly the equivalent of the distance from Pittsburgh to Los Angeles. He made this trip almost as a commuting flight. The usual route was from Chungking to Kunming (about 450 miles) over tablelands 6000 to 10,000 feet high. He would normally pause for inspections at Kunming, where Chennault's air headquarters were located and where, in 1943 and 1944, almost all major American installations in China were located. From Kunming, his normal route led him 550 miles over the Hump—mountains lifting themselves to 17,000 feet in height—to the Assam bases of the Hump command. During '42 and '43 the Hump was Jap-patrolled. These bases—Chabua, Dinjan, Sookerating—were usually his jumping-off places for inspection of the Ledo Road or the North Burma front, which were within a few hundred miles of Upper Assam. From the Hump bases it was another 1100 miles to Delhi, where he negotiated with the British. From Delhi he would usually make his minor inspections at the Ramgarh training center (500 miles away) or the supply port of Karachi, 700 miles farther. The extremities of the Stilwell command actually spanned a larger distance than that from San Diego to Portland, Maine. When traveling, Stilwell and his crew flew night or day, good weather or foul.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Valley Forge

(Plastic Surgery Ward)

By Lysbeth Boyd Borie

She moves among them like the
sudden breath
Of dogwood from the winter-
loosened hills,
Her small, cool fingers, molding life
from death,
Plying their certain, many-petaled
skills.

Her bright faith passes to the
room's dull length,
Her lifted eyes lighten the
sightless task.
She grafts a part of her own fragile
strength
To each new wound, to every
wordless mask.

Others there were to know this
frozen place,
Others to wear these snows, yet
none more brave
To look each day beyond her
brother's face,
To lie each night within her
brother's grave.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. I have temporarily escaped from Chungking and its withering heat and come down to India to cool off; and incidentally look over the setup. Flew to Delhi and then down to Ramgarh (also Karachi), where we are working on Chinese troops. They are going to be good and I have great hopes that this will be a demonstration that may prove something to certain dumb clucks who are now bucking me. Most of our staff are there acting as instructors and everybody is enthusiastic. Came into Calcutta today to do some errands and get my glasses changed: they have to be strengthened again. The doc surprised me by saying the right eye is clear and the other should be operated, but no particular hurry. Just too bad not to see properly. Maybe I won't have to go around with a tin cup, after all.

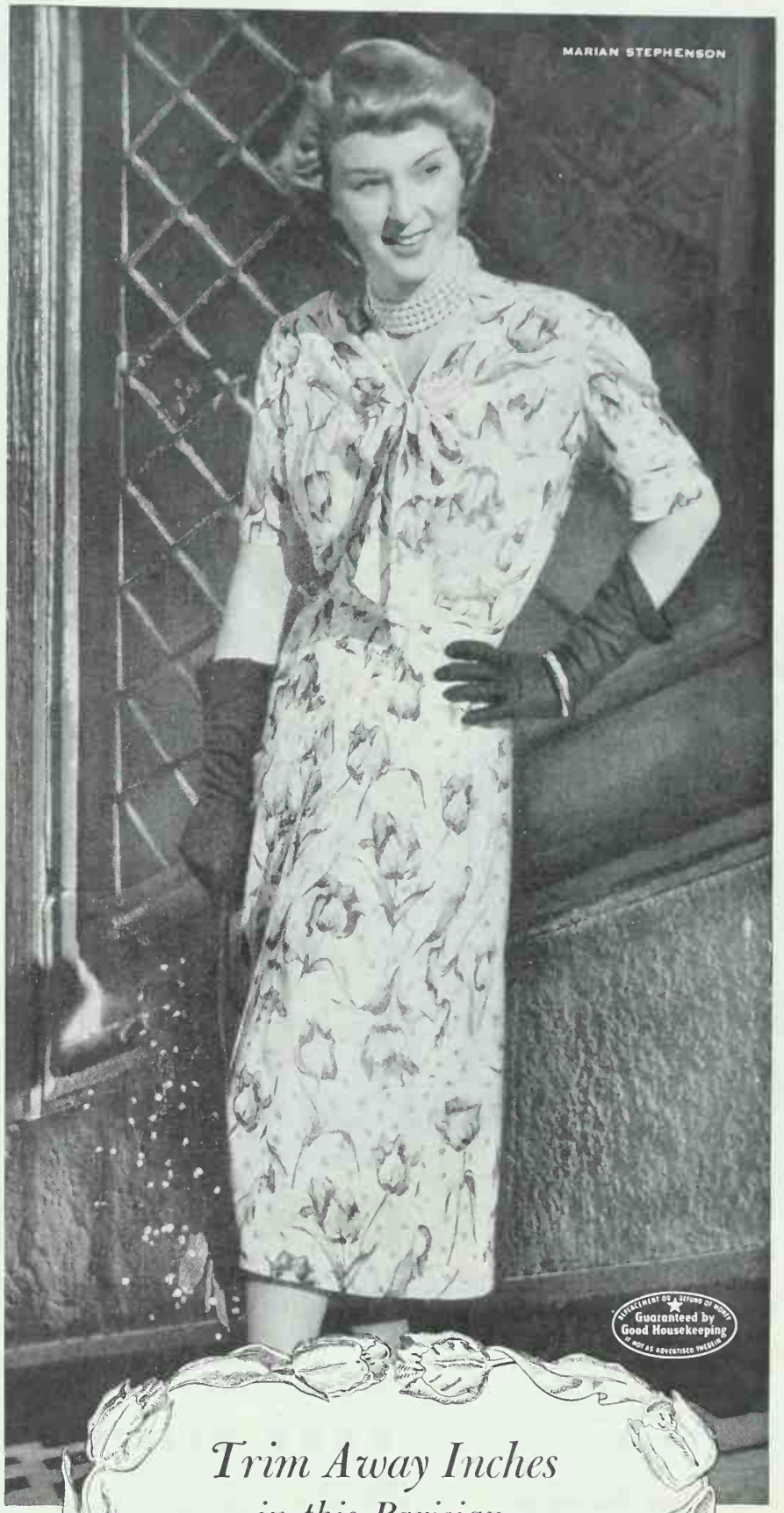
All North India is flooded and the railroads are having a terrible time. Added to the floods there are still enough "disturbances" to make travel precarious unless by plane. I prefer China to India, though it has its points. There were tigers on the artillery range [at Ramgarh] this week.

August 27. Off [from Ramgarh] at 8:30. Beautiful day. Quick trip to Delhi. 3½ hours. Saw Wavell. As usual, mumbly and indefinite.

The fall of 1942 saw Stilwell settling down to the plodding tasks of administration: the reorganization of the Chinese armies within China.

The 4,000,000 men of the Chinese army were a starved, sickly, underarmed, misled mass of peasant soldiers whose control and administration were shot through and through with politics, feudal grievances, personal jealousies and incompetence. It was a conscript army; for every soldier who died at the front, ten died of disease or deserted in the rear. The courage of its soldiery was never questioned; many of its individual officers were men of shining integrity—but as an instrument of war it had only a biological usefulness. It reacted, but could not act of itself.

Out of the 300-odd divisions of the Chinese army Stilwell wanted to carve a number of the



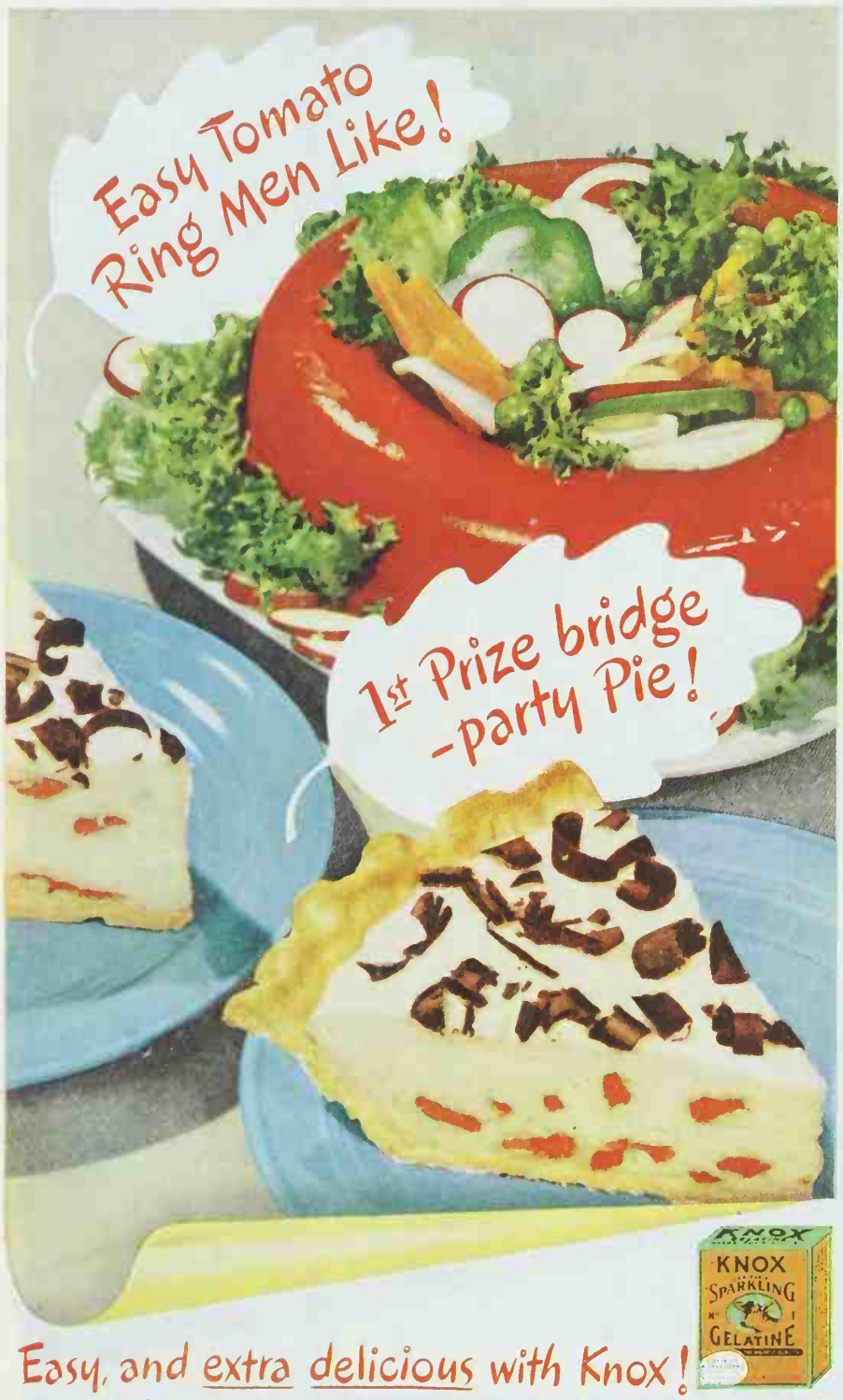
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LONGING for an extra-bright, tangy salad to spark up family meals? Make this Tomato Ring. So easy with Knox, and because Knox is pure, unflavored gelatine, you get all that real, tomato flavor. For company, try the heavenly light Nesselrode Chiffon Pie. Both these grand Knox treats can be made ahead, for quicker, easier meal-getting! For more Knox recipes, see "P.S." below!

KNOX GELATINE

SPICY TOMATO RING
(Serves 6; uses ¼ pkg.)

Soften: 1 envelope Knox Gelotine
in: ¼ cup cold woter
Let this stand.
Mix: 2 cups tomoto juice or canned or fresh tomotoes
2 boy leoves
1 teospoon solt
1 stolk celery, chopped
4 teospoons grated onion
Dash cayenne pepper
Simmer 10 minutes. Strain. Stir in gelatine until dissolved.
Add: 2 toblespoons mild vinegor
2 toblespoons lemon juice
Pour into large ring mold that has been rinsed in cold water. Chill. When firm, unmold on lettuce. Fill center with mixed vegetable salad (fresh or cooked). Serve with dressing. *Note:* To make this salad with tomato puree, dilute 1 cup puree with 1 cup water.

NESSELRODE CHIFFON PIE
(Filling for one 9-inch pie shell)

Soften: 1 envelope Knox Gelotine
in: ¼ cup cold woter
Let this stand. Scald (don't boil):
1 cup milk
1 cup thin creom
Beat slightly:
3 egg yolks
Beat in: ¼ cup sugor
½ teospoon solt
Add scalded milk and cream to egg mixture slowly, stirring as you do. Cook over hot water until mixture coats the spoon (about 7 minutes), stirring constantly. Remove from stove. Stir in gelatine until completely dissolved. Cool.
Add: 2 teospoons rum flovoring or 3 toblespoons rum or sherry
Chill. Beat stiffly:
3 egg whites
Beat in: ⅓ cup sugor
When mixture begins to thicken fold in egg whites.
Add: 1 toblespoon moroschino cherries, chopped
Fill baked pie shell. Sprinkle with shaved chocolate. Chill.

P.S. FREE —write to Jane Knox, Box LH-2, Johnstown, N.Y., for her beautifully illustrated recipe book.

best, retrain, re-equip and feed them. It was obviously impossible for America or for the limited American personnel in Asia to re-form the entire army—and the U. S. Army had decided that 30 divisions was the maximum they could effectively reorganize.

The delay and frustration attendant on the 30-division program were composed of a host of tiny nagging frictions, no one of them important in itself. Considered as a unified chunk of history, however, the evolution of the 30 division program floodlit all the great gulf between the life of America and life under the Kuomintang.

The personalities in whom the great cleavage expressed itself were Chiang Kai-shek and Ho Ying-ch'in on the one hand, and General Stilwell on the other. Again and again, Stilwell records with exuberant delight that he has finally wrung assent to a program of action from Chiang; and then the weeks spin by while the promise grows sterile, is forgotten, and its execution becomes a wretched process of bargaining. It was almost a full year, from Chiang Kai-shek's prewar promise in the fall of 1941 to the fall of 1942, before the 30 divisions of the program were even designated specifically. It was months after that before Stilwell could finally wring out of the Chinese staff the name of a commander to command these divisions. The Chinese readily assented to the shipment of troops to India for feeding, re-equipping and training—but week after week went by while the Americans waited for the troops to be made physically available at the airports for transportation across the Hump.

Stilwell was insistent that the reconquest of Burma begin immediately. The 30-division force which he hoped to establish in Kunming—and which was designated by the code name YOKE force—was one of the three vital units in the plan for reconquest. Once equipped, it was to strike down the Burma Road into Burma from the east, to effect a junction with the Ramgarh Chinese forces striking from India. Speed and efficiency of execution were necessary, but the YOKE program crawled ahead at the pace of a bullock cart.

Two forms of society were clashing: the mechanized, articulated American system of command, responsibility and accountability; and the ancient habits of feudalism which Chiang found himself powerless to alter. When Stilwell demanded over and over that commitments be fulfilled, Chiang, protesting violation of sovereignty, refused to reform his apparatus of government. American dignitary after dignitary flew to China for visits varying from a week to a month. Unanimously they were gratified by Chiang's willingness to agree; they left happy with his promises. Stilwell, they thought, trying to bring promise to execution, richly deserved his nickname "Vinegar Joe."

September 7. John Liu in for Chinese lesson. Willkie coming via Russia, cutting out India.

Saw Ho Ying-ch'in at 5:30. Pleasant enough. Invited him to Ramgarh. He bit. Nothing done on the 30-division plan.

September 9. Chinese [lesson] with John Liu. Liu Fei in to educate me. I'd like to push him off the dock. Exhausted with the effort. Nap. Walk. Movies. Madame is back and has summoned [me] to the presence!

September 12. Department of Dirt. When the Peanut's first wife came here, Madame beat it to Hong Kong for three months. They had a fight, but it did not do her any good. Hollington Tong went down to patch it up. The family life is occasionally enlivened by a few rounds of spirited infighting, but this is spoken of only by a few intrepid souls in hushed whispers in great confidence. Peanut has two sons. One (32) is a sort of district chief in Kiangsi, controlling six or eight *hsien* [counties]. The other (24) is a major on Hu Tsung-nan's staff. This one has the reputation of being a pretty good egg. The other is also doing a fairly good job; he goes around dressed like a coolie and popping in on *hsien* magistrates at inconvenient times.

Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. Just a few photos to show you I did get rid of the jaundice. This is the fourth consecutive day of sunshine, which is a world's record for this dump at this time of year. Bombing always stops September 1, and the mantle of fog, murk, mud and muck takes charge till April, but something is screwy this year, and it becomes an open invitation to the Japs to come up and see us. We have a dugout handy, however, and also a little surprise waiting, out at the airfield. The reception committee is standing by.

Willkie arrives this afternoon and he has a full schedule for his visit. He has to go to lunch, tea and dinner every day he is here. They are going to drag him around to see schools and factories and girl scouts and sewing circles and arsenals and keep him well insulated from pollution by Americans. The idea is to get him so exhausted and keep him so torpid with food and drink that his faculties will be dulled and he'll be stuffed with the right doctrines.

October 5. Saw Willkie at 2:30. He didn't ask a question. Completely sold on Chiang Kai-shek and Madame. Advised me to put it on with a trowel. To hell with that stuff.

Willkie is being thoroughly immersed in soft soap, adulation and flattery. All the "front-line fighters" are "inspired by his presence." "Victory has been brought closer." Etc., etc., etc.

To judge a person's character by only one of its manifestations is like judging the sea by a jugful of its water. We miss the waves, the tides, the roar, the gold of the setting sun, the silver of the moon, the boats that cleave its flanks, the treasures that sleep on its bed, the stilled battles which the foams cover as fields of daffodils cover the cemeteries of the earth.

—PAUL ELDRIDGE: Horns of Glass (Harbinger House).

October 7. Willkie off, thank God. On Pai Shih Yi trip he hardly spoke to me. Utterly indifferent.

Hsieh Yu Lan showed up. "Got a piece of bad news (wife died) and a piece of good news (getting married on October 10)." Still giggling and cheerful.

All the Allies agreed that the Burma campaign would begin in mid-February of 1943. The fall was to be a period of high preparation on both sides of the Burma wedge, and Stilwell took it on himself to urge both his reluctant allies to activity.

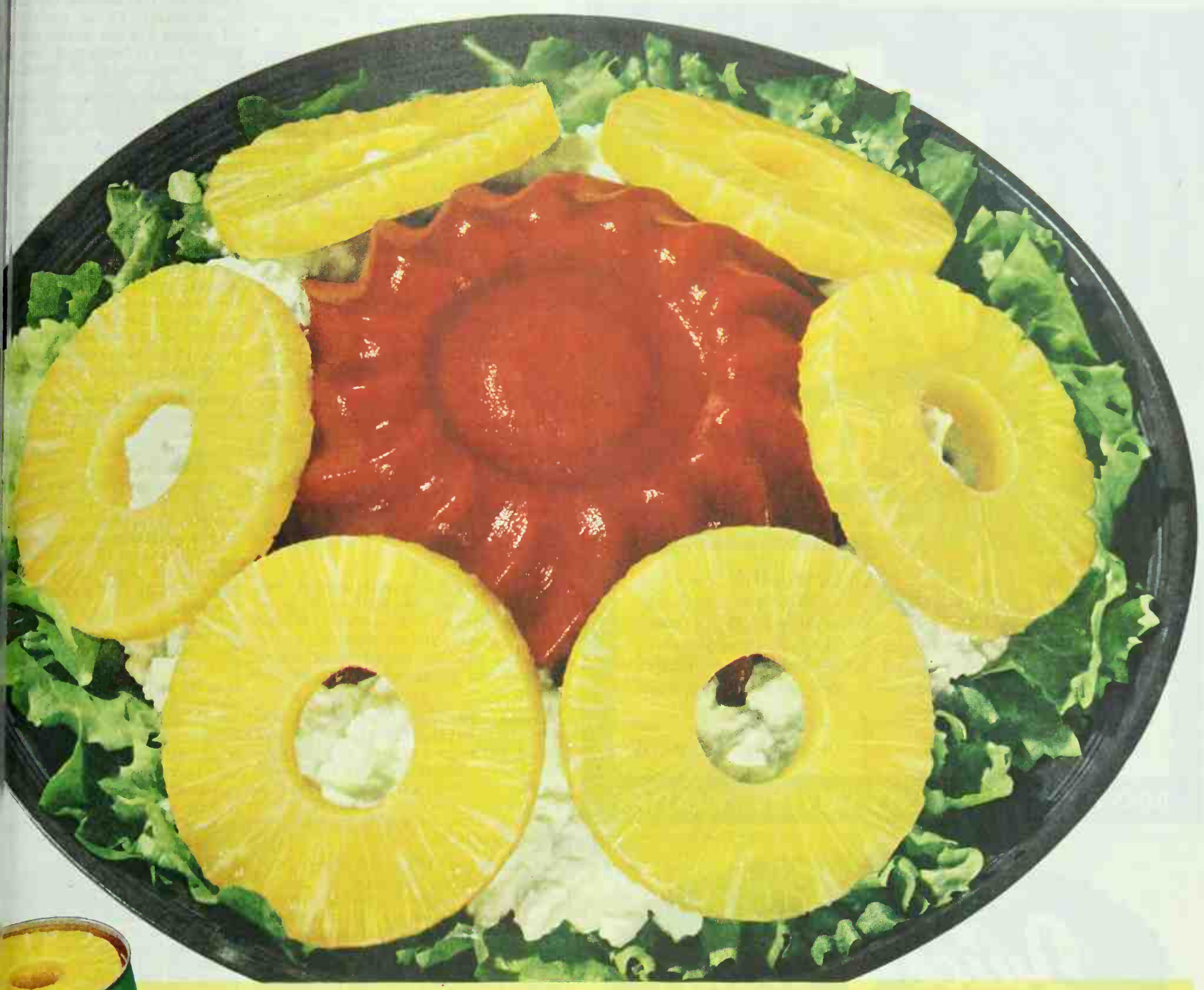
In India, Stilwell's particular project was the training of the Chinese combat force—the X force—at Ramgarh. He had, with some difficulty, persuaded Chiang to fly 45,000 troops from China over the Hump for training at Ramgarh and eventual use on the North India-North Burma border. With some help from Washington, Stilwell won British acceptance of the Chinese training project and their promise to commit seven British Indian divisions to the attack on the Japanese in South Burma.

October 21. (Delhi.) Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. This is the fourth day of continuous conferences and paper pushing, from early dawn to dewy eve and on to murky midnight, and I'm fed up. I'm in no shape to write even a note, but I don't know when I'll get another chance. In general we're getting along—our Limey friends are sometimes a bit difficult, but there are some good eggs among them. It is no fun bucking *two* nationalities to get at the Japs, but George Marshall is backing up the line in grand shape and maybe something will come out of the struggle.

We had a big party last night. I had Archie [Wavell] on my right and the chief justice on my left. The British don't quite know how to take me—I catch them looking me over occasionally with a speculative glint in their eyes. Some of them that I had thought most hidebound and icy prove to have a good deal of my point of view and take delight in watching me stick the prod into the Most High.

No date. Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. Our training school for the Chinese troops is going in grand style. The boys are learning fast. They get good chow, medical attention, efficient instruction *and* their pay, as well as movies, athletics, etc. They love it; as you know, Chinese troops have never experienced such treatment. They'll be good. The Peanut is, I believe, quite impressed. Unless he is

(Continued on Page 182)





Brightest thing on lettuce this spring!



You can tell by that sparkling, sunny flavor—we let Del Monte pineapples take their own sweet time to ripen.

Only pineapples treated with such respect can give you the *full* measure of rich, tropical goodness you find in Del Monte. The slower the ripening, the finer the flavor.

Just set fork to tender, juicy *Sliced*. Give luscious *Crushed* a whirl in your favorite salad or dessert. Pour yourself a big, frosty glass of refreshing Del Monte Pineapple *Juice*.

You'll see (and taste) why it's always worth while to look for Del Monte Brand Pineapple—*any* style—and look for it *first*.

MERRY-GO-ROUND SALAD

- 1 No. 2½ can Del Monte Sliced Pineapple
- 4 tsps. gelatin
- 2 tsps. sugar
- 2 tsps. lemon juice
- 2 tsps. onion juice
- 4 tbsps. finely chopped green pepper (when in season)
- 2 cans Del Monte Tomato Sauce
- 2 cups cottage cheese

Soften gelatin in 1 cup of syrup from the pineapple. Dissolve over hot water. Cool. Cut 2 slices of pineapple into thin wedges and combine with sugar, lemon juice, onion juice, green pepper and Del Monte Tomato Sauce. Stir in the gelatin mixture and pour into 3½ cup mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on greens; surround with cottage cheese and remaining slices of Del Monte Pineapple, as shown. Serves 6.

GOLD SALAD (shown at left): Del Monte Crushed Pineapple teamed with dates, walnuts, and pimiento cheese.

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The most beautiful can opener made! In gleaming chrome and 4 smart colors! Single motion opens can, removes lid, rounding rims smoothly. Holds can firmly, releases gently. Features single action, floating cutter, no oiling.

WITH MAGNET $5.98 — ALL CHROME $6.95

AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 180)

terribly dumb, he will want to go on with this kind of business.

November 1. Up at 3:00, at field at 4:00. Nobody woke the aviators. Left engine wouldn't start. Off [across Hump] about 5:00. 17,000 feet—cold—5° below zero outside. Me in shorts. Near Kunming, lost the bearing and wandered around in the soup. Might have been nasty. Had lunch. Everything going nicely. Left at 1:00. Quick trip. In [to Chungking] at 3:15. To house and unpacked. Nothing changed.

November 16. Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. Joe's here! [Joe: General Stilwell's son, Lieut. Col. Joseph W. Stilwell, Jr.] Hooray! He came in with General Wheeler (never travels with anything less than a major general) and started right in talking. The first night I fell asleep at midnight and at breakfast he reproached me for not being attentive. He brought a grand envelope of letters and I've had a feast of reading. Which I will repeat tomorrow, pretending the mail has just come in. Thanks to all of you for taking time and trouble to "cheer up the meal" for Ole Pap. Joe was apparently relieved to find that I was not yet a hopeless wreck or living skeleton. The socks were delivered promptly and are gorgeous. If they will prevent cold feet you've done something for your country.

November 18. Everybody excited over Solomons fight. A.M. to Chiu Lung Po to see Snow White [Snow White is code for Madame Chiang Kai-shek, who was departing for the U. S. A.] off. Just the family out there. Madame Sun included. Said good-by and beat it.

November 19. We're rolling. We have now gotten both the Limeys and the Chinese committed, and working at it. If we can keep a fire lit under Wavell and horn in on command and training on this side, the job is in a fair way to get done. And since everybody said it was impossible, naturally I'm pulling for it hard.

November 26. White [Theodore White, war correspondent] in with sad tale of Paoshan front. Sickness, no food, no strength. Bad communications, etc. Williams in and talked at length. Sutherland appeared.

From George Marshall: For our "war," we are allotted (1) the Lend-Lease stuff we already have, (2) the personnel for training, (3) some engineer equipment, how much not known, (4) the "increasing effectiveness of the ferry line." My God. So that's the support we get to put on a campaign. I wonder what they gave them in Africa. Am I to comfort the Chin this prospect? I'll be damned i tell whether I'm just having my th whether they're laughing at me, or they can possibly be that dumb.

Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. This is giving Day and I received a mo priate message right on time. You have a little job to do over here, s for a few tools to do it with. I hav once without any tools and it didn't I reminded our folks of some pron made what I thought was a very m quest. You should have seen the Peanut and I are on a raft, with wich between us, and the rescue shi ing away from the scene. They are elsewhere for small fry like us, so w right ahead developing our charac working on that shoestring I had to me. I'll feel better tomorrow with giving behind me and Christmas al

November 28. Letter to Mrs. S For some reason or other I've nothi calendar this A.M. and I intend to day and then sit up all night and tr the Army-Navy game.

Please tell everybody not to try stuff to me—at any time. Nothin I believe all packages are thrown o or smoked or eaten, as soon as the sh port. It's a waste of money, so jus letters. It's grand to get mail, amount you've been doing is far m I deserve.

December 6. 10:30 meeting at *hui* [National Military Council]. A pool balls present—Ho, Liu Fei, *chün ling pu* [Bureau of Military Op boobies, hangers-on. The big table *We actually did business.* They aske questions about organization, supp mand, etc. Ho and Liu seemed to l side throughout. "How will com exercised?" They're asking *me* now is your opinion on so-and-so?" " be done?" Etc., etc. And they agre to *all* my suggestions. Most sat meeting I have attended.

Early in December, Stilwell's pla spring offensive were shaken.

General Wavell, in India, decided Burma offensive was much too difficu ect to undertake at the time. Stilwell Chungking to Delhi to reinstill him w dence; but the trip was only partially ful.

Returning to China, Stilwell found t was gnawing at all the preparatory tar The promises made by the Chinese s still far from implementation.

(Continued on Page 184)



"Match them up as closely as you can. I was supposed to water them regularly while my wife's away."

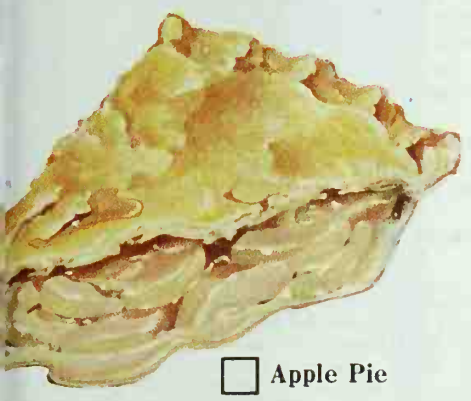
Check your husband's favorite pie



☐ Cherry Pie



☐ Banana Cream Pie



☐ Apple Pie



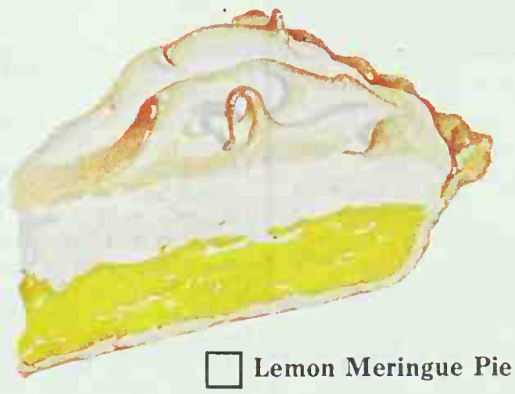
☐ Raisin Pie



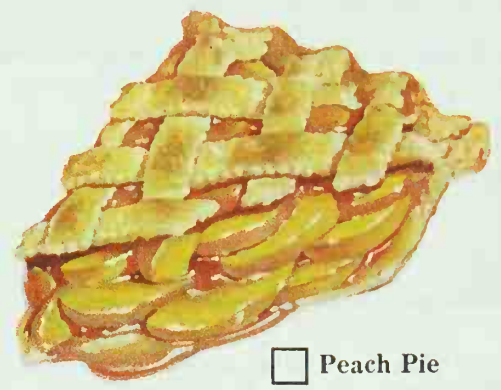
☐ Strawberry Pie



☐ Chocolate Pie



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Rich flavor of fine shortening
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Mixes quickly—soft, pliable—rolls out easily
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Fast—fix in less time than it takes oven to heat
All you do is add cold water out of the tap, mix, roll out

Pillsbury BEST XXXX Mixes

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ury has developed a new pie crust mix in *her* kitchen to save in *your* kitchen, and give you perfect results every time



1 Ekco Pressure Cooker 4½ Quart Capacity. For meats, one dish meals, all pressure cooking.

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(Continued from Page 182)

On January 8, Stilwell received the news that he had feared: Chiang Kai-shek, he was told, had wired Roosevelt declaring that Chinese forces would not fight in Burma that spring.

Chiang's stand made a spring offensive in 1943 impossible. Stilwell accepted the decision and set about organizing his forces for a fall offensive instead.

January 4. Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. Last night I had dinner with T. V. Soong. Chinese food and damn good, though he insisted it was just "*pien fan*" [casual food]. The *pièce de résistance* was the cook's specialty and he was so proud of it that he peeked in to see how we took it. It was fried, in rings about the size of a thumb ring. Nice brown crackly skin and chewy on the inside. I had swallowed one and was enjoying the second when I asked T. V. what it was. "That's tripe. You know, the *gut*. The end of the big gut in the pig." In other words, fried pig bowel. Well, now I've bitten a pig's backside. All I've got to do now is take a bite out of a skunk and I'll be fully qualified as a dietary specialist.

When our Thanksgiving goose came on the table, his head and neck were sticking out stiff and straight at a rakish angle, his eyes had a surprised look in them and there was an electric light in his mouth. The boys had stuck a flashlight down his throat and produced a most novel and elegant effect. No, he did not have a taillight, but I expect to see one on the next big occasion.

You know about Chinese plumbing. Well, my bathroom is right over Powell's bed and the drainpipe is hung on his ceiling. The pipe developed a hole about the size of a dime, so that when the handle was pulled upstairs, Powell had to leap for his life. A brand-new brigadier general, too, has his dignity to think about. Luckily, Powell used to be a pole vaulter, but in his palmiest days he never made a quicker start.

Every trip from India to China I get a shock. In India the natives are depressed, dejected, hopelessly poor, ragged, dirty, underfed, skinny, sick, unsmiling, apathetic. In China they have their heads up, they are bright, cheerful, laughing and joking, well-fed, relatively clean, independent, going about their business, appear to have an object in life. India is hopeless.

When a Hindu is cremated, the nearest male relative has to crack the skull open so it won't burst when the fire gets hot.

January 8. *Black Friday.* T. V. gave Dorn the Peanut's answer to F.D.R. (Afraid to see me with it on account of probable blowup.)

Peanut says he won't fight. "The Japs will fight desperately. They have had time to prepare. Our supply lines are not good. The British force is inadequate. We risk defeat. Failure in Burma would be disastrous. A combined land and sea-borne operation is necessary. We can use the time by making an air offensive, for which *I* guarantee results out of all proportion to the force used." Etc., etc.

What a break for the Limeys. Just what they wanted. Now they will quit, and the Chinese will quit, and the damn Americans can go ahead and fight. Chennault's blatting has put us in a spot; he's talked so much about what he can do that now they're going to let him do it. Unless we get tough and nail the G-mo down *now*, he'll get out of hand for good.

January 9. Rumors that Madame's mission [in the United States], whatever it was, has failed. What the hell is up?

January 14. Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. This is one of the "mark time" intervals. There are times when I need a strait jacket. Ordinary straightforward shooting and killing would be a relief, and I prefer associating with soldiers and sleeping on the ground to this bickering and dickering that I'm into. However, we are making progress, if I don't explode, we may arrive. Something has happened to May's [Madame Chiang's] trip. She had apparently planned a Queen Marie tour of the States, to spread the charm all over the place, and keep the suckers in line. Now she's howling to get out, so maybe the higher-ups are getting wise and are putting on the lid.

> **"I can't find a word for it," Grover Cleveland once said quietly after a flood of sunshine had burst through a light April shower. "What makes it so beautiful? There is no word good enough. 'Ravishing' comes nearest, I think. Where does it come from? It is something we don't deserve."**
> —GAMALIEL BRADFORD: American Portraits (Houghton, Mifflin Co.).

From one of General Stilwell's letters to Mrs. Stilwell, March 21, 1

LYRIC TO SPRING

I welcomed the spring in romantic C
I walked in her beautiful bowers.
In the light of the moon, in the sunshi
I savored the fragrance of flowers.

(Not to speak of the slush, or the muc
mush
That covers the streets and alleys.
Or the reek of the swill, as it seeps dow
Or the odor of pig in the valleys.)

The sunset and dawn, and the dew on
And the blossoms in colors so rare
The jasmine in bloom, the magnolia's
The magic of s
the air.

(The garbage is ri
rots in the di
And the honey
scatter pollut
The effluvium ran
the —— in th
Is the stink of
scummy solu

Aromatic Chungk
where I welc
spring,
In a mixture of
and stenches,
Of flowers and birds, with a sprinkling
And of bow-legged Szechuan wenc

Take me back to the coast, to the place
most,
Get me out of this odorous sewer.
I'm in —— to my neck, but I'm qui
heck!
And I'll never more shovel manur

Soldiering is a profession which, level, swings wildly from the ecstasy ture to the bottomless depths of bore

The first five months of 1943 wer CBI command, a period of waiting. T were quiet. All along the thousands o trench, foxhole and jungle outpost thi commanded, the troops rested. In C armies of Chiang Kai-shek held t against Japanese and Communists; i the jungles insulated the Japanese fro lies without contact. Fitful American darted out from their deep West Chin hit at Japanese-held ports.

For Stilwell, the commander, drud negotiation, drudgery was Delhi an king, the same arguments repeated till a commander's authority was r the status of a housewife's nagging.

Stilwell was preoccupied with his projects. In India, at Ramgarh, the w well, but the even larger training progr Y force in China at Kunming was just b

The YOKE forces plunged Stilwell complexities of Chinese politics. The of Yünnan hated Chiang Kai-shek; h siasm for 30 divisions of Chiang's tro province was nakedly forced. Ch'en who had been nominated command YOKE forces, was an old rival of Ho Y the Chinese chief of staff. Ho's attitu development of YOKE strength was c this rivalry. The gathering of the tro promised to Stilwell, was infinitely slo ting under way.

As Stilwell goaded Chiang to the ance of his commitments, Chiang grew bitter, but less sure of the strategy. V Burma? Why wait for land commun Why not urge America to double and the air-transport system over the Hu pour supplies into the Chinese army at an offensive at a much later day, and i nault's 14th Air Force for direct cont sault on Japanese coastal positions?

In Major General Chennault, comm the 14th, Chiang Kai-shek found an

(Continued on Page 136)

"Don't tell me you still defrost the old-fashioned way!"







Every night at midnight the Norge Self-D-Froster automatically switches off the refrigerator mechanism.

Meat is not removed from the Coldpack during defrosting; foods in the sealed-freezer remain frozen.

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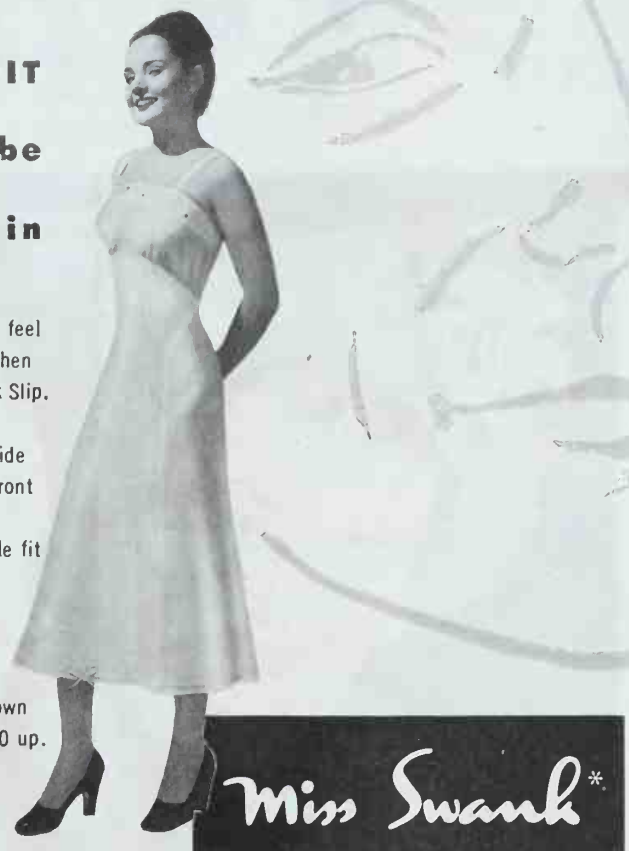


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(Continued from Page 184)

who agreed with him on strategy and tonnage distribution. The conflict within China echoed as far as Washington. In May, a cable from Chiang to Roosevelt resulted in the summoning of both Chennault and Stilwell to Washington to present the opposing points of view.

[*This undated paper is General Stilwell's brief summary of the May, 1943, conference in Washington.*]

Continual concessions have confirmed Chiang Kai-shek in the opinion that all he needs to do is yell and we'll cave in. As we are doing. F.D.R. had decided on an air effort in China before we reached Washington. This suited the British, who want no part of fight for Burma. Why should they fight to build up China, if we can be euchred into bearing the brunt of the war against Japan? They'll get Burma back at the peace table anyway.

Nobody was interested in the humdrum work of building a ground force but me. Chennault promised to drive the Japs right out of China in six months, so why not give him the stuff to do it? It was a short cut to victory.

My point was that China was on the verge of collapse economically. That we could not afford to wait another year. That Yünnan was indispensable and that a force had to be built up to hold it. That if the Japs took Yünnan, the recapture of Burma would be meaningless. That any increased air offensive that stung the Japs enough would bring a strong reaction that would wreck everything and put China out of the war. Witness the Chekiang campaign, brought on by the Jap belief that Tokyo was bombed from bases there. That the first essential step was to get a ground force capable of seizing and holding air bases, and opening communications to China from the outside world. Overruled. Churchill's idea was, so he said, that China must be helped, and the only way to do it within the next few months was by air.

The inevitable conclusion was that Churchill has Roosevelt in his pocket. That they are looking for an easy way, a short cut for England, and no attention must be diverted from the Continent at any cost. The Limeys are not interested in the war in the Pacific, and with the President hypnotized they are sitting pretty.

Roosevelt wouldn't let me speak my piece. I interrupted twice, but Churchill kept pulling away from the subject, and it was impossible.

Henry Stimson and George Marshall were understanding. The War Department was O.K. Even the air was a bit fed up on Chennault. But what's the use when the World's Greatest Strategist is against you?

Unsatisfactory as the Washington conference had been, it set a target date for new action, and slowly the wheels began to turn in China.

On returning, Stilwell found that his first duty was to defend the organizational integrity of the YOKE project. During Stilwell's absence the Japanese had launched a drive from their Central China bases on the gorge barriers of the Yangtze which guard Chungking. This Japanese campaign had terrified Chungking. Although it was learned later that the campaign had been a foraging raid for the Japanese divisions, it had cost the Chinese tens of thousands of casualties. The conduct of both Chinese generals and troops in the field was atrocious, and the Chinese population in many instances aided the enemy out of loathing for their own men.

Chiang Kai-shek wished to divert the painfully accumulated supplies of the YOKE force to support of the general front in China. Stilwell, fully aware of the general strangulation of supplies in China, insisted that the only way out of starvation was to break the blockade; and the only way to break the blockade was to keep on equipping and training the YOKE force for the great campaign.

The great campaign was embodied in of proposals Stilwell had brought back, ally known as the SAUCY plan. It was sim old three-pronged drive into Burma, emb with more naval strength in South Burm adorned with the promise of use of Ar and British Commando groups. Chian some delay accepted the SAUCY proposa

With Chiang's acceptance of the plan, lies set up the Southeast Asia Co (SEAC) for the conquest of Burma. S commander was to be Lord Louis Mount its deputy commander was to be Stilwell.

September 4. When I started in ove I said to myself that the only safe polic deck hand of my caliber was to go st down the middle of the road. With track mind, I couldn't afford to get from the main objective and try t daisies. There could be no attempted cuts by playing politics—my throat have been cut on the first detour. I l be plain John Doe and live like a gold that way, I could concentrate on wh ahead and would not have to worry the lies I had told the day before.

It was a good policy. I never had to about the spies that Tai Li and the mintang put in my house, even w caught them going through my pap never had to worry as to what to t G-mo. I could see his "advisers" ch their nails and shivering, and laugh at I had for him w truth, pleasant o pleasant, as the might be. It frequ made him mad a and for a long ti must have been cious because I w only one he was g it from. And there have been a lot of p telling him I was It was necessar them to do so, be I was getting after things as false re cowardice, neglec duty, smuggling, ing and similar i larities.

The G-mo th that by making m joint chief of staff I would accept wit question any order he chose to give me could never understand that I had an status as U. S. representative on cou another as commanding general of U troops, another as Lend-Lease watchdo

After finding that I would not obey slightest wish, like the crowd he was a tomed to, he tried to reduce my import and prestige by ignoring me and anythi was connected with, including his own a It is hard to imagine that he would do but I believe it an added reason to two o that mainly actuated him: 1—that it w be risky to have an efficient trained under the command of a possible rival, 2—that his policy is to suck in U. S. power and sit back while they fight his

The continued delay and obstructio getting training done must have been duet fear of a challenge to his authority, as we to his belief that air power is decisive and t is no use putting any time on ground tro Otherwise, he could not complacently the terrible risk of leaving his army in its plorable condition and his southern fron open to an attack which would be fata China and to him. The only other pos reason is that he really thought the a was in excellent shape and only in nee weapons to make it formidable. It is har imagine a military man as dumb as this

To ignore your chief of staff comple may be good practice, but I doubt it. O a period of a year and a half, I submit memos and studies on various subjects him. He never deigned to discuss any them. It was impossible to argue with h He would simply pass down the decisio always "No." And that ended it. The Wise had decided. Finish. He must h thought me a queer bird to stick along these conditions. But I had my mission

(Continued on Page 188)

LOVE LETTER

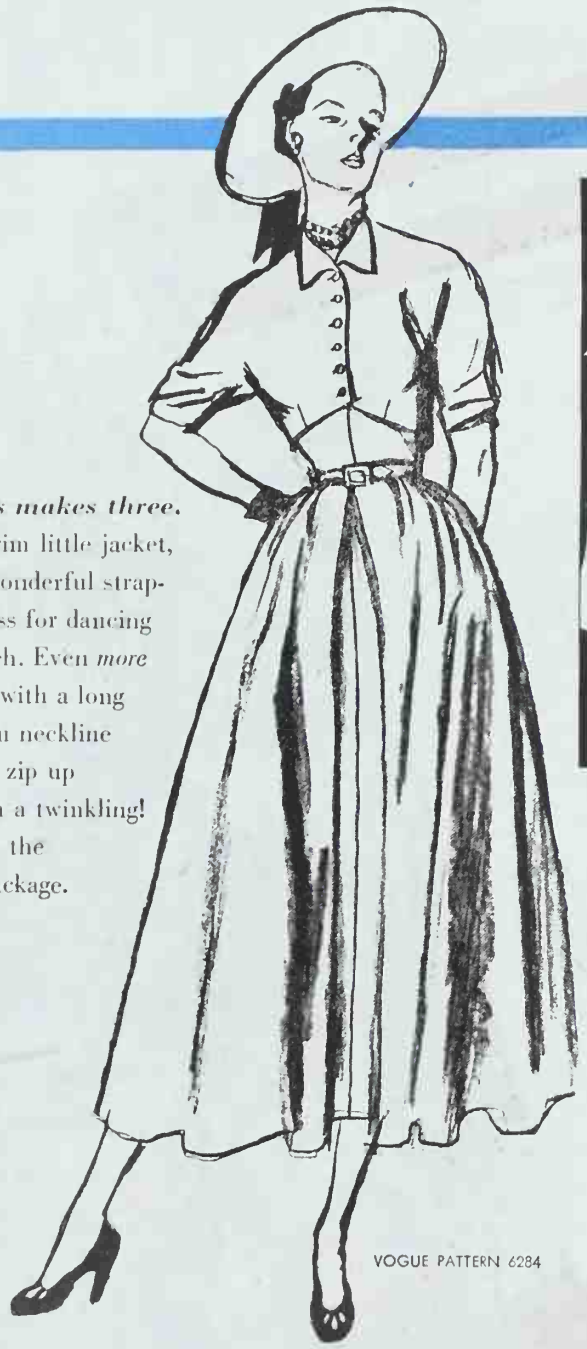
To Lady Oxford from her husband: "It is enough to say—which I do with the deepest sincerity of unavailing conviction—that I can conceive of no future of which you are not the center and which is not given, without a shadow of doubt or a shiver of fear, to you alone. . . . I would rather be blotted out of your thoughts and even your memory than be the means of shutting you off from the sunlight and free air which you need, and in which alone your nature can put forth its incomparable radiance."



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THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER

(Continued from Page 186)

gradually, painfully, and slowly I got a foothold that he couldn't shake. American efficiency, sincerity and honesty began to be proven and respect for us and our methods began to spread through the Chinese army. A small group of Chinese officers of character realized the chance which we were offering of revitalizing the army and kept telling me to hang on, be patient and not quit.

September 7. Col. Earthworm Ch'en has been figuring tonnage. He says, "You know there are times when a three-ton truck weighs as much as a twenty-ton tank." This bird is the executive for the War Minister. McCammon said, "Now, if you have a two-thousand-pound cow, and she stands on one foot on a bridge, how much will she weigh?" Ch'en's idea was that she would weigh 500 pounds. (Calculations for a troop movement.)

High on a mound on the northern shoulder of Chungking stood the squat, stone mansion of Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Chiang. A few hundred yards away was the residence of Doctor Kung, China's prime minister, and Madame Kung. Madame Kung and Madame Chiang were sisters. Their brother, T. V Soong, was China's foreign minister. He lived half a mile down the road. Half a mile beyond lived General Stilwell.

The next episode of Stilwell's stay in China unfolded itself back and forth between these houses. The fabulous Soong family—which included not only Dr. T. V. Soong and Mesdames Chiang and Kung, but also Madame Sun Yat-sen, widow of the founder of the republic—conducted itself frequently as if war and politics were a family affair.

In November, Mesdames Chiang and Kung, in womanly fashion, interested themselves in the increasing bitterness between Chiang and Stilwell. Stilwell refers to them in his notes as May (Madame Chiang Kai-shek, for Mei-ling Soong) and Ella or Sis (Madame Kung, for Ai-ling Soong). The sisters decided to take Stilwell under their wing and foster friendship and light.

Their intervention in Stilwell's behalf may have stemmed from an itch for high politics, or out of family rifts and feuds still unknown, or out of the most sincere devotion to the cause of Allied unity. Whatever their motives, their sudden sponsorship of Stilwell came at a most propitious moment.

September 13. 3:00 P.M. Summoned to audience at Hsin K'ai Ssu [the Generalissimo's residence in Chungking] with May [Madame Chiang] and Sis [Madame Kung]. "Why haven't you been to see me?" etc., etc. Apparently T. V. has told them they had better get behind me and co-operate, as result of General Marshall's prodding.

[They were] alarmed about state of preparations and hot to do something about it. Gave them the low-down on conditions in the army and they were appalled.

May craves action. [She] told Sis to move to town so we could meet at her place. Sis said she didn't know how I had the patience to carry on. We signed an offensive and defensive alliance. Whatever the cause, they mean business now and maybe we can get somewhere.

September 18. Lunch and conference with May. A very good act she puts on, plus being serious about action. She craves action, wishes she'd been a man, and abominates Ho Ying-ch'in and his gang. Told her my experience with him. He has apparently laughed her off because she's a woman, and she was furious:

"Why that damn old fool doesn't do something, I don't know." "They are like a lot of ostriches with their heads in the sand and their bottoms sticking out. How I would like to take a big club and go after them!" "Why can't they see the importance of this thing?" "We should put everything aside and concentrate on the army." "What good will politics and the youth movement do us if we lose?"

I am being accused now of various crimes. Such as signing memos to G-mo as "Lieut. Gen., U. S. A." instead of "Chief of Staff for G-mo." Campaign appears to be on—I being the stumbling block. Meanwhile,

Forecast for Spring:
MOSTLY CORDUROY
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RAIN or SHINE



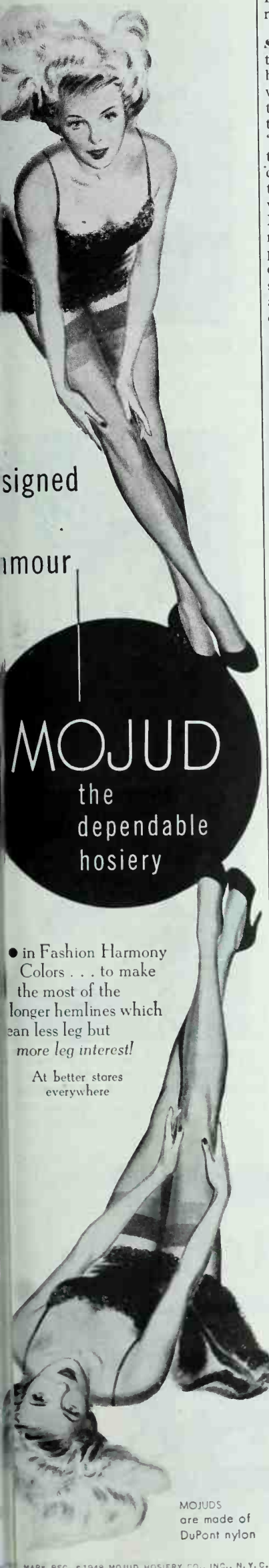
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Peanut sits in holy grandeur and lets it all rock along.

September 20. Turned out at 10:00 P.M. to go to Kung's. May and Ella. They had been working on the Peanut. Ella gave him the works this P.M. Told him [Chiang Kai-shek] the gang had been lying about me. Explained the chief-of-staff stuff and why I signed as "Lieut. Gen., U. S. A." They had put over the Kweilin site on Ho [General Ho Ying-ch'in had wanted the Z forces to be concentrated at Liuchow; General Stilwell had wanted them concentrated at Kweilin] whom May calls "the unmentionable." Ho was furious. May made a speech today at the People's Political Council meeting and bawled out critics of people who were doing their stuff. "Don't criticize till you know mistakes are being made. Don't criticize out of jealousy." Looking directly at Ho. She enjoyed it. They both say that Ho must go, but I don't see how they are going to do it.

October 7-15. To India to meet Louis [Mountbatten] and confer with Somervell and Wheeler. Louis is a good egg—full of enthusiasm and also of disgust with inertia and conservatism. He and the Auk [Auchinleck] are not hitting it off any too well. Louis is hot for the "one happy family" idea, and is very cordial and friendly. Came back [to Chungking] ahead of him. On October 14, at Chabua found the Japs had at last begun to attack our transports [on the Hump]. Four lost today. (14th) We'll have to go to night flying. Shoved off at 7:30 on the 15th, with four P-40's as escort and reached Chungking same afternoon.

Golf is a trifling thing beside the privilege of taking a small son to the zoo and letting him see his first lion, his first tiger and, last of all, his first elephant. Probably he will think that they are part of your own handiwork turned out for his pleasure. Cortes on his lonely peak in Darien was a pygmy discoverer beside the child eating his first spoonful of ice cream! —HEYWOOD BROUN.

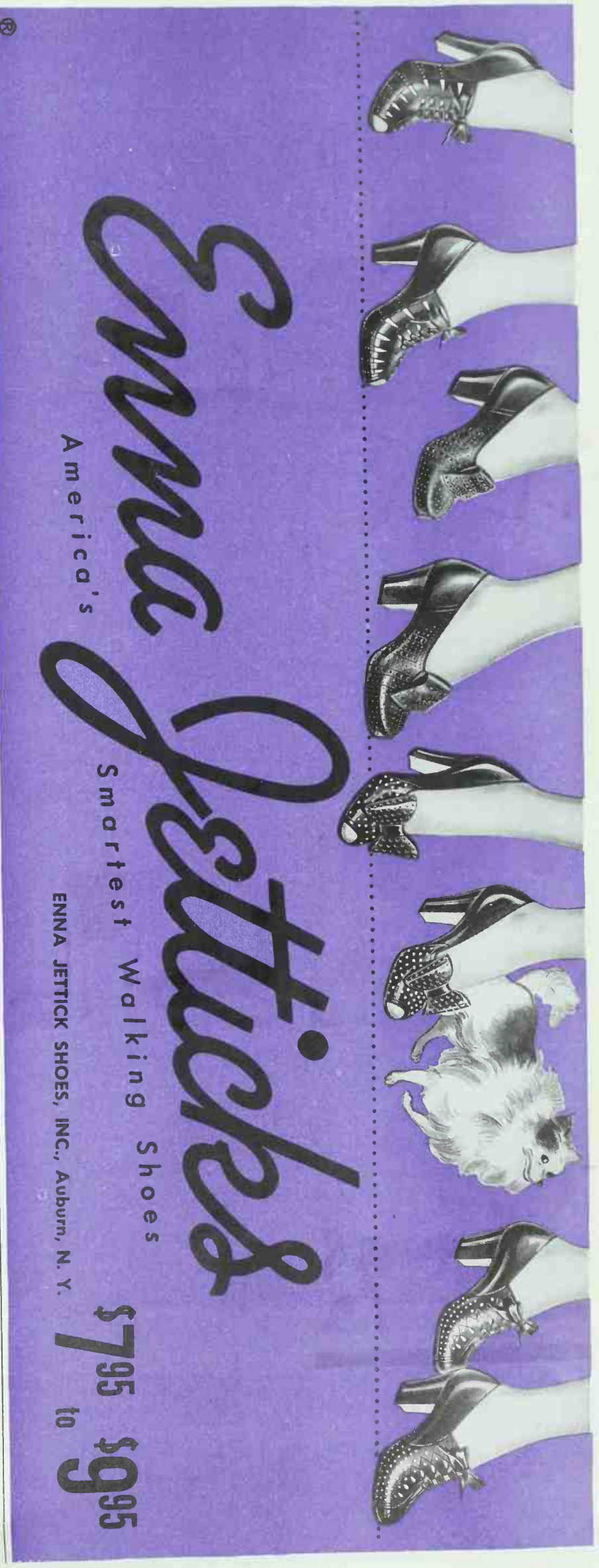
[*Undated.*] Louis [Mountbatten] arrived [in Chungking] on October 16. Met him at airport, later at Grimsdale's lunch, which was a mess. All the tramps in town were there—Liu Ch'ih, Yü Fei-peng and all.

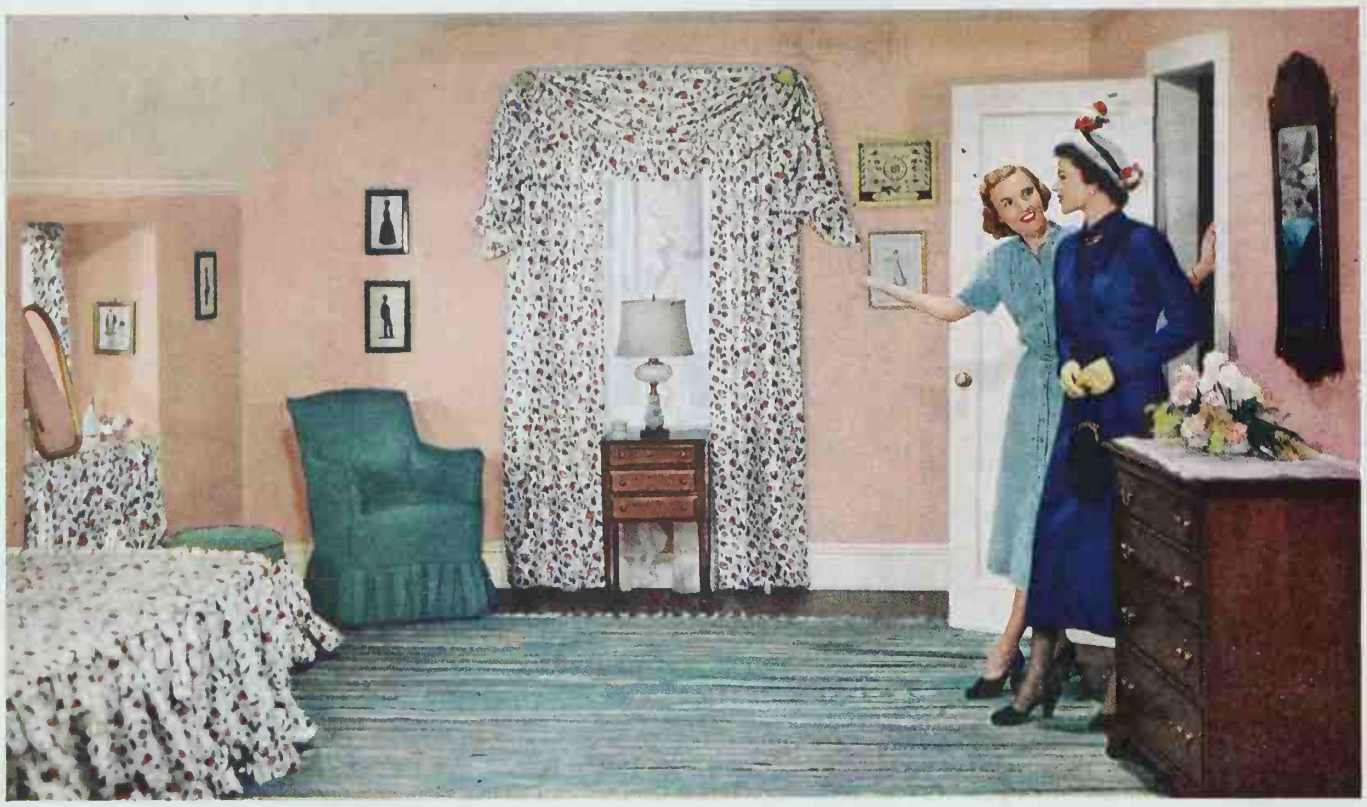
Long talk with Louis later, then back to house with Somervell, where he gave me the news: The G-mo says I must be relieved. The reason is that I have "lost the confidence of the troops." He was quite emphatic about it and so I guess that's that. (Somervell says that President Roosevelt has asked George to relieve me more than once, because I "can't get along." Nice backing.)

The real reason is hard to guess. It may be with me out, nobody else will push the campaign. Neither the Limeys nor the Peanut wants to do it, so everything will be jake. Or it may be just the suspicious, jealous Oriental mind, listening to lies and thinking that it won't do to let a damned foreigner gain any more influence.

October 17. 10:00 P.M. May called me over at 8:00. Ella was there. They are a pair of fighters, all right, and Ella said there was still a chance to pull the fat out of the fire. I was noncommittal and calm and told them I did not want to stay where I was not wanted. They talked "China" and duty, etc., and asked me to be big enough to stick it out. Ella said if we put this over my position would be much stronger than before. "Your star is rising." What they wanted was for me to see Peanut and tell him I had only one aim. The good of China, that if I had made mistakes, it was from misunderstanding and not intent, and that I was ready to co-operate fully. I hesitated a long time, but they made it so strong that I finally said O.K. and May said we'd go right now. Went over and put on the act, the Peanut doing

(Continued on Page 191)







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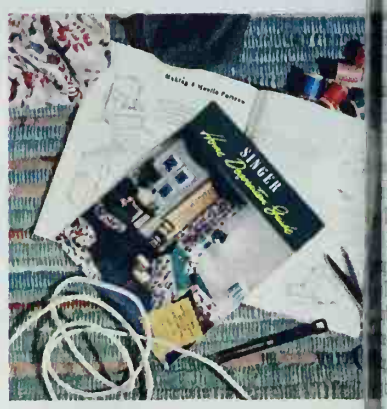
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(Continued from Page 189)

best to appear conciliatory. He made points: 1. That I understand the duties the commander in chief and the chief of staff. 2. That I avoid any superiority com-. This was all balderdash, but I listened tly and Peanut said that under those d tions we could go on working har- iously again.

Now, why was Ella so sure it would come O.K.? This P.M. she had attacked the nut and he had turned his back and left oom. She just waited and he came Both she and May went to bat for Maybe they got him half turned around ey claimed, ready for me to complete act. And *maybe* the Peanut realized y what a stink would be raised and ced to reverse himself, using them to a smoke screen. A good way to par- save his face, although he has lost a eyond redemption. This will make him at his misinformers.

"They" have been upset at the most un- ted time. As Ella put it, they had us to the last trench and we made a bril- comeback. But it is suspicious that was so sure it would come out all right, made the ad- es. As if the had been ar- d.

any rate, this s over. The next be just around orner. May said ybody expected to divorce the ut within a year their marriage. Ella and May rated that they put the family ls on me, and d continue to me up.

ber 18, 19, 20. *(33rd lding)* *Anniver-*)Here's a hunch. ? Is he the trou- aker? If Roose- has the dope I am disturbing ions, where did et it? Ans. Only T. V. So T. V. wants me relieved. ? Because I am working with Madame ng and she is for the G-mo and that s T. V.'s ambitions.

aybe that's why Ella and May won't me; why they warned me about Ch'en ng, T. V.'s man; and why they want g built up. I'll watch for confirmation iis.

ber 21. Well, well, it was T. V. He Somervell in Delhi it was coming off. ad it all set up with the G-mo, when and Ella heard of it. At once there was ght. Ella finally told me yesterday I didn't know the half of it, but nately would. Said she had to choose een "her own flesh and blood" (T. V.) the good of China. Gave me a lot of on their size-up of me. Regrets we did get together a year ago. Good advice *in* hennault. Pull his teeth and give him round for complaint, so he can't cry to Generalissimo. Says we have stopped ut in full career and turned him around degrees. Considers it a big victory.

he Peanut is now affable again. The esnake. Impressed by my presentation Mountbatten-Somervell conference] of ese participation [in projected Burma ck]! Ordered Ho to be cordial to me.

ber 18, 19, 20. The conference at ng Shan. Happy family stuff. Dicky untbatten] was superenthusiastic about ng us all up.

he Chinese politeness has fooled Dicky. thinks they will do everything. The one thing accomplished was that Peanut ed to unified command. A formula was hed on boundaries. Neither Chinese nor theast Asia Command could invade Siam or French Indo-China without preju- dice. Next step is plan. I go to India (Delhi) and bring back proposals.

October 24. Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. I couldn't resist writing you from my office in the Southeast Asia Command Headquarters. How do you like our stationery? It's about all we've got so far. Everyone is "conferring," looking serious and important and "thinking in big numbers." Being as I'm just a deck hand, I don't get it but am trying to be inconspicuous, which I find very simple, and I am waiting till I'm spoken to. Louis [Mountbatten] is a good egg.

What gets me is the enormous setup considered necessary to launch a relatively small operation and the tremendous fuss and blah that is going on.

One of my troubles seems to be that I can't say 2 and 2 are 4 in a sufficiently ponderous and pontifical manner and can't think up a thousand words to use in saying it. I am just fed to the gills with delay, pretense, inaction, dumbness. Also with intrigue, maneuvering, double-crossing and obstruction. I will be happy when the real shooting starts: it will be a welcome relief from bickering and recrimination and throat cutting.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Old Ones

By Marylu Terral Jeans

They told me love was rapture
And ecstasy and pain,
They told me love was bitterness,
A poison in the vein.

But love is washing dishes
When our cozy meal is through,
It's lamplight and it's firelight;
It's laughter shared by two.

Security from loneliness,
Protection from all harm,
And my head on your shoulder
Comfortable and warm.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The reconciliation of Chiang and Stilwell took place on the eve of the great midwar conferences. In the Middle East, the masters of the Allied world were gathering for two meetings, the first at Cairo, the second at Teheran.

At Cairo, Chiang was personally to speak for China in the councils of the history makers. And Stilwell, now high in the Generalissimo's good favor, was to accompany Chiang to present China's military case to the assembled American and British staffs. Neither Chiang nor Stilwell was to fly to Teheran to discuss the war against Germany with Stalin.

The conference, when it met, did business on two levels: On the functional level, American, British and Chinese military chieftains hammered out objectives, dates, tonnages. At this level, Stilwell spoke for China. When technical details had been worked out, the recommendations of the military men were passed to the Roosevelt-Churchill-Chiang policy level.

Despite their temperamental and national differences, the soldiers at Cairo agreed on a major offensive in Burma to be set in motion immediately. It was to be a major assault on the blockade—a massive landing, led by the British, would hit South Burma while Indian and British troops would drive due east across the border toward Central Burma. American troops would be used. The Ramgarh-trained Chinese X forces would stab through North Burma. And the whole would be capped by an all-out offensive of the Chinese YOKE forces fighting westward from Yünnan.

After much unrecorded diplomatic bargaining at the senior level, Chiang finally consented to the technical plan worked out by the generals and admirals. He was still unhappy about his failure to win the promise of more American civilian aid for use within China at his discretion, but on the basis of Allied military promises he was willing to hazard his army, too, on the Burma campaign.

He returned to China, while Stilwell tarried in Cairo to await the results of the Teheran conference.

November 23. [*Cairo.*] Meeting on [of Combined Chiefs of Staff]. Sounded off on the plan [for Burma]. 11:00 [Admiral] King [Admiral Ernest King, Chief of Staff, U. S. Navy] to plenary session. Mountbatten gave a spiel on the plane. Lunch at Mena House. 2:30 to preliminary meeting. G-mo phoned, "Do not present proposals." Message the G-mo would come. Then he wouldn't. That he would. Brooke [Field Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the British Imperial General Staff] got nasty and King got good and sore. King almost climbed over the table at Brooke. I wish he had socked him.



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3:30. Chinese came. Terrible performance. They couldn't ask a question. Brooke was insulting. I helped them out. They were asked about Yoke and I had to reply. Brooke fired questions and I batted them back. At 6 went to G-mo's and helped Chinese get questions ready. Tired.

November 24. Dead beat till 10. Wrote notes for Madame—reasons for United States troops [to participate in Burma campaign]. Went out at noon and gave them to her. She was in bed. Told her she would have to get up for lunch with George Marshall. He talked a streak during lunch, and afterward G-mo held forth on the plans. Not much hope for United States troops. Peanut first said he'd go to meeting and then reneged, telling me to tell them his views.

3:30 meeting, and the Chinese asked their questions which I had written. The one about the number of British troops [to participate in the Burma campaign] got under their skin. We worked through it, with George [Marshall] laying it on the line about U. S. planes, U. S. pilots, U. S. dough, etc. A grand speech for the G-mo [to hear] and incidentally for the Limeys. Louie [Mountbatten] told to go fix it up with the G-mo. Welcome change from telling *me* to fix it up.

November 25. 4:30 with George to see F.D.R., who said Peanut had agreed [to the Burma plan].

His [F.D.R.'s] plan for French Indo-China: three commissioners—Chinese, British, American. Not to go back to France. Got after him for troops. His plan was a brigade of marines in Chungking! George Marshall's plan is small combat teams. O.K. with us—just give us men.

November 26. Louis [Mountbatten] in at 11 to spill the dope. He is fed up on Peanut. As who is not?

11:30, to see Peanut, with Hap [Arnold], Somervell, Wheeler, Stratemeyer and Chennault. John Liu green with fright because we were three minutes late. Shang Chen peering out the door with ashen face and trembling knees. What a life for those boys. Scared witless all the time. I told him not to worry, but he was very anxious about it.

Peanut went into his song and dance. We talked him down. He wants Louis to keep his hands off the ATC [Air Transport Command—the Hump line]. Must have his 10,000 [tons a month over the Hump]. Finally said O.K. Sat around till 3:00. Napped.

November 27. Everybody beat it for Teheran. We wait till they come back and act. No minutes for us [CBI command]. "War by Committee" is a bust. The executors are left out on a limb.

Egypt. Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. The censor let me name the country, but not the city. So you'll have to guess.

On Sunday we played hooky and flew up to Jerusalem. Went first to Bethlehem, five miles south, and then rushed through the sights of the city. I learned some astonishing things. (1) Jerusalem has been destroyed by fire and earthquake and battle thirty-two times. (2) Each time the city was built up again on the debris, so the original streets at the time of Christ are now thirty or forty feet below the present levels. (3) The present walls were built only in the sixteenth century, but are probably accurately located on the original trace. (4) There is a terrific controversy where Christ was crucified and buried. (5) Everyone of the so-called "holy places" has been grabbed by some religious sect—who claim to own them and who have built churches right on top of them. The old surroundings have disappeared entirely and all that is needed to make you believe you are at Coney Island is a hot-dog stand. Christ's birthplace, which was in a big cave used in part as a stable, is now just a hole filled with junk lamps and horrible marble bathroom decorations which you approach through a church and enter by going down into the cellar behind the altar. It made me When you think how the place migh should have been treated it makes you (6) You probably know that Jerusale holy city to three religions: Christian hammedan and Jewish. The Jews star there with Abraham, the Christians Christ, and Mohammed took off from for heaven. So, since it was holy to all they have been fighting over it for two sand years and taking turns at killin another and tearing the place to Jerusalem, outside the walls, is new the past twenty-five years and looks li outskirts of Philadelphia. The most p tious building in town is the Y.M.C.A. with American money for some nonde local yokels to disport themselves in. there were some high spots—like the c the native city, the old crooked stree mixed population, the probably aut tomb of Christ outside the walls, the v the Dead Sea, the country scenes. B pious and reverent who go there with s ideas are due for a shock.

How different here in Egypt. The mids are untouched. The restorations dignified and authentic. Everything just as it was, with enough clearing can get to it. The Sphinx and the pyramids are right here at our door, of (The Cheops pyramid was 480 feet We went up to Sakkara, about ten mil to see the "step" pyramid—5000 B.C the oldest masonry structure in the Near by is the tomb of the Sacred B amazing cave ho out of the rock, successive bulls buried, each in it sive granite coffi own side chapel was about 3000 Then near by a the tomb of Thi, minister and priest, with the delicate stone c you can imagin thoroughly enjoyed it. Of course th a lot of antiquities that we haven't ti but these two tombs were so satisfyin we can pass up the rest without regr

> **Life is like a blanket too short. You pull it up and your toes rebel, you yank it down and shivers meander about your shoulders; but cheerful folks manage to draw their knees up and pass a very comfortable night.**
>
> —MARION HOWARD.

December 1. Letter to Mrs. Sti Played hooky again, and flew up to the site of ancient Thebes. Two-hour up the Nile. What a day! Went throu tombs of Seti I, Ramses III and Tut men. Astounding things, all at the long rock tunnels, with the walls c with decorations in color. Hidden a the hills west of the Nile and now well care of. Saw the Colossi of Memn Ramses' temple. Then back on th bank, the temple of Luxor and Karnak was the center of Egyptian culture f one thousand years and it must hav simply magnificent. The temples of K covered one thousand acres. (Our p less than one acre!)

I am all smoked up over Egypt. sucker for antiquities and this is whe are. I could spend months wandering here, and I hope to come back and sometime. I wanted you to know grand interlude this has been.

The Teheran conference forced a dra teration in the Cairo plans. At Teheran, with American military agreement, insi a massive cross-channel invasion in 194 decision to make this invasion forc American-British planners to curtail the quantity of landing craft they had to the South Burma landing and consec altered the entire strategy of the plan Burma offensive.

Roosevelt and Churchill returned t and there they reopened study of all th sions that had been made the week Without a strong South Burma landi British refused to go through with th all Burma operation to which they h viously committed themselves. Chia absent from this second session—h flown back to Chungking confident that arranged. It was now Stilwell's task back and tell him that the Allies had on their commitment.

(Continued on Page 194)

by Peaty

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(Continued from Page 192)

It was essential for Stilwell to know how to deal with Chiang in this situation and he sought and received an interview with Roosevelt. His purpose was single-minded—what American policy should he announce to Chiang? His notes on this conversation he recorded in question-and-answer form.

Conference on Policy in China

Dec. 6, 1943, at Alexander Kirke's home, Cairo. After Teheran. Present: Roosevelt, H.H. [Harry Hopkins], J.W.S. [Joseph W. Stilwell]. [Name of the fourth American present deleted.]

F.D.R.: Well, Joe, what do you think of the bad news?

J.W.S.: I haven't heard yet how bad it is.

F.D.R.: We're in an impasse. I've been stubborn as a mule for four days but we can't get anywhere, and it won't do for a conference to end that way. The British just won't do the operation and I can't get them to agree to it.

J.W.S.: I am interested to know how this affects our policy in China.

F.D.R.: Well, now, we've been friends with China for a gr-e-e-at many years. I ascribe a large part of this feeling to the missionaries. You know *I* have a China history. My grandfather went out there, to Swatow and Canton, in 1829, and even went up to Hankow. He did what was every American's ambition in those days—he made a million dollars, and when he came back, he put it into Western railroads. And in eight years he lost every dollar. Ha! Ha! Ha! Then in 1856 he went out again and stayed there all through the Civil War, and made another million. This time he put it into coal mines, and they didn't pay a dividend until two years after he died. Ha! Ha!!

J.W.S.: I take it that it is our policy to build China up.

F.D.R.: Yes. Yes. Build her up. After this war there will be a great need of our help. They will want loans. Madame Chiang and the G-mo wanted to get a loan now of a billion dollars, but I told them it would be difficult to get Congress to agree to it. Now, I'm not a financial expert (!!) but I have a plan to take fifty or one hundred million dollars and buy up Chinese paper dollars on the black market. It wouldn't take much. (!!!) When the Chinese found out that these notes were being bought up, they would tend to hold them and the rate would come down. We might beat the inflation that way. And I'd share the profit with the Chinese government—I'd put the notes in escrow and when they were needed, I'd sell them to the Chinese for what I paid for them.

So-and-So: The effect on the Chinese of failing to reopen communications ——

F.D.R.: Yes. Yes. How long do you think Chiang can last?

J.W.S.: The situation is serious and a repetition of last May's attack might overturn him.

F.D.R.: Well, then we should look for s other man or group of men to carry on.

J.W.S.: They would probably be lo for us.

F.D.R.: Yes, they would come to us. really like us, and just between ours they don't like the British. Now we ha the same aims the British out there. instance, Hong Kong. Now, I have a pl make Hong Kong a free port: free to the merce of all nations—of the whole w But let's raise the Chinese flag there and then Chiang can the next day ma grand gesture and make it a free port. T the way to handle that! Same way in Da I'm sure that Chiang would be willin make, that a free port, and goods could through Siberia—in bond—without cus examinations.

So-and-So: What in your opinion ca the noble attitude of the Russians in allo China to have Manchuria?

F.D.R.: Well, I think they consider th got enough as it is. You can put one hun million more people into Siberia. S doesn't want any more ground. He's enough. He agreed with me about Korea Indo-China. We should set up commis to take charge of those countries for tw five years or so, till we get them on their Just like the Philippines. I asked Ch point-blank if he wanted Indo-China, an said, "Under no circumstances!" Just that—"Under no circumstances."

J.W.S.: Chiang will have trouble exp ing to his people the Allied failure to Burma.

F.D.R.: Yes. Yes. But if we don't pu this operation, we can put more tonnage the Hump. Yes, we can get more freight China that way.

H.H.: Is this CNAC a Pan-American sidiary?

J.W.S.: Forty-nine per cent is Ameri Fifty-one per cent is Chinese.

F.D.R: Well, that's all right. The Chi can run their airline inside of China. I l no objection to that. Now, I would agr the British, after the war, running passe planes for Australia from England to York, letting off passengers for New Y taking on passengers for Australia, and flying to San Francisco, letting off passen from England, and taking on passenger Australia. But not to take passengers o New York and letting them off at San F cisco. Oh, no. No. sir.

J.W.S.: We need guidance on political icy on China.

F.D.R.: Yes. As I was saying the Chi will want a lot of help from us—a lot o Why, Kung one time asked me for a loa fifty million dollars for developing trans tation and I said to him, "Mr. Kung, th a lot of money!" Then I said to him, "W are you going to use this money for?" an said, "Construction materials," and he s

(Continued on Page 196)

How to Make 100,000 Warm Friends

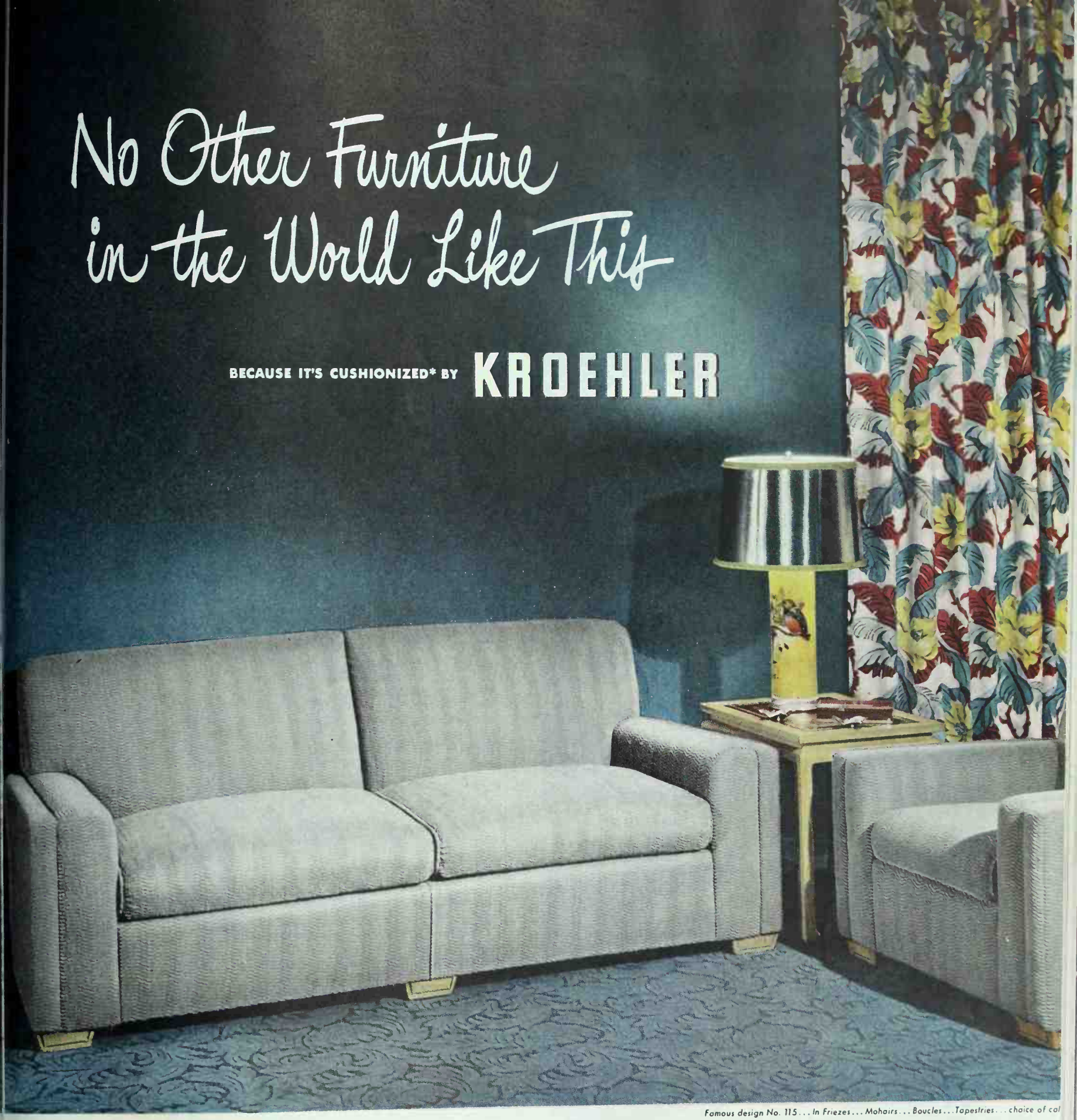
Who? More than 1,300,000 Girl Scouts, from 7 to 17, have undertaken the woman-sized job of making and assembling clothing kits for the children of Europe and Asia. The Girl Scouts hope to make *warm* friends by sending useful—and attractive—clothing that they themselves would wear at home and in school.

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(Continued from Page 194)

to try and influence me, "If we get this loan, we'll buy those materials right here in the United States." And I came right back at him and said, "Mr. Kung, in your country you have construction materials already. You have cement, you have sand, you have rock—you have all those materials." Then he said, "Yes, but we need technical help—engineers and other technicians. We would pay a good engineer $100,000 a year, and give him a house and twenty servants." And I said, "Mr. Kung, when I was governor of New York State, I had a superintendent of highway construction named Green (ever know Green?) and he was paid $15,000. And he was the best road engineer I ever saw. But he's dead. But don't pay $100,000—pay $15,000—no house, no servants. You don't want to pay $100,000. Why, there are any number of good engineers in the Army—not the regular service—men from civil life, and you can get them for $8000. They can do that kind of work. But no exploitation."

STOOGE: The Prime Minister is here.

F.D.R.: Well, now, there you are, and remember, you're ambassadors! Ha! Ha! Ha! Yes, sir, you're my ambassadors.

END OF CONFERENCE

Draw your own conclusions.

H. HOPKINS: What do you think would be a good religion in Japan?

[*The following are some undated passing notes on Cairo found among the papers.*]

Antics by Peanut. The boys got a faint idea of what it means to work with him. Demanded change in plans, and 600 more planes to make it work. F.D.R. made everything worse by telling him we were going to haul 12,000 [tons monthly over Hump].

George C. Marshall's outburst. "Now let me get this straight. You are talking about your 'rights' in this matter. I thought these were *American* planes, and *American* personnel and American material. I don't understand what you mean by saying that we can or can't do thus and so." Chu Shih-ming had overreached himself a bit.

Stalin kidded Churchill. "Let's execute 50,000 German officers." "Oh, but we can't subscribe to any such plan as that." So Stalin kept at him. It was like a blood transfusion to see Stalin put backbone in our gasbags.

[*Undated paper.*]

DECK-HAND DIPLOMAT

A brief experience with international politics confirms me in my preference for driving a garbage truck. This is admittedly not the proper approach to the matter of international politics. It is a very serious business. A lot of Big Figures indulge in it, and a host of little ones trail along. Those who make the grade are of course interested to dignify and even glorify the profession, which can be done in a wink of the eye by using the term Diplomacy—a word we usually utter on a hushed and respectful note. The term "diplomat" to the average American evokes a vision of an immaculately dressed being—pinstripe pants, spats, cutaway and topper—and a coldly severe and superior manner which masks the lightninglike play of the intellect that guides the Ship of State, moves the pieces on the board with unerring precision, and invariably turns up in Washington without his shirt. Or rather our shirt. There was a curious misprint once in a Peking English-language newspaper. The word "diplomat" came out "doplomat" and I am still wondering about that typesetter.

It is very confusing to a deck hand to be pitchforked in among this class of people, especially if he is a military deck hand. It is common knowledge that an Army officer has a one-track mind, that he is personally interested in stirring up wars so that he can get promoted and be decorated and that he has an extremely limited education, with no appreciation of the finer things of life. He has two strikes on him as soon as he appears, and everybody waits with keen anticipation for

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the third one to come over and send him back where he belongs. Even in time of war, when presumably the military aspect of the situation should be of primary importance, the fact that he may attempt to infringe on the prerogatives of the Sacred Cow of Diplomacy makes a warm welcome somewhat problematical. People lose sight of the fact that he is there because he is ordered, not because he wants to be.

I was lucky to find old friends in the Chungking Embassy who were disposed to help me in a job that their experience had proved to them held little hope of accomplishment, whatever their opinion as to the choice of an instrument. We have a lot of good boys in our Foreign Service; if they could only make themselves heard and get to positions of responsibility a little more quickly, we'd be all right, but as long as we go on paying off political debts with the top posts, we handicap ourselves out of the race.

December 14. Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. Christmas cards from you and Garry. Don't open till Christmas. Like hell. Where will I be by Christmas? I came nearer to crying than at any time since I saw you. This mail came at just the right time. Things were pretty gloomy. Got back from Cairo day before yesterday, we got the usual answers down there and after Bloody Joe [Stalin] got through laying down the law up there at Teheran, we were lucky to get away with our shirts.

Our Big Boy doesn't seem too interested in us. What am I kicking about? Didn't he give me a shoestring when I came out and haven't I still got it? Human nature being what it is, I am still playing a lone hand. The

> To have what you want is riches; but to be able to do without is power. —GEORGE MACDONALD.

day of the giants is gone and most of the biggest statues have clay feet. I don't care for a guy who greets me as "Joe" and reaches for a knife when I turn around. Well, that's past now. Etc. Now I've got to pop back and lend the boys a hand in Burma. Our lads have been in contact for over a month, and in spite of considerable casualties have stuck to it. Certain parties are making capital out of the fact that they haven't made more progress (ain't that generous?) but nobody else in Burma has so far held on to their ground. We have to go through a rathole as we go. A lot of guys deserve a lot of credit. So do the boys that keep the ferry line going—and that's no picnic either. We haven't any presidential candidates here, but we do have a lot of people with guts, working without any publicity and also without any squawks. Take it from me that Americans are all right. Smiths, Cohens, Slavinskies, Theissens, Giambatistas, Jonsons and what have you. White, black and yellow—they are all playing the game.

I feel like a dog—I've sent no presents home for Christmas. Every day will be Christmas at Carmel. I found out what Carmel means. In a guidebook at Palestine! It means the "Vineyard of the Lord." And ain't that the truth?

Stilwell's stay in Chungking lasted a week. The Generalissimo flatly refused to commit the Chinese YOKE force to action against Burma so long as the Allies were unwilling to make a major landing in South Burma. Nothing that Stilwell could say could shake him; but to prove his good faith, he yielded to Stilwell for the first time complete command of the X Ramgarh-trained forces in India to use as he saw fit.

For a year and a half Stilwell had been training the X forces in India. Two divisions were already concentrated in Northern Assam on the Burma border, protecting the advancing Ledo Road. They were trained, equipped, ready for action. Stilwell decided that further negotiations in Delhi or Chungking would be fruitless. On December 20 he left Chungking, flying toward the Burma border, where combat troops awaited his command. With these he planned to drive into Burma as deeply as possible, striking for the Chinese border.

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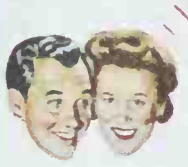
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December 19. *First time in history.* G-mo gave me full command of the Ledo [X force] troops. Without strings—said there would be no interference and that it was "my army." Gave me full power to fire any and all officers. Cautioned me not to sacrifice it to British interests. Otherwise, use it as I saw fit. Madame promised to get this in writing so I could show it to all concerned.

December 20. Off for Burma again. Under better auspices than last time. Can we put it over?

In December, 1943, it could be truthfully said that never in history had Chinese troops launched a successful strategic offensive against a modern enemy. In the second Burma campaign, Stilwell proposed to rewrite history, staking his reputation on the unproved thesis that, given proper equipment and training, Chinese soldiers were, man for man, as good as any in the world. In his belief in Chinese valor, Stilwell stood alone. Not only did the British and the overwhelming portion of the U. S. Army staff, in Asia, believe it was impossible for the Chinese to attack and destroy in Northern Burma battle-proved Japanese divisions of roughly equal strength, but the Chinese general staff in Chungking held the same low opinion of its soldiery.

What Stilwell proposed to do was this: to take raw troops, divorce them from the possibility of retreat, abandon fixed supply lines as completely as did Sherman in Georgia, make them dependent on air drops alone, drive them 200 miles through jungle, swamp and mountain to conquer a skillful, entrenched and desperate enemy.

The bare outlines of the campaign were simple enough. The great objective was the open lowland of North-Central Burma, where the meter-gauge railway wound its way through the linked towns of Mogaung and Myitkyina. If these two towns could be seized, a road might be built through the jungle from India to reach them and then pushed on toward the Chinese border of Yunnan, to end the great blockade.

No one spoke seriously of Myitkyina when the campaign was steaming up at Stilwell's headquarters on the Indian border in December, 1943. Myitkyina was a word, a phrase, a label on a dream that existed in Stilwell's mind alone. From the Allied position on the tangled mountain-jungle border of India, the road to Myitkyina seemed incredibly distant.

The main burden of combat rested directly on the Chinese divisions, commanded by their own officers, but tightly subordinate to Stilwell's personal urge. The Chinese, however, were only one strain in an association of races and nations that made the North Burma campaign of 1944 one of the war's great galleries of curiosities. In Central Burma, far to the south of the main drive, British commando forces under Wingate and Lentaigne operated. Kachin scouts under American direction raided Japanese outposts far and wide. An American commando force—Merrill's Marauders—wheeled about the flanks of the main advance, unpinning each position the Japanese established against the Chinese by cutting around the jungle to their rear. The entire combat movement was fed by parachute drops executed by the U. S. 10th Air Force, performing superbly its strategic functions in an infantry war. Behind the Chinese troops crawled the Ledo Road, struggling toward China. American engineers (Negro and white), Chinese, Indians, Nagas built the road through the jungle and over the hills under the treads of the tanks and the wheels of the trucks that were carrying combat troops forward to clear the trace.

On the map, the campaign for North Burma was a line that wriggled tortuously from unpronounceable name to unpronounceable name. On the ground, it was rain, heat, mud and sickness. It was snakes in camp at night; K-rations and dried rice; snipers and ambush; darkness during the day and the rustling jungle at night. It was hike, kill and die or, as Stilwell noted in his diary after one of his everyday marches through the muck: "Up the river, over the hogback—slip, struggle, curse and tumble."

January 10. Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. Just a line to let you know I am pecking away with the help of my Chinese friends on a tough assignment. Since the Limeys control the communiqués, you will hear very little about our endeavors, but so far the boys have performed very creditably and chewed up quite a few Japs. I get numerous howls to come up to Chungking or come down to Delhi, but so far have managed to fight them off and remain with the troops. I'd like a vacation after the



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weary mental struggle I've been having with our allies.

Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. We eat straight rations or Chinese chow and we live where we have to and the trails are tough, and we get wet and muddy, but we sleep soundly and the food tastes good because we are usually hungry. The principal hazard is being hit on the head by a bag of rice dumped out of a plane. Once in a while the Japs' patrols get ambitious, but they have pulled in their horns lately and the trails to the rear are quite safe. Progress is slow, the jungle is everywhere and very nearly impenetrable. Yesterday, on a cut trail I took 3½ hours to do 3 miles, tripping and cursing at every step. It takes a long time even to locate the Japs and a lot more to dig them out. We are in tiger and elephant country, although I haven't seen any yet.

The Chinese soldier is doing his stuff, as I knew he would if he had half a chance. It's only the higher-ups who are weak and they are still pretty terrible. The Americans are all doing a good job and they all enjoy the life. If I could just have a couple of U. S. divisions. But the Brain Trust won't turn them over, so I've got to go on struggling with my shoestring.

Grandparents, to be satisfactory and thoroughly useful in their vocation, must be of the right sort—competent without being fidgety, indulgent—yes, overindulgent—without being foolish enough to impair the confidence of parents, and such respecters of human liberty as to hold that what a child wants to do is the best thing for that child to do, provided there is no sound reason to the contrary.

E. S. MARTIN: The Luxury of Children (Harper & Brothers).

January 21. To Ningam, arrived at 11:00. Saw Brown [Colonel Rothwell Brown, tank commander] at Shingbwiyang. 87 tanks in, remainder in [from Ledo] today. One lost. Fine job [over road] under terrible conditions, Brown says worse than anything he can imagine. Everybody performed. One Chinese killed—tried to jump out of tank. Gave them three days to rest and refit. P.M. doped out plan of advance to south.

January 28. Off [at] 7:00 down the river, 9:00 at boathead. 9:30 to 12:00 getting to front. Went over Jap position; it was too small and the mortars gave them hell. Not well dug in, in spite of occupation from January 19 to January 24. Thompson claims probably 325 dead Japs. They were all over the place with heads and feet sticking out. Rather hurried burial. Plenty in the river. They ran their guns in the river.

February 1. At 11:00 started for Shing. . . . At Shingbwiyan got message that Taipha Ga was taken today.

The Chinese had tasted their first jungle victory. They were now ready to set out on the conquest of the Hukawng Valley. Stilwell's diaries record the rains, the long waiting for the road to dry, the gradual formulation of plans for the next phase as the Chinese gnawed their way through the jungle in February.

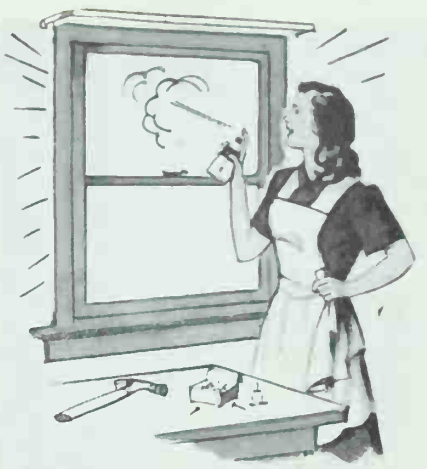
Maingkwan, about fifteen miles south of Taipha Ga, was his next objective. Maingkwan was the main Japanese supply and communication base in the Hukawng Valley. By late February, Stilwell was ready to use Merrill's Marauders on their first mission. The Chinese would advance through the jungle, taking Maingkwan frontally, while the Marauders would sweep around wide to the east and fall on the Japanese at Walawbum, cutting them off eight miles to the south. The tank column, also employed for the first time, would cut through jungle trails and drive in on the Japanese communications between Walawbum and Maingkwan.

February 8. Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. Don't believe any slop you hear about my being in any danger. I don't want to be knocked off in this morass and I assure

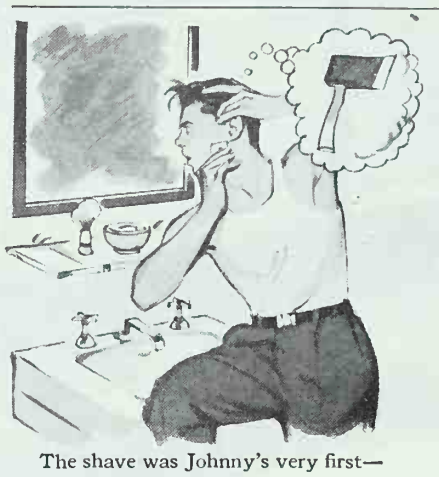
(Continued on Page 201)



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(Continued from Page 199)

you that I will take good care of myself. I have gotten together a few tough eggs to keep an eye out—front, back and sides—and they would all enjoy a little bout of assassination. Things are going slowly but satisfactorily. We are chewing them up in bunches, but the aggregate is getting to be fairly respectable. And the boys opposite are tough eggs.

February 15. Pontoon bridge in at Yupbang. Brown's reconnaissance outfit going up.

February 17. Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. Just a line during a lull while waiting for cope on whether or not we have taken a step in the right direction. We are getting a break on weather. The chow is arriving regularly. I am getting plenty of sleep and am generally enjoying myself.

February 21. It rained last night from 1:00 to 1:00, and I lay there cursing till long after it finally stopped. About one more day of that and I'll be a raving maniac. Went to Ningbyen and saw Merrill's gang. Tough-looking lot of babies. Told Merrill what his job would be. Had to wade river to see 1st Battalion. With Merrill ready and Brown ready, we can go now.

February 24. Merrill starts.

February 25. Last night, *first word* of appreciation from Peanut. Merrill's patrols at Tawang Hka.

March 3. The big day. Ominous quiet. No Jap artillery. Up at 5:30 and over to see tanks move out. Not well done. Jam on road. Truck stuck. Start one hour late. Message from Merrill—will reach Walawbum at noon. 8 P.M., message from Merrill—hit Japs at Wesu and Lagang. No U. S. casualties. Jubilation. Chinese all pepped up.

March 4. Sequence of messages: 8:00 P.M. last night, Merrill arrives [at Walawbum], jubilation; 10:00 P.M. Brown's first message—"enemy trap" and "heavy casualties," gloom; at midnight, Brown's garbled message repeated and received at 9 A.M. "Will attack Ngam Ga at dawn." Brown's 5 A.M. message received at 7:00 A.M.: "Do not need battalion, want air to keep artillery down." Told Brown to contact Merrill and get under his command.

Sixty-sixth [regiment] cut road south of Maingkwan, ambushed Japs, claim 100, maybe 25. Japs using engineers, artillery and cooks as infantry. Entire [Jap] 56th [division] is here all right and artillery too. Now if Merrill can do his stuff!! 3:00 P.M. Chinese reported in Maingkwan.

5:45: *Frank Merrill is in Walawbum.* One American killed, seven wounded. Says Japs lost at least 25 times that much.

March 5. The Supremo [Mountbatten] is due at Taipha tomorrow.

March 6. To Taipha at 2:15. Louis [Mountbatten] in at 2.45. Sixteen fighters escorted him. (We had four fighters working on the battle.) Went to headquarters and he made a dumb speech. Then we talked till 4:45. Usual attempt to get me to commit myself. Back to 22nd division command post at dark. Chow. Talk.

Japanese messages intercepted: ". . . casualties very large, we cannot protect river crossings . . . every man in the next few days must fight hard. Enemy is very strong and we must destroy him at all costs . . . cannot hold much longer if help does not come . . . no help available, fight to the end."

March 7. Up at 5:30 and in to Maingkwan and south a mile or so to ambush location. Plenty of dead Japs, horses and junk. Louis much impressed. Doesn't like corpses. Left at 9:00.

Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. Still in the bushes but pushing along. Louis has been up but didn't like the smell of the corpses. Now it has been proved that I was right about Chinese troops and the opposition is entirely tongue-tied. It's grand. Louis and I get along famously even if he does have curly eyelashes. Dorn is frothing at the mouth because for certain reasons his gang [The YOKE forces] are still on leash. Health, excellent. Disposition, nasty. Sleep, plenty. Food, too much. Patience, still some left.

At the beginning of April, Stilwell decided to risk all on a strike for Myitkyina. The monsoons, he knew, could not be long delayed, and thereafter the rains would halt further advance. But capture of Myitkyina would seal his winter-long campaign with a victory that could not be belittled anywhere in the world, would place him halfway across Burma to China and make the ending of the China blockade a matter of routine.

Stilwell had, by mid-April, Chiang's promise to unloose the YOKE force for a co-ordinating drive into North Burma from the Salween. The situation on the British front at Imphal had passed the critical stage and the Japanese were being pressed back. Stilwell therefore decided to move his frontal Chinese troops across the ridge into the Mogaung Valley for an assault on Kamaing, and at the same time secretly dispatch Merrill's Marauders through the jungle to Myitkyina, a march of almost 100 miles over

(Continued on Page 203)





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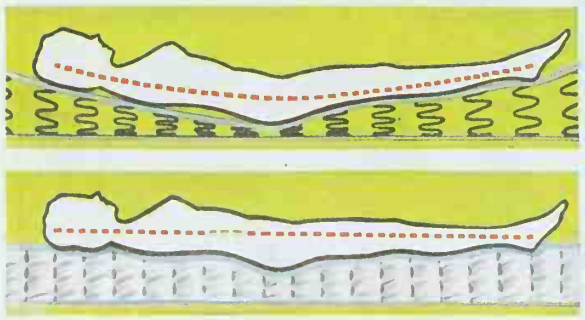


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3. Inside story! Left, see how wired-together springs in *ordinary* mattresses *sag down together under pressure,* in water glass test. But, right, see how your Beautyrest's *individually pocketed* springs act *without sagging together!*



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(Continued from Page 201)

a 6000-foot mountain range. He hoped that the main Chinese assault on Kamaing in the Mogaung Valley would focus so much Japanese attention that Myitkyina would fall to a surprise attack before reinforcements could be sent up.

At the end of April, the Marauders set off in three columns, one Chinese regiment following them in close contact. Their combat leader was Col. Frank Hunter, for Merrill was too sick to march. As soon as word of Hunter's arrival and seizure of the air strip should be received, Stilwell planned to fly in two or three regiments of Chinese troops to reinforce him, and ferry in enough supplies to secure the position.

The date for the attack on Myitkyina was set at May 12—ominously close to the seasonal beginning of the monsoon rains.

April 17. Talked to Merrill about Mitch [Myitkyina] plan. Hit Mitch, May 12. God grant it doesn't rain.

Lunch, then the avalanche. Fenn in . . . Godfrey, Davis in . . . Asensio in. Sent for Pick. He came in and we went to it. Limeys wanted Pick to pay for trees cut down in making Ledo road. Tie that. Session with Liao [commander of 22nd Division]. He says G-mo has not interfered with operations, but frequently writes to him. Has told him to obey me, "even if I'm wrong." Pick here for supper. Kept him overnight, so he could sleep.

April 19. Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. The villages are just a few charred poles, in a clearing. Everything in Burma was burned down when the Japs ran us out. We had tough going the first ten days this month, but a lot of Japs assumed horizontal positions and we are on the move again. A great deal depends on God—if He will hold up the rains for a month, it might be very useful to me.

A new member of a certain government bureau made life miserable for his associates by pretending to absolute infallibility. One day, however, he startled his coworkers by admitting that once he had been wrong.

"You wrong?" exclaimed one of his listeners.

"Yes," replied the infallible man. "Once I thought I was wrong when I wasn't."

April 23. Merrill left for Dinjan and Tate Ga. Will jump [for Myitkyina] on 27th. Our last effort.

April 26. Joe [Col. Joseph W. Stilwell, Jr., who had been ordered to his father's staff in the North Burma campaign as G-2—intelligence officer] has news that Japs are building up on us at Myitkyina. Uh.

April 27. Merrill all set to go on 28th. We will keep in touch by plane. (Chinese wounded man calling for water. Finally got it. "Give it to him," pointing to patient beside him.)

May 1. Rain. (Depression days, commander's worries: I start them off for Myitkyina, it rains. The resistance grows here. Why didn't I use them on our front? Is the gap too big? Will they meet a reinforced garrison [at Myitkyina]? Does it mean we'll fail on both sides, instead of only one? Can I get them out? The die is cast, it's sink or swim. But nervous wear and tear is terrible. Pity the poor Commanding Officer.)

[*Undated Paper*]

PSYCHOLOGY OF COMMAND

A good commander is a man of high character (this is the most important attribute) with power of decision—next most important attribute. He must have moral backbone and—this stems from high character—he must be physically courageous, or successfully conceal the fact that he is not. He must know the tools of his trade—tactics and logistics. He must be impartial. He must be calm under stress. He must reward promptly and punish justly. He must be accessible, human, humble, patient, forebearing. He should listen to advice, make his own decision, and carry it out with energy.

Unless a commander is human, he cannot understand the reactions of his men. If he is human, the pressure on him intensifies tremendously. The callous man has no mental struggle over jeopardizing the lives of 10,000 men; the human commander cannot avoid this struggle. It is constant and wearing, and yet necessary, for the men can sense the commander's difficulty. There are many ways in which he can show his interest in them and they respond, once they believe it is real. Then you get mutual confidence, the basis of real discipline.

Generals get sharply criticized. They are the birds who shelter themselves in dugouts and send the soldiers out to get killed. They cover themselves with medals, won at the expense of the lives of their men, who are thrown in regardless, to compensate for faulty or poorly thought-out plans.

There are really not many [generals] like that. The average general envies the buck private; when things go wrong, the private can blame the general, but the general can blame only himself. The private carries the woes of one man; the general carries the woes of all. He is conscious always of the responsibility on his shoulders, of the relatives of the men entrusted to him, and of their feelings. He must act so that he can face those fathers and mothers without shame or remorse. How can he do this? By constant care, by meticulous thought and preparation, by worry, by insistence on high standards in everything, by reward and punishment, by impartiality, by an example of calm and confidence. It all adds up to character.

Question: If a man has enough character to be a good commander, does he ever doubt himself? He should not. In my case, I doubt myself. Therefore, I am in all probability not a good commander.

Formula:—

Character	80%
Power of decision	10%
Technical knowledge	5%
Everything else	5%

May 1. Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. This is the month when the heavens open and the floods descend and the fields become lakes and the roads disappear and there is hell to pay generally. I hope the Japs are as tired of it as we are. If the little bastards insist on fighting during the rains, I don't know what I'll do, but there are indications that they have been chewed up here and there so maybe they won't be so ambitious this time. The "dry season" in this country is a joke, anyway. We have had rain in December, 12 days in January, 18 in February, 10 in March, 10 in April and now it's really going to rain. From now till fall we'll be in the Navy. Did I tell you this one? I was crossing a river in a pontoon and the colored soldier running the boat looked me over and shook his head sadly. Said he: "It sure is tough to make an old man like you come up and work in this country!" I occasionally overhear similar remarks by the Chinese soldiers. They think I am about ninety years old and comment on their own senior officers.

May 2. Another cloudy day. We sat and gloomed. The 22nd Division has had 57 company officers killed. Can't push the 22nd Division under the circumstances and can't help them. It's hell. Joe up for supper and checkers. I feel helpless.

May 6. Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. Your letters are grand and help me to remember that *everything* is not double-crossing, obstruction and stupidity. Probably we are getting a bit jumpy: the boys have been plugging for four and a half months and it hasn't been easy. I've just heard we have been sent some "war dogs." They won't give me any doughboys but they send me some dogs. It will be difficult to get them educated on the different smells of Americans—black and white—Chinese, Kachins, Nagas, Indians, Garos, Darjeelings, Burmese and Japs. The British, of course, don't smell—they tub regularly. The longer I live, the more I appreciate George Washington and the boys of the Revolution.

Raining again. We have this constant threat of the monsoon hanging over us.

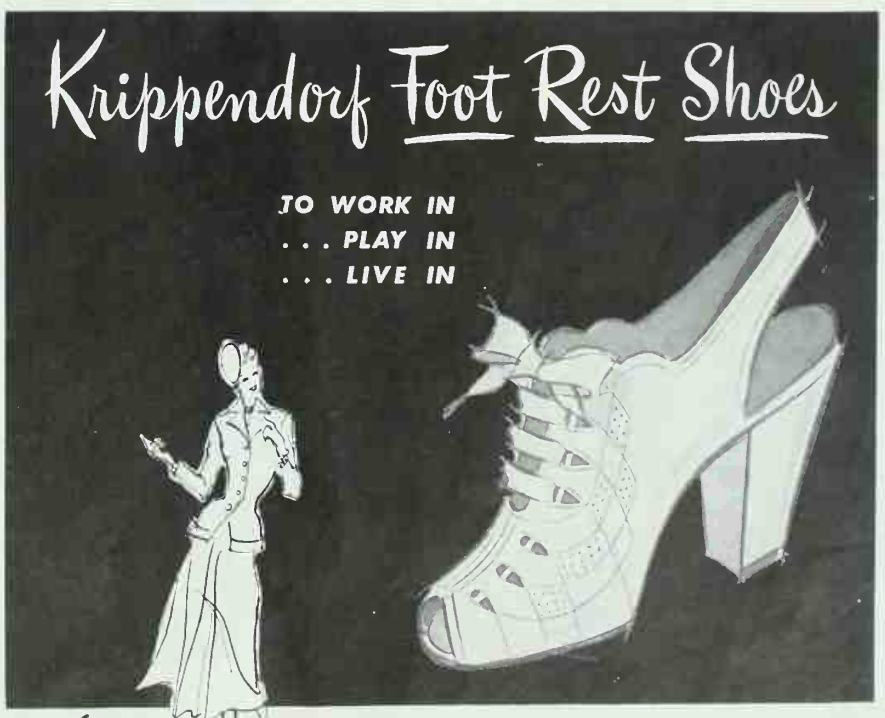
(Continued on Page 205)



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"So that's how you know it has these"



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(Continued from Page 203)

Shoved off at 11:30. Picked up
l-jen] at 38th [division] command
vent up to 113th [regiment]. Hot.
:0 hike up to 114th command post
gmi Kawng. Hill, 2000 feet high,
near killed me. All out of shape,
no legs. Swore off smoking then
Felt like an old man when I stag-
Li [regimental commander] there.
the dope and there was the usual
stir by Sun. Overnight at 114th
Sun went back—too much for

. Lay around all morning wait-
ews of attack on Hkatang Kawng.
n pany going to Samlan around left
st company straight in. (They did
platoon commander and 6 cas-
om fire from flank.) About 1:30
rental commander] went to see
talion commander]; horrified that
o too. Too much loss of face. Told
ight or I would go and stand in the
ont. This makes them move and
thing that does. Down the hill to
command post and spent the
e. Chinese troops staggering up-
came down.
ul; they de-
er company

12. YOKE
off yester-
be.

Hunter ex-
give us the
gnal tonight.
auders' col-
to preserve
ce all the way
he jungle till
d themselves
or ty-eight
rch of Myit-
lf. Then they
radio in by
ed code, so
ir force could
units for the
rrier move-
the air strip when it should have
ed.] I told Merrill to roll on in
on 'em.
JR NOTICE.

2:00 P.M. 24-HOUR NOTICE!!
. All set for moves to Mitch.
walk. Hunter [at Myitkyina] set
of 16th. Hiding out till 17th

Clear. A break. Got command-
of 149th [regiment] up and told
ut the job, except destination
ia].
0 message "in the ring" came in.
nt—"*at the field.*"
w over [Myitkyina] at 12:00 and
ng. Hunter getting in place prob-
ll just have to sweat it out.
in at 2:50. Had been over field
s *clear* [of Japs]. He saw trench-
re well to northeast. About 3:30
Merchant of Venice"—i.e., trans-
land. WHOOPS! Enormous relief
errill's report.
e ordered machinery and reinforce-
irted. About 3:30 two transports
At 4:00 we saw transports and glid-
over. Thereafter, a stream of
th ways. Told them to keep going
We may have 89th [regiment] in
ng—will this burn up the Limeys!
on coming in on South Burma now.
a due for monsoon June 1.

3. Not much sleep. Ants and
30 Theissen took us into Myitkyina.
correspondents. Heavy clouds.
own and got in okay, about 10:00.
iment] coming in; 150th had not
ttack. First Battalion [of] Galahad
rs] had gone to the Zigon ferry.
reaction; Japs not yet located.
ombing the town. Shoved off at
came back around the Mogaung
corner. Got an L-1 and flew back to Shaduzup.

May 19. Flock of visitors continues. Merrill in—he has had another [heart] attack. Peterson gave him morphine and put him to bed. Progress terribly slow at Mitch. I am worried about the Jap reaction. 150th [regiment] moved this A.M. and overran two Jap positions. A Jap group up by north field has not moved. Counterattack last night at Zigon ferry.

May 20. Last night Sun [Li-jen] in with plan to take Kamaing. Okay by me. I kidded him along and then agreed. Anything to get the 38th division moving. If we get to Kamaing, we tell the Limeys to go to hell.

Merrill passed by medicos. I let him go back—they [the Marauders] are to finish the job [at Myitkyina].

150th [regiment] has command post in [Myitkyina] railroad station. Japs backed into bazaar section. Resistance now localized and we are reasonably sure of the place. Japs apparently all in confusion and trying to pull out; Chinese casualties heavy.

Within a week, the success at Myitkyina had transformed itself from a brilliant coup to a squalid, heartbreaking campaign.

The 150th Chinese Regiment, which was the first flown in to consolidate, had but lately arrived from China and was unblooded in war. In their first action, several of its battalions mistook each other for Japanese and succeeded in inflicting disastrous casualties on themselves before recognition was achieved. Panic spread. Before the troops at Myitkyina could be pulled together the Japanese had had time to bring in all their outpost garrisons from the field, to rush supplies and reinforcements from the south and dig in for desperate resistance.

The Japanese force, variously estimated at from five to seven thousand men, decided to make a suicide stand of it, and each individual pocket had to be dug out in intensive fighting. Two full months dragged by while their stronghold was being reduced. Two American commanders were relieved. The Marauders, exhausted from their previous four months of fighting, were decimated with disease. The rains poured down, the battle area became a quagmire, it was impossible to withdraw from the struggle through the jungle without disaster.

Although this was a period not unmarked with success—for the Chinese had captured Kamaing and gone on to Mogaung beyond—it was a period of bitterness and worry for Stilwell.

Not till the end of July was the decision sure; and by then Stilwell was more than willing to leave the jungle and fly to Ceylon. Lord Louis Mountbatten, of the Southeast Asia Command, was called to London. Stilwell, as deputy of the Command, was ordered to SEAC headquarters at Kandy in Ceylon to watch affairs from the commander's chair.

Talking of florists, one gave me some useful tips the other day. He advised me never to buy blooms out of a window, for the heat of the sun through the window by day, and the electric lights by night, will have shortened their lives. When cutting blooms always slice stems slantwise—they draw up more water that way. Never buy flowers if the stems are black—they have been too long in water. The age of tulips and other bulb flowers can be detected by the degree of transparency. Remove stamens from lilies—the pollen will stain furniture or carpets. The best flowers for endurance are gladioli, cornflowers, sweet Williams, chrysanthemums and, of course, orchids.

—W. E. JOHNS.

Undated Papers.

I'm a worrier. I am always imagining dangers, and experiencing them mentally. Many never occur, but those that do I'm mentally prepared for, so maybe it pays. They say the coward dies a thousand deaths, the valiant dies but once. But possibly the valiant dies a thousand deaths, too, if he is cursed with imagination. The valiant who dies but once must be an unimaginative clod, or else he has something I can't understand. Enough will power to dismiss from his mind all the possibilities of trouble and disaster that may occur. That would take balance that I know I could never attain. I have to drive myself through the mental stress of anticipation. Question: Am I by nature a coward? And if so, can it not be proved that it is harder to be a coward—and not quit—than a hero?

To be able to live with the family—with a free mind—I have to risk never living with



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. . . but you'll know it's the OZITE that's the secret!

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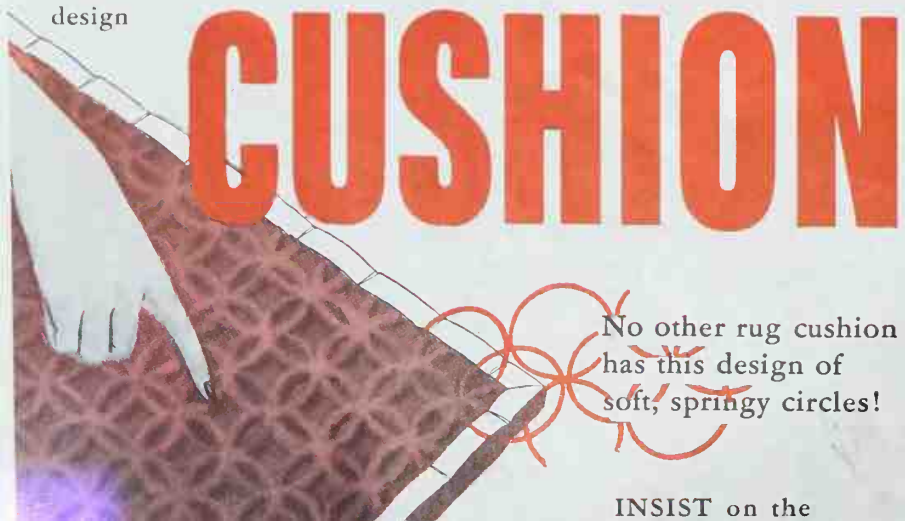
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No other rug cushion has this design of soft, springy circles!

INSIST on the

them. Probably this thought would never occur to a guy of strong character.

Imagination again. I often dream of going down into holes to pull the kids out, or looking for them frantically under water. I think of situations—quite needlessly—that turn my guts to water. Is it the same thing that makes me worry about covering the flanks, about checking on location of units, delivery of orders, execution of movements, arrival of supplies, etc., etc. Wouldn't a stable mind dismiss the needless worry and concentrate on the important things? Or must I pay for one by suffering the other as well?

Strangely enough, I do not worry about my own lot. It never occurs to me that my plane will crash or that the next bomb has my name on it. The possibility occurs to me, but it does not weigh on my mind at all. I wonder what that indicates.

In connection with the above, many things have happened close to me in time or space, without making any impression of danger on me. The plane ahead of mine has crashed, the plane behind has been shot down, a place has been bombed just before my arrival or just after my departure. Someone else, doing just what I was doing, has been a casualty. And still no apprehension is created in my mind. I know how Win would explain it, but if so, why isn't everyone taken care of?

June 2. Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. The pressure has been on me for a month: worry over the weather, worry over the Myitkyina business, etc. Some of our troubles have ironed out; the break in the weather I had been praying for came at just the right time (Great is God—Allah il Allah—*Wo me t'o fu*), and now we have a fighting chance. Certain of our allies don't care for the *fighting* chance. The situation in China looks pretty bad. [In East China, the Japanese had just launched the great summer offensive of 1944 that was to carry them from Changsha to Kweilin in the next five months.] I believe the Peanut is going to pay dearly for being stupid and stubborn. The jackass had salvation offered him free, and wouldn't take it. Now it's too late and he's screaming. This is just what I told them a year ago, but they knew better. The rains have held off miraculously, but we are about to run into them now.

June 3. Evening, word from Boatner. Got bumped yesterday hard—42nd [regiment] had 240 [casualties]; 150th [regiment] had 80 casualties. Attack *stopped*.

June 5. Up at 5:15, off at 6:30, Chungking at 9:00. Date with Peanut at 3:30. As expected, chiseling gasoline for the 14th Air Force. All he wants is the world and nothing in return.

Peanut much surprised over North Burma success.

June 6. Off at 11:00, Kunming at 2:00, saw Chennault and his staff and told them what would be done. Off again at 3:00—Tingkawk [Shaduzup] at 7:15 Indian time, hot and humid. Joe up and played the accordion till midnight.

June 9. 1867 Chinese casualties evacuated from Mitch.

June 11. Wheeler back—Supreme Allied Commander [Mountbatten] going to United Kingdom and deputy to take over. Louis wants to know what about it. Well, what about it?

The wear and tear on the nerves continues. Are we attempting too much? Can they hold us? Is there a surprise ready? Counterattack? Will our people stick it out? Casualties too heavy? I can tell that I've had nearly enough of this. It looks easy for an outsider to command, but it's rough on a worrier.

Beat Joe at checkers.

Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. Ben graduated from high school. I always visualized being around some of the time he was in school, and here we are in a war for 2½ years and we haven't started yet. He'll be an old married man before I get home. On the other hand, if some of the people who

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ng to stick a knife in me have some may be home any day.
Chinese soldier cooks continue to good performances. The other day hem had been out foraging, and on in heard a noise in the bushes which out to be a Jap major. The cook out the pin of his grenade—laid it the grass and stepped out and lay the bushes until it went off, making minor Shinto god out of the major. picked up the souvenirs and came

stray Japs charged the regimental id post, 113th Infantry. The *pings* soldiers] shot them all except one, big Jap whose ammunition ran out. coming, with a surprised look on his id the *pings* began to shoot at his make him dance. Then the colonel l them and em to grab out fifty *pings* nto him like a caterpillar re was a fight who would Jap tied up. very dilap- hen they un- nd produced laughing like eerly enough, rbor no ran- nst the Japs. been making lately. Got s cut up into l separate nd they are for it at the 0 to 1. We're a couple of e want badly. e had some al downpours ne sunny in- . But we can nly rain, mud, mosquitoes re, etc. It is han being in r Chungking Kandy with

15. Rain all still raining ning. Strug- papers. Ter- etter from , bad news Myitkyina. *ops are shaky.* believe. 12,- hinese and ns] versus 1000 [Japs]. Either our re all rotten, or else Boatner is get- terical. I'll have to go down. e in Sat. Eve. Post. The one man of sn Asia is Chennault. "Walking Joe t Platoon War in Burma" . . . r War I foot soldier." In other words, alumb—— What we should do is Cennault 500 planes and watch him town." And at the end of the article, c says we are getting ready for the ttle on the mainland of Asia, against anese army. (Fight with planes and date.) Such jackass stuff gets under k. There is a deliberate plan in the Force to belittle everything I do nvent catchy phrases to make me h an old-fashioned stooge.

16. Good news at last. 22nd in ai and having a time. Before noon. ould have been a killing.

17. With Captain Johnson and two of intelligence and reconnaissance to South Charpati, Sitapur and n. About six miles of hard going, in a rain, in two hours and ten min- Japs. Saw Hunter and talked it so bad as painted, the men looked

18. [Chinese and British] attack on tomorrow. In general, situation [at Mogaung] seems pretty good, Japs chopped up and starving, easy killings in large numbers, with no casualties on our side.

July 2. Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. The rain is pouring down, day after day, and night after night, and the mud is getting deeper, and we still go on fighting. A tough and persistent race, but in the Kamaing-Mogaung area we have broken their backs and had numerous cleanup parties. Over in Myitkyina, they are dug in deep, etc. It's a great pleasure to have a hand in this, but it's a drain on nervous energy. I'll be glad of a rest myself. Mountbatten has been up again. He had the nerve to make a speech at our headquarters, but he doesn't fool our G. I.'s much. I have been thinking of Mountbatten as a sophomore, but I have demoted him to freshman.

Over in China things look very black. It would be a pleasure to go to Washington and scream "I told you so," but I think they get the point. This was my thesis in May last year, but I was all alone, and the air boys were so sure they could run the Japs out of China with planes, that I was put in the garbage pail. They have had their way and now the beans are spilled, but what can anyone do about it?

July 8. Radio from F.D.R. to Chiang Kai-shek and from George Marshall to me. They have been pouring it into him about me. F.D.R. told Chiang Kai-shek to give me full authority to run the show, promotion to full general.

July 21. SAC [Supreme Allied Commander—Mountbatten] leaving August 2. He is working to abolish the China-Burma-India [theater].

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

From a Country Kitchen

Sonnet of Sorcery

BY LOUISE OWEN

Here live my stanchest, most unfailing friends:
Saucepan and skillet, waiting on the wall;
Sweet water, that bewitches, smooths and blends;
Caged fire, that leaps up lightly at my call.
Egg beater, wooden spoon and mixing bowl,
That from divergent entities can make
A new, harmonious and enchanted whole—
Miraculous bread . . . suave omelet . . . delicate cake.

Here is authentic magic. Here, in flour
And milk and eggs, in cinnamon and clove,
Sugar and salt and herbs, are all things good
To taste and smell and eat; here in my power
Is all the boundless mastery of food—
My wand a spoon, my catalyst a stove.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. Still whanging away at Mitch, but indications are now that we have the noose good and tight and that very few will get away. We should finish the job in reasonable time and then Ole Pappy is going to take a day off. I have had a hard two months, what with one thing and another, and you know what I mean when I say that undercover maneuvering continues in all camps and I have to watch my step and keep my throat protected. The Japs continue to be the least of my troubles. When I see what gets into the papers it nauseates me. The Chinese troops have been grand—and they will do what I say now. Their tails are up and they tear into the Japs with full confidence that they can beat the hell out of them. It is what you might call very satisfying, to say the least. Also that our score of dead Japs counted is now over 20,000. (Confidential.) Rain, rain, rain, mud, mud, mud, typhus, malaria, dysentery, exhaustion, rotting feet, body sores. If we are badly off, what about the Japs with little medical help and their supplies shut off? This has been a knockdown-and-drag-out affair. The physical conditions I speak of are worse with the British and Japs. Not nearly so bad with the Americans, and the Chinese are in excellent shape after seven months of it. We have taken good care of them, but even at that it is remarkable.



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(Above) Exclusive Hoover beating-sweeping-cleaning principle.

(Left) No stretching far high-up places. Tools in handy, lightweight kit.

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Cleaning tools in handy kit $18.00

MODEL 28

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Which Hoover Cleaner is No. 1 for *your* home? The famous Hoover Triple-Action Cleaner, or the new Hoover Cylinder Cleaner? They're both Hoovers—the name women prefer 2 to 1 over any other make. See both at your Hoover dealer's. Then decide.

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Its powerful suction speeds above-the-floor cleaning.



MODEL 50



(Above) No stooping to attach, detach hose. Touch toe release.

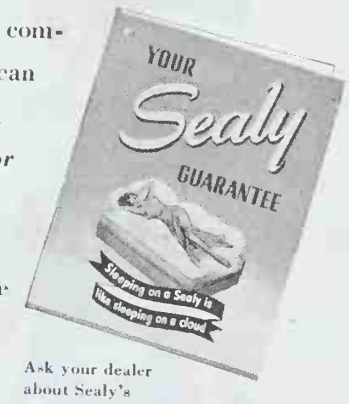


(Right) The Dirt Ejector—just flick toe release and dirt shokes out.



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The snakes are beginning to appear. One got into the office and one tried to get into my tent. Now I look around before I put my bare feet on the floor and shake my shoes before I put them on.

July 26. Prisoner of war [from Myitkyina] says conditions [of Japs] very bad. Morale low, wounded kept in line, short rations—one quarter bowl of rice daily. About 400 left.

July 30. Left command post at 9:30. Calcutta at 3:15, dinner at 7:00.

Stilwell's three-week stay in Ceylon was a pleasant interlude in a year of struggle.

Stilwell was enormously amused by the pomp and ceremony of the great headquarters at Kandy. His first official act was to cancel the sequence of endless meetings that occupied the attention of the higher brass of headquarters. Thereafter he proceeded to relax, napping, reading, driving about the island.

Myitkyina had fallen by the time he had settled comfortably into his chair at Kandy and the campaign in North Burma had halted for the monsoon season. In Ceylon he received news of his promotion to the rank of four-star general of the United States Army, a dignity he shared at the time only with Generals Marshall, MacArthur, Eisenhower and Arnold. The Chinese situation disturbed him greatly—but Roosevelt had demanded that Chiang make Stilwell commander in chief of the Chinese armies, and Patrick Hurley was coming to China to conduct the delicate negotiations. Someone quipped that Vinegar Joe and Oilman Hurley might not mix any better than oil and vinegar—but Stilwell at the time was delighted with the news.

On Mountbatten's return, Stilwell flew to Delhi to greet Hurley and, together, the party flew on to China.

Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. The situation in Europe looks good. I begin to believe the crack-up can come almost any time. Then with one war off our hands, maybe Mr. Churchill will allow Mr. Roosevelt to give me some help. (The presidential backbone seems to be stiffening with Hurley and Nelson coming over.)

I went down to Colombo to welcome Mountbatten on his return. I went to the zoo first to look at the monkeys, just to get in the mood. He was not at ease with me, which is not surprising, because his trip had to do with an operation on his deputy's throat. Maybe the fourth star threw a monkey wrench into the machinery. At one time or another all the Best People have attempted to get the can attached, but have somehow slipped up on it—up to now, anyway.

We finally got Mitch [Myitkyina]. It was a fight and, with the raw troops we had, full of anxiety, but we are sitting pretty now. What a bitter dose that was for the Limeys. They had said it was impossible so often and so vehemently that they just couldn't believe it was true. Satisfaction. The Chinese generally are all pepped up over the fight their soldiers have put up down here. The first sustained offensive in Chinese history against a first-class enemy.

August 29. Last day in Ceylon. Papers all morning. 3:30, Supreme Allied Commanders meeting. Sad. Packed till midnight.

August 30. Up at 3:30, off at 7:40, Delhi at 6:00.

September 4. Office, to airfield at 10:00 and met Hurley, Nelson, etc. Talked with Pat [Hurley] and Nelson till lunch and afterward till 4:30. At dinner more talk on Russia. (Mountbatten tried to ditch me at Cairo. F.D.R. said no. Pat says George [Marshall] is for me and realizes difficulties.)

These notes, found among General Stilwell's undated papers, help set the background for the developing conflict of 1944 that culminated in the Stilwell crisis.

For most people, thinking is dreary uphill work; their mind is set in motion by only a rare stimulus. I remember an easygoing classmate of mine, nicknamed "Q," who was thickness personified, but who apparently could think like lightning on the football field. There he was brilliant, but coming from an examination, once, someone asked him, "Say, Q, how much did you know?"

"Know! I didn't even suspect anything."

JACQUES BARZUN: Teacher in America, Atlantic Monthly Press, (Little, Brown & Company).

[*Undated Papers*]

CHIANG KAI-SHEK

I never heard Chiang Kai-shek say a thing that indicated gratitude to the dent or to our country for the help we extending to him. Invariably, when thing was promised, he would want Invariably, he would complain abou small amount of material that was bein nished. He would make comparison tween the huge amounts of Lend-Leas plies going to Great Britain and Russia the meager trickle going to China. He complain that the Chinese had been fi for six or seven years and yet we gave practically nothing. It would of course been undiplomatic to go into the nat the military effort Chiang Kai-shek had since 1938. It was practically zero.

Whether or not he was grateful was a matter. The regrettable part of it wa there was no quid pro quo. We did wh could, furnished what was available, wi being allowed to first ask what he wou etc. The result was that we were co ously on the defensive and he could ob and delay any of our plans without penalized.

[I had] faith in Chinese soldier and nese people: fundamentally great, cratic, misgoverned. No bars of caste ligion. Honest, frugal, industrious, ch independent, to friendly, courteo

I judge Kuom and Kungcha [Communist Par what I saw:

[Kuomintang] ruption, neglect, economy, taxes, and deeds. Hoa black market, t with enemy.

Communist gram: Reduce rents, interest. production, sta of living. Parti in government. practice what preach.

Chiang Kai-shek is confronted wi idea, and that defeats him. He is dered by the spread of Communist ence. He can't see that the mass o nese people welcome the Reds as bei only visible hope of relief from cr taxation the abuses of the army an terror of] Tai Li's Gestapo. Under Kai-shek they now begin to see wha may expect. Greed, corruption, favo more taxes, a ruined currency, terrible of life, callous disregard of all the of men.

[An undated paper, on the dominan itary doctrine of the Chinese Arm wasn't just a question of recruiting, o ing and training an army. The big job change the fundamentally defensive at of the Chinese to an offensive attitude were fixed and set by long years of cus Chiang Kai-shek had made the defe policy in the present war. He was g trade "space for time," a very catchir of saying he would never attack.

My own theory is that this predilect the defensive wherever possible is bas only on the long succession of Chinese when in contact with modern metho weapons, but also to the fact that mo nese are Taoists at heart. Taoism t nonresistance to outside forces; it is to struggle against a general trend. with the stream and avoid trouble. struggle, you will only bruise yourself rocks or be stilled along the shore a will get nowhere. I have seen the s scious effects of this feeling in actio Chinese commander hesitates to ch fate. If he makes a decision to take p action and it results badly, it is his fa having tried to influence events. If nature take its course, everything ma out all right, but if it does not, he can

(Continued on Page 210)



"You could have knocked me over with a magnolia blossom!"



Ever since we were married, Jim's Aunt Sue-Belle has been begging us to come to New Orleans for Mardi Gras. This year, we made it. Such fun—from topping off dinner with *Café brulôt diabolique* at Antoine's, to all the parties and parades!



After dancing till dawn, I was mighty happy to fall into bed. Next afternoon at breakfast, Aunt Sue-Belle asked how I slept. "It was a *treat!*" I sighed. "Those smooth, luscious percale sheets—wish I could afford to sleep in such luxury *all* the time!"



"Well, honey, and why not?" Aunt Sue-Belle asked. "Those magnolia-petal beauties of mine are *Cannon* Percale Sheets—the best little old value ever. Why, they don't cost very much more than heavy-duty muslins. And they just wear and wear and *wear!*"

Later, when we were helping each other dress, Aunt Sue-Belle told me more. "Those Cannon Percales, now—they're so fine and light weight they're easier for bedmaking and laundering. You remember 'em when you go to buy!" I twinkled. "Honey chile," I said, "reckon that'll be mighty *soon!*"



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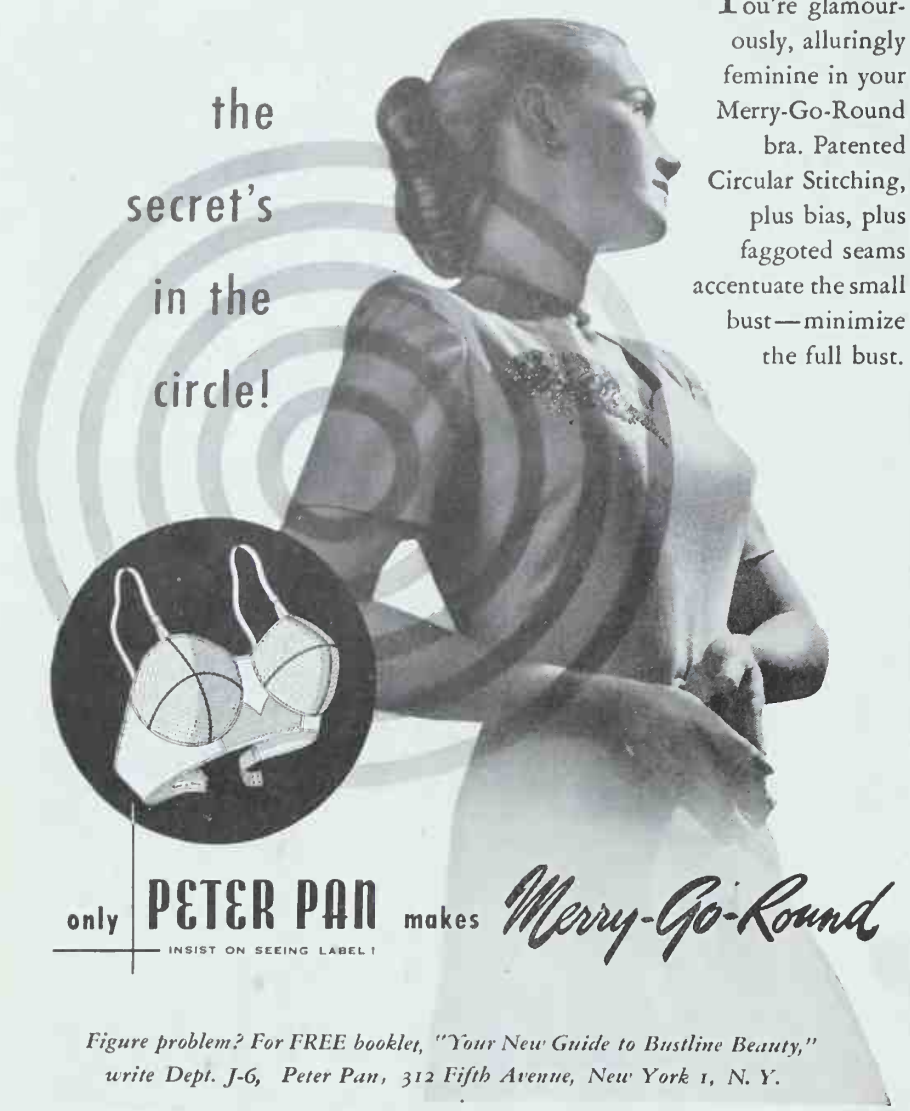


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(Continued from Page 208)

blamed for what has occurred, since he did nothing to bring it about. A scapegoat is always being sought for, under conditions where repeated failures must be explained, and the inevitable tendency is to avoid any chance of being picked. This attitude is general in the Chinese army. There is an added reason—a Chinese command is the property of the commanding general: if he risks it, he risks an investment. A division reduced to the strength of a regiment by an attack cannot expect to be filled up at once to its former strength. The division commander thus becomes in effect a regimental commander, and such reduction is to be avoided at all hazards.

The Chinese were dominated by the idea that the Japs were so superior in training, armament and equipment that it was not practicable to attack them. Chiang Kai-shek has said on many occasions that a Chinese division did not have the fire power of a Jap regiment, and that three Chinese divisions were not a match for one Jap division. Naturally, his commanders eagerly accepted this statement as full excuse for running away. A new spirit had to be built up. It was vitally necessary that the fresh contacts should be successful. If they were, we could gradually build up confidence—if not, it would be almost impossible to keep them on the offensive.

The Chinese had no confidence in themselves. We started out to give them some.

The summer of 1944 fed China the final portion of the long war's bitterness. Chungking, the capital, reeked of corruption, and Chungking's officials were drenched in cynicism.

In the rear areas, hunger ravaged the countless villages of the nation, while the peasants twisted to evade grain tax and conscription. The ancient hostilities of the Kuomintang and Communist Party split the nation in two to prevent the mobilization of fresh energy or effort.

At the front, the armies starved and the soldiers sickened and died. The Japanese, alarmed by the depredations of American sea-raiding planes, had launched a massive campaign—their last great offensive in history—to destroy the East China bases that launched the American planes. As the offensive unfolded through the hot summer months it cut across all of East China, severing Chiang Kai-shek's China almost in two, threatening to bring about the total collapse of the Chungking government.

The only bright spot in the pattern of war in Asia at the moment was the campaign General Stilwell had conducted personally in North Burma. The United States, viewing the situation in China, contrasting it with the situation in Burma, decided that Stilwell's nominal role as Chiang's chief of staff in China was an ineffective one. It demanded that Stilwell be given direct field command over Chinese troops on the China front, similar to those he had possessed in Burma and used so effectively.

Chiang had consented to this in principle during the summer; and the diplomatic negotiations to work out details were confided to Donald Nelson and Patrick J. Hurley. Nelson was to offer the Chinese vastly increased quantities of Lend-Lease materials and discuss huge postwar aid in reconstruction. Hurley was charged with binding the Chinese government to certain hard-and-fast commitments: the granting to Stilwell of direct command functions; an agreement that American Lend-Lease war materials be distributed as Stilwell directed for war uses; an agreement that Stilwell be permitted to bring the Communists under his joint command for use against the Japanese.

It was impossible at this point to evade the issue of civil war in China. The Communists were fighting valiantly against the Japanese in North China. But, at the same time, an undeclared civil war continued between the Communists and Chiang Kai-shek. The blockade line between Communists and government troops in North China absorbed the energies of about 200,000 of the best government troops and perhaps 50,000 Communist troops—a tremendous waste of manpower. Stilwell insisted that all Chinese troops everywhere be moved to the front, that political disputes be settled by political means. The Communists declared that they were willing to submerge their differences and place their troops at Stilwell's personal command, if Chiang would do the same for all Nationalist troops in China. To Stilwell, charged with defeating the Japanese on the mainland, preparing for an eventual American landing in North China, where Communist help might be vital, the unity of all Chinese parties seemed to be essential. Such a unity, moreover, would bring China through to peace as a mighty unified nation, able to face and repel all foreign enemies with her own resources.

Early in September, Stilwell accompanied Nelson and Hurley from Delhi to Chungking to assist in the negotiations that were to determine his fate.

September 7. The G-mo calls. Date at 9:30, Hurley and Nelson at 11:00. What, me, ahead of them? Love feast. Peanut went right into it, and told me that up to now my work had been 100 per cent military—now, as commander of the Chinese army, it would be 60 per cent military and 40 per cent political. [He] said that if I used the Reds they would have to acknowledge the authority of the National Military Council. He would advise me from time to time. He wanted no "*k'o ch'i*" [politenesses] between us. He had full confidence in me.

In any home that aspires to peace at any price, the telephone should be installed in a soundproof box office with no glass in the door. There is nothing that so incenses a friendly nature as a family grouped in the middle distance offering advice when a telephone conversation is going on. It is the most natural thing in the world to listen. The family listens in the first place to find out which one of them is wanted, and they continue to listen to find out what is said.

FRANCES AND GERTRUDE WARNER: Life's Minor Collisions (Houghton, Mifflin Company).

September 8. G-mo wants us to go to Bhamo and relieve Lunglin. [The X forces, tired from the long summer fight in North Burma, were consolidating at Myitkyina. Stilwell wanted them to rest and recuperate before going on. The General-issimo, on the other hand, was insisting that they set forth immediately to attack Bhamo 60 miles farther through the jungle, to divert the Japanese from Lunling, which the YOKE forces were attacking. Stilwell refused.] The Burma campaign has sure changed the attitude of these dodos. No patronizing airs any more.

Pat [Hurley] saw T. V. at 5:00; T. V. climbing back. He tried to get a lot of conditions agreed to. And then let the cat out of the bag: The G-mo must control Len-Lease. Pat told him to write down "Di agreed" in capital letters. Now we come to the showdown.

September 9. Disaster approaching Kweilin; nothing to stop the Japs—about 50,000 demoralized Chinese in the area against nine Jap divisions. Chinese have had no replacements. Jap units are filled up. It's a mess and of course all they think of is what we can give them.

Crisis in Kwangsi, several hundreds of thousands of men lost. Crisis at Lunglin.

September 12. Chiang Kai-shek agrees to appoint Joseph W. Stilwell [as commander in chief of all Chinese ground forces] and give him his "full confidence." Dickering proceeds.

Pat in in P.M. Rather discouraged—G-mo very difficult, says he must control Len-Lease and that I have more real control in China than he has. Wants to dicker about powers for me. "Thinking" about a diagram to show my authority.

Bad news from Timberman [in East China]. Collapse. Decided to go to Kweilin and see about it.

Urgent crises were making themselves felt both in East China and in the Salween campaign of the YOKE force.

In East China, the Japanese had broken through the Chuanhsien pass, the last great natural defense barrier above the lowlands of Kwangsi. Their break-through left the American air net about Kweilin in Kwangsi almost defenseless, for the Chinese armies in the East were now disorganized units. It fell to Stilwell to order the preventive demolition of these installations while at the same time drawing plans for their last-ditch defense.

On the Salween, the crisis was a crisis of opportunity. The YOKE force, commanded

(Continued on Page 212)



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(Continued from Page 210)

Dorn, had crossed the Salween River in bitter fighting, struggling over 1000-foot mountain ranges toward a junction with the X forces in North Burma. They were embattled on the outskirts of Lungling, the linchpin of the Japanese defenses. Dorn needed reinforcements desperately for the last drive.

All the military problems of China seemed to come to a confluence. The Generalissimo wished to cancel the YOKE campaign at once, without pressing the Lungling advantage, and use its men and materials to shore up the East China front. He would continue, he said, only if Stilwell immediately urged an all-out advance by the Chinese forces in Burma to relieve the YOKE men. Stilwell felt that the twenty divisions of Chiang's troops held useless in a blockade of the Communist rear areas should be the main source of strength for bolstering the East China front.

September 17. Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. We are in the midst of a battle with the Peanut, and it is wearing us out. Crises are arising in quick succession here and there; there is disaster in Hunan and Kwangsi: Dorn [in command of the Salween] is screaming for help: and hell to pay generally. Hell has been to pay before, so I guess we can take it again. You may be interested to know that everything is turning out exactly as I told them it would in May, 1943, when I was the Voice of One Howling in the Wilderness and when I was voted the horse's-neck-most-likely-to-succeed-in-that-role. I don't know if the Knowitalls have learned their lesson or not, but even if they have it has been an expensive experiment for me. A year and a half lost. In the so-called campaign for Changsha, Hengyang and Kweilin, the Peanut insisted on conducting operations by remote control and by intuition as usual, with catastrophic results. The enormity of his stupidity is shown by the fact that he thinks it was a pretty good show, considering. Considering what? I don't know. They throw away 300,000 men in Hunan [East China] without batting an eye and I break my back trying to get 10,000 to replace battle casualties [in the Burma campaign]. Co-operation in capital letters. Why can't sudden death for once strike in the proper place? It would really be funny if it weren't so tragic. *What will the American people say when they finally learn the truth?*

September 19, 1944. Mark this day in red on the calendar of life. At long, at very long last, F.D.R. has finally spoken plain words, and plenty of them, with a firecracker in every sentence. [On September 18, 1944, a telegram arrived at U. S. Army Headquarters, from Franklin D. Roosevelt for Chiang Kai-shek; General Stilwell was instructed to deliver it personally. Its precise text has never been revealed. But it was the sharpest-worded American demand for reform and action on the part of the Chinese government that the war had evoked.] "Get busy or else." A hot firecracker. I handed this bundle of paprika to the Peanut and then sank back with a sigh. The harpoon hit the little —— right in the solar plexus, and went right through him. It was a clean hit, but beyond turning green and losing the power of speech, he did not bat an eye. He just said to me, "I understand." And sat in silence, jiggling one foot. At least F.D.R.'s eyes have been opened and he has thrown a good hefty punch.

I came home. Pretty sight crossing the river: lights all on in Chungking.

September 21. Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. A lot of mail in, but nothing but junk. The only mail I want to see has the Carmel postmark. It has taken two and a half years for the Big Boys to see the light, but it dawned finally and I played the avenging angel.

"Rejoice with me and be exceeding glad, for lo! we have prevailed over the Philistine and bowed his head in the dust, and his heart is heavy."

The dope is that after I left, the screaming [Chiang's] began and lasted into the night.

September 24. Madame Sun [Yat-sen] wants me to represent China at the Peace Conference. Says I would do more for China than the Chinese. That I have a reputation among the Chinese people for standing up for

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. The Burma campaign made them feel
c able again.

e nber 25. Pat in with bad news.
Peanut reversed the field yesterday.
ut in hours talking, but you might just
l talk to a blank wall. The Peanut lied
t me and made astounding statements
ct that I was bucking him. I "per-
o ily refused" to make a feint from
n [Myitkyina] on Bhamo. No other
; said he wouldn't specify further. His
s gone over the President's message and
afraid of my influence in the army.
t ne nerve to say he would have a mu-
o n his hands!
t saw him again at 4:00 P.M. More
- valla [talk]. At 9:30 the *aide-mémoire*
i n: "Throw out General Stilwell. He's
- operative. He has broken his prom-
General Stilwell has more power in
n than I have. Etc., etc."
B. The decision was made after I
e l him the President's message. That,
c ing to the Peanut, made him my
c inate. It was then impossible for him
c ct me.

m ber 26. Two years, eight months
g gle and then a slap in the puss as re-
Jap broadcast said I was plotting to
hiang Kai-shek and make myself Czar
na. Clever. Just what would make
; Kai-shek suspicious. (Or was it man-
ed in Chungking to make his action
ble?)
Pat at 3:00. Nothing new there.
dio off to George [Marshall] giving
e low-down. Judd, Hurley and Mc-
for dinner. So-and-so [Chinese offi-
ere. Kept him for dinner and movie.
mes War Minister [Ho Ying-ch'in] for
million deaths. Judd kept the floor
Pat and that's going some. I went to

m ber 28. Saw Lin Wei. He does
ow [about Chiang's demand for Stil-
relief]. Thinks the trouble is on ac-
of the Reds. Thinks that Peanut be-
I insist on arming them and that if I
, he will agree on other points: the
has not told them about the *aide-*
e. No word from Washington yet.
/44—Ho Ying-ch'in has [been given]
e and English versions [of the follow-

he suggestion for using the Commu-
oops was raised because it seemed ad-
to make use of any and all military
in this crisis. I was not insisting on
of the Communists as a condition for
ent.
he matter of using the Communists
dropped, and we can proceed advan-
sly with our other plans:

Build up the Ledo force. Train and equip the YOKE divisions not now in action. Withdraw the YOKE force as soon as possible, build it up, train and equip it. Meanwhile start in on the Kweiyang area, to organize a nucleus of the Z force from the units that can be salvaged from South China.

This plan can be started at once. It will give us the security we want. It will also give us the nucleus of a force sufficient to take the offensive within six months.

September 29. Saw Pat [Hurley]. T. V. had been there, close to nervous prostration. T. V. asked if I had gotten the President to send the ultimatum. Pat refused to ask me. A-ha! Maybe this is the low-down. It fits in. The G-mo thinks I had it done and then tore his face off with it. So he has to tear me down. I wired George about this. The delay in answering the G-mo's blast has them worried sick. But the G-mo has not informed anybody, so perhaps he is holding on to an out for himself.

At this point, a wry twist was given the negotiations. H. H. Kung, the Generalissimo's brother-in-law, was then in Washington and had been invited to a dinner party at which he met Harry Hopkins. According to Kung, Hopkins had informed him that if the Generalissimo insisted on Stilwell's recall Roosevelt would yield to the request and send another American to command the Chinese armies. The conversation has been in dispute, but whatever its actual import, Kung cabled this titbit to Chungking. The effect of this message on the charged political atmosphere of the Chinese capital was electric.

October 1. Pat in with news of Kung to G-mo. F.D.R. "delighted" that U. S. commander will be appointed, and other point [Stilwell's appointment] is a matter of sovereignty. F.D.R. proceeds to cut my throat and throw me out. Pat feels very low about it. I don't. They just can't hurt me. I've done my best and stood up for American interests.

Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. It looks very much as though they had gotten me at last. The Peanut has gone off his rocker and Roosevelt has apparently let me down completely. If Old Softy gives in on this, as he apparently has, the Peanut will be out of control from now on. A proper fizzle. My conscience is clear. I have carried out my orders. I have no regrets. Except to see the U. S. A. sold down the river. So be ready, in case the news isn't out sooner, to have me thrown out on the garbage pile. At least, I'll probably get home and tell you all about it. God help the next man.

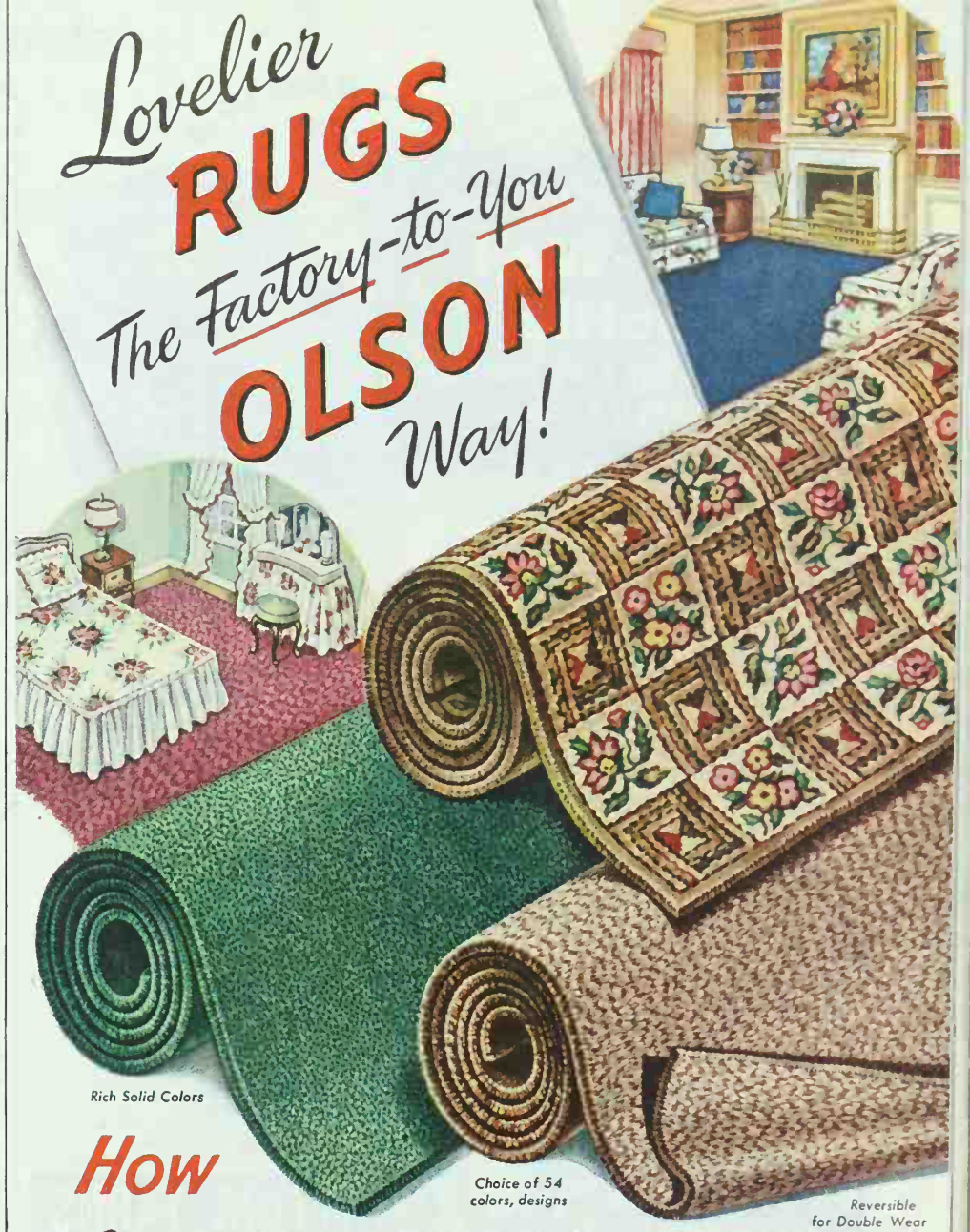
It hasn't happened yet, but it is a thousand to one that it will soon.

Undated Paper. Chiang Kai-shek is the head of a one-party government sup-



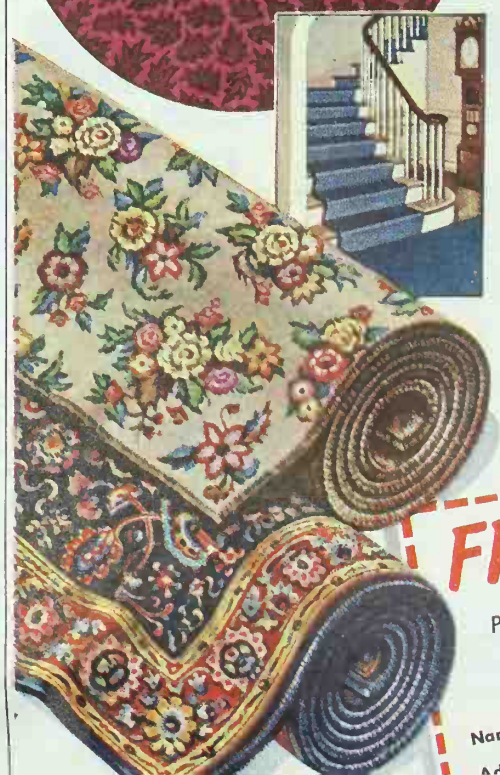
"Oh, I don't know. My grandmother was married five times and she wore long skirts."

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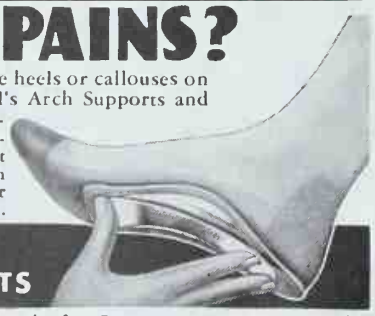
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ported by a Gestapo and a party secret service. He is now organizing an S. S. of 100,000 members.

[He] hates the so-called Communists. He intends to crush them by keeping any munitions furnished him and by occupying their territory as the Japs retire.

[He] will not make an effort to fight seriously. He wants to finish the war coasting, with a big supply of material, so as to perpetuate his regime. He has blocked us for three years and will continue to do so. He has failed to keep his agreements.

[He] has spoken contemptuously of American efforts and has never said one word to express gratitude for our help, except in one message to the President, in which he attacked me.

[He] is responsible for major disasters of the war. Nanking, Lang Fang, Changsha and Hengyang. Kweilin and Liuchow. Red blockade.

But

[He] is the titular head of China and has marked me as *persona non grata*.

Therefore

I cannot operate in the China theater while he is in power—unless it is made clear to him that I was not responsible for the September 19 note and that the U. S. will pull out unless he will play ball.

Ignored, insulted, double-crossed, delayed, obstructed for three years. Orders to [my] subordinates during operations. False charges of disobedience and nonco-operation. Constant attempt to put the screw on the U. S. Use our air force. Borrow our money. Refuse us men for the equipment we hauled. Attempts to get the munitions at Ichang and Sian, and let Y [force] and Z [force] starve.

October 4. Merrill in last night [from Washington]. Brought candy and cakes. Photos from home.

War Department is with me apparently, but this theater is written off and nothing expected from us. No American troops will be sent. Stiffening attitude toward the Peanut, including President. No decision on splitting theater. One day yes, next day no. In general, nothing new. Japan [to go] down eighteen months after Germany.

October 6. Friday. Shoved off for Mitch [Myitkyina] to see 475th Battalion. And of course Sultan [Maj.-Gen. Daniel Sultan, commander in chief of the India-Burma Sector of the CBI command] had the message as I landed. "Important communication from Washington." It's always that way. So I had to work all night and start back at 3:30 A.M. Saturday.

October 7. Kunming at 7:30, off at once. In at 10:15. Bergin there with "important" message. The message was rather encouraging. F.D.R. "surprised" and "regretful" at G-mo's "reversal" on command. Drops a hint about 14th Air Force and Hurley. Says situation on ground has deteriorated so badly that now it wouldn't do to put an American in over-all command. Then insists that Japan will interrupt ferry [the Hump airline] unless I retain command of X force and in addition get Yunnan province. With supply and fillers from Chungking. Then puts a stiff one on the end. "Consequences of pulling Stilwell out of Burma battle might be far more serious than Generalissimo apparently realizes." (Agrees to put me out as chief of staff. Sultan to control Hump tonnage. Lend-Lease to be divorced from my control.) It might have been a sort [of] capitulation.

October 17. Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. We are in the doldrums for fair, just sitting and waiting for the Big Boys to make a decision. If a military commander took two months to make a decision, he would be drawn and quartered, skinned, hung, burned at the stake and otherwise suitably disciplined. But any politician can horn in and keep the war dangling indefinitely. I am in the dark about the attitude our people are taking. But whatever the reason, we are the stepchildren of World War II. I am getting sour enough about this



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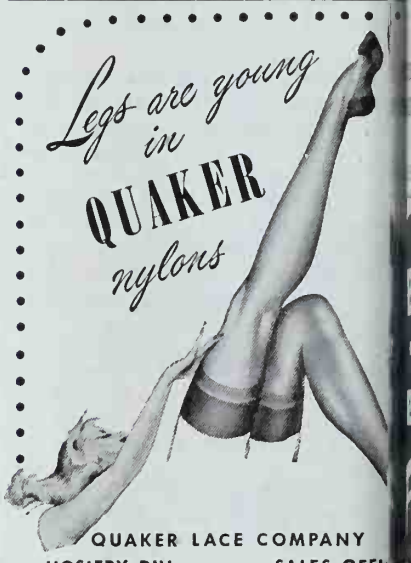
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pusillanimous proceeding to warrant being called Vinegar Joe. Japs announcing they have sunk half our Navy, so evidently they have been hurt. The Peanut sits on his hands and watches with great glee the fool Americans who actually get out and fight. This is not a letter; I am just scribbling to keep from biting the radiator.

October 17. To date only one radio from George Marshall giving gist of F.D.R. reply (October 5) to G-mo's first blast. (Serious consequences.) No word of any kind covering policy. President probably will not act without George Marshall's advice and George Marshall may be in France. Also election is coming and the whole thing may be held over.

[Later] Hurley gets radio from F.D.R. telling him to ask Chiang Kai-shek for his three names. [Roosevelt asked Chiang to suggest the names of three American generals whom he, Chiang, would be willing to accept as a replacement for Stilwell.] ("Remember I have not yet come to a decision—I want to see how his mind works.")

[Later] G-mo suggests Eisenhower, Handy and Patch. I suspect F.D.R. of delaying till after elections. Believe his mind is made up. Last radio to Hurley went via Navy. First time Hurley has failed to show it to me. The thing begins to stink badly. Hurley in for dinner and movies.

Admire those who attempt great things, even though they fail.
—SENECA.

October 18. Thirty-fourth [wedding] anniversary. Bergin had radio from Win [Mrs. Stilwell] for me at breakfast. Decorated the air boys at office. T. V. says G-mo will be adamant in getting rid of me. A hell of an anniversary. Raining.

October 19. The ax falls. Radio from George Marshall. I am "recalled." Sultan in temporary command. Wedemeyer to command U. S. troops in China. CBI to split.

So F.D.R. has quit. Everybody is horrified about Washington. Hurley feels very badly. Says Peanut accepts Wedemeyer. Everything will now be lovely.

Letter to Mrs. Stilwell. (The day after our anniversary.) The ax has fallen and I'll be on my way to see you within a few days. The politicians are in full command, so this kind of monkey business is to be expected. Some of the boys here were confident that F.D.R. would stand up to the Peanut. I felt from the start that he would sell out. "The war is more important than the individual." Etc.

So now I am hanging up my shovel and bidding farewell to as merry a nest of gangsters as you'll meet in a long day's march. I have to go to Washington, of course, but I think George will turn me loose promptly.

October 20. Rush and hurry. Adios radios. Saw Madame Sun Yat-sen. She cried and was generally broken up.

5.00 P.M. date with Generalissimo. Lin Wei came, also Hurley. T. V. interpreted.

Peanut said he regretted all this very much; I had done a great deal for China training troops—leading them—etc. etc. *It was only because of the difference in our make-ups that he was asking for my relief.* Hoped I would correspond with him and continue to be China's friend. Asked about personnel—who were most trusty of the Americans, and what good Chinese prospects there were. Asked for criticisms and suggestions about organization, particularly in higher echelons. Asked about situation in Liuchow. Surprised I had gone down. He said I was to continue in command in Burma till President made decision. I told him whatever he thought of me, to remember my motive was only China's good. Gave him the old "Tsui Ho Sheng Li" [For the Final Victory. This was the war slogan of China—"Carry on to Final Victory"] and beat it. The G-mo even came to the door.

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October 21. Called on Gauss (he is going to resign). Said good-by to Hurley. Twenty minutes of blah. Called on Ho Ying-ch'in—also blah. Said adios to the staff at 2:00 and shoved off at 2:30. Rough trip to Kunming. 5:00. After dinner, Pat O'Brien's show—excellent.

October 22. Off at 7:15. Paoshan [Headquarters on the Salween front where Brigadier General Dorn was in command of the American Liaison and Advisory Group attached to the YOKE forces] at 9:00. Out to Dorn's command post and talked. Met officers. Back to field. Decorated seven liaison pilots, and off. Myitkyina at 5:00—played Joe cribbage.

October 23. Finished up with Sultan [at Myitkyina]. Rode around and saw the sights. Morale good here. [Ledo] Road coming fine. Shortage of trucks.

October 24. Off at 8:00. Beautiful weather. Letter from Dorn. The boys are shocked. Ranchi at 1:00 P.M. Delhi at 6:00. Radio in during night for Wedemeyer to go to Chungking and take over.

[These undated papers, never published, were probably written immediately after Stilwell's relief from command.]

I. Competent authority, for good and sufficient reasons, ordered my relief from duty in the CBI theater. Since I am *persona non grata* with the existing Chinese government, it was the only thing to do.

The trouble was largely one of posture. I tried to stand on my feet instead of my knees. I did not think the knee position was a suitable one for Americans. Since promotion was intended to give me appropriate rank for a position that did not materialize, I am requesting reduction to my permanent grade and assignment to a combat division.

II. It has been announced by competent authority that I was relieved of command in the CBI theater because of friction that developed between Chiang Kai-shek and myself. At all times my relations with Chiang Kai-shek were on an impersonal and official basis, and although we differed often on questions of tactics and strategy, once th sion was made, I did my best to carry My mission in China was to increa combat effectiveness of the Chinese and an agreement was in effect that would supply the manpower and t would train and equip it.

Burma was in the hands of the Ja the only way to get supplies in quant China was by reopening the commun by ground. The demands of other t made it impossible to assign combat d to the CBI theater, and the solution a was to develop the air ferry, and con war in China to an effort in the air. sulted in using almost the entire ai supplying the 14th Air Force. It pected that command of the air c maintained in China and bases bui which the mainland of Japan ce bombed. In May, 1943, the decisi reached in Washington to give the bul tonnage to the 14th Air Force and de the Chinese ground forces to prot bases. I argued that as soon as the J the effect of an attack from bases in they would stage an attack to take th from us, and that the Chinese troops ble were not competent to prevent opinion was not accepted by the Co Chiefs of Staff. We have now lost bases east of Kunming and have no show for all the effort and expense in

October 26. Thirty-two months Last day in CBI. Radio about split o arrived. Shoved off at 1:00 P.M. Arnold, Young and I. Felt like hell. at 5:00.

October 27. Left the field at d 8:00 A.M., last of the CBI.

[Among Stilwell's undated pap

The personal experience of an in fades into insignificance in the enormo and ramifications of war, especially is a grievance connected with it. A the general result is success, who car the squawks of the disgruntled? I can say he did not let his country do if he can live with himself, there is more he can reasonably ask for. T

THE GIRL THAT I MARRIED

(Continued from Page 48)

was covered with blotches. Her poise remained intact. She did not lower her voice to say good night, but the hives she could not control.

That night I listened to radio reports of the Battle of the Bulge and decided that if there were any worse situation than the one I was in, that must be it. When in fits and starts I slept, it was to dream of a tiny Portia facing Life. This child clapped her hands gleefully as she stood in the path of an onrushing train, only a few feet away. When I winced and looked again, the train had stopped and the child had made friends with the engineer. In a few days, when I was safely walking around in a plaster cast, Jerry's hives disappeared and she told me she was pregnant. We have since felt that an emergency parachute jump, life inevitably escaping death in a pregnancy, Christmas, the winning of the Battle of the Bulge, and Jerry's hives explain about everything on this earth.

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred that will stand adversity.

—THOMAS CARLYLE: Heroes and Hero-Worship.

Now that I think about it, this was probably a period of hardship. But with Jerry yesterday is always remote, and there are so many interesting things to do today that it is better to put most of them off until tomorrow. Our early married life was exposed to all the futility and frustration typical of war years—living in rooms, in trailers, constant moving, uncertainty, and periods of long separation, one of which occurred at the time of my son's birth.

I cannot deny that my wife seemed unaffected by many of these major irritations, an attitude which baffles me. She report that even childbirth was too bear. She had the hives only once; not something I can really count on

I think I must make it clear that intelligent but not intellectual. In ally we are completely unmatche seldom engages in abstract conversa I were to say that good fiction tr reality, she would not know what which is just as I am not certain mean by that eith would suggest th is an independent wholly capable o care of herself, bu also untrue. Unle her arm, she wa front of taxicabs, ankle or bumps in She refuses to t of herself, except when I am abs then she does surprisingly well, by wangling someone else to do th her.

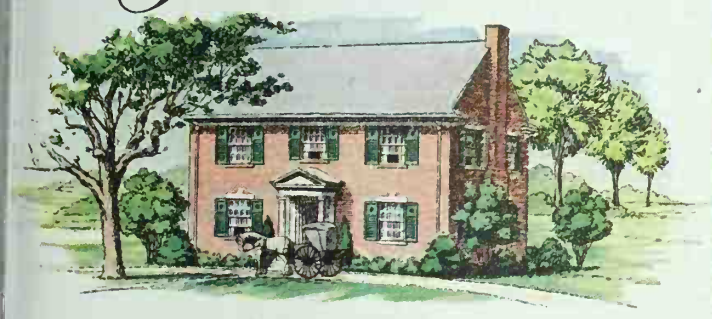
I admire speed, efficiency and wherever I see it, but I have not these qualities in my wife. Among rieties of clinging vine, she is ginia Creeper. She grows on me. ruins of civilizations such vines walls.

Jerry is a completely unmethod efficient person, especially about ho which she doesn't like. She loves t dishes in the kitchen and try out new which often turn out pretty and s good to eat. The more inefficient sh

(Continued on Page 218)

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(Continued from Page 216)

happier she hums. With the baby she is just as slow and only slightly more methodical, and no disciplinarian at all. Prospective fathers should be told that wives are no more innately equipped to be parents than they are, with the possible exception of the mammary glands.

Now our son dominates Jerry, occasionally kicking her in the face when she holds him, and there is nothing anybody can do about it.

My wife is a great lover of little things, the grand protector of kittens, birds with broken wings, goldfish, mice and baby rabbits. Her tears well up for a mangy pup, and she has none for me. Squirrels bite her fingers when she feeds them. She never rescued a toy or a rubber bone from beneath a sofa without bumping her head on a table. At the beach she spends her time collecting shells which for no purpose she brings home and stores around the house, often in my ash trays. Any psychologist will tell you that such behavior is infantile, fatal to marriage. A man soon tires of this state of affairs. He tires and he relaxes.

Jerry's idea of budgeting is to spend money until gone, but she is unusually good with store clerks and especially butchers, whose first names she knows instinctively. She is maddeningly slow about ordering in a restaurant, but this does not seem to trouble the waiters as much as it does me.

We are not from families affluent enough to have servants, so we lacked experience with that problem. When we were able to have Norah for one day a week, Jerry was warned by a neighbor who said she had had Negroes all her life and that if "you gave them an inch, they'd take a mile." On the days that Norah worked for the neighbor she was permitted to dine from a paper plate on cold cuts and potato chips. Jerry, not knowing the rules, thoughtlessly prepared a warm meal while Norah did the cleaning. She sliced tomatoes, poured coffee for both of them, then sat down to eat with her, chatting sympathetically about Norah's gallstones. This, I suppose, could be considered "giving an inch." And Norah did take a mile—of extra steps to do immaculate work and care for the baby and offer us her devotion. For all we know, Norah is just a good kind woman, although, "of course, she is an exception." When one day she brought Jerry a handful of particularly colorful shells to further clutter my ash trays, I felt certain that although Norah is twice my wife's weight and a dozen hues darker, they are indeed sisters under the skin.

And yet for me there is nothing in the theory that all women are alike. I have not ranged or roamed as much as Kipling's hero but I agree that some of the lot are prime. Except for that limited generalization women have many more differences than similarities in my little red book. Nor can I agree with any feminist still rash enough to preach that men and women are just alike except for minor differences, for which the dull wit in the back of the room is always thanking God.

In one way my wife and I are perfectly mated—we are of opposite sexes. Backed against a stone wall with a saber at my throat, I would be forced to admit that genuine sex appeal is not a quality I would discount in the girl I married. I would say that real physical attraction is as profound a basis for choosing a mate as any other. This is not generally admitted. (Is it?) And it can't be faked. *That* is not generally believed. It is common cant, also, that desire for one's wife wanes abruptly after the first six months of married life. That's a lie too.

There are a lot of words which separate the intellect from the emotions, but if the head were actually separated from the heart it would be a messy business and the body would be unattractive thereafter. Even analytically I could not do this to my wife, but the important thing is she never tries to do this to herself. She does not analyze her

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impulses or mine. She takes things as she finds them—and usually she finds them delightful. That is what I call being an honest woman. Upon reading a whopper sex-and-soul-searching novel, Albert Einstein remarked, "The human mind is not that complex." Jerry would agree with Albert Einstein, I am sure.

When a poor writer wants to give physical attractiveness to his heroine, he tells us that she has pointed breasts, or outstanding breasts of some kind. The padded brassière is the symbol of sex in our times. This type of fiction has become not only stranger but more real than the truth. For not only has sex been allotted special attention apart from other aspects of personality and physiology, but it is also localized to two or three familiar portions of the anatomy. When any girl-as-a-whole is considered, this is an unfortunate limitation. If "men are all after the same thing," it is no wonder the creatures are queer. If for the purposes of description I had to select some of Jerry's physical features which seem most interesting and attractive to me, I would mention her wrists, which are amazing to watch, or her feet, which are tiny with well-shaped toes, or her ears, which are the most flagrantly feminine things I have ever seen, and they are always bare. I should think any writer could find such distinctive items to describe, and then, if required by the Authors' Guild, he could add, "This female character also has breasts—blunt ones."

Would you throughout life be up to the height of your century, always in the prime of man's reason, without crudeness and without decline, live habitually, while young, with persons older, and when old with persons younger than yourself. —BULWER.

Jerry is worried about this phase of my study. "Are you going to tell *all?*" she asks. And be writing all *day?* Of course not. A good writer and a good wife leave many things unsaid.

I have not told anything that anyone else can use, except by contrast. I am certain there is no recipe for a happy and lasting marriage. It all depends upon how it is mixed up and at what temperature it simmers.

The only event in married life that is much like a neighbor's is divorce, and perhaps that's why so many people choose it. The effort to live preconceived patterns of married life may be the cause. The oddest couples find contentment with each other; storybook matches often have unhappy endings. The daily, crucial test of every marriage is not whether it will last over a period of years, but whether it lasts overnight.

Jerry and I are imperfectly mated, as I suspect all couples are, but Jerry is not a perfectionist. She is comfortable to live with; and besides, I think she must love me.

"But how do we stand each other?" Jerry asked, when I suggested writing this.

"It takes a kind of genius," I told her.

She smiled indulgently. She assumed I meant myself. My wife doesn't understand me. It is her most endearing fault.

THE END

MRS. G. M. WHITE
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THE HARMONIOUS HOGANS



Family jam session: the key is major, the rhythm smooth when Jay and Harrie tune up of an evening to serenade their two best girls.

By
Betty Hannah Hoffman

★

Photographs by J. Di Pietro

WHEN five-year-old Judy Hogan, with the dark almond eyes and gappy smile, whirls around the room, trips and falls, the family pronounces, "Just like her mother—never looks where she's going." And when, at a sharp word, she retreats to a corner, "Isn't she sensitive—just like her father!" Nobody stops to consider any more that Judy is adopted. This engaging mite has not only acquired the dispositions of the harmonious Hogans; she even looks like them.

Her mother, Lucia Hogan, is a tall, angular brunette, with crisp short hair and a bony, animated face, exhibiting a fashion model's sleekness in red corduroy slacks. The father, Harrie, named (he sighs) after an Aunt

Meet an insurance salesman from Mendham, N. J.

8.3% of American families have incomes of $4000–$5000 a year



"Adopting Judy

made ou

biggest dream

come true. Now, we

can't imagine life without her.

Harriet, is broad-shouldered and stocky, his round face revealing the stolid Dutch burghers behind the blatantly Irish name. Both of them have an eager, outward look about them which is reflected in the sweetness of expression of adopted Judy. She even resembles their son Jay, quiet and self-contained, a near-six-footer at fourteen, who is not adopted.

Young Jay had been an adored only child for twelve years when his sister arrived, a potentially explosive situation. The fact that the adopted child feels so utterly secure in all their affections, while Jay has never felt a single twinge of jealousy, is a remarkable tribute to their parents. Harrie says, "I know that I want a decent break; and I want to see that everybody else gets one too." Through seventeen years of marriage, he and Lucia have brought every source of conflict, no matter how trivial, out into the open, threshed it through to a mutual decision, then wasted no time in backsliding, wishful thinking or regrets.

For instance, Lucia's heart was set on adopting an infant girl. Yet when a family powwow emphasized that Jay was not likely to feel much companionship for a sister twelve years his junior; when Lucia considered that Harrie was past forty and not likely to enjoy a young baby's crying, and diaper changing, and six-A.M. feedings, they wisely decided to adopt a child past the exacting stages of infancy. From that moment, Lucia closed her mind to the appeal of a tiny, helpless bundle in beribboned pink, and welcomed with open arms three-year-old Judy.

When Harrie, after many family conclaves, decided to forgo a regular salary check and launch into the uncertain business of selling life insurance ("the world's greatest pests, I used to think"), he did so with practically a sense of dedication. In fact, he has become a kind of local Santa Claus to Mendham, a historic Northern New Jersey town where they now live.

Harrie not only refuses to high-pressure anybody into buying insurance, but is honest enough to turn down business rather than oversell a customer. He has been responsible for reinstating about $200,000 worth of lapsed G. I. insurance—a far better buy, he tells veterans, than any commercial house can offer. He spends a great part of his days in efforts not directed toward selling Penn Mutual insurance at all. When a young couple—not among his insurance prospects—couldn't get married for lack of a house, Harrie gallantly drove them around until they unearthed one. He knew of a young veteran who was dissatisfied with his job as a welfare worker, and was tickled to pieces to find him one exactly to his taste, as an aviation mechanic. One client made him godfather to his child. One recent Christmas, Harrie heard of a sick child who was pining for a cocker spaniel; he dug one up for nothing, a prize dog from a famous kennel. And there is a very poor but proud family in Mendham which receives cash through the Hogans every month, from an unknown benefactor whom Harrie interested in the case.

All these acts of brotherhood yield Harrie little besides a deep sense of personal satisfaction. This past year has been an unlucky one financially; in the first six months he wrote $200,000 worth of policies, but only $70,000 worth was placed. The rest of the applicants *(Continued on Page 225)*

"We're great for just visiting." Reading round the fire or listening to records u Hogan vote over "movies and such." Occasionally, parents cut loose and go d leave Jay on active duty as his five-year-old sister's chef and chaperon pr



ody works—including father." Lucia has no elp, relies on Jay and Harrie for "muscular ike chopping wood and polishing the floors.



"We feel the children need religion, but want them to choose their own." Judy attends Sunday school in St. Mark's Episcopal Church where Jay serves as acolyte.



Jay wields a mean paddle when it's ping-pong on the dining-room table, but prefers music to athletics. A member of the high-school band, he plays baritone sax.



groomer and family financier: as his mother's st man," Jay earns $1 a week, caddies, weeds every summer to swing his Canadian vacation.



"For that which we are about to receive ——" Meals at the Hogans' feature casseroles. Lucia finds "leftover surprises" hold bills to $20 weekly, including milk.



Bathtime bonus for a model girl is "one more story"; but for an unmodel one, Lucia believes in isolation. "Bad days, like taxes, should be figured out alone."





"The real reward in this business is the service you give, whether you get anything back or not."



"Salesmanship from a ladder is not routine"—bu Harrie's in good position to find out what gives i the building trade from contractor Urban S. Fowl



A member of Mendham's Scout-troop committee. Harrie discusses plans on a visit to Lawrence Hal penny, assistant director of Schiff Reservation.



Extracurricular activity: solving problems like the Robert Winners' housing shortage. Most of Harrie's clients are in middle 30's, earn about $6000 yearly.



"I don't go for work where you make a deal, then just bow out." Harrie helped Charles Muller find job as mechanic.



From one client to another—Mrs. Jessie Backer runs the dairy farm in Mendham where Hogans get their milk. Harrie often stops in for a chat.



Harrie has income of $4500, insures own life for $28,000. Many customers are professional or small businessmen, like garage owner Charles Hobbie.



"Company's our main luxury." Of a Saturday night, Harrie's usually at the griddle, serving up his special brand of pancakes and sausage. Pot-luck parties at home don't unbalance the budget, but expenses for gas and for business entertaining run about 10% of Hogan's income each year.

(Continued from Page 222) were turned down for heart trouble and high blood pressure; all of them men between 35 and 45. Most of them never suspected their condition; Harrie took it hard, breaking the bad news to them. In spite of losing two thirds of the business he sold during the year, he made $4500 in 1947, the highest income he has ever earned.

Getting along on little money is a problem the Hogans have shared all their married life, although both came from well-to-do families. When they were first married, they had $1000 saved—"And never so much since," says Harrie ruefully. Luckily they bought their present four-bedroom house with barn and two acres in 1942, before the boom, for $6000. Harrie got it without even a down payment. The main part of the house, a gleaming white clapboard, green-shuttered Colonial style, is 110 years old and needed only some rock-wool insulation and painting. It is surrounded by open fields and rolling wooded hills, great deer-and-pheasant country. The Hogans have furnished it mainly with family pieces—worn Orientals, nice bits of old brass and pewter, and massive turn-of-the-century mahogany. Lucia jokes that she can't afford to buy even cheap china; they eat breakfast off fragile family Limoges.

Harrie painted the entire interior; the living and dining rooms are a lovely Williamsburg blue, the kitchen—big, bright and cheery—an apple green. Lucia, brought up with servants, does not make this an excuse for sloppy housekeeping. Although she has no housewifely talents like sewing and canning—"When I married, I could n't even cook"—she valiantly cuts corners by doing all the housework herself, washing even curtains by hand in the kitchen sink (a great chore, since she has a slight curvature of the spine) and buying many family clothes secondhand. Her own nice clothes are largely hand-me-downs from a relative, she admits cheerfully. Lucia is one of those rare persons who live by the Tenth Commandment. It never bothers her what anybody else owns; she has utterly no yen for personal luxuries like fur coats and jewels and big cars.

"My family were never what you'd call wealthy. I went to Smith and abroad three times; my brothers went to Princeton and Williams, but that was because my family believed in education and travel, and these things are cheaper for a minister. Harrie's family was really well-to-do. His father owned a big stationery company in Chicago, but they lost the business and what Harrie mostly remembers are the hard times. Maybe that's why money means more to him."

Harrie yearns to buy his wife luxuries, even though she doesn't believe in them on their income. "I'd rather have two one-dollar-ninety-eight-cent slips than one fancy lace one for my birthday," she



"She looked so nice—still does." Harrie first spied Lucia from a bandstand when he was a saxophone player for country-club dances.



Heart disease and high blood pressure kill 35% of Harrie's business. Today, however, over 50% of Americans carry some form of life insurance.



"Our town can be no better than we are." Twice a week, Lucia gives evenings to local activities, is a member of PTA, Church Guild.

"Things have never been discouraging between the two of us—when it's that way, any bad outside breaks don't seem to hurt too much."



"More time for each other" is main reason why Hogans plan to ease up on civic duties. But Harrie likes to recall days when he served on police committee and board of aldermen with Morristown's police chief, Fred A. Roff.

says. "So I just have Harrie give me the money, and I do the buying. He'd get the lace slip every time."

Lueia is not one to be misled by glamour. The first obstaele to their romanee was a saxophone. This was in the late 1920's, when Harrie, a bookkeeper by day, spent most of his nights playing the sax with Herman ("As Time Goes By") Hupfeld's band, later with Walter Woolley. Harrie made as much as $100 an engagement at Princeton, Rutgers and Colgate house parties, covering as well all the popular North Jersey night spots. Harrie also had a dozen or so pupils, one of whom made Ben Bernie's band.

Although his regular A. & P. bookkeeping job paid only $35 a week, Lueia suggested that he give up his music eareer, her argument being that family life and bandstands don't mix. Harrie agreed and has never regretted the decision. "I never would have made the big time anyway," he says philosophieally. "You've got to play by more than ear nowadays."

Harrie had been handling a sax since his Montelair Aeademy days. His family brought him East from Chicago in *(Continued on Page 245)*



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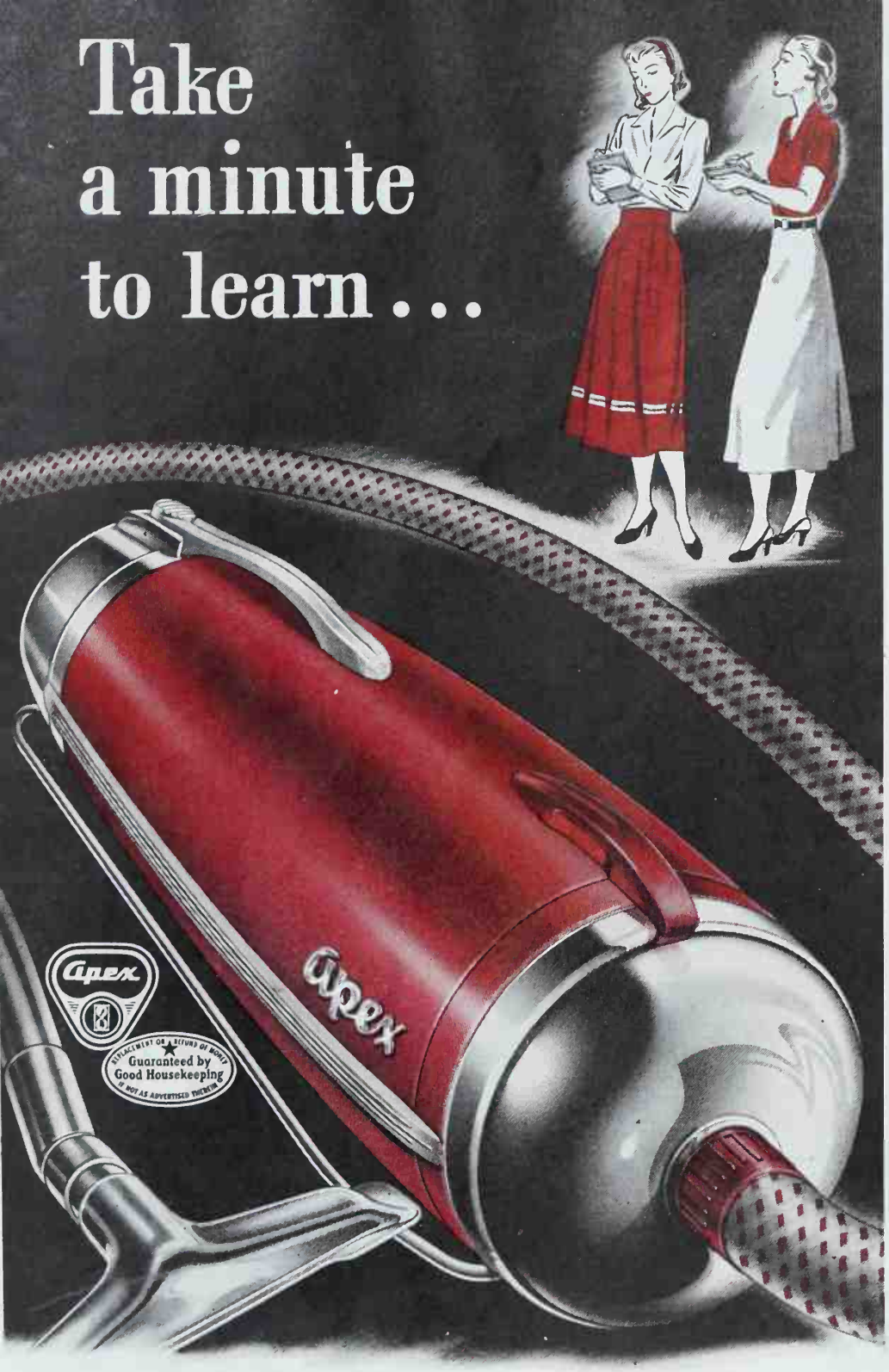
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Genuine Security for Your Ch

By Leslie B. Hohman, M.D.

Professor of Neuropsychiatry, Duke Medical School

LUCIA and Harrie Hogan, both around forty, had been married fifteen years and had a twelve-year-old son when they finally succeeded in satisfying their craving for another child, and were able to adopt a three-year-old girl. Two years ago black-haired, talkative, intelligent Judith came to live with the Hogans to their immediate and complete delight. They had tried for months to find a little girl to complete their family circle when at long last the adoption agency said, "We think we have the very child for you."

Lucia and Harrie thought twelve-year-old Jay felt the same about the arrival of a baby girl as they did. Actually it was only a short time before he, too, did adopt the baby sister, but he had to go through some pretty tough days. It's not too easy to give up your place as the only beloved child in a very happy home and share that place with a newcomer—until you know a lot more about your parents and the new arrival.

Jay was not the only uneasy member of the new family. Lucia herself was uncertain about the three-year-old new lady. The social worker had said Judy was a strong-willed and willful person and would need firm handling for her ready temper. Judy liked to be the center of the stage and would try hard to keep that center. Lucia was furthermore aware that Judy had two foster parents who loved her very much, and Lucia kept thinking, "How can I win the child and at the same time control her will or willfulness?"

Judy herself was also uneasy about her new situation. She met her new foster parents for the first time in the social-agency office; the following day she went for a visit with them in the park. The Hogans loved her at first sight and were sleepless about the next day, when she was to come to spend an afternoon with them. Then came an exciting week-end visit and Judy decided suddenly she would like to stay with the Hogans permanently. She didn't even want to go back for a farewell with her other parents. Nevertheless, I suspect Judy took on her new home mainly as an exciting adventure, because for some time—weeks—the Hogans were "other father and mother" and the former foster parents remained "real father and real mother."

Let me say at once that now, two years later, all problems of family adjustment are solved beautifully and that Judy is securely a member of the loving family—they can't imagine life without her, nor she without them.

This family group interested me as a psychiatrist tremendously because they demonstrated certain principles about the establishment of what I would call *genuine* "security."

Security is a popular word that is on everybody's tongue these days, and it seems too often to be a kind of magical thing that everyone needs and craves and must be supplied, but how is not clearly defined. They say that children particularly must be given security by constant loving, and must have assurance that love will never be absent. They must be made secure in their relationships with home, school, playmates and the whole world.

The defenders of this magical and utopian security believe that affection and fondling can be continuously dispensed as if childhood were a kind of vacuum into which nothing but love need be poured. Alas, child life is not a vacuum into which just love can be poured. It is a real life—a miniature of adult life—and ca it all the hardships, cruelties, rew and personal responsibility of and the real world.

Parents are at present occupie "security" of young children, about teen-agers? Let us cons case. At twelve years of age, wi life that was completely satisfyi playing with his father; a room with all his treasures secure in it fun-producing mother; friends g cess in school—what need had h ing that good life? If his parents primarily interested in mainta continuing security by just lo they would have given no tho baby girl. Who wouldn't have be about this newcomer and inter course, Lucia and Harrie knew t longer run Jay would be happ sister—if things turned out right they had needs that were imp them, even if they were in cor Jay's. They are sufficiently ad about life to take that chance, ev they were jeopardizing Jay's i security for perhaps the larger n happiness for him. They were, taking a risk; and let no parent can protect his child from ri seems to me to represent what is happening in the world—we ris security for a larger, later securit

Now Lucia handled this pro wisely. She didn't discuss the m Jay. She didn't even know u later that the boy had misgivi knew she could maintain her ste tion for the lad even though h children was to become more emb the addition of Judy. From the she included Jay as part of the family. She let her affection for t seem just as natural as always. no special concessions to Jay bec was coming, but she was careful it that nothing beyond what was was taken away from Jay. This one that can be followed by pare ever a new child is to be born. the new child will take some t from the child already there, b not take any affection away.

Lucia used two rules which p always follow with success in the of the arrival of a new child:

1. Make the older child feel p welcoming family, and not a person.

2. Express strongly in attitude not time only that expresses that true affection is indefinite sible and that parents can lov indefinite number of children.

You can convince by attitude the quality of affection that co the quantity. Let mothers stop that children love their fathers in spite of the fact that the work can devote very little actual t children. He can in little time large amount of affection. The sa of mothers.

Lucia had started her traini curity in Jay by teaching hi handle his father. Harrie is a ve spirited citizen who has a str consciousness, and he devotes a tion of his time to public servic sensitive person who worries civic jobs and the needs of his c and not infrequently shows his c worry. This is sometimes accom silence and even a little irritab

tines is concerned and a little fearful
t his father's moodiness. Now Lucia
s not spend her effort solely in trying to
rge Harrie. She insists that Jay and
Judy understand their father's moodi-
s for what it is—worry over public af-
s and any danger that threatens the
y (his wife's operation, for instance)—
hat the children adjust to his moods
not bother him when he is low-
ed. She interprets her husband to the
ren and shows them by example how
can make him more comfortable by
affection and consideration. This is
genuine way of giving security—by
ing children to give love to parents
the parents need it. Her rule for this
e stated:

***Teach children to give loving consid-
on. Love comes back from loving,
y expecting and demanding a one-
love.***

ow Lucia had to face the problem of
discipline with the newcomer, Judy.
st she was shy and embarrassed and a
fearful of the child. While the child
still bound in her affection to the
er foster parents, she was afraid that
would not gain the child's love if she
rted her. She had the experience soon
Judy came of hearing Judy say, "I'm
home to my real parents." A stab in
heart could probably not have hurt
, but Lucia is a person with knowledge
al values gained from a minister-father
a long training in
l service. She
ed the long run
re in the face and
to herself, "If
is to be happy
his home, she
learn to con-
to its happy and
red ways."

he Hogans' way
e does not admit
ulness or selfish-
. Lucia said,
r better or worse,
does live in this
ly, and she must
control of de-
" She therefore
herself, as well as Judy, in hand and
ed out discipline when discipline was
led. She could have known that this
the best way of making Judy genu-
secure. A willful child or a selfish
l is not a lovable child. You cannot give
to a nonlovable person. In spite of all
sentimental talking about the need of a
inuous flow of love for a child under
rcumstances, I defy any parent to love
at time the child who has just smashed
neighbor's windows to hear the sound
ck on glass, or who has thrown the
into the pond, or who has cruelly tor-
ted the cat or dog, or who has been
aming in temper for two hours. True,
can laugh at mischievous behavior, but
cannot love the child when there is
y bad behavior. Lucia knew that to
Judy, she must make her lovable. She
wed a fourth rule for giving security of
tion:

***Train the child so that it is lovable.
t means discipline when discipline is
led.***

dy's temper is under control, but Judy
ly slowly learning control of other un-
rable traits. Judy likes to talk a great
and would monopolize conversation.
mother has to rebuke her frequently
dominating the stage. Judy has worked
a game that pleases her—"Don't tell
not to talk before other people; just
your finger on your mouth." Judy is
repressed because she has learned to
n and to talk when invited. She has
ned, also, that a smile is as good as a
f words. That's another rule that Lucia
used for security:

***Teach the child to be aware of what
r people like, as well as what one
s oneself.***

dy now gets a lot of affectionate ap-
val from strangers because she has
turned aggressive talkativeness and attention-demanding into quiet smiling and eager listening.

The whole Hogan family, including Jay, decided early in its relationship with Judy that the truth about her adoption should not be concealed or hidden. As a matter of fact, they turned the story of their desire for her, their search for her and their final finding of her into a dramatic tale that became her favorite story. The climax of the story came when Jay was so excited and thrilled by her coming that he jumped so high he bumped his head on the ceiling.

Fairy stories and tales of all sorts are appreciated by Judy, but she always returns for her highest delight to the story of her adoption. Woe be to Lucia if she accidentally (and I suspect at times on purpose) omits the part where Jay bumps his head in his delight.

It seems clearly right to me that every adopted child should be informed early in its life that it is adopted. The fact of adoption can be concealed for only a time, and when revelation does come, emotional upset may be severe. No parent can protect his child from the cruelty of other children's gossip or the gossip of adult news spreaders. But telling the child that he is adopted does not in itself protect him from the hurt of gossip or innuendo. Only a method of handling the problem as the Hogans have handled it can protect and give genuine security. Lucia and Harrie and Jay have surrounded Judy's *feeling* about her adoption with such joyous fun and pleasure that nobody with ugly words can ever make her feel insecure.

But Lucia has not stopped at this point. She has fostered Judy's feeling of oneness with her by another story of family oneness. When Judy asks about her own dead mother, she is told that she is in heaven, and there she knows Lucia's mother, also in heaven.

The only real problem an adopted child has, as far as adoption is concerned, is to feel as certain as possible that he is wanted. This is no less true for all children, whether adopted or not. Lucia had the same problem with Jay two years ago, when they took Judy into their lives. In that case, Lucia followed the same kind of method of giving emotional security. Christmas came within two months of Judy's arrival, and by that time Judy's Christmas had become so much a part of a joyous, unselfish family life that Jay was more excited about Judy's Christmas than he was about his own. He was more interested in her pleasure than he was in his own. Pleasurable excitement mounted so high that Jay could hardly be persuaded to tell what he wanted for Christmas; he stayed awake most of the night before Christmas, thinking of Judy's packages under the tree and how she would bubble with delight. Now not only Judy has a legend of complete family acceptance, but Jay has an equally interesting story about his part in the family solidarity.

Let us set down a sixth rule for establishing genuine security:

6. Dramatize the story of family affection and of being wanted so vividly and emotionally that doubt cannot arise when the outside world assails.

Genuine security cannot be established without genuine loving, but it is equally true that you cannot give security only by loving. Affection which is not accompanied by teaching the order of the world and one's responsibility to an ordered life produces children who are not affection-worthy. It might be said of children as well as adults: Security comes to the lovable; you can't be loved unless you are trained to be lovable. THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Formula

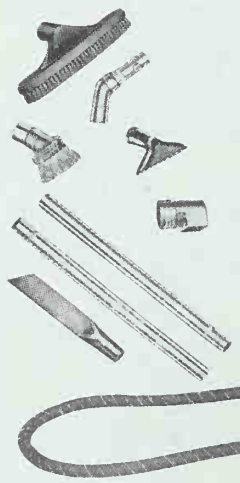
By W. E. Farbstein

The happiest girls in the States
Are those who married mates
Who are mentally inferior—
But have a nice exterior.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

MRS. HOGAN'S ONE-DRESS WARDROBE

Mrs. Hogan has a tall willowy figure . . . lovely to look at but difficult to buy clothes for because of skirt and sleeve lengths. Although she doesn't pretend to be a wizard with the needle herself, she realizes the value of buying good material and having things made. She loves a dress she can do things with. It means a minimum of trouble and a minimum of expense. Her navy blue crepe basic can be dressed up or dressed down and looks pretty worn perfectly plain with a scarf or necklace. Mr. Hogan has definite ideas about his wife's clothes and the colors she wears, and she admits that he is invariably right. ★ **BY NORA O'LEARY**

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city; or order by mail, postage prepaid, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or 2 Duke St., Toronto, Ont.

Back and other views and prices on page 282.

Dressed for any occasion, Mrs. Hogan wears her navy dress, pink jacket, navy hat with pink-and-navy veil.

Polka-dot tie to match skirt; also to be worn with linen jacket.

Dressy navy blue lace peplum with ribbon sash. Vogue Design No. 6167.

Pink-and-white checked taffeta double-breasted vest. Have matching bag and gloves made. Vest, Vogue Design No. 5874, 12 to 20.

DRAWINGS BY JULIET RENAULT

Linen jacket with slightly flared peplum. Can also be worn over polka-dot skirt. Vogue Design No. 6344, 12 to 40.

© VOGUE

Three skirt lengths of polka-dot silk, pleated or gathered to a ribbon, make a delightful overskirt. Tie in back.

Simplicity is the keynote of this navy basic. Front panels in skirt, soft shoulders. Vogue Design No. 6399, 12 to 40.

JKR



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2. Conchita
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POSTURE EXERCISES . .

By Dawn Crowell
Beauty Editor of the Journal



PHOTOS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

"My posture's far from perfect—and housework hurts my back," complains tall Lucia Hogan, who tires easily.

Here are some exercises to lift y morale as well as your looks. T take a minimum amount of t and give a maximum amoun relief to tired backs, aching m cles, droopy shoulders. All of th are easy and can be done du the day when you have a few m utes to spare—or when you just too tired to go on with y work! Mrs. Lucia Hogan, ha working housewife and mothe two children, demonstrates. them; *you'll* feel the difference

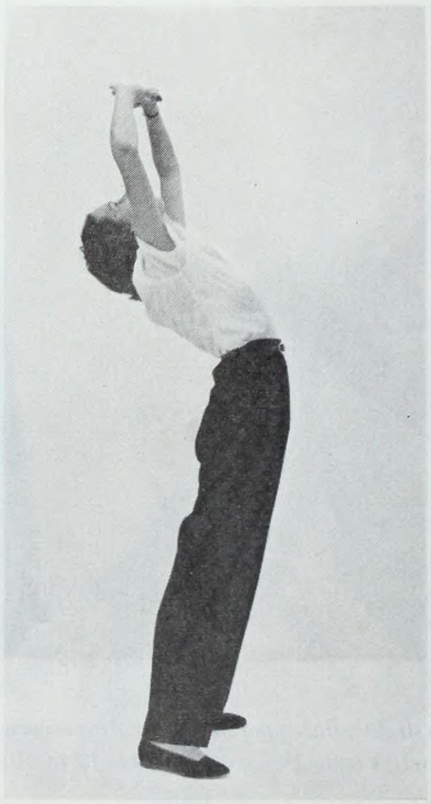
Exercises by Manya Kahn



SHOULDERS STRAIGHT—HE HIGH. 1. *Sit on floor, legs crossed. B elbows and place hands on shoulders, pa down.* **2.** *Describe a circle with elbow*



bringing them forward, up, back, down. Co-ordinate head movements with elbows. Repeat five times slowly.





BACK RELIEF . . . PRETTIER POSTURE. 1. *Stand with feet a apart, clasp hands overhead, palms up. Now bend back from waist as far possible, letting head go back too. Return to upright position, stretch.* **2.** *Be forward as far as possible with head down and in. Return to starting positi*





AXING TIRED MUSCLES. 1. *From an upright sitting position bend s and clasp hands firmly around them. Bring head in to touch knees.* **2.** *In position rock backward and forward several times; come back to starting on and rest. It is advisable to begin by doing this exercise on a mat or blanket.*

TO EASE THE STRAIN

g these exercises rhythmically and easily will bring you the best results. mber to breathe normally during each exercise . . . to avoid trying too at once. Mrs. Hogan demonstrates a few more "housewife specials."





NE STRETCH. 1. *Lie flat on floor, bend knees, clasp hands behind head, ift head and shoulders up until you feel the small of the back pressing against Return to starting position slowly.* **2.** *From same position, stretch arms touch knees, lifting head and shoulders at the same time. Repeat five times.*



TTIER BUSTLINE . . . STRONGER BACK. 1. *Sit on floor, legs ed, head tilted down with chin into chest, hands clasped firmly in back. ow stretch arms out and away from back; pull shoulders back as far as you Chin up, head back. Return to first position. Repeat exercise four times.*



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*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

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SEE IT AT YOUR GAS COMPANY OR MAGIC CHEF DEALER

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A picture window and built-in cupboards, with the color scheme built around some old blue china, make a Provincial dining room usable and attractive.

American Provincial Dining Room

A scheme with a theme adds romance to a century old dining room



J. DI PIETRO

The original room with its darkened window.

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

Lucia Hogan had set her heart on having a light, cheery dining room in the same period as her century-old house. She yearned to furnish it charmingly with old walnut pieces picked up in the neighborhood shops.

The tiny room which served as a dining room was small and dark; doubtless the original kitchen promoted to dining-room status years ago and with a four-foot utility eatchall built right outside its end windows. The problem was to enlarge the room and bring in more light, then to decorate it simply and interestingly with a theme which would be fun to develop through the years. Light and color, more space, and a touch of romance in the decorations sum up her carefully matured plans.

Fortunately, Mrs. Hogan had long experienced that basic feminine urge to knock out a useless partition and turn two rooms into a single one of usable size. Removing partitions isn't always easy, and in very old houses is often inadvisable because the big overhead beams sag without the supporting uprights in the wall.

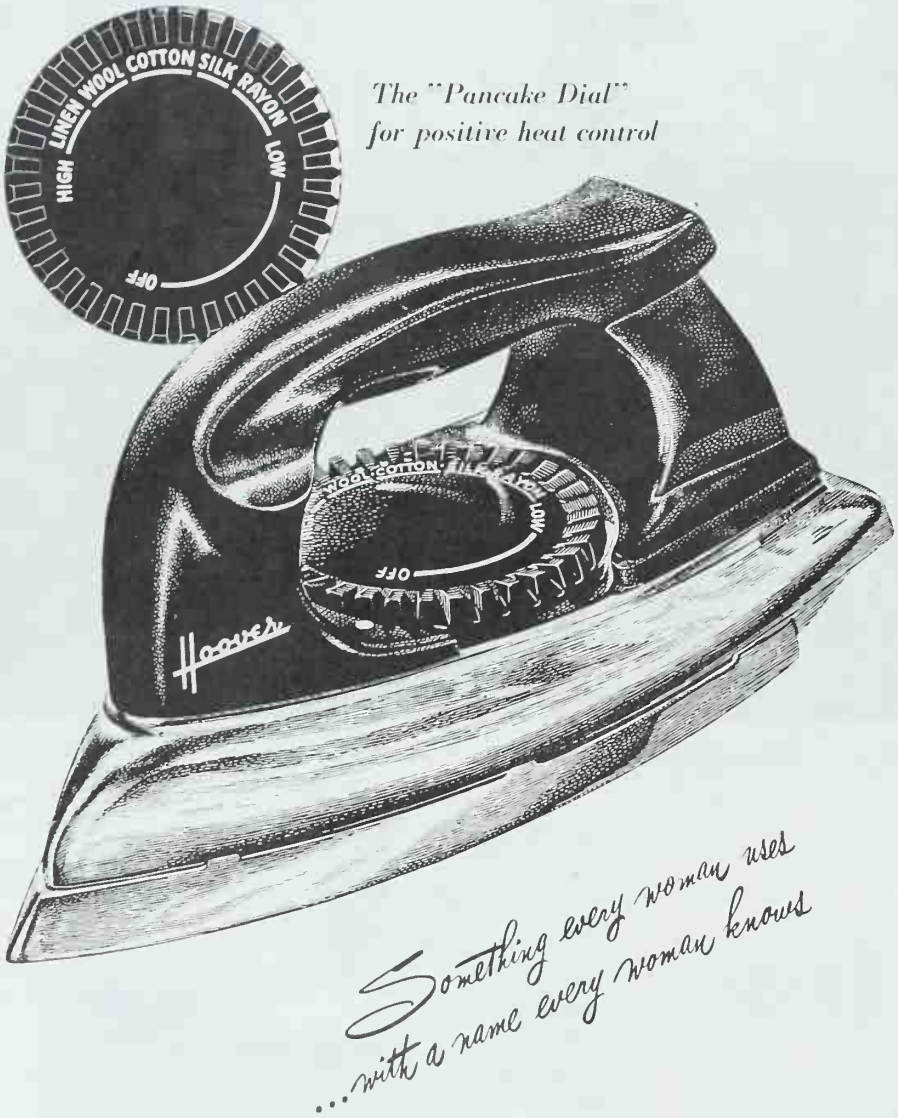
THE REMODELING. The most practical way of enlarging the 14-by-15-foot Hogan dining room was to expand the outer wall and to remove the end partition to include the old utility space as part of the remodeled room. This brought the dimensions of the altered room to a comparatively spacious 14 by 19; an increase of 56 square feet. To open the space still further and to give abundant light, we planned to set in a 5-by-6-foot picture window, using multiple panes exactly matching the old ones already in the house. Not a ventilating window, but one with the sash set solidly into the wall. This is much less expensive

(Continued on Page 260)

The Automatic Electric

Hoover Iron

A brand new product by the makers of the famous Hoover Cleaner



The "Pancake Dial" for positive heat control

Something every woman uses ...with a name every woman knows

You asked for these features

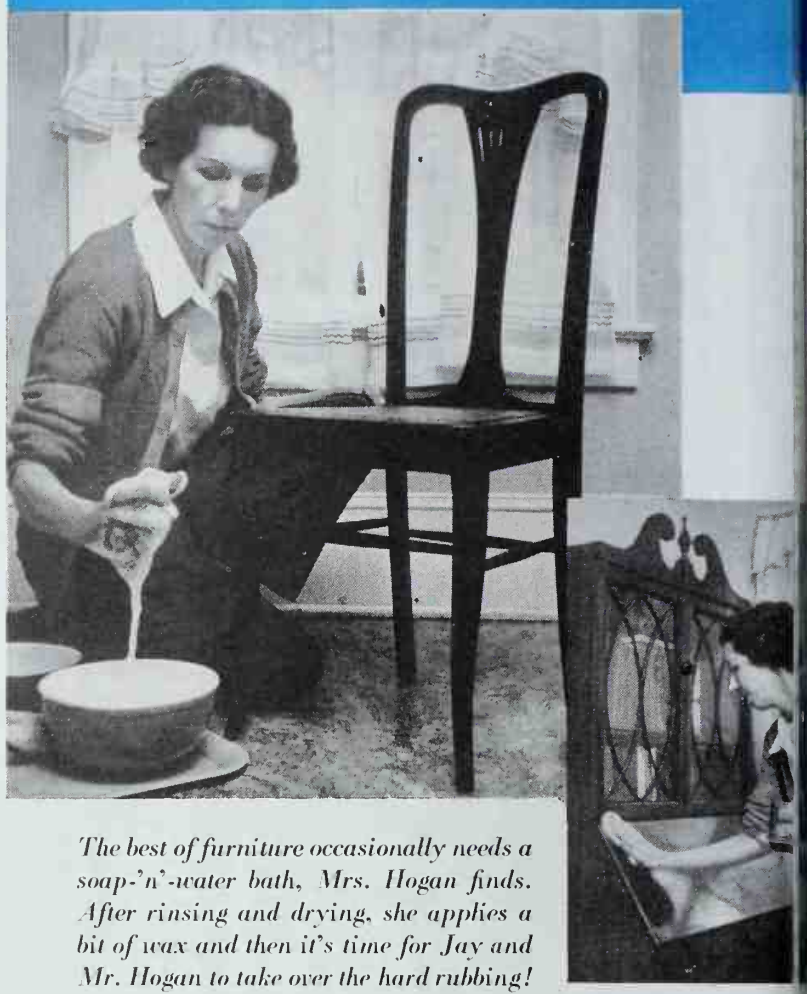
(Brought to light in a nationwide survey of what women wanted in irons)

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The best of furniture occasionally needs a soap-'n'-water bath, Mrs. Hogan finds. After rinsing and drying, she applies a bit of wax and then it's time for Jay and Mr. Hogan to take over the hard rubbing!

BEAUTY CARE FOR FURNITU

BY JUDY BARRY

FINE wood furniture responds to regular care by growing more b every day. Daily dusting with a soft, clean, lintless cloth o wool, a simple treatment with a little fine-quality wax or polis four times a year—ideally, that's all furniture should need to beautiful. But alas, furniture can't be entirely shielded from the life. People *will* leave wet glasses on tables; children *will* scuff th time and neglect deposit soil and grime on self-respecting furnit doesn't deserve to lose its good looks.

Here are some of the questions asked by Mrs. Hogan and by ov furniture-in-distress, together with the Workshop ways of deali such unhappy situations:

"I've been careless about wet glasses and hot dishes. What can I do about the white rings on my table tops?"

We've found that several common household preparations, if handled with extreme care, will remove or at least make incons those all-too-familiar white rings. A few drops of spirits of cam essence of peppermint or rubbing alcohol on a soft clean cloth. lightly over the dry offending spot with the grain of the wood, sh store the orginal finish gradually as you work. Or try this: add household ammonia to 1 cup of water, dip a clean cloth into it lightly over the spot until the white fades away. Remember that agents act as solvents, and too vigorous rubbing may take off t as well as the ring, leaving the bare wood exposed. Therefore, t touch is desirable. Whichever preparation you use, dry with a cle when the ring is gone and finish up with a good polish, buffed until it

***My furniture looks drab and grimy.
How can I make it look alive and lovely again?"***

Give it a bath! Make a thick "dry" suds of mild soap and lukewarm a er. Dip a sponge or cloth in the foam, wring out thoroughly, and wash s nall section at a time. Rinse with a cloth or sponge wrung out of clear a er. Don't really wet the wood deeply or the finish will whiten. Dry it ı ckly and thoroughly. Now work a smidgen of good liquid or paste wax, furniture polish if you prefer (it does need somewhat less rubbing), ıto a soft, lintless cloth and apply it to your freshly washed furniture. se the least possible amount that will spread over the surface, for too ı ch will leave a sticky film that's a dreadful dust catcher. Let it dry for while—how long depends upon the preparation you've used—then rub! ı b for all you're worth. It may seem tiresome, but it's well worth it in ı ming results. That, in fact, is the secret of a professional-looking job: le wax or polish, lots of elbow grease!

***'ve spilled perfume and, even worse,
a cigarette scorch my walnut bedroom chest."***

We do hope you wiped up the perfume immediately and that you've ested in larger ash trays! The longer spilled liquid of any kind remains furniture, the harder it is to remove. And a burn that's at all deep is obably well past the home first-aid stage and will require the services of expert. However, slight scorches and perfume spots that aren't too or too deep-seated may respond to a careful treatment with powdered mice or rottenstone with linseed oil. (These are sold at hardware and nt shops.) Blend the pumice and oil to a creamy paste and rub this rtiously just on the scorch or spot. Don't rub hard. Wipe dry with a sh cloth, then polish the entire surface, working with the grain of the od.

***ur kitten has done a bad scratching job
my mahogany end tables. What to do, please?"***

A feather-light rubbing with a cloth moistened in furniture polish to ich a few drops of rubbing alcohol have been added will usually make ht scratches vanish. The alcohol tends to soften the finish around the rks and blend it over the scars. Deep scratches or tiny cracks may be ed with plastic wood or with stick shellac of the color that matches the od's finish, used exactly according to the maker's directions. These are ilable at most good hardware stores. Fill the crack generously, since filler tends to shrink away from the wood after some use. Finish up th a bit of polish and a brisk rubdown. Sometimes dents in old furni- e are best left in the wood, for they help to prove the age of the piece.

***have taken good care of my furniture.
t it has developed an unattractive furry look.
bluish 'bloom.' What's the matter with it?"***

This may be just an excessive coat of wax that needs a good deal more rd rubbing to bring up the gloss. Or it *(Continued on Page 249)*



common problem: white rings heat or moisture. This one ded to a few drops of spirits nphor. Further first aid for spots described at the left.

Here a professional furniture refinisher gives a treatment that's well worth the cost; only an expert should tackle a job of this sort. He's spraying a heat- and alcohol-resistant finish on a modern blond wood chest. Spills will now be harmless and leave no ugly stains.

PHOTOS BY J. DI PIETRO



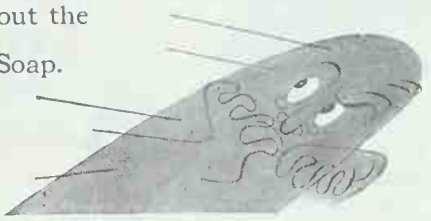
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A great many "Mamas" will understand this picture without a word of explanation. They'll be reminded of clothes that are cleaner and whiter; of 'shorter' washdays; less washing 'wear and tear.' Because *they* use Fels-Naptha Soap.

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PLUS Vitamin E and other food essentials!

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J. DI PIETRO



Our Mary McIlhenny shows Mrs. H. how to use a pressure pan.

MAINSTAYS

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

SIMPLE meals built around a hearty main dish are the rule in most families where there are children. Mrs. Hogan has to keep a wary eye on the grocery bill. She believes in *first things first;* and when it comes to planning meals, that means a main dish that will be nourishing, easy to prepare and as inexpensive as possible. Desserts take second place.

You won't find steaks or chops in her refrigerator, though a Saturday-night roast is a Hogan institution. She concocts all manner of casserole dishes from the roast leftovers. Quite often she makes an entire meal of Western sandwiches. Ham and scalloped potatoes are another stand-by. What's on the menu at your house tonight? Perhaps you'll find a candidate here.

CAROLINA SHRIMP PIE

Approximate cost, $2.40. Serves 6.

Cook 2½ pounds fresh shrimp in boiling salted water until tender, adding celery leaves, parsley, sliced lemon and sliced onion to the water. Drain. Shell and clean the shrimp. Brown ¼ cup chopped onion, ½ green pepper, chopped, and 1 clove garlic, minced, in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Crumble 2 slices stale bread into 1½ cups canned tomatoes. Add sautéed vegetables and shrimp. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, dash of cayenne pepper, ¼ teaspoon basil, ⅛ teaspoon chives, if you have it, ½ teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and a dash of Tabasco sauce. Cook over low heat for 10 minutes. Add 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped, and 2 tablespoons chili sauce. Pour into a greased casserole. Cover with 1 cup fine bread crumbs. Dot with butter or margarine. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 20 minutes.

WESTERN SANDWICHES

Approximate cost, 47c. Serves 6.

Beat 6 eggs slightly with ¼ cup milk. Add 1½ cups chopped cooked ham, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, ¼ clove garlic, minced—and, if desired, 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, a dash of cayenne. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a large skillet or on a griddle. Heat until sputtery. Spoon egg mixture into pan or onto griddle in 4-inch circles. When it is cooked on underside, turn and cook on the other. Put between slices of bread or toast.

EGGBURGERS

Approximate cost, 80c. Serves 6.

Sauté 2 cups onion rings in 3 tablespoons shortening. Split 6 hamburger buns. Lay split sides up, on baking sheet, and toast in hot oven, 425° F., or under a broiler. Meanwhile fry 6 eggs medium firm, turning once. Season. Lay 2 thin slices American cheese on each of the top halves of the buns. Toast until cheese begins to melt. Put the fried eggs on the bottom halves. Put 1 spoonful fried onions on top of the egg and 1 tablespoonful chili sauce for each bun on top of that. Place the hot grilled-cheese buns on top, cheese side down. Serve at once with relishes and a salad.

HAM, MACARONI AND CHEESE BAKE

Approximate cost, $1.02. Serves 6.

Cook 1½ cups elbow macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and rinse with boiling water. Make a cheese sauce, using 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk and 1 cup grated cheese. Cook until thickened. Season with ¾ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and a dash of cayenne. Add 1 cup diced ham and ½ cup chopped green pepper. Mix sauce with macaroni. Pour into casserole. Top with ¼ cup grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 35 minutes.

SPRING CASSEROLE

Approximate cost, $1.31. Serves 6.

Dice 4 hard-cooked eggs. Combine with 2 cups cubed, cold, cooked potatoes, 2 cups cooked asparagus, cut into 1-inch pieces, 1 tablespoon chopped onion and 4 slices crisp bacon, crumbled. Make a sauce as follows: Melt 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Blend in 3 tablespoons flour and ½ teaspoon dry mustard. Add 2 cups milk and cook until thickened. Add ¾ cup grated sharp American cheese. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Combine with vegetables, bacon and eggs. Taste and season again. Pour into casserole. Cover with ½ cup dry bread crumbs mixed with 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine and bake in moderately slow oven, 325° F., 30 minutes.

MOUNT VERNON VEAL

Approximate cost, $1.76. Serves 6.

Have 2 pounds boned shoulder of veal cut into stewing-size pieces. Add 1¼ teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon nutmeg and ¼ teaspoon dry mustard to ¼ cup flour. Roll the pieces of veal in the seasoned flour. Save seasoned flour to thicken gravy later. Heat 3 tablespoons shortening in large skillet. Brown the meat well in the hot fat. Then add 1½ cups orange juice, 3 tablespoons grated orange rind, 1 clove garlic, minced fine, and 1 tablespoon vinegar. Cover and simmer 45 minutes or until meat is tender. Add 2 cups water, or enough to make a rich gravy. Thicken with the remaining seasoned flour (see above). Add ¾ cup seedless raisins and simmer 5 minutes longer. Serve garnished with freshly cooked mashed potatoes or fluffy rice. Lean pork may be substituted for veal at some other time of the year.

WEST INDIAN BEANS

Approximate cost, 73c. Serves 6.

Soak 1 pound red kidney beans overnight in water to cover. Drain and cook until tender in 6 cups boiling water, adding 1 tablespoon salt. Drain. Cut 4 slices bacon into small pieces. Fry in skillet with 2 cloves garlic, minced, ¼ cup chopped onion. Add 3 cups canned tomatoes and 1 green pepper cut into strips. Season with 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind, 1 bay leaf, crushed, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspoon *orégano*. Add sauce to beans. Simmer over low heat until sauce thickens.

BROWN CHICKEN FRICASSEE WITH VEGETABLES

(for your pressure saucepan). Approximate cost, $3.03. Serves 6.

Have a 4-pound roasting chicken cut into serving pieces at the butcher's. Wash and lay on paper towels. Put ½ cup flour, 1½ teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper in a paper bag. Shake the chicken in the bag, a piece at a time, so it will be well coated with flour. Save the flour. Brown well in 3–4 tablespoons hot shortening, a few pieces at a time, either in a large skillet or right in the pressure saucepan, removing the pieces of chicken when browned so that you'll have room to brown the rest without crowding. If you're using a pressure saucepan, it's always best to brown the chicken a little more than you would ordinarily. To the chicken in the pressure saucepan add: 2 cups water, the giblets, ½ cup diced celery, ¼ cup canned sliced mushrooms, ½ green pepper, sliced, 1 clove garlic, minced, ¾ teaspoon marjoram and ½ teaspoon thyme. Cook the chicken at 10 pounds' pressure for 20 minutes, following the directions for using your particular saucepan given by the manufacturer. When pressure is down and lid removed, lift chicken out of the gravy and replace with 6 whole onions, 6 whole small new potatoes and 6 whole carrots. Cook vegetables at 10 pounds' pressure for 8 minutes. Remove vegetables. Thicken gravy with remaining seasoned flour, blended to smooth paste with cold water. Add chicken and vegetables. Heat and serve.

If you do not have a pressure saucepan, you can enjoy this good dish just the same. A Dutch-oven type of utensil is best. After the chicken is browned, and liquid and seasonings are added, cook, covered, over low heat until chicken is almost tender. Add the vegetables and additional liquid if the gravy has cooked down. Finish cooking until vegetables are tender. Thicken gravy and serve. Either way is good, though it's a quicker operation in the pressure saucepan.

J. DI PIETRO

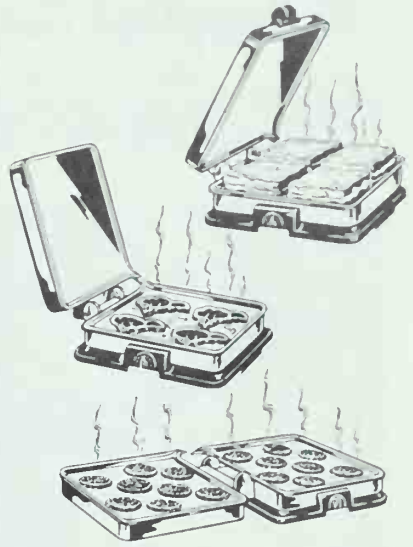


Every family has a pet main dish. At the Hogans' it's Ham, Macaroni and Cheese Bake. In fact, the children are so fond of this casserole that Mrs. Hogan makes it at least once a week for dinner.

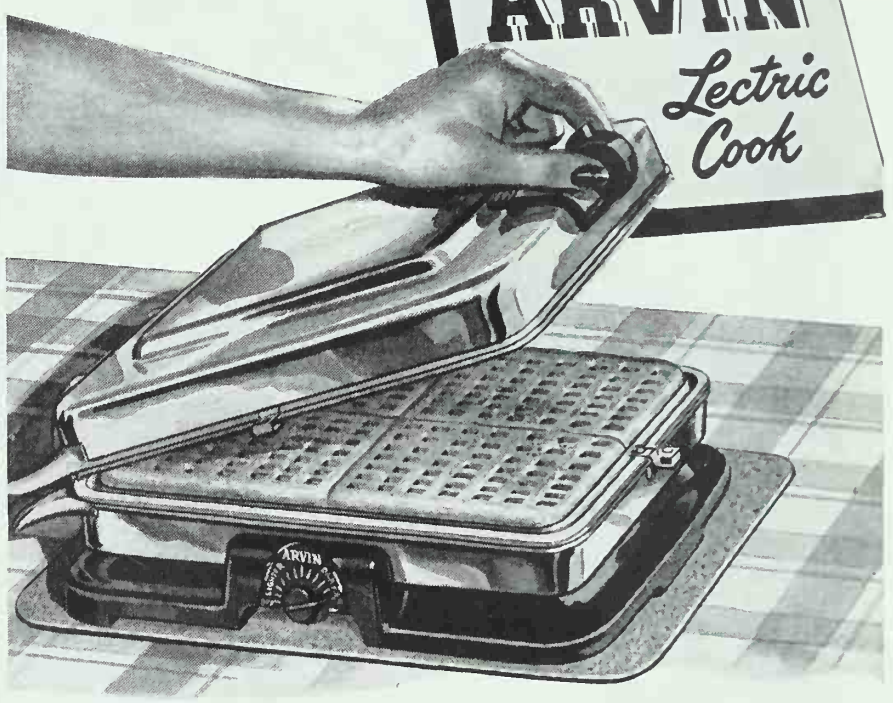
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HAROLD STASSEN

(Continued from Page 37)

visers, including college professors, bankers, editors, lawyers, union officials, farmers, businessmen both big and small, and some who are frankly included to represent "Joe Doakes," or the average voter. When he is home in Minnesota, Stassen regularly invites 35 to 40 of these people (he picks them according to the subjects to be discussed) to meet in the basement recreation room of his house in South St. Paul. A mimeographed sheet is prepared listing a score or more of topics: What should Stassen say about universal military training? About Russia and the veto power? Should he enter the Ohio primary? And so on. Under each question several possible answers are printed.

At the start of the meeting Stassen and his research assistants give a quick summary of background "dope" on the various situations, and then there is a general discussion. Then there is a poll. Quick reactions are preferred, because Stassen realizes that most voters don't spend much time pondering. The results are tabulated by his sister "Vi"—Mrs. Violet Stassen Crawford—who is also his confidential secretary.

This process is widened by sending out research experts (Stassen has two working for him full time) to interview special groups of outsiders, and by constant use of the long-distance telephone.

The final analysis of all this brain-picking is performed by Stassen himself. Sometimes he does what the majority recommends—and almost as often, he does the exact opposite. He does not regard his "survey," as he calls it, as an infallible guide. He uses it to collect all the arguments and opinions, pro and con, that will come out later in public discussions. Then, when he is on the platform and the heckling begins, his ideas are all arranged, his answers all thought out.

STASSEN is a good and forthright speaker, but he is much better as a platform debater. He never ducks a question or an argument, and he never loses his temper. He is one of the few important politicians who actually seem to thrive on opposition. "Harold is the easiest person in the world to disagree with," one of his friends told me.

Perhaps the most typical Stassen phrase is, "Let's discuss the issues." During the past two years he has traveled all around the country discussing every important issue that has come up, or is likely to come up in 1948. He has bluntly challenged his le Republican rival, Gov. Tom Dewey, equally frank. He has debated with Bob Taft, another opponent, over the Hartley labor law and, with unusual po courage, entered the presidential prin against Taft in Taft's own state of Oh the purpose of "discussing the issues"

He has also seriously embarrassed Truman Administration by exposing E Pauley and other Democratic speculat food.

IN world affairs he has frequently ahead of both parties. He called for United Nations control of atomic energ fore the Baruch Plan was written, an aid to Western Europe before the Ma Plan was even hinted at. In the "cold with Russia he has argued all along tha way to win it is to prove that American italism is a real success.

"My talks with Russian leaders Stalin down proved to me that they wer pecting the American economic syste collapse soon after the war," he says. " is what they have been counting on. can prevent a boom-and-bust depre here during the next few years it will better argument with the Russians thar military action we can take."

As a constructive suggestion for brea the present world deadlock, Stassen proposed that a United Nations conve be called in 1950 to strengthen the U Charter and eliminate the veto power.

Stassen has been severely criticized fo suggestion that American economic ai withheld from those nations where soci is in power—a provision that would elim many of the Marshall Plan countries. he still thinks he had the right idea. " fuzzy thinkers who speak of backing s ism against communism, or socialism ag Russia, had better examine the econ systems they are talking about," he said. "Socialism and communism are peas out of the same confining pod."

That Stassen is an ardent admirer and otee of the capitalist system as practice the United States is a fact that he has n attempted to disguise. "Most of the who are managing large accumulation capital in America today are in that posi because they have the ability to do that," he says. "Very bluntly speakin



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would much rather have large capital accumulations managed by individual citizens, even though they are rich, than I would have them managed by government officials."

This attitude is further reflected in Stassen's proposal that income taxes be limited to 50 per cent of any income, no matter how large, and that the Government should build huge mass-housing developments, and turn them over to private investors and landlords as soon as they are built. The best way to solve the housing crisis, he has said, is to build houses for the families who can afford to buy them, instead of those who can't. The better-off families will then take the new houses, and those with low incomes will move into the secondhand ones.

"This is the normal process of a free economic system, just as those of lower incomes get the secondhand cars as the new cars are purchased," he explains. "To tinker with the economic system on any other basis appears to me to be asking for trouble."

It takes a lot of money to run any candidate's campaign, and the voters are sometimes curious about where the funds come from. The Stassen organization keeps practically open books on this subject. Stassen's expenses are paid by what is known as the "Minnesota Fund"—whose chairman, oddly enough, is a former governor of Rhode Island, William H. "Bill" Vanderbilt. The national treasurer and actual handler of the cash is Alfred D. "Al" Lindley, a vigorous young Minnesotan and one-time Olympic skier.

The Minnesota Fund has been in operation for a little more than two years. Up to January 1, 1948, it had disbursed around $150,000. Since then it has been raising $250,000 more, to cover Stassen's expenses through the June convention. The money comes in contributions of $1 to $1000 (which is the top limit for a single contribution), and these are acknowledged by small certificates bearing the proper denomination and an idealized portrait of Stassen. The larger amounts have come mostly from the big businessmen of Minneapolis and St. Paul, including the Pillsbury and Crosby flour-milling families. Other big contributions have come from lesser-known Wall Street figures, and from wealthy Stassenites in Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco.

THE important job of stirring up enthusiasm among potential voters is in charge of another group called "Citizens for Stassen," which has functioned for two years in all the counties of Minnesota as a kind of trial run, and is just now hitting its national stride. Contacts with delegates and state leaders are, of course, handled by Stassen himself.

All the Stassen-for-President activities are centralized on a quarter acre of floor space in the Pillsbury Building in Minneapolis. The two Republican National Committee members from Minnesota have their offices there, right down the hall from Stassen's. So does his youthful protégé, Bernhard LeVander, who used to chauffeur Stassen to political meetings while in law school, and is now, at 31, state chairman of the Republican Party.

Stassen can be sure of at least one thing—the support of the Minnesota delegation. His hold on the party organization there is at least as strong as Taft's in Ohio, and stronger than Dewey's in New York. Both the Minnesota senators and the present governor were originally selected by him. On his home grounds, he is the boss.

Background of a Personality

Stassen was born on April 13, 1907, in the rural community of West St. Paul, where his father, William, raised melons, peppers, cabbages and other garden "truck" for sale in the city market. The elder Stassen was—and is—a gruff, vigorous man with a turned-down mustache and considerable political acumen. He was mayor of his town for a couple of terms, and has been secretary of the St. Paul Growers' Association for the past 50 years. He has a mixture of Norwegian, German and Czech blood, and is a dis-

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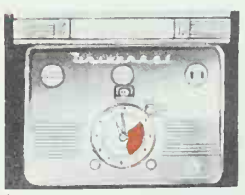
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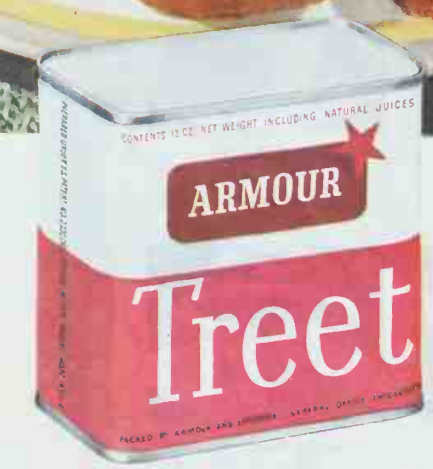
Treet and tomatoes!

Watch even double helpings disappear from the children's plates—when it's doubly delicious Treet and stuffed tomatoes! This is the appetizing way to give the whole family all the high-quality meat proteins they need. For Treet—a blend of tender pork shoulder and sugar-cured ham—is full of these health-giving proteins! Like all the other Armour Star Pantry-Shelf Meals, Treet cuts down meal-making time and fuss—cuts down the meat bill, too!



ANOTHER ARMOUR STAR PANTRY-SHELF MEAL!





Add Pepper-Corn Tomatoes to Treet!

It won't be long 'til this fix-easy meal is a regular on your menu—by popular request! Season cooked frozen corn with pepper and salt, butter and ¼ cup chopped green peppers. Fill hollow tomatoes with corn and place in a shallow pan. Bake in 350° F. oven for 20 minutes or until tender. Slice Treet into 8 slices and fry in Clover-bloom butter for 3 minutes, turning once. Makes a wonderfully delicious meal for 4.

For additional recipes for Pantry-Shelf Meals, write Marie Gifford, Dept. 248, P. O. Box 2051, Chicago 9, Illinois.

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tant relative of President Beneš of Czechoslovakia.

Stassen's mother is a dark-eyed, keen-witted woman of German and Danish descent. One of Stassen's three brothers runs a local grocery store, another is a sheet-metal worker and a third drove a milk truck until a year ago, when he took a job as a State gasoline-tax inspector.

Young Stassen worked on his parents' farm from the time he was old enough to be helpful. In the summers he ran a roadside vegetable stand, and raised pigeons and rabbits for sale as food. At one time he did an extensive business in guinea pigs with a medical laboratory. He attended Baptist church and Sunday school, and the first long trip he ever made away from home was with a group of Sunday-school pupils who journeyed to Atlantic City one Easter vacation. This is still known in the family as his "Brigham Young trip," for he was the only boy among a dozen or so girls. One of the girls was Esther Glewwe, now his wife.

Stassen finished high school when he was only 14, and since his father was ill at the time, he stayed home for a full year and managed the farm. The following fall he entered the University of Minnesota. His friends of that period recall that he was tall and thin, with carroty-red hair and a singleness of purpose which they regarded with amazement. He knew exactly what he wanted, which was to play a leading role in campus politics. "He had a lean and hungry look," one of his college mates recalls.

He was never a fraternity member, but eventually he was elected to an honorary society called Gray Friar, which was one of the two rallying points for running student activities. The great rival and opposite number of Gray Friar was a society known as Iron Wedge. When Stassen became a senior, Iron Wedge was in control of all important offices and honors. But after a single year of his leadership Gray Friar swept the campus elections, and remained in power for years.

He was also the leading spirit at a mock political convention which was staged by the students in 1928. Every party, including the Communists, was represented, and there were "delegations" from all the states and the Virgin Islands. In addition to these activities Stassen led the university rifle team to a national championship, won his forensics M on the debating team (where he was coached by the present Senator from Oregon, Wayne Morse), served as lieutenant colonel in the ROTC, and worked, on alternate days and nights, as a Pullman conductor between St. Paul and Chicago. He studied while riding the trains, and he stood high, but not the highest, in his class.

At his junior prom he was placed second in the grand march, and again Esther was with him.

When Stassen got his Bachelor of Laws diploma, at the age of 22, he already had a plan for his future. He asked Elmer Ryan, a short, round-faced and companiona low student, to go into partnership wi in a little law office in South St. Pa far from his birthplace. Ryan was a crat and Stassen was already an e Republican, but that was part of th It would be a good thing for the firm t both parties represented.

Scarcely a year had passed when S made his next move—he announc candidacy for attorney of Dakota C Only this time he made a slight misc tion—he had been working too hard, came down with tuberculosis. He l stay in bed for weeks, and one lung w lapsed for treatment. But this turned be a political asset. Elmer Ryan camp for him, and the spectacle of a young crat helping a Republican t the voters. St opponent un stressed the fa he was sick i and the vote sented it. St father had a solid farmer f and they all vo his son. By th he was fully ered, his electi in the bag.

At that tin depression was swing, and the plenty of trou Stassen's co There were str the big packing a few blocks fr office and s among the milk ers. Barricade up across the trucks were s and loads of mil dumped in an to get a living At one meet farmer asked the speakers w would do if the attorney shoul to stop this vi "Lynch h shouted the sp Stassen, wh standing quiet the back of th strode up t platform. "I'm county attorne said, "and thi lence will have t But I will try t you get a bette for your milk." he did.

When the Republicans went down feat in the Hoover debacle of 1932, S began saying that the young men woul to take over the party. He organize Young Republicans of Minnesota, and so effectively that its members now pletely control the party in that state. while he built his own political fence bided his time. To one reporter he rem that he wasn't in any hurry to brave th Deal tide which was sweeping the country. He said this in 1934, and ag 1936. But in 1938 things were differe

The Farmer-Labor Party, which had inated Minnesota for many years, was ing signs of a decline. Its most fo leader, Gov. Floyd Olson, had died sud in 1936. His successor, Elmer Benson been plagued by violent and bloody troubles. In the state's largest city, M apolis, striking teamsters killed two bus men, and police and vigilantes kille strikers. Businessmen began to talk of ing out of the state. (None of them di group of unemployed "hunger marc camped in the State Senate chamber night, and the governor hurried over t perse them in the morning.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

How Can I Greet You?

BY JESSE STUART

How can I greet you on your day of birth?
I cannot give you compliments on time
That passes like a young wind over earth,
I cannot pay you tribute with a rhyme.
I can't rejoice to see Time change your hair
Or take the April from your pretty eyes;
For you, my Love, are fairest of the fair
And Time, your enemy, I most despise.
I can go to the hills to pluck for you
Arbutus from the rocks, percoon from cove;
Flowers you love that April brings anew,
I've given you since you have been my Love.
But I can't give you praise that Time has flown,
You with spring's lilting beauty in your face;
I do thank God to have you for my own
To greet with April kiss and spring embrace.

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"You've done your job," he told them, urging them to go back to their homes. But the newspapers made it appear that he had practically led the "invasion."

The time was ripe for a change, and Stassen knew it. But it was still quite a shock to many people when he announced his candidacy for governor. He was only 31, the youngest man who had ever run. And there were three seasoned Republican veterans who wanted the job.

To meet this situation Stassen staged a modest campaign in the primary. He did not attack his Republican rivals, even when they were bitterly lambasting him as an "upstart." He appeared on the same platform with them, delivered a serious little speech about his "five-point plan" for improving the state of Minnesota, and sat down. After listening to torrents of angry oratory, the voters found this refreshing.

It was during this campaign that Stassen became a dictating-machine addict. He carried one in his automobile with him from town to town. As soon as he finished speaking in one place he would rush to the car and begin dictating letters of thanks to all the Republican leaders and local celebrities he had met there. He repeated this process several times a day, and built up an enormous file of valuable names, with an equal amount of good will.

The primary was fairly easy, but Stassen's campaign against Benson in the fall of 1938 was rough. Accusations of "red," "warmonger" and "Wall Street tool" were flung about freely. Stassen was accused of selling out to the United States Steel Corporation because some of its Minnesota subsidiaries had contributed to his campaign. His supporters replied by exhibiting a picture of Benson marching in an anti-Fascist parade in New York, alongside a group of Communists. All through the campaign Stassen was accompanied by the wild-riding "Hook 'Em Cows," a group of South St. Paul stockmen who liked to dress as cowboys and charge around shooting off blank cartridges.

In the end a big switch in the farmer vote gave him a landslide. A photograph which was arranged by his shrewd publicity man, Earl Christmas, had a lot to do with this. It showed young Stassen sitting on a stump in the yard of his old home watching his sturdy father, clad in overalls, sharpen a mowing-machine cutter bar on a grindstone. This picture went into every rural-delivery box in Minnesota, and for years afterward it was tacked to doors and walls in homes all over the state.

DESPITE his youth, Stassen fitted right into the governor's office in the big capitol building in St. Paul. The high ceilings, ornate black-and-gold paneling, big Civil War paintings and photo murals of Minnesota's scenic beauties made a perfect setting for his big frame and stolid, earnest visage. He had always looked somewhat older than his years anyway. He made an impressive governor.

He also kept his pledges. First he put through the famous Minnesota Labor Law (also known as the "Count Ten" law), which required a ten-day waiting period between calling a strike, and putting it in effect. This feature has since been imitated by many states and the Federal Government. He jailed some corrupt hang-overs from the Benson regime. He cut expenses and taxes, reorganized state departments, and installed a permanent state business manager, which was a new idea in efficient government.

The war in Europe was just beginning and Stassen, unlike many other Middle West Republicans, deeply believed that it constituted a threat to America. It was his resolute opposition to the isolationists both in and out of his party that first made him nationally famous. "The walls of isolation are gone forever," he declared in a celebrated speech, and this was big news from a state that had always been a stronghold for isolationist politicians.

Stassen had to live quite modestly on his governor's salary of $7000, for the State of Minnesota provides no home or household help for its chief executive. When he was elected he and his family were occupying a



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2 POPULAR SIZES:
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five-room bungalow in South St. Paul, and there he continued to live until he could build a somewhat larger house on a piece of land he had bought some years before with his legal earnings. The new house cost $12,000, with a $10,000 mortgage, which Stassen is still paying off.

The Stassens moved into this new house in 1940, and it is still their home. It has a small, square living room with a dropped floor, a fireplace at one end, and windows looking out toward the high bluffs of the near-by Mississippi River. There are an even smaller dining room and a kitchen on the same floor, along with a study which is just about big enough for Stassen, his dictating machine and two shelves of books. On a second floor there are four bedrooms—one for the Stassens, one for their 12-year-old son Glen, one for Kathleen, who is 6, and a single guest room. When Stassen is home he likes to take the whole family on a walk across the fields and along the roads he knew as a boy to his parents' house, for a big Sunday dinner. He plays chess with Glen, and last Christmas he had just about enough time at home to take Kathleen to see Santa Claus. He is also quite a cooky-jar raider. But most of the time in the last six months he has been traveling and campaigning away from home.

Can He Win—This Time?

A few weeks ago I asked Stassen directly what he thought of his chances for the nomination. He gave me a long, level look, and finally said: "Let's put it this way: When I started all the experts said I couldn't possibly win. Now they say I've got a fighting chance. I agree with them."

> **I am a little deaf, a little blind, a little impotent, and on top of this are two or three abominable infirmities, but nothing destroys my hope.** —VOLTAIRE.

Stassen has been voted the favorite Presidential choice of the people who are listed in Who's Who in America, of the Harvard faculty, of the farmers in Wisconsin and Iowa, and of students of Northwestern, Amherst and practically every college which has taken a poll. But in the more general polls he has generally run a rather poor third to the two Republican leaders, Dewey and Taft. (Not counting Eisenhower, who has said emphatically that he is not available.) Obviously he is counting on a deadlock between these two, and he has been carefully building up his list of second- and even third-choice delegates.

He has predicted that he will go into the convention with at least 200 pledged votes to start with, which is more than any other dark-horse candidate can count on at the present writing. Much will depend, of course, on some important primary elections which are being held this month. If Stassen fails in Wisconsin and in Nebraska, where he has entered primary fights, his prestige will be badly hurt.

Would he be willing to accept the nomination for Vice-President, which some cynical observers have said that he was really running for? He would, as he has said, under certain carefully specified circumstances. In other words, if the Presidential candidate and the platform suited him. But he has also said that he would never run on the same ticket with Tom Dewey. Between the calm young giant from Minnesota and the cocky young governor of New York there appear to be really deep-seated differences of opinion. In the end, it is pretty certain that Stassen will not accept the second place if he thinks it would hurt his chances for something bigger in the future. (If this sounds cold-blooded, it should be mentioned that politics is a cold-blooded business.) He is still a young man, and whether he wins or not in 1948 he is going to keep right on discussing the issues and making his weight felt on the solution of national problems.

And he is going to keep right on running for President. THE END



In early days, a neck yoke eased the wo of carrying the heavy buckets of sap fro Vermont sugar maple trees.

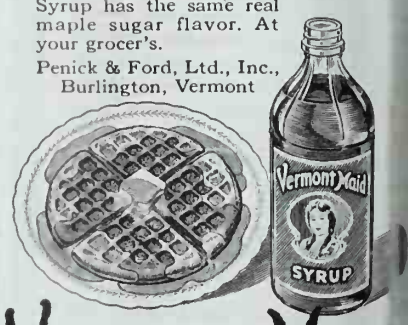
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the gravy aid everybody's talking about
GET A BOTTLE—TRY IT—COMPARE

THE HARMONIOUS HOGANS

(Continued from Page 226)

ft r their paper business folded; the
ir g Harrie remembers about New
a seeing Teddy Roosevelt in Grand
Station. After prep school, he put
t rough two years at Packard Busi-
ol in New York, then launched his
s areer as office boy at $12 a week.
's noticed Lucia out of the corner of
w ile playing at the Mountain Lakes
c in 1928. Lucia was home for her
ir g vacation from Smith and having
w irl on the dance floor. "She looked
[a rrie explains the attraction, putting
h of feeling into the word. "Always
u ia, informed that a member of the
a ted to meet her, looked them over
y and told a friend, "I hope it's the
r !"

t wasn't long after her first date with
p honist that she had him home to
e folks. "They sat me on the hardest
the house and gave me the once-
n says, shuddering slightly at the
i n. He was overwhelmed to dis-
a t his vivacious date's father was a
--was, in fact, world-famous as sec-
f the Federal Council of the Churches
t in America.

e Macfarland, now in his eighties,
b brought up in a Boston tenement,
l on food from police soup kitchens.
a r, first mate on the clipper ship
i le, learned Sanskrit, Greek and
c uring his long sea voyages, and
t s son the Lord's Prayer in Greek
d wenty-third Psalm in Hebrew when
ly five. Charles' mother, who suf-
l ong pain from a spine curvature,
l e 82 and bore eight children, six of
d in infancy ("probably from mal-
i " says son Charles). He put him-
gh school by rising at 5:30 A.M. to
papers and working until 8 at night
's shop; later graduated from Yale
Kappa.

hurch work he conferred intimately
y famous figures here and abroad,
Woodrow Wilson, Herbert Hoover,
shing, Masaryk, and interviewed

f his many books, an autobiogra-
ays, "One morning my wife came to
the mail and asked, 'Who is this,
ou her photograph and simply sign-
lf Marie?'" Turned out to be the
Rumania, thanking him for his
n the blind.

nsists that her family was taken
ie from the beginning, even though
her abroad her sophomore year to give her an ocean-width's perspective. She wrote Harrie that she had bought a wedding veil in Brussels; from that moment, he relaxed. They were married in October, 1930, and moved into his family's home in Montclair for a year ("That's how I learned to cook," says Lucia) and then to a Morristown, New Jersey, apartment. Both went to work, Lucia as a medical case worker (she completed two years at Smith and a year studying social service) and Harrie in the accounting division of the A. & P. in Newark, a job he cordially hated.

WHEN Lucia discovered that Jay was coming, three years later, she intended to keep on working, but threatened miscarriages put her to bed for the last five months. Because she needed constant bed care, and they couldn't afford a nurse, the Hogans moved in with her parents at Mountain Lakes.

At this time it was discovered that Mrs. Macfarland had an incurable case of cancer. Lucia's mother, who came from seven generations of Congregational clergymen, was a remarkable woman—small, quick and birdlike. "Always jolly," a Smith classmate describes her (although she suffered from poor nerves all her life), "refreshingly free from pettiness, envy or irritation. Her pluck was an outstanding characteristic," a description which aptly applies to her daughter, Lucia, as well.

Young Jay Hogan, who is much concerned about racial prejudice, enjoys hearing about the time Booker T. Washington first visited his grandparents' home. On this occasion the maid came to Mrs. Macfarland in great consternation and asked whether she must wait on the great Negro educator. "No indeed," replied Mrs. Macfarland cheerfully. "I will."

This courageous lady died in the hospital five weeks before Jay was born, and Harrie's own father died a month later. "We all thought it would be an awful Christmas that year," Harrie recalls. "Lucia's mother dying, Lucia in bed for all those weeks, my father very ill. But one thing saved it." He discovered that the cleaning woman's son had his heart set on an electric train for Christmas. In spite of his own personal preoccupations, Harrie went out and bought the train and took it over to the child. "His joy over a simple thing like that made it one of the nicest Christmases we ever spent."

Lucia went through an extremely difficult labor (52 hours) with Jay, and was warned by her doctor not to have another child for at least four years. Therefore, when her child was one, she left him with Harrie's mother

How the Hogans Spend Their Money

Food	$1,040.00
Milk	150.00
Interest and amortization on mortgage	526.00
Clothes	175.00
Laundry and dry cleaning	125.00
Car upkeep	546.00
Fuel	142.00
Electricity	42.00
Gas	48.00
Phone	75.00
Magazines, papers, books	35.00
Recreation	125.00
Medical and dentist	283.00
Contributions, charities	70.00
Jay's allowance	52.00
Taxes	360.00
Insurance	548.00
Miscellaneous	158.00
Total	$4,500.00



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RECIPE

CHOCOLATE LUCKY LOAF CAKE

1 purchased loaf (3½" x 6" x 3")
1 pkg. Rockwood Chocolate BITS
½ cup sweetened condensed milk
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 teaspoons hot water

Slice cake lengthwise in three layers. Melt Chocolate BITS over hot water and stir until smooth. Add condensed milk and blend well. Remove from heat, stir in vanilla and hot water. Beat until smooth and glossy. Spread frosting between layers and around sides of cake. Use standard level measurements.

For other tested Bits recipes, drop a postcard to Consumer Relations Director, Rockwood & Co., Brooklyn 5, N. Y.

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1 cup RIVER BRAND Rice, 1 tsp. salt, 1½ cups cold water. Wash thoroughly in 5 or 6 waters and place in 3 qt. pot with a tight fitting cover. Place over moderate flame and bring to a vigorous boil. This should take 8–10 minutes. When steam and foam begin to escape, turn flame down lower and cook the rice until tender —about 20 minutes. All the water should be absorbed. Keep in warm place until you are ready to serve. Serves 5 to 6.



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Self-Smoothing Paints
THE LIFE OF THE SURFACE

and went back to work for five years with the Morris County Welfare Board.

During these depression years, they ran into their stiffest money difficulties, as Harrie decided to quit his bookkeeping job in 1937 to become an insurance salesman for Penn Mutual. Lucia's salary was only $1500 a year, and for the first three months of selling insurance Harrie made $17. It was several years before he made the sketchiest living. "Time and time again I was tempted to throw in the sponge, but Lucia encouraged me to stick."

The toughest thing about his new job, Harrie found, was the attitude of the world at large toward insurance salesmen. So sensitive did he become about "backing anybody into a corner," as he puts it, that to this day he has never tried to sell a policy to a close friend, or even to an associate in his many community doings.

"All my policies have been sold to people I know slightly, or not at all." He digs up prospects from birth, death and engagement notices; once, while serving on a jury, he sold the winner of the case—a $3000 verdict—a $10,000 policy.

No matter how shaky their financial foothold, the Hogans still wanted more than one child. By the time Jay was nine and it looked as though Lucia wouldn't be having any more, they began, in their usual straightforward way, to talk about adoption—in front of young Jay, of course. They tried two New York City agencies for adoption, with no luck; then went to Trenton, New Jersey, where they were told flatly they were too old. Harrie was then 41, his wife 37. Besides, they already had a child of their own, and that weakened their case.

Lucia finally had their name placed on the waiting list of a New Jersey adoption agency. But it was three years after they first started looking for a child to adopt that the agency phoned one day to say they had a three-year-old girl for them. Lucia was so wildly excited, and so taken with little Judy (as were Jay and Harrie), that she wanted to rush her right into the little pink nursery at home; but it didn't work out that way. First she and Harrie were allowed to see Judy alone for a half hour, then to bring her home for half a day, then for a week end; finally she was theirs.

JUDY had been with another family for a year getting physical and psychological check-ups before the Hogans saw her. For the first few weeks she referred to Lucia and Harrie as "other mommy and daddy." The Hogans wisely let her talk all she wanted about her former life. They had been told that she was willful, and a bit sullen on occasion, and that they were to be firm disciplinarians from the start. This was tough on Lucia, who had spanked Jay only once in his life, when he was two and a half. "I wanted so much to have Judy love us, but I didn't want her to be brattish either." After her first spanking, Judy announced firmly that she was going right back to the "brown house where mommy lives." Lucia collected her shaky nerves and suggested that they both go stairs and start packing. That end particular threat forever.

Last summer, when Judy had be them not quite two years, she sudden down with undulant fever with temp ranging as high as 105°. One night screaming in delirious terror while a swarmed in the window. She was in two months, attended by a doctor w family friend and sent no bill for his ("but the cost of sulpha and penici terrific"). In October, Judy was u apparently cured, although Lucia is tremely careful about her rest and c

The Hogans have never made an about Judy's adoption; her favorite how she came to live with them. L added a few dramatic touches to t such as how young Jay was so thr jumped up and down until he hit ing—a fascinating detail to Judy, wh quently found studying the distance ceiling to his head.

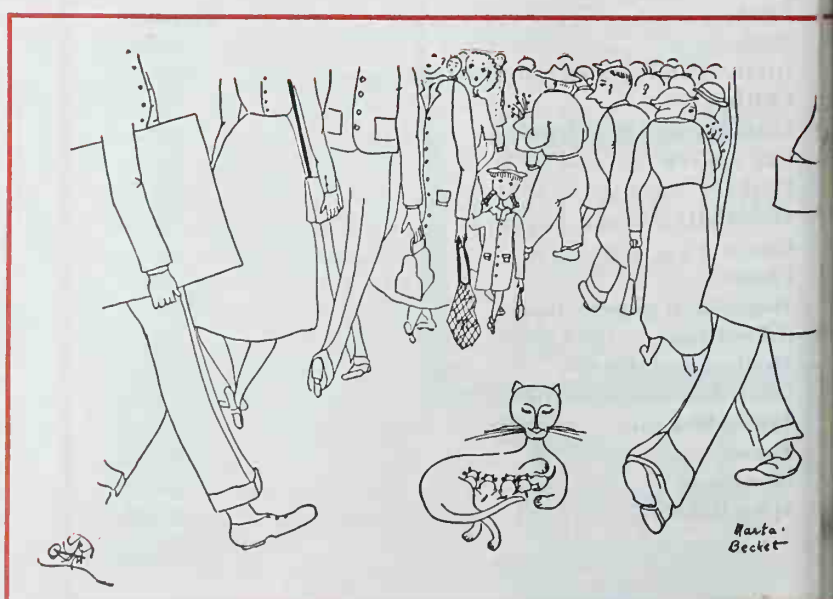
BOTH Hogan children are remarka reliant, spending hours happily by selves. Jay has an intriguing (to him of skinning mice. He disdainfully g ordinary gray house variety to the saves the tiny brown-and-white field mice in tissue paper. He show to a furrier once, who tactfully doub he would ever have enough to mak for his mother.

With his dollar-a-week allowance he never squanders on frivolous thi movies or candy) Jay buys Bix Beic or Red Nichols records for his small graph, and finances his three-month vacation at his Uncle Jim's at Point Canada (Lucia's brother is Americ consul at Montreal). Last summer, b ing diligently, Jay made enough spend two weeks boarding with a family at Murray Bay and to bring handsome blue hand-loomed blanke mother.

When he graduated from eighth gr year, Jay was voted by his classm most outstanding boy in his class, f he received an American Legion me his schoolwork he receives straight B's, but Jay's real passion in life i Although only a freshman at Mo High, he plays sax in both the jur senior bands, as well as the school or Jay astutely acquired a good barit last year by selling his electric trains, has the sax his father used to play.

Last fall young Jay and Harrie evening out together at Frank Meadowbrook, near Singac, New Frank, who used to have Harrie in orchestra back in the twenties, greet with great enthusiasm and brought of the show, Tex Beneke, over to th Worries scrupulous young Jay, " think he would have been so glad to if he knew I like Ernie Caceres' sax much better!"

(Continued on Page 248)



When foods are packed in glass I know they have to be good!"

says MRS. MICHAEL POLVERE, 245-60 61st ST., DOUGLASTON, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.



"I wouldn't dream of buying baby foods any other way—

"All the baby foods I buy simply *must* be packed in glass jars. That's because I like to see what I'm getting, and I feel that if it comes in glass the packer must be proud of it."



"In the same glass jar you heat food—and store it safely!

"Glass containers are so *convenient*—eliminate having to put leftover portions in dishes for the refrigerator. Just snap the cap back on and there you are!"



"I'm as fussy for us as for Shelly, in all the foods I buy!

"The advantages of glass containers for baby foods apply to all foods. Whenever there's a choice I buy in glass. Take peach halves, for example. I like to see what they look like before I buy. And when I put the jar back in the refrigerator I know they'll be safe."



HEN YOU BUY IT IN Duraglas JARS YOU CAN SEE HOW GOOD IT IS!

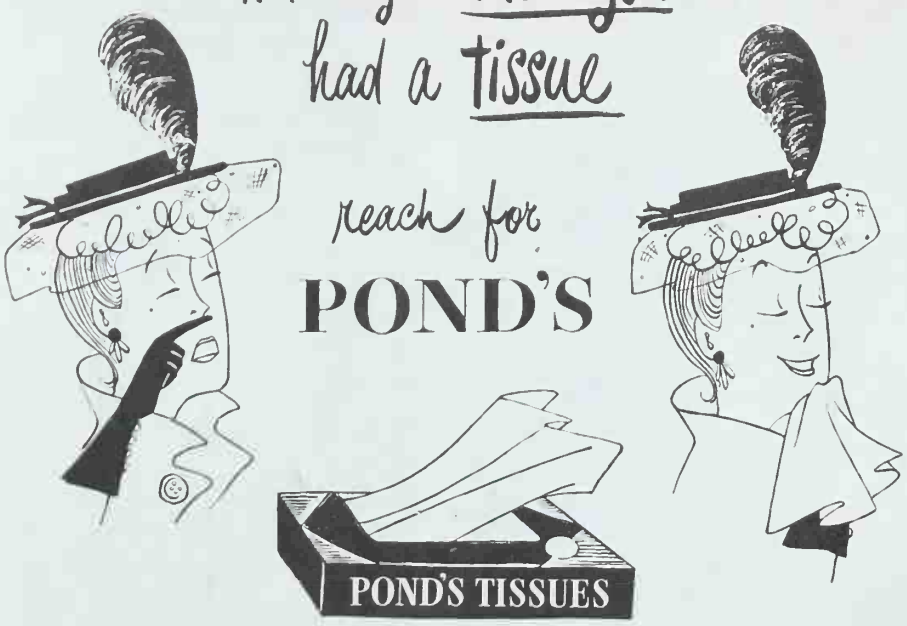
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Minipoo

THE QUICK *DRY* SHAMPOO

30 Shampoos ond handy Mitt in each packoge.



When Ann catches cald, sofe, dry Minipoo keeps her hoir clean!

(Continued from Page 246)

Judy spends most of her time, even in winter, playing by herself on their two acres. Lucia disapproves heartily of mothers who feel they must dig up a playmate for their children every day, or take them out visiting. She has her hands full with her house and her many community jobs, such as president of Scout Mothers and chairman of civics at the Women's Club (she is working for free garbage disposal in Mendham and a community swimming pool). At various times Lucia has directed the Community Chest, TB seal and March of Dimes drives, and has been treasurer of the Republican Club and secretary of the church guild.

Lucia was a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, but cheerfully switched to Episcopal when she married Harrie. Sundays find the whole family sitting on the hard wooden pews of St. Mark's in Mendham. Jay is an acolyte, and when he isn't helping with communion, hangs grimly to the bell rope from the rear pew, congratulating himself whenever he manages to ring the bell at precisely the moment the chimes are sounded from the altar.

100th Anniversary

JUST a hundred months ago, How America Lives introduced its "first family," the Aulden Griffins, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Living in the country's center, neither rich nor poor, they were proud of their own home, their growing boy and girl and such miscellaneous treasures as an alligator, a monkey—and the solid American instinct for meeting and making a life on their own terms.

Today, after a war and a heap of growing, life has added a new home in a new city, new work, new problems—some new gray hairs. It has watched the kids stretch from pint-size pranksters to a not-too-career-minded lady with a job and a fifteen-year-old boy, busy beating the awkward age.

To celebrate a most important birthday, the May JOURNAL invites you to meet the Griffins again in Chicago, Illinois.

HOW AMERICA LIVES
By J. C. Furnas

Although both are great believers in working for the community (Harrie has been president of the Board of Health and the Republican Club, active in Board of Education, Boy Scout and Y.M.C.A. work), Lucia and Harrie prefer each other's company to anyone else's. It's a standing family joke the way neither will go anywhere without the other. Saturday nights are likely to find them comfortably relaxed in their own armchairs. When they feel like company, they have a couple of friends in to supper. Harrie painted the entire interior of the house (two coats) only on condition that Lucia sit on newspapers in each room while he worked. When she's out in the kitchen fixing up a meal, he's right there with her, beating up some of his good baking-powder biscuits or peeling potatoes for the French fries he does so well. To save her hands, he often washes the dishes. "Sometimes I think we're too dependent on each other," says the minister's daughter about the former saxophone player.

Asked to name the most discouraging time of their seventeen years of marriage, both Hogans look puzzled. "Things have never been discouraging between the two of us," Harrie puts it, "and when it's that way, the bad outside things don't seem to hurt so much."

Which is perhaps what explains best the extraordinary harmony of the Hogans.

THE END





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BEAUTY CARE FOR FURNITURE

(Continued from Page 237)

may be the result of a long spell of damp foggy weather, in which case polish and a vigorous rubdown on the next dry day should banish the bloom. If it's very bad, try washing, following the directions given above. But if "the look" still persists after all, it will probably need to be refinished, since this furry bloom is sometimes a chronic condition, due to improper finishing when the piece was first made.

"Does my modern light wood furniture need any special care?"

The modern light wood finishes are, on the whole, rather easy to care for. Blemishes don't seem to show up on them as badly as on the darker pieces. Experts advise against using a polish which might tend to darken the wood, however. They suggest that the creamy emulsion-type polishes are best for blonds, preceded by a soap-and-water bath if the wood is grimy or badly finger-marked.

"A leg on a favorite small chair is unsteady. Can this be fixed at home?"

A chair or stool that is less than steady can be glued at home. It pays to wait for a dry warm day so the glue will harden properly. Sometimes a little glue is all that's needed to give a firm understanding. The sections to be glued should be separated and any old glue removed with sandpaper. Then apply glue of a good grade to both surfaces to be joined and let it dry a short while. Now apply a second coat of glue and fit the pieces together. Hold in position with rope or clamps, being certain to protect the wood with paper, cloth or blocks of wood. When the glue begins to set clean off excess that oozes from around the joining. Otherwise, do not disturb until thoroughly dry. Such treatment restores usefulness to many a small chair or table, but large or expensive items might well go to a professional who has special equipment and tools.

> **Because of the weakness of our minds, we must come down from principles to conclusions like an old man cautiously feeling his way down a flight of steps.**
>
> —WALTER FARRELL:
> A Companion to the Summa (Sheed & Ward, Inc.).

"The leaves of my dining table have become badly warped. Is there anything I can do at home to fix them and to make the table top resistant to heat and moisture?"

Both these jobs are much better left to experts. They require expert craftsmanship and special tools to get satisfactory results. Expensive and highly prized furniture should be handled by professionals.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION

Nobody, naturally, wants to be the kind of hostess who is always popping up to slide a coaster under every glass in sight, or who suffers obviously when a cigarette is lighted. But if coasters arrive in the hand with the glass, if man-sized ash trays are within easy reach of all chairs, it's possible to do your duty by your furniture unobtrusively. Surely no guest will hold it against you if you see to it that spills are wiped up at once. Don't forget protective mats when you place hot dishes on the table. Glass cut to fit the tops of coffee tables or dressing tables is a comparatively inexpensive ounce of protection too. There are several trim little furniture-beauty kits packaged compactly with the preparations for many sorts of care. And there's a new plump lamb's-wool mitt that should be just fine for rubbing wax to a rich gleamingness. But first and foremost, though it may become monotonous, nothing takes the place of faithful dusting! And isn't it all worth it when you see your mahogany smile back at you in well-groomed burnished beauty?

THE END

Every smart woman has a

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Conversation Piece



Spring recipe for flower centerpiece: 3 flowering-quince branches, 16 anemones, 8 or 9 large ivy leaves. Mass anemones as in picture amidst sprays of quince low to the table.

PHOTOS



A pink-and-white sea-food timbale of salmon and sole. With green salad and French-fried roll



Beans — green as new leaves — with hollandaise.



Dessert: strawberry bombes. Easy to make and eat.

BY RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

I've given you all sorts of impressive concoctions to be made of fish, flesh, fowl and plant life. But now it is April. There is a spirit abroad in this burgeoning season that makes me—and I think you too—want to do something special with flowers. So let's begin a menu with the blossoms that decorate the table, and make them a production; and then repeat their delicate greens, yellows and reds in a series of dishes that delight the eye as well as the palate. When spring gets into one's blood as it does now, I say give the vernal impulse its head.

RECIPE FOR FLOWER ARRANGEMENT: The ingredients are a small bowl, 6 inches in diameter, a piece of chicken wire, some 24-gauge florist wire, large ivy leaves, a few branches of flowering quince, a few strands of ivy and anemones in assorted colors.

The container won't show, so you needn't be fussy about it. Any bowl of the right dimensions will do—the ten-cent stores are full of them. Crush chicken wire to size of bowl and fasten it securely into place with the 24-gauge wire. To do this, thread the *(Continued on Page 253)*

ew Coolness! New Cleanliness!



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easy



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A&P Super Markets

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YOURS FOR 35¢ TO 39¢ A PORTION*

Pennsylvania Dutch Dinner

(Serves 6)

Beef and Sauerkraut
Buttered Noodles
Pickled Beet and Cheese Salad
Baked Apples
Coffee Milk Tea

BEEF AND SAUERKRAUT

1 lb. ground beef, ½ tsp. salt, 2 tbsps. fat, 1 cup boiling water, 1 lb. (about 2½ cups) sauerkraut, 1 can (2½ cups) tomatoes and 2 onions cut in halves. Add salt to meat; shape into balls; fry in fat until browned, turning occasionally. Add remaining ingredients and simmer in covered pan for about 1 hour. Serve with dumplings or noodles.

*Menu and recipe tested and priced by A&P Test Kitchen. *Costs based on average prices in A&P Super Markets at time of going to press.*

A&P TESTED

(Continued from Page 250)

vire through the chicken wire, then firmly over outside of bowl, across n up other side and fasten. Take e strand of wire and work from op- s de, so that the two strands will criss- c n bottom of bowl. Use as many s as you need to make the thing firm— i ken wire mustn't wobble when you he flowers. Half fill the bowl with nd put large ivy leaves around the conceal the wire.

olproof formula for the flowers is to t e dark anemones very low in the f the arrangement so that they com- cover the bowl, then "spray" the lowers to follow the lines of your s. The chicken wire will make it easy to place the blossoms exactly where nt them.

autiful arrangement very similar to e can be made by substituting for- sprays for the quince and parrot or the anemones.

to food, which will live up to both al and epicurean standards. This time orify the vegetable by giving it first the menu and serving it as a separate It's a fine thing to begin a meal with iful, delicious vegetable, and I think gree that string beans hollandaise is that deserves top billing. Bright eans, golden yellow sauce.

ood timbale will be the main dish, our reputation as a cook doesn't soar is little number I'll be that surprised. some doing—that is, work—but it's y real job you'll have in preparing al. The timbale may not be quite so ul as your flower arrangement, but it it a close second—and you can eat a pattern of delicate pink-and-white with a pink sauce in which the white llow of eggs and the deeper pink of show themselves. Last night my r guests, who were more interested in te than its looks, demanded two us helpings. A mixed green salad with fort dressing and French-fried bread ill provide just the right contrast in nd texture and complete the main

dessert will be small strawberry *bombes* with mounds of gorgeous fresh glazed erries. I did some experimenting in g out my recipe for the *bombes*, and I ou'll like the result. I didn't want to y eggs or too much cream, but they be smooth as velvet and I insisted on g them in the refrigerator. It's no make smooth ice cream if you churn freezer, but that's a lot of trouble— urning, packing, and so on—and be- most of us don't have ice-cream freezers. So smooth as velvet they turned out to be, and inexpensive too.

These recipes will serve six to eight people.

STRING BEANS HOLLANDAISE

Select 3 pounds of long, straight string beans. That sounds like a lot, but I think you'll find this a very popular dish with your guests. I do. Snip off heads and tails and cut each bean lengthwise through the middle. Arrange in neat bundles, enough for one generous serving, and tie with string. Don't wrap the string just around the middle of the bunch, but wind it around and around from one end to the other, so that all the beans are held securely and will be straight. The bunches can be prepared in advance and covered with a very wet cloth to keep them fresh. Drop them into boiling water and cook until barely tender—about 20 minutes is usually enough. Throw in some salt after about 15 minutes of cooking. I add a pinch of baking soda to the water to make the beans a lovely bright green.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

Beat 3 egg yolks with rotary beater until light. (Use electric mixer if you have one.) Add ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper. Melt ¼ pound butter or margarine and heat 1½ tablespoons lemon juice. Alternately, a little at a time, add the butter or margarine and lemon juice to the egg yolks, beating constantly and very fast. Then, still beating, dribble in 2 tablespoons boiling water—and that's all. If uncolored margarine is used, add a few drops of yellow vegetable coloring.

Before using, let the hollandaise heat to lukewarm by standing on top of a warm oven or in a pan of warm water. As you see, the sauce is not *hot*, but if both the vegetable and the plates on which it will be served are hot, that's all right.

To serve string beans hollandaise, put the drained bundles of beans on plates or a platter, cut and remove strings carefully and put a strip of pimiento across the middle of each bunch, tucking the ends of the pimiento strips under so that they will appear to be binding the beans. This makes a bright red accent in your green-and-yellow arrangement, and it also adds a piquant contrast of taste. Serve hollandaise sauce in a separate bowl or on the individual servings.

SEA-FOOD TIMBALE

The timbale can be made in advance and will require only 35 minutes' poaching before it is served.

Have 1½ pounds salmon cut into thin steaks about ¼ inch thick. Select as red salmon as you can find. Trim, remove bones and flatten the steaks by pressing with your hand. Cut into strips about 1½ inches



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*Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tastes better than any coffee you ever used, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

wide. Do the same thing with fillets of haddock, flounder or sole. The strips should be quite thin, and if they break, don't worry, you can piece them together. Grease an oblong baking dish *liberally* with margarine or butter. Now line the interior of the dish with alternate strips of the two colors of fish to get a striped effect. Use firm pieces for the sides because the ends of the strips must extend half an inch over the top rim of the dish. This is to prevent them from slipping down during cooking. The strips across the bottom can be pieced together, but be sure to get a neat effect. This sounds difficult, but it isn't. The liberal greasing of margarine or butter will hold the strips exactly where you place them. When interior of mold is completely lined, put it in refrigerator while you make some forcemeat.

Put scraps that have accumulated in cutting the strips and enough more fish to make 1¼ cups in all through finest blade of meat chopper four times. Remove crust from 4 slices of white bread, crumble bread, add ⅔ cup milk and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, to make a smooth paste. Chill, add to ground fish and blend. Put bowl containing this mixture into a pan of ice water, add unbeaten whites of 2 eggs and stir with a wooden spoon until all the slipperiness caused by the egg whites has disappeared and mixture is thoroughly blended. Add ½ cup cream, a little at a time, stirring vigorously after each addition. Season with salt and white pepper.

Take mold from refrigerator and spread three quarters of the forcemeat evenly over the strips of fish so that the entire inner surface, sides as well as bottom, will be coated. This is important. It's the forcemeat, not the thin, outer shell of fish, that will make the timbale firm enough to hold its soft center and not collapse when turned out. Put the mold in a 300° F. oven to poach for 10 minutes.

To make sauce for the filling, melt 4 tablespoons margarine or butter, blend in 7 tablespoons flour and add slowly, stirring constantly, 2½ cups hot milk. Cook until smooth and thick. Add 1 pound fillets of haddock or flounder which has been steamed in top of a double boiler until firm. Break fish into bite-size pieces. Add 3 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 minced clove garlic, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon dried sweet basil, ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper and 3 teaspoons gourmet or Pekin powder or bouillon powder. Stir carefully to avoid breaking the pieces of fish, and taste for salt. All three of the seasoning powders I have suggested are quite salty, so be cautious about adding more. Fill the mold with this mixture almost to the top, cut off the projecting ends of pink and white fish strips and add them to interior. They will be a little dry, but that's okay. They'll absorb moisture from the sauce. Now cover the top with the rest of the forcemeat, making a smooth layer to seal the timbale.

Make a smooth, creamy sauce, basic procedure, with 3 tablespoons margarine or butter, 5 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups milk, ½ cup tomato purée and 1 cup bouillon. (If you like, ½ cup sherry may be substituted for ½ cup bouillon.) Season to taste with salt and white pepper. Add 4 hard-cooked eggs, cut into fairly large chunks, 3 tablespoons capers and some precooked shrimp or pieces of lobster or both. Canned shrimp or lobster will be all right if fresh or frozen isn't available, and 1 cup in all will be plenty for the sauce. However, it would be nice to have a few extra especially perfect pieces of sea food for a garnish.

Now we have done all the work, and I certainly trust that it was done the day before. Not that the timbale and sauce couldn't be made the day they are to be eaten, but why do it then when it isn't necessary? About thirty-five minutes before serving, put the mold in a pan of hot water in a 350° F. oven. Put the sauce in a double boiler over low heat.

To serve, turn the mold upside d the center of a platter. Let it stand a of minutes, then, holding the mold i tip the platter and drain off the liquid that will have seeped out. N move the mold. It will come off and the timbale will be perfect. pastry brush into melted margari very gently remove any froth th poached out of the fish. Spoon the cap around the timbale and garnish wit of hard-cooked egg, parsley and shrimp or pieces of lobster.

SALAD

I haven't been able to get imported fort cheese for a long time, but there a good domestic substitutes which m excellent salad dressing.

Press ¼ pound Roquefort-type through a coarse sieve or potato ric it in a bowl with ½ teaspoon dry m ½ teaspoon sugar and ½ teaspoon p Stir as you add ½ cup salad oil, 3 spoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon lemo and salt to taste. This makes a s dressing with no little lumps of to astonish the palate. Rub the bowl well with garlic and be sur greens are crisp and cold.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

O Promise Me

By May Richstone

I won't be a demanding wife;
You needn't make it your career
To gratify my slightest whims—
Just the big ones, dear!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FRENCH-F BREAD R

Cut crusts slieed bread t evenly shape longsorsquar slices tightly fasten each e center of roll toothpieks. W wax paper or a to prevent d Near the last n fry in deep fat golden brow over, drain on towels, re toothpieks an rolls warm until ready to serve. Th be crisp on the outside, soft in th dle—and are they good!

The crusts that have been cut off sh be wasted. Put them in a 200° F. ove thoroughly dry and grind them.

STRAWBERRY BOMBES

Put contents of one 15-ounce can swe condensed milk in top of double Steam 5 minutes, stirring occasio Have very little water in the bottom double boiler so that only steam will in contact with the top. Chill and with electric or hand rotary beater f 7 minutes to increase bulk. Press s berries, fresh or frozen, through a si make 2 cups. Add 1 cup of this t densed milk with 1 teaspoon vanilla if you like the flavor, 3 tablespoons br Fold in 1 cup heavy cream beaten thick but not stiff. Freeze in ice-cub until mushy, either in refrigerat home freezing unit. If you have a fr food storage unit, by all means use it f job. When mushy stage is reached, s sides and bottom of pan well and be cream to an even consistency. Spoon i paper cups, filling them quite high put them in freezing compartme refrigerator or your frozen-food unit heavy paper cups about an inch and high at a stationery store, or use paper muffin cups. The muffin cup thin and it's best to use 2 or 3 for *bombe*. To the other cup of strained s berries add 2 tablespoons lemon ju little kirsch or brandy, if you like chilled sirup made by boiling ½ cup and ¼ cup water for 5 minutes.

To serve, remove paper cups and *bombes* upside down on a platter. Sur with fine, large strawberries and ca spoon the sirup over the berries to them. Garnish the dessert platter with pretty leaves. This recipe will make 11 *bombes*, which is fine because you'll a few extras for seconds.

Service. I like a meal that will adapt to any form of service, and here we hav

(Continued on Page 256)

The Steak is Swiss

The Cost is Scotch

with . . . .



'ISS STEAK is something to *yodel* about hen you cook it with rich, spicy Hunt's nato Sauce!

o easy to make, too! For Hunt's To- o Sauce comes to you ready to use. l what a wonderful cooking sauce it is!

Kettle-simmered with fine spices and sonings. Rich and thick and flavory. ly, it takes more than *four* plump, fresh natoes to make one can. Yet Hunt's costs you but a *few cents!* What a bargain in these days of high prices!

So—let Hunt's Tomato Sauce make *your* low-cost, everyday dishes into triumphs of flavor. Just cook it into your stews, soups, rice, meat loaf, fish, eggs, vegetables, gravies.

Start using this delicious work-saver soon. Get six cans at your market. Remember—for just a few cents a can!

Coconut Mocha Frosting for a Crowning Glory!

1 cup sugar
½ cup water
3 egg yolks
1 cup Durkee's Margarine
2 tbsp. coffee essence
4 oz. (1 package) Durkee's Coconut

Heat sugar and water in pan to light thread stage (230° F). Cool. Beat yolks until stiff. Pour syrup on yolks, beating constantly. Cool mixture. Add margarine bit by bit and beat continually. Then add coffee essence (boil down 1 cup strong coffee to 2 tbsp.). Sandwich and cover cake with frosting, then sprinkle top and sides with Durkee's Coconut.

DURKEE'S COCONUT for tantalizing tropical flavor!

From California!



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

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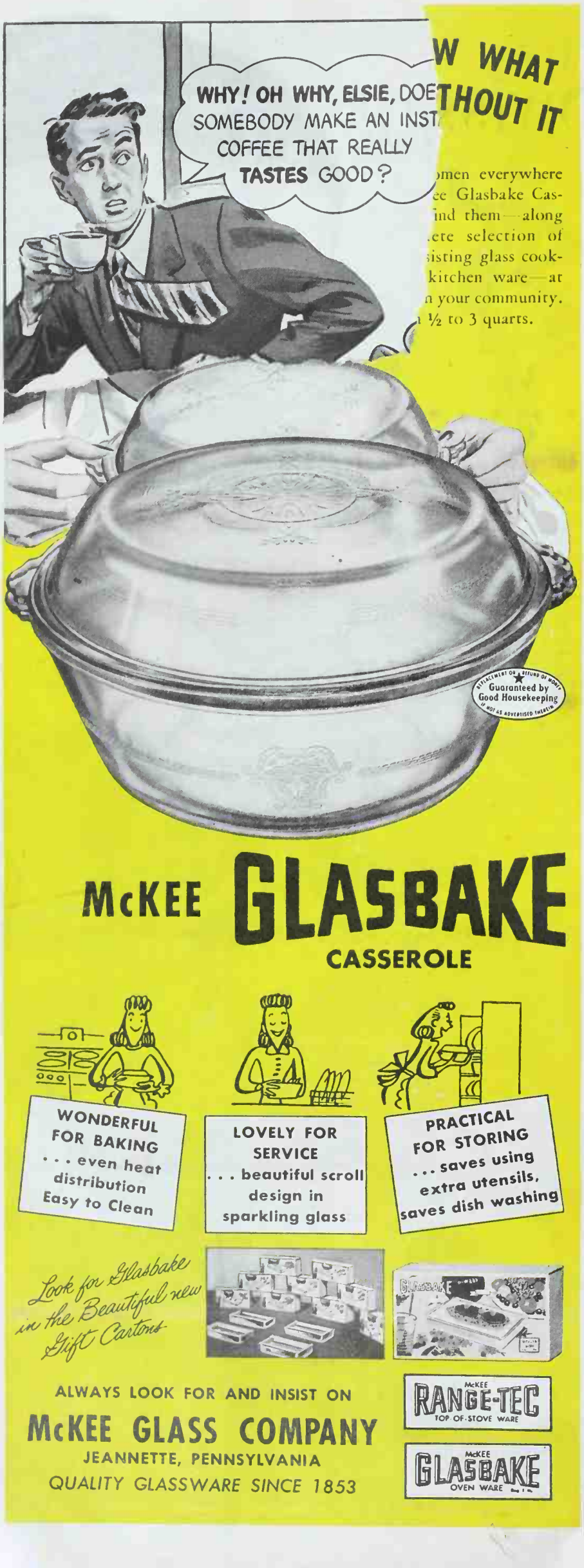
Swiss Steak—Hunt Style

1½ lbs. beef round, chuck, or rump Flour
1 medium-sized onion, sliced 3 tbsp. chopped green pepper
3 tbsp. fot 1 con Hunt's Tomoto Sauce
1 cup woter 1½ tsp. solt ¼ tsp. pepper
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce

Pour flour into steak and pound it in with edge of plate. Cook onion and green pepper in fat until tender. Brown meat on both sides in fat. Add delicious, spicy Hunt's Tomato Sauce, water, salt, Worcestershire sauce, and pepper. Cover and simmer about 1½ hours or until meat is tender. Your family will *rave* . . . and you will *save!*

Hunt-for the best

Hunt Foods, Inc., Los Angeles, California



(Continued from Page 254)

It's the fact that all this food can be eaten without benefit of knife that does the trick—not even butter spreaders are needed, because serving butter or margarine with the French-fried rolls is painting the lily. I seem to have no preference between sit-down and buffet service. If both food and conversation are good, so is the dinner party—but I do like to be comfortable when I eat, and I don't think that sets me apart as a queer one. With only your lap as a table, it's not fun to struggle with a knife and fork and a piece of rare roast beef or a chop; I don't care how delicious the morsels are, in case one should reach your mouth instead of your dress or the floor.

But here we have no such problem; the food is all easy to eat and the service can be of your own choosing. In either case, you create a beautiful picture around your arrangement. I've used this menu t cently, once as a sit-down dinner fo which is all our dining table will ac date comfortably, and once as a buff for twelve. It worked perfectly bot and proved to be an easy meal to And easy to prepare too. I'll admit food timbale is something of a proc but so it looks and tastes—and i worth some effort, especially since th will be in the past when the dinner h proaches. Your dinner party will seem bloomed as easily—and as beautifu the flowers of your centerpiece. And guests aren't inspired to rival Mr. M sohn with Spring Songs all their o be disappointed.

A IS FOR APRIL

(Continued from Page 79)

and those feet of snow and the shuddering cold and begin to have ambition. And that is apt to lead us into wanting parties and luncheons and little dinners and having our friends in to make holiday. So we do. That being so, I have tuned in on the spring symphony and come up with a meal that spells April. If it's a dinner you have on your mind, here's your dish. Try it and see.

Surprises seldom come singly. A tomato surprise, for example, is all very well. But to string a new string on the tomato frame, you have here the tomato surprise as an appetizer. *You* know, one of those things that make you hungry for whatever follows. This tomato surprise may or may not surprise you, but it will please you—there's no doubt of that. Please a lot of other folks too.

TOMATO-SALAD APPETIZER

Skin 6 small tomatoes. The hothouse ones are always small—good too—but they don't have to grow under glass if you can come by the nuhothouse ones handily. To skin them, as you probably know, simply drop them in hot water for a minute or two. Then in cold water, and the skin slips off. Cool. Cut a slice off blossom end. With a sharp knife and a spoon—or easier still, use your melon-ball cutter—scoop out the centers and put them in a chilled bowl. Turn the tomatoes upside down to drain. Mix the pulp with 1 cup canned tomato juice. Add 1 small onion, sliced, a clove of garlic, 1 or 2 sprigs of parsley, ½ bay leaf, 1½ teaspoons sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar, about 1 teaspoon basil or a few leaves—if you're lucky enough to get some fresh. Bring to a boil and cook 10 minutes. Strain through a medium-coarse strainer. There should be 1⅓ cups of liquid. If you need to, add a little more tomato juice. Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Add to the hot tomato juice. Stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Season with pepper and salt to taste, ¾ teaspoon horse-radish, a drop but not more of Tabasco sauce and ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Chill until slightly thickened. Fill the tomatoes with the gelatin mixture. Chill until firm.

You'll make them the day before, I should think, then they're off your mind. To serve, arrange the tomatoes on salad greens, turning them upside down. Pour spring dressing over them.

SPRING DRESSING

Remove the root ends of several spring onions. Chop them fine—tops and all—and get ¼ cupful ready. Add to 1 cup mayonnaise. Grate a clove of garlic into this and add ¼ cup chopped parsley. Mix 1 tablespoon anchovy paste with ½ cup thick sour cream, and add to the mayonnaise. Thin with ¼ cup vinegar and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Season with salt and a little pepper and taste it. I and set aside to keep cool. Don't the basil—if you don't use it in the t lilliug, put it in the dressiug. It doe ders for a tomato.

It gets all the votes. There's one sure, and you may bank on it every and that's the way people feel abou Boil it, bake it, fry it, broil it or mak ever is left over into a dozen different and not a dissenting voice will be he guess there isn't anything, unless may chicken, of which you can say this.

Variety lends enchantment. Fr natural with ham. Almost any fru make a party platter, with your ham l pretty well satisfied with itself dom the picture. Gets a big hand every ti

That's why, on this April menu, find baked ham made to glitter like a with a cherry glaze and cloves to fla And the whole surrounded with bak nanas, which have a never-failing attr for ham. We've chosen one of the hal which you can no and which are easier budget than whole

> **We are so confoundedly infallible in our judgments, so sure of what is good for our neighbor, so eager to force upon him our particular doctors or our particular remedies; we are so willing to put our childish fingers into the machinery of creation—and we howl so lustily when we get them pinched.**
>
> —DAVID GRAYSON:
> The Friendly Road,
> Printed in Adventures of David Grayson
> (Doubleday & Company, Inc.).

CHERRY-GLA BAKED HA

Wipe half of a tend ham, weighing ab pounds, with a cloth. Cover the cu with aluminum Place the ham, fa up, on a rack in an roasting pan. Bak moderately slow 325° F., allowing 22 utes per pound; o meat thermomet used, place the ther eter so that the b in the center of the t est part—not touching a bone—bake the thermometer registers 150° F. Re foil and rind. If the rind doesn't p easily, run a knife between rind an Score the ham by cutting through t with a sharp knife, marking a patte squares or diamond shapes. Stud whole cloves. Drain the sirup fr pound jar of cherry preserves. Pour over the ham. Bake 45 minutes lo raising the temperature to 350° F., this is the temperature you need fo bananas, basting often. Don't forg baste the bananas when basting the

BAKED BANANAS

Peel 6 or 8 bananas, according to guests. A whole baked banana isn't much for the lover of baked banana don't count too closely. Cut the ban in half crosswise. Put them in a sh glass casserole. For the glaze, cook the of 3 lemons, 1 tablespoon butter or ma rine and 1 cup sugar together a few min until the sugar is dissolved and you h light sirup. Pour this over the bananas bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for to three quarters of an hour. Baste turn them as they bake. If the ban aren't hurried in the oven, they will pink blush, as will the sauce. You ca the same thing with vegetable colo

(Continued on Page 258)

Spring Something New!

by

Virginia Coates



Try a new idea in Springtime Platters! A delicious, nutritious dish. Here are the thrifty ingredients: Two bunches of cooked asparagus, ¼ cup of melted margarine, 6 slices cooked ham or chicken, 2 cups of cheese sauce. Toss the asparagus in melted margarine and arrange on serving dish. Place ham or chicken on top, garnish with spring vegetables and cover with cheese sauce. Brown lightly under broiler before serving.

• • •

Top it with a cheese sauce! In the panel at the left you'll find the recipe. I always use Durkee's Margarine for this sauce, because Durkee's makes such a smooth base. Note the garlic salt—that's for the savory touch. If you use Durkee's Garlic Salt, you'll be sure of a fresh, full flavor, expertly blended.



Good companions! Ideal with this dinner—home-baked Parker House rolls, piping hot! Here again, I suggest Durkee's Margarine for a fine-textured dough. Before baking, brush the rolls with melted Durkee's for a delicate, golden-brown color. Just before serving, split the rolls open while still very hot and spread them lavishly with the Margarine. Your family will love the mild, country-freshness of Durkee's. It's made of the purest vegetable oils churned with fresh, pasteurized skim milk. Plenty of nutrition, too—15,000 units of Vitamin A to a pound the year 'round.

• • •

"Make mine coconut!" That loud chant comes from the men—so let's *make* it coconut. At the right, is a recipe for a Coconut Mocha Frosting that's heavenly on a sponge cake, a plain white cake or a chocolate-mocha cake. It's a rich frosting—so cut smaller pieces! You can mix Durkee's Coconut into the frosting itself or sprinkle it liberally on top.

Important! Right now, there's a bill before Congress to repeal obsolete Anti-Margarine Laws. If this bill is passed, you will be able to buy yellow margarine. Write your Congressman today to vote for the "Yellow Margarine" Bill.

• • •

For other interesting recipes, write to Durkee Famous Foods, Dept. L4-8, Elmhurst, Long Island, N. Y.

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Cheese Sauce for Springtime Platter!

4 tbsp. Durkee's Margarine
1 tsp. Durkee's Garlic Salt
4 tbsp. flour
2 cups top milk
¼ tsp. white pepper
1 egg yolk, beaten
6 tbsp. grated cheese

Melt margarine over low heat. Stir in garlic salt. Remove from heat and stir in flour with wooden spoon. Add top milk slowly, reserving 2 tbsp. Stir over heat until mixture boils. Add pepper and egg yolk mixed with 2 tbsp. milk. Add grated cheese and stir until well blended. Makes approximately 2 cups sauce.

DURKEE'S MARGARINE
so country-fresh in flavor!



Coconut Mocha Frosting for a Crowning Glory!

1 cup sugar
½ cup water
3 egg yolks
1 cup Durkee's Margarine
2 tbsp. coffee essence
4 oz. (1 package) Durkee's Coconut

Heat sugar and water in pan to light thread stage (230°F). Cool. Beat yolks until stiff. Pour syrup on yolks, beating constantly. Cool mixture. Add margarine bit by bit and beat continually. Then add coffee essence (boil down 1 cup strong coffee to 2 tbsp.). Sandwich and cover cake with frosting, then sprinkle top and sides with Durkee's Coconut.

DURKEE'S COCONUT for tantalizing tropical flavor!



only by comparing



what we mean is...

only by tasting



57 can you find out how good

Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup really is!

(Continued from Page 256)

If you do this, remember a little goes a long way, so go easy.

Young, inexperienced, lovely. I refer to the little new potato. You know how they are. Sometimes they're red and blushing all over the place. And sometimes they look as white and scrubbed as a little boy's face the first day of school. They're all good. But you must remember they haven't the hard-boiled smugness that the grown-up potato has. So be careful when you cook them and don't *over*cook. There should be a little sales resistance when you put fork to a new potato. You'll find they look better, taste better, are better for not being done to death. Cook them with their skins on. A little lemon juice in the water—*very* boiling water too—does something. I don't know what, but something nice. Slip or scrape off the skins; don't put knife to them. Let them come out whole and round and wondering what it's all about. *Make* something of your new potatoes. You'll wait a year for the next digging.

NEW POTATOES IN MUSTARD-WATER-CRESS SAUCE

Cook about 1½ dozen small new potatoes in their skins. Make a sauce with 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 cup cream and 1 cup milk. Cook in the double boiler, stirring all the while, until it is like heavy cream. Thin it with cream if you find it too thick. Season with salt, pepper, 2½ tablespoons prepared mustard and 1 cup chopped water cress. Peel the potatoes, add to the sauce and heat all together. Serve very hot. And sprinkle your potatoes with cress minced as fine as fine can be.

An old-fashioned relish. Years and years ago everybody owned a pickle jar. It stood on the table, as inevitably as salt and pepper and mustard. It whirled with the Lazy Susan or was passed from hand to hand by those who went for pickles and such. And, as I remember it, it had a dingus that hung outside, that one used instead of a spoon or fork to get those hot things out. Pickles and "relishes," as they were known, were hot stuff then. Some tolerance might be extended to the occasional sweet pickles or piccalilli, but that was practically baby food. What went over big was what came out of the pressed- or cut-glass pickle jar. The real McCoy was contained therein and no other place.

Here's a worthy companion to the tongue-biting cucumber concoctions of our youth. You won't need the pickle jar. Probably the antique dealer or Cousin Mame has salvaged that a long time ago. For this is what is known as pepper hash. A grand old institution brought up-to-date; and see what you think when you dip some up with a salt stick or a hot buttered roll and make with the pickle *and* the ham. What a fine time you will be having for yourself.

PEPPER HASH

Cut a medium head of cabbage into quarters. Take out all the core. Chop the cabbage and add 3 canned pimientos and 2 green peppers from which all the seeds have been taken out. Chop everything pretty fine and pretty even. Now add 1½ teaspoons celery seed, ½ teaspoon mustard seed, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons brown sugar and 6 tablespoons vinegar. Mix all together. Taste. You may need more sugar. Anyway, taste, and fix the seasonings to your liking. Store in a glass jar in the refrigerator. This relish improves with standing and will keep for about a week in a cold place. But it's meant to eat and not to keep.

A salty story. Salt-raisin' bread has its admirers down South, and many a good transplanted Southern cook has brought her controversial receipt with her. For there are about as many receipts for this delicacy as there are cooks to make it. When I was in Charleston a few years ago, I came away with seven different ways of making salt-raisin' bread. And every one was the one and only original—or so I was told!

This isn't a receipt for salt raisin', and I never claim that ours is the one and only one



Smartest of all is the "tossed" salad . . . *and most dependent on the dressing.* *Kraft* French Dressing has the perfect seasoning you are looking for. Made with really fine ingredients; Kitchen-Fresh; America's most popular brand.

NOTE: *Kraft has another brand,* Miracle French, *for those who like just a tantalizing touch of onion and garlic.*



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DELICIOUS DESSERT

with heavenly Oreo Sandwich



DESSERT

Orange gelatin Whipped cream
Oreo Creme Sandwich

Make orange gelatin and, when partially set, beat with egg beater until frothy-light. Chill and set. Garnish with whipped cream and orange segment... serve with Oreo Sandwich. It's *heaven!* See how Oreo *zips* up an everyday dessert—makes it an *inspired* new taste creation! Oreo—rich and chocolaty with thick vanilla flavored filling—is layer-cake *luscious* even served alone! When you shop, look for packages with the red Nabisco Seal—your assurance of the finest quality.

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of anything; but if you try your hand at it, you can make salt sticks as well as anybody.

SALT STICKS

Soften 1 cake fresh yeast in ½ cup lukewarm water. Put ½ cup additional lukewarm water in a bowl and add 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons caraway seed and 3 tablespoons softened shortening. Add 1 cup flour. Beat until smooth. Add the softened yeast, then ½ cup more flour. Beat well again and fold in 2 egg whites beaten until they stand up in a soft peak. Now add enough more flour to make a soft dough—about 2½ cups. Knead on a floured board until smooth, satiny and very elastic. Put in a greased bowl and let the dough rise until double in bulk. Punch it down. Let it rise until it is double in bulk again. Knead it down. Cover it and let it rise 10 minutes. Divide the dough in half. Roll out each ball of dough on a lightly floured board into a circle about 9 inches in diameter. Cut into 12 pie-shaped wedges. Roll each piece up like a jelly roll, beginning at the wide end. Arrange the rolls on greased cooky sheets, curving them slightly so they are crescent-shaped. Brush the rolls with milk and sprinkle lightly with coarse crystal salt. (This comes in packages for just such goings on.) Cover the rolls with towels and let them rise until double in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 450° F., about 10 to 12 minutes. Place a shallow pan filled with boiling water on the lower rack of the oven when you bake these rolls. This helps to get that crusty outside that looks so professional and tastes so good.

There are but two objects in marriage, love or money. If you marry for love, you will certainly have some very happy days, and probably many very uneasy ones; if for money, you will have no happy days and probably no uneasy ones.

—CHESTERFIELD.

We have come to it. When you cast your wandering eye over a swank restaurant menu, you are apt to hit on an item labeled "Crème Brûlée." It means burned cream. It is nothing of the kind. Just a piece of Gallic humor. But it's *cream*, all right, and it's not a dessert for every day. It would pall soon, for it's as rich as it is delicious.

You may serve this shining thing with fruits, flavored sirup or whipped cream, and let the waistline droop as it may. But the classic way is to give it the center of the stage and serve it alone—very cold with a very crisp and brittle topping.

CRÈME BRÛLÉE

Scald 1 pint milk and 1 pint heavy cream. Mix 6 slightly beaten eggs with ½ cup sugar. Add a pinch of salt. Add the scalded milk and cream gradually to the eggs. Cook in the double boiler over hot water, beating constantly until the mixture thickens and coats the spoon. Remove from the heat at once and add 2 teaspoons vanilla. Chill quickly in a pan of ice water. Pour into a shallow casserole that holds a little more than a quart. Chill this overnight and do not cover. And never try to make it a one-day job. It has to be made the day before.

About 15 minutes before serving, sprinkle the top of the *crème* with light brown sugar to the depth of ¼ inch, lightly and quickly, so there is a good brown cover. Place casserole under broiler about 6 inches from the heat. Broil until the sugar melts. Watch it and see that it doesn't burn. The job should be done quickly so that the *crème* remains cold. After broiling, set it in refrigerator again until crust hardens.

Have we made good? Promised quite a lot of fine eating this time, and I think we've made good. If you think so, that will be enough for me. It's getting late now and I fear I must put on my rubbers and go to my lesson. I'm late as 'tis. But then, I usually am. You don't know what I'm taking up now? Tatting!

Yours for lace on the petticoat,

ANN.



Did you hear something in the ATTIC?

WHEN IT'S WAY PAST MIDNIGHT, and you're *still* unable to get to sleep—it's hard to make your nerves behave.

Any unexplained sound can set fire to your imagination.

"What ails me?" you ask yourself. "Why am I so jumpy and on edge—and what kept me from getting to sleep in the first place?"

Perhaps it was the coffee you drank. Maybe you're one of those coffee lovers who are made nervous and sleepless by caffein.

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Try These Delicious Date 'n Nut Bread Recipes by C & B

Date 'n Nut Cream Cheese Sandwiches

Quickie festive snack in minutes. Just open a can of Crosse & Blackwell Date and Nut Bread; cut into 18 slices. Spread 9 slices with cream cheese; cover with remaining slices. Top with more cream cheese.

Easy to Make Date 'n Nut Pudding

Heat one can of Date and Nut Bread in boiling water 30 min. Remove roll from can; slice and serve with custard sauce made as follows: Scald 1 cup milk in double boiler. Beat together 2 egg yolks, 2 tbsp. sugar, ⅛ tsp. salt; slowly add milk. Cook in double boiler 'til mixture coats spoon, stirring constantly. Cool slightly; add ¼ tsp. vanilla.

Send for Free Recipe Book

For other delicious recipes, send for FREE copy of "25 Ways to Serve Crosse & Blackwell Date & Nut Bread" to Crosse & Blackwell Co., Dept. 75, Baltimore 24, Maryland.

AMERICAN PROVINCIAL DINING ROOM

(Continued from Page 235)

than windows set to open, and other windows in a room are used for ventilation. Fortunately, the Hogans had a wooded slope facing the new window, which gave them a thrilling landscape view; but whenever an outlook isn't scenic, one can plant ornamental evergreens on the property line to serve as a screen.

Here is a word of caution if you, too, have an urge to knock out a partition. Before removing a sizable portion of any wall in an old house, be sure to have an experienced carpenter check the construction and supply compensating supports for any you remove, if he thinks it advisable or necessary. Otherwise, roofs and upper floors may sag, plaster crack, and other permanent damage occur to the entire house.

The furniture. Houses such as the Hogans' are of the American Provincial type, quaint in their proportions and suggesting their own style of decoration. They were built when local craftsmen turned out walnut drop-leaf tables and an infinite variety of walnut and painted chairs, corner cupboards and little side tables. Although occasionally one does find a whole set, nothing was meant to match. Each piece was an individual, but harmonious with other pieces of the time. Tables and chairs similar to those selected by Mrs. Hogan are to be found in most sections of the country, although the wood may be pine, maple or fruitwood instead of walnut. Odd chairs of the type shown can be picked up at country auctions or small-town shops for from $6 to $10 each. Matched sets cost more. Walnut drop-leaf tables were abundant a century ago and many are still about, reasonably priced. You may find one at a local sale for $40 or less. In a shop you may pay double that price, especially if repaired and refinished.

We built corner cupboards in the spirit of the period, for pairs of old cupboards are hard to find, and painted ones make the room look larger than would cupboards in dark wood. Corner cupboards of this type are comparatively simple to construct. The fronts may remain open if you like. Their design is in the shape of the opening, easily copied by cutting a wrapping-paper pattern of the arch. Plywood and plain lumber are used in the construction.

The scheme. Canton blue and white were chosen for the dining-room color scheme because Lucia Hogan liked it, and so much nineteenth-century china came in blue colorings that it is still rather easy to pick up. Canton, delft and English dinnerware showed handsome blue patterns and, being America's everyday china, was abundant in most sections of the country.

Blue is never so beautiful as when accented by snowy white, which gives the combination a cameo effect. Together, blue and white make a perfect background for the fine old wood that went into our native American antiques. Incidentally, the wall color is mixed with cobalt blue and white, to which are added a bit of chrome yellow and a suggestion of vermilion.

The braided rug is new and made commercially, but except for the machine stitching, exactly like the homemade ones.

A century ago every family had its decorated dinnerware, big sets with great platters and tureens, fat bowls and pitchers, dozens of plates and cups. A surprising amount of this treasure still survives, and a piece or two make an excellent theme for a period dining room.

A blue Canton platter, a pink spode teapot or a set of flower-strewn Lowestoft plates is enough to begin with. Match your decoration color to your theme china, keeping it soft as all old china colors are. Your cupboards may also hold mold glass, pewter and silver, as well as your theme china, and their collecting may be a source of lifetime interest.

THE END

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POSTSCRIPT TO A LOVELY EVENING

(Continued from Page 52)

lous importance to physical beauty. ifted her skirt as she walked up the with him, glad for something to do her hands so that he wouldn't notice hey were shaking. The orchestra put a flourish to a rumba just as they entered. ther they walked across the floor. Her went from face to face swiftly, obliquely, ng no one—not the turn of a head, the a shoulder, the line of a jaw. The tight g in her chest eased. He wasn't there. hilip—not anywhere in the room. *Thank God.* She felt suddenly lightheaded in re-

ee anybody you know?" she asked.
Not a soul," he said. "They're all infants —juniors and seniors. We're probably nly elderly couple in the room."
ea for old age," she said.
lifted an eyebrow. He had nice eye- s. She had noticed that. Good hands
You feel like that too?" he asked. "I'm ad. You know, I was out last week at a esley dance. I was a complete dud. It horrible." He shuddered.
How did that happen?"
The competition," he said. "There were uple of Yale sophomores in the party. kept laying everybody in the aisles remarks like 'When you speak to me— -dup.' I couldn't contribute a thing." hrugged hopelessly.
e began to laugh. She laughed and hed, and he watched her, his smile wid- g slowly, until finally he was laughing too. orchestra started up.
Well, what do you know," he said, "a nese waltz."
e slid an arm around her waist and swung onto the floor. The black net swirled nd her ankles, the room fell away as his tightened round her waist and they ered speed until they were actually ling around the edge of the floor. She dered in sudden terror about her dress. s of people sitting around by the walls hardly more than a blur, but she was rtheless conscious of eyes being fo- d on them.
In a minute," he said, not moving his "I'm going to lift you up in the air and g you down on the other side. So don't fraid—and watch it."
nd before she had a chance to say any- g, he had swung her up off the floor for a thless moment and then set her down ly on her feet again. Minutes later the waltz was over and they were standing still, facing each other.

"Hey," he said, his eyes narrowing in approval. "You've been here before."

She turned away from his look. "Not like this." She glanced down at her dress, noted with horror that the bow that should have been just below her right shoulder was almost directly under her chin. "My dress!"

"Trouble?" he said. "Here, stand still." He put his two hands at her waist and gave a twist to the dress. The bow slipped back to where it should have been beneath her shoulder. "No self-confidence—that's all that's wrong with you."

"None at all," she said. "They could write that on my tombstone, and it would be a perfect summary of my life." She looked down at her dress, then up at him. "Can't think of anybody I'd rather be out in a strapless dress with."

His grin matched hers. "Can't think of anybody I'd rather have in a strapless dress."

She wondered now why it had never occurred to her that there might be distinct advantages in being twenty-six instead of twenty-one. This was having your cake and eating it too. This was all the fun of being young—and none of the hurt. Because now you were old enough to know what things counted—and what things didn't. You didn't have to break your heart over non-essentials. You could laugh about a dress that might be unreliable.

Five years ago with Philip she would have been in an agony of fear. Strange how much of the time with Philip she had spent in fear. It was part of being so much in love, of course. So much in love—and so different from him. She was always shocking him in one way or another—with her frankness, her blitheness, her spur-of-the-moment show of affection. And she wouldn't even know she had done anything wrong until he told her.

"Lee, I wish you wouldn't be so—so forward."

"Darling," she would say, her voice unsteady with laughter, "forward is the way I feel around you."

"But someone might have seen us."

She would look around at the empty street in its midnight quiet, and kiss him again, and this time her voice would drop to a whisper, but the laugh would still be there.

"It's only God. And He won't tell."

Or there were the times when she would be having a malted at Daly's with Philip and his



"Would I have given up shooting paper wads at you if I didn't care deeply?"

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roommates. She would look at the line of his brow and cheek and chin as he bent over his straw and she would think again that he was, as always, the most striking one in the group. And all the pride of loving him, of knowing that he loved her, would brighten inside her, set her aglow until she was, as one of her friends once told her, all but incandescent. The conversation would ping-pong back and forth among them while the sound of their spilling laughter filled the small room.

Philip would become quiet and not say much, and later when they were alone he would remark, "You certainly gave the boys a fine sample of the uninhibited female this afternoon."

That time she had ended up in tears in Sue's room, trying to tell Sue about it, about how hard she tried, and how much she wanted to make herself into the kind of girl he thought she ought to be.

Sue was indignant, and more than indignant—worried. "You're all right the way you are," she said. "That's what everybody loves about you in the first place. And you shouldn't be trying to change it. He shouldn't either—and if he is, you ought to quit. He's bad for you."

Well, Sue had been right on that point. He had been bad for her—the worst thing that had ever happened to her. The kind of thing it takes you years to get over because it's twisted you all up inside.

She thought of all the other things she'd had to learn in those years since Philip—the years that had taken her out of college into the business world, that had changed her status from eager student working her way through to successful career girl well on the way up, that had changed the men in her life from slim, rawboned boys with a fistful of dreams and a passionate interest in government, physics, philosophy, medicine to a succession of broad-beamed, meaty-faced men with a fistful of bills and a passionate interest in the liquor business, the potential sales volume of Krispie-Wispie Krackettes, and the dividend return on Amalgamated Securities.

You'd think five years would have been time enough to get used to the change, time enough to make yourself fit in this new order of things. But it hadn't been. And it wasn't that she hadn't tried. Even though it had been more of the same—more of pretending, more of hiding the things she thought and liked and wanted to do—she had tried. "Don't be too clever, Angel. Men don't like it." . . . "Don't talk about your work—it bores them." . . . "Don't be too enlightened in your views—it gives them the wrong impression." . . . "Don't be too stuffy about off-color stories—they're only good fun." . . . "Don't be too gay—don't be too aloof—don't, don't, don't." . . . Long confusing years. Don't be any of the things you are . . . but above all be yourself.

Well, tonight she was. Because she was tired of trying to figure things out. Because she didn't care any more. And because, with Paul, it seemed to be all right. "I hate dumb women," he'd said. He was an instructor and a rising young light in the department, so maybe it wouldn't worry him if he found out she'd read Spengler's Decline of the West. And maybe he liked his girls clever and gay. At least, he seemed to be feeling no pain so far.

He danced her in a wide arc past the girl in the red dress—the girl who had said, "Expand yourself." Their eyes met and Lee dropped her a broad wink. The girl collapsed into laughter and Lee saw her escort turn to her in surprise. She smiled at the pantomime, and turned to find Paul looking down at her.

"Are you having as good a time as you seem to be having?" he asked.

"How good is that?"

"As if," he said, "all the fun and gaiety in the world were going off inside you like rockets."

"If that's a subtle way of saying I'm lit," she said with dignity, "well"—and her voice dissolved in laughter—"I am. My cup runneth over."



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His eyes were eurious, amused. "So I would gather. I'm merely trying to find out what's in it."

"Neetar and ambrosia," she said. "The heady spirits of freedom, eighty-six proof, the lovely warming liquid fire of being as you are. Wouldst have some?"

"I most eertainly wouldst," he said. "How does one eome by the stuff?"

"It eomes by being easily pleased," she said. "Take me, for instanee. It takes so little to make me happy. Just a roomful of strangers, a suspenseful blaek dress, and a Harvard man with that unfinished look."

"That last," he said, "had all the earmarks of a craek. What do you mean 'unfinished look'?"

Her eyes traced the line of his jaw from chin to temple, narrowed their way down his nose to his mouth. "It's a lovely look," she assured him. "A faee that looks as if it's quite possible something might happen to it—and that it might even be good. You know, a faee with a—a future, so to speak."

That was what she had missed for so long in the faees of the men she knew—the insurance salesmen, the merehandising managers, the aecount exeeutives, the bank auditors. She thought of the thiekened flesh of their faees, squared away into the smooth blandness of the unsurprised and unsurprising thirties. It wasn't only that they didn't have a future—a good many of them gave no hint of even a past. Not, at least, of a past that spoke of exuberance and ambition and wonder. And yet they weren't so very old—were, in fact, hardly more than five or six years older than she.

Paul had drawn her eloser under eover of the sultry fox trot they were playing.

Good temper is an estate for life.
—HAZLITT.

"You're wonderful. Wonderful to talk to, wonderful to listen to, wonderful to dance with." He nuzzled his chin against her eheek.

His ear was just above her mouth. Keeping a straight faee, she whispered, "I'm pretty nice at a elambake too."

It was like that, only more so, all evening long. She marveled that she eould have forgotten what it was like to move in this bright translucent sea of happiness—as light and swift and sure as any marine creature reveling in its natural habitat.

Femina Mentalitans, she thought. *Distinguishing Characteristics: colorful, daring, irrepressible among its own species. Slow-moving, timid, listless, faded among aliens. Natural Habitat: the arms of a quick-witted, understanding man. Flourishes mightily therein.*

The analogy delighted her hugely. Everything delighted her hugely: the austere bareness of the walls, so different from the feverish deeorations of the night clubs she was always being taken to; the ampleness of the floor spaee, the warmth of the lights, low without that suffocatingly intimate dimness; the young, fresh prettiness of the girls. And most of all, Paul.

They talked about everything and everybody. She knew, it turned out, a surprising number of the girls he'd gone out with in college. There was Gwendolyn Otley, for instanee. And Jo Hastings. And Ellen Phillips.

"I never knew Gwendolyn very well," she said. "Exeept that she was always kneedeep in men."

"Funny thing about Gwendolyn," he said. "She always told you she adored you and the rest simply didn't eount, but when you tried to get a date, she didn't have a free evening for five weeks, because she was seeing all the guys who didn't count."

Lee laughed. "Whatever the teehnique, it seemed to have worked beautifully. She had a marvelous time all through school and she's married now, isn't she?"

He looked at her intently. "I don't think it worked so beautifully. The guy she married is a jerk."

(Continued on Page 265)

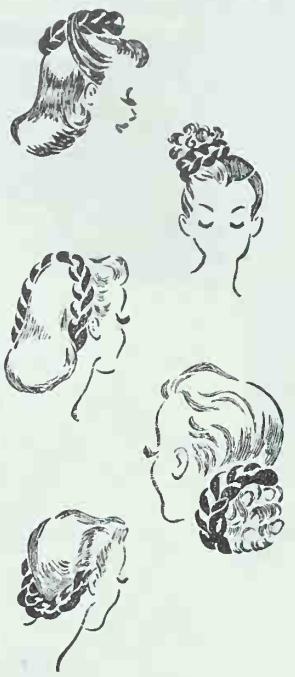
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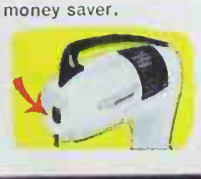
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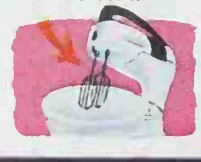
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(Continued from Page 263)

...e? That seems strange. She knew ...y good ones. How do you account for

...sh rugged. "He had a lot of jack. Good .... Nice job. Important reasons, don't ...nk?" Now, for the first time, he was ...ng to sound like the other men she

..." she said. "Not particularly." She ...d up at him briefly. "And you don't ...s either."

...music came to an end for intermission. ...o his arm about her waist as he steered ...ward the common room. It was al... crowded, but there was one seat ...a big leather armchair in the far ... She sat down while he settled him... the arm of the chair. She smoothed ...t and looked up to find herself facing ...n the opposite chair hardly three feet ... She smiled. The girl smiled back. She ... very young, and she seemed, at the ...t, to be alone.

...n't remember when I've seen so many ... girls at a dance," Lee said. "Rad... must be changing."

...don't think many of them are from ...ife," the girl said. "I'm from Wheelock ..."

... grinned. "Oh, well, that accounts for ..."

... girl hesitated. "Are—are you from ...fe?"

...s. I've been out for some time."

... smoothed her arm gently. "As a ... of fact," he said, "we've been mar... r ten years. Just came back to see ...he place was like."

... looked up at him. "I've done some ...e things in my sleep," she murmured, ... can't remember going that far. You ...ell me about it sometime."

...girl's escort came back and the two ...n went off, leaving the corner private. ...it without moving, without talking, ...ous only of Paul's fingers laced through ...of the red glow of the fire flickering ... in the big grate, of the low, hushed ...ur of voices in private conversation ...ghout the room. Five years ago she ... have known at least half the people ... room, most of the girls would have ...her friends. Tonight, she was a com...stranger—and she had never felt more ...ne. Maybe this was what it would be ... have been married ten years—to know ...y, and not to care.

..."hat are you thinking about?" Paul ...d to know.

... gave him a small grin. "I was just ... glad that we're both the same age. ...'t like having to cope with older men."

He looked amused. "What's your definition of an older man?"

"Someone who knows more than I do," she said, as if the words had always been there waiting to be spoken.

He shouted with laughter. "Out of the mouths of babes," he said. He reached into his pocket for a cigarette, offered her one, which she refused, and lit his own. "Lee," he said suddenly, his voice different, "let's skip the technique from here on."

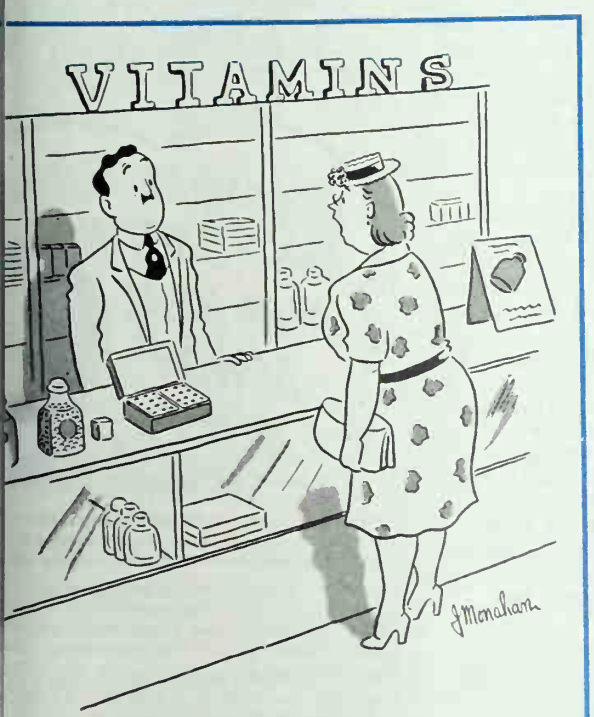
TECHNIQUE—she hadn't even thought about it. That's what had made this night so warmingly, wonderfully different from the last two or three hundred she had plodded through. Even now the thought of them nauseated her—the endless hours of giving the boys what they wanted: the rapt listening attention, the appreciative laughter, the perfectly inserted question. It was never, of course, a difficult one to answer, merely the sign of prettily feminine eagerness to learn more about whatever important subject was being explained—the subtle difference in impact between a Martini and a Manhattan, the wonderful virtues of this cigarette lighter here compared with such and such a make, or the killingly funny twist to the latest shaggy-dog story.

You stuck to the right technique and you got along. You were, in fact, so far as most people could see, a terrific social success. But omit the technique even for a night—and you got nowhere. You stayed at home. It didn't matter that there were a hundred things you were interested in, that you would have had fun talking about any of them—books, music, art, politics, movies, travel, tennis, skiing, gardening, housing, dancing—they weren't what the boys wanted. Highbrow stuff was out. Politics? "You take my word for it—there'll be a Republican President in 1948—and about time too." Sports? "No—no tennis. Don't care for skiing either. Too strenuous. But now you take baseball for instance ——" Travel? "Say, when I was in Paris during the war I spent a night in that Montmartre section and oh, brother, you haven't heard the half of it."

She looked up at Paul, and the smile that curved her lips might have meant anything. "Technique?" she said. "I never heard of the word." She rose to her feet. "The music's on again—and that's my favorite rumba they're playing. Let's go."

They danced the rumba, and the polka that came after it, and the slow, dreamy fox trots that came after that. And now neither of them was saying anything. Her hand rested lightly on his shoulder, her fingers just touching his neck. His head was bent to hers, his chin against her cheek. His arm at her waist kept her close, made her move over the floor as one with him. This was dancing as she hadn't danced in a long, long time—like coming home.

They said you were a case of arrested development if you kept expecting it to happen like this—in the space of a few hours, without any build-up of deepening acquaintanceship. You weren't eighteen, you were twenty-six; old enough to know how long it takes to get to know another person. But everything depended upon one simple thing: whether or not there was communication between you and him. If you spoke the same language, anything could happen. If you didn't, nothing could—or would. And you could tell about that in an evening, in less than an evening.



"I'd like something that will take the place of a pot roast."

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"Delight your family with lighter, more delicious cakes than ever before. Spry with Cake-Improver makes the most amazing difference!"

"Try my Orange Dream Cake"

2 cups sifted coke flour
1⅓ cups sugor
2 teaspoons baking powder (tortrote powder, 4 teaspoons)
¼ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon solt
⅔ cup Spry
1 teospoon grated orange rind
¼ teospoon groted lemon rind
⅓ cup oronge juice
⅓ cup woter
2 eggs, unbeoten
2 tablespoons lemon juice
(Do not odd until end of mixing.)

SIFT flour, sugar, baking powder, soda, and salt into mixing bowl . . . Drop in Spry (no creaming needed). Add grated fruit rinds, orange juice and water; beat 200 strokes (2 minutes by hand or on mixer at low speed). Scrape bowl and spoon or beater. Add eggs and beat 200 strokes more (2 minutes on mixer). Add lemon juice and blend. Isn't Spry's One-Bowl Method easy and quick?

Bake in two square 8 x 8 x 2-ineh Sprycoated pans in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 25-30 minutes. Chill layers. Spread *Orange Cream Filling* between layers and on top of cake. Garnish eorners with orange-colored cocoanut and bits of green citron. Store cake in refrigerator several hours before serving. Cut in 1-inch slices. Keep leftover cake in refrigerator.

Orange Cream Filling: Mix together—1 eup coconut, 3 teaspoons grated orange rind, ¼ eup sugar, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice; let stand about 15 minutes. Whip 1 eup heavy cream; fold in coconut mixture.

"You, too, can make a luscious cake like this, first time you try!"

SAYS AUNT JENNY

"EVEN if you've never baked before you can be *sure* of grand cake success with Cake-Improver Spry and its quick, easy One-Bowl Cake Method. Try it and show your family you're a champion cake baker. And remember Spry is better than ever for *all* your baking and frying."



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Spirella

INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED FIGURE SUPPORT

She didn't know how long they'd been dancing in that wordless, trancelike oneness when the orchestra swung into Good Night, Ladies, and the music came to an end. She only knew that the feeling persisted, even when they drew away from each other and walked down the stairs to the milling crowd around the coatroom. She left him to wait in line for their coats and went down the hall to the powder room.

Inside, the chill empty place she remembered was now a boiling broth of bright-colored dresses, bare arms, swirling laughter; and the scented confusion of gently warring perfumes. Girls were crowded three deep around the mirrors, making elaborate make-up repairs, redrawing their lips, combing their hair into precise curls around their fingers. In the midst of this chaos, she felt oddly, happily alone.

When she finally got to a mirror, she took out her rouge, powder, lipstick and comb, and laid her evening bag on the shelf. But as she lifted the rouge puff to her face, she stopped at the sight of the girl in the mirror. She didn't need any make-up. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes bright as if she'd just awakened, and her lips, even without lipstick, alive with color. There was a word for the way she looked. Radiant. And it was none of her doing. It was his. There was, if you thought about it, something terrifying in the knowledge that so striking a difference depended so completely on another person. Philip had given her that look. And since Philip she had never had it again—till now.

She picked up her evening bag and made her way through the incoming crowd of girls to the door. Paul was waiting with her wrap at the bottom of the stairs. She buttoned it right up to her neck, glad for the warmth of its full length as they stepped out into the sharp night air and walked to the car. Settled behind the wheel, he fumbled in his pocket for the keys. Then when he had them in his hand, he paused, bent toward her, his mouth grazing her cheek.

HER face didn't change expression, but she felt the lift of a smile inside her. The universal gesture—and how uneasy it would have made her five years ago.

"Isn't it a little early for that?" she said.

"I couldn't wait," he said simply.

He started the car and drove slowly up to the square. Ahead of them, the neon of Albiani's stood out brighter than anything else among the randomly lit store fronts.

"It's very unladylike of me," she said, "but I've got to have something to eat."

The very thought of food revolted her, but she was going to eat, nevertheless. She had learned that much from that year with Philip—that you couldn't dance and dance and dance night after night, never eating anything, without paying for it. Paying in nerves that made a shrieking dementia of your once sane young body, in exhaustion that came back time and again with sledge-hammer effect two, three, even four years later—when you were well again and Philip might never have existed, for all you thought of him.

It wasn't, of course, simply the not eating that had sent her into the smashup. It was the thin, unsustaining fare of Philip's love, so sparingly doled out, so calculatedly low in life-giving content. It had taken him only one short year to drain her of every drop of self-confidence it had taken her all her life to build up. She had begun to think it would take her the rest of her life to get it back. But maybe it wouldn't with Paul.

She let her head rest against the back of the seat and closed her eyes. If only she didn't have to eat something, everything would be fine. It had been a lovely dance. There was nothing so delicious as the tiredness of having danced too much. It spread like slow honey through your body—warm and sweet and heavy.

He stopped the car for a red light.

"There's a diner up ahead a few blocks," she said, without opening her eyes. "It's the only place that has food between here and my house."

"I see it," he said. "We might as well stop there."

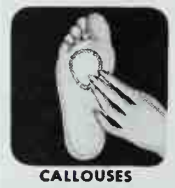
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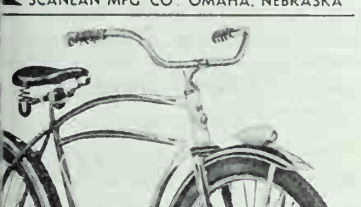
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He drove ahead a little farther and then swung round into the parking space behind the diner. She opened her eyes as he cut the motor, and found him looking at her, his eyes only a few inches from her own.

"You know," he said, "you don't have to kiss me if you don't want to."

"But I do want to," she said without thinking. "It's just . . . there are a couple of questions I have to ask you first."

"Ask them."

"I . . . can't. Just yet."

He didn't say anything. He just bent over and put his mouth to hers. Her lips moved under his in a response she couldn't have withheld if she had wanted to. Nevertheless, she was the first to twist away.

"That's a very potent kiss you have there," he said slowly. He took his handkerchief out and put it to his face.

The gesture registered in the lift of the smile she felt again inside her. Experience gave itself away as unknowingly as innocence—and as certainly. "There isn't any lipstick on you," she said. "I didn't have any on."

He got out of the car and walked around to help her out the other door. The diner was, as always, crowded with people, mostly men. All the booths were taken, but there were two stools at the counter. She slid onto one of them, conscious of the curious stares directed her way. She didn't care. It was good to be so tired you didn't care. Only you still had to eat. She decided against a hamburger. It would have been more sustaining, but she couldn't attempt it.

"I'll have a grilled cheese," she said.

"Two grilled cheese and coffee," he said to the counterman.

Now, while they were waiting, she should have picked up the conversation. But she had, unaccountably, run out of things to say. With elaborate concentration she gave her mind over to the mere registering of sensation—the murky haze of cigarette smoke that filtered the glare of the overhead lights, the strident jumble of sound coming from the juke box, the smell of hamburgers sputtering on the grill, the damp marble of the counter where the man had wiped it with a cloth.

Paul wasn't facing the counter. He sat sideways on the stool, and his eyes never left her face.

"What was the question you wanted to ask me?" he said.

"This isn't the place to go into that," she said, avoiding his look. She reached for a napkin and gave him one and took one for herself. "Tell me about your sisters," she said. "Are they younger, older, married, single?"

"One's a year younger, the other's a year older, they're both married."

The counterman set two sandwiches and two mugs of coffee in front of them. This was it—the acid test. She picked up one half of the sandwich and bit into it. It really shouldn't be too bad. One bite was all you had to cope with at a time, and after you chewed it a certain length of time, you swallowed and then it was down and you could start on the next.

"You don't have any lipstick on, do you?" he said suddenly. "But your lips are just as red as if you did."

WITH THE CHILDREN

After a morning of climbing trees, leaf gathering and jumping in leaves my son came in asking, "Who am I?" I replied, "Tarzan?" Excitedly he exclaimed, "Then the lady on the corner was right. She said I was so dirty even my own mother wouldn't know me."

As five-year-old Kate was tucked in bed after a day of rain, much noise and general cain raising she remarked, "Today was bad indoors and outdoors."

—KATHRYN COFFEE GLENNON.

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She nodded, not saying anything. She sipped her coffee and took another bite of the sandwich.

"Look at me," he said.

She kept her eyes on the counter. "You—you haven't touched your sandwich," she said. "And your coffee's getting cold."

"I couldn't eat anything," he said. "Look at me."

She looked at him then, full in the eyes, as long as she could.

"How can you have eyes so dark a brown with hair like that?" he said. "And it's natural blond, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said. If she could down one more bite, half the sandwich would be gone. She picked it up bravely.

His eyes were still on her. He made a sound that might have been a laugh, if it hadn't had so much of bewilderment in it. "And I thought this was going to be a casual evening."

Her mouth was suddenly dry. She couldn't go on eating. She sipped her coffee instead. He watched her gravely.

"Come on," he said. "Let's get out of here. You can't finish that any more than I can."

She followed him to the end of the diner where he paid their checks. Outside, the chill wind whipped her wrap back, and she could feel the crinoline flounce of her slip harsh against her ankles. Once inside the car, she tucked her feet under the heater, and pulled her coat snugly around her. It was only a short drive to her house, and neither of them said anything until he brought the car to a stop in front of her door. The street was quiet, deserted. Silence lay like a living thing between them.

She felt his arm around her shoulder, turning her toward him.

"Please," she said breathlessly. "I—there's something I've got to ask you."

"Anything," he said. "I'll answer any question you want to ask me."

And then suddenly she couldn' couldn't say, "Look, I've got to k about you, the important things. I've know they're right and we're right b kiss you and fall in love with you, be can't take a chance the way I did bef end up in pieces not even knowing am or whether I'm worth anything couldn't, but she had to—she had to a something.

"Do you—do you think woman's in the home?" she said.

"No. Why? Whatever made y that?"

"It doesn't matter," she said. " had to know, that's all."

It wasn't the question, but it was as any. And it told her enough. would have answered it differently.

"Is everything all right now?" he

"Yes."

He put her back in his arms aga kissed her. Everything about him w denly a dearness, a rememberedn wantedness.

"Oho," he said softly. "A girl of w perience."

She lay against his shoulder and t there was no place like this to be. Sou laughter suffused her body. "What you think so?"

"I hold you close when we're dan and you don't back away."

"That was only to keep my dress

He ignored her. "I kiss you—an kiss *back*."

"Shouldn't I?" she said, suddenly six-year-old.

He laughed softly. "Fool." And kiss again. "Wide experience," he repeate

She shook her head. "Natural apti she said. "That's all."

His arm tightened, his mouth grew against hers.

"Now don't start acting like an man," she said, trying to free herself.

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

AN understanding mother gave her little afraid-of-the-dark daughter a tiny flashlight to keep under her pillow.

"How old do you think I am?" really means, "Guess me ten years younger."

Child's description of new dining chairs: "They're called drunken-fight furniture."

Out-of-style expression that better describes young love than any other: "Mooning around."

To reiterate a child's naughtiness is like ironing dirt into white clothes.

Lament from little boy: "I get awful tired of trying to change me."

The person who is able to "set the world on fire" isn't always able to keep the home fires burning.

A mother's soft voice in a home is as necessary as excelsior packed around china.

My mother always made the kind of pies that bubbled.

All roads lead to Rome, and all conversation always leads back to the egoist.

Teach your child to say, "I'm not a coward, I only know I might get hurt."

First lesson in money matters is mastered when a child learns he doesn't get more out of his piggy bank than he puts in.

A woman with beauty in her finger tips can create the illusion of sumptuousness so that the casual visitor goes away without having noticed scratches on the furniture or worn places in the rugs.

Note to brides: If you find it diffic call your mother-in-law "mother" an by saying "she" or "Tom's mother," worry about it; the matter settles when you make her eligible for the ti "grandma."

Difference between a dog and a man dog will leave his bone to follow the

There's a right moment for everythi housework, just as there's a right mom break a baked potato.

Most "open letters" come from minds.

My son's father came home greatly *and somewhat relieved* to have observed boys in three different yards *leaning* on mowers.

It seems that some of the clothes a da ter takes back to school are include barter purposes only.

System is to housework what oil machinery.

There ought to be a way to have a installed inside a husband when he i tably draws the one pit, seed or bone spi in the food.

There's a period in the life of most ing boys when it seems to them tha they have to do is walk into a room something on the other side falls to p

It's all right to give the low-down person if it's the foundation for a buil

Noise is the orchestration of the melo childhood.

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He laughed. "You needn't be afraid," he said. "I'm not going to seduce you. I don't seduce girls."

She was laughing too. "Don't you? Don't you like to?"

"You witch," he said. "That isn't the point. The point is—casual sex is out. It's no fun having an affair with a girl unless you're in love with her—and if I'm in love with her, I'd just as soon marry her. See?"

"Yes," she said. "I see." *And I agree. And I didn't think there was a man left in the world who saw things as straight as that.*

"I wish you hadn't said that," he said, after a while.

"What?"

"That crack about acting like an older man."

"Oh, that," she said. "I could say I wish I hadn't had to." She moved away from him. "So we're even. I think I'd better go in now."

"All right," he said. He got out and went around to her side and helped her out of the car. It was good to have the sureness of his arm about her waist as they went up the steps together. At the door, he kissed her again. She leaned back from him, smiling. "I hate girls who neck on first dates," she said.

He drew her closer. "And I hate men who are easy to get."

They stood there, the two of them, swaying back and forth in sudden, delicious laughter. Then she broke away from him, twisted the doorknob, and turned to face him across her own threshold. "It was a lovely evening," she said. "Good-by."

She closed the door slowly, on the sound of his whispered "Darling," and stood leaning against the doorframe, feeling the wood hard against her forehead, until she heard his footsteps going down the walk, the sound of the car pulling away. Then she turned, not bothering to put on the light, and walked dreamily up the stairs.

WHY had she said good-by? That was a queer thing to say. "Good night" was the phrase. She sank down on the couch in the living room and stretched out full length, not caring about the dress. The darkness was warm and still, like the velvet of a jewel box around her happiness.

It had been a lovely evening. It had been perfect. She had never come so close to being beautiful. She had been gay with a gaiety she hadn't known in years. She had said outrageous things and he had said outrageous things right back. Every word she had spoken, everything she had done had been natural, spontaneous, truthful. She had hidden nothing, pretended nothing. And for the first time in five years, she had felt close to another human being, a stranger more intimate than any friend.

But she had said not good night, but good-by. There must have been a reason for that. And then, without warning, she knew. He hadn't asked to see her again. Sudden and terrible, the knowledge towered within her—*he hadn't asked to see her again.* He hadn't and he wouldn't. Because tomorrow he would think things over and it wouldn't be like tonight. He wouldn't see a boy and a girl who had clicked, who had had fun, and stood on the brink of love, and said and did the things they felt. He would see a girl who must have been around, a girl who didn't hide the things she knew, a girl who was easy to get. Because she hadn't played it smart. She hadn't played it at all. She had just been herself. Only you couldn't do that at twenty-six. Twenty-six was beyond the age of innocence.

It had been a lovely evening. She lay there in the darkness, face down on the couch, the delicate black stuff of her dress crushed under her ankles, while the ache gathered in her throat, and thought what a lovely evening it was, knowing she couldn't even cry.

She had, of course, no way of knowing that two miles away he was driving down the avenue, remembering the cadence of her laugh, the shape of her kiss on his mouth, the straight, still look of her eyes, and thinking he would never be free of these things again. No way of knowing at all. THE END

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Grocers now featuring Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix with



A treat is in store for you when you try a honey that is carefully selected for flavor. New thousands have discovered that one brand of honey, produced under controlled conditions, is uniform in flavor and tastes so good it more than takes the place of ordinary sweetening agents.

To be sure you get the finest, insist on Lake Shore Honey. Whereas only about a third of the honey produced in this country is desirable for use in your kitchen or on your table, Lake Shore Honey is always top grade because it never includes honey gathered from milkweed, buckwheat, and other blossoms of strong taste.

Lake Shore pure pasteurized Honey comes in the glass honeycomb jar with patented no-drip pouring spout that avoids pouring waste. It adds delight to all foods while bringing natural mineral and energy benefits.

To introduce Lake Shore Honey we make an astonishing offer—a handy purse sized bottle of exquisite Clover Perfume from our 10,000 acres of clover. This is certified by leading perfume authorities to be $1.00 value. It will be sent to you without charge for one boxtop from a package of Lake Shore Honey and 10c to cover postage and handling.

Get Lake Shore Honey today from your grocer. Then tear off boxtop and mail it with the coupon to get your $1.00 bottle of perfume as a gift. Mail coupon today.

Accept certified $1.00 value Clover Perfume offered for 10c and boxtop solely to introduce top grade honey of uniform flavor. Mail coupon today. This Sweet Clover Perfume has been examined by a noted laboratory which certified that it is the equal in quality and quantity of clover perfume retailing at $1.00.

ASK FOR Lake Shore HONEY IN THE HONEYCOMB JAR

ACCEPT GIFT OFFER
$1.00 Size Sweet Clover Perfume

LAKE SHORE HONEY
5522 Northwest Highway, Chicago 30, Ill.

Enclosed is paper top from a carton of Lake Shore Honey and 10c to cover packing and mailing. Please send me a bottle of Sweet Clover Perfume, certified equal in quality to Clover Perfume selling at $1.00.

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JUST LOOK AT THE STARS!

Macdonald Carey and Sally Rawlinson

enjoying the **REST** of their lives

in the BEAUTIFUL

Streit SLUMBER* CHAIR

MACDONALD CAREY
and
SALLY RAWLINSON
Soon to be seen in
PARAMOUNT'S
NEW PICTURE
"DREAM GIRL"

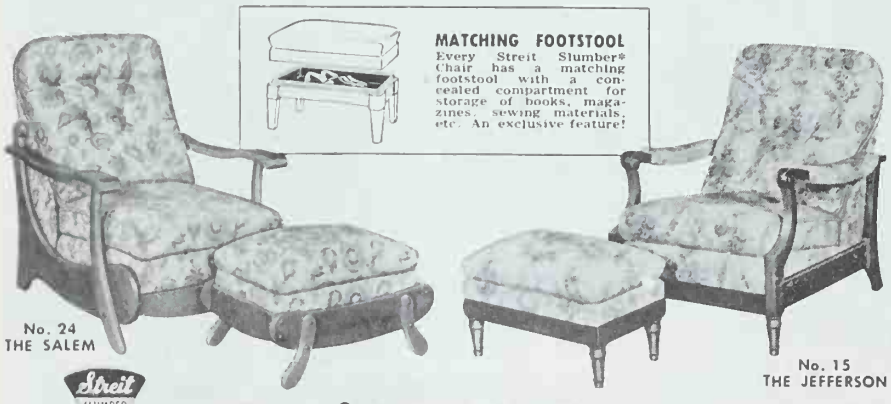


No. 52
THE DEL REY

No. 08
THE LASALLE

STARS and star-gazers the nation over have this in common—at the end of a tiring day they all long for the heavenly relaxation that you will find only in the Streit Slumber Chair. It's really out of this world... that feeling of restful comfort that comes over you as you sink into the thick upholstered, spring-filled cushions of the adjustable seat-and-back. And, as you stretch your legs out full-length on the seat-high matching footstool, and lean back to let that cushion snuggle up to the crook of your neck... your cares and weariness float dreamily away—Oops! Sorry to awaken you, but you'll have to hurry to your nearest furniture store before his stock of Streit Slumber Chairs is gone or you'll have to wait until his next shipment arrives.

AUTHENTIC PERIOD DESIGNS—The Streit Slumber Chairs are designed to harmonize with many periods of furniture—select the model that fits your decorative scheme best! See them in this year's bright new fabrics, including the new colors of Lipstick Red, Canary Yellow, Erin Green, and Platinum. Ask your furniture salesman about the washable cretonne slip covers sold direct from factory at factory cost.



MATCHING FOOTSTOOL
Every Streit Slumber* Chair has a matching footstool with a concealed compartment for storage of books, magazines, sewing materials, etc. An exclusive feature!

No. 24
THE SALEM

No. 15
THE JEFFERSON

Streit
SLUMBER CHAIR

This triangular trademark appears on the adjusting pawl of each genuine Streit Slumber* Chair. Look for it when you buy!

ADJUSTS TO 3 POSITIONS OF COMFORT



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

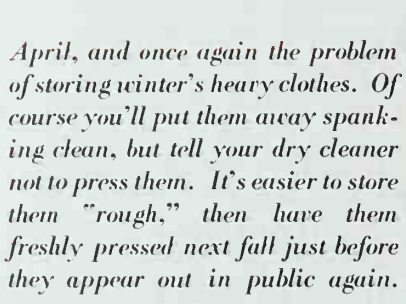
Streit Slumber Chair

AT BETTER FURNITURE AND
DEPARTMENT STORES FROM COAST TO COAST

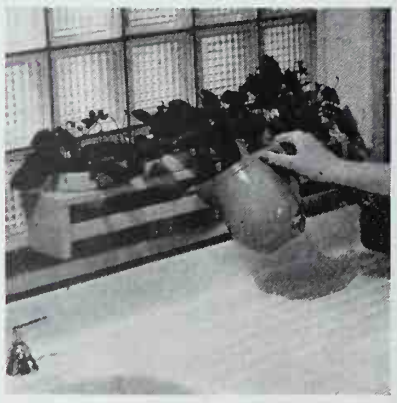
Report to

BY JUDY BARRY

April, and once again the problem of storing winter's heavy clothes. Of course you'll put them away spanking clean, but tell your dry cleaner not to press them. It's easier to store them "rough," then have them freshly pressed next fall just before they appear out in public again.



Once you use this cookbook holder, you'll probably wonder how you ever did without it! It hangs on a convenient knob or handle, keeps pages open at the recipe you're using, holds the book up near eye level, neatly out of the way of stray cake mixings. Fits any standard book.



For wistful city dwellers who can't get out and dig, we suggest an attractive window-garden stand, especially good for plants, such as African violets, which prefer to be watered from beneath. Ivory-enameled metal, 25" long, complete with four matching pots ready to be filled.



Quickly, neatly, easily—that' way you clean windows or mi with this new "professional" c ing tool. A container for wat glass-cleaning fluid comes plete with spray nozzle and ber-edged squeegee. Small en to do small-paned windows ne



This smart motor-driven ele knife sharpener does a really professional job at home. Stai steel guides hold the knife edg a scientifically correct angle aga the wheel. It's quiet, safe, (w only when you press down on swi and requires no skill to oper

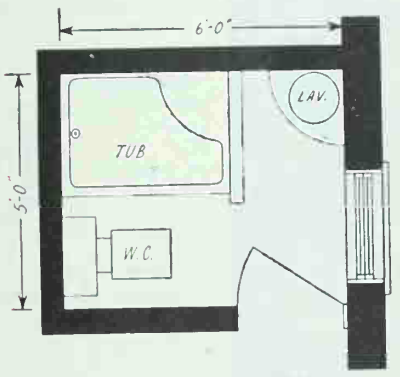
A dull knife is an abomination, a knife that's the way a knife sh be, razor-keen, is an invitatio trouble if left loose in a drawer- addition to the fact that it's bad the cutting edge. A rack's the thi there are many good ones, drawer and wall-hanging vari

e Housewife



An excellent new cleaning preparation is easy to apply and safe to use on glass and glossy surfaces. Just wipe it on, then rub it off; the surface is cleaned and left with a wax-like film that tends to shed dirt, dust and city soot. Made especially for glass, chromium and enamel.

stic merry-go-round, com- ten cans to hold favorite easily attached to the of a wooden shelf or cabi- s a space saver as well as a er for cooks in a hurry. of spice you want is spun front center in just a jiffy.

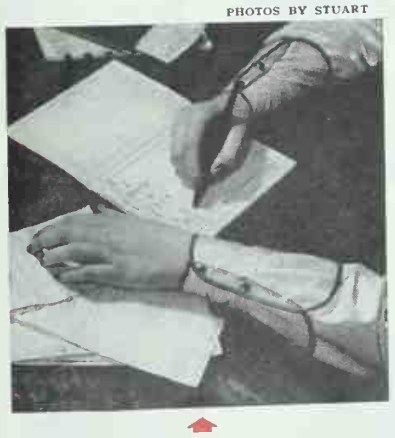


A new "bathroom in a package" makes possible that extra room so many houses want, in as little as 5' by 6' of space, perhaps under a stairway or in a former pantry. Cleverly designed fixtures, a corner lavatory, a small (42" by 31") low tub with a corner seat do the trick.



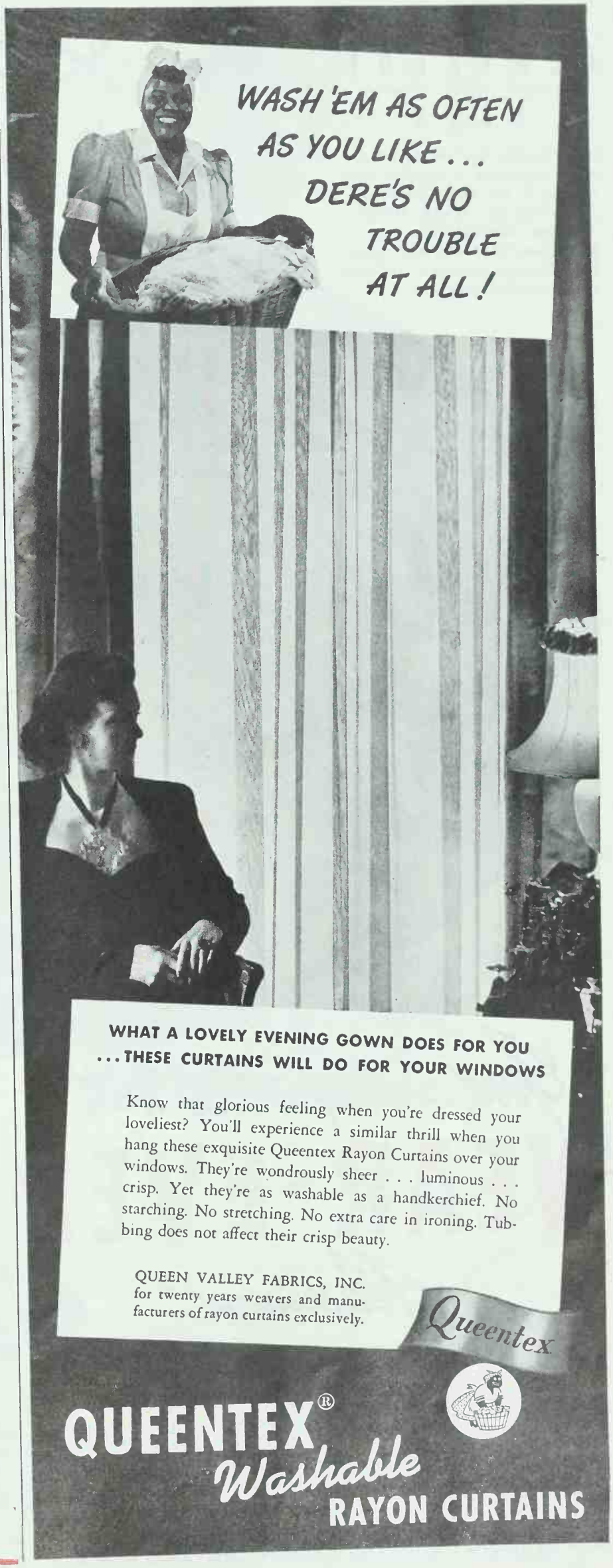
r, out our way, it rains rain, o's, and an electric clothes s worth its weight in daffodils. clothes in straight from the n machine, set a dial, and the s uts off when clothes are ry" or "dry dry" as you eats waiting on weather!

PHOTOS BY STUART



When you're all dressed for dinner in your best long-sleeved dress, but there are still last-minute things to do, don these smart new transparent cuff protectors, just in case the soup splashes! Career girls, too, take note. Zip-on or snap-on styles, easily cleaned with a damp cloth.

stalling an electric or gas member its function is to ct moisture, which is bound to to ne air. Good ventilation is rtat in a room where a drier rk. If natural ventilation oo use an exhaust fan to ct the moisture-laden air.



WHAT A LOVELY EVENING GOWN DOES FOR YOU
. . . THESE CURTAINS WILL DO FOR YOUR WINDOWS

Know that glorious feeling when you're dressed your loveliest? You'll experience a similar thrill when you hang these exquisite Queentex Rayon Curtains over your windows. They're wondrously sheer . . . luminous . . . crisp. Yet they're as washable as a handkerchief. No starching. No stretching. No extra care in ironing. Tubbing does not affect their crisp beauty.

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for twenty years weavers and manufacturers of rayon curtains exclusively.

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GERTRUDE LYNN



now a leading food consultant, for years conducted a popular food column in the New York World-Telegram. Formerly on the McCall's Magazine editorial staff, and noted for her beautiful food arrangements for photography, her name and recipes are famous with millions.

RECIPES FOR DELICIOU

economy meals

by Gertrude Lynn

"Many women today write that food costs and living budgets are taking the variety out of their menus. So Margaret Mitchell, Director of the Wear-Ever Test Kitchens, has asked me to pass along to you, through her, some of my most popular economy meal recipes.

"And surprisingly enough, you *can* create economy meals that will be delicious enough for company and delight the family too. The recipes are not only thrifty, but easy to prepare. I know you'll use them often."



Drop a Post Card to 1703 Wear-Ever Bldg., New Kensington, Pa., saying: "Send me Gertrude Lynn's recipes for Economy Meals." Be sure to give your name and address.

•

Like thousands of leading Home Economists, Gertrude Lynn's test kitchen is well equipped with fast and even-heating Wear-Ever Aluminum utensils.



Good cooking starts with

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WEAR-EVER T.A.C.U.C.O. ALUMINUM TRADE MARK

Wear-Ever aluminum utensils are wrought by tremendous pressure from thick-sheet, extra-hard aluminum alloy. Wear-Ever heats so quickly . . . so *smoothly*, you can even melt baking chocolate in a Wear-Ever saucepan, *over low heat*. In fact, with Wear-Ever aluminum, *most* cooking is done over *low* heat. This uniformity of heat helps assure perfect cooking results. The years will not dull Wear-Ever Aluminum's bright, friendly-to-food cheerfulness, nor your enthusiasm for Wear-Ever's durability. Millions of women will tell you that an investment in Wear-Ever *quality* utensils, saves money for a lifetime.

Keep aluminum gleaming the easy way. Use WEAR-EVER CLEANSER PADS. At all stores.

THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL COMPANY, NEW KENSINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA

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SEX EDUCATION . . . SAN DIEGO PIONEERS

(Continued from Page 23)

nal make-up of men and women to ex- elf-discipline before marriage, because re mature individuals and not because re inhibited by devastating neuroses ars."

e and more we are realizing that sex- ppiness in marriage cannot be left to appy chance. From a very early age ndividual must be helped to under- and control his sex drives, not only to e the greatest possible personal happi- ut also to avoid bringing tragedy into es of others. Sex instruction alone is ough, for both mental and physical are involved, and the whole health of mmunity, which reveals itself in the ty of its homes and family life.

ause so many parents feel inadequate ir approach to the subject of sex with hildren, the people of San Diego, Cali- , have believed for a long time that the s could do an important job in linking cts of life with the broad field of human ns, rather than treating sex as some- separate and distinct from the rest of an Diego began its program of public- sex education ten years ago, and has eded with the utmost caution, waiting e full support of parents, church and unity before advancing, school by , into this highly versial field.

idea for such a am was first con- by Dr. G. G. rill, director of of San Diego c schools, who ht that local doc- should volunteer ture in the class- . "It dawned on at this wouldn't " the young, pro- ve-minded doctor ns. "You can't tand up before a of kids and hurl cts of life at them, atter how many cal degrees you n to hold. It's nec- to instill ideals as to give boys and a structure of social conduct."

ctor Wetherill enlisted the aid of the A., which, through city-wide question- , moved very slowly to gain commu- acceptance of the idea of teaching sex ity in schools. In 1939, Doctor Wether- led a city meeting of P.T.A. leaders, olics, Jews and other church groups to ss the problem. The result was the start sex bibliography for teachers. It was until 1943 that Martha Farnum and Lampe, principal and nurse of Logan entary School, developed a mono- , Growing Up, for sixth-grade boys irls. This was given experimentally to elementary schools in 1944; then, at nd of the year, comments were wel- d from parents and children, and the e evaluated, discussed, and enlarged by thirty school people, including princi- teachers and nurses.

IT from the beginning it was apparent many adults direly needed sex educa- that children were going home from lassroom and instructing their mothers athers! Accordingly, with the help of American Social Hygiene Association, ts were offered courses in the subject gh the schools' Adult Education De- ment. These night classes have con- d for eight years with a remarkable rec- of attendance. One of the lecturers, d Rauch, of the Family Service Associa- who appeared before 1900 parents last says, "Modern parents seem to feel they need a Ph.D. to give their children acts of life. They either give too little mation too late, or too much too early. ohnny's first innocent little question they drag out a medical dictionary complete with charts of the Fallopian tubes and stumble through a long-winded 'scientific' explanation. Or else they complain that they know only the common terms for the various body organs and are ashamed to use such words in front of their children."

Admittedly, it was much easier to impart the facts of life in the days when most people lived on farms, when the tin tub was dragged out in front of the fire Saturday nights for the family baths, and children could observe firsthand from pets and other animals the processes of mating and reproduction. Nowadays, children are apt to live in a city apartment or suburb "with a solitary goldfish and some species of fern," as one psychiatrist put it; there is nothing in their lives which ties in easily and naturally with sex. Still, many parents manage to do a first-rate job.

A SAN DIEGO biology teacher tells of a little four-year-old girl who said to her, "Did you know that my mommy carried me inside of her for a long, long time? She carried me right here, where it's all soft and warm. Oh, my mommy loves me so!" This child's parent, the teacher felt, had managed a very hard trick—correctly getting across a basic fact of life while turning it into something intimate and loving. How unlike the parent of a thirteen-year-old boy, a man who prides himself on his closeness with his son, who boasts that his child is going to get the best sex education that money can buy—from four visits with a child psychologist at $15 a clip!

"Fathers who brush aside a child's sex queries or say, 'Go ask your mother,' fail in their opportunity to come more closely within their children's intimate confidence," says Doctor Wetherill. "They also leave the child with the unfortunate impression that he has struck something unusual. Many parents operate under the mistaken idea that a child has no sex attitudes until he reaches puberty."

Actually, these attitudes are formed in the very earliest years of life—when a mother grimaces rinsing out a soiled diaper in the toilet; when she tells a child exploring himself, "Don't touch, Johnny, dirty, dirty!" and constantly harps at her daughter, "Pull your skirt down, Janie! Shame on you!" Parents who are intensely ambitious for their children, who surround them with myriads of threats and admonitions and "what the neighbors will think," impress upon their tender souls taboos and fears which will bear a harvest of misery in later years.

It is like the war bride who came crying to a San Diego doctor's office recently: she found sex revolting, she said; her husband threatened to walk out on her; what could she do? Investigation proved that her mother never informed her in any way about sex, but taught her instead to "stay away from nasty little boys and not listen to their talk." That mother many years ago unknowingly planted the seeds of destruction for her daughter's married happiness.

When a girl "goes wrong," in most cases it is not because she knows too much or is oversexed. Generally the grade-school child who gets herself pregnant is not even sexually awakened. Sometimes—like the little thirteen-year-old girl in the doctor's office—she didn't know what was happening in time to avoid the situation. In most cases, she is seeking the affection and attention lacking at home.

There is a little twelve-year-old girl in San Diego right now—let's call her Maria—

(Continued on Page 275)

HELPMATE

Few people seem to be aware that helpmate is simply a corruption of a Biblical expression. In Genesis 2:18 is the statement, "I will make . . . an help meet" for man. In Elizabethan England the term *meet* meant "suitable, fitting, proper." Synonymy and slang grew up together. Soon people began referring to Eve as Adam's helpmeet and then applied the term to their own wives. Sometime about 1715 when the Elizabethan usage of the term *meet* was forgotten, a new generation attempted to correct the error of the designation and perpetrated a new mistake, as a result of which the better half has been a helpmate for a long time. —DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.



You're "Star" of the Supper Show with an

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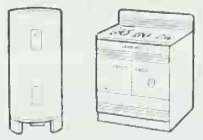


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You can "take a bow" for every meal you prepare on an L&H Automatic Electric Range! You can "star" as a chef, set appetites tingling, put healthful roses in family cheeks . . . with the automatic perfection of L&H cookery! For you'll cook *fast* — with L&H high speed units. And you'll cook *better* — with L&H accurate automatic controls. You'll spend less time at it, too, have more *leisure*, enjoy cooking and home-making more. See your L&H dealer today, or write A. J. LINDEMANN & HOVERSON CO., Milwaukee, Wis.



Also Manufacturers of L&H Electric Water Heaters and L&H KEROGAS Oil Ranges

L&H *Automatic* ELECTRIC RANGE

The range that makes good cooks better!



PEACH DELIGHT . . . Beautiful enough for a party—easy enough for every day! And so *good*—with fruity Jell-O and juicy peaches! Just dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add peach juice and water. Chill until slightly thickened. Then fold in peaches. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with additional sliced peaches, whipped cream, and mint leaves, if desired. Makes 6 servings. (For a large mold, double this recipe.)

- **1 package Jell-O (Cherry, Strawberry, or Raspberry)**
- **1 cup hot water**
- **1 cup canned peach juice and water**
- **1½ cups drained canned sliced cling peaches**

PLUM SNOW PARFAIT . . . Here's a dessert that's *pure pleasure*—to look at, to *eat* so sure-to-be-perfect made with real, genuine Jell-O. Just di Jell-O in hot water. Add plum juice. Pour half of mixtur parfait glasses. Chill until firm. Chill remaining Jell-O slightly thickened. Place bowl of Jell-O in larger bowl of i water, add egg white and whip with rotary egg beater until and thick like whipped cream. Fold in plums. Pile lightly o Jell-O. Chill until firm. Makes 6 to 8 servings. (Stewed swe fresh plums may be used.)

- **1 package Jell-O (Cherry, Strawberry, or Raspberry)**
- **1 cup hot water**
- **1 cup canned plum juice**
- **1 egg white, unbeaten**
- **1 cup diced drained canned plums**



Let's have JELL-O BRAND GELATIN DESSERT SIX DELICIOUS FLAVORS a new way tonight!



SPRING GARDEN SALAD . . . Fresh as spring itself, this shimmering Jell-O salad! Make it like this: Dissolve Jell-O in hot water; add vinegar and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in radishes and scallions. Turn into molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with additional sliced radishes and mayonnaise. Makes 4 to 6 servings. (Serve Jell-O salads often! A few vegetables, cooked or raw, go a long, delicious way in Lime or Lemon Jell-O.)

- **1 package Lime Jell-O**
- **2 cups hot water**
- **2 tablespoons vinegar**
- **½teaspoon salt**
- **½cup sliced radishes**
- **1 tablespoon finely sliced scallions**

PINEAPPLE-ORANGE PERFECTION . . . Bring out your best serving dish! Tl wonderful combination of tangy Orange Jell-O and pineapple w really do it proud! Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add pineapp juice and water. Turn into serving dish. Chill until almost fir Arrange pineapple slices, cut in halves, around edge of servi dish. Then chill until firm. Garnish with whipped cream and slic maraschino cherries, if desired. Makes 6 servings.

- **1 package Orange Jell-O**
- **1 cup hot water**
- **1 cup canned pineapple juice and water**
- **3 slices canned pineapple, chilled**



JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK—THE PROPERTY OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATIO

(Continued from Page 273)

…s been reported to the school authori-
…o it of hand. Maria comes from a dis-
…f very poor Mexican immigrant fami-
…h re both parents are often forced to
…and where barriers of language and
…tion—not to mention the extremely
…e of maturity of Mexican girls, some-
…a early as eight years—make the il-
…cy rate among grade-school girls a
… problem. Maria's mother collects
… n a movie theater; she is away from
…every evening and all day Saturday
…day. Her father works on the other
…f town. Maria has an older brother;
…his friends come to call she clings to
…ke an ivy vine. Ask this twelve-year-
…d if she has a steady boy friend and
…ole face clouds with longing: "No—
…v I wish I did!" To all appearances,
… is plain boy-crazy and headed for
…of trouble; the real cause behind her
… is parental neglect and loneliness.

…lly harmful to
…s spirit in mat-
…f sex is dishon-
…When parents
…l ly, "Oh, you
… n a doctor's
…he child has no
…f judging all
… harmful, even
… misinforma-
… nurse in a San
…igh school tells
…ifteen-year-old
…o was a bad
… n to her teach-
…oydenish, inat-
… and a truant.
…gh an indirect
…n in a social-
…ie class, the
…earned that this
…d been told by
…nd that she
… die if she did
…nstruate before
…as seventeen.
… she was finally
…ced that she
… whole lifetime,
…t just two short
… to live, all her
…rior problems
…hed overnight.
…lly half the
…school girls in
…Diego reach the
…of menstruation
…ing nothing
… it. Many think
… they are sud-
… bleeding to
…n. There are
…rs who still tell
… daughters that
…s are brought by the stork, or "spat
…r come out of the navel.
…ung boys suffer similarly from being
…n the dark, on the theory that the less
…know the better. Many, experiencing
…rnal emissions for the first time, are
…ly afraid that they have cancer or some
… disease. Not a few have been told that
…rbation leads to dire consequences.
…oy complained of a terrible throbbing
… head as he lay in bed at night. Ques-
…ng revealed that he was afraid he was
… insane from this habit.

…EN the teacher explains to these boys
… practically every child masturbates at
… time or another, that it is a perfectly
…al and natural sign of their awakening
…esires, the teacher says, "You can prac-
…y feel the relief spread through the
…." And when San Diego grade-school
…are given the true picture of menstrua-
… stressing it as a normal and natural
…ion and not a "sick time," far fewer
…nces result. In both the girls' and boys'
…tories all obscene writings have com-
…ly disappeared from the walls since the
…es in sex information started.
… one ninth-grade boy put it, "When you
…v the whole story about everything, real
…es and all, those gutter jokes seem kind of silly. The boys don't discuss girls dirty the way they used to, either." Said another boy, in writing out his reactions to the sex lectures, "This class helped me to understand how wrong I had been about girls. This class will help boys to grow up to be gentlemen sooner and respect girls more." Wrote another, "Helps a boy to appreciate himself *and* the opposite sex."

THE whole emphasis of the San Diego experiment has been not to stress the "facts of life" alone, but to tie them into a broad program which extends from first to twelfth grade and includes such topics as child-parent conflicts, boy-girl relationships, personal health and appearance, the biology of reproduction, growth and care of babies, and attitudes toward love and marriage.

First-graders in San Diego schools begin with the rudiments of sex education, observing how the family operates in Nature through studies of birds and animals. By the time the children reach the fourth grade they know the names of the parts of flowers and how pollination takes place. Simple questions regarding human reproduction are answered in a natural way as they come up. Sixth-graders begin to learn about human anatomy, such as the organs of digestion and elimination. In the last part of their sixth-grade year they are ready for the facts of human reproduction.

These classes, based on the monograph Growing Up, developed by the Logan School, are now given in half of the city's fifty grade schools. They are not offered in any school unless the parents specifically request it. This request comes to the school principal through the P.T.A. at the beginning of each school year; the principal's office then sends the following letter to each sixth-grade child's parent: "Your boy (or girl) is about ready to step from a small elementary school to a very large junior high school. He will leave behind him the younger children, aged six to thirteen, to become part of a group of older, mature boys (or girls). He will need guidance. . . ." The parent's permission is then requested for lessons:

1. Parts of the Body (their correct names) and Functions.

2. The Story of the Baby (the teacher reads aloud Growing Up, by Karl de Schweinitz).

3. Changes in the Body of the Growing Boy, and Personal Care (for girls, this last lesson is Changes in the Body of the Growing Girl, Menstruation, and Personal Care).

The reactions of the parents to the lessons have been overwhelmingly enthusiastic. "It makes it easier for my daughter to come to me with things she hears," said one. "I think sixth-graders should have at least six lessons," said another. "My boy wanted to talk these things over with his father, but he is away in service. I appreciate these lessons because a woman finds it very difficult to explain life to a son," and so on.

These sixth-grade lessons are generally given to the girls by the school nurse, and to the boys by the principal or some male teacher.

In the high schools, this program consists of group counseling and is usually given in

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Themselves the Dream

By Sara King Carleton

Dawn in this country burns with
stronger light
And sunset stains the sky with
deeper rose;
The clear moon riding high across
the night
Shakes windier shadows where
the willow grows.
How beautiful for young and eager
ones
Who see the fireflies' lanterns fade
and gleam
And take that path, no matter where
it runs,
Themselves the shape and
followers of a dream.

Here in these happy meadows where
a day
Holds blue and amber, where the
dusk is caught
In silver webs of wonder, who can
say
What snare is laid, what willing
spell is wrought
On those who, venturing near,
became a part
Of this enchanted country of the
heart?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ITS GLORIOUS FRAGRANCE TELLS YOU

Libby's is picked at PEAK FLAVOR!



"WHAT A PRICELESS IDEA!" Yes, a real spell-binder of a cake. You make it with your favorite recipe for angel food or sponge cake. (White or gold layer cake, if you prefer!) Cover with regular 7-minute icing.

Then—the golden touch! *A double halo* of Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple. Well-drained full slices on top . . . half slices looped all around.

LET FRAGRANCE BE YOUR GUIDE!

As you open the Libby's Pineapple, breathe in that spicy, tangy-sweet aroma. Only pineapple ripened to *peak flavor* has this tropic richness.

Libby's "pedigreed pines" grow where sun and soil are filled with flavor-making magic. Always picked at glorious ripeness.

So ask for *Libby's*—the *peak-flavor* pineapple. You'll want to enjoy it often—as slices, chunks and juice.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY,
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LISTEN TO "MY TRUE STORY"
Thrilling dramas. Every morning Mon. thru Fri. 10:00 EST, 9:00 CST, 11:30 MST, 10:30 PST. ABC Stations.

THIS IS LIBBY'S 80th YEAR



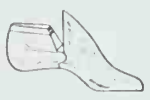
LOOK FESTIVE

yet feel comfortable

in SHORTBACK Foot Savers



Festivities are fun—when you're dressed for them. And you *can* be dressed-up from head to toe—with Foot Savers on your feet! In silky-soft leathers, as new and dressed-up as the new longer-length skirts. Yet so comfortable, your feet can relax completely. Because Foot Savers—made over our exclusive Shortback* Last—hug your heel snugly yet give your toes all the room they need. Write for name of nearest Foot Saver dealer and for Spring style booklet. The Julian & Kokenge Company, 262 So. Front Street, Columbus 15, Ohio.



Only Foot Savers are made over the Shortback* Last which prevents looseness and gapping at the heel without pinching at the toe.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SHORTBACK

Foot Saver Shoes

A PRODUCT OF PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

the ninth and twelfth grades (with the parents' permission), although much information on the subject is given in other classes. For instance, some of the story of human reproduction is given in Biology. Home Economics offers a fine opportunity to discuss family problems, parental restraints and growing up emotionally. In Home Nursing girls receive excellent preparation for motherhood, including the care of infants. Social-science classes discuss community problems like divorce and juvenile delinquency. All this instruction and discussion are carefully planned in advance so that there are few overlaps in the child's progress from seventh to twelfth grade.

Right from the beginning, the high schools have found it extremely difficult to find the right person to do the group counseling and teach the sex-education classes. This year two trained social hygienists, a man and a woman, have been hired for the job and between them will reach about 4500 of San Diego's 15,000 high-schoolers. One big drawback to this arrangement is that the two counselors are kept so busy commuting from school to school that too little time is available for private interviews with students on problems they do not care to discuss in class. Eventually it is hoped that a regular member of the teaching staff of each junior and senior high school will take over the sex lectures, but so far they have not volunteered.

THE girls' high-school classes are taught by Mrs. Geneva Gordon, mother of six children and a schoolteacher for twenty-seven years, who has a master's degree in Human Relations from the University of Chicago. She rotates among the city's twelve high schools, teaching about 300 girls a week. Each class of about thirty girls receives a total of six lessons. At the first session, the girls submit unsigned questions which reveal to Mrs. Gordon their areas of interest and need, and also the extent of their sex knowledge. Some sample questions asked by these high-school girls include: "Is it right to pet?" . . . "Will you ever be a virgin again after you've had sexual intercourse?". . . "What things shouldn't you eat during your period?"

Mrs. Gordon stresses in all boy-girl questions the necessity for the girl to set the pace and to put on the brakes when necessary. One of the members of her classes, a bright, attractive girl of fourteen, told this writer crisply, "If a girl lets things go so far that she has to slap a boy, she's just a cheater. A boy's going to go as far as he can, whether you're a good or a bad girl. It has nothing to do with whether he likes you or not. Sure I go steady, but I'll be a virgin when I marry."

In the second lesson, vocabulary may be stressed, since Mrs. Gordon has discovered that a knowledge of the right terms goes a long way toward overcoming embarrassment in asking questions. The next week a film by Walt Disney on the story of menstruation may be shown. This film is also exhibited to boys' classes with great success, the boys admitting afterward that the whole subject had been a great mystery to them. In the fourth lesson, charts of the male and female reproductive organs may be explained; also pictures of the development of the foetus to a full-term baby, including twins. To twelfth-grade girls, the teacher may point to the vaginal canal on the chart and say, "This is where the male penis enters to plant the sperm"—the "ultimate question" of confusion to most parents.

Lesson five is generally a discussion period, with the ice well broken; in the last lesson, Mrs. Gordon takes up contagious diseases, including venereal disease, and holds a general forum on marriage and the causes of divorce. At no point in the lectures are contraceptives or child spacing mentioned; if the question comes up, she replies that this is a question to be discussed with one's medical or spiritual adviser.

The teacher of the boys' classes is a young father with three children, Russell Henzie, who has worked with so many boys through the Child Guidance Bureau of the schools.



You can say "yes" to Romance



because

Veto says "no" to Offending!

Veto says "no"—to perspiration worry and odor! Soft as a caress . . . exciting, new, Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly, checks perspiration effectively.

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IF YOU VALUE YOUR CHAR

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Fob flicks open for a quartet of pictures.

e jewel of fashion is a fob... framing four of your favorite pictures in a lovely silver or golden setting. bout $5 plus tax, at all leading stores, or write Coro, Inc., New York 1

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A'S BEST DRESSED WOMEN WEAR CORO JEWELRY

This bureau employs a full-time psychiatrist who frequently advises Mr. Henzie on difficult-to-answer questions. The boys' classes follow the same general scheme as the girls', except that there is a good deal more open classroom discussion. The girls like to submit written questions; the boys, most of them less articulate on paper, prefer to sing right out.

In one junior high, the boys had been taught the course one year by their athletic coach. "He just kind of slid over the whole subject," said one fourteen-year-old boy. "I felt when he was through I had more questions than when he began. Now, after Mr. Henzie's classes, I feel I've finally got everything straightened out. No, the boys don't discuss the classes after school. It's something you like to think over by yourself, kind of private."

So far, most of the sex-information classes have been taught separately to boys and girls, although freshmen at San Diego College take physiology of reproduction in mixed classes, with no embarrassment or confusion whatever on the part of the students. Many graduates call the course one of the most valuable they received in college.

The strength of the San Diego program lies in the fact that it is not something superimposed by the school authorities upon the community; it is directly parent-inspired and parent-supported. All the material given in the courses has been carefully gone over by educators, parents and church groups.

The main stumbling block to the program now is the lack of teachers fitted emotionally for the job. "If you preach to the students, they yawn in your face," says Mrs. Gordon. "If you show shock or embarrassment of any kind, they spot it instantly, and you've lost them." Ideally, every teacher, even in the elementary grades, should be able to deal honestly with sex questions as they arise naturally in the classroom. For this reason, many feel that a course in techniques of imparting sex information to different age levels should be required in every teachers' college and university offering degrees in education.

Josh Billings called his favorite cat William, because he considered no shorter name fitted to the dignity of his character. "Poor old man," he remarked one day to a friend, "he has fits now, so I call him Fitz-William."

But even if every school in the country offered sex lectures, the attitudes of the parents would still be all-important. It can be argued that the type of parent who attends adult classes on sex is not the parent who needs help the most. San Diego has no way of reaching parents who are not members of clubs or groups.

The other day in this city a young boy bought a copy of a nudist magazine on a newsstand and showed it to some friends, including a girl. When the girl's mother heard of it, she picked up the phone and called the police. The boy was immediately hauled off to jail, where he spent the next five hours feeling like a depraved criminal before his parents returned from work and heard of the incident. Who was the real offender against society here—the girl's mother, the newsstand proprietor, the cop or the young boy?

"It's true that we still have a long way to go toward changing adult sex attitudes," says Doctor Wetherill, founder of the program. "We've moved so slowly in ten years that sometimes it seemed we didn't move at all. But we've got most of the parents solidly behind the program now, and the churches, and the Mayor's Committee (that's a committee on vice that has closed every house of prostitution in town). San Diego is determined to give its kids a better break in sex education than their parents got; we won't know the full results for a generation, but we've cured an awful lot of heartbreak already." THE END



in the fashion foreground
—lovely Gordon hosiery

With all eyes on a well-turned ankle, Gordon's flattering Spring nylon shades are the center of attraction. Beautiful Gordon Nylons are proportioned for perfect fit, in the right sheerness for every occasion . . . in Full-fashioned, Runproof, No Seam, and Stretch-top styles.



Check this
GORDON HOSIERY CHART
at your favorite hosiery counter. You'll find a sheerness and style for every occasion.

THE LABEL TO TAKE HOME

HOSIERY and UNDERWEAR
Gordon
FOR ALL THE FAMILY

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

OUR 76TH YEAR

America is buying more ICE than ever before!

Smart Housewives



Pure, crystal-clear, taste-free ice cubes add sparkle to any beverage. By the bag or carton. Order from your local Ice Company.



A handy little ice chest relieves crowded refrigerators—chills bottles quickly—holds extra ice cubes. Inexpensive, too!

Know That Pure, Sparkling ICE Means Better Living!

Ice—pure, sparkling ice—can contribute so much, in so many ways, to the gracious, modern home, *at trifling cost*. And smart women are realizing it more and more.

A call to *your* local Ice Company will help you enjoy better living through these and other uses of ice. They will gladly supply you with ice prepared in exactly the right size for every household need.



Just a few cents for crushed ice gives the table that luxury look ...glamorizes salads, sea foods, fruits, fruit juices, fruit cocktails.



Smart Grocers

Keep Vegetables Garden-Fresh, Vitamin-Rich . . . with ICE!

Up-to-date grocers know that vegetables lose health-giving vitamins at an alarming rate *while in the store*—unless *constantly protected with ice*. And that's a hard, cold, *scientific fact*. It has been proved by exhaustive tests in 16 leading Universities!

Here are some of the startling losses: Spinach loses *nearly half* its essential Vitamin C in 8 hours—lettuce 22 per cent! Celery loses 25 per cent in 12 hours!

Smart housewives don't waste *their* good money on wilted, vitamin-starved vegetables. They protect family health by *getting* all the vitamins they pay for. They patronize *only* grocers who keep vegetables garden-fresh and vitamin-rich with sparkling, crushed ice!

Free! Mail a postcard today for your *free* copy of "How To Get More For Your Money When You Market"—chock-full of helpful money-saving suggestions.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
Dept. BA, 1706 L St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C.



Cousin Len's Wonderful Adjective Cellar

By Jack Finney

N LEN found his wonderful ad- e cellar in a pawnshop. He haunts Second Avenue pawnshops be- they're such a relief, he says, ture. Cousin Len doesn't like y much. He spends most of his ors gathering material for The Lore of the Woods, which he he would rather, he says, be a

urs the pawnshops in his spare ging home stereoscopic sets Fair views, Chicago, 1893), at strike the hours, and china ich hold toothpicks in their Ve admire these things very wife and I. We've been living in Len since I got out of the ting to find a place of our own or age.

mired the adjective cellar too. It ace of line of a fire hydrant, but y smaller and made of pewter. t it was a saltcellar, and so did . He discovered it was really an ellar when he was working on one day after he bought it.

jewel-be- anches of forest are silent," he en. "The ke grip of as stilled m'ry, ver- mur. And , flutelike ts myriad, pped birds

point, nat- e rested. an to examine his saltcellar. d the bottom for the maker's ning it in his hands, the cap an his paper. And presently he saw anuscript had changed.

branches of the silent," he read. "The grip of winter has stilled their murmur. And the of its birds are

ousin Len is no fool, and he knows ement when he sees it. He went ork, writing as he always did, but is column twice as long. And then l the adjective cellar, moving it orth like a magnet, scanning each the adjectives and adverbs just ff the page, with a faint hiss, like f lint into a vacuum cleaner. His as exactly to length when he fin- l the most crisp, sharp writing r seen. For the first time, Cousin his column seemed to say some- ot much, to be sure, but some- uisa, my wife, said it almost made to get out into the woods, but n didn't think it was that good. hen on, Cousin Len used his ad- llar on every column, and he ough experiment that at an inch paper, it sucks up all adjectives, heaviest. At an inch and a half, m-weight adjectives; and at two ly those of three or four letters. l control, Cousin Len has been produce Nature columns whose has grown every day. "Best n the paper, next to the death one old lady wrote him. What she en explained to me, is that his column, which is printed next to the death notices, is the very best reading in the entire paper.

Cousin Len always waits till we're home before he empties the adjective cellar: we like to be on hand. It fills up once a week, and Cousin Len unscrews the top and, pounding the bottom like a catchup bottle, empties it out the window over Second Avenue. And there, caught in the breeze, the adjectives and adverbs float out over the street and sidewalk like a cloud of almost invisible confetti. They look somewhat like miniature alphabet-soup letters, strung together and made of the thinnest cellophane. You can't see them at all unless the light is just right, and most of them are colorless. Some of them are delicate pastels, though. "Very," for example, is a pale pink; "lush" is green, of course; and "indubitable" is a dirty gray. And there's one word, a favorite with Cousin Len when he's hating Nature the most, which resembles a snip of the bright red cellophane band from around the top of a cigarette package. This word can't be revealed in a magazine like the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Most of the time the adjectives and adverbs simply drop in the gutters and street, and disappear like snowflakes when they touch the pavement. But occasionally, when we're lucky, they drop straight into a conversation.

Mrs. Gorman passed under our window one day with Mrs. Miller, coming from the delicatessen. And a little flurry of adjectives and adverbs blew right into the middle of what she was saying. "Prices, these halcyon days," she remarked, "are evanescent, transcendental, and simply terrible. Mark my maniacal words, things are going straight and preeminently to the coruscated, indomitable, allegorical dogs."

Mrs. Gorman was pretty surprised, of course, but she carried it off beautifully, smiling grandly and patronizingly at Mrs. Miller. She has always contended that her ancestors were kings; now she claims they were also poets.

I suggested to Cousin Len, one time, that he save his adjectives, pack them into neatly labeled jars or cans, and sell them to the advertising agencies. Len pointed out, however, that we could never in a lifetime supply them in the quantities needed. We did, though, save up several shoe boxes full which we took along on a sightseeing trip to Washington. And there, in the visitors' gallery over the Senate, we cautiously emptied them into a huge electric fan which blew over the floor. They spread out in a great cloud and drifted down right through a tremendous debate. Something must have gone wrong this time, though, for things didn't sound one bit different.

We're still using the wonderful adjective cellar, and Cousin Len's columns are getting better every day. A collection of them appeared in book form recently, which you've probably read. And there's talk of selling the movie rights. We also find Cousin Len's adjective cellar helpful in composing telegrams, and I used it, mostly at the inch-and-a-half level, in writing this. Which is why it's so short, of course. THE END

The London magistrate, Mr. Cairns, told a disgruntled married couple: "There are only two people who can make marriage a success and they are the two married people themselves. You did not consult a magistrate when you were courting. Go away and make the best of it."

ROBERT BLATCHFORD: Saki's Bowl. (Hodder & Stoughton).

for finer flavor...

NOW TASTE Hi Ho!

Sunshine Hi Ho CRACKER

Sunshine Hi Ho

ONE POUND CRACKERS

Compare! FOR APPETIZING APPEAL In appearance, Hi Ho Crackers invite comparison with any other cracker. Note the golden-brown color . . . the uniformity of each and every Hi Ho.

Compare! FOR FINER FLAVOR Taste Hi Ho . . . try them on your family and guests. No other cracker has the distinctive flavor that belongs only to Hi Ho!

Compare! FOR FLAKINESS Turn a Hi Ho cracker edgewise. Note the crisp flakiness, the delicate texture . . . sure sign of expert baking.

A Quality Sunshine Product

. . . it's HiHo for Finer Flavor!

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF Sunshine Biscuits, INC.

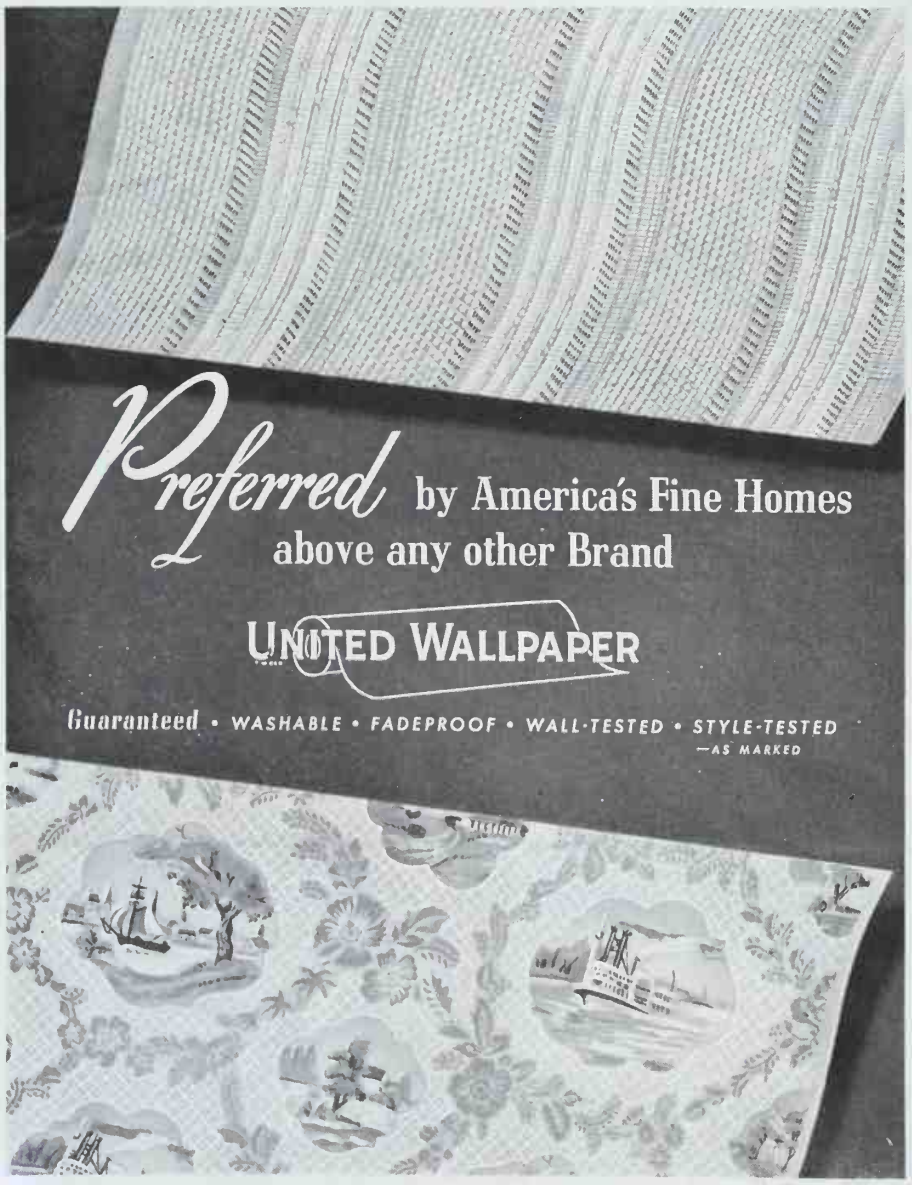


● For the woman who cherishes beauty... here's elegance without equal! Quaker Lace Cloths have a definite "heirloom" air, yet are so inexpensive and practical you can use them every day. Sturdy, long-wearing, lovely... they launder beautifully... spot-clean in a jiffy. Can you think of a lovelier setting for your china?

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Philadelphia 33, Pa.
Sales Office: 330 Fifth Avenue
New York 1, N. Y.



IT'S DIFFERENT IN THE MOONLIGHT

(Continued from Page 47)

child the last time and I had sort of forgotten about him because ever since he was in the war his mother and father have been in California and only came back this year, and as a mere child six years ago I hadn't noticed him except that I remember vaguely the time he won the cup and everybody made a big fuss because it was just before he was going in the Navy and everybody was quite excited in those days about the war and servicemen and stuff like that. I didn't think he'd even remember me, being quite old, about twenty-five I guess, but he said, "Hi, Janie" indicating he knew me right away and pulled my pigtail and said, "Still the same kid, aren't you?" and I knew right away he was a regular person not like other people. Sam liked him right away, too, and he spent quite a lot of time with us working on Sam's boat and made quite a few helpful suggestions knowing quite a lot about boats, being a marine architect or almost, having been delayed quite a few years by the war. At first he hadn't quite understood about Sam, and said, "Is he your Big Moment?" but I said, "Ugh, no, I hate boys. Sam's just a pretty good guy for a boy and doesn't really act a bit like one most of the time thank goodness." And Bill said, "Well, I hope you'll be tolerant about my handicap," and I said, "What's that?" and he said, "Well, after all, I too am of the same unfortunate sex as Sam," and I said, "But that's different; you're old," and Bill said, "Your frankness warms my heart. Let us be friends," and we were.

Well, it was swell then for a few weeks because there weren't any stupid old boys there except Sam who didn't count, and thank goodness the Dibble twins weren't there or they would of been making goopy eyes at Bill, that being the kind of dopey girls they are, and of course that would of been awful because I could see right away Bill wasn't the kind of person to be interested in dopey things like love and dancing and kissing and all that junk that's so sick making, having fun instead with me and Sam.

And then my dopey old sister had to come home and spoil everything.

Up until then it had been so nice and peaceful with her visiting her roommate in Chicago and not bothering us at all except letters saying could she stay another week and would my father send her some more money. And of course the part about the simply super creature named Stanley Stapleton that she had met and pages about how he took her out places and his a wavy and junk. Ugh, it made m didn't read that part except enough she was having a good time and might stay in Chicago the whole which would of suited me fine. this character Stanley Stapleton h away from Chicago so my dopey si home. And right away everything w and horrible and she said to me, " Pete's sake *must* you go around loo that?" and I said, "Oh, shut up," my mother said, "Janie!" and said, "Mother, I mean it; is that ch to disgrace us like that all summ my mother said, "Please, childre quarrel the very first minute, run alo and Laurie, tell me about what a w time you had in Chicago," and rig my dopey sister began to rave a revolting Stanley person and I got or maybe I might of been sick.

Well, I went down to the beach a was Bill lying on the sand and he sai and I said, "Hi," and he said, "Wh sorrow is gnawing at your vitals? said, "Oh, everything's horrible," said, "Why not confide in me? So sharing troubles makes them easier t and then he gave a long low whistle a "Janie, do you see what I see?" an "Where?" and he said, "On your and I said, "That's only my dopey and he said, "*Laurie?*" and I said who did you think it was, the Sea Mo and he didn't even laugh at a funn like that. And then he said, "I see that time does not stand still on the I had been led to believe," and I sa didn't and if we didn't hurry up we w have time for a swim before lunch, watched Laurie go in the house and that was so, so we went swimming.

Well, after lunch I was on the flo Sam and Bill when Laurie came o bathing suit that I don't know how sl it stay on, and lay on a blanket on th And Bill said, "Well, if you will exc courtesy demands that I renew quaintance with your sister," and he to dive off the float and I said, "Yo have to bother," and he said, "No b assure you," and I said, "She'll just b to death; all that goopy talk of hers doesn't like to go fishing and she ne learned to sail a boat which is pra

(Continued on Page 282)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Painting the Boats

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

Spring has come, though ice still
hardens hollows;
Almost any day there will be
swallows,
For father and the boys have shed
their coats,
All hands are in the white-lead
painting boats.

The cove is full of laughter and
he-cries;
The small boy has two white and
staring eyes
On the blind side of his breeches
where he rested
On the plank where brushes have
been tested.

Father has twin smooches on his
chin,
He lays the good paint on, draws
it out thin,
He caresses with wide arms and
thighs
The curving wood, and love lights
up his eyes.

The son upon the port side
keeps the pace
With his father, sweeping the
hard lace
Of lap-streaked pine, his round
brush is alight
With lightning and the sharply
smelling white.

They have the baby where he can'
upset
The paint pail, he is underneath
the net;
To his fellow men he waves and
crows
Crisscrossed with meshes on his
cheeks and nose.

Mother can keep her biscuits on
the stove;
There is a love affair down at the
cove,
Women and food for once will
have to wait,
Tonight the supper will be good
and late.

A *3-in-1 meal* in 1-2-3!



Good *looks*, good *taste*, and good *nourishment*. Those are the three virtues that make a good meal. It's easy to tell when a meal *looks* good. But, when you start with raw foods, how can you tell that flavors and vitamins haven't been *lost* in transportation, in storage and in home-cooking methods?

Play safe—depend on *canned* foods. Then you can count* on fine flavors and good nutrition. For each can is a miniature "pressure cooker" that captures and holds these precious qualities.

**For scientific facts on vitamins in canned foods, see October, 1946 issue of "Journal of Nutrition."*



A THOUGHT FOR YOUR PENNIES

Canned foods save not only your time but also your money. Low in cost to begin with, there's *no waste* to canned foods! And you know you should always be sure to use the flavor-laden, nutritious *liquids*. Serve them with the foods—or use them in gravies, soups and juice-drinks.



SAFE AS CAN BE

When there's more food in a can than you need for the moment, you may leave the unused portion right in the can, cover the top, and store in the refrigerator. It's perfectly safe—the U. S. Department of Agriculture says so!

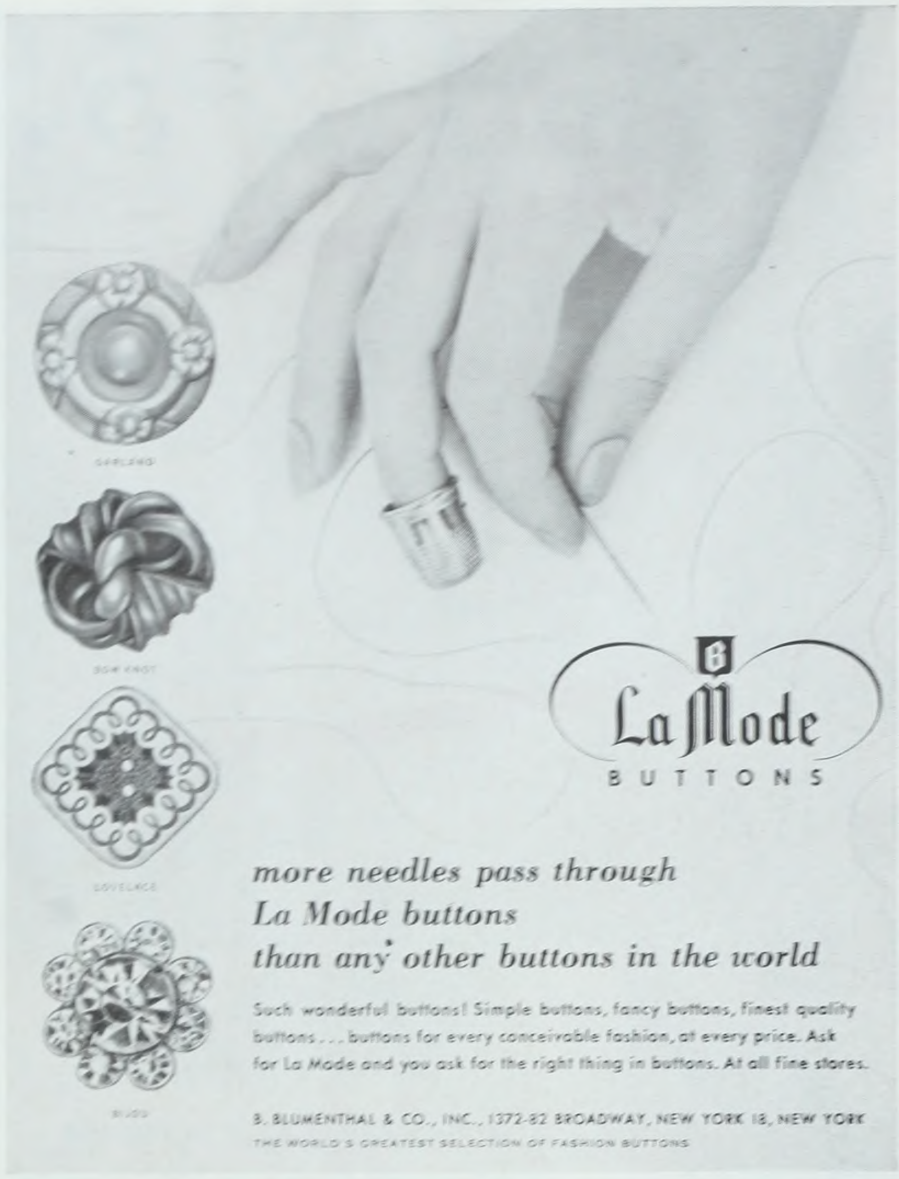


"CHILI CON CARNE PIE"

Line a shallow casserole with cornmeal pastry crust. Fill with canned chili con carne. Top with pastry strips, and bake. Just one of the many new dishes you can make with the wide variety of delicious foods that come in cans.

east . . . Chicken noodle soup, crackers, chili con carne for "pie," green beans for vinaiad, diced pineapple, cocoa, cookies, salted nuts . . . and they all come to you in cans.

MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE INC., NEW YORK





(Continued from Page 280)

feeble-minded after all these years on the Cape.'" And Bill said perhaps she had never found the right teacher, and I said oh, no, loads of fellows had tried to teach her, she was just dumb and besides she didn't need to learn because she would probably be living in Chicago pretty soon, I hoped. And Bill said, "Chicago? Why Chicago?" and I said because of that dopey guy she's got out there that she's probably going to marry and Bill sat down on his heels and said, "Tell me, Janie, is your sister engaged?" and I said well, I didn't actually know but she was certainly working on it because all we'd heard in her letters and since she got home was a lot of droopy drool about this character in Chicago and she'd probably marry him because when she sets her mind on some poor dope he's as good as gone. And Bill said, "I see," and lay down on the float again, and I said to Sam, "Let's get your boat and go for a sail," and Sam said, "But Bill's going in to see your sister," and Bill said on second thought, a sail was just what he needed to clear any vain illusions from his so-called brain, and so we went for a sail.

Well, Laurie was on the beach again the next day in a different bathing suit when Bill came down from his cottage, and she said, "Bill, you aloof creature, where have you been? Don't you remember me? I'm Laurie." And he said, "Of course, how could I ever forget?" And she said, "No, I don't suppose you could. What a revolting child I was!" And he said, "Never that, but may I remark that time has been kind?" and she laughed and he said, "But there was one thing about the child Laurie I remember very well," and Laurie said what was that and he said, "That she loved me truly." And my sister blushed all silly and said, "Oh, please, Bill, don't remind me. I could simply die of shame when I think of the barefaced and unsubtle crush I had on you. It was awful." And he said, "On the contrary, it was nice." And she said, "Nice? Not at the time, I bet, to have a ghastly child of thirteen with braces on her teeth trailing your every footstep when all you wanted was to get off alone with Maida Godell." Bill said, "Now you embarrass me by reminding me of my youthful folly. I assure you, Laurie, that my taste in women has improved. Maida—well, shall we forget her, as I trust she has forgotten me?" "She married a marine," my sister said, and Bill said, "Whom I can contemplate only with grateful pity. And speaking of marrying, do I see a ring on your third finger, left hand?" "Of course not," Laurie said, and blushed in the most revolting way. "Ah," said Bill, "you're blushing." "I'm not," Laurie said. "No? No young man in Chicago?"

BILL was lying on his stomach looking up at my sister, and the way he was looking at her simply made me sick. Because I could tell right away he was going to go all goopy over her just like all the other jerks that were always cluttering up our house, and it made me simply furious because Bill was simply far too good for a dopey girl like my sister, and if he had to have a girl, he ought to get a good one that knew about boats and didn't go all squirmy and squealy about baiting a hook, and it made me so mad the way my sister had come home and spoiled things that I jumped up and kicked Sam who and he let out a yell and jumped and Bill jumped, too, and we swimming and then it was time

The next day, Bill said to me Laurie?" and I said she went village on account of that jerk fr wrote her a letter and said he w call her up, and we don't have te our cottages so she had to go d post office and wait for him to call she'd explained for him to do wi in Chicago. He said, "Oh," "Let's go swimming," and he afraid not now, Janie. I have a gr needs a little consideration," and boat and went over to the island there on the beach doing absolut for hours and hours except pick and throw them in the water could see him through Sam's glas

AND the next day was Saturday went away all day and didn't get late on Sunday, and Laurie sat on all Saturday evening and got m thing at me because I went to with Sam in the old brown shor clams in that afternoon, and sai disgrace to the family and I coul less revolting if not actually nice would put on some clothes on something about my hair. And Casino anyway except the only got a ping-pong table, and when dopey people get droopy old love the juke box and dance, and I woul for anything, that crazy stuff, so wi shorts matter if I wanted to wear anyway she made me sick.

Well, Monday Laurie got up at practically dawn for her and she on the beach when Bill came out o and she yelled, "Hi, Bill," at him, she does it it doesn't sound like ye all Bill did was say "Hi" and wav at her, and he went right straigh the water and swam out to the fl I and Sam were. And it made me better, because I could see right Bill wasn't interested in any of th stuff that Laurie talks about an going to let things get all spoiled and me and Sam.

Well, we'd hardly been there an all when who should show up but t Laurie, and climbed up on the floa sat down with her back to me and looking at Bill, so she was sort of be And they began to talk about a lo stuff about college and the dopey th did there, and pretty soon Bill was lot about being a marine archi Laurie sat there acting like she wa drinking it all in when I knew and S and Bill oughta that she doesn't k from stern, and it made me so sick I stand it so I said to Sam "Let's boat" and we did and went sailing.

Well, that afternoon Laurie wen the beach again, and there was Bill, went down to the post office and th letter all stuck over with air-mail an delivery stamps, only our post offic bother with special delivery on accou people that get the letters don't lik the time Amos Carberry, that's th our postmaster, Mr. Carberry, start

Back Views, Prices and Sizes of Vogue Patterns on Page

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liver one and forgot about it until they found him stuck on a sand bar in Curt Pritchard's dory late that night. So I took the stupid old letter and went back to the beach and just walked up to where Laurie and Bill were sitting and dropped it in her lap. And she said, "What's that?" and I said, "That's a special-delivery air mail from your dream man in Chicago and I hope he doesn't write as dopey as the last one you were engaged to." And Laurie said, "Janie Jamison, have you been reading my letters?" I said, "Not lately; they made me sick—all that love stuff about kissing and junk." And Laurie was practically purple and jumped up and ran in the house, and Bill said, "That wasn't very nice, Janie," and I said, "Well she makes me sick. Every fellow she sees she isn't happy unless they go all goopy over her." And Bill didn't say anything, and I said, "So I hope she marries this one like she told my mother he wanted to, because we have lots more fun on the Cape when she isn't here."

And Bill got up and went in the house, and I sat on the beach and wished it was back in July before my dopey sister got home.

Well, Tuesday Bill went fishing with Curt Pritchard, and that night Laurie sat on our porch and Bill went off somewhere, and Wednesday Bill went to see some of his friends in Hyannis, and Wednesday after supper Laurie put on her new blue dress and went down and sat on the beach, and pretty soon Bill came out on his porch and stood and looked at her. And he sort of hung around there for a while and then he walked

**If thy morals make thee dreary,
depend upon it they are wrong.**
—R. L. STEVENSON.

down on the beach, too, and stood beside Laurie looking out at the sunset. And then after a while he sat down and they began to talk and it got darker and darker, and they had hardly begun to talk when just then Sam came up and he said, "Hey, where's your sister?" and I said, "Where do you think, down there on the beach," and he said, "She's gotta go down to the post office, there's a long-distance from Chicago," and he started down to the beach to tell her. And I said, "Hey, wait a minute." And Sam said, "What for?" And I stood there a minute and then I said, "Oh, heck, go on and tell her," and he did, and Bill took his boat and went over to the island all alone.

Well, Thursday Bill went fishing again, and Laurie got another air-mail special delivery because I brought it up to her myself, and when I gave it to her, she just looked at it and threw it on the table, and I said, "Aren't you going to read it, what that dopey character says about what bee-yootiful eyes you have?" and she said, "Oh, keep still." And when I came back from swimming, she was gone and there was the letter and she hadn't even read it.

And Friday, Bill worked all morning on Sam's boat with him and me which had sprung another leak, and in the afternoon Laurie said she had some pride though you'd never know it and went to the village with my mother to do the week-end shopping. And Friday night, Sam came up and said there was another telephone call for Laurie at the post office, and she said, "Oh, all right," and then she said, "Look, Sam, be a good kid and tell Mr. Carberry you couldn't find me, will you?" And Sam said okay but he looked sorta doubtful and Laurie said it was just that it was too hot to walk down to the post office, which was silly because everybody knows how nice and cool it always is at night on the Cape.

Well, Saturday came around again and everything was still awful, because my dopey sister was as cross as an old cat and Bill was off somewheres again, and it wasn't a bit like it was before when we had such fun. And I wished my dopey sister would read her old letters and stop sitting around all day like she was waiting for something that didn't

(Continued on Page 285)



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the KARO Kid



DE LUXE PEANUT PIE

½ recipe pastry

2 eggs, beaten
1 cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
1 cup shelled roasted peanuts

Roll pastry ⅛ inch thick. Line a 9-inch pie pan. Mix remaining ingredients together, adding peanuts last. Pour into pastry shell. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 40 minutes or until a silver knife inserted in center of filling comes out clean.

Peanut Tarts: Follow above recipe for De Luxe Peanut Pie using 1 recipe pastry. Line 6 to 8 individual tart shells. Pour in filling. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 20 to 25 minutes.

Pecans may be substituted for peanuts in above recipes.

For other KARO recipes, write Home Service Department, Corn Products Refining Company, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y.



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(Continued from Page 283)

e, and then maybe Bill would come a d be like he was before with him and n l Sam. Only it wouldn't of been the I guess because now it was all different Bill, I mean, I guess he didn't stay ecause he didn't like my sister but be- e did like her and that made me per- sick to think about him being all like that. And I sort of had a feeling li ln't like me as much as he used to, and r lly ever pulled my pigtail or anything, I sort of wished I hadn't said all that a out that dopey character in Chicago, n was true what I said but now that didn't answer the telephone maybe ouldn't go to live in Chicago after all. I had a big fight with Sam because he t he was so smart about his old boat ted just like a boy, and it wasn't my vas it that he yelled at me and made np and the old boat smacked into the nd cracked a oard. If he of yelled at me d of missed the y inches, and w it. And then n't need to be about it after ened, and say all his fault and n't take my al- e money to get d. So I made ny mind I n't go out in his oat any more, nat was the use all the way over Casino if there anybody to ing-pong with. after supper other and father over to play with Mr. and Meade and I sat porch and felt tly miserable aurie sat there, l dressed up in hite sharkskin, e was waiting nething to hap- nly it didn't ex- t got dark, and noon came up e sat there for and hours it d to me, and said a thing. en I got up and nside for a drink er and when I out Laurie said, 't come near me ose dirty old . You'll get my all dirty," and I said, "Well, what u want to get all dressed up so silly on the porch for?" and she said, ouldn't hurt you once in a while to n some decent clothes," and I said, , I won't, so you might as well stop g at me, and anyway you make me and she said, "You make me sick, nd if I were Sam Meade I certainly n't want to be seen with a girl in dirty orts all the time," and I said, "You Sam Meade alone; he doesn't care if girl and if he did, I'd hate him, and I it's pretty rotten of you—there you ll crazy about some droopy character icago and then you get Bill all goopy ou and it makes me sick."

Laurie said, "You, too? You poor And I said, "What do you mean, you id, and I wish you'd leave me alone." d just then, Bill came out of his front nd stood on the porch looking out over ke where it was full of moonlight. d Laurie said, "Janie, do you really he is?" And I said "Who?" And she "Bill. Goopy over me." And I said, he is. Don't you know *anything* about " And Laurie said, "Thanks, baby," and got up and walked right across to Bill's cottage, and he came down the steps to meet her, and I could hear as plain as plain, and she said, "Bill, wouldn't you like to take me over to the Casino and dance awhile?" And Bill said, "Why—Laurie! But wouldn't the gentleman in Chicago object?" And she said, "Where's Chicago?" And then I couldn't see anything more except one shadow where there ought to of been two.

And so I sat on the porch some more feeling perfectly miserable, when I heard a sort of footstep and a voice said, "Janie?" and it was Sam. And I said, "Hi," and he said, "Hi," and then he said could he sit down on the steps, and I said, "Sure, why not, it's a free country," and we sat there for quite a while. And pretty soon he said, "Look, Janie, I'm sorry I made you mad about the boat. Look, if you want it to be your fault that's oke with me." And I said, "Oh, that's all right," and he said, "Heck, I don't care about the old boat only heck, it's no fun at the Casino if you're not there. So don't be mad." And I said, "Gosh, I'm not mad, Sam. I thought you were mad at me," and he said, "Heck, no, how could I be mad at you?"

And he stopped kicking his feet around in the sand and looked up at me where I was sitting on the porch, and gosh, honest to Pete, the way he looked at me was just the way Bill looked at Laurie. And suddenly I felt sort of all funny, and I said, "Gosh, I'm not mad." And he said, "Gosh, I'm glad." And then he said, "Gee, you look pretty in the moonlight." And I was so astonished I said, "Me?" and he said, "Sure, didn't you know?" And then he said, "Watta you say we go to the Casino and maybe dance, hey? I bet you're a shrewd dancer." And I said, "Sure, only wait a minute, will you? I won't be long, honest. You wait." And he said, "Sure, I'll be right here."

So I went tearing upstairs to my room and began ripping things out of my closet, trying to find that dopey old pink dress my mother made me buy for dancing class last winter, and I couldn't find it and I was saying "Oh, gosh, oh, heck," when in came Laurie, and she looked sort of funny with her hair all rumpled and not much lipstick on and she said "What's the matter?" And I said, "I can't find that dopey old pink dress and I gotta because Sam's waiting and what'll I do, I can't find it, and how can I go to the Casino in these old shorts?" And she said, "Wait a minute," and came back with a perfectly scrumptious yellow dress. "It's too short for me, it ought to be perfect for you."

Well, Sam turned out to be a perfectly shrewd dancer just like I thought, and now that I come to think about it, she was pretty nice, my sister, I mean, about giving me the dress and all, and I guess maybe she is worthy of a person like Bill after all, and not as dopey as I thought she was, because when I looked in the mirror after she fixed my hair, and I said, "Gosh, it isn't me. Maybe he won't like me like this," why then she said, "Yes, he will, baby. Shorts are all right in the daytime, but this is the way they like you in the moonlight." THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Sweet Spring is on its Way

By Ruth Gavin

When little wistful gusts of wind
Make whirlpools at your feet
And a mild sun through ragged clouds
Sends out sporadic heat;

When, two by two, the redbreasts come
Back to the homes they know
And here and there a bit of green
Peeps through the melting snow;

When roller skates and skipping ropes
In parks impede your way
And old men like to sit and dream
And watch the young at play;

When winter coats drag at your heels
And feet are leaden, too,
And spirits droop like appetites
And you are feeling blue;

Don't fret and think you're growing old—
Tomorrow you'll be gay;
You'll want to skip and dance and sing—
Sweet spring is on its way.

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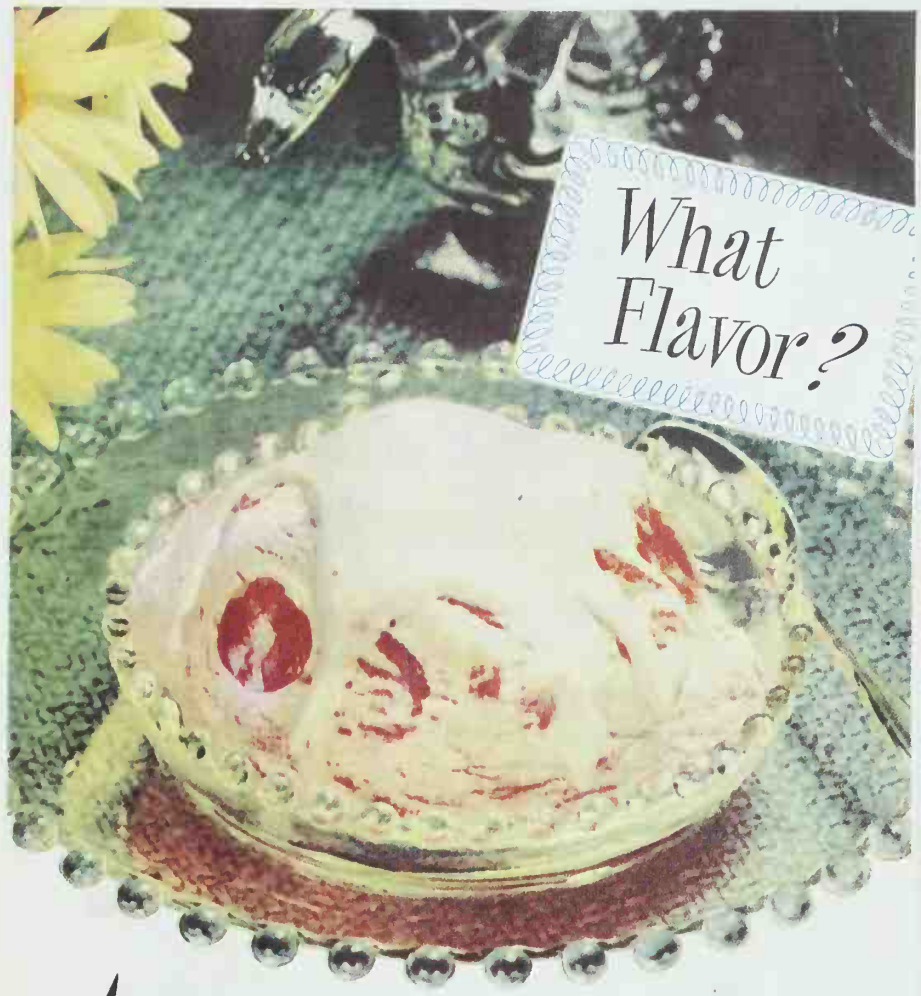
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1 CUP WATER





1 CUP CRUSHED, SWEETENED CHERRIES*

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*Any fresh, frozen or canned fruit may be substituted for cherries in above recipe.

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Meals by Men

BY MALCOLM LA PRADE

Malcolm LaPrade, author of THAT MAN IN THE KITCHEN, acquired an interest in foods at an early age, and admits that cooking is his favorite sport. To many he is well known as "The Man From Cook's." In 1925 he began his first series of radio travelogues and continued them for fifteen years, hardly stopping to catch his breath. He has traveled in almost every part of the world and his commentaries were a delight to those listeners with a yearning for far-off places.

MAN does not cook by recipes alone. Secure in the knowledge that all the world's great chefs have been men, he relies on his natural talent. Despising rules and regulations, he approaches culinary problems as a creative artist and avoids the use of measuring spoons or other gadgets that take the sporting element out of cookery. If the result is unexpected, he can always say he planned it that way. Every wife of a cooking husband knows that the masculine ego in the kitchen is a thing to be reckoned with. The best she can do is to eat his spaghetti and like it.

IN these days of costly prime cuts, the man who is neither a capitalist nor the close relative of a butcher may have to forgo porterhouse steaks, so I shall depart from the usual "he-man" custom of describing grillings over charcoal fires. Instead, let me recommend a combination which is not especially masculine in character, but sufficiently tasty to intrigue the average male palate. And the ladies will like it, too, for it is colorful and makes no heavy demands upon the household budget.

Part of this combination I encountered on a recent trip to Bermuda, where they grow excellent little bananas of the Canary Islands variety, a fruit that is sweet and fragrant when well ripened. Let us call this Part 1.

BANANAS IN JACKETS

Peel small bananas, wrap a thin slice of bacon around each one, pin it with a toothpick and bake 15 to 20 minutes in a moderately hot oven—375° F. Do them just as you would oysters in blankets, or "pigs in blankets" as they are sometimes called. If the bananas are ripe, they will cook through by the time the bacon is crisp. They will be sweet and juicy, forming a pleasant taste contrast with the dry and salty bacon.

Part 2 I learned to like long ago in London, where it was beautifully prepared by a Mexican Indian cook who presided over the kitchen of a Spanish friend whose wife hailed from Cincinnati. It consists of stuffed tomatoes done in what is generally known as Creole. The following recipe will serve four:

RICE IN TOMATOES

Cut the tops from 8 large ripe to-toes. Remove the pulp carefully, ing rather thick shells. Chop 2 peppers and 1 large onion and put in a saucepan with the tomato season with 1 tablespoon salt, black per and red pepper, a pinch of sugar 1 tablespoon Worcestershire, and mer for about 15 minutes. Meanw cook ½ cup rice in boiling salted w for about 15 minutes, drain, rinse add to the tomato mixture. Mix Stuff each tomato shell with the and-tomato mixture. Arrange on baking dish and bake in a mode oven—350° F.—until the tomatoes done and lightly browned around edge. If you like, sprinkle with gr Parmesan just before removing the oven.

Serve the stuffed tomatoes with bananas-and-bacon. A plain lettuce with French dressing does very well these offerings. I know of no more sa ing combination involving such a mode of meat. A sweet dessert is hardly neces the bananas take care of that problem. ever, serve a dessert if you wish, so long is neither rice pudding nor banana c pie. And finish up with coffee.

FOR a Sunday-evening supper or a night offering to a group of hu friends, I recommend a *mozzarella f* This tasty item is not well known in United States except in certain of

ites which have Italian neighbor-
In Italy, especially around Naples,
eat *pizzas* as we eat hamburgers or
gs. They come in many varieties
n be had on almost any street cor-
a modest eating place known as a
a.

escribe it briefly, a *pizza* is a piece
dough, sometimes as large as a ten-
ht, covered with slices of cheese,
gated with bits of anchovy,
ed with tomato sauce and salad
d baked quickly in a hot oven.
a7 be told that only a native Ital-
wr ing in a typical *pizzeria*, with a
ven and a long wooden shovel or
with which he slides the *pizza* in
t can produce a simon-pure *pizza*.
e discouraged. You can make one
own kitchen.

OZZARELLA PIZZA

2 tablespoons shortening and
oons salt in 2 cups warm wa-
it cool slightly and add 1 yeast
rambled, and mix well. Now add
our and whip up into a smooth
Add 1 more cup flour and knead
ivide the dough into 5 small
nooth each of these balls on a
board and pat and stretch until
in and large enough to cover
tom of a 9-inch piepan. Pinch
es slightly. Set aside for about
hour in a warm place. When the
is puffy, you are ready to
e.

the dough is rising, make the
sauce. Season a 6-ounce can
purée with salt, black pepper,
oon Worcestershire sauce and 3
hite onions, minced fine. Sim-
w minutes over low heat. Now
ch round of dough in the pie-
ith thin slices of *mozzarella*
add a few small bits of anchovy,
them about at intervals. Spread
nato sauce sparingly over the
and anchovies, then sprinkle
zza with salad oil. Bake in a hot
450° F.) for about 20 minutes.
iping hot. Each *pizza* will serve
two, depending on appetites.

pizza is not a graceful food to eat.
st way to manage it is by hand,
iat as a small boy consumes apple

e a tossed green salad with my
but you may prefer to take them
.. You may omit the anchovies,
wish, but you'll find they give the
quite a tang.
arella is the traditional cheese for
aking. It has a delicate flavor and
eautifully. If you can't obtain it,
y make a reasonable facsimile of a
ith American processed Cheddar,
s worth while to search for *moz-*
or have your delicatessen order it
.

is a dish that will serve as the pièce
tance of a light meal, or it may well
e place of a fish course in a more
te dinner.

CREAMED SHRIMP WITH WATER CRESS

ve six you will require 2 pounds
, which must be properly boiled,
and cleaned just as you would
shrimp salad. When the shrimp
dy, chop fine enough celery to
¼ cup, and chop fine 2 white
. Simmer both in 1 cup water and
oon salt for 5 minutes. Make a
sauce with 2 cups milk and 1 cup
cream, 3 tablespoons butter or
rine, and 3 tablespoons flour. Add
ery and onions, season with 1 tea-
salt, ¼ teaspoon black pepper and
oons Worcestershire, and place
upper part of a double boiler,
ot water. Add the shrimp and al-
heat thoroughly. Just before
on squares of toast, stir in 1 cup
eress leaves and sprinkle with
a. For a more positive flavor, ¼
on curry powder may be added
heating the shrimp.

ng green peas cooked in the French
with a few small white onions, lettuce leaves and plenty of butter go very well with this shrimp dish, and I like to follow it up with half an avocado, filled with Russian dressing and served on a big lettuce leaf. Dessert and coffee to finish up.

CHICKEN, hunter's style, is a great favorite in France, but may be made in any American kitchen; and to serve six, here is the recipe:

POULET CHASSEUR

Use the neck, gizzard and liver of a 4-pound roasted chicken (disjointed) to make 2 cups stock. Rub the rest of the chicken with lemon juice and then with bacon fat and brown quickly under the broiler. Cut ¼ pound salt pork into small cubes and place in a heavy skillet or Dutch oven and brown them slowly, adding 2 medium onions, minced fine. Add the chicken stock, season with 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon black pepper and a pinch of sage. Simmer for a few minutes, then add the browned chicken pieces, cover, and simmer 45 minutes. Add 1 pound mushrooms, sliced, and simmer 10 minutes more. Thicken the gravy slightly. Serve on a hot platter sprinkled with minced parsley. You will find that the chicken literally slips from the bones and is good to the last bite.

By all means, serve wild rice with your poulet chasseur; and for a green vegetable you may have string beans, peas, broccoli, asparagus or almost any other except cabbage, which would be out of its element here. Endive is an ideal salad, if you can get it, and use a simple French dressing, not too highly seasoned. American housewives, and even some husbands, excel in the dessert department, so I make no suggestions. But coffee ends the meal.

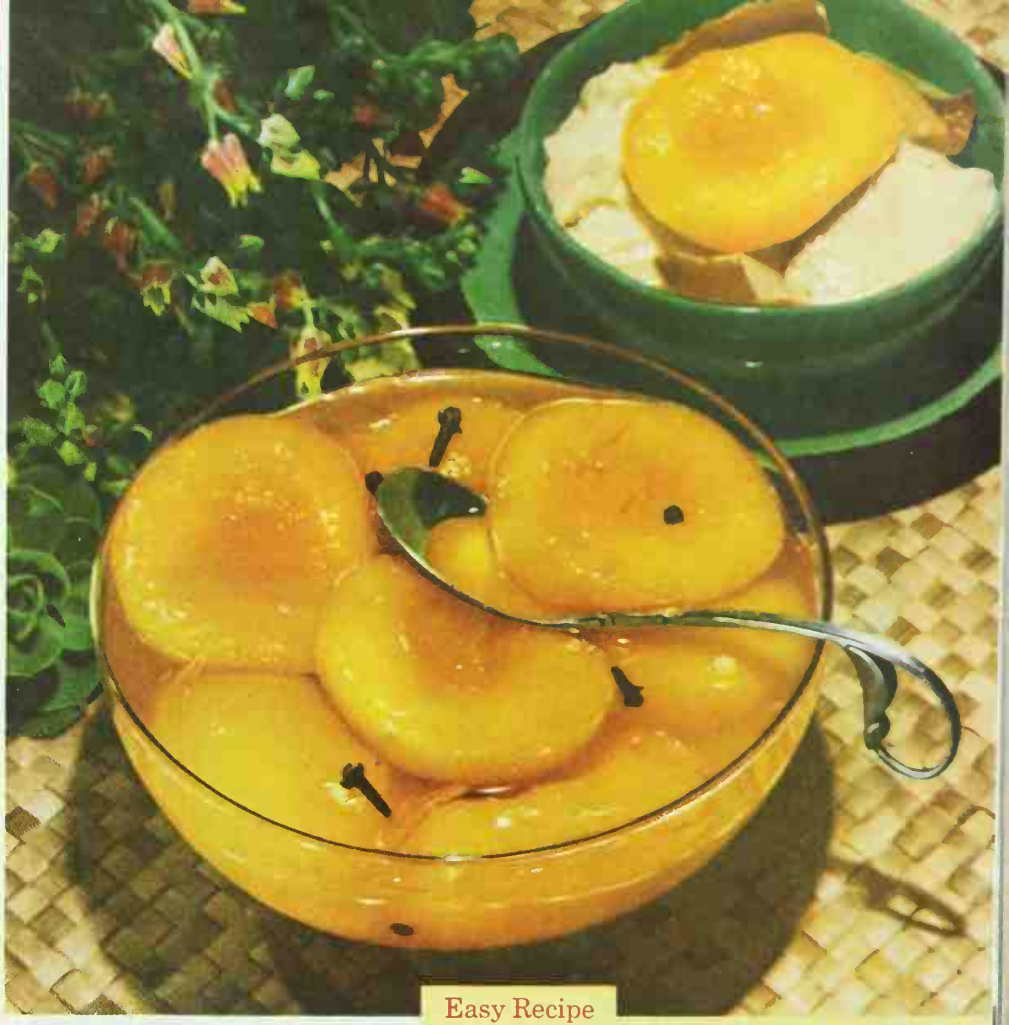
HAM has always been my favorite meat. Brought up on the Tennessee hickory-smoked variety which is produced in quantity by one of my uncles, I later made the acquaintance of the superb Virginia ham, the excellent York ham of England, and the flavorful Prague ham of Czechoslovakia. In fact, I have eaten ham in almost every part of the world and invariably found it good.

In spite of its almost universal acceptance, ham does not often play a part in a picturesque dish. Many folks who think of ham think of ham and eggs or a ham sandwich. Few chefs dignify ham by including it in their more elaborate creations. What follows is an appreciative gesture of a real ham lover to his favorite meat. It is an attempt to place ham in a decorative and perhaps a novel setting. You may call this combination anything you like so long as you try it. I have served it with outstanding success to many of my friends. It is appropriate for an informal gathering during the cooler months of the year and may well take the place of a spaghetti dinner. This is how it is done:

IMPROVISATION ON A HAM THEME

You will need 2 cans tamales. Remove them from their husks, place in a deep saucepan, pour their juice over them and heat slowly. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a skillet, add ½ cup brown sugar and stir over low heat until the sugar melts. In this glaze 12 slices canned pineapple. Now grease your largest heavy skillet or Dutch oven with 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, and heat in it 6 thick slices of ham, preferably cut from a baked ham. Let it cook very slowly for a few minutes, but do not brown. Add ½ cup tomato catchup and 1 cup pineapple juice (from the canned pineapple); stir well to form a rich red sauce, and let it sizzle for a few minutes. Arrange on a hot platter, with the ham slices in the center, drenched in its sauce, and the pineapple rings and tamales around it, forming a most appetizing border. Serves 6.

After eating this improvisation, I am sure you will agree that ham is not inseparable from fried eggs, but can more than hold its own in any company.



Easy Recipe

Peaches in Orange Sauce

Spicy canned cling peaches to serve with penny-wise puddings!

8 canned cling peach halves
½ cup orange juice
½ cup canned cling peach syrup
¼ cup brown sugar (packed)
1½ teaspoons cornstarch
Few grains salt
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
Whole cloves
Whole allspice

Drain peaches. Blend remaining ingredients; bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Add peaches and simmer 5 minutes.

Gold Top Pudding: spoon one peach half and sauce over individual serving of bread pudding. Equally delicious on old-style rice pudding, tapioca, and custard. If company's coming, serve these orange-sauce peaches with whipped cream, sherbet, or ice cream.

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How to dress up Thrifty Desserts

The simplest bread or cornstarch pudding, even plain cake can be glamorous yet thrifty when combined with plump, golden canned cling peaches from the warm, sunny valleys of California!

This luscious fruit also makes wonderful quick salads; colorful meat garnishes, beautiful upside down cakes and cobblers.



Best of all, canned cling peaches spooned right from the can are a perfect dessert for unexpected guests; correct, inexpensive, popular! And what a buy! Both kinds, sun-gold halves or dainty slices, come in a variety of sizes and syrups for any need, any purse. Check the label. Get clings!

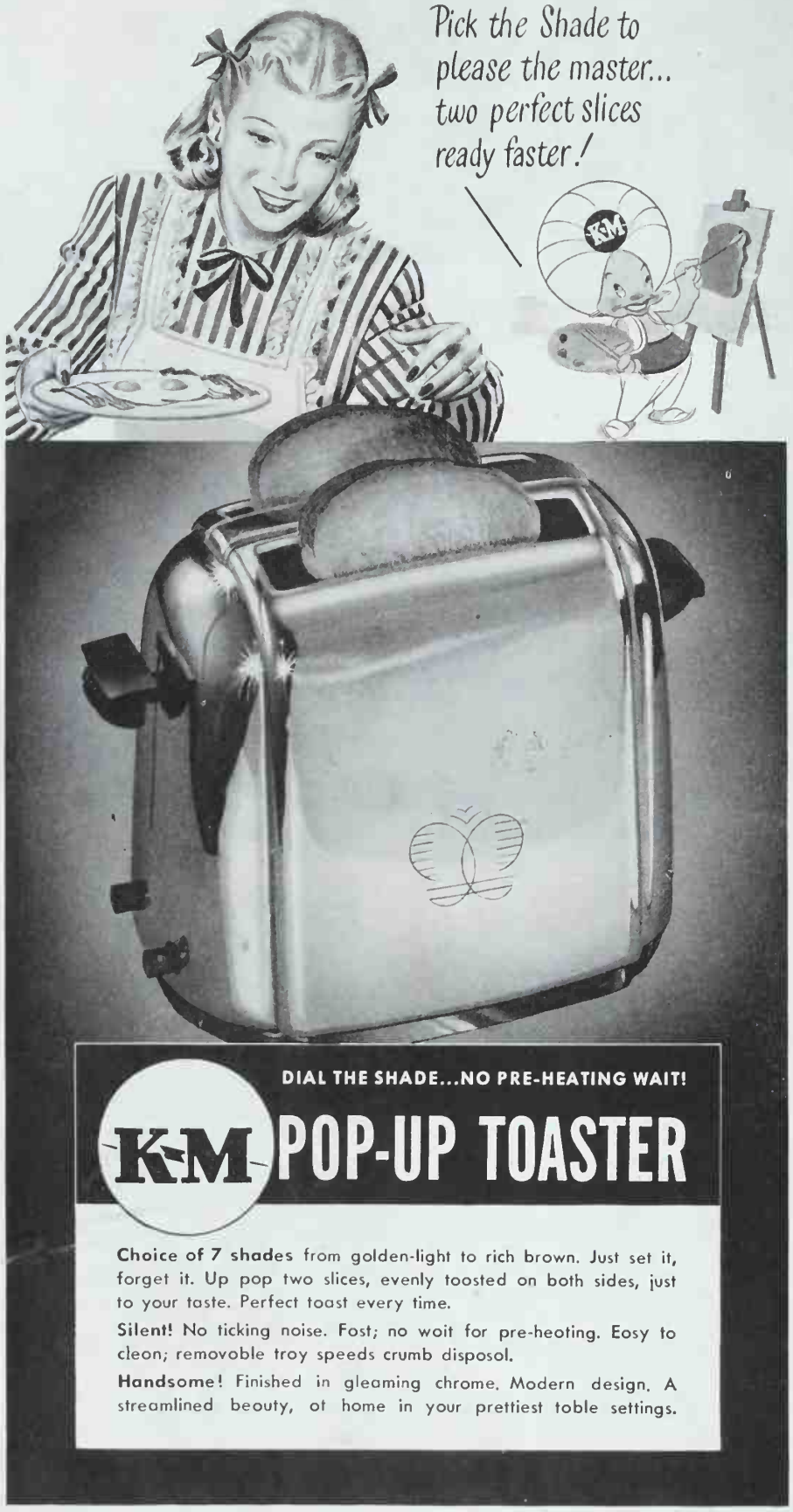
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This dish requires no bread or salad to back it up, no vegetables to accompany it, though you may begin the meal with a few appetizers such as salted nuts, olives and pickled onions. A dessert is in order, and to my mind, melon fills the bill. Coffee ends the meal.

Spanish cooks are noteworthy for their unusual egg dishes. And a Spanish egg entree, for the sake of variety, adds interest to the menu.

BAKED EGGS ANDALUSIAN STYLE

Chop 2 tomatoes, ½ cup green beans, 1 medium-sized onion and 1 chili pepper. Cook the beans and ½ cup peas together, and when they are partly cooked add ½ cup asparagus tips. Grill 2 pork sausages and cut into small rounds. Into a skillet melt ½ cup butter or margarine, add the chopped onion, 2 medium-size potatoes cut into thin slices, and 1 cup diced ham. When brown, add the tomatoes, the cooked vegetables, the sausage and the chili pepper, and season well with salt and pepper. Cook for a few minutes, then transfer to a deep baking dish. Now break over this 6 eggs and place in a hot oven for a few minutes, until the eggs are set.

Obviously this is a well-rounded meal, but it may be garnished with bacon, or slices of ham, if you wish. It calls for a very simple dessert and coffee.

WHY I STILL LOVE HIM

(Continued from Page 49)

and plays to our town and that I attend book-review sessions. He is one of the first to maintain, which is nothing less than the truth, that, without the women, the audience for books, music, pictures and the decorative crafts would quickly dwindle away toward nothing.

He is interested, he is appreciative, he goes along with us, co-operatively, at home. He is a master of synonyms for the phrase "well done."

He does not bring home enough bacon for us to hire servants—at most a cleaning woman now and then. And so he lends a hand to lighten the load. He hangs up his clothes and puts his things in the laundry hamper. He knocks ashes in ash trays. He picks up wet towels and scours away his own bathtub ring.

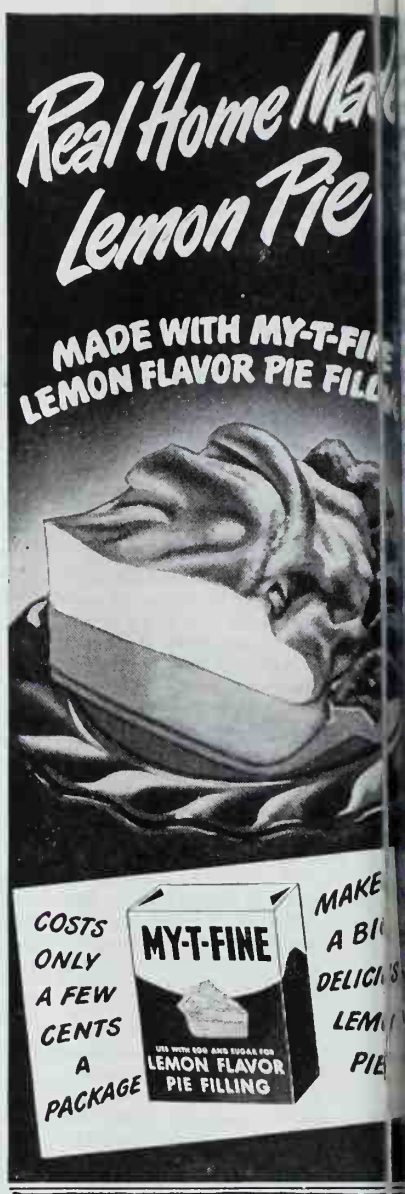
He takes care of the furnace and cleans the fireplace. He does not strew books and papers all over the place. If I remark that he has already done a day's work, he laughs, asking what his forty-hour week amounts to alongside my seventy hours. Frequently on a Sunday or holiday, he throws me out of the kitchen and gets dinner, always a highly original concoction. Sometimes on a day off, he orders me to leave the premises to do whatever I like while he and the children hold the fort.

None of these lifts, and many others I could mention, is in itself a momentous matter. I could get along without them; but put together, they are important proof that I am not taken for granted, that we are in this venture together.

Especially where the children—three of them, four, six and eight—are concerned I am not expected to go it alone.

I recently overheard two brothers appeal to their father to judge a quarrel. He shut them up with an exasperated call to their mother: "Hey, Mary, why can't you settle this thing?" And then, under his breath, as an abused aside, he complained, "What a life—not only have to make the living but raise the kids as well!" No wonder, when the American "pop" is falling down in his parental role, that certain males sitting at typewriters are having so much self-righteous fun blasting away at the American "mom" for tangling her sons in her apron strings.

When my four-year-old boasts importantly, "I have on my wuk shoes. I'm help-









dly wuk in the garden," I think
o myself, *I'll bet you're a help.* But her
r ally thinks she is and keeps her
e tly busy bringing tools, covering
illing weeds, picking up potatoes.
sentimental fancy that, when they
h him, my children walk a little
r, with a firmer step, feeling
by his interest in them and his as-
of responsibilities. He goes along
erested spectator in their activities
es them along, as participants, in
his projects. He expects more of
in I do—and gets it. He treats them
ore on an adult level—and finds them
lish. He gives them chores and sends
errands that scare me while they,
ed, try to deliver.

sn't follow from their being co-
e in running their household and
their children that a couple are
ily companionable, that there is any
son-to-person camaraderie between
Marriage today begins usually with
ke against it, in that husband and
not work together in the same or
related jobs. He leaves her daily to
at is, in effect, a wide gulf. Return-
evening, he is inclined to withhold
gs from her pretty (and empty?)
hile she is inclined to feel that she
tter him with an awed baby-doll in-
. To the extent that he cannot talk
ith her, that they cannot communi-
out his work, they are mentally
d. To the extent that he refuses to
he problems, trials, frictions and ex-
ts of his work with his wife, to that
he is looking down on her—or, what
as bad, looking up to her as a frail
n a pedestal who must not be hurt
oss contacts.

ow a few couples so fortunate as to
o vocational gulf separating them;
nionship that goes beyond the usual
ic functions is given them by their
In one case husband and wife are in
ss together; in another, they are a
of movie-travelogue photographers;
ird, both are practicing psychologists
same institution.

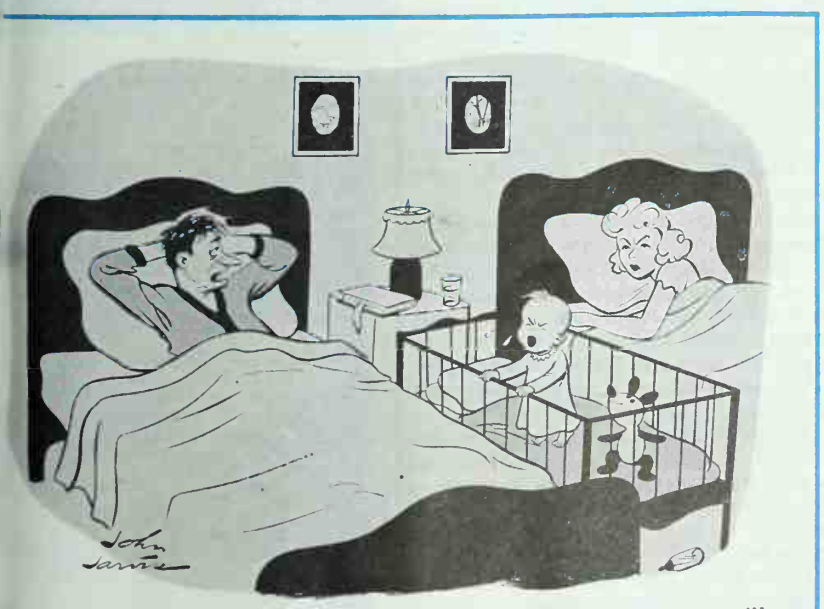
next best thing to a shared job is a
the players' bench, close to the game.
s where Frank allows me to sit. He is
n his work and believes in its value.
ls me about it. He asks my reaction to
and plans. His associates are my
s. I can think of few mistakes more
s of a wife than to let herself seem
by her man's news of his work. I
such women; I believe they are encour-
that stock grievance of lonely hus-
. "My wife doesn't understand me."
h men usually away from home for
work, and with so many chores and
es now taken care of by machines and
s, it appears that there is little enough
r any family to do together, except to
sit by while others do what is to be done, whether to provide entertainment, fix the roof or doctor the dog. I am no enemy of solitary hobbies and vices; I have mine and Frank has his: reading detective stories and shooting ducks, neither of which I can abide, even for love. But we fare well in other respects. Once or twice a month we rig up like Uncle Josh and his wife and go barn-dancing. We are so horribly old-fashioned as to read aloud and argue about what we have read. We go to plays and argue about the merits of the actors. Frank is always finding novel places for us to visit—"haunts" he calls them—perhaps a Greek coffeehouse, a session of night court, a gypsy tearoom, a radical bookshop on the water front, a little-theater group in a warehouse. Sometimes we take friends along. When we go alone, just the two of us, Frank can give the occasion an air of escapade, of escape, of mischief. "Well," he will say, with the twinkle of Pan in his eyes, "here we are at last." The best part of having guests or going to a party is lying awake in bed afterward, taking the event and everybody to pieces. The more we rake over our friends, the more we seem to love them.

We are constantly in the process of remodeling the places we live in. We have had three homes. Each was old when we bought it and each has been rebuilt over our heads. I have lived so much in the midst of rubble and knocked-out walls that I feel a sympathetic kinship with Europeans in their wrecked houses. But it has been the best fun in the world, because we have made the plans together, fitting them to our tastes and our means. Up to the limits of my time and energy, I have been an apprentice in the actual work done. I know about I beams, S traps and blisters. I can use a paint gun and putty in a pane of glass. I know the satisfaction of laboring in good humor alongside one I love, to fashion something we both want and have dreamed up together.

LIMITED to telling so little, have I made my point? That a marriage able to transcend love-and-romance has the paradoxical effect of reinforcing and guaranteeing love; that a man who regards his wife as something more than a kept woman, who is not indifferent to her as a human being, who esteems her as a mental, spiritual and occupational comrade, joins her to him so variously that physical intimacy becomes what it ought to be, an expression of a unity that is deep, complex and abiding.

What it sums up to, in our case anyhow, is that to Frank I am not merely a convenience, which he belittles, or a doll he tries to spoil, or a substitute mother who will spoil him; I am a necessity, an integrated, co-operative, co-ordinated, participating half of a joint enterprise. We belong to each other in all the important areas of our life's activities. We are members one of another.

THE END

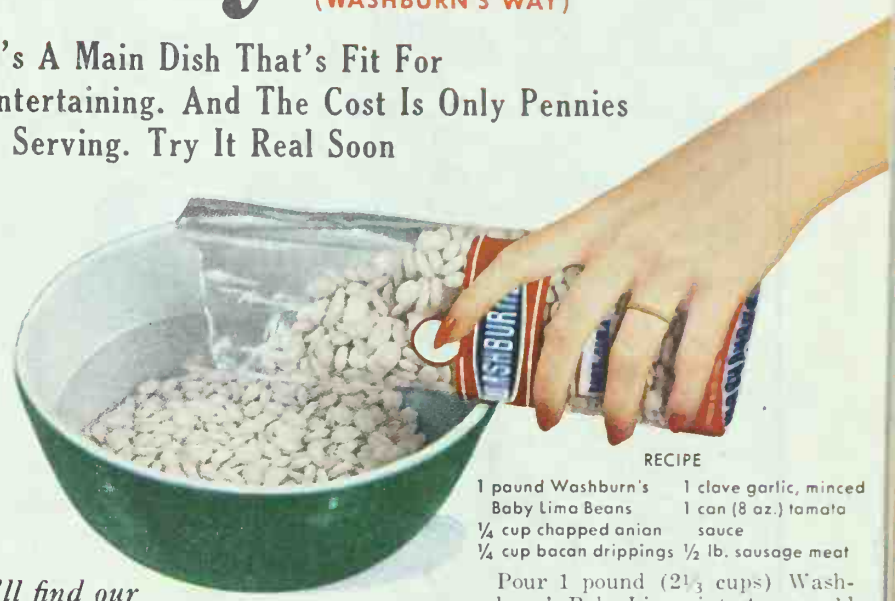


"Well, anyway, this night isn't a complete failure. My foot's asleep!"

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(WASHBURN'S WAY)

It's A Main Dish That's Fit For Entertaining. And The Cost Is Only Pennies A Serving. Try It Real Soon



RECIPE

1 pound Washburn's Baby Lima Beans
¼ cup chopped onion
¼ cup bacon drippings
1 clove garlic, minced
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
½ lb. sausage meat

Pour 1 pound (2⅓ cups) Washburn's Baby Limas into 4 cups cold water. Soak 5 hours or overnight

You'll find our Washburn's Baby Limas cooked this easy barbecue style taste like a million dollars

Begin with our Washburn's Baby Limas—the lima beans that cook up buttery and tender. Fix them the easy way these pictures show—and you'll turn out a main dish that's simply marvelous to eat. All for just a few cents a serving!

For our Washburn's Baby Limas we select only the youngest and the finest grade limas grown. We sort these beans by hand till they're far cleaner than ordinary. Washburn's come in red-and-blue cellophane packages and in cartons, at your grocer's.





Simmer chopped onion in bacon drippings 5 minutes in kettle. Add garlic, 3 cups hot water, and drained beans. Cover, simmer half an hour

Add the tomato sauce, 2 tsps. salt, pepper to taste. Stir, cover and simmer 45 min. longer, uncovering beans the last 15 min. to cook down liquid. Meanwhile, make sausage meat into patties and fry until done

Set out Barbecue Limas in a bowl, piping hot, topped with sausage patties. If desired, sprinkle with chopped green onions. Six servings





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COME BREATH, GO BREATH

(Continued from Page 11)

What do you want, and what are you doing about it?

Well, you want a lot of things. But let's choose just one, peace. Ten to one you want that. But what are you doing about it? Just leaving it to a few delegated authorities and reading the headlines and sighing? Or are you making your desire for peace felt in every way open to you and to all citizens of what is still a democracy?

Are you starting at the bottom and talking sense to your neighbors? Are you voting intelligently? Are you assessing information? Have you joined any organization whose object is peace? None of this takes too much time.

Do you want tolerance? You do if you have the faintest idea what being an American means. But are you tolerant yourself?

What is your own attitude to begin with, and what are you doing about it?

Private lives are immensely important. But private lives will amount to nothing if they are suddenly wiped out by atomic bombs, bacterial warfare or civil strife. Or more slowly, but just as surely, by taxes, high prices and depression.

Merely sitting and letting your breath come and go isn't good enough. You have to do something about it. "Where there's a will there's a way" is an ancient commonplace and it's never been successfully contradicted. Let's try it.

HOW GOOD ARE YOUR SCHOOLS?

(Continued from Page 40)

simple skills of reading, writing and arithmetic. Few Americans will admit that this is really all they expect of their schools, but a great many show no *active* desire for any more. As a result, there are a great many low-level schools.

The people at the middle level of demand ask just a little more. They want their children to get some preparation for a satisfying personal life—and a job. They also hope that very bright students will be able to get enough training to go on to college, if they "deserve" it, and that all will get a little elementary understanding of literature, art, music and science.

The top level of educational demand asks for all that the lower and middle levels of purpose ask—and much more: character development; wholesome personality training; formation of habits of mental and physical health; guidance in responsible behavior as a citizen of the home, the neighborhood, the nation and the world; and the teaching of knowledge and the tools of knowledge that successful living in today's world requires.

To obtain the best in education—or in anything else, for that matter—you first must want the best, and know what that is. Second, you must work to get it. We have cited a few of the communities which wanted better schools and got them; there are hundreds of others. Surveys of public opinion show that Americans as a whole want good schools and are willing to work and pay for them. Before we discuss how to get them, let us attempt to discover what a good school is—and whether the school in your community falls in a poor, fair or excellent category. Let us turn tables on the schools and grade them.

I have divided the standards into A—high; B—middle; and C—low. First read the descriptions of all three levels, then find out where your school stands, and record the grade which in your opinion your school *as a whole* rates. Do this for each of the six qualities listed. Then, counting 10 for each A, 5 for each B, and 0 for each C, decide where your school stands. If it rates above 40, it's excellent (and worth every cent you pay for it); if it rates between 20 and 40, it's

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younger, lovelier!
re's o creom with lonolin's beoutifying
its — plus four more speciol skin soft-
. A rich, rich creom thot *penetrotes* into
of your skin. Apply nightly — or 10
es doily—ond just see! Your skin looks
,smoother—hos fresher, younger beouty!
Woodbury *Special* Dry Skin Cream now!

fair, but needs help, and probably more money; if it's below 20, it's poor, and needs an all-out campaign.

Now for the six qualities:

I—THE TEACHER

The teacher is the most important factor in determining quality in education. A qualified and devoted teacher both reflects and creates a high general standard. A good teacher can make up for many a lack in a bad school system; a bad one can be a drag on a school of the highest level. What is a good teacher?

Grade C. At the lowest level, the teacher does all the planning and most of the talking. Lessons are assigned page by page from the textbook; questions and tests are based only on the book. There is a heavy emphasis on competition (there are a "head" and a "foot" of the class); on automatic and instant obedience (sometimes by force or threat of force). Always the teacher is more interested in keeping the class under control than in encouraging the students to learn self-control. Often there are more than thirty pupils in each class. Usually such a teacher has less than four years of preparation after high school; frequently her sole training is in a two-year teachers' college; and, if she has been in teaching a long time, she has not been encouraged to keep in touch with modern teaching methods. Her salary is less than $2400 a year, and the most she can make, no matter how hard she studies or how devotedly she works, will be considerably less than $5000.

Grade B. In a middle-level school, the teaching approach has broken with the "pour in and pour out" methods of learning

In nineteen cases out of twenty, for a woman to play her heart in the game of love is to play at cards with a sharper, and gold coin against counterfeit pieces. —BOURGET.

by rote, but it is unlikely that the teacher knows exactly what belongs in their place. The children are encouraged in discussion, in choosing projects, but there is little follow-through. Now and again the school will be upset by a sudden, unco-ordinated upheaval in one department or another. New subjects may be added without the proper teachers to teach them; new methods adopted without adequate guidance. Classes average about thirty students. Teacher salaries in this level probably meet the National Education Association standards of a beginning salary of $2400 and a maximum salary of $5000; and new teachers appointed are probably called upon to complete four years of professional training beyond high school, while further training is required for positions of leadership.

Grade A. On the top level, teaching methods adapt themselves to the individual qualities of each individual student. The teacher encourages each student to work up to the best in him—instead of simply trying to beat the others in the class. There are many opportunities in class, and in the school, to work together for the welfare of all.

Students are guided in planning their own work and in carrying through special projects. Special methods aid the slow student; teachers trained in psychology and guidance aid the troubled. Subjects of study are related to the age level and individual interests of the students. Classes probably number twenty to twenty-five. Salaries begin at more than $2400 (which allows the school to pick and choose among the best in the field), and the maximum ranges beyond $5000 (to hold these teachers to a satisfied lifetime of service).

II—CURRICULUM AND MATERIALS

Second in importance to the teachers are the subjects they teach and the materials with which they teach them.

(Continued on Page 293)

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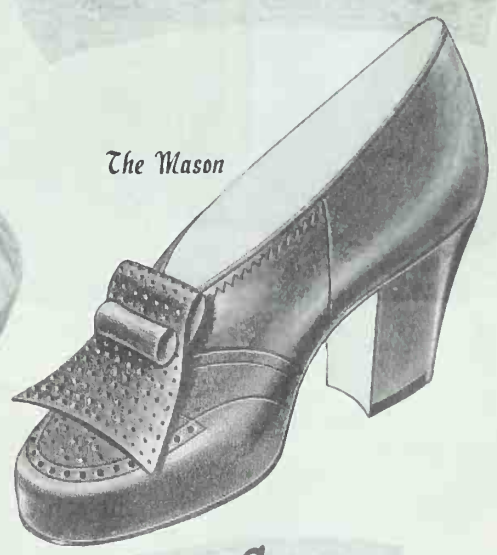
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(Continued from Page 291)

Grade C. Low-level schools teach only t tradition requires: reading, writing, h netic and spelling in the grades; g aphy, history, mathematics, general n e, civics, routine physical education igh school. Textbooks used were pub- d twenty to thirty years ago; there are aterials for teaching art, no tools for young carpenter, no music for the young s. The teacher must dole out pencils paper like rare gems. The motion pic- and the radio might as well not exist: are no films, no radios in the school. nap or picture on the wall has probably torn from an old magazine. Annual diture on textbooks and teaching ies per pupil is less than $2.

Grade B. At the middle level, the school probably added social studies to the tional curriculum; the high school may added several other courses. The addi-, if any, have been made to copy some school, not to meet a discovered need. e is a desire to break away from the step methods of the past, but not gh understanding of how to do it. arly, there is an adequate supply of ooks, but few supplementary books. e may be one radio for the entire school. e may be a motion-picture projector, very few films. Annual expenditure per for textbooks and teaching materials tween $2 and $5.

Grade A. Schools deserving an A rating e their course of study from the needs problems of the young people in the ols. While the three R's are not neg- d, instruction is added h prepares the young le for the community ich they live, and the which they are likely . Students learn about rea in which they live. curriculum is so flex- that the teacher can it when necessary. textbooks are plenti- nd up-to-date; there well-stocked libraries ooks, films and rec- Every second or classroom has a motion-picture pro- r; each room has a radio. The annual nditure per pupil for teaching supplies or more.

Top records for speed are held by birds. A pheasant is slow at sixty miles per hour; falcons and swallows have exceeded a hundred miles per hour. Best of all is the peregrine falcon, which can nosedive at over one hundred and seventy miles per hour.

—DERRY, JR.

III—HEALTH

he ability of a child to learn is directly ed to his mental and physical health. there are schools whose practices actu- endanger the health of our children.

Grade C. On the lowest health level are unsafe, insanitary schools, sometimes ed in buildings never meant for daily pation, by children: in barns, in church ments, in old houses. Here the children n drafts, their feet on floors often cold damp, using toilet facilities that are in- uate and unclean. Also on the lowest h level are schools without nurses, h examinations, health records, hot ol lunches and regular health instruc- On this level, there is no interest in health of the teachers. Such schools ac- y endanger the health of the children.

Grade B. On a somewhat higher level, e are no conditions seriously and di- y harmful to health. Teachers do not re- e pay for sick leave, and thus may come hool with colds. While there are medical dental examinations, they are done at ular intervals; while there may be a ol cafeteria, it is probably unsupervised, y lighted and noisy. The school nursing ice is overloaded. The program of physi- ducation for those not "on the team" is tic and limited. Grade B schools pay ervice to the health of their students, but e not actively endangering the "health," ittle to improve it.

Grade A. A top-notch school demands all school employees have health exami- ons, including a chest X ray, and pro- s sick-leave pay so that school employees stay home when ill. Emphasis on perfect ndance in classes is avoided. There are four medical examinations for each student: on entering school, in the intermediate grades, in adolescence, and before leaving school. These examinations include tests for eye defects, hearing defects, speech defects, checkups on vaccinations and inoculations, and routine height, weight and chest examinations. The physical-education program holds something for each student; health-and-hygiene instruction is given as much time and attention as any other important subject. The school lunchroom is pleasant and quiet, the menu carefully planned. The lavatories are clean, and well equipped. If busses are used for transporting the children to and from school, provisions are made to protect the children while they wait in bad weather.

IV—THE SCHOOL ITSELF

A good building alone does not make a good school. But it helps. The standards of the Council on Schoolhouse Construction should be studied by communities planning to build or remodel schools; only a few general statements can be made here.

Grade C. Any building not designed for a schoolhouse is, almost without exception, a low-level school. But so are buildings which are essentially a series of uniform rectangular boxes, joined together by ugly corridors, and surrounded by small, undeveloped grounds. Such a building keeps off the rain, but it is unrelated to the educational purposes which it is supposed to promote. In such buildings, little or no attention has been paid to lighting, attractiveness, play space, vocational facilities, the lunchroom, and so on. If the curriculum is more modern than the building, the teachers and pupils are operating under handicaps and working with makeshifts.

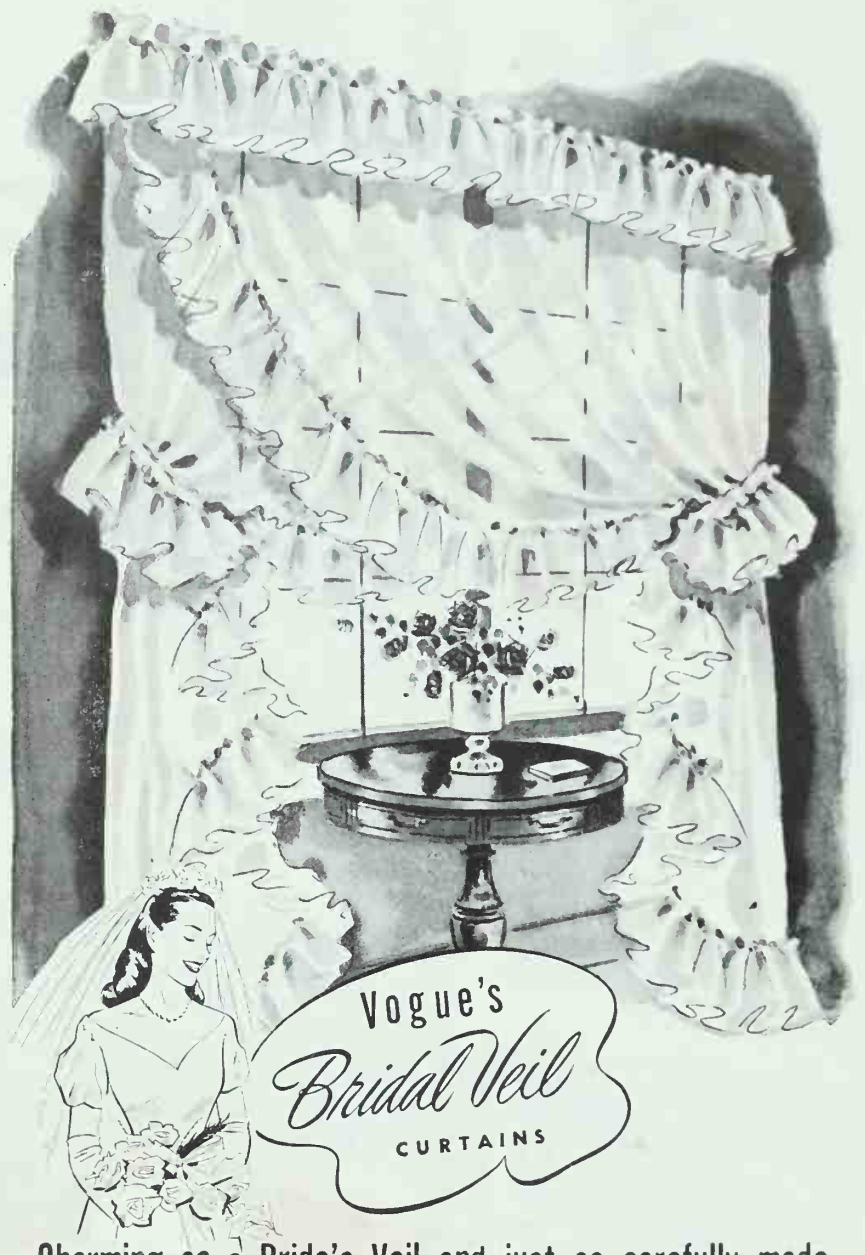
Grade B. In the run-of-the-mill, middle-level school, the classroom lighting and attractiveness have been taken into consideration; a lunchroom, indoor play space and a library are integral parts of the building. The sanitary facilities are modern. But while adequate floor space may be available (thirty square feet per child is considered necessary), some of the classrooms may be designed on the theory that once in, the children remain motionless. Thus, the younger children's rooms provide no space for marching, dancing, group singing; the upper-grade classrooms provide no space for projects and group work. There are limited storage facilities in each classroom; a central storage room for large equipment, however, and perhaps an auditorium for school meetings.

Grade A. The Grade A school can be recognized by many characteristics—not the least of which is that there is room for *you*, the adult, in it. While it is primarily a school building, it is also a community building, with facilities for parent meetings, for adult-education classes and for conferences. It is attractive, well lighted, well organized. As well as spacious classrooms suited and equipped for the subjects which are taught in them, it has special rooms for special subjects, for offices, for lockers, for vocational courses, for homemaking, art, music and drama, libraries both for students and for teachers, a sitting room for the teachers, and a large playground which gives space for different age groups of children to play a variety of games. The walls and floors of the building are soundproof and suitably decorated. In case school bus service is needed, this transportation is efficiently organized so that there is a minimum of waiting around; the busses are comfortable, in good condition, with skilled drivers.

V—ADMINISTRATION

One of the questions in a recent survey of public-spirited citizens working to better their schools was: "What is the most serious obstacle—if any—that you have encountered?" Three fourths of those who replied

(Continued on Page 295)

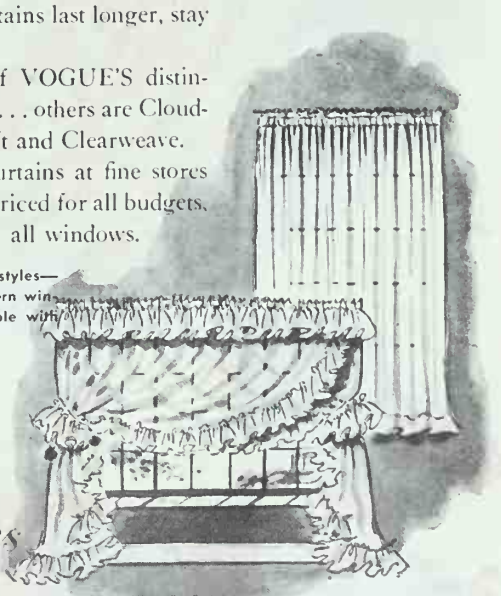


Charming as a Bride's Veil and just as carefully made

In all the world what is lovelier than a bride and her veil? We have caught the spirit of this beauty in exquisite curtains for spring . . . VOGUE Curtains made from Bridal Veil sheer marquisette. Fashioned with soft graceful ruffles, cut full size to hang with deep luxurious folds, and designed to harmonize with all types of decorative motifs. . . . . They are superbly finished with *Durafinish**, VOGUE'S own scientifically correct curtain finish, that makes these curtains last longer, stay cleaner and wash easier.

Bridal Veil is only one of VOGUE'S distinguished sheer marquisettes . . . others are Cloud-spun, Sheer-delite, Spindrift and Clearweave. You can buy VOGUE Curtains at fine stores everywhere . . . pleasantly priced for all budgets, and available in sizes to fit all windows.

Illustrated at the right are two popular VOGUE styles—a smartly tailored marquisette for formal, modern windows—and a mammoth Crisscross—so adorable with all their ruffles at large picture windows.



Vogue Curtains



Would you like Harriet Stillman's booklet "How To Curtain Your Windows"? . . . It is filled with wonderful ideas and suggestions on the correct way to arrange your glass curtains. Please print your name and address and send with 10c to Dept. LH 4, Harriet Stillman, 321 Fifth Ave., New York.

ROBERTSON FACTORIES, INC.
321 Fifth Avenue, New York

10 FACTORIES COAST TO COAST: Atlanta, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, Portland, Ore., San Francisco, St. Paul, Taunton, Mass.

*Trade Mark

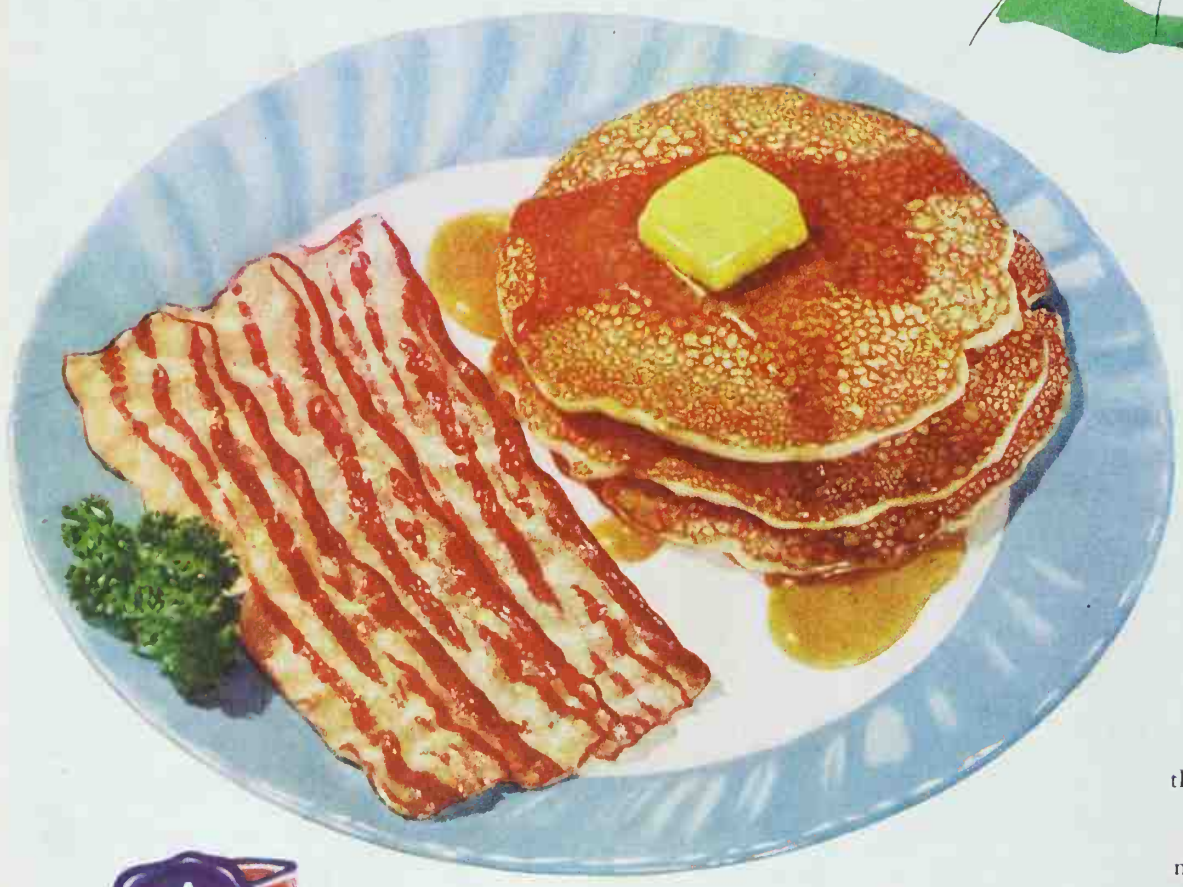


Brighter Breakfasts

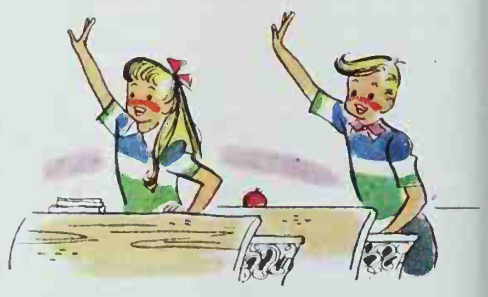
make brighter days!



THE WHOLE FAMILY'S READY to pitch into each new day with a bang after a nourishing, cheering breakfast with America's favorite bacon (that's Swift's Premium). You see, nutritionists tell us breakfast is the day's most neglected meal. So it's smart strategy to serve Swift's Premium. There's wide-awake, easy-to-digest food energy in every tender-crisp bite. And how folks do love that tantalizing *sweet smoke taste!*



QUALITY'S THE BEST BUY-WORD...especially when there's no margin for error. That's why Swift's Premium—with its *unvarying* quality, rich nourishment, and matchless *sweet smoke taste* —is your best buy *now* when every bite is precious. No wonder America actually prefers Swift's Premium Bacon to the next *25* brands *combined!*



DO TRY BAKING Swift's Premium Bacon this easy, failure-proof way: Place bacon on a rack in a shallow pan. Cook at 400°F. for about ten minutes. No turning is necessary. Serve with golden brown pancakes and syrup. The family will welcome this favorite combination for lunch or supper, too.



Swift's Premium Bacon



with the sweet smoke taste.

(Continued from Page 293)

question said "Political interfer- 'Peanut politics."

C. On the lowest level, school- members are chosen on a partisan n1 serve on the same basis. They schools for political, economic, reli- personal interests. They select school idents who will "play the game," only local teachers who can be pon not to disturb the status quo. tendent or a teacher who shows dependence is dismissed; new ones n or old ones promoted because v the "right" people. Often there the purchase of school supplies or construction.

B. Many other boards are ham- circumstances that limit their hon- ions. They may have to answer to cipal government on every action ; they may be hamstrung by out- ws; they may be called upon to run which has too few pupils (fewer 0 pupils in a district is uneconomi- nefficient), or too small a budget. es well-meaning school boards fail stand their real function. Absorbed *management* of the schools—a job ould be assigned to the superin- nd his staff—they fail to fulfill their : the making of long-range policy, developing of community interest vity in the schools.

A. Top-level school boards are hampering factors by their top- munities. Such communities choose rd members for outstanding ability munity leadership. They consider ship on the school board as a post of nor and great re- lity. Their terms n and service do end on power or conditions; per- nd party politics ded. Such boards chool superintend- the basis of ex- in teaching, ad- tion and leader- nd stand behind nd the teachers on their staffs. Such lso work closely with the community plishing their joint aim: good schools.

Darwin had no respect for books as books, and would cut a large volume in two, for convenience in handling, or he would tear out the leaves he required for reference.

—SCRAP BOOK.

VI—STUDENT LIFE

ife of the students reflects the growth rning they are developing in their What is your school doing to guide their daily life, in clubs, sports and ctivities?

de C. At the lowest level, student nsidered as no particular business of ool staff. Students do as they please eir clubs, athletics and other student es. The teachers regard these activi- a waste of time. The schools' social ns are chiefly for the elite and there a tendency to form snobbish soci- the high schools. Such a school is not ing from the extracurricular activi- e great potential educational values side in them.

de B. At a somewhat higher level, t activities are sponsored by the but without clear plan or purpose. moment, the teachers may exercise a lent dictatorship over student life. next, the faculty may completely te its responsibility in the name of a s "democracy." There will be student ons," but they will probably be dis- beauty contests or popularity con- acking real issues and exhibiting many seedy campaign practices which char- e adult politics at their worst. There e student courts, but they will be oncerned with punishment than with tion. Such a school, in its willingness student activities, has made a prom- eginning, but that's all.

de A. At the top level, student activi- a fully recognized part of the educa- program. They receive as much time estige as any other kind of teaching. ne between curriculum and extra- lum is difficult to find. The school newspaper is a force in forming public opinion in school and community. Student elections are based on real issues in the life of the school. Clubs are conceived and operated in terms of service to the school and community and of the enrichment of individual lives. Exploitation of sports or other student activities by commercial or other noneducational forces is avoided. A school with these characteristics is succeeding in one of the most difficult, and most rewarding, phases of a good and complete education.

Let us suppose that you have now appraised your schools on these standards and found them lacking in one respect or in many. What next?

First, let the school board, the city council, the state legislature know what you think. The public schools are your schools; the people who run them represent you. Either work with them, or, if you are sure you cannot do so, work to get better men and women into these positions.

Second, work with the teachers. You may safely assume that the teachers are just as much concerned with good schools as you are. Your teachers welcome understanding and friendly help; a self-satisfied teacher is a contradiction in terms. If your parent-teacher association is not alert and strong, help make it so.

Third, recognize frankly that good schools, like anything else, cost money. America needs to spend for schools about double the money she is now spending. Remember that a good school system will always pay for itself in increasing the efficiency of the individuals it serves, the community to which it belongs, and the country in which it stands. In cold business terms, a good school raises your own real-estate values.

What does a good school cost? By and large, a school system which is spending less than $175 a year per child will at present be able to purchase only Grade C schools. An expenditure per pupil of approximately $175 to $225 will be sufficient to pay for a Grade B school, but not to build new buildings or retire the school debt. The superior school system, the Grade A school, costs from $225 per pupil up; and, if this seems like a lot, well, it amounts to little more than a dollar a day for each child.

Fourth, campaign. When people tell you that modern schools are not getting results, that children today cannot read, write or spell as well as they used to, give them the facts. Today's children actually learn to spell better, read better and write better under so-called "newfangled" methods than they did under nineteenth-century methods. The time spent today on the three R's in a "modern" school is three times what it used to be. When you hear that today's schools neglect the development of character, or are out of touch with the needs of practical life, first find out whether that is true in your community. As a rule, it is not true. And if these faults do exist, that is all the more reason why your help is needed.

Fifth, keep up a steady interest in your schools. Do not launch into a sudden attack and then blame the schools because *they* haven't done anything. Join with other citizens who are intent upon improving your schools. Show your support and interest consistently. If you have the misfortune to find an incompetent or unfriendly teacher, do not conclude in haste that all teachers are that way. Do not throw out the barrel of apples because one on top is bad.

You are a stockholder in a business with branches in every county, village and city. A business with 1,000,000 employees, a $3,000,000,000 operating budget, a plant worth $8,000,000,000, a business concerned with the protection and development of this nation's greatest natural resource: its youth. You owe it to yourself, to your children, to your community, to review the quality of your schools and to work to improve them.

THE END



Summer Sunshine for your Winter Breakfast

It took months of warm summer sunshine to bring this dish of prunes to your breakfast table. Months of summer sunshine that packed them full of wholesome goodness... made them rich in sweet prune flavor.

For these are SUNSWEET Prunes!

They were *not picked* like other fruit, but were allowed to hang in the sunshine until so plump and heavy with juicy goodness they dropped from the trees of their own weight.

Prunes like these make a great start for a grand day... a *regular* day... for prunes really DO something for you.

SUNSWEETS are *"Tenderized"* for quick-cooking and better eating, sealed in *foil* for perfect protection, *pasteurized,* packed and *guaranteed* by the *growers* themselves.

Surprisingly economical, too. SUNSWEET Prunes are one of your best buys in food. They cost less than *2½c per dish*... two good servings for a nickel!

SUNSWEET "TENDERIZED" PRUNES, PEACHES, APRICOTS AND SUNSWEET (THE ORIGINAL) PRUNE JUICE — Packed by California Prune & Apricot Growers Association, San Jose, Calif.



Sunsweet TENDERIZED PRUNES

WHAT SENDS PEOPLE TO RENO?

By Dr. James F. Bender

Director, The National Institute for Human Relations

WHAT is in back of the tremendous increase in the American divorce rate? Although less than 1 per cent of all divorces are obtained in Reno, the name of that Nevada town is synonymous with the vast numbers of broken marriages upon the land.

Obviously, the answer lies in our growing tolerance of divorce. Also in the general conviction that women and men have a right to happiness in marriage. A more fundamental question then arises, "Why do so many fail to find happiness in marriage?"

Psychologists, sociologists, human-relations counselors—we all have been busy making a scientific study of the problem within recent years. We are uncovering the hard, cold facts of what causes happiness and unhappiness in marriage, thus providing insight into the ways of preventing divorce through intelligent guidance before and during marriage.

1. Are wide differences in schooling a cause of marital unhappiness?

YES. Similarity in schooling of husband and wife is characteristic of well-adjusted couples. When wide educational differences exist, the chances for happy marriage are better if the husband is more highly educated than the wife, rather than the other way around. According to certain studies, the happiest marriages were found among those couples who first met as school children.

2. Does living with relatives after marriage encourage divorce?

NOT VERY MUCH. In a study of two representative groups of married couples, those living with relatives and those living in their own homes, happy marriages were found only slightly more often—statistically insignificant—in the latter group. Stereotyped jokes about mother-in-law are misleading. In 1946, when the housing shortage was greatest, we surveyed opinion of newlywed husbands in Brooklyn, New York, about mothers-in-law. The majority opinion was summarized colloquially: "1. She helps with the housework during sickness and emergencies. 2. She'll go to bat for you with your wife when you kick over the traces a bit. 3. She often lends us money in a pinch. 4. She gives sound advice. 5. She always welcomes us to her house and provides us with good meals. 6. When she barks, it's worse than her bite because her heart's in the right place."

3. Is marital unhappiness associated with unhappy childhood background?

YES. A happy childhood is one of the strongest forces supporting marital happiness, far outweighing other important factors, such as religious instruction and adequacy of sex education. In a way we may consider the majority of happy marriages as being inherited, in the sense that happy marital adjustment is so often a reflection of successful marriage on the part of the couple's parents. Another type of happy marriage—only infrequently seen—is based on both partners' eagerness for the kind of stable home life that they missed in their childhood.

4. Is adultery the most common complaint among unhappy marriages?

NO. Cruelty, mental and physical, is cited much more often—in almost 50 per cent of all divorce proceedings. At bottom is an inability of the marriage partners to understand each other sympathetically. The old Romans' term for divorce was *diversae mentes*, which means "different minds," or temperaments.

5. Does short acquaintanceship before marriage lead to divorce?

YES. An acquaintanceship of less than one year is particularly fraught with danger. Some studies indicate that an acquaintanceship of as long as five years results in best chances for marital happiness. A floor of eleven months is put on the actual engagement time, but very protracted engagements are poor omens. Some surveys find that the happiest marriages result from an acquaintanceship reaching back to early childhood or the school years. The better you know your mate before marriage, the easier he is to live with after, is a substantiated truism.

6. Are marriages unhappy when the wife wears the pants?

NO. Provided that her husband doesn't want to wear them too. While the patriarchal type of marriage is still the popular standard in America, about four out of every ten marriages in which the wife is the boss are very happy.

7. Does early marriage often end in divorce?

YES. If both bride and groom are under twenty at the time of the wedding, the risk of unhappiness is ten times as great as for marriages of the "ideal ages"; that is, twenty-four years for the bride, twenty-nine for the groom. If the bride is under twenty or the groom under twenty-one—whatever the age of the other partner—the risk is increased between two and ten times that for the ideal age. Yet there are happy marriages of very wide age differences. The tendency seems to be growing for younger men to marry older women; an estimated one out of every fifteen marriages today is of that combination.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Hill in Spring

By Elaine V. Emans

I said, once, I would own a mountain, blue
And high for being free upon, but now
I know a little hill in spring will do
As well, with crocus scattered on its brow,
And breath of fragrant wind to steal around
It from the south, and bird returned to spill
A deal of song as if it just had found
Its voice with much to tell. A little hill,
On second thought, is lovelier by far
To shake the winter from me, and to free
Cobwebs of thought that sometimes cling to me,
Than blue and towering mountains ever are.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

8. Do married couples living in cities have to develop more common interests than rural marital partners in order to stave off divorce?

YES. In urban marriages vocational activities of husband and wife are frequently disparate and need to be counterbalanced by a large amount of common activity in leisure time. On the farm husband and wife work throughout the day as a team in close propinquity.

9. Does elopement encourage divorce?

YES. Because it is a sign of a number of things: hasty decision, need for secrecy, parental disapproval. There is a very high rate of divorce among runaway marriages. They may seem romantic; but the facts show that they are usually headed for trouble.

10. Do underweight women make poor marital risks?

YES. Excessively thin women are usually jittery women. Case studies and statistics reveal that those who are fifteen pounds or more underweight have an inordinately high divorce rate. Poor health and unwise dieting drain off the robustness of body and temperament which is necessary to withstand the daily problems that successful marriage must resolve.

11. Do intelligent men and women divorce less frequently than the less gifted?

YES. The great proportion of individuals who seek divorce or solutions to their marital rifts from outside sources, such as marriage clinics, are of average or below-average intelligence. While a higher education is not always a guaranty of first-rate intelligence, particularly in regard to human relations, couples with college degrees are reported to have a divorce rate of only one eighth to one twentieth the general ratios for the states in which their colleges are located.

12. Does petting, necking or spooning before marriage encourage divorce?

YES. It is interesting to note that the divorce rate climbs as attitudes toward petting become relaxed. Psychological studies indicate that premarital petting is particularly harmful to the postmarital attitudes of women. The sex life of woman is more personal and means more to her than to man. She is more sensitive than her consort to conflicts arising out of what she does as opposed to what is expected of her by society.

13. Does sexual intercourse before marriage increase the possibility of divorce?

YES. Chastity seems to remain one of the sturdiest guaranties of marital happiness. Premarital sexual relations are again particularly dangerous for women; to a lesser but very definite degree for men. Psychoanalysts report that the woman who gives herself to a man other than her husband before marriage runs the risk of revulsion or, equally devastating to her marital adjustment, of creating a *ghost lover*, with which her husband cannot compete.

14. Does poor cooking lead to divorce?

YES. Recent studies support the old saw, "A way to a man's (and woman's) heart is through his stomach." Irritability and undernourishment, resulting from poor home cooking and lack of adequately planned menus, are impelling reasons why numerous couples find themselves eventually in domestic-relations courts.

15. Is successful marriage possible without sexual relations?

YES. But not ordinarily so. Although gynecologists' estimates of *white marriages* go as high as 15 per cent of all marriages, these are ordinarily unhappy and end in separation or divorce. But many sexless marriages, made so by illness or incapacity, survive on companionship and common interests, and even occasionally on hatred.

16. Is bad housekeeping a dire[ct] of divorce?

YES. Case studies collected from [th] divorce courts indicate that bad housek[ee] contributed to divorce in 17 per ce[nt] cases studied, outdistancing jealou[sy] (9 cent) and nagging (11 per cent). Ha[p]y bands and wives are usually oik[ed] a ten-dollar term meaning those who [do] the art and science of keeping a goo[d h]

17. Are discordant marriage[s] childless?

YES. Unhappiness is the result [of] majority of childless marriages. A[n] study resulted in the discovery that [ap]mately 50 per cent of all childless m[ar]were so by design. Childlessness def[ies] of the basic reasons for marriage: children. This reason is supported [by] logical, psychological and social pr[in] The chances for marital adjustment [are] as the number of children increase[s] sampling survey conducted by The N[ew] Institute for Human Relations in [the] County, New York, childless cou[ples] ported, almost without exception, th[at] marital happiness increased after a[t] one or more children.

18. Does absence of sex instr[uc]when they were children make [hus]bands and wives poor marital ris[ks]

YES. Divorced couples report ig[no]about sex matters when they were sex-[ed] children almost 100 per cent more fre[q]than do happily married couples. [It] one of the most substantial reasons to [be] vanced for planned sex education i[n] childhood.

19. Are biological factors the [hi]monest cause of sexual maladjust[ment] in marriage?

NO. Although (1) differences in th[e] quency of desire for intercourse and [(2)] ability to achieve orgasm simultaneou[sly] mentioned more often than any other [two] ical factors by sexually dissatisfied hus[bands] and wives, psychologists are in agre[ement] that the attitudes toward sex are much [more] important in happy marriage. As a mat[ter] fact, when the attitudes are right, th[e] physical factors mentioned are abse[nt] often result in adjustment.

20. Is there a tendency for unh[appy] marriages to last a certain numb[er] years?

YES. There are, of course, wide varia[tions] in the duration of marriages which en[d] divorce. But the average period is ten [to] before the formal breakup. Unhappy co[uples] do not ordinarily take their decisio[n] divorce immediately to the courts [on] arriving at it. They are separated on average for about three and a half years [be]fore doing so.

21. As the number of children [in]creases, does divorce become a rem[ote] possibility?

YES. Couples with one child are twic[e] likely to get a divorce as those with [no] children; nine times as likely as if they [have] five children or more. Large families [not] only increase responsibilities, but augm[ent] emotional ties. In Leslie County, K[en]tucky—a predominantly rural communit[y] where the average number of births per f[am]ily is said to be nine, divorce is virtu[ally] unknown. It was so throughout the l[and] in the days of the "good, old-fashioned f[am]ily."

22. From the standpoint of great[er] marital happiness, is there an ideal ti[me] to have children?

(Continued on Page 298)

NO WONDER – MORE FRIGIDAIRES SERVE IN MORE AMERICAN HOMES THAN ANY OTHER REFRIGERATOR



SEE HOW YOU SAVE FOOD



Air inside the Frigidaire "Cold-Wall" Refrigerator is naturally moist, so foods stay fresh days longer. *Super*-moist cold lets fruits, vegetables keep their "just-picked" taste, appearance. Big Super-Freezer Chest keeps frozen foods safe—*and handy*.

SEE HOW YOU SAVE WORK



No need to cover dishes: food storage space is *evenly* cooled – through the walls. Porcelain interior—easy to clean. Shelves adjust many ways. Hydrators hold more than a half-bushel of fruits, vegetables. Quickube Trays give *instant* ice service.

SEE HOW YOU SAVE WORRY



You *know* your Frigidaire will stay on the job through hottest weather. It's powered by the "Meter-Miser," simplest cold-maker ever built: uses less electric current than an ordinary light bulb—protected by 5-year warranty.

OU'RE TWICE AS SURE WITH TWO GREAT NAMES

FRIGIDAIRE

MADE ONLY BY

General Motors

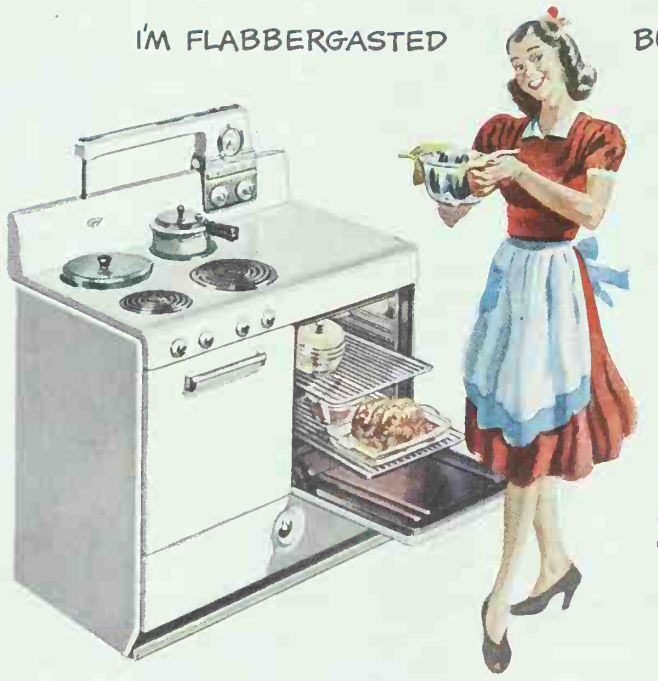


FOR THESE 8 REASONS

A *Frigidaire* Electric Water Heater

1. *Completely* automatic.
2. *Plenty* of hot water, always at the exact temperature.
3. Perfect safety: no open flame, fumes, overheating.
4. Clean: no fuel, no soot.
5. May be located anywhere.
6. Economical: current on only part-time; heating units right in water.
7. Sickle-shaped Radiantube Units flex off scale, keep efficiency.
8. Special baffle: incoming cold water doesn't dilute heated water.

I'M FLABBERGASTED BUT I'M HAPPY



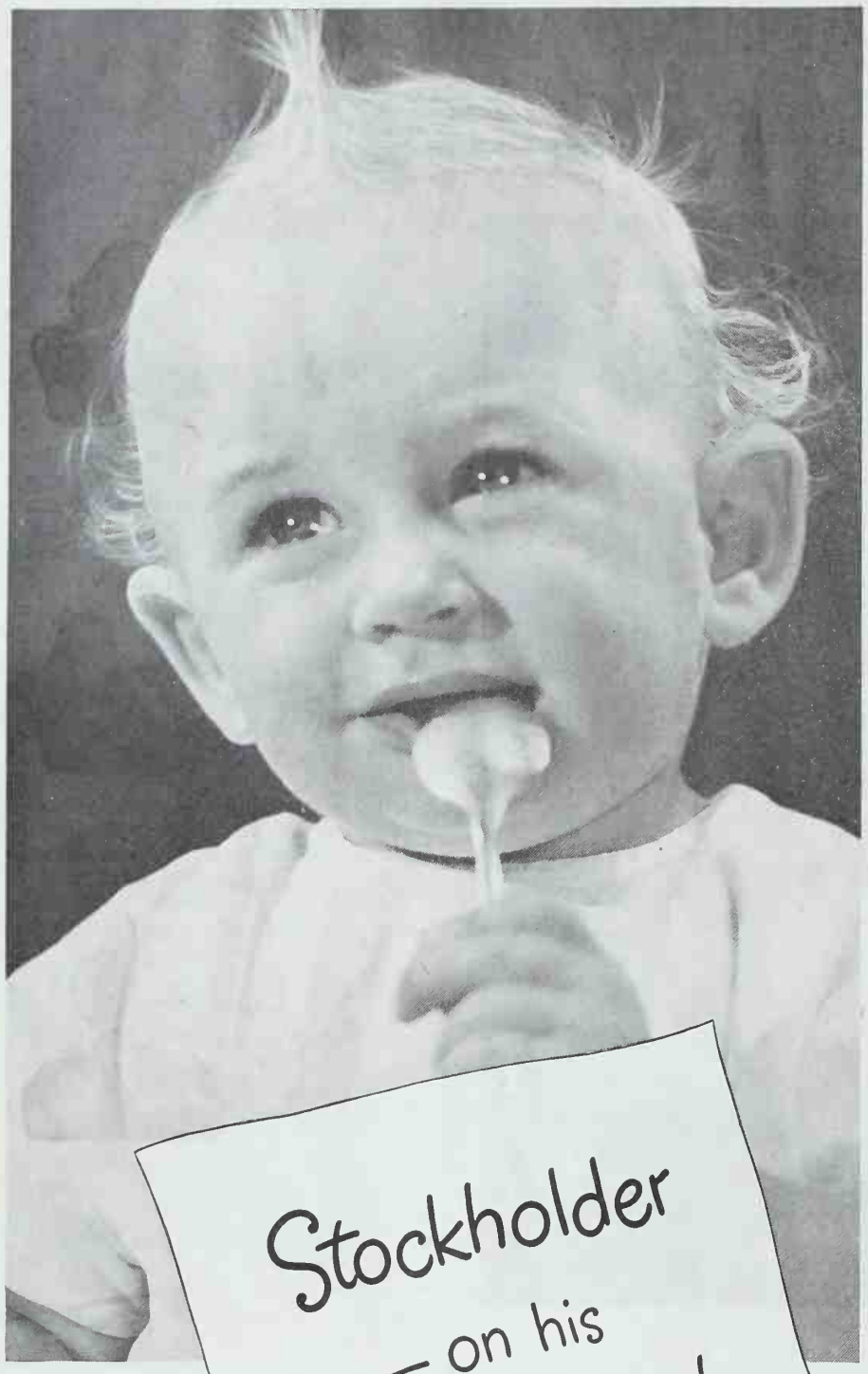
We bought a Frigidaire Electric Range so I could spend less time in the kitchen. Now cooking's so much fun—so *fast*, so *easy*, so *clean*—I'm always trying something new, just to have an excuse to use my new range.

Jim says, "Isn't that just like a woman!"

"Yes," I say, "*just like a woman with a new Frigidaire Electric Range!*"

Find Frigidaire Dealer's name in Classified Phone Directory.
Or write Frigidaire, Dayton 1, Ohio. Leaside 12, Ontario.

Listen to "The Man Called X" every Sunday night. See newspaper for time, station.





THIS cute little fellow wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth but his mother is a stockholder just the same.

For she's one of the thousands and thousands of mothers — young and old—among the 390,000 women who are stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. They outnumber the men!

They are women in all walks of life, all over the land. The majority give their occupation as "housewife." Many others are teachers, nurses, stenographers, clerks and sales people.

Tens of thousands of girls and women who work for the Telephone Companies either own A. T. & T. stock or are buying it out of wages.

No other stock is held by so many people all over America—and there are more stockholders now than ever. The total exceeds 723,000. So you can see that this is a business that is owned by the people. It was built by the savings of the many, rather than the wealth of the few.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 296)

YES. Statistical studies show that those marriages turn out happiest when children do not arrive during the first two years. Evidently a certain amount of time is needed by most couples to become acclimated to each other and provide for necessities in order to make good parents. However, the delay must not be too prolonged. For marriages to which children are born only after five or more years have elapsed are likely to be less happy.

23. Are unhappy marriages more frequent among certain vocations than others?

YES. The divorce rate is significantly higher among actors, traveling salesmen, musicians and bartenders than among farmers, civil engineers and teachers. The reason most often cited for the disparity is that those vocations allowing husband and wife to be together much and regularly encourage domestic felicity. Once again the evidence describes successful marriage as a close, functioning partnership.

24. Does divorce decline in economic depressions?

YES. Both divorce and marriage rates decrease during depressions; zoom with boom times. In 1930–31, for example, there was a $4\frac{1}{10}$ per cent decrease in divorce throughout the country from the preceding twelve months. During 1932, Reno, Nevada, reported a decrease of 1143 divorces as compared with the antecedent year. In 1946, when employment reached an all-time peak and the country's earnings burst through previous tops, divorce was at its all-time high.

"Mamma, if a bear should swallow me, I'd die, wouldn't I?"
"Yes, dear."
"And would I go to heaven?"
"Yes, dear. Why do you ask?"
"Well, wouldn't the bear have to go too?" —E. ESAR: The Animal Joker (Harvest House, New York).

25. Does marital happiness increase with size of income?

NO. While financial uncertainty and unemployment make for unhappiness in marriage, there is no relationship between amount of income and marital adjustment. Happy and unhappy marriages are found at all economic levels. The one factor outweighing all other economic considerations in promoting happiness in marriage is the degree of certainty of income, not its size.

26. Do disputes about money lead to divorce?

NO. Although the reason most often advanced by unhappy couples for breaking up their marriage is disagreement about money matters, authorities are dubious that this reason is basic. It is an easy one to seize upon, not only because it is present but because it is socially acceptable. Money disputes arise out of more fundamental tensions and incompatibility. Intelligent, sincere spouses ordinarily find a reasonable solution to the problem of budgetary building and dispersal.

27. Are divorces due to taper off?

NO. Half a century ago Dr. Walter F. Willcox, famous statistician, projected long-range estimates of the climbing divorce rate. These have been remarkably accurate as verified by succeeding census figures. In 1940 one marriage in every six ended in divorce; in 1946, one out of every four. By 1996 one marriage out of every two will so terminate, according to these long-range analyses.

28. Do women almost always seek the divorce?

YES. Approximately three fourths of all divorces are granted to wives, and about 85 per cent in any representative year are undefended. Husbands not only are reported to break "the moral code" oftener than wives, but they also permit their wives to file the suit for divorce—a kind of socially approved gallantry. Contrary to opinion, though, alimony is on requested—nine times out of a hun only six get it.

29. Are divorces directly trac conflicts that have been allowe velop for more than a year?

YES. Happy readjustments a easier to effect and much more ofte among couples who seek a soluti than a year after first recognized. V cord is allowed to grow, divorce or s is the usual consequence. Nipping in the bud is demonstrably sound a the protection and maintenance marriage.

30. Is there a basic factor oper neurotic marriages?

YES. There is admittedly danger to identify a common cause of unha riages—the fallacy of the single ca the large categories of unhappy m classified by infidelity, jealousy, selfishness, and so on, possess in con *ability to love the partner tenderly* in per cent of the cases.

31. Do only children experien marital unhappiness than those brothers and sisters?

YES. Only children have a greate cap than those reared with broth sisters, by about 20 per cent. Mo large percentage children never ma choanalysts repo only children m quently remain t chologically to th ents; ordinarily, their fathers *or* boys to their mot

32. Is a "ma boy" a poor r risk?

YES. Here again a picture of em immaturity that t finds difficult to understand and liv Bachelors, reported to have increase cent within recent years, are ver mamma's boys. A "daddy's girl" i poor marital risk for similar reasons types often find wholesome sexual ment difficult of attainment.

33. Does church attendance lo chances of divorce?

YES. Frequent church attendan great aid in building marital success. a family has a good chance of being h wife and children go to church regula chances for happiness are excellent w husband is a regular church attenda especially so if husband and wife go t to the same church regularly.

34. Is a happy temperament th single insurance against unhappy riage?

YES. There is none better. A cheerf position is most often traced to t dividual's conscious fondness of his p in childhood without any deep-root conscious link with them. A happy te ment can withstand successfully of the problems of marriage that a tive personality would take to the d court.

35. Is "talking out" problems the marital partner the best tech for building and preserving happin marriage?

YES. And the ability to do this i traced to childhood experiences of t problems to understanding and parents. Speech was made to open m wife; not to separate them. The "t cure" is therefore helpful to men and w in the home as well as in the psychol office.

Printed in U

JOURNAL

The Magazine Women Believe In

May, 1948 • 25c

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY

A Complete Novel

CONDENSED IN THIS ISSUE

BY MARGARET MILLAR

RED ROPE
AGAZINE BINDER
Manufactured by
AYLORD BROS. Inc.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Stockton, Calif.

ane only consulted her compact... But Lucy consulted her dentist!



case #1

Jane, nervous about meeting new people, wished her mirror revealed brighter teeth, a prettier smile.

Jane should have stopped wishing and started for her dentist's the first time she saw "pink" on her tooth brush—instead of letting it go until it became serious!

He could have told her how important firm, healthy gums are to sound teeth and a sparkling smile. And how to follow the regular home care routine so many dentists advise: *Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.*

Silly of Jane—not to ask her dentist!



case #2

Lucy, when she met new people, was poised—confident of her smile.

Because she (wise girl!) took no chances with her teeth and gums. Seeing a warning flash of "pink" on her tooth brush, *she consulted her dentist—quick!*

After treatment, he said that hers was simply a case of soft foods robbing her gums of exercise—and for home care suggested "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

This advice, followed faithfully, soon helped Lucy to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile. *Smart of Lucy—to ask her dentist!*

ational survey shows:

Dentists recommend Ipana 2 to 1

(over any other tooth paste)

ts of Bristol-Myers



For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush the twist in the handle. 1,000 dentists helped design it.

The dentist knows best! See him for regular check-ups on your teeth and gums. He is the man best qualified to advise you.

Remember: Dentists recommend and use Ipana 2 to 1 over any other tooth paste. And 9 out of 10 dentists recommend gum massage regularly or in special cases. *(These facts were shown by a recent nationwide survey of dentists, conducted by impartial authorities.)*

So start today with Ipana Tooth Paste. Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. *Help him guard your smile of beauty!*

Ipana Tooth Paste *for your Smile of Beauty*

DOCTORS PROVE The Palmolive Plan brings 2 out of 3 women Lovelier Skin in 14 days!



The Plan is easy as it can be— here's all you do, just 1—2—3!

1. Wash your face with Palmolive Soap!
2. Then, for 60 seconds, massage with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse!
3. Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect!



DOCTORS PRO
PALMOLIVE
BEAUTY RESUL

YOU, TOO, MAY LOOK FOR THESE SKIN IMPROVEMENTS IN ONLY 14 DAYS!



Regardless of your Age—

"Smoother, less oily!" reports Helen Meyer of Chicago. The Plan was tested on women from 15 to 50—and brought definite gains to 2 out of 3.



Regardless of your Type of Skin—

"Fresher, brighter color!" reports Viola Miller of St. Louis. The 36 examining doctors report this improvement for most of the women tested.



Regardless of what Beauty Care you've used before!

"Fewer tiny blemishes!" says Lillian Briskin of New York. Incipient blackheads, caused by improper cleansing, usually respond to the Palmolive Plan.



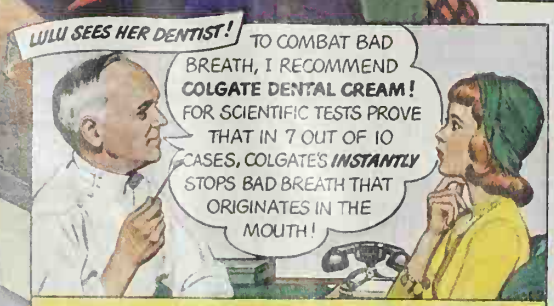
For Tut or Shaw get the New, Big, T Bath Siz Polmaliv

But don't bring Lulu!

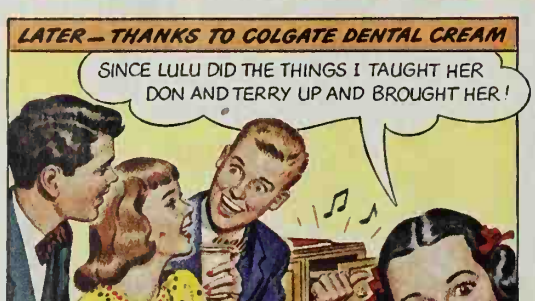




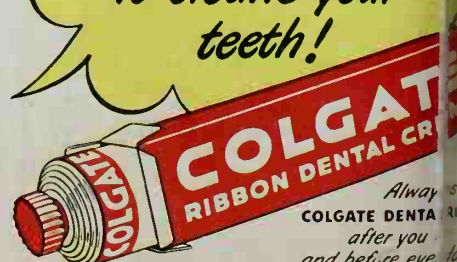




"HERE'S WHY: COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS AN ACTIVE *PENETRATING* FOAM THAT GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH — HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES — STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS — REMOVE THE *CAUSE* OF MUCH BAD BREATH. AND COLGATE'S SOFT POLISHING AGENT CLEANS ENAMEL THOROUGHLY, GENTLY, *SAFELY!*"



It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!



Alway se
COLGATE DENTA RE
after you
and before eve

GORSKA



ROSE C. FELD

uthor of *The Land is Sleeping* ts: "Because I used to whistle ittle girl, my grandmother said me to no good end. Maybe she right. I became a writer. Be- newspaper work, I've done four s (one on labor, two novels and lection of short stories), a play lasted a week on Broadway and v play that I hope will be pro- d. But I'm chucking all that spring to go to Europe for six hs. Why? To see what's hap- g over there so that I can write t it."

KUHNER



ALEX ROSS

ave always wanted to be an art- except for a period when the s beckoned. To be an acrobat or erialist was my ambition then. my future wife appeared on the e and cast another kind of spell me. From that day on I forgot t the smell of sawdust and con- rated on my new love, and paint- Between brush strokes I talk Mrs. Ross and the four small es, and wish for a long vacation lorida or Maine." (Mr. Ross trated Jessamyn West's *The* in this issue.)



MARGARET MILLAR

ve in Santa Barbara, California, my husband, Kenneth, my hter, Linda, and a dog and eat. ring housekeeping, I swim every noon. (We are all swimming ets and haven't been thoroughly for years.) Ignoring the phone doorbell, I write every morning. written eight novels, six of them teries. *It's All in the Family* is second novel-without-blunt- ruments. To unflattering people ask if I've written any books y and under what name, I reply , 'I have, and my own.'"

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MAY, 1948

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Cover Design by Wilhela Cushman

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly . . . Column No. 106

The greatest star of the screen!

Recipe for perfect screen dish: Take big stage hit by big authors, season with big stars, trust cooking to eminent chef Frank Capra, serve in M-G-M manner.

★ ★ ★ ★

Result: "State Of The Union." Piping hot.

★ ★ ★ ★

Liberty Films produced this picture on the M-G-M lot for M-G-M distribution and the Lion is roaring about the most exciting movie ever made, as topical as today's newspaper, as comical as a circus with a plot, as intensely romantic as the elopement of a beautiful couple.

★ ★ ★ ★

In response to queries "How is the State Of The Union?", the answer is, "It's Great!"



Spencer Tracy plays the famous part, which has been toured in the flesh from coast to coast. And he plays it, as they say, to the hilt. Is there a greater actor anywhere than Mr. Tracy? We'll argue if you say there is.

★ ★ ★ ★

Katharine Hepburn plays the woman who fights for love and family. Never has anyone seen this actress show more evidence of a unique talent in her performance. It is a flower-sending job.

★ ★ ★ ★

Van Johnson as the press agent is so good that we wish he were advertising the "State Of The Union."

★ ★ ★ ★

Angela Lansbury as the famous publisher—important. Adolphe Menjou as the campaign manager—dynamic. Lewis Stone as the great Thorndyke—stirring.

★ ★ ★ ★

Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse should be more than pleased with the wonderful adaptation Producer and Director Capra has made of their play. They will be pleased with the sparkling screen version written by Anthony Veiller and Myles Connolly.

★ ★ ★ ★

The lion isn't lyin' when he tells you that this picture is the "must" of 1948.

—Leo



hot out of the oven —

A CHEESE-RICH, MEAT-THRIFTY MEAL!





BORDEN'S HASTY-TASTY CASSEROLE

Made extra flavorful and nourishing with Borden's Chateau*

2 cups (2 8-oz. cans) tomato sauce
½ cup water
3 cups cooked spaghetti
1½ cups diced leftover meat
½-lb. package Borden's Chateau, diced
salt and pepper

Mix tomato sauce and water. Arrange alternate layers of spaghetti, meat, sauce and Chateau in greased 1½-qt. baking dish, making top layer Chateau. (Chateau is Borden's fine cheese food that melts as smoothly as it spreads and slices.) Season with salt and pepper. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 25 minutes. Serves 4-5.

From its bubbly brown top to the last scrapings in the dish, this thrifty favorite is rich in real Cheddar cheese goodness. For it's made with Chateau —the better-flavored cheese food that Borden's makes by blending fine mellow-mild and sharp aged American Cheddar Cheese.

Use Chateau for all your cheese cooking. Slice it or spread it for snacks, sandwiches, salads, too.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GREEN PEPPER PIMENTO SALAD

(Borden's Pimento Cocktail Spread takes a salad out of a rut!)



3 green peppers
1 tablespoon plain gelatin
1 tablespoon cold milk
1 cup hot milk
1 jar Borden's Pimento Cocktail Spread
½ teaspoon salt
dash of pepper

Keeping peppers whole, remove tops and seeds. Soften gelatin in cold milk. Add to hot milk; stir till dissolved. Blend in Borden's Pimento Spread, salt and pepper. (Borden's Pimento Cocktail Spread, packed with morsels of real pimento, has an extra goodness you'll welcome in a ready-mixed spread.) Pour mixture into pepper shells. Place upright in muffin tins. Chill till firm, then slice. Makes 4 salads.

There are 8 delicious Borden's Cocktail Spreads. Keep several varieties on hand for snacks and sandwiches and quick party fixings.

©The Borden Company

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES

IF IT'S BORDEN'S—IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

Our Readers Write Us

Outstanding Editorial Feat

New York City.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: In addressing the annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce when they launched their program "American Opportunity," I used your editorial feature of American families as an ideal example.

"One of the most powerful emotional appeals in driving home the full meaning of American Opportunity is to point out individuals or families who have made use of that opportunity. This method," I pointed out, "is illustrated by one of the outstanding editorial feats of our time, the Ladies' Home Journal series on typical American families. Each month the Journal describes one of these families, how they live, what they earn, how they spend it, how they grow. All kinds of families are described, from wage workers to company owners.

"I feel strongly about this because my own family is so deeply indebted to American opportunity. My parents came to this country almost penniless when they were 25. My father worked in a planing mill, ten hours a day, six days a week, $12 a week. At night he studied English and mechanical drawing in the free public schools and after twelve years became a foreman. There were six children and we were distinctly of the 'underprivileged third.' Fortunately, we did not know it then. We were taught, at home and in school, that America was the land of opportunity for those who had the ambition and the self-reliance to make use of it. Our privileges included a free grade school and high school education. With help from home, part-time work, and a few scholarships from capitalistic colleges, we were even able to get college degrees.

"What happened in our family was not unique. It happened among our neighbors, in the large German population, among the Poles, the Italians, the Irish, not to mention the native Americans. In fact, this process has become so general among Americans that we no longer appreciate it. If communities all over the country were to select, periodically, concrete cases of families who had made use of their American Opportunities, who had improved their position, gotten an education, purchased their own home, started their own business, assumed responsibility in the community, and were to extend public recognition to such families, the appreciation of American Opportunity would be rapidly increased. We must demonstrate again and again that the essence of American Opportunity lies not in its material wealth, but in its *spiritual* heritage; not in its automobiles, refrigerators, washing machines and radios, but in its principles and ideals."

Sincerely yours,
HENRY C. LINK,
Vice President,
The Psychological Corporation.

The Journal Goes to School

Northampton, Mass.

Dear Editors: I thought that you might be interested to know that the JOURNAL has become required reading at Smith College. I'm taking a course in the Religion Department called American Social Problems and last week we were told to read the articles on marriage and education. Congratulations to you for combining something worthwhile with pleasurable reading! MONICA GAILLARD, '49.

Why Subscribe?

La Jolla, California.

Gentlemen: I've subscribed to your magazine for four years. And very happy about it all that time!

But now comes the revolution. You offer a one-year subscription for the same price I'd pay on the newsstand. What inducement is there to purchase a subscription? When I see the fabulous advertising in the magazine—for which you get fabulous prices—and then see only five stories, I wonder.

Yours with disgust,
H. DURYEA.

Publishers make more money from the sale of copies on the newsstand than from subscriptions. Subscribing, you know you will get a copy each month. Incidentally, the copy for which you pay only 25 cents costs an average of 58 cents to produce and deliver. ED.

What Every Girl Needs

Beaulieu-sur-mer, France.

Dear Mr. Ziesing: I am the enthusiastic mother of a seven-month-old baby girl, and I want to start right away doing everything to make her a wonderful person. How do you bring up a girl to be *happy?*

Yours sincerely,
A. NOGHES.

The art of making a girl happy is something which has occupied women and men for centuries. There is more happiness to be found in the world than many people discover. The secret is love, for as Shelley says, "Those who inspire love most are fortunate . . . but those who feel it most are happier still." ED.

Gifts of Double Value

Beverwijk 101, Leestraat, Holland.

Dear Editors: A year ago you kindly printed my thanks to the women of America for their most generous help to Holland. Those few lines have prompted so many letters, parcels and tokens of friendship that it is sometimes a whole-time job distributing them. The moral encouragement of your gifts is of even more worth to us than the material value—though we do have to make one pair of shoes last a year and a half. Yours sincerely,
GERDA VIS-VISSER.

Not Helping the Church

Bellaire, Ohio.

Dear Sirs: I read How America Lives with the bias of a clergyman interested in the religious life of the people portrayed. Not many seem to have much religious life, and in distributing their income, they show even less concern for the church. In one family there is at least a "rare" bottle of beer, an "infrequent" movie, cigarettes regularly, but *no* act of financial stewardship.

I hate to think your cases are typical of Protestantism, and I would like your writer to scout around and find some that are more nearly, from my experience, typical of how "America lives."

Sincerely,
REV. F. FRANKLIN McHENDRY.

Of Church and Charity

Stony Brook, Long Island

Dear Mr. Gould: Figures compiled by the National Stewardship Committee show that the American people in the thirteen-year period of 1933–1945 enjoyed an increase of $318,000,000,000 in their national income. Of this they paid for taxes $81,000,000,000 more than in the previous year and spent $58,000,000,000 more on luxuries. But their gifts to churches and related benevolences *decreased* by more than $1,000,000,000. At the same time church memberships increased, national income almost doubled and great savings were accumulated. In 1944 the percentage of national income devoted to churches and charities was 73 per cent lower than in the depression year of 1932.

In this country thousands of Christian families practice the time-honored principle of "tithing" where at least 10 per cent of the family earnings are given to church and charitable causes. But it is not difficult to see why national morale is slipping when the American people as a whole spend nearly twice as much annually on tobacco, three times as much for movies and recreation, seven times as much for alcohol and nearly ten times as much for jewelry, furs and other luxuries as they spend on character-building agencies.

Sincerely yours,
FRANK E. GAEBELEIN.

Many How America Lives families have arranged for church "tithes" in their budgets. See the story of the Wid-

(Continued on Page 6)



"My Apricream pie was a dream pie... fluffy and flaky and feather light!"

"You never saw a more prideful bride—or tasted a dreamier chiffon pie! It was yummy-rich . . . sweet with a touch of tartness . . . and *that crust!* So flaky, so tender, my Jim just begged for seconds . . . and *thirds!*

"Beginner's luck? Oh-ho no! You don't *need* luck when you use wonderful new, improved Crisco and Crisco's can't-miss pastry method. That magic combination takes all the guesswork out of pastry. With pure, all-vegetable Crisco and the sure-fire Crisco pastry recipe, anybody—yes, *anybody*—can get tender, flaky, digestible pastry every single time!

"I already knew that pure, creamy Crisco was a marvel for making scrumptious cakes and light, digestible fried foods. (9 out of 10 doctors, you know, say Crisco is easy to digest.) So now Crisco for all 3 is the new rule for me! Yes, whatever I cook . . . cakes, pastry or fried foods . . . you can bet I'll be cookin' with Crisco!"



APRICREAM PIE

(Yield: one 9" pie)

CRISCO SURE-FIRE PASTRY METHOD:

½ cup Crisco
1½ cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons water

All Measurements Level: Sift flour and salt into bowl. Remove ¼ cup flour and mix with water to form a paste. Cut Crisco into remaining flour until pieces are the size of small peas. Add flour paste to Crisco-flour mix. Shape into a ball. On a floured board, lightly roll a circle of dough 12" in diam. and ⅛" thick. Line pie pan. Allow pastry to extend ½" beyond edge. Turn edge under, flute with fingers. Prick pastry closely over bottom of pan. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 10-12 mins.

APRICOT FILLING:

1 tbsp. gelatin
¼ cup cold water
3 eggs, seporated
1 cup brown sugar
½ tsp. salt
1½ cups apricot pulp
1 tbsp. lemon juice
2 tbsps. sugar
½ cup heavy cream

Soften gelatin in water. Combine yolks, brown sugar, salt, apricot pulp and lemon juice. Cook over low heat until thick—stir constantly. Add gelatin, chill until firm. Beat egg whites with sugar. Whip cream. Fold meringue and cream into mixture. Fill pie shell. Chill. Top with extra whipped cream.

CRISCO COOK BOOK — 64 pages of "Recipes for Good Eating!" Yours for only 10¢ in coin and a Crisco label (any size) mailed to Crisco, Dept. HJ, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Offer good in U. S., including Hawaii.



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(Continued from Page 4)

Bemis (September, 1947); the Conrads (May, 1947). ED.

"Regional Houses" in Book?

Millbrook, New York.

Ladies and Gentlemen: Richard Pratt's architectural series is superior, and of importance in our national education program. I'm more aware every day of the general interest in our early architecture, and would like to see the JOURNAL series assembled in a book.

Think it over, please!

Sincerely,
JUANITA GREER WHITE.

Collected in a book, Regional Houses would cost, alone, what a five-year JOURNAL subscription costs. ED.

"Black Market in Babies"

Mt. Carmel, Connecticut.

Dear Miss Hickey: After our daughter, Peggy, was killed by a careless driver last September, my minister husband and I decided to adopt some homeless child. We applied to the state social agencies, and found most social workers to be stony-faced and harsh in judgment—saying much about scientific tests, but nothing of love and kindness. We were put on the defensive, as if it were criminal to want to adopt a child.

We turned to other states for help, only to find rigid regulations against out-of-state adoptions. Our efforts to find a European child were crowned with more futility. We even investigated the "black market babies," when we heard of a baby we could adopt by having the parents sign a release. Our sense of ethics rejected these steps we were taking—steps within the letter of the law, but breaking its spirit.

This "black market" exists because parents with children for adoption have found so little humanitarianism within the social agencies. The whole fabric of child welfare needs a new heart.

Sincerely yours,
(Name withheld by request)

The U. S. Children's Bureau recognizes this need, and is working on a plan to help states improve their adoption laws. The problem is complicated by a shortage of investigators, a greater demand for children, and insufficient funds and research. Because of these shortages, hundreds of children will lack a real home this year. ED.

Love That Woman

Anderson, Indiana.

Dear Editors: Today Marcelene Cox visited our Mothers' Federation—and how we loved her! Her smile and charm, the sincerity and forceful spontaneity of her style met appropriately the JOURNAL's consistently high standards.

Sincerely,
MRS. HORACE B. WILSON.

Phfft to Thrift!

New York City.

Sir: I am mad clear through. The young How America Lives couple who, on a total income of $71 a week, manage to put away $71 a month, are two poor suckers. They are being disgracefully cheated, and they don't know it. They think they are practicing a good old virtue—thrift. But thrift is no longer a virtue. It is an antisocial vice whose perpetrators are penalized right where it hurts—in the pocketbook.

Let them take warning from one who has been through the mill. A thousand dollars saved before the war is now, in purchasing power, $500. What it will buy ten years hence is a matter of conjecture. Ever since the days of Columbus, the purchasing power of American money has been steadily on the downgrade. Ten years hence a dollar will probably be worth twenty-five cents.

The saver plays a losing game. This is the dawn of a New Era, in which the rewards of improvidence and waste are greater than those of hard work and thrift.

Sincerely,
MARIO A. PEI.

Maybe Ben Franklin should have said, "A penny saved is a ha'penny earned." ED.

(Continued on Page 8)

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So right..



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FRENCH DRESSI

Perfect choice for any occasion is t "tossed" salad—but the dressing *m* be right. Get *Kraft* French! Delig fully seasoned, Kitchen-Fresh, a made with really fine ingredients

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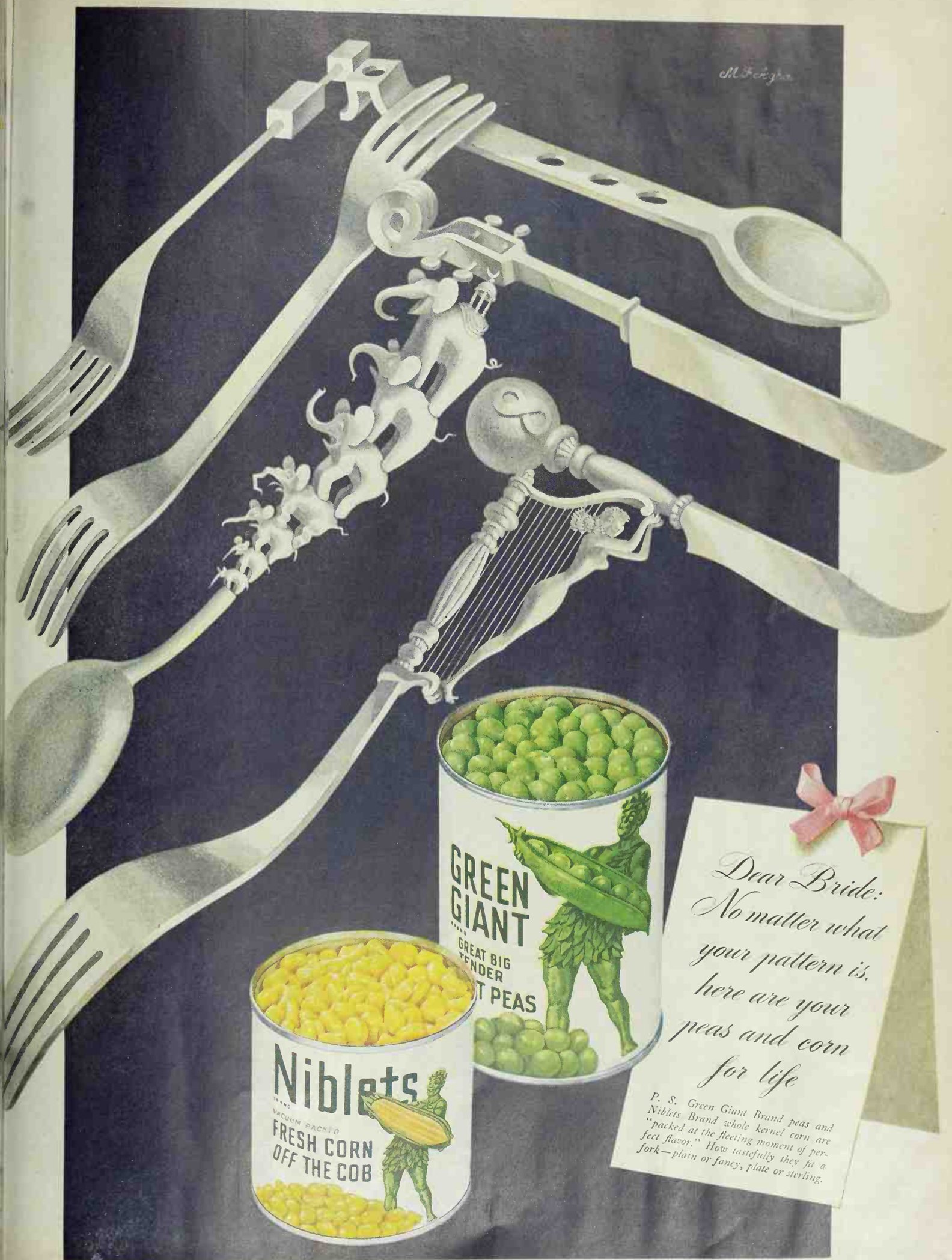
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● Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Halo Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

(Continued from Page 6)

Thanks Again From Germany

Provinz Schleswig-Holstein, Britische Zone, Germany.

Dear Editors: My niece Hortense Zeller wrote you on August 8 to thank you for the great support we had by your paper, and mentioned that I wrote every giver personally. In the last weeks, unfortunately, several parcels arrived without the cover paper so that I could not find out the sender addresses. Therefore allow me once more to trouble you asking to transfer my thanks to those donors who would look at me as unthankful when not knowing my impossibility of writing without an exact address.

Thanking you cordially for all your assistance, Yours very truly,

MARGARETE HEYDKAMP,
in charge of the Relief Committee.

Are Women People?

Rio Hondo, Texas.

Dear Ladies' Home Journal: What has happened to your magazine? The average woman wants fiction, fashions, food and homemaking ideas, but not things like Possible Presidents, French Art, Women and Children in the U. S. S. R. Those articles belong in news magazines. Why can't we have things women like in our magazine and leave the other things for the men?

Respectfully,
MRS. J. W. PORTER.

Real Contribution to Education

Arlington, Vermont.

Dear Mrs. Gould: I was thrilled by Dean Gauss' article on two counts: because of his nobly practical and sensible, but elevated, point of view; and because I was proud that a magazine for women presented this admirable and inspiring trumpet call to action in the educational field.

Faithfully and warmly yours,
DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER.

A Woman Can Dream

Cheshire, England.

My dear Ann Batchelder: We speak a different culinary language, you and I. We seem to cook the hard way in this country. It took World War I—and quite an amount of it—to convince my mother, now 82, that if your recipe calls for sausages, you don't *necessarily* have to make them first. You mention frozen foods constantly—they are in their infancy here. Also, your range of tinned foods is so much more extensive than ours. Here, tinned food is still considered shiftless and "last minute." Silly, but that's the way we are.

But don't, for heaven's sake, imagine that we are starving. We have enough, but it lacks substance and variety, and odd things like ham and cream and rich cake. I hope I don't die before they come back, as I plan to spend a wonderful old age eating four good meals per day and no questions asked.

Very sincerely yours,
OLIVE NEVETT.

Never Spanked

New York City.

Gentlemen: My mother believed so strongly in the American ideal of *individual freedom* and *human dignity* (children are humans!) that she would no sooner have spanked my brother or myself than she would have killed us.

She let us learn by experience. We were never told when to go to bed. She knew we'd go when we got tired enough, and soon we discovered we felt better the next day if we went to bed *early*. Nobody ever told us we couldn't leave the table until we ate our vegetables—"She'll eat when she gets hungry enough." When mother discovered I liked to travel, she let me take trips alone all over creation. When I was nine, I went to Italy alone.

Now—how did I turn out, after this peculiar training? Not at all badly! Today, at twenty-five, I'm a healthy, hard-working, successful lawyer, who served in the OSS during the war. I teach Sunday school. I've never committed any crimes, nor do I expect to.

If all American children were given this system of upbringing, *no dictator would ever be sprouted on American soil.* German parents are the strictest disciplinarians in the world, and look what happened to Germany! Very sincerely yours,

RUTH ROLAND.

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IT'S SPRING! Time ta laok younger . . . time ta soften away dry flakiness, ta smaoth thase ald-looking dry skin lines.

Here's a cream with lanalin's beautifying benefits—plus faur mare special skin softeners. A rich, rich cream thot penetrates into pares of your skin. Apply nightly—ar 10 minutes daily—and just see! Yaur skin laaks safter, smaather—has fresher, yaunger beauty! Get Woodbury *Special* Dry Skin Creom naw!



To keep hair beautifully groomed on all occasions, wear an invisible Venida Hair Net! Painstakingly made by hand, of long, resilient human hair, in 8 styl for every need, in shades to match your hair precisely



Ask for the familiar "Venida Girl" envelo at your favorite notion or drug counte

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The Guaranteed
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"rules the waves"

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Look, Buttercup,

your trouble is right under your nose!

There's a new man in her life. It's her first real date with him and she's been getting ready for it all day long. He is the one-and-only and tonight is, indeed, the night for romance . . . *so she thinks.*

Unfortunately it isn't going to work out that way.

Before nine o'clock he'll be wondering what he ever saw in her . . . Cupid will put the arrow back in his quiver . . . and she'll cry herself to sleep wondering whatever happened to turn his ardor into indifference.

"Poor thing! Poor thing!" you say. Nonsense! Don't waste your sympathy on her! She doesn't deserve it. No woman does who blindly takes her breath for granted . . . even for one night. After all, nothing puts you in such a bad light as halitosis (unpleasant breath).



Isn't it just common sense and good grooming to always rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic before any date where you wish to be at your best? You go forth with a wonderful sense of assurance that your breath is fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Use it night and morning.

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LADIES' HOME Journal

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Who Has Heard The Nightingale?

IN 1870, in Bellevue Hospital in New York, an eminent physician wrote, "Some of the nursing was done by drunken prostitutes who were given the option of going to prison or to hospital service . . . they were often found in sleep under the beds of their dead patients whose liquor they had stolen."

Nursing was to Florence Nightingale, even then, "a noble calling." Scorning public opinion, she decided to be a real nurse. "No one has ever done anything useful or good by listening to voices from without." Her disregard for "voices from without" broke the trail for the modern, highly regarded profession of nursing. But long after her time nursing was still considered a daring, if not disreputable, thing for a girl to do.

The American Hospital Association wants to enroll 50,000 students in the nation's 1250 schools of nursing during 1948. As with Florence Nightingale, a spiritual motivation serves many who undertake any job that is at once adventurous and monotonous, challenging and difficult. But likely most of the 40,000 students who enrolled in 1947 would not explain their reasons in spiritual terms. Why be a nurse? Surely not for money alone. (Her income, though improving, is never likely to be excessive, and the rich patient who leaves a fortune to his nurse is rare.) She has a far better chance of finding a husband among the interns or her patients, but nurses say even that is not unavoidable. Some girls choose to become nurses because a nurse helped them through a serious childhood illness, or because they know a nurse they admire. Whatever the reasons, and they are many and varied, the decision to enter the profession is one that grows from within.

Some Observations on a Sensational Book

By Dorothy Thompson

THAT an 800-page book, turgidly and repetitively written, laden with statistical tables, and retailing for $6.50, should remain for many weeks among the best sellers of nonfiction is an interesting social fact. Sexual Behavior in the Human Male was a sensational success for months after publication. It has also introduced into social conversation topics usually avoided and has elicited every variety of reaction and opinion.

The thus already widely known "Kinsey Report" is not complete. Later we are to learn more, from a greater number of cases, about the sexual behavior of male Americans; and later American females will come under the microscope of Professor Kinsey and his researchers from the University of Indiana.

The enormous interest in the Kinsey Report, of educators, sociologists, psychologists, churchmen and ordinary people, is understandable. The report is shocking to the ideal picture of how Americans are supposed to behave sexually. The picture of standard morality set up by our puritan ancestors is of chastity before marriage and fidelity thereafter.

Professor Kinsey, from a sampling of five thousand individuals, most of them living in the aura of respectability, demonstrates that this picture has no foundations in reality. Over a third of Doctor Kinsey's group have had some homosexual experience, and for something like 6 to 10 per cent this is their main sexual outlet. Among rural American males interviewed by Doctor Kinsey, 17 per cent admitted having had sexual relations with animals.

IN normal sexual contacts, the report shows considerable premarital sexual intercourse, especially among the less educated; not much infidelity during the earlier years of marriage; considerable association with prostitutes in the lowest social strata and by middle-aged men; and among the better educated and more intelligent youth, promiscuous "petting" which barely escapes complete sexual experience.

Furthermore, the sexual life of the American male begins much earlier than is popularly supposed. The average age of the onset of adolescence is found to be 13 years and 7 months; 99 per cent begin regular sexual activities through one outlet or another in their early teens, and the average teen-age boy (of the active population) "derives nearly half of his sexual outlet from completed relations with girls or women." The greatest intensity of sexuality is *not* in the years when most men marry, but in the middle and late teens, and those who are earliest active sexually remain so longest. Maximum activity is reached between adolescence and twenty years of age.

It is quite obvious that if Professor Kinsey's figures are correct and representative, the manners and customs of

to be as good with **Fish**



Rich as only real, *pure* mayonnaise can be, Best Foods or Hellmann's *Real* Mayonnaise is so *right* for seafood salads. There's no sissy sweetness to spoil the delicacy of even the subtlest fish or vegetable flavors.

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Real Mayonnaise



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Americans do not conform to popular myth, or to the law. If, for instance, the laws against homosexuality were strictly enforced, one American in every three would undergo a jail sentence sometime in his life.

But *are* the figures representative? Is this a genuinely "scientific" study, in the sense of being a sampling from which general conclusions can be drawn with reasonable exactitude? I think not.

One may question Professor Kinsey's exactitude by reference to the title of his book: Sexual Behavior in the *Human* Male. The "human" race includes West Europeans, Russians, Central Asiatics, Chinese, Melanesians and what not, and this study is concerned exclusively with white Americans. Actually, the only reliable figures are those for college graduates in the Northeastern United States.

To be exact, the report should make clear that, eliminating those who are prostitutes, inmates of prisons, psychiatric hospitals and other institutions, the Kinsey Report is a study of largely urban, predominantly college-educated, nonreligious and not overly reticent American males under thirty.

The report is also vague on certain details. Just what constitutes "homosexuality" and "bestiality" is not carefully described. If the former includes the schoolboy "pash," accompanied by fantasy and a certain amount of erotic play and sensation, it is not homosexuality in the criminal law, and since Freud, at least, has been known to be so common a stage of sexual development as to be fairly normal. Again, if "bestiality" includes a wide range of more or less erotic play with farm and domestic animals during prepuberty, it is another and more common thing than the definition in the criminal code.

Assuming, however—and I do so assume—that for the genuine sample, as I have restricted it, Professor Kinsey's report is fairly or wholly accurate, it does reveal a very decided gulf between the official standards and actual practice, what practical conclusions should or can we draw?

Often a wisecrack reveals observations as accurate as a scientist's. Englishmen, when asked to account for their annoyance with the behavior of American troops, were wont to echo, "Because they are overpaid, overfed, oversexed and over here." Americans do have that reputation. And Professor Kinsey appears to justify it.

PROFESSOR KINSEY is not concerned with morals—with the question of what ought to be; nor with causes—with the question of why. But society as a whole is very much concerned with these questions, for they are fundamental to civilization. When Mr. Justice Holmes, who had a most free, critical and open mind, was once asked, "What is essential to a civilization?" he stated, as one of three essentials, "Some regulation of relations between the sexes."

As Professor Kinsey extends his researches, it would be pertinent to learn, therefore, what groups (if any), with what sort of environment and education, more closely approach the official ideal standard; to what extent American behavior varies from that of other civilizations of the same racial composition; and, above all, to what extent American behavior today varies from American behavior in, say, 1909–14, prior to the First World War.

Are Americans more licentious than their recent (and still living) ancestors? And if so, why?

This seems important because historical experience apparently indicates that progressive licentiousness is an all but certain symptom of a society in a state of decline or crisis. It was, for instance, blatantly characteristic of German society preceding its dissolution in the brown flood of Nazism and war. If the erotic life of a people is libertine, self-indulgent, vulgar, perverse, indecorous and unrestrained, the whole s order displays the same characteristics. it is certainly characteristic of violent r lutions that they begin by tearing dow sexual restraints, advocating "free lo and celebrating obscenities, and then, w successful, have to swing back to rigi straints to check the anarchy let loos order to be able to govern.

IT is quite clear to me that Profe Kinsey does not understand at all the m ing of "sublimation." His figures s that sexual precocity is lowest in the gr of higher mentality and education. Bu seems to think that the sublimating c impulse is a matter of mere substituti like the Boy Scout concept of taking a hike and a cold shower. It is nothing o kind. It is the genuine conversion of kind of vital energy into a higher for vital energy, as Saint Augustine ur stood before Freud.

In general, licentiousness is a sign o gression. If vital energy is flowing ana cally in all directions, dissipated in s tionalisms, willful pleasures, and casua lationships creating responsibilities w are not then assumed, the vital ener not flowing creatively into society.

Sexual licentiousness is a regressio infantilism where the erotic life is ne *centered* nor sublimated. The young who decides—and is able—to concen his wayward sexual impulses on one wo and translate his sexuality into love already performed an act of sublima

The primary urge in sexual lust is gratification. The primary urge in s love is other-gratification and mutual f ment involving sac The Protestant Epis marriage service con a beautiful phrase f erotic insight. The b groom says, "With ring I thee wed, and my body I thee wo and with my w goods I thee en There enters i true love relationship both sexual c and something beyond sexual d adoration, gentleness, humility, and erotic impulse which is creative; th sire of the woman to perpetuate her in his children, the desire of the man t petuate the beloved features of the w and beyond that the urge of each to gr self-development in service to the c The bride is not a substitution for other woman, or any woman, but th carnation, for the true lover, of *all* w She is Woman.

> **The best preacher is the heart: the best teacher is time: the best book is the world: the best friend is God.**
> —TALMUD.

My impression of the Kinsey Rep that it reveals the American male (o samples reached) as both precociou infantile. I believe, also, that a study reveal that this is a social change, has social reasons. It may be that ou diets stimulate the pituitary glands we have by no means as yet fully exp the favorable or unfavorable results of ern diets on the whole personality.

It is also my impression that prepu and adolescent children are subjected greater erotic stimuli, through movi dio programs and syncopated music, is good for their sexual development.

On a recent visit to several cities of ada, when I asked myself what it noticed as being very different fro States, I suddenly realized it was the girls, with their smoothly brushed their soap-and-water faces, innoce make-up, and their air of childlike mo

It may well be that, if Professor Ki further studies substantiate what he ha far found, we should encourage earlie riages. This could be furthered by (1 pressing education to the extent it is a and (2) by getting over the idea tha abnormal for parents to support thei dren for a few years after marriage.

But at any rate, the Kinsey Report no reason for saying that because thir as they are, they are all right, and n needs to be done about it.

THE END



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NOW'S THE TIME!

Stop in today and take your choice of the many kinds of breads 'n' cakes 'n' pies 'n' other wholesome, ready-baked good-things-to-eat that are fresh at your store—*right now.*

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THE BAKERS OF AMERICA

. . . who offer you the *best food value you can put in your market basket.* Penny for penny, enriched bread gives you *more* protein plus food energy plus thiamine plus iron than any other food you eat at every meal!

IT TAKES SOMETHING THAT A BAKER MAKES TO MAKE A MEAL COMPLETE . . .

Completely Satisfying! Completely Nourishing!



It's no wonder Calumet cakes are so superb—every time! For Calumet acts *twice.* First in the mixing bowl...then in the oven...holding your batter up high, light, and even all through the baking.

It's a Date-repeater a Man-magnet!

Here's a perfect example of the glorious results you get with Calumet's double action!

Make him this delightful springtime cake, pink-and-white as the blossoming trees, and watch him get that dreamy look!

You can count on it...for Calumet's *double* action protects your cake from mixing bowl to serving plate.

Taste this cake...and you'll see why so many recipes call for "double-acting" baking powder...and why that means Calumet to so many good cooks.

Use double-acting Calumet for biscuits, too—for waffles, pancakes, muffins, all your baking. Your reputation will soar!

MAYTIME COCONUT CAKE

Preparations: Have the shortening at room temperature. Line bottoms of two deep 9-inch layer pans with paper; grease. Start oven for moderate heat (375°F.). Sift flour once before measuring.

Measure into sifter:
2¼ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
3 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
1½ cups sugar

Measure into mixing bowl:
½ cup shortening

Measure into cup:
*Milk (see below for amount)
1 teaspoon vanilla

Have ready:
2 eggs, unbeaten

*With butter, margarine, or lard, use ⅞ cup milk. With vegetable or any other shortening, use 1 cup milk.

Now the Mix-Easy Part:

(Mix by hand or at a low speed of electric mixer.) Stir shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add ¾ cup of the milk and mix until all flour is dampened. Then *beat 2 minutes.* Add eggs and remaining milk and *beat 1 minute* longer. (Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow about 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often.)

Baking: Turn batter into pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes, or until done.

For Frosting: Spread pink-tinted seven-minute frosting between layers and on top and sides. Sprinkle with Baker's Shredded Coconut.

(All measurements are level.)



CALUMET BAKING POWDER

Double-acting... for Double-sure Success!

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"Which toothbrush is mine, dear?"

UNDER-COVER STUFF

By Bernardine Kielty

THOSE of us who live in New York feel sad when outsiders look down their noses at us. But we prickle with indignation when another New Yorker misjudges us. ***Alan Dunn,*** born and bred New Yorker, contributor to *The New Yorker,* and husband of Mary Petty, another *New Yorker* contributor, has now gotten out a book, EAST OF FIFTH, THE STORY OF AN APARTMENT HOUSE, which people from other parts of the country will love.

It is a book of sketches of the tenants in this one apartment house during a period of twenty-four hours. In it the maids discuss their mistresses in the laundry, a chic-chic couple gives an elegant dinner party, a girl in a two-room-bath-kitchenette apartment has love troubles, the superintendent has tenant troubles, a woman of mystery wakes up in the late afternoon ("I think I'll skip breakfast and lunch, Marie, and just have a Martini"), husbands and wives bicker, radios go on forever, and one small child goes to school.

It is one New York, no doubt, and a tragicomic one perhaps, but it is not the New York that takes the subway to work, good-natured and busy, or the New York that makes world-shaking decisions daily in finance and business and politics, or the New York that goes to church (there are some 450 churches in Manhattan alone, and Brooklyn is known as "The City of Churches"), or the New York that takes books out of the public library and goes to concerts and visits the zoo and the museums, or the New York of hundreds of thousands of shopkeepers.

• • •

We did hear about a New York beauty salon where a customer can have her dress remodeled, her feet pedicured, her lunch served, her jewelry repaired and her theater tickets purchased, all while her hair is being set. It's not a bad idea. San Francisco, Chicago and Cleveland please copy.

• • •

The literary scene in New York gets caught in a whirlwind as spring comes on. Everyone who has been writing a book comes to New York to see a publisher. One of his editors entertained *Bruce Marshall* (VESPERS IN VIENNA; FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE; THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND FATHER SMITH) at the enormous gathering on all floors of a five-story house that marked the New York opening of B. T. Batsford, Ltd., of London.

While the author did his literary duty, the womenfolk plowed happily from shop to shop on Fifth Avenue, not buying, but looking, looking, looking. In Scotland and in England they hadn't seen silk dresses or nylon stockings or fluffy hats for so long that they felt they were in fairyland.

Batsford's of London, which started business in 1843 in High Holborn not far from the Old Curiosity Shop, has now branched out into one of the most attractive houses on one of New York's few tree-lined streets.

Then there was the literary-agency party at the Ritz given by ***Shirley Collier,*** ex-wife of ***John Collier*** (A TOUCH OF NUTMEG), where Mrs. Collier, small and dark and pretty in a black hat that flowed on and down around her neck, was in close converse with Laura Hobson (GENTLEMAN'S

(Continued on Page 16)

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"I hate to intrude like this, sir, but I wonder if you'd mind turning your radio down a little bit."



Dependable quality has made it America's Largest Selling Butter

On biscuits*, muffins, bread or toast. This finest butter is needed most

When you've made the lightest, fluffiest biscuits you know how ... then surely you'll want to serve the butter that doubles their deliciousness, boosts their nourishment, too . . . Swift's Brookfield Butter . . from America's richest dairylands ... its choice quality and delicate flavor guarded by Swift all the way to your dealer's store. Ask for Swift's Brookfield Butter.

*MARTHA LOGAN SUGGESTS this happy variation to spread on biscuits—Butter Honey: Whip together 4 tablespoons of creamed Swift's Brookfield Butter and ½ cup honey . . . a delicious combination.







K-M Speed Mix. Wonder worker! Mixes, whips, stirs, beats, juices. Exclusive push button beater release, revolving turntable, 2 bowls. 101 speeds. Portable mixing unit. And so quiet, so quick!



K-M Therm-A-Jug. Keeps liquid or food piping hot or cold. One gallon size, insulated with well-nigh unbreakable Fiberglas. Easy grip handle cannot come loose. Perfect for picnics, vacations!

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ST. LOUIS 16, MO.
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MFRS. OF KNAPP SHAVERS, JACK FROST FANS, SPARKLETS, MAGIK-MIST.

(Continued from Page 14)

AGREEMENT), tall and crisp and shiny-eyed, ready to start for California after nursing her two young sons through scarlet fever. Publisher ***Lippincott*** was discussing farming; ***Ben Huebsch,*** of the very literary Viking Press, was telling Western stories; ***Jack Goodman,*** high-powered editor of Simon and Schuster, was describing D'Oyly-Carte. The only subject not discussed at literary parties is books.

There is also the philosopher-type party like the very elegant reception for *Joshua Liebman* (PEACE OF MIND); and the Paris-Left-Bank-Survivors party, where one met *Truman Capote,* the boy-wonder novelist (OTHER VOICES, OTHER ROOMS), and the *Morrises, Ira* and *Edita,* a pair of roaming novelists who settle where fancy leads them, each with a typewriter, gay and debonair cosmopolites equally at home in Paris and New York and Stockholm—Edita (MY DARLING FROM THE LIONS) is Swedish and Ira (LIBERTY STREET) is the son of the former minister to Sweden; also Brazilian playwright *Miranda,* who has plays running currently in London and in Rio.

• • •

NEW ORLEANS HOLIDAY, by *Eleanor Early,* is the best book we've seen on that romantic city. It buzzes and chats along and doesn't seem to be

PRESS ASSOCIATION



A New Orleans Courtyard.

getting anywhere in particular, but when you've finished it you begin counting up your money to see if you have enough for a trip to New Orleans.

• • •

What ***Sinclair Lewis*** portrays in terms of grim melodrama in KINGSBLOOD ROYAL, ***W. L. White*** tells in terse simplicity in LOST BOUNDARIES. It is a case history with names, places, dates of a New England boy, living happily in New Hampshire, popular in his class at school, on the ski team, his father a doctor, his mother a member of the women's club and worker in the church. Their house is one of the fine old houses of the town. Theirs is one of the good solid families. When the boy is sixteen, America has just entered World War II. Doctors are badly needed and his father enlists in the Navy. He qualifies in all the tests and is accepted. Then comes an official visitor, who announces that after investigations the Navy finds that it cannot use him. It is the great crisis which the father and mother had always feared but not discussed, and now the doctor is obliged to tell his son what the past was made up of, and what the future may hold for them all. They are Negroes—white Negroes who have "passed." The boy's reaction, and his life for the next seven years, is the burden of the book. As

(Continued on Page 18)

There's ONLY ONE WAY to Mak

GRAVY This RICH! BROWN! DELICIOUS!



Good Cooks say USE
KITCHEN BOUQUET

Famous chefs know you can't get gravy so specially rich and delicious, such an appetizing deep brown color—*without help.* Nor can you depend on weak, watery, so-called "gravy helps." Kitchen Bouquet is what you need. It's *full strength to give full flavor!* Simply add Kitchen Bouquet—your gravy will be gloriously brown . . . rich . . . delicious!



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Delicious—Ready to Use!
No Waste—No Loss!

Choice hothouse mushrooms—tender, meaty—are picked when their flavor reaches perfection! Then they're rushed to our spotless plant, broiled in finest creamery butter and packed in their own luscious broth, to add appetite appeal to *hundreds* of dishes.

B in B MUSHROOMS
now packed in 3 different styles
for every mushroom use!



Preparing for Hospitality

Coca-Cola in your refrigerator



Hospitality... in your hands



Coca-Cola is so easy to take home...so convenient to serve. And *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coke is hospitality everybody welcomes.



6 bottles in the handy carton 25¢
(*plus deposit*)

Ask for it either way... both trade-marks mean the same thing.

Coca-Cola
"Coke"

GHT 1948, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

Everybody's Pointing To Hotpoint

Haven't had a broken dish in years...thanks to our Hotpoint Dishwasher!



Mrs. L. F. Curtis
1636 Lindberg Drive
Lansing, Michigan

"Everyone at our house thoroughly disliked doing dishes, so our Hotpoint Dishwasher was hailed as a real emancipation from drudgery. It not only washes, rinses and dries dishes at the push of a button, but it does it so gently that I haven't had a broken dish in years!"

—Mrs. L. F. CURTIS

1. Saves Countless Hours

• *Completely automatic* — the Hotpoint Electric Dishwasher washes, rinses, *dries* dishes . . . shuts itself off! Just push a button . . . no watching!

2. Guards Family Health

• Hotter water washes dishes, silver, pots and pans hygienically clean. No messy dishcloths, unsanitary towels.

3. Ends Costly Breakage

• There's no tumbling or turning of dishes in a Hotpoint Dishwasher. Racks hold 58 dishes — full service for six — plus silverware.

SAVES AT LEAST AN HOUR EVERY DAY

4. Provides More Work Surface

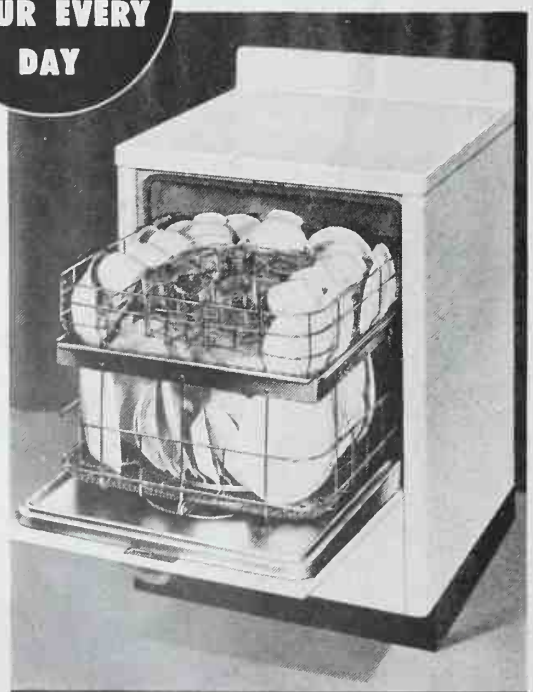
• Hotpoint's exclusive front-opening feature affords greater work surface—saves lifting and stooping.

5. Dries Dishes Electrically

• After rinsing, dishes are dried with hot, clean air from exclusive Calrod* unit. Dishes can be reused almost immediately or left for next meal.

6. Proved for 15 Years

• Hotpoint pioneered and perfected the automatic electric dishwasher—has thousands of satisfied users all over America! Ask your nearest Hotpoint dealer for a demonstration.



THE ONLY DISHWASHER THAT DRIES ELECTRICALLY

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Copr. 1948, Hotpoint Inc., Chicago, Ill.

Hotpoint Dishwashers
HOTPOINT INC. GENERAL ELECTRIC AFFILIATE

MARK OF THE MODERN KITCHEN

(Continued from Page 16)

someone says, it does not solve the Negro problem, but it does soften and blur the edges. No one interested in racial relations can afford to pass up this book.

• • •

We read not long ago about a young doctor, Dr. Albert Harris, who developed a simple and inexpensive test for cancer. The test requires only twenty-four to forty-eight hours and costs only five dollars. It was reported in The South Dakota Journal of Medicine and Pharmacy. About a month before the announcement came out, Doctor Harris had made the test upon himself and got a negative result. But by the time his discovery was made public he was ill. Another test was made on him then, but the young doctor never inquired about its outcome. He died of malignant brain tumor without knowing that this time the result was positive, thus proving its success once more in his own body.

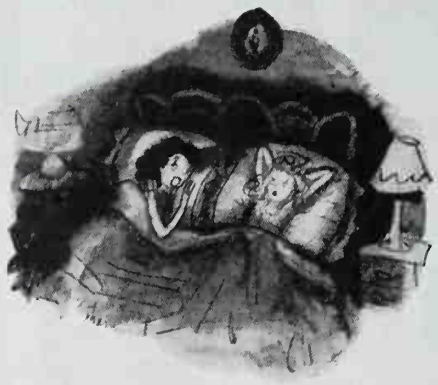
• • •

To brush up on your French the best way, of course, is to speak it. And the next best is to read it. *Revue de la Pensée Française* is a small magazine published in French in New York. (58 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.) It is a little bit of Paris—its movies, its fashions, its books, its thinking. In its *Pages Anthologies*, in the February number, are poems of Villon, André Chénier, bits by Buffon and Gautier. At the end is a translation into English of idiomatic expressions. There is also *Le Cercle du Livre de France* (55 W. 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.)—a sort of French book club which sends out up-to-date books published in French.

• • •

If you ever think that man's love is not woman's all-consuming interest, you'll change your mind after reading either MESSAGE FROM A STRANGER, by *Marya Mannes*, or THE SHROUDED WOMAN, by *Maria-Louisa Bombal*. Both are the stories

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"I used to imagine him dashing up on a white charger. Now I'll settle for a used motorcycle."

of passionate women, one a woman of New York's most civilized circles, the other a Latin-American woman living on a vast hacienda. In each novel the woman has died just before page one. And the story of her past life and loves is told in retrospect, as, in the clear view of an outsider from this world, she sees the persons who cluttered or enriched her life come up to her bier and kneel at her funeral.

• • •

In a book which we have heard of but not read, YOU NEED A DOCTOR, *the author,* ***James Mont.*** *has been quoted as saying that nine out of every ten female interior decorators are women who have been disappointed in love. How, we ask, does he know? Out of this department's not small experience of changing apartments and slip covers and curtains and rugs, the female interior decorators consulted have been blessed—to a woman—with beautiful homes (naturally), with well-brought-*

(Continued on Page 21)

nothing takes th
place of a stool..
and COSC
makes all kind



MODEL 4-D STEP STOOL
Comfort-padded seat and back. Rubb
treaded "swing-away" steps. Chromium fir
Upholstery and enamel trim in choice of col

There's a Cosco Stool for eve
purpose—every purse! *Step Sto*
. . . at once a handy ladder a
restful seat. *Kitchen stools* .
just right for doing home chor
Bar stools . . . for rumpus roo
or breakfast bar. *Bathroom sto*
. . . a good-housekeeping co
venience. *Ironer stools* . . . ide
for the automatic ironer. Choo
yours from the incomparab
line of all-metal Cosco Stoc
at department, furniture a
hardware stores. Write for nam
of nearest dealer.

HAMILTON MANUFACTURING CORPORATI
Columbus, Indiana

Makers of the safer, all-metal Cosco Step Ladder

Guaranteed by Good Housekeepi

COSCO stool
"styled for sitting pretty

Spread the bright news!

New Glo-Coat gives a far brighter gloss... without rubbing or buffing



Natural color photograph



How bright is this new Glo-Coat shine? Almost *twice* as bright as before! And that means almost twice the shine for all the linoleum and varnished wood floors in your home!

Nothing could be easier. Just spread new Johnson's Glo-Coat with a cloth or long-handled applier. Then let it dry—there's no rubbing or buffing. Johnson's Glo-Coat is self polishing—it shines as it dries, without streaking.

And of course, brighter shine isn't all you get with new Glo-Coat. The shining coat of wax protection also makes your housework easier. Dirt and spilled things—muddy footprints, too—wipe right up. And if you use Johnson's Glo-Coat regularly, *years* from now your linoleum will still look "like new."

Don't wait. Get brighter-than-ever Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat today at your neighborhood store. You'll quickly understand why more women use Johnson's Glo-Coat than any other floor polish!

BRING OUT THE BEAUTY OF THE HOME

... with **JOHNSON'S**

Self Polishing Glo-Coat, Paste Wax, Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax, Cream Wax, Carnu for cars



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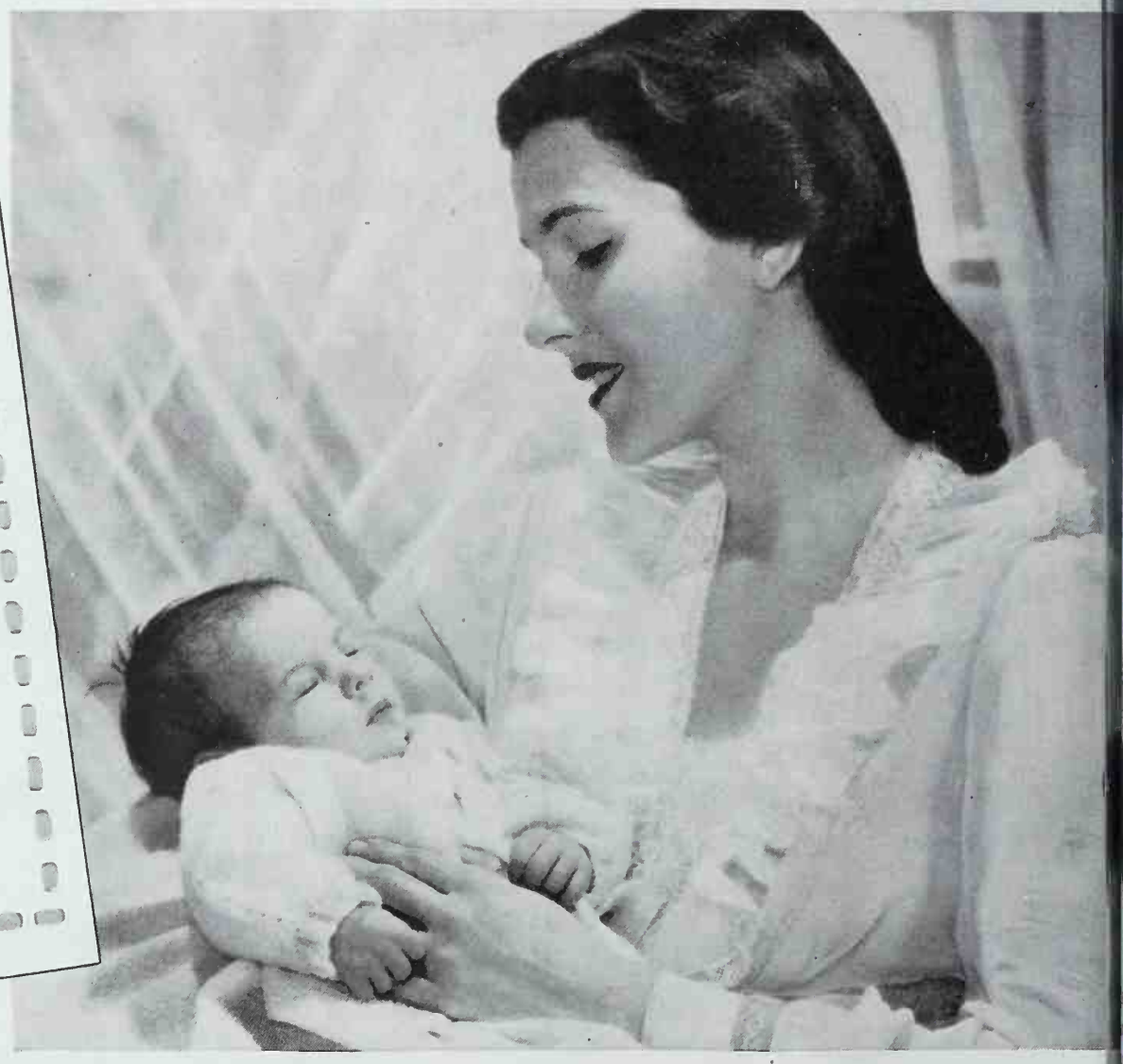
How safe will you make Baby's life?

Baby's chances of arriving without mishap are better than ever this bumper year for babies . . . thanks to advances in medieal seience.

But real danger lies ahead.

Throughout the first two critical years of life the threat of germ-infection stalks your baby relentlessly. And *you*, more than anyone else, must fight Baby's battle against the germs.

You will make Baby's first years safer with "Lysol" brand disinfeetant—the powerful germ-killer used by more mothers than any other brand.





IN THE HOSPITAL every precaution is taken to protect you and your baby against germ-infection. "Lysol" brand disinfectant is used regularly in many leading hospitals.



WHEN YOU TAKE OVER Baby's care, continue these "hospital-clean" safeguards. Add "Lysol" to the cleaning water for *thorough* nursery cleaning.

EASY-TO-USE "Lysol" brand disinfectant is econamical use because it is *always* diluted with water. This hand table gives the praper salutians for various uses befo and after the blessed event.

FOR DISINFECTING instruments and medical equipment, and for rinsing hands of doctor, nurse, and other attendants.	1¼ tablespoons of "Ly in 2 quarts of water.
FOR LAUNDERING linens for Mother's and Baby's bed.	5 tablespoons of "Lysol" each 10 gallans of wate
FOR HOUSEHOLD cleaning before and after Baby arrives.	2½ toblespoons of "Ly to each gallon of water.
FOR FINAL diaper rinse to help prevent "diaper rosh."	2 teaspoons of "Lysol" each gallon of water.

Order "Lysol" at your druggist's todoy!

Product of Lehn & Fink



AS BABY GROWS, keep on using "Lysol" brand disinfectant *every time* you clean the floors, woodwork, nursery, kitchen, and bathroom. It's a *proven* germ-killer.

For safer baby care
disinfect . . . clean . . . deodorize
with "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

LARGEST SELLING HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT IN THE WORLD



Curity
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
DIAPERS



THESE DIAPERS
Dry Faster

IEY dry in record time, indoors or
t. That's one of their many advan-
ges, which include —

isier to wash — their open weave
rmits speedier washing with pure
ory Flakes, Ivory Soap or Dreft.

ister drying speeds diaper
ndering, indoors or out.

ghly absorbent — their surgical
ave absorbs more thoroughly.

oldline, woven permanently into
e fabric, makes it easy to adjust the
ld to growing babies.

ave no hems to chafe or irritate
by's tender skin.

others, medical authorities, and
ading hospitals use and endorse
rity Diapers.

KENDALL MILLS, *Division of*
he Kendall Company, Walpole, Mass.

A KENDALL K PRODUCT



URSERY PADS · BIBS · MASKS · COTTON
Curity Surgical Dressings at drug stores

(Continued from Page 18)

up children and contented husbands. How about the male interior decorators, if the subject of sex in decoration has to be brought up at all?

• • •

Such is youth. A girl of seventeen writes us from England: "I think that half the fun of going to the theater is the excitement of getting there in time, queuing up, and queuing up again for autographs."

• • •

The American Library Association reports that in 1947 there was a marked increase in interest in books on psychology. Doctors often prescribed books on prescription blanks. *Dr. Norman Vincent Peale,* of the Marble Collegiate Church in New York, has recently written such a book: A GUIDE TO CONFIDENT LIVING.

Doctor Peale is in a position to know how to guide. For ten years his church has maintained a clinic to which thousands of unhappy people have come to have their troubles straightened out. His book is not vaguely inspirational. It is definite and practical. He gives many life stories of desperate people (with the full approval of the persons involved), and in each case the technique—the formula—by which the cure was accomplished is presented in detail. Principles of guidance, of prayer, of faith, of simple trust, of relaxation are presented not as theory, but demonstrated by actual tests.

Doctor Peale is himself a man well under middle age, with a very attractive wife who works with him, and three children. He is open-faced, humorous, and definitely on the qui vive. One would have to go a long way for a better example of complete adjustment.

• • •

There is a "School for Maturates" in Elgin, Illinois, open only to students seventy or more years old. Its curriculum covers literature, current events, history and handicrafts, and it has an enrollment of more than fifty pupils. Which reminds us of the bridge team in Lakeville, Connecticut—all men, all octogenarians, willing to take on any team of any age provided that it is 100 per cent male.

• • •

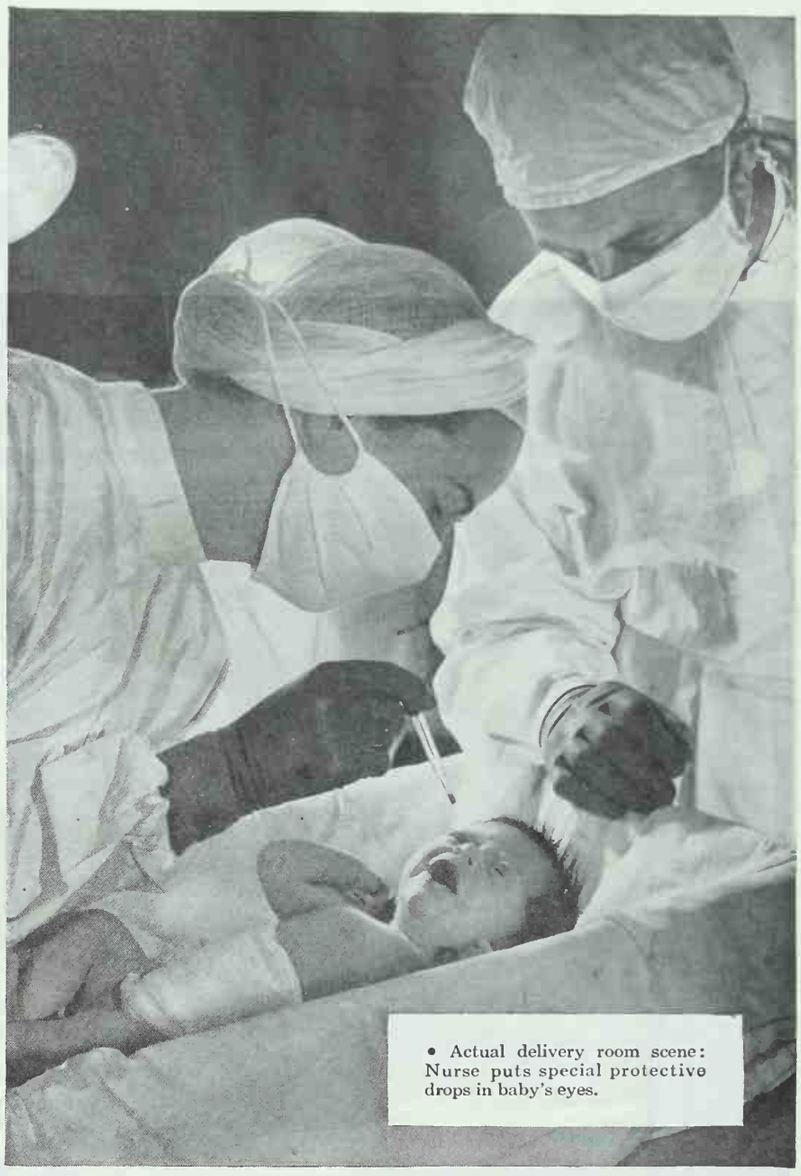
A friend of ours whose daughter had always gone to a girls' school decided to put her in a coed college so that she could get to know boys. At the end of her freshman year, the girl was asked how she liked college. "I *adore* it," she said. "Except for the boys."

Side Glances ***By Galbraith***



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"Oh, I've learned loads this semester—a simple hairdo, natural fingernails and neat shoes are preferred by nearly all the boys!"



• Actual delivery room scene: Nurse puts special protective drops in baby's eyes.

From the moment your baby is born...



The doctor smiles, as he looks down at the tiny puckered face.

"A fine baby," he says proudly, "perfect in every way!"

Steps are then taken to safeguard the baby's eyes... protect his tender skin. What kind of protection? Listen to this!

Today there's news in infant skin care. More and more hospitals are changing to new Johnson's Baby Lotion . . . the smooth, snow-white Lotion that promises your baby amazing protection against skin rashes!

Scientific hospital tests prove that Johnson's Baby Lotion care cuts down cases of heat rash and other minor skin irritations — by dramatic percentages!

Give your baby this modern care at home! Use Johnson's Baby Lotion *exactly like baby oil*...after bath, at diaper changes. Such a difference! Lotion is so velvety-pleasant...protects so surely...leaves baby skin so soft and sweet. Have *modern* Johnson's Baby Lotion on *your* baby's tray!





Gives Amazing Protection From Rashes!

JOHNSON'S BABY LOTION

Johnson & Johnson

"How about one of me?"

I SUGGESTED TO MY CAMERA-MAD HUSBAND AFTER HIS UMPTEENTH SHOT OF OUR NEW CHEVROLET . . .

Here it is—





April 1948—First day with our new Chevrolet . . . And Oh! It's so easy to drive

CHEVROLET You'll say it before you've driven a block: "This Chevrolet was *meant* for me!"

See how smoothly, how obediently it answers your light touch of the wheel—almost as if it could guess where you want to go.

Revel in the feeling of *complete control* as you thread through city traffic! A flick of the finger shifts gears. A gentle nudge of the accelerator brings such alert and lively response. Velvet-smooth brakes are just waiting for the slightest pressure of your toe on the pedal.

All this you'll enjoy, in the unmatched comfort and safety of Chevrolet's Body by Fisher, as you make your daily rounds—to market, to school, to meeting. And while you're not *supposed* to be interested in mechanical features, know that this driving mastery stems from Chevrolet's Unitized Knee-Action Ride, Valve-in-Head engine, Positive-Action Hydraulic Brakes, and other engineering advances that spell *Big-Car Quality at Lowest Cost.*

Chevrolet is *your* car . . . so smart, so economical and *oh! so easy to drive!*

CHEVROLET

and only Chevrolet

IS FIRST

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

CONSERVATION . . . Keeping Memory Green

COMMUNITY FORESTS

BY MARGARET HICKEY

THE dedication of community forests as war memorials has quickened citizen interest and action in the conservation of our timber resources. More and more civic and patriotic organizations are undertaking measures to check forest depletion and build up timber growth. Sound policies supported by these groups are presented to individuals as something to apply right in the home community. Forests become a living reminder that surveillance and sacrifice are necessary to protect the beauty and riches of our land.

Many cities are finding that the conservation project serves both practical and aesthetic ends. At one time, the most prominent landmark at Glen Lyon, Pennsylvania, was a huge mine dump of raw earth and ashes. On windy days the ash was whipped into the air, then settled like a dirty blanket on the town. Under the leadership of a young forester and a local service club, school children planted black-locust striplings on the ash dumps and conifers on the hillsides. Thirteen years since that first planting, Glen Lyon now has a young forest of utility and beauty.

School children reap direct benefits from a community forest. They find rich materials at hand for the study of Nature and geography. One of the chief values is the development of forest sentiment. The youngster who has learned good forest manners is not apt to toss carelessly a burning cigarette or leave a smoldering campfire.

Outstanding among the 890 community forests owned by the nation's schools is the one at Muskegon, Michigan, where high-school students have planted 134,000 trees, cut fire lanes and trails on a 239-acre tract. In Greenville, South Carolina, there is the Blythe Shoals School Forest of 140 acres, noted for its scenic beauty. Last summer it attracted more than 500 children in a series of two-week camping periods.

The Izaak Walton League, founded in 1922 to protect and restore natural resources, is a leader in the conservation movement. Its program falls into five divisions: pollution control, water management, public lands, wilderness preservation, and conservation education.

The American Legion's national conservation program has active state and local support. The Indiana Legion has just raised $250,000 for the purchase of 1452 acres of timber known as "The Shades," near Crawfordsville. This will keep for public enjoyment 15 miles of well-marked trails, rocky ledges, waterfalls, sandstone bluffs and deep ravines. The Indiana Legion recently published a practical handbook encouraging local groups to work with the U. S. Forest Service or the extension forester in the development of sound local conservation projects.

Working with specialists, the General Federation of Women's Clubs has a program of conservation in many sections of the nation. North Carolina clubs include in their program the development of roadside plots and parks as living memorials. These beauty spots are planted with crepe myrtle, magnolia, dogwood, mimosa, redbud and the luxuriant, bank-preserving kudzu vine.

The Daughters of the American Revolution have undertaken a special conservation project in memory of service men and women of World War II. Their purchase of a parcel of 250 acres in the Redwood Forest range in California is to be included in the National Tribute Grove. The Garden Club of America and the National Council of State Garden Clubs (in 41 states) also are interested in this project and the work of the Save the Redwoods League.

Major lessons in conservation are still to be mastered. Our indifference has been costly. Lyle F. Watts, chief of the U. S. Forest Service, in his annual report, warns of the critical conditions in the forest and wild-land watersheds. Good lands are becoming bad lands as great erosion gullies appear on mountainsides. We must act promptly, he says, to repair damaged watersheds, prevent flash floods and rampaging streams. There are today 2489 community forests with an aggregate of 3,209,856 acres. But there are several million more acres of unused and idle lands awaiting needed development. Long-overdue effort to safeguard our natural treasures should start near home with community forests. THE END

THREE years ago this August, the last gun of World War II was fired. The last American boy paid with his life on the battlefield the fearful cost of victory. Now, already some people can take peace for granted, accept complacently its plenty, forget Iwo, Okinawa, Midway, Bataan, forget Cassino, Anzio, Normandy beaches and Bastogne. But the next-of-kin do not forget. For the price of peace was not completed with the gift of their men's lives. It is paid each day by wives and children, mothers and fathers, and paid in silence, amidst the national rejoicing.

There is no street in the great city, no town so small, no rural district so remote, that its people did not buy their country's triumph at this cost. On farms and ranches, on Main Street, in great cities, thoughts are turning to monuments to honor America's war dead. Already the crop of good, bad and indifferent monuments has begun to appear, as it did after each war. What will it be this time? the local citizens' committee wonders. Another stern shaft of concrete? Another bronze lady holding out a gilt wreath? Another battery of guns to threaten the courthouse square with outmoded instruments of death? Rich communities may have pretentious monuments—if pretentiousness is what seems fitting! Those less well off are discovering that in art, or any man-made kind of beauty, you get (alas!) about what you can afford.

But there is a new kind of monument, a War Memorial Forest, whose beauty is God-given. So it can never go out of fashion, look dowdy, pathetic or inappropriate in the eyes of the next generation, as some of our ancestors' bronze tributes seem to us. *(Continued on Page 230)*

PHOTO BY GORDON COSTER



With the forest as an outdoor laboratory, ten-year-old Jill Mulvihill, of Merrill, Wisconsin, learns firsthand how everyday life depends on forests and their products.

NEW!

Shasta beauty cream shampoo leaves your hair more beautiful all 3 ways!



Beverly Loyd

"ups" her glamour rating at Hal Roach Studios after one Shasta Beauty Cream Shampoo.

Screen test photographs show Beverly plussed her rating 100% by shampooing with Shasta. Need we say that Beverly Loyd—a recent talent scout discovery you'll be hearing more of—is now a Shasta fan?

NEW! Procter & Gamble's amazing Shasta—the *beauty cream* shampoo.

NEW! Fragrant, satiny Shasta *cream-cleanses* your hair . . . beautifies your hair *all 3 ways*—as no soap—bar or liquid—will! In one Shasta shampoo, your hair will have

- that *lustrous* "*alive*" look!
- that *sm-o-o-oth as satin* look!
- that *soft, caressable* look!

YES, ALL 3! Yet your hair has "body"—it's not limp, not dried out. Shasta is safe, kind to hair. Makes mountains of lather even in hardest water. Removes flaky, unlovely dandruff, too. And doesn't spill or run into eyes.

Hurry! For more beautiful hair *all three ways*—get Shasta. Convenient sizes. All toiletries counters.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Shasta PROCTER & GAMBLE'S BEAUTY CREAM SHAMPOO

REFERENCE LIBRAR

Summer Accents

BRIGHT summer costumes need colorful accessories—a checked bo to match a full, checked skirt or a hat and bag in rich green to wear w your newest flowered piqué. Make several sets for your favorite dress, change them about and wear them with several costumes. You will f additional hat and bag patterns described on List 1660.

Accessory Patterns



2358. JOHN FREDERICS BERET. 15c.
Make this in piqué or gingham
to match a summer dress.



2328. OPEN-CROWNED HAT. 5c.
Our famous bridesmaid's hat
for you to wear all summer.



2353. CLOSE-FITTING HELMET. 15c.
An Elizabeth Marks design
for piqué or linen.



2424. CORDUROY BAG AND BELT. 10c.
A gay accessory set
for your summer cottons.



2429. TUBE HAT IN WHITE PIQUÉ. 10c.
Pattern includes matching
capelet with tiny collar.



2012. SHADY-BRIM HAT. 5c.
Use bright plaids
for this crownless pattern.



2169. CROWNLESS HAT. 5c.
Make it in checked gingham,
trim with flowers.



2331. DRAPED POLKA-DOT TURBAN. 5c.
Another John Frederics design
that you can make.



2092. CROWNLESS HAT. 5c.
To make from ticking, trim with felt.



2332. BAG TO MATCH HAT 2331. 5c.
A double bag to make from the same
material as your hat.



2373. BUTTON-ON CLOCHE. 15c.
Lovely crocheted in all white
or two contrasting colors.



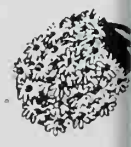
1931. CHECKED BERET. 5c.
Make it in gingham, add a bright flower.



2430. DAISY-CHAIN BELT AND MUFF. 10c.
A pretty addition to
a basic dress or party fashions.



2369. TASSELED BERET. 15c.
Match it with your dress
or bright cotton gloves.



Other Features

Lists are sent free on request. They give the title, number and price of all our booklets and patterns

2008. LIST OF DEPARTMENTAL BOOKLETS. For your home, garden, beauty, entertaining and child care.
1695. SUB-DEB BOOKLET LIBRARY.
1660. LIST OF JOURNAL HAT AND BAG PATTERNS.
2333. CHILDREN'S PATTERNS LIST.
2076. THINGS-TO-WEAR PATTERNS Aprons, blouses, accessories.
1571. REFERENCE LIST OF KNITTED AN CROCHETED PATTERNS.
1752. HANDICRAFT PATTERN LIST. Thing for you to make for your home your children, gifts or yourself.

We will gladly send any of these booklets and patterns if you'll order by name and number. They will be mailed anywhere in the United States and Canada upon receipt of stamps, cash, check o money order. Do not send stamped, addressed envelopes or Savings Stamps. Readers in all for eign countries should send International Reply Coupons, purchased at their post office. Pleas address all requests to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Penna

You can say "yes" to Romance

because

Veto says "no" to Offending!





Veto says "no"—to perspiration worry and odor!

SOFT AS A CARESS . . . EXCITING . . . NEW—Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly . . . checks perspiration effectively. And Veto lasts and lasts—from bath to bath! With Veto, you feel confident . . . sure of your own exquisite daintiness.

Veto says "no"—to harming skin and clothes!

SO EFFECTIVE . . . YET SO GENTLE—Colgate's lovely cosmetic deodorant, Veto, is harmless to normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your filmiest, most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto! *So trust always to Veto—if you value your charm!*

Trust always to Veto if you value your charm!

MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

Back of every happy husband is a good wife

BY CLIFFORD R. ADAMS

Ph.D., The Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

FRANK is a brilliant young research chemist, capable of extraordinary accomplishment, but it is unlikely that his attainments will ever measure up to his capacity. For his wife, Estelle, though she pays little attention to his work, is obstructing his career as effectively as though she deliberately interfered.

Estelle is far from vicious, but she is selfish, immature and irresponsible. In failing to create the kind of home and family life Frank wants and needs, she has deprived him of the atmosphere and the incentive favorable to success. She is a careless housekeeper and an indifferent cook; her care of their little girls is half-hearted, and she complains constantly that they have too little money. Evenings she coaxes Frank to take her out, feeling abused if he protests; but mornings, it's Frank who cooks breakfast and gives the baby a bottle while Estelle sleeps.

Frank lives in an atmosphere of tension. Overworked and overworried, harassed rather than encouraged, his talents have little chance to develop. If he succeeds, it will be in spite of Estelle, not because of her—and both will have lost the incomparable satisfaction of knowing his career is a joint achievement.

Too many wives, like Estelle, fail to recognize their obligation and their opportunity to help their husbands; such women can distort and ruin the finest material. Others, through understanding, intelligence and devotion, fashion unimpressive material into first-rate citizens—and happy men.

For back of every truly happy and successful man is a devoted wife, whose love is returned. When a man marries, his mother has already influenced his disposition, his ability to get along with people, his ambition and his willingness to work. But the use he makes of these capacities will depend on the girl he marries. Though a mother determines what a man *can* do, his wife determines what he *will* do.

How can a wife help her husband to achieve success? Some women can supply practical aid. They may type letters or notes, keep records or, in rare instances, contribute technical advice and work. When a wife has or can acquire such skills, she can enjoy a rare and rewarding kind of companionship with her husband.

Even so, such tangible services are not the most important aspect of a wife's contribution to her husband's success. There is an even greater challenge to help him indirectly, by fostering to the fullest whatever natural capacities he possesses. Here are some of the less tangible contributions that wives—and husbands—have found important:

- She has faith in his ability, and she lets him know it. She praises his efforts, encourages him to carry out his plans, and comforts him if they fall short of his expectations.
- She takes an active interest in his work. She encourages him to discuss it with her, and tries to learn enough about it to listen and comment intelligently. But she never pries, nor does she offer advice unless he asks for it.
- She lets him know that his happiness and well-being are more important to her than material success. Though both may hope for more money, she is content with what they have, and does her best to "make do."
- She takes her full share of responsibility for family finances. She sees to it that they live within their income and save some portion of it. She doesn't take the attitude that he could "give" her more money if he would. If she also holds a job, she regards her earnings as their money, not hers alone.
- She makes their home comfortable and inviting, and provides good food. She knows that small physical comforts are balm for taut nerves and tired bodies, and acts upon her knowledge. Though she appreciates it when he puts the baby to bed or dries the dishes, she never allows duties that are rightfully hers to take time from his work or studies.
- She develops social outlets that both can enjoy, and promotes other recreation. If she can share his recreational activities, so much the better; but when this is impossible, she does not begrudge him some pleasure away from her.
- She watches his health, supervises his diet, and sees that he gets sufficient rest and sleep.
- Finally, she so convinces him of her faith and confidence that it is a joy for him to fulfill her highest expectations.

DIVORCE MEANS READJUSTMENT

TODAY more than one half million divorces are granted every year. At the time of a divorce, many women are plunged into a period of despair, others feel great relief.

No matter what the dominant emotional reaction, a recently divorced wife is bound to feel some uncertainty and insecurity. She herself will have to overcome these feelings, or allow them to distort her whole future. And since well over half of all divorces occur during the first few years of marriage, the divorced wife typically has most of her adult life before her.

It isn't easy to accept the failure of your marriage, or to face the necessity of building a new life. But to do so is the first step in your readjustment to your new situation. Don't waste your energies in regrets for what might have been; instead, make an honest effort to determine your responsibility for the breakup. Next, it may be profitable to analyze the reasons for the marriage failure. If certain of your personal characteristics or qualities were partly to blame, you need to recognize them—and to do something about them. Otherwise they will continue to handicap your personal relationships, including any future marriage, as well as any career you may undertake.

Just three years after their wedding, Inez and Tom ended their marriage. Thoroughly convinced that her husband was entirely to blame, Inez alienated their mutual friends by her constant criticism of him. Instead of getting a job and learning to be self-sufficient and independent, she returned home to her parents. Most of her former friends now were married. While they were sympathetic and polite, there was no strong encouragement for her to join their social activities. The wives, though not exactly distrustful, were nevertheless somewhat afraid that she might compete for their husbands. Embittered by her loneliness and feeling deeply injured, Inez became cynical and sarcastic. She is miserable, so are her parents. And the worst of it is, only Inez herself can improve the situation.

Divorce always means determining new goals, or new ways of achieving existing goals. Unless you remarry almost immediately, you will probably have to earn your own living, since few wives ever receive alimony. If you are not now qualified for the kind of job that will interest you, perhaps you can take training. In a city, jobs are frequently to be found which offer an opportunity for training for more responsible work. Even though you hope to remarry sometime, it is best to undertake some kind of useful occupation for the sake of your own independence and self-respect.

The next question is to decide where you are going to live. Sharing an apartment with a friend, living with some married couple who entertain a great deal, or rooming in a club or Y.W.C.A. is better than living alone. Try to get acquainted with the employees where you work, especially those within three or four years of your own age. By all means date, but remember that some men are eager to exploit the divorced woman. You must be even more careful of your reputation than ever before.

You are now free to do many things for which you have never had the time. Take up some interesting hobby and join several clubs. Acquire those skills you have always wanted to have. Pursue your education and learn to be a specialist at something. In this way you won't have time to be sorry for yourself and you can find zest in a satisfying career.

And if a suitable man does come along, you will be ready for a happy marriage.

HOW DO YOU KNOW YOU LOVE HIM?

It takes more than love to guarantee a *successful* marriage, but no marriage can be *happy* without love. Read each question carefully before answering *yes* or *no*.

1. Is his opinion more important to you than any other person's?
2. Are your most enjoyable moments those you spend with him?
3. When you are separated for several days, do you really miss him?
4. If you lost him, would you feel deep grief?
5. Do you like to do special things for him?
6. Do you cheerfully suit your plans to his?
7. Can you talk over almost anything with him?
8. Do you constantly try to please him?
9. Does being with him make you feel safe and secure?
10. If he were to become blind, would you still want to be his wife?
11. Do his compliments mean more than those of anyone else?
12. Are you sure you really understand him?
13. Can you give in graciously when you two disagree?
14. Do you feel he would be a good father?
15. When you are together, do you make plans for the future?
16. Are there changes you would like to make in him?
17. Do you mind his bringing friends for visits?
18. Do you knowingly do things that hurt him?
19. Are there times you regret ever having met him?
20. Do you have any real doubts about loving him?

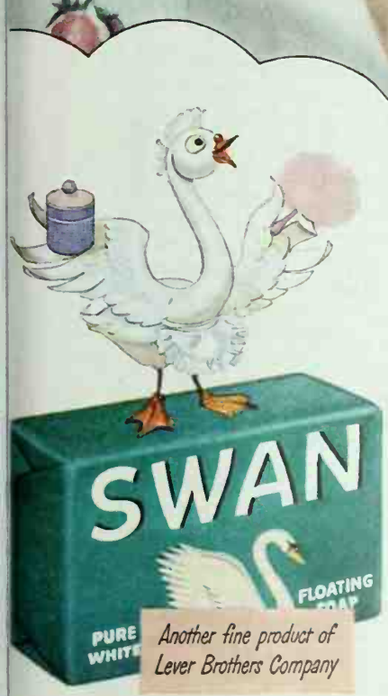
Credit 1 point for *yes* answers to questions 1–15 and for *no* in answer to the last five questions. A score of 17 or more indicates that you really love him. If you score 13 or less, and are single, take time to make sure that the man you are considering is really the right choice; if you are married, try your best to reach a closer understanding with your husband.

DO YOU AGREE?

Our marriage is barely tolerable. My wife opposes divorce. How can she be persuaded to give me one?

Your letter shows there are no legal grounds for a divorce. Why don't you concentrate on making your marriage a success—instead of trying to get out of it? When things go wrong, too many husbands put the blame on their wives and evade their own obligations. Are you sure you aren't one of them?

What a luxurious new kind of beauty lather!



Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

Soft, rich, abundant! A new kind of beauty lather! Leaves you glowing with freshness!

Thanks to Swan's exclusive super-creamed blend!

Rinses away so thoroughly, your skin feels softer, looks smoother! No over-soaped feeling!

Thanks to Swan's exclusive super-creamed blend!

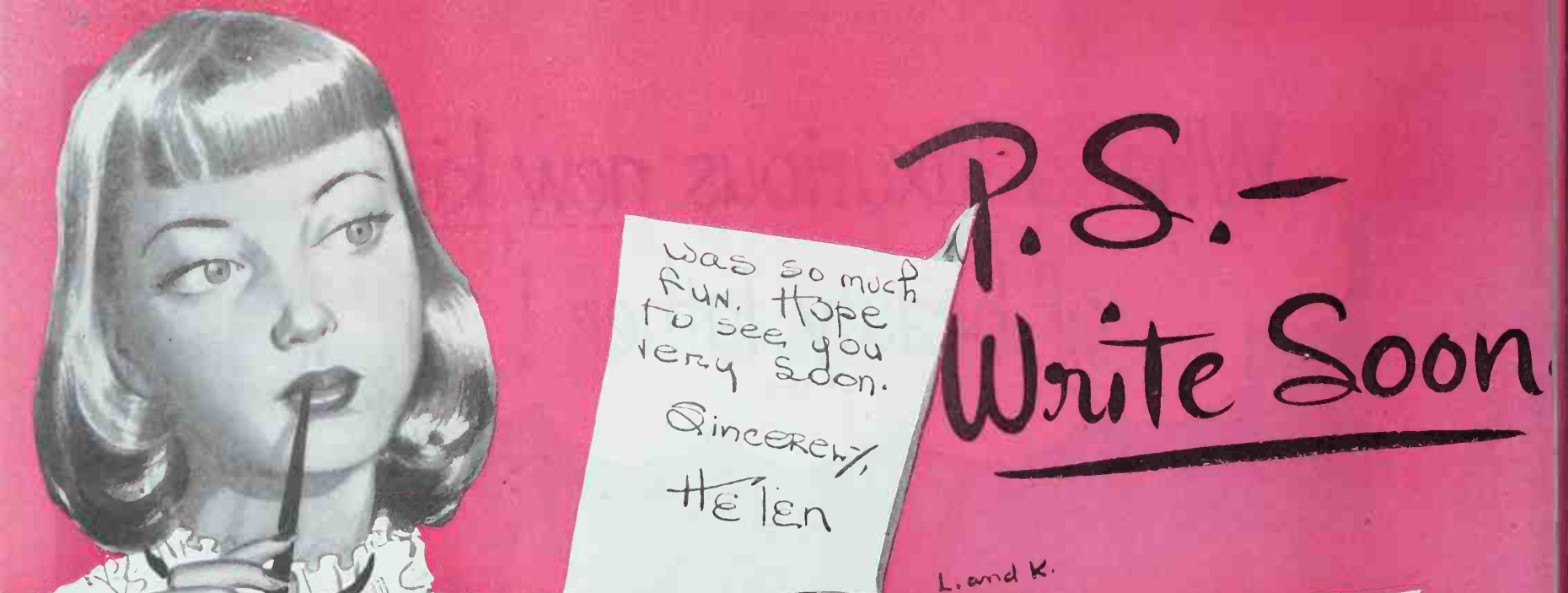
Agrees so beautifully with your skin—it's mild as fine castiles!

Thanks to Swan's exclusive super-creamed blend!

Firm and long-lasting, this pure floating soap cuts down bathtub ring and soap-dish waste.

Thanks to Swan's exclusive super-creamed blend!

Try Swan's super-creamed blend for a super-lovely you!



P.S.— Write Soon

THE SUB-DEB ★ EDITED BY MAUREEN DALY

THE postman always rings twice, they say, but most teen-age girls would be at the door by the first tinkle—if they knew there was a letter in the mail for them. But, just as "what goes up must come down," so "what is written must be answered" (let's hope!), and the fastest way to fill up the family mailbox with letters for you is to write letters first.

Take Allen, for instance. (Or just fit in your own favorite name and facts.) Though he wasn't your steady beau boy when he left for the Navy, at least you'd had a couple of dates together that were fun. He sent a post card the first week he was away, then two letters after that—and then a long, empty silence. Or maybe he didn't write at all. He just forgot, he was too busy, or he thought *you* were too busy—but whatever the reason, don't let a good friendship die if it can be saved with a three-cent stamp. *You write first, or even twice in a row.* Just short, newsy letters will do—something on the "now that you're away, thought you'd like to hear from the old crowd" pitch. Tell him about yourself; ask him a few questions about what he's doing these days. Keep them casual, full of friend-to-friend stuff, just to let him know you're still around, friendly and interested—and then cross your fingers for an eager letter by return mail!

How about "courtesy" letters? Ever since you discovered that Santa Claus didn't bring those picture books and Teddy bears, you've probably been sending off carefully written thank-you notes for gifts. And now that you're an older gal, your friends, aunts and uncles still rate prompt "thank you's" (with a little enthusiasm and home news added) for every pair of ski socks, silk scarf or new teen-age novel they send to mark a holiday or birthday. And, of course, a bread-and-butter letter goes to anyone who has been your host or hostess, from the boy who asked you to his school for June Week to Maria Jones' mother, who was so patient about midnight lunches and giggling after hours when you spent the week end with the Joneses. According to Emily P. and the other experts, a post card in pencil just won't do, so use plain white or pastel paper, written in pen and ink, and make the letter friendly, neat and prompt.

A penny for your thoughts on a week-end trip to Beaver Lake, or a long motor trip through the West, is always a good way to make friends with the fellows and girls back home! It's just downright flattering for anyone to think that you've taken time out to write a post card when you might be out looking at the Grand Canyon. Instead of the routine "wonderful time—wish you were here" greeting, personalize your post cards. Some of the boys might like a bit of information about Big Bear Rock, your Aunt Jane always enjoyed scenery, and some of the girls in your Sub-Deb club would like a message from a local glitter spot, if you manage to hit one. Try it next time you take a trip—you'll have more friends when you get home than you had when you left!

And now for the $64 question with the three-cent answer. In a new boy-girl friendship (maybe you met him on vacation, maybe at an inter-school dance), who should write first? If the boy writes first, that's good—*but there are no rules about who should be more friendly*, so if you don't hear from him, just take pen in hand and *get a letter in the mail yourself.* Make it brief and casual, referring to the fun you had or suggesting that it would be fun to get together again. The trick is to *write soon*, without letting more than a week or two go by, so you can say "Didn't we have fun?" instead of "Remember me?"

And what to say in your letters to boys? Whether this is the first note or a five-page missive to an old friend, the formula for an interesting letter is still the same: *write about things which are interesting to the character on the receiving end.* Most boys will want to hear news about fellows and girls you both know, they might get a laugh out of a new joke you heard the other day or enjoy your comment on a recent movie or that smooth Stafford disk you just added to your collection. A little mutual reminiscing always makes interesting reading ("remember the fun we had at Dave's after the dance," and so on), and everyone is flattered by an interested question or two about what he's doing these days. The best personal letters read like a friendly, animated conversation—so don't worry about form and formality.

There comes a time in any gal's date life when a few subtle, friendly lines can patch things up with an old friend, or serve as a come-on gesture with a boy she'd like to know better. Maybe you and Don had had a few dates—and then he asked you to a big dance at his school. But something went wrong somewhere—a minor argument or something you couldn't put your finger on—and when he dropped you off at your own doorstep, you both knew the evening hadn't been a success. What to do? Cross Don out of your diary as a good dream that just didn't come true? No—write a letter instead. Don't give him time to think of you as a dull or disagreeable date. Try a charming thank-you note or a return invitation saying, "Last night was such fun, now how about joining me at *my* junior prom?"

Or maybe the dance evening *was* wonderful, but you haven't heard from Don since and you're beginning to think he's a one-date man. *Try the mails again*—with an invitation to join the gang at your house, come next Friday, or enclosing a newspaper clipping of mutual interest ("You talked so much about Joe Fulks' basketball technique—thought you'd like to see this item"). Anything to let him know you're still friendly and willing to make a try for another pleasant evening. Don't be shy about writing—a gal can do by mail what just can't be done by telephone!

But hold the pen, the verbal poison and the unhappy messages (unless, of course, you've really behaved badly and want to apologize) when you're "mad" at any boy. A one-sided letter filled with "how dare you do this to me" phrases is no way to talk over a misunderstanding! Nine times out of ten, a gal doesn't mean it when she says "I never want to see you again," but how can a fellow find that out when he's too hurt to call again? Most boys think of girls as "sugar and spice and a lot of Friday-night fun," but a harsh, scolding letter can spoil that picture faster than you think. So don't say anything on paper you wouldn't say in person, for once that letter is in the mailbox, those little men in gray uniforms just won't give it back again!

Rhythm, Rumba and Romance

. . . moonlight, magnolias and banjos, or top hat, white tie and tails? Pick the theme for decoration at prom time, plus tips on everything from punch to programs, from the Sub-Deb booklets, LET'S DANCE, No. 1303, and DANCE DOIN'S, No. 2307. Make it a bright-lights evening! Send just 5c for each booklet to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.







Knockout on Sunday...

Washout on Monday!

What a difference a day makes (*wash*-day, that is)... to SOME cotton dresses.

But a dress with "Sanforized" on the label *can't* lose its style to shrinkage, wash it as you will!

So never let a cotton dress enter your life without the "Sanforized" trade-mark.

Whether you're paying $3 or $30, look for that word "Sanforized" on the label every time!

The style will never shrink away from the dress with "Sanforized" on the label!

•SANFORIZED•
TRADE ® MARK

ett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.

"How did I ever do without...TipToe?"



The TOE that bends... can be used as a small iron ...exclusive with TipToe

Ever hear women rave over an iron?

You will when you meet TipToe owners... because TipToe is the greatest work-saver and time-saver since irons went electric!

This new iron has a hinge in its sole plate that gives you a large and small iron—in the same iron! Tip the handle forward gently, and four-fifths of the ironing surface lifts off the board... while you use the Toe by itself as a small iron, with no risk of scorching!

The Toe gets into tucks, ruffles, folds ... makes easy work of baby dresses, lace blouses, collars, curtains... Some women tell us TipToe cuts their ironing time in half!

It's light, easy to handle, can be used for hours without tiring arm or wrist. Powerful tubular heating elements, cast in the metal base—send out a steady flow of heat that dries and finishes fabric without heavy pressure. The sculptured handle fits any hand, protects your fingers from burns and heat. And the reversible cord is a happy idea for left-handers!

TipToe takes the hard work out of ironing —spoils you for any other ordinary iron!... At good stores everywhere. If you don't see it, write for the address of nearest TipToe dealer. Made by The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co., the makers of YALE locks, world standard for eighty years... Electric Appliance Division, Empire State Building, New York City.



The thoughtful g for any wom ... any ti

Copyright 1948, T. Y. & T. M

SADIE HAWKINS SHINDIG

By Sheila John Daly

I ANKERIN' for a tall, dark and handy young character to take you out on Friday night? Got a yen for men? Then you'll be all for a rip-roaring time about party, a Sadie Hawkins Shindig. Acording to Al Capp, originator of the Li'l Abner comic strip and founder of Sadie Hawkins Day, the celebration originally fell on the second Saturday in November, but now any date is Sadie Hawkins Day, depending on your whims or needs for a beau boy.

Before the actual bids are mailed, send forth this authentic proclamation, scrawled on heavy brown wrapping paper, to each of the fellows and girls on your list:

PROCLAMATION

Now all Dogpatch men what ain't married by these presents, and specially Li'l Abner Yokum:

Whereas there be inside our town limits a passel of gals what ain't married but wishes something awful to be, and

Whereas these gals' pappies and mammies have been shouldering the burden of their board and keep for more years than is tolerable, and

Whereas there be in Dogpatch plenty of young men what could marry these gals but acts ornery and won't, and

Whereas we deems matrimony's joys and being sure of eating regular the birthright of our fair Dogpatch womanhood,

We hereby proclaims and decrees, by right of the power and majesty vested in us as Mayor of Dogpatch,

"SADIE HAWKINS DAY"

Given under our hand and seal, this, the ___ day of _____, ____, in the town of Dogpatch, in the State of Kentucky.

MAYOR OF DOGPATCH

Several days later mail out the invitations to the boys in big brown envelopes marked "Official Summons." The heavy paper invitations inside tell each Li'l Abner to "Start running at 6 o'clock next Thursday cus that's when your Daisy Mae's comin' to git you. We're expecting you to look like a Dogpatcher, so wear your jeans and bring your corncob pipe." Because this is an all-girl conspiracy against the fellows, let the gals in on the party plans ahead of time, telling each who is Li'l Abner is. Instruct the gals to pick out their dates and ask them all to dress Dogpatch style, in variations of Daisy Mae's black skirt and polka-dot blouse or the ragged costume of Mammy Yokum.

If possible, hold the party in a barn or rumpus room which can be decorated to look like the interior of a log cabin. Set barrels of shiny red apples and bright yellow turnips around the side lines (fill the barrels almost to the top with crushed newspapers before placing the fruits and vegetables artistically on top). Hang old jugs (vinegar or cider jugs will do) on the walls, and festoon dried ears of corn to brighten up dark corners. In one corner, place a water barrel with a chipped dipper hanging from a nail above.

Here's a game with Skunk Hollow savor to get the festivities off to a rollicking start. Divide the guests into two teams, the Dogpatchers and the Feudin' Scraggs, for a turnip race, the old potato race with a new vegetable and a new twist. Line the teams up at the starting line for a relay race. Bring the first round the contestants simply carry the turnip to the goal line and back; the only catch is that they must walk a straight line, putting one foot directly in front of the other, heel to toe, all the way. On the second round trip, the turnip must be balanced on the bowl of a small teaspoon, and on the third circuit it must be pushed across the floor with the nose, the contestants down on their hands and knees, Salomey-fashion. Start the contest off with a rifle crack (your little brother's cap pistol will do) and award the winning team small jars of "presarved turnips." (Buy tiny jars of orange marmalade or peach preserves and change the label.)

Time now for the gals to hook a fellow as a dinner partner for the Skunk Hollow Spread. Blindfold all the gals and turn them loose in the room with the fellows, who have the advantage of being able to see whom they want to avoid. If one of the girls snags a boy, she hangs on to him to escort her in to dinner; but if she bumps into another girl, the bumper is eliminated from the contest and takes to the side lines. When all the other girls have found a partner, the gals who are still foot-loose are allowed to try again; and when everyone is matched, it's time to troop off two by two for refreshments, Dogpatch style.

> **Some people think they are in the groove when they are really in a rut.**
> —RICHARD ARMOUR.

Cover the table with a red-and-white-checked tablecloth, mended with multi-colored patches, and place small candles stuck in half turnips at each setting. Because they're in Dogpatch, your guests will pull up nail kegs or up-ended boxes instead of chairs and will eat their meal from unmatched chipped crockery or shiny tin pie plates.

When you're dining with the Yokums, the menu will be a familiar one; what else but pork chops, presarved turnips, corn pone, greens and sweet-patootie pie, with a swig of Kickapoo Joy Juice to top it off? Brown the pork chops delicately, then rub lightly with prepared mustard and a teaspoon of tomato paste before grilling to sizzling perfection over glowing coals of the fireplace or under the broiler of the kitchen stove. Cook the turnips until they are tender, mash and whip until frothy with gobs of golden butter or margarine. The "corn pone" is steaming squares of corn bread, and for "greens," toss a salad of lettuce, cucumber and a fine grating of onion or chives, mixed with a light dressing.

All the Li'l Abners would rise and stalk manfully from the table at the end of the meal if they weren't served their favorite dessert, sweet-patootie pie. So be sure to have it on hand, to be served hot, with mounds of whipped cream, sprinkled lightly with cinnamon, heaped on top. For the patootie pie take 1½ cups boiled, mashed sweet potatoes; 1 egg, beaten; sugar to taste; salt; 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and 1 cup milk. Mix in that order and bake in one crust in a hot oven (450° F.) until lightly browned.

The Kickapoo Joy Juice, which rounds out the Skunk Hollow Spread, should be poured from gallon earthenware jugs into handleless cups or heavy mugs. Boil 2 quarts apple cider for five minutes with 4 whole allspices, 4 whole cloves and a 6-inch stick of cinnamon tied in a cheesecloth bag. Remove the spice bag, add ¾ cup brown sugar and boil for another five minutes. The Joy Juice can be kept piping hot over boiling water until ready to be served.

A Sadie Hawkins Shindig is a party the guests will long remember, for every gal caught her guy and a passel of fun besides!

Taken from the book, Party Fun, to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Satina in my starch makes ironing 3 times easier!"

WRITES MRS. MARY SABELLA, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK



MRS. SABELLA, pictured above with her children, Frank and Dolores, writes:

"Starched shirts and blouses are 3 times easier to iron when I put Satina in my starch. The iron just glides—no sticking or stopping!"

Satina is a wonderful ironing aid you use with boiled or unboiled starch. It dissolves easily in boiling water or the boiling starch solution.

It not only makes ironing *lots* easier, it makes *clothes smell fresher, look newer, stay clean longer*, too!

FREE FULL-SIZE PACKAGE



WE'RE SO SURE *you'll* love Satina, if we can just get you to try it once, that we're offering you a *free* full-size package. Enough for 4 big starchings. Just you try it and judge Satina for yourself.

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS

SATINA, Dept. 32, Battle Creek, Michigan

Dear Sirs: Satina sounds good to me. Now I'd like a free full-size package to see how much easier it makes *my* starched ironing.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Women say: "Put SATINA in your starch!

It makes starched ironing 3 times easier"

Drop that dishcloth



UNTIL YOU GET

4-WAY IMPROVED DREFT!



(R) A HYMOSOL PRODUCT



See! **MORE SUDS THAN ANY PRODUCT KNOWN!**

1 *Nothing beats Dreft for suds!* Ounce for ounce in average water, Improved Dreft makes more suds than any dishwashing product known.



Feel! **MILDEST EVER TO YOUR HANDS!**

2 *How clean Dreft leaves your hands!* No slippery, greasy feeling. For Dreft leaves hands as well as dishes greaseless. And gentle Dreft contains no alkali. Even milder to hands than before.



Smell! **WONDERFULLY "SNEEZE-FREE"!**

3 *Go ahead and sniff!* Improved Dre contains less of that irritating "dust" that causes sneezing than any leading dishwashing product of its kind.



Look! **WASHES 1/4 MORE DISHES!**

4 *More for your money!* Improved Dreft now weighs more, goes farther, lasts longer. A package washes one-quarter more dishes than before!



If *those* dishwashing facts surprise you,

Listen to these!

More dishes are washed with Dreft today than with any other brand in America.

Dreft was first
...to cut dishwashing time in half!
...to give you greaseless dishwashing!
...to perform miracles *no soap* can match!
and here's another "first"...

Dreft makes dishes Shine

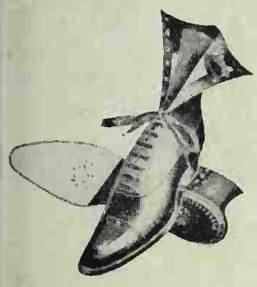
—even Without Wiping!

PROCTER & GAMBLE'S PATENTED SUDS DISCOVERY

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

T[May, 1898, Dewey spoke the
quiet words, "You may fire when
a]y, Gridley," and proceeded to
a]nihilate the Spanish fleet at Ma-
il]a. William Gladstone died of
a] cer, and the U. S. battleship Ore-
go]n—rushed from San Francisco to
Florida to get into the war with
Spain—completed the trip in 65
days.

Writes Editor Bok in the May, 1898, JOURNAL, on the subject of women taking up sports: "Young men are sometimes apt to be more free in their merrymakings in the open air than in the parlor, and against this tendency toward a larger freedom, a young girl cannot be too cautious."



Bicycling skirts so scant as to leave the limbs exposed are nothing short of disgusting," continues Edward Bok. "A skirt which misses the street by but inches is always becoming for athletic sports."

On women bathing: "For a woman to parade herself in dripping-wet garments, or to lie on the beach in unseemly attitudes, certainly does not impress men that she is a woman meant to uplift mankind."

Comment two girls in a piece called "Two Weeks in Europe for $200: "In Cologne, we had large, front hotel rooms which, with breakfast, cost us 60 cents each. Our five-course dinner (soup, beef, potato, breaded cutlet, spiced currants, roast chicken, salad and dessert) cost us 35 cents each."

For its half million readers, the JOURNAL commissioned Reginald De Koven to set Kipling's new poem, Recessional ("Lest We Forget"), to music. The May, 1898, issue published for the first time "this stirring and dearly beloved song.

Numbers: "After an apprenticeship of six years, a young man can make a full-fledged journeyman's wages of from three to four dollars a day."

Fashion fads: "The new bodices, with pleating French bows under the chin,



accordion-pleated. . . . Strings of pink coral beads, two and three yards long. . . . The ever-popular shirtwaist, in plaid and checked gingham, madras, striped percale, white lawn and colored piqué."

Journal About Town

GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW, EDITORS YOU LIKE AND WHAT GOES ON IN NEW YORK

PHOTO BY ROSSKAM



The flower beds of Rockefeller Center burst into full bloom in hours. First on the schedule, daffodils, ten thousand strong.

THEY'VE got seven full-time gardeners down below us here in Rockefeller Center. And the day 10,000 daffodils arrive they need all seven, and more besides. The trucks drive up at dawn, and by afternoon all the beds from Fifth Avenue back to the plaza and above the rink are in absolute full bloom—yellow, gold, and white. Talk about succession of bloom! These beds change completely ten times a summer, on schedules worked out in advance by ***A. M. van den Hoek,*** the head horticulturalist, who's been telling us about the enormous new daffodils they have this year. Five inches across, and the biggest in the world—named Douglas MacArthur.

There's a little hat story behind ***Jessamyn West's*** story called The Hat in this issue, or at least behind the painting that illustrates it; for, according to ***Frank Eltonhead. Alex Ross,*** the artist, designed the hat himself—fruit, flowers, veiling and all—got a mil-



He painted, she posed—but mom was the one who wore the hat.

liner down the street in Wilton, Connecticut, to make it, and a neighbor's daughter to pose. Of course, by rights the model should now have the hat—but who has it instead? The model's mother.

Just as the JOURNAL series of modern houses, of several years ago, became a standard work of reference in schools of architecture all over the country, now the regional series, which this month features the Colonial mansions in Fairmount Park, has been taken up as part of the curriculum in many departments of fine arts, as permanent acquisitions in the libraries of many museums. The colleges themselves, including the University of Pennsylvania and Oregon State College, make color slides from the original color films reproduced in the magazine, in order that students of fine arts and architecture may study the finest in American design, both old and new, as it first appeared for you in the JOURNAL.

Having heard ***Ben Grauer*** *in a broadcast on the baby-sitting situation recently, and gathering from him that this had become quite an industry here in town,* ***Louise Benjamin*** *checked a little further. . . . Well, in addition to the regular places like the Y.W.C.A., Girl Scouts, Campfire Girls and colleges, all of which keep lists of qualified sitters, she found there were apparently organized sitter services, each sitter guaranteed accident and liability insurance, and provided with a list of people to call in emergencies. The sitter age most in demand is twenty-one; the sitter sex, overwhelmingly female—though studious young men have begun to break into the game with great success.*

Arthur Murray tells us his first private pupil, when he started giving dancing lessons, was ***Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt***—at $2.50 an hour. Now, it seems, if you want the master's personal tutelage, a course of instruction comes to $5000; and a little studio here some years ago has now developed into an international enterprise earning $20,000,000 a year. We told Mr. M. he must have a wonderful manager. "I certainly have," he said—"my wife."

People in the U. S. normally drink 100,000,000 pounds of tea a year, enough to make 20,000,000,000 cups. . . . The U. S. now has the lowest death rate in history. In 1946 only ten people died out of every 1000. The baby death rate is also the lowest ever—35.1 per 1000. . . . Most of the 18,000,000 women holding jobs in this country work because they have to, according to the Labor Department. Today 84 out of every 100 working women must work to support themselves or others. . . . The Washington, D.C., zoo has a grim sign reading: "Lost children will be taken to the Lion House." . . . In Paris, women can rent hats—$3 per occasion. . . . Americans earned 11 per cent more money in 1947 than 1946—but spent more and saved less. . . . In Oklahoma, two babies were sent twelve miles by parcel post for the cost of a fifty-cent stamp. . . . Investigations of scientists during the last half-century have added about 3,000,000,000 years to the estimated age of the Earth. . . .

Last year an average of 14.22 telegrams came to the White House every hour.

When they were getting the building ready uptown for a new shop—which should have counterparts in every city, for they make available useful modern objects of all descriptions, from ash trays to furniture, all carefully chosen for their functional beauty—***Richard Pratt,*** who was called in for suggestions, noticed a mason's helper hacking away at a fireplace with a pick. Suddenly a three-foot section of the old brick wall gave way under the blows, and Mr. P. found himself looking right into a room of the building next door. It was a very Victorian room—black walnut, red plush, haircloth and antimacassars; a whatnot filled with completely unfunctional objects, all quite charming; and a nice old lady in a lace cap, looking sedately surprised. The moderns apologized profusely through the hole, and quickly covered it with a sheet of stainless steel.

The best war play in town, and the biggest hit, is MISTER ROBERTS, starring ***Henry Fonda.*** Just one girl in the show—a nurse. And if the whole cast has a natural South Pacific tropical tan, without using make-up, it's because the director, ***Joshua Logan,*** has installed in the basement of the theater a battery of sun lamps under which everyone in the play must spend at least an hour a day. Seeing it opening night, ***Bruce Gould*** called our attention to a slight anachronism in the costuming; for while the time of the play is way back during the war, the nurse's skirt has the "new look" length.

PHOTO BY J. DI PIETRO



The cast of Mr. Roberts gets its South Pacific tan the easy way.



It's all in the Family

Father was a patient man—which was very wise of him. The Journal's complete-in-one-issue novel.

BY MARGARET MILLAR

AT SEVEN o'clock on Saturday morning the golden hours began. As soon as she opened her eyes Priscilla could feel in her bones that it was Saturday. The air smelled different, the pink wallpaper roses were pinker, and the hump under the covers of the other twin bed was not just the Becky whom she had to drag to school with her every weekday; it was the Saturday Becky, copartner in all kinds of dashing schemes. She herself was the Saturday Priscilla, and when she peered into the mirror (before putting up the blind) she looked mysterious and shadowy, like the Lady of Shalott floating down to Camelot. Float, float, float. She floated into her clothes and down into the kitchen, where Edna compressed her hair into unromantic braids, and remarked that the Lady of Shalott's neck was dirty.

"Grandpa says a little dirt never hurt anybody," Priscilla said. "Anyway, we all have to eat fifteen pounds of dirt before we die."

"Who says so?" Edna asked suspiciously.

"Nobody said so. It's just—just a rule."

"It don't sound like much of a rule to me." Edna was always cross in the morning before she had taken her hot water and lemon to tone up her complexion and system in general. "Now you go up and get washed," Edna said, "and don't stand around pesting."

"I didn't even open my mouth."

"You were going to."

"I was not, I was just standing here thinking."

(Continued on Page 146)

★ *Copyright, 1948, by Margaret Millar. This is a condensation of the novel soon to be published by Random House.* ★



She hadn't been strictly accurate in the letter,
since she said that she was twenty years old and a beautiful blonde.

NO. 5 IN A SERIES . . . BY ROGER BUTTERFIELD

Possible Presidents

ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG

He thinks being President wouldn't be fun. "And besides—I'm not a candidate." But events could make him the ideal compromise choice.

ACME



As the twig is bent . . .

"THE beauty of not being a candidate for President," said Senator Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg, "is that all the real candidates think you're a very fine fellow."

The senator settled back in a stuffed leather chair and emitted a dense cloud of denicotinized cigar smoke as he said this. The tone of his voice was slightly bantering, and his black eyes sparkled with a mixture of amusement and quiet satisfaction. Like everyone else who knows about politics, Senator Vandenberg is aware that he is generally considered the Republican Party's "senior statesman," and its dominant figure so far as the shaping of American world policy is concerned. As the principal congressional author and sponsor of the vast European Recovery Plan, his prestige soared higher than that of any other man in Washington. He is the only important Republican who has been regularly and warmly and sincerely praised by Governor Thomas E. Dewey, Senator Robert A. Taft and ex-Governor Harold E. Stassen—in other words, by all three of the leading contenders for the Republican nomination for President.

This situation would seem to make Vandenberg the ideal compromise choice if the Republican convention in June should become deadlocked and fail to agree on any of the leading three. In fact, many shrewd observers are now convinced that Vandenberg is the Republican who is most likely to be nominated.

There are, however, two possible obstacles. One is that Vandenberg once flatly and positively declared himself out of the race. (Though not so positively, it must be noted, as General Eisenhower has done.) Here is what the senator said a number of months ago, and has repeated in various forms since:

"I am not a candidate. I do not expect or wish to be a candidate. I shall seek no convention delegates nor approve the efforts of others in this behalf. I think my place of service is in filling out my tenure in the Senate. *Of course*, I would yield to a spontaneous draft (if *that* hypothesis *must* be included) because I do not believe any citizen has a right to deny service to his country if and when his service is demanded. But a good journalistic friend of mine, Frank Kent, once proved to me that no presidential nominee is ever drafted unless he connives at it. I shall not connive."

Talking with me in his Capitol office not long ago, the senator added, with arm-flourishing emphasis:

"I haven't connived, and I won't connive! I offer a reward to anyone who can show a letter, or a note, or any evidence of a conversation, no matter how trivial, to indicate I have connived!"

ACME



. . . So grows the child.

Nevertheless, and in spite of a letter which Vandenberg addressed to the Governor of Michigan asking that he should *not* be supported in his own home state, a "Draft Vandenberg" movement has been under way for some time in Michigan and elsewhere. At the convention in June he will receive all the votes of the Michigan delegation, and doubtless more, on the early ballots.

Mrs. Vandenberg, a former newspaper feature writer, long ago talked her husband out of wearing horn-rimmed glasses, Paderewski-type haircuts and Prince Albert coats. Here they dine together during the U.N. conference.

ACME



The senator had a friendly chat with Molotov in San Francisco, but when he returned from fruitless European peace-treaty conferences in the spring of 1946, he favored a firm hand in dealing with the Russian policy makers.

EUROPEAN



ACME



From newspaperman . . .

The other obstacle is the senator's age—he was 64 years old on March 22. This is only 47 days older than President Truman is now, but it is older than any President has ever been at the time of his inauguration except two (William Henry Harrison, who died after one month in office and James Buchanan). There have been rumors about Vandenberg's health, and particularly about a heart condition which bothered him years ago, and which led to his becoming a regular user of digitalis. Recently his personal physician, Dr. A. B. Smith, of Grand Rapids, gave him a clean bill of health.

"We had Senator Vandenberg in a hospital and we threw the book at him," said Doctor Smith. "He was 100 per cent in every way. Every man in the hospital was amazed, and I, his personal friend, was amazed because there was no reaction whatever to the physical strain he has been under during the last several years. . . . Here is a man far more healthy than most men many years his junior. I am only talking to stop these vicious rumors."

There is, perhaps, another small obstacle in Vandenberg's path. Col. Robert R. McCormick, the isolationist publisher of the Chicago Tribune, does not like him any more. Ever since Vandenberg began to take an enlightened interest in world affairs he has been on McCormick's black list, and the Tribune's front-page cartoons have pictured him in the uniform of Benedict Arnold, selling out his country to the foreigners.

In the background of this there hangs a rather amusing tale. In 1936, when Alf Landon was nominated for President by the Republicans at Cleveland, Colonel McCormick decided that Vandenberg was the ideal man to run for Vice-President. He hurried to the senator's hotel room and urged him to accept the second place on the ticket. Vandenberg declined, with thanks. The colonel waxed more and more persuasive, until finally Vandenberg said:

INTERNATIONAL NEWS



. . . To Michigan senator.

"Let me ask you a question, colonel. How would you like to be vice-president of the Tribune?"

McCormick thought that one over, and gave up the argument.

"HI, FELLOW FASCISTS!" Vandenberg's buoyancy and quick sense of humor are among his most engaging attributes. Once when two other Republican senators were bellowing at each other over some utterly unimportant point in a committe meeting, Vandenberg ended the scene by dryly observing, "I see that you gentlemen are in violent agreement." And during the painful period that former Secretary of State James F. Byrnes and former Secretary of Commerce Henry A. Wallace were having their famous falling out over the foreign policy of the Truman Administration, it was Vandenberg who coined the perfect phrase for the occasion.

"We Republicans are anxious to co-operate," he said, "but we can only co-operate with one Secretary of State at a time."

As befits the president pro tem of the United States Senate, Vandenberg is a dignified and impressive-looking man. Yet lurking always near the surface of his dignity is an amiable attitude of self-burlesque. Back in the days when the Atomic Energy Commission was being created, a proposal which Vandenberg made was attacked in certain quarters as "fascistic." The next day he walked briskly into a meeting of the Senate group which was holding hearings on the subject. His cigar was clamped tightly between his teeth, and his face was darkened by a mock scowl. "Hi, fellow fascists!" he growled at his colleagues.

Vandenberg was chosen by his fellow Republicans to preside over the Senate when they took over control of Congress in January, 1947. Sitting in his lofty chair, above the tumult and tempest of Senate debate, he often appears to be laboring intensely over a sheet of stationery on his desk. Visitors wonder whether he is writing another history-making speech, or jotting down significant points of parliamentary procedure. What he is really doing is constructing one of his fabulously intricate and architectural "doodles." Some of these he embellishes with bars of music, others with fleurs-de-lis, and others with stars, shields and patriotic American symbols.

When Vandenberg steps down from the podium to speak, however, all doodling is left behind. He is one of the Senate's great and most respected and most effective orators. Usually, *(Continued on Page 253)*

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

His father's deathbed advice was, "Son, always be a Republican." He followed that advice to become the Republican Party's "senior statesman," also a millionaire.



As chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and co-author of the European Recovery Plan, Vandenberg was key man when Secretary Marshall appeared before the committee to begin his fight for Congressional approval.

ACME





A Summer Story

BY LUCIA ALZAMORA

THERE were about twenty children at Miss Bennett's camp the summer that Deirdre was there, and in later years every one of them remembered it as a sort of heaven. When Deirdre grew up and had children of her own she used to lie beside them in the dark, after they had gone to bed, and tell them stories about it. She sometimes thought that if she had never gone there she wouldn't have grown into the sort of woman who told her children stories. She had been such a dreadful little girl.

That was what Greenie had thought on the hot July day that she first saw Deirdre. It had seemed to Greenie that the entire Grand Central Station was filled with screaming children and, in spite of arm bands, she had had no conception of how she and the two other counselors were to herd out their own seven- and eight- and nine-year-olds. When she saw Deirdre Reynolds, though, she knew her at once because of her resemblance to her fabulous father.

The child stood alone beside her small suitcase. She had a sallow little monkey face; the eyes were suspicious and the mouth was sullen, and still she looked like the gay, the handsome, the great James Reynolds. She was improperly dressed for the train in an embroidered white dress which showed too much leg, and a floppy white hat. Her hair fell to her shoulders and just turned under in a way that, though unusual, was pretty.

Goodness, thought Greenie, and went to get her.

But Deirdre, though forsaken, was not alone. As Greenie reached her, the man and woman behind the child turned, and were no longer detached, but her escort and her background.

Greenie stopped still. *Oh, my heart*, she thought. *It is he.* She often thought in this manner, but her spoken words were always very different.

"I am Deirdre's counselor," she said. "Would you like to say good-by to her now?"

The white teeth really flashed under the mustache. "How did you know it was Deirdre?" said Reynolds.

"She looks just like you," Greenie said. "I've seen you on the stage."

"She doesn't look like him at all," said the lovely blond woman beside him.

"This is Miss Carrington," said Deirdre's father.

"I know," said Greenie politely. "I've seen her on the stage too."

"How kind of you to remember," said Miss Carrington in an uncomplimented voice.

(Continued on Page 114)

"Oh, why won't you marry someone nice?" cried Deirdre, running away

ILLUSTRATED BY

Deirdre learns what wise women know: that in matters of the heart, a man is apt to go astray.



My Mother is a Valiant Woman

Most to be honored on Her Day: the mother who manages to push her child out of the nest with gentle firmness, but doesn't forget to give him the passport of her love. **BY G. M. WHITE**

WHEN I was seven years old my father died. I still hear those impersonal metallic clicks as his casket was closed. Seated stiffly in a shiny automobile that moved silently toward the cemetery, I watched the flecks of dust that floated in a ray of the waning autumn sun. Just before the coffin was lowered a man dropped into the grave to chase a gopher out. Nothing seemed quite real.

When the service was over the crowd dissolved. I was small and hollow and alone. I wanted to rest and the ground was close. I could feel the darkness of the earth closing over my head too. But my mother held my hand with an almost crushing force; her knuckles stood out white and strong and the tips of her fingers were pink where the blood was held back. She was real.

Those who tell of overstuffed, modern "moms" seldom have a grasp on any specific person. The old-fashioned mothers of song and story are usually ghostly, sexless creatures. The little old lady in lavender and lace, the carnation-flavored silver-haired sweetheart, is as rare in real life as the pillow-bosomed mammy who smells of magnolias. Most mothers do not resemble such caricatures. Mine does not.

At sixty-five my mother is still unbreakable and of tall, delicate stature, so lightly, eternally feminine I think she will never die, but be wafted away someday on a languid summer breeze. Her auburn hair has found gray shadows, but her stemlike body has the same strength that holds up flowers through a storm. Her soft blue eyes are keen and quick, although she has always been blind to adversity. She is seldom idle.

When a father dies, the standard continuation of the story is well known: a virtuous widow left penniless with a small son to rear; her bitter struggle to be both father and mother to her boy, to educate and keep him honest; and finally, the deathbed consolation that her son is not in the penitentiary but has his own little shop and may yet be President.

In a more modern version of the mother-son plot, a boy loves his mother only at the peril of his psychic being and, what's more, of his sex life. In some novels domineering mothers raise dependent, neurotic sons who rob widows in their spare time. Like the well-known descriptions of mother, these dramas have faint touches of truth, but my mother would be miscast in such a role.

After my father's death she worked outside our home to support us. This did not seem unusual to me, as I had found myself wholly dependent on her seven years before. I learned to love her before I learned to read. My love later became mingled with respect, but not gratitude. I do not know that my mother ever felt burdened by the necessity to make our living. I cannot remember much of a struggle going on then. Possibly there was. It was following the crash of 1929, when everybody was comfortably impoverished. But my mother never struggled to take care of me. She did it easually, like drinking a glass of water or making a pie.

Unquestionably we would not have been so well off in those days of the Big Dollar had it not been for the Triumph of the Pies. Among my mother's culinary talents one art stands out above all the rest. She makes pies with the intense indifference of great genius. She releases their succulent perfection from a mass of dough as a sculptor discovers a figure in a block of stone. There are no recipes for the pies my mother makes. She slaps them together with a few brisk touches and they come out of the oven little palpitating classics, breathing the life of true creation, spluttering juice on the gold-tinted crusts. To have a wedge of my mother's pie pointing at

(Continued on Page 198)

PAUL CÉZANNE 1839–1906

Paul Cézanne's life was consecrated to painting. In his lonely retreat at Aix he once said, "I have sworn to die painting"; and he carried out his vow, for he was found, after a torrential downpour of rain, unconscious beside his easel. A passer-by carried him home in a laundry cart; yet the next morning he struggled back to his studio, was again stricken and died a few days later.

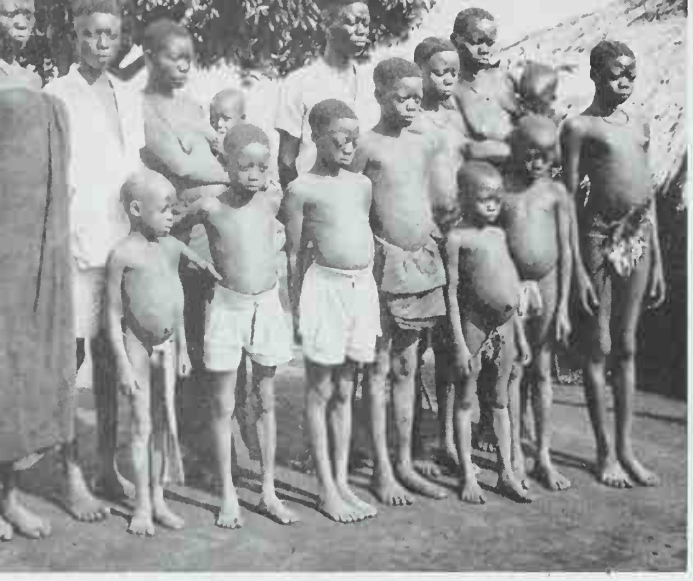
What was the vision he followed with such passion and such relentlessness? As nearly as words can describe such matters, his quest was twofold: to discover a means of transcribing the weft of color that in Nature covers and yet indicates mass, and to find a way of conveying an impression of space without destroying these color relations. In the present landscape, for example, which he painted at Auvers, near Paris, in 1873, he wished to show the trees and the walls of the cottages not only as the colored patterns of light and shade which would have satisfied an impressionist painter but also to communicate his perception of the volumes, the dense masses of the foliage and the solidity of the buildings. Similarly, he wished to transcend impressionism in the rendering of space. Instead of allowing the colors to fade into a misty background, the conventional method of suggesting recession, he wanted to maintain chromatic intensity even in the distance. Thus local color in the *House of Père Lacroix* retains its strength in every plane; and space is created not by diminution of tonal contrast, but by the position and the scale of the trees, the cottages and the hill which make up the scene. The magic of Cézanne's style consists in his power to suggest, through selection of color and organization of form, solid volumes in sequence of planes, aspects of vision which we experience more intensely in his painting than we do when we look directly at Nature.

—JOHN WALKER, ***Chief Curator, National Gallery of***



REPRODUCED COURTESY CHESTER DALE COLLECTION, NATIONAL GALLERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

House of Père Lucroix . . . Painted by Paul Cézanne



QUATORIAL AFRICA: *The Zamba Alumas, of Lujulu, Sudan*



ITALY: *The Guercinis, of Greve, Tuscany*



EGYPT: *The el Gamels, of M*



CHINA: *The Ho Fu-yuans, Kia-ting, Kiangsu*



ERMANY: *The Stieglitzes, of Wollau, in the American Zone*

Announcing

the JOURNAL'S international picture survey of family life.

The editors of the JOURNAL *are happy to announce a special editorial project. People are People the World Over. With the co-operation of twelve families in as many countries throughout the world, we will present each month a picture spread on one important phase of family life around the world. The* JOURNAL *thus continues its policy of nonpolitical reporting on the world and its peoples, begun in February with the article Women and Children in Soviet Russia.*

PHOTOGRAPHS for the Journal by Horace Bristol (Japan and China), Larry Burrows (England), Robert Capa (United States and Czechoslovakia), Marie Hansen (Italy), George Rodger (Egypt, Pakistan and Equatorial Africa), Phil Schultz (Mexico), Dovid Seymour (France and Germany).

PAKISTAN: *The Mohamed Usmans, of Patni, Sind*



ENGLAND: *The Hiatts, of Hook Norton, Oxfordshire*



FRANCE: *The Re*





ı el Kanater, Qalyûbîya



MEXICO: *The Gonzalezes, of Moravatio, Michoacán*



CZECHOSLOVAKIA: *The Baloghs, of Furolac, Slovakia*

by JOHN GODFREY MORRIS

PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER

HERE are 88 of the 2,000,000,000 people who inhabit the planet Earth. They are 12 families who represent 12 countries, 3 races and 5 religious faiths. They speak 11 languages. They are posing for a photographer sent by an American magazine, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

In the past few months the JOURNAL, like a magazine on Mars, has sent photographers to inquire into the lives of families the world over. For the family is still the basic building block of society. Despite such deviations as the two-wife family (upper left), despite growing divorce rates in the United States and Egypt, it is going strong. While the world community waits upon the anxious maneuvers of diplomats, life on the familiar level of hearth and home continues with the constancy of the tides.

Since soil—the good earth—is the great common denominator of existence, we chose only farm families. Those born of the soil can never forget the problems nature imposes on mankind. In the Rhineland it is the potato beetle, in Equatorial Africa it is the swarms of locusts that descend in November, in Pakistan it is the weeds that arise to choke the rice. In Japan it is the sudden typhoon. And in Iowa it is either too much rain or too little. The farmer's life is from sunrise to sunset, and he has little leisure time.

These, then, are the families you will meet each month in this series, in the order in which the sun awakens them:

The Okamotos, of Oshika, Japan—whose twelve annual taxes include a cow tax and a supplementary cow tax.

The Ho Fu-yuans, of Kia-ting, China, who would not permit their little girl to be photographed lest evil spirits cause her death.

The Mohamed Usmans, of Patni, Pakistan—a couple who had not met before their wedding, but whose marriage has lasted thirteen years.

The el Gamels, of Manayel Shebein el Kanater, Egypt—whose donkeys are descended from those in the Bible.

The Zamba Alumas, of Lujulu, Equatorial Africa—where every girl's first task of the day is to gather fresh leaves for her skirt.

The Baloghs, of Furolac, Czechoslovakia—where weddings last three days and wolf meat is considered a delicacy.

The Guercinis, of Greve, near Florence, in Italy—whose spotlessly clean house is painted yellow because the neighbors' are red.

The Stieglitzes, of Wollau, Germany—who fell in love at a village dance and were married in the year Hitler came to power.

The Redouins, of Fossés, France—who sent messages by carrier pigeons to England during the late German occupation.

The Hiatts, of Hook Norton, England—who like to read Western stories and whose favorite pub is The Gate Hangs High.

The Pratts, of Glidden, Iowa, U. S. A.—whose nine-year-old girl would rather ride a pony bareback than do anything else in the world.

The Gonzalezes, of Moravatio, Mexico—where cockfights are legal and it is the custom to "steal" a bride from her parents.

The conclusion of our survey will surprise only those who write newspaper headlines. It is simply that people are pretty much people, no matter where you find them.

Turn the page to the first of the "People are People" series, showing how women cook around the world. Future picture spreads will show how these twelve families eat, sleep, go to church and school and market—in short, how they live.

ːs, Orlèans



JAPAN: *The Okamotos, of Oshika, Shizuoka*



UNITED STATES: *The Pratts, of Glidden, Iowa*



First of a JOURNAL Series

PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER



GERMANY: Frau Stieglitz lights her coal stove at 5:30 A.M. to prepare morning "coffee" (made of sugar beets). She loves to bake "Gefüllte Brötchen," a large roll with a soft center of eggs, sugar and milk. It is served with applesauce.



CZECHOSLOVAKIA: In a peasant print and apron, Mrs. Joseph Balogh, of the tiny village of Furolac, high in the Carpathians, cooks on her wood stove. She is famous for her Koláčk (tarts) and Květáková Polévka (cauliflower soup).



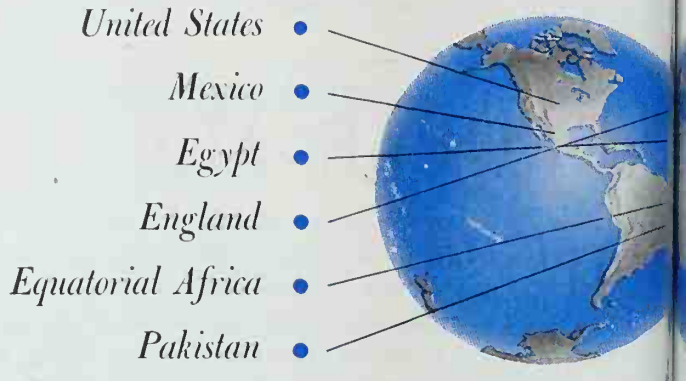
JAPAN: Mrs. Okamoto cooks on this old wood stove. To keep the long sleeves of her kimono out of the way, she fastens them with a band over her shoulders. In winter, hot coals from the stove are carefully collected and used to heat the house.



EGYPT: Mahfoza, 35-year-old wife of Hag Zaki el Gamel, bakes bread three times a week in this clay oven which she shares with two neighbors (foreground). The wheat-and-maize flour is rolled thin like an oversized pancake. Mrs. el Gamel's favorite dish is goose cooked with rice, spices and vegetables.



ENGLAND: Mrs. Thomas H keeps a neat kitchen in her s Cotswold farmhouse which from eighteenth century. Y



WOMAN'S WORLD REVOLVE

WOMAN is undisputed ruler of the kitchen, whether it is in the sun-baked village of Manayel Shebein el Kanater in the valley of the Nile, or in the brick-and-bamboo community of Kia-ting, in the fertile Yangtze delta. Man shows an international reluctance to do housework, although both the American father, Don Pratt, and the Chinese father, Ho Fu-yuan, have been known to lend a hand with the dishes.

It is the farm wife's job to arise early and light the breakfast fire. All are up by 6:30; Mrs. Okamoto of Japan arises daily at 4:30. In Italy and China, grandmother cooks, and the young wife goes off to the fields. But most wives stay home until noon, when they pack lunches off to their husbands.

Children are the constant concern. Mrs. el Gamel of Egypt makes sure each of hers drinks a glass of buffalo milk a day. The wives of Zamba Aluma, in Equatorial Africa, make their twelve children wash their hands before each meal. In Pakistan there is only ¼ pint of milk a day per child—barely a taste. But in rural England there is milk to spare, and Mrs. Hiatt gives the children cocoa at bedtime.

ITALY: Grandmother Assunta Aglietti Guercini, 70, cooks for the household. Here she is peeling potatoes in front of the big open fireplace, getting an early afternoon start on the evening meal. She makes delicious salami, and cheese from ewe's milk. But her favorite dish is soup; it's easy to make.



PAKISTAN: Kneading doug a brass bowl, Mrs. Usman pares chapattis (unleavened w or rice-flour pancakes) while d

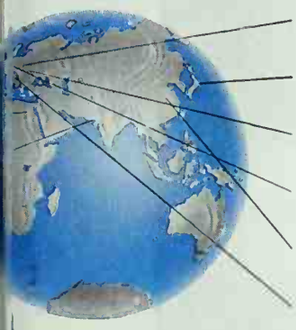






Hiatt is always curious to what's cooking, especially there is sugar enough to asty cherry tarts (right).

CHINA: Grandmother Ho Ch'in does all the cooking for the family, enabling her daughter-in-law to work in the fields. Here she is stuffing meat into fried patties of bean curd. Rice, eaten at every meal, is in the large bowl. Meals seldom vary, depending only on what side dishes are obtainable.



- *Germany*
- *Japan*
- *Czechoslovakia*
- *France*
- *China*
- *Italy*

ROUND THE KITCHEN

With no refrigerator, Mrs. Okamoto lowers meat and fish (when she has it) into the well to keep it cool. Mrs. Ho of China has never opened a can, nor wrestled with a bottle opener. Only three of the twelve families have electricity, only four have running water. Five kitchens have dirt floors, and in two countries (Pakistan and Equatorial Africa) most of the cooking is done in the open air.

In most countries, hunger is satisfied three times a day—generally at sunrise, noon and sunset. But in Africa two meals suffice, and in England there are four (including tea). And children, as shown by the several who are hanging around in these pictures, show a noticeable tendency to hunger regardless of the hour.

Mme. Redouin has saved enough money to buy an electric refrigerator, but they are hard to find in France. She doesn't complain; in France, as in most countries right now, farmers are better off than city people. In Wollau, Germany, close to the river Rhine, Frau Stieglitz is constantly interrupted in her daily work by city people who knock on the door to beg for food. In line with postwar custom, she gives them each a potato. It is gratefully received.



UNITED STATES: Mrs. Don Pratt, of Glidden, Iowa, is the only housewife we visited who has an electric refrigerator. She cooks with gas, has running hot water, but wants to remodel kitchen anyway. Here she cleans up breakfast dishes.



EQUATORIAL AFRICA: Aba, eldest daughter of Zamba Aluma, cooks a batch of porridge for the noonday meal. Beside her in the woven-reed container is the raw material—flour made from a mixture of maize, dura, beans and manioc.



MEXICO: Maria, 30-year-old wife of Pablo Gonzalez, cooks tortillas on the chimneyless stove in her adobe kitchen. Tortillas are made from corn meal and calcium powder, are served with beans and coffee. There is little milk for children.

ls by to ward off flies with rond. This mud veranda, ith reeds to keep out the gsun, is their only kitchen.

FRANCE: In the big room that serves as kitchen, dining room and bedroom (while one room in the house is never used because it is too nice), Mme. Redouin fixes a meat stew. An excellent cook, she makes her own cheese, bakes the bread, puts up preserves. She specializes in braised duck, *bombe glacée*.





The Hat



ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

Edie sighed with such pleasure that the hat rocked unsteadily and she righted it with both hands.

Any woman can tell you that the luckiest way to meet love is wearing a new hat. By Jessamyn West

IT was a hot August morning, Saturday, six-thirty o'clock, and Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael still lingered at the breakfast table. Six-thirty is mid-morning for a rancher in summer; but Mrs. Carmichael hadn't finished talking about the hat. She said: "It's perfectly clear why she wants it."

It wasn't perfectly clear to Mr. Carmichael. Besides, he thought it would be interesting to know what one woman thinks of another's reasons for buying a hat, even though the second is only fourteen and her daughter.

"Why?" he asked.

"Wilbur," said Mrs. Carmichael.

Mr. Carmichael put down his coffee—which was too hot, anyway, for a hot morning. "Wilbur!" he exclaimed. "Not after his having deserted her at that party?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Carmichael assured him. "That has just endeared him to her."

Mr. Carmichael decided to drink his coffee. "Why," he asked, breaking out in a sweat from the coffee, the heat and his daughter's bad luck in being smitten with anyone so pitiful as the Burton boy, "why would that endear him to her?"

"It's pretty mixed up," admitted Mrs. Carmichael, "but as far as I can make out Edie thinks Wilbur is a person too sensitive and good for parties."

Mr. Carmichael groaned. "Any more coffee?"

Mrs. Carmichael poured him some. "I'm afraid it's gotten cold."

"I hope so," said Mr. Carmichael. After drinking, he asked, "How does the hat figure in it?"

"I think Edie thinks the hat would make Wilbur see her in a new light. Frail and feminine."

"Better let her have it, hadn't you?" asked Mr. Carmichael. "Not that I like the idea of encouraging Wilbur in any way."

"That hat," said Mrs. Carmichael, "wouldn't encourage anyone, I'll guarantee that. That hat —— Oh, Edie," she cried, "don't slip around so! You gave me a start."

Edie, still in her blue-and-white-striped pajamas, the legs pushed up to the knees because of the heat, and a scarf tied around her head to hide the kid curlers which she had lately taken to using, stood in the kitchen doorway.

"I was walking," she said, "just as usual."

"Well, you aren't always barefooted," said Mrs. Carmichael, "when you're walking. What are you doing up this hour of the day anyway?"

During summer vacation, Edie, unless she had projects of her own afoot—a day in the hills or a morning's float in the irrigation ditch—had to be routed from bed.

"I couldn't sleep," she said. She could tell from their faces that they had been talking about her. "And I wanted to ask father something before he went out to work." She sat down at the table and turned toward her father as if they were two together though seated unfortunately at a table with a stranger. "Can I call the store and tell them that if they'll hold the hat, you'll come in and look at it with me when we go to town tonight?"

"*I've* looked at it, Edie," said her mother.

"Mother," said Edie very sweetly, "I was speaking to father. May I?"

"You don't have to ask permission of me, Edie, to speak to your father."

"Thank you, mother. May I, father?"

"Well," said Mr. Carmichael, "I don't suppose there'd be any harm in taking a look. Would there, Amy? Though you mustn't count on me for any expert advice about a hat, Edie."

Edie leaned toward her father. "Daddy," she said—she hadn't called her father "daddy" for years, but somehow the word seemed right and natural to her this morning—"daddy, if you thought a hat was beautiful and becoming, I'd know it was beautiful and becoming. Or if you thought it was ugly and unsuitable, I'd know it was ugly and unsuitable. Do you know what, daddy," Edie said and leaned toward her father, admiring the philosophic lines which ran, not from his nose to his mouth and which she thought made people look sour, but from cheekbone to jawbone, "do you know what?"

"No, Edie," said Mr. Carmichael, "I don't. But I'm waiting to be told."

"I think you probably have instinctive taste."

Mrs. Carmichael laughed, quite loud and long for so early in the morning. Edie looked at her mother with a mingling of shock and disapproval on her face.

"Were you laughing at me or daddy, mother?" she asked politely.

"The two of you," said Mrs. Carmichael. "You and your daddy. Your daddy, Edith, can't tell a bonnet from a bushel basket. Not if the basket has a flower on it, anyway."

"Well, Amy," said Mr. Carmichael, "I may not be an expert on hats. I grant you that. But I think I know a pretty hat when I see one."

"That's why I want you to see this hat," cried Edie. "It's so downright beautiful."

"That hat, Edie," said her mother, "is the most unsuitable object for a girl of fourteen to put on her head I ever laid my eyes on."

"Just what do you mean by unsuitable, Amy?" asked Mr. Carmichael.

"Yes, mother," said Edie, pouring herself a glass of milk, "just what do you mean by unsuitable?"

"I mean that hat was never intended for a fourteen-year-old girl. It's for an older . . . woman," she concluded, wasting irony.

Mr. Carmichael poured himself a glass of milk. "You mean it ties under the chin?" he asked. "Or has ——" He took a drink of milk, visibly running out of what suggested to him the hat of an older woman.

"Or has a black veil?" Edie helped him.

"Yes," said Mr. Carmichael. "Has it got a black veil?"

"No," said Mrs. Carmichael, "it hasn't got a black veil and it doesn't tie under the chin. But every single other thing on this earth that hat has got."

"Now, Amy," said Mr. Carmichael, "maybe you'd just better tell me what this hat is really like. Leaving out this every-single-thing-on-earth business."

"Daddy," said Edie companionably, "would you like me to get you another glass of milk or anything? Would you like me to peel you an orange?"

"No, daughter," said Mr. Carmichael. "I've been sitting here eating and drinking since six o'clock and I've just about reached my limit."

Mrs. Carmichael had a musing look in her eyes. "William, do you remember the Chamber of Commerce dinner last fall? In Santa Ana?"

"I remember we were there."

"Do you remember the table decorations?"

"No," said Mr. Carmichael, "I can't say I remember the table decorations."

"Well, it's a pity you can't, because then you would know what this hat looks like."

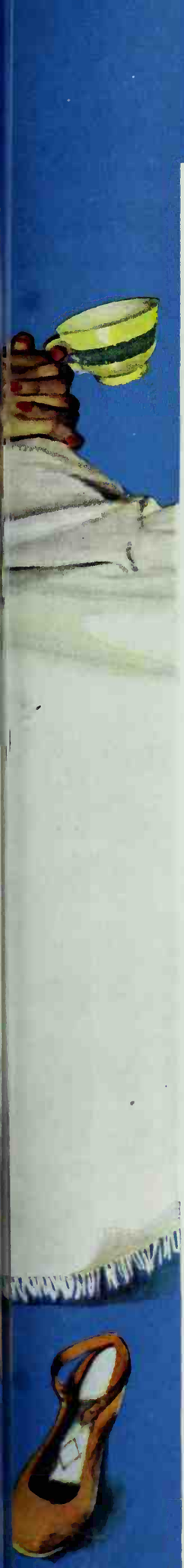
Edie did not like the way her mother had of being funny about serious matters. It was objectionable in anyone—in any mature person, that is—and particularly so in a mother. *When I have a child,* Edie thought, *I'll be serious and understanding the rest of my days. You'd think just the experience of having a child would make a person serious and settled, that it would permanently change one.*

"The table decorations," said Mrs. Carmichael reminiscently, "were horns of plenty, made out of straw mats. And out of them came spilling

(Continued on Page 141)



It seems that she is in no hurry to go. It's as if she's enjoying this at least a fraction as much as I am—



That Broken Back

YOU CAN LIE OUT OF A PRETTY GIRL'S LIFE MORE EASILY THAN YOU CAN LIE YOUR WAY INTO IT • BY MURRAY HOYT

I RETURN from working for Uncle when Old 1947 is limping out, leaning heavily on a scythe. The San Francisco paper says, "Washington Official Claims Government Program Breaks Back of Housing Shortage." In the subhead I find. "Colleges Now Claim Ability to House All Qualified Vets."

That is why the idea of sharing a room with a gorgeous blonde is not in my original plans.

I meet her on the train. I hear a sailor say to his friend, "A very spectacular set of gams indeed." And I look—merely to check in a scientific way, you understand. Then a very peculiar thing happens. Everything about her suddenly is clear-cut for me: the way she smiles a little as if she's constantly happy inside; the way her hair lies, smooth, silky, spun-gold with the ends turned under; the unbelievable way her chin rounds in a soft line that blends into the line of her throat; the way she holds up her head with the pride of high personal integrity. All this is clear to me, and a lot more; yet at the same time everyone else in the car is a blur, a background. For me she is all alone.

I know this is what I want. This is what I have thought about for all those months in Japan, and later in Korea sitting around watching the Russians. This is for me.

When she goes back to her seat, I start down there. There are plenty of vacant places in the car, even a couple of whole seats. But I stop beside her.

I say, "Is this seat taken?"

When she says that it is not, her voice is low and soft and sounds like music. I sit down.

I say, "The weather is almost as beautiful as you are." She says nothing. I look at the magazine story she is reading. I say, "A girl with your qualifications shouldn't be *reading* about love."

She closes the magazine carefully, keeping her fingers in the place. Then she looks at me. She looks at me very straight and matter-of-fact. The remarks I have made begin to seem in astonishingly poor taste. If you don't watch out, you go right on acting the way you did in occupied territory. I say to myself, *Here it comes. Hold onto your hats.*

Instead she says matter-of-factly, "You are trying to pick me up. I want to be fair and hear your side of this. But I don't care to be picked up, so I believe I would rather you would take some other seat."

I think very fast. If I go to some other seat the chances are I will never see her again, which simply must not be.

I say, "If a girl should sit down beside you on the train, you would enter into friendly conversation. It would be a pleasant way to pass the time for you both. Why should you treat a man differently when he is simply making a friendly gesture?" I haven't much hope for this, but at least it is an angle.

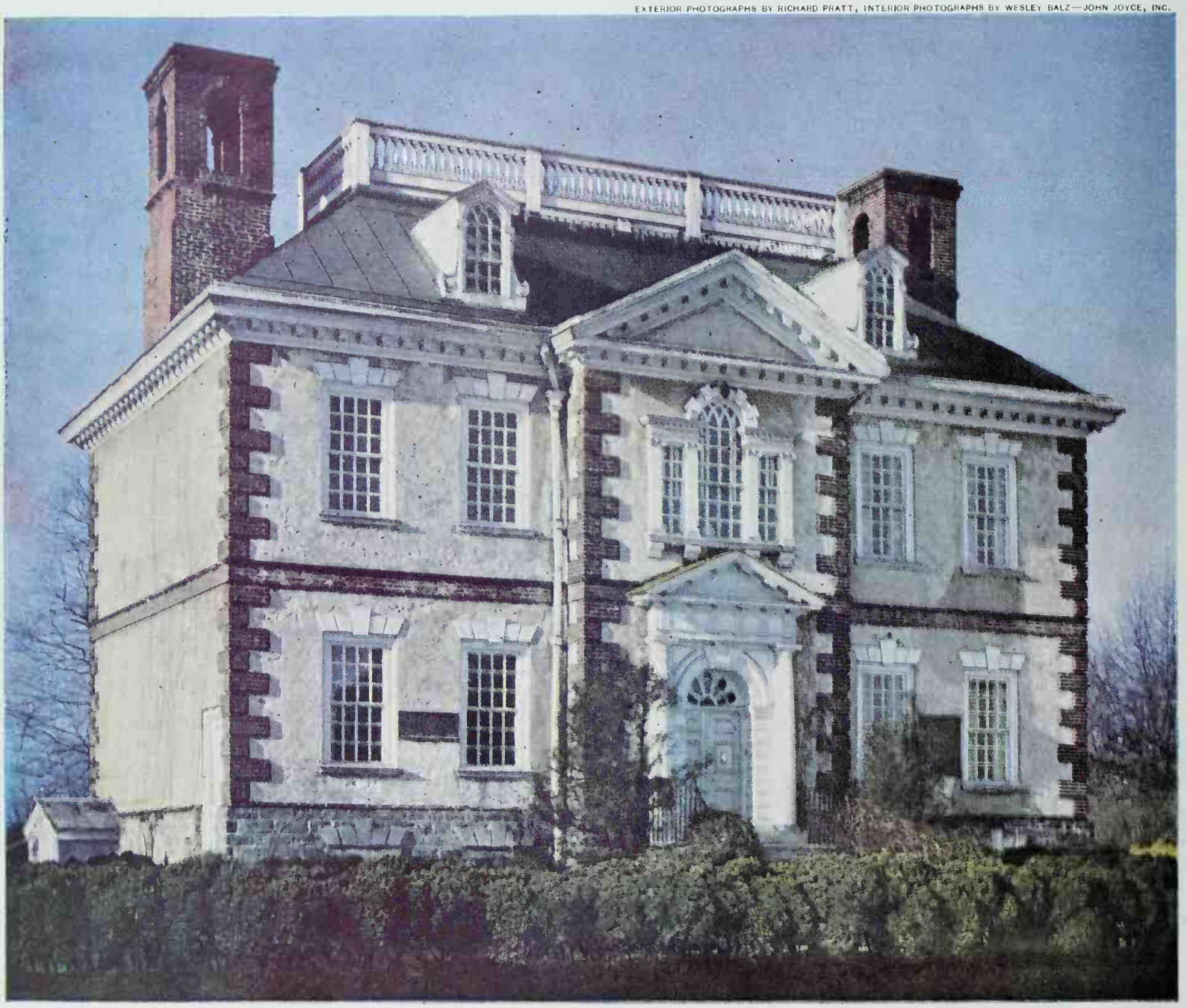
She thinks for a few moments, then suddenly she smiles a smile that lights up her whole face, makes it soft and very warm and lovely. And she says in the friendliest possible way, "I had never thought of it exactly that way before. It only proves again that there are always two sides to everything and that we should always try to see them both."

Well, I am amazed this has worked. But after that I manage to curb my fresh Army of Occupation instincts. We have a pleasant talk. I get very aware of her again, and everybody else in the car fades away, and there is *(Continued on Page 106)*

ILLUSTRATED BY

HOUSES IN THE PARK

EXTERIOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD PRATT, INTERIOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY WESLEY BALZ—JOHN JOYCE, INC.



Few Colonial façades were as richly designed as Mount Pleasant, with its brickwork quoins, its Palladian window above its bold Tuscan doorway.

MOUNT PLEASANT

IT is little wonder that back in Colonial days, and on after the Revolution, the hills shouldering out above both banks of the winding Schuylkill were favored spots for wealthy Philadelphians on which to build their country seats and summer homes. The sites were beautiful and cool, and although the going was bad between there and town, with a barouche and pair you could drive out from Independence Hall in less than an hour. Now, of course, by car or bus it is a matter of minutes, and the trip is unforgettable, for the region has been devotedly preserved as perhaps the largest and finest city park in the country, and the old mansions that adorn its hills are protected by the park forever; nine or ten of the best being open for you to see, most handsomely maintained—perfectly in the manner to which they were accustomed in those elegant early times.

Of all the houses in the Park, Mount Pleasant is the most imposing, for John Macpherson, who built it in 1761, was lavish with the money he made from privateering, and expense was no object. Then, too, Philadelphia artisans were men of extraordinary taste and talent, and the house inside and out is a monument to their skill: boldly conceived and brilliantly executed. In 1779 it passed from Macpherson to Maj. Gen. Benedict Arnold, at that time the American commander at Philadelphia, who bought it for his bride, the famous beauty, Peggy Shippen; but he never had a chance to occupy it.

Philadelphia's Fairmount Park is the fortunate possessor of a half score of famous old houses, furnished and decorated period perfection for everyone to see. Here on these eight pages are four of the finest.

By Richard Pratt

Architectural Editor of the Journal



The upper hall, a tour de force of Ionic detailing.



The dining-room chairs are Philadelphia Chippendale.

The great chamber above the dining room is the most richly ornamented room in the house. Queen Anne tables and side chairs; Chippendale wing chair.

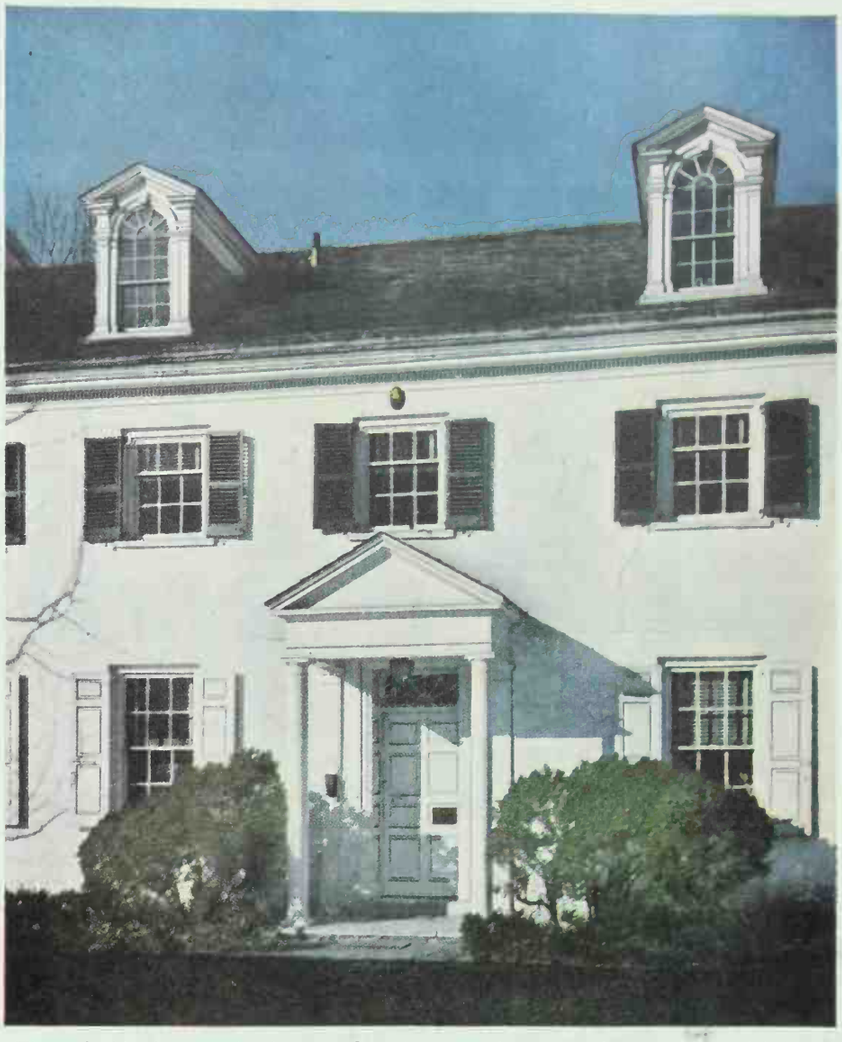
The great music room, famous for its formal functions in the past, is furnished in the French Empire style that was then so fashionable, featuring a circular red satin sofa, or borne.

STRAWBERRY

THE least elderly of all the great Park mansions, Strawberry has led the most varied existence of any. It began as a Colonial house called Somerton, which was burned down by the British in the Revolution; a new house, now the central section of the present mansion, being built on the old foundations in 1798. To this unpretentious but elegant dwelling, two large high wings were added about thirty years later: one in which "to entertain the City Troop," the other to make even more adequate for the purpose a home



ch was already famous for its hospitality—a fact hich almost every celebrated figure of the early re-blic could testify. All these distinguished guests, m Jefferson and Lafayette to Daniel Webster, rel-sed the fruit from its garden, one of the finest in erica, and particularly were they taken with the awberries, which were unsurpassed, and which in gave the mansion its name. In recent times it has n sumptuously restored to its former state, and ned to the public as a living picture of the past.



Through this doorway in the central section passed many early American celebrities.



The canopied Empire bed is almost Napoleonic in its elegance. Note the strawberry rug.

Three great elliptical rooms within, one above another, have outwardly given Lemon Hill one of the most graceful facades in America.



LEMON HILL

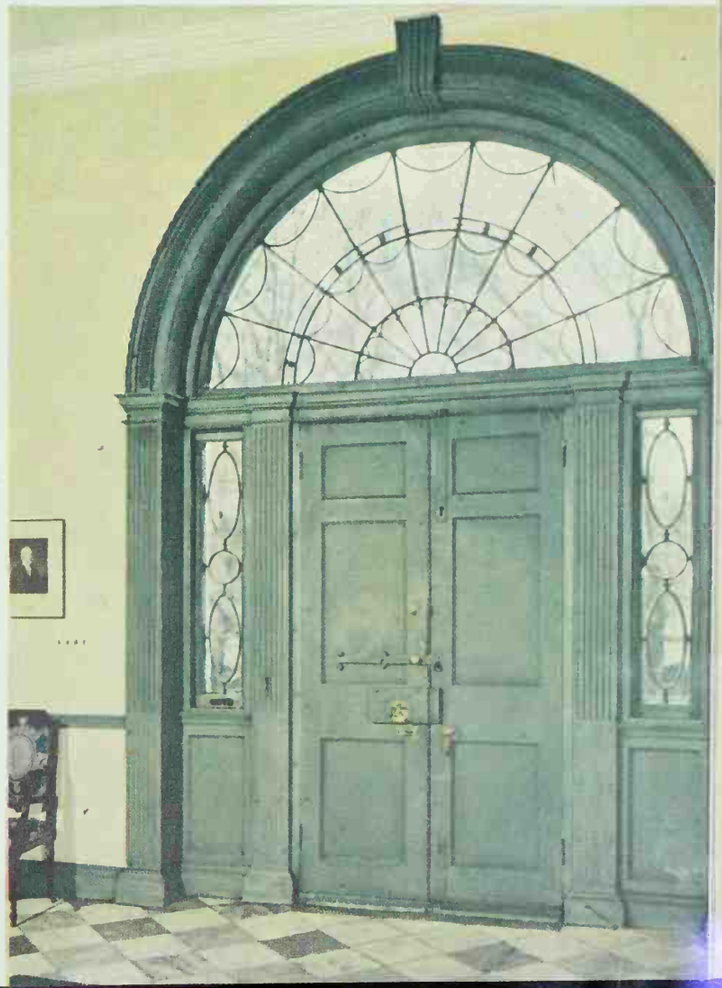
NOW being used as the residence of the director of the Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Lemon Hill is the only one of the great Park houses not at present open to the public, but its beautiful exterior is there for everyone to enjoy—certainly one of the loveliest in America. From 1770 to 1798, when he left it for debtor's prison, it was the home of Robert Morris, one of the most famous financiers of the Revolution, member of the Continental Congress and signer of the Declaration of Independence, who was ruined by speculation in Western lands. Morris lived and entertained with lavish elegance, bred blooded stock on his 300-acre estate and filled his hothouses with what were said to be the first lemon trees brought to Philadelphia, giving the mansion its name. Washington, Hamilton, Lafayette and Jefferson were frequent visitors; the last, when he came, spending much time inspecting the livestock—and later receiving at Monticello from his political enemy, Morris, a splendid imported Spanish ram. Purchased in 1844 by the city of Philadelphia, the Lemon Hill estate became the nucleus from which Fairmount Park has reached its present size.

The curving staircase leads up past a replica of Houdon's famous bust of Jefferson.

Lowest of the three large elliptical chambers, the dining room is furnished in Hepplewhite, the table set with a mirrored centerpiece from France.



he Louis XVI drawing-room chairs were made in Philadelphia.



The doorway, with its delicate side and fanlights, its husky original hardware.



The pent eaves show where the second story was added in 1756.



The maple drawing room contains every possible period accessory.

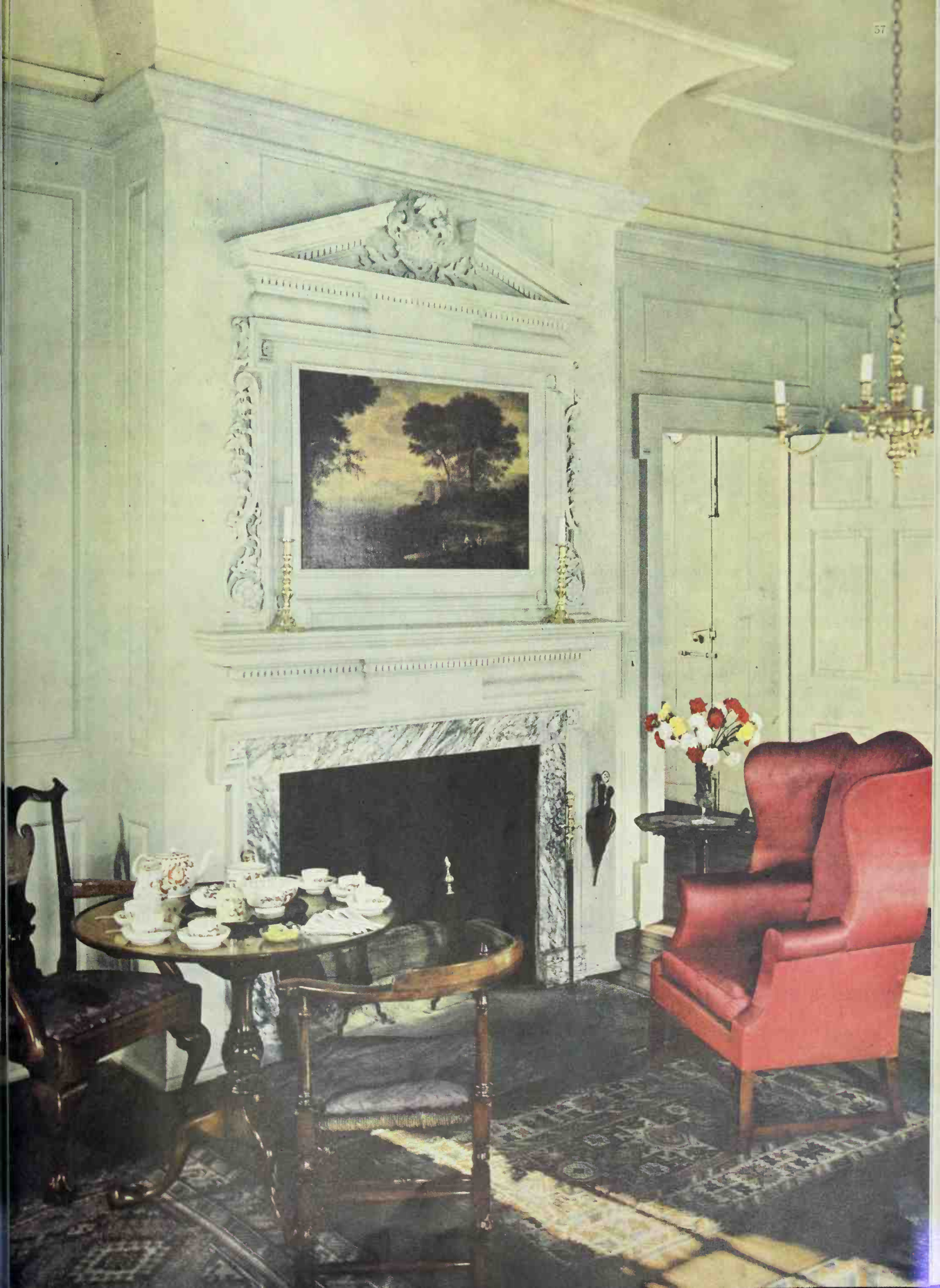


WOODFORD

A BEAUTIFUL example of Colonial mansion, Woodford is also a splendid one of the way these rare heritages of this country's past can be preserved for all Americans, now and forever. Already permanently owned by the city of Philadelphia and protected by its location within Fairmount Park, it had the further good fortune to be entrusted about twenty years ago to the estate of Miss Naomi Wood, a native Philadelphian who had left an extraordinary collection of Colonial furniture and furnishings to be placed in an appropriate house. Woodford was the house selected, and here not only have her practically priceless pieces been beautifully installed, but through her additional bequests the house has been completely equipped in every detail, as if for Colonial occupancy, with the result that Benjamin Franklin might just have been having tea in the drawing room opposite, as in fact he often did have it in days gone by. Few early-American houses have been so handsomely endowed, and so impeccably arranged, to give the feeling that the Colonial occupants had just gone out for a walk. Everything beautifully belongs. The drawing room, for instance, is furnished largely in walnut, cut from the groves that lined the near-by Schuylkill and wrought by the fabulous craftsmen of eighteenth-century Philadelphia: the 1760 Queen Anne armchair, the American Chippendale wing chair with a walnut Chippendale piecrust candlestand beside it; and of course with all the original carving of the room itself intact. The upstairs drawing room, seen in the middle at the left, is done entirely in maple, of Philadelphia furniture of the period, mostly in the Queen Anne, Sheraton and Jacobean styles, which local craftsmen created as skillfully as their colleagues in London.

The drawing room where Benjamin Franklin often came to tea.

The bedroom, with a perfectly treated fireplace wall and mahogany bed.



Money of Her Own...

A lesson in managing the human male ✣ by Gladys Taber

IT WAS missionary season. In those days they came once a year and gave talks in the Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational churches to gather funds for the Lord's work. Sometimes they were just back from Rangoon or some other place in Burma, sometimes from Japan or China. Once a Reverend Mr. MacLean from Ceylon. Sometimes, of course, they only came from Chicago from the mission office, without glamour, wreathed in no glory.

Missionary season was always a time of unrest at the Prentice house. Mother loved missionaries and would have given every cent we had to each and every one. But father felt differently.

"You keep away from them," he warned; "all they want is money. Take every red cent if they could."

"But, Richard," said mother, "we have to do our duty by the heathen! Think of those benighted souls with nobody but missionaries ——"

"Nonsense," said father, "they have their own governments. Why don't we stay home and mind our own business?"

Mother's color was high, she had a delicate skin and flushed easily, and looked wonderfully young and pretty when she did. "Richard Prentice, don't you care whether they are saved or not?"

"Pass the potatoes," said father, with dignity. "I tell you, Laura, if I had to have my soul saved by that last specimen you dragged home for supper, I'd rather not *be* saved."

Mother set her lips. They were too absorbed to notice I was drinking the vinegar left in the bottom of my salad plate. How good it was, salted and peppered and still flavored faintly with cucumber. Father said it would eat out the lining of my stomach, and mother said it just wasn't the thing to do. So I always had trouble about it.

"And I don't want you throwing away my money," said father firmly. "I have contributed generously to the fund for repairing the pews and fixing up the organ, and that's enough."

"Father, may I have a quarter?" I asked.

He fished out his snap purse and gave me a quarter. His bright blue eyes twinkled. "Make it go as far as possible," he said.

I always knew when I could get a little petty cash outside of my twenty-five cents a week. This gave father a chance to show how really generous he was, that it was purely the principle of the missionary business he was against. That for his loved child, he would spare no quarters; but asking for money for the heathen was foolish.

"Is there any more of the strawberry shortcake?" he asked.

Mother cut a thick wedge. The whipped cream melted into the rich red juices, the shortcake was feather-light.

All the week, the missionary struggle went on. Mother would slip up to church and listen breathlessly to the lectures, and I went too. In the dim light of the church parlor the pale thin spinster would talk a long, long time, and the minister would speak too, and the portable blackboard would be covered with figures.

Mother and I would hurry home in the early dusk, arriving just before father came home for supper.

"I wish they'd tell more about what it's like over there," I said.

"Yes," said mother. "I wish so too. I would like to know what it's like inside a pagoda."

Mother got supper in a hurry, but mother was the best cook in town and father never suffered during the days she went to church. Country-fried potatoes, crisping at the edges, rosy slices of ham baked in mustard sauce, the first picking of asparagus from the garden and rhubarb pie with a crust light enough to look through, several cups of coffee, and father would have had enough until the bedtime snack.

This particular spring, mother had managed to save a little here and there, and this was the way a woman did in those days. Father paid the bills on the first of the month and there were charge accounts for everything. If mother needed anything, she could get it and charge it and then explain about it when the bill came. She had to ask for cash for the streetcar and for her Wednesday club dues. I was better off than she was, for I had a quarter of my own every week. But there was a chain store on Main Street where you paid cash for everything and got things for less. Father found out and gave mother some money to be used for specials at the chain store.

And mother was a genius at managing. She could buy the cheapest cuts of meat and turn out roasts better than rolled rib. A turnip was a challenge to her, and what she did with plain winter carrots was definitely her own business. So father ate on, unmindful of the small roll of dollar bills in her purse.

"I am going to have something for the missionary fund," mother said to me. "I feel I must. But it won't be enough for my share."

I could see it worried her, for she was as sunny and open by nature as a daisy field. But this missionary business went deep with her. All her longing to do good, and all her yearning just to have some contact with those faraway people and places—just to feel that she somehow had something to do with some little grass-roofed hut at the jungle's edge . . .

Everything was fine. Mother baked an angel food for the silver tea and made little filled cookies and the ladies of the society all said nobody could cook like mother. They couldn't. I passed the cake basket so I could have three pieces with no attention drawn to it.

And mother had just put another dollar bill in her purse after buying a flank steak on the way home, instead of the tenderloin father had suggested. Flank steak didn't cost anything *(Continued on Page 233)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HADDON SUNDBLOM

Mother wouldn't shout back at him, but she would sew, and that made father simply wild.



America needs a radio station, with no commercial advertising, giving three kinds of programs:

1. Information on the latest developments in science and the arts. Brief and free expressions of opinion on politics from all parties, without editing, without comment. Entertainment for children. Medical advice. Suggestions on every phase of the art of living.
2. Recordings of every kind of music – symphonic, chamber, operatic, light classical, popular, folk.
3. Drama and poetry.

By trial and error we would discover what kind of entertainment appeals to children of different ages; and by the same method, at what hours children and various groups of adults are free to listen. All programs should be recorded, because if a "live" program is imperfect, or too long or short, it cannot be changed. But records can be timed to the second, and remade until they are ideal. A powerful central transmission station should be in the middle of the country, either Kansas or Nebraska, equally distant from the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and the Canadian and Mexican borders. This will lessen the loss of quality in relaying. The administration should be a foundation composed of responsible citizens, experienced in education, with vision of America's vast cultural potentialities.

Leopold Stokowski

Mr. Spingarn has a gripping idea here. New York City with its WQXR and WNYC has tasted the benefits he outlines and probably couldn't get along without them any more. It's high time the rest of the country had the same opportunity.

At the same time, there are a number of practical difficulties. Unless the network he envisions were completely divorced from the Federal Government – apart from the expense – it would be tangled in such a mesh of politics and bureaucracy and timidity it wouldn't be worth the cost. Also, I can't quite imagine private broadcasting relinquishing these coveted frequencies without a fierce struggle in which the forces of good would almost certainly be routed. The Voice of America, the need for which is urgent, not so long ago was reduced almost to a whisper by an economy-minded Congress which had heard only the most absurd charges against it. It's safe to say that no such program as Mr. Spingarn urges would be adopted without clamorous popular support. There would be little of it. The public – some of it – complains about daytime radio, but its feelings are not so strongly engaged it will fight for Government radio. In the end, the only way to get good daytime radio is to heckle the commercial interests to the point where they provide it.

John Crosby

IS YOU

You can always turn it off, they say The question is whether there is choice for all listeners. What can b done to make full use of the air fo everybody? ★ By Jerome H. Spingar

SURVEYS show that at certain times in the afternoon 75 per of the people who are at home have their radios turned o per cent of them keep their radios off all afternoon. It isn' these people don't enjoy listening to the radio; almost them have several favorite weekly programs that they wou dream of missing. But after a few turns of the dial and a se through the programs on the radio page, they have decided "there's nothing on right now."

Have you ever wanted to listen to the radio, flipped it on, the dial a full whirl, and then snapped it off? Have you ever that three or four times during the day? A lot of people have, great many of them have impatiently begun to shrug off radio li ing as hopeless. But more persevering people have wond whether there is any way to get a wider choice of programs, a make better use of the ether.

Most of us learn in the sixth grade that our rivers should n wasted, but should be used for power and irrigation; and that land should not lie fallow, but should be tilled for food. But we to forget that the air, too, is a valuable natural resource w should be carefully cultivated and fully utilized.

And like the rivers, the air belongs to the people. Broadcas licenses are granted for three-year terms to applicants who swe use them to serve the public. At the end of the three-year perio they want to continue, they renew their promises—and, inci tally, in the eyes of the law, compete for a license renewal on the basis as any others who might come along and ask for the freque they have been using. It would seem only logical that when pri organizations fail to give us the range of choice we want and n we ourselves, through our Government, should use our air wave provide a wider choice.

Of course the air waves now carry a great many excellent grams which satisfy a tremendous number of people. But the remains that there are millions of people in homes, factories, sh automobiles and sickbeds who would like to listen to the radio, who cannot find programs that suit them. During the dayt hours, for example, millions have learned through bitter experie that patient and tedious dial flipping will often yield nothing but "true to life" adventures of innumerable grass widows and "

RADIO ON NOW?

Joneses." During the evening hours many would-be listeners discouraged by a welter of mystery stories, horror thrillers, ence-participation stunts and variety shows. People who are rested in serious music, in literature and art and science, find few programs available, and these frequently at nonlistenable rs.

Some attempt to tune in the better coast-to-coast programs which have read about in national magazines, only to find that the work's local outlets do not carry them. The very best network luctions which have no advertising are often sidetracked by l stations in favor of an hour of records with a commercial plug r each number.

So long as we have a substantial number of discontented listeners ex-listeners, we will know that radio is not being fully used. sfactory service means a wide choice. Our object is not to snuff the lives of Ma Perkins and Helen Trent for the sake of the blo Symphony Orchestra, but to get both on the air so that ple can choose between them. The critics and the defenders of grams-as-they-are have never really come to grips with each r because they are talking about two different things. One side seussing the people who like what's on the air and the other side lking about people who don't. Both types of people have a right ursue happiness at the knobs of their receivers. The goal is to duce enough variety so that all of them can enjoy themselves. need three new stations to present programs which will fill in gaps which are now left wide open.

t is possible to set up such a network of new stations without ting present tenants of the air waves. The Government, which already licensed some 1500 standard broadcast stations, can that certain broadcast bands, readily available, are used for single purpose of serving the listener. A set of transmitters, plemented by a few well-placed boosters, could cover the en- country, clearly and loudly. It could not only satisfy the great and for better programs, but might raise the general level of productions by serving as a yardstick by which the achieve- ts of commercial stations could be measured.

t its convention in Atlantic City last September, the National ciation of Broadcasters took heed of the many complaints h have been made about overcommercialization of radio and ed a new code to guide the industry. While the association vigorously and persistently defended radio programs against criticism, its agreement on the need for a new code tends to rm the suspicion of many people that some broadcasters' ulent attitude toward critics was merely a loud whistle in lark. Indeed, some of the most pointed and ablest criticism come from within the studios and agencies themselves, and not surprising that a move for improvement has come from ward-looking group of broadcasters.

The most stinging rebuke which radio broadcasters have re- ived, of course, has been the famous *(Continued on Page 136)*

There are two questions to be answered about Mr. Spingarn's idea. First, is it politically feasible at present? Second, is it desirable?

On the first point, there are, of course, enormous political difficulties in the way. On the second point, for my part, I am warmly in favor of the proposal.

I can speak on this subject with special feeling, because I am one of the nonlisteners to commercial radio, for whom Mr. Spingarn is pleading. For the reasons he sets forth, I have gradually almost entirely abandoned listening to commercial programs. Except for brief broadcasts, I almost never turn on anything except an FM set on which, because I am lucky enough to live in New York, I can listen to one station which has excellent programs with no advertising (WNYC) and two others which specialize in good music, have very little advertising, and rigorously censor that advertising as to length and character.

Two chief objections will be offered to Mr. Spingarn's idea. The first is that it would constitute unfair Government competition with private commercial enterprise. I think he answers this point adequately.

The second objection is that Government-owned radio would get into politics. I don't think it would, any more than it has in Canada and Great Britain. In fact, with the nation's ears bent their way, the managers would lean over backward to be unbiased, in those portions of those programs dealing with public affairs.

As for Mr. Spingarn's point that successful functioning of our democracy requires an intelligent and informed citizenry, which needs all the help it can get, from every quarter: As a working political journalist of forty years' experience, I can only utter a fervent Amen.

Bruce Bliven

Editorial Director, The New Republic.

It must have been with extreme reluctance that you suggest the Government actively enter the radio field. I know full well the state of radio which prompted you to put forth such a dangerous proposal. The present system is no good and it will not improve; but to suggest that, since this is the case, the Government should step in to right matters is a drastic conclusion. Why not suggest that the Government operate a newspaper chain and produce movies also? The less Government in any medium of communication, the better. There is another way: subscription radio.

Dr. Rolf Kaltenborn


Harry Anderson

The Land is Sleeping

MARYA HAD A YEARNING TENDERNESS FOR THE LAND'S FERTILITY ❦ BY ROSE C. FELD

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

THERE are several ways of becoming an American. You can be born here, you can be naturalized, or you can grow a cabbage. Marya Vozech grew a cabbage. To be sure, she did it for other reasons—to provide food for her four fatherless children—but it was the cabbage that brought her out of the shadowed world of the alien into the sunlit warmth of American equality. It happened ten years ago, but it all came back to me today when I received a card announcing the marriage of Miss Helen Vozech to Mr. Donald Metcalfe.

I shall never forget my first meeting with Marya. It was a bitter cold day, early in March, when the ground was still hard and the trees stood shivering and bare against a bleak wind-swept sky. I had driven over to Lem Gaylord's general store to do my week's shopping.

Lem's place is a unique institution in our small Connecticut town. Or perhaps I should say our town is unique in the possession of a store like Lem's. It has stood on Main Street, flanked by the Congregational church on one side and the Town Hall on the other, for over a century.

There has always been a Gaylord, lean and gaunt, and friendly in his own Yankee fashion, behind one of the counters. The shop has been enlarged with the years, but it still retains the atmosphere and the services of a bygone day. You can buy practically anything at Lem's. If you want a ham and the fixings for a Sunday dinner, Lem has them; if you want a bag of fertilizer or lawn seed; if you want a lamp, hinges, a doorknob; if you want a pair of overalls or a wheelbarrow or cough medicine—if you want anything, in short—Lem can produce it for you. The old-timers in our town go to Lem's out of habit, the newcomers either because they think it's amusing or simply because he has something they want.

The lighting in Lem's store is a little on the thrifty side. He has an electric bulb over each counter and he assumes that you'll have the intelligence to pull the string if you want to examine anything. On a Saturday afternoon or evening, when there's a sizable crowd in the place, all the bulbs are lighted, but on a mid-week day most of Lem's wares are usually shrouded in semidarkness.

This bleak March morning I spotted Lem at the far end of the store, where he keeps his farm tools. He stood under the glaring light talking to someone in the shadows about the virtues of a hoe he was holding in his hands. I heard his customer before I saw her. Two words traveled across the counters laden with merchandise:

"Is wonderful!"

I have often heard these words since, and they still retain a quality compounded of awe and delight, but this first time they struck me with special force. As I look back now, they hold the complete picture of Marya: foreign, courageous, glowingly appreciative of the good things of life.

Unashamedly curious, I walked over to Lem. He greeted me with a wave of his hand, but my eyes were not on him. They were on the woman who stood beside him, fingering the hoe he had surrendered to her. She was short and, even though wrapped up in an enormous shawl which covered her from head to below the waist, was obviously slight. Her features were not unusual except for a pair of very bright brown eyes set above wide cheekbones. It was not until I was quite close to her that I saw she had a child with her, a little boy about six, who clung with a bare, red little hand to her skirts. Like her, he was wrapped in a shawl, but, in respect to his sex no doubt, his head was covered by a cap. He looked up at me shyly for a moment, then buried his head in his mother's skirts.

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BY ELIZABETH GOUDGE

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

Wayward Pilgrim

BEFORE unveiling the portrait, John Adair turned to Nadine, who had posed for it. "One of my sitters told me that a sojourn in my studio was almost as cathartic as a visit to the confessional." He went on to answer her questioning glance. "She felt that seeing her sins and sorrows splashed upon the canvas relieved her of them."

Nadine smiled acknowledgment. "Not sins—sorrows, perhaps," and turned her attention to the portrait.

The artist looked searchingly and unpityingly at the lovely profile. Though he might praise the quality in others, as an artist he could not afford compassion. This woman inspired curiosity. He knew that she loved David Eliot, but had given him up for the sake of her husband and five charming children—one of whom exhibited definite talent in John's field. During the painting sessions John sensed her discontent, and had sometimes wondered if Nadine's sacrifice were final enough to affect the stuff of her daily living. In addition to family ties and tradition, there were lesser demands. The Herb of Grace, an old inn, must be made tenantable. At present John and his daughter, Sally, were the only guests. Nadine had been glad to employ Malony and Annie-Laurie to help with the repairs. Their competence and eagerness had induced her to allow them to stay on, even after learning that Annie-Laurie was haunted by the shadow of an old prison term.

Perhaps these concerns would stifle her discontent. John hoped so. He suspected his daughter, Sally, of becoming fond of David, Nadine's old love. How would Nadine, a proud as well as beautiful woman, react to this situation?

III

RAIN was descending in a solid sheet. The twins looked at the weather, looked at each other, and decided simultaneously what they were going to do this morning. They were going to be bad today. They were going to start right off by being bad.

So when Jill came to call them she found them not in their beds. But she did not let this phenomenon disturb her. She was used to it. "Now where are Josie and Jerry, I wonder?" she said. Then she listened, expecting to hear the grunting of a bear under the bed, or the roar of a lion shut up in the wardrobe. But there was no sound, and a search all round the nursery showed it to be completely empty; though two little pairs of pajamas were neatly folded and placed in the fireplace. She went out into the passage, noted that the general had gone downstairs, leaving his wife's bedroom door ajar, and raised her voice, "Madam!"

Nadine came to the room, clipping on her earrings. "Yes, Jill?"

"The twins have disappeared, madam," said Jill in a clear carrying voice. "Such a pity! It's their favorite breakfast. Boiled bantams' eggs and bread and honey."

Nadine knew Jill's methods with the twins and co-operated. "Well, Jill," she said, also in a carrying voice, "they won't be able to have any breakfast, that's all. What a pity! Send the eggs in to grownup breakfast. Mr. Adair will enjoy them."

The twins disliked John Adair. Upon finding them in his studio one day, squeezing oil paints onto the floor, he had smacked them good and hard.

"Very well, madam," said Jill, and went toward the staircase leading to the kitchen. As she passed the linen cupboard, the door flew open and Jerry and Josie, stark naked, fell out upon her from the top shelf.

"Old Beaver's not to have our eggs!" they shouted. "Jill! Old Beaver's not to have our eggs!"

Gently but firmly Jill seized an arm of each. "Now, Jerry and Josie, I've told you before you are not to run about the house with no clothes on. It's not respectable."

"We had to be with no clothes on," said Jerry. "We were hatching out."

"In the incubator," explained Josie. "Chickens are all bare when they're borned."

"They are not," said Jill, leading them firmly toward the nursery. "It's just that their feathers don't fluff out at first, so you can't see them." They were now in the nursery. "And look where you've put your pajamas!"

"It's a nest. We put our 'jamas there to make it all soft to lay eggs in."

Jill foresaw that it was going to be a difficult day. Without a word she put them into their combinations. She had never before had to deal with children quite like these. "Jill's good little twins," she said hopefully, and her arms went out and hugged them close. The twins responded, for the moment, to the power of suggestion. They kissed her ears with enthusiasm and co-operated wholeheartedly in the subsequent arraying of their persons in the poppy-colored jerseys she considered suitable to the gloom of the day.

"We're not going to do any lessons this morning," said Josie.

"Indeed you are," said Jill.

"No," said Josie.

"Stow your gaff, Josie," said Jerry.

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★ *Copyright, 1948, by Elizabeth Goudge* ★

...y and Josie fell from the top shelf of the linen closet. She had never before had to deal with children quite like these.

HOMEWORK FOR PARENTS

"While it is the school's job to provide children with the tools of learning, it is the home's to integrate learning with living, to give it meaning."

★ BY GEORGE D. STODDARD
President, University of Illinois

"LIFE," said Montaigne, one of the really great writers on education, "is a tender thing and one easily troubled." This is particularly true in the beginning years of the human being. The human infant is born into a state of helplessness and dependence, and remains in this state far longer than the young of any other species. Even democracies withhold the first rights of citizenship for twenty-one years. Throughout this long period of tutelage, the constant aim of those concerned with the child's growth, with his life, tender and easily troubled, should be to reduce his dependence and to make him a self-reliant, responsible, self-starting person.

The process of growth and learning is a natural one. All with which one comes into contact contributes bits and pieces of knowledge; the government, the community, the church and the child's playmates take active roles. But the most important influences in the education of children are the home and the school. Here we are particularly concerned with the role of the home in its relation to the school.

For while the camel's share of the burden of education lies upon the school, rarely are our schools open more than 180 days a year—and only six hours a day. On the average they account for only one fourth of an American child's waking time, while the home has him the other three fourths. The parents' opportunities for influencing and guiding the child are far greater than the teacher's. But how many of us take full advantage of them?

By this question I do not mean to suggest that parents should take it upon themselves to teach Johnny and Susan to read and write. The big word that is the key to a good relationship between the educational values of the home and the school is the word "co-operation." In order to have co-operation, rough-and-ready divisions of function must be understood or co-operation may slide into duplication, interference or—worse—active warfare over the child's welfare. It is, in the main, the school's function to further the child's intellectual development; it is the home's function to provide the child with sound moral attitudes and a healthy disposition to learn. If Johnny and Susan at age four or five show a strong desire to learn to read or write, they may safely be helped to do so (indeed, they can rarely be stopped!); but it is unwise for parents to be overanxious about their children's more strictly intellectual education and push their youngsters beyond their years. Encourage, yes, interest and help; teach, no.

For a solider beginning, and one more likely to succeed, parents would be wiser to concern themselves first with bringing their children a sense of security that will ease their major handicap—their feeling of helplessness—and render the world and its complexities less annoying. Their role is to make the child's world interesting and inviting, rather than unfriendly and forbidding. Now, many of the ablest sociologists have stressed this need for a sense of security in the child's early education. But sound as the principle is, it has often been presented in a form which alarms and confuses parents; perhaps its most frequent misinterpretation lies in the feeling it has begotten in many parents that they must not "interfere" with Johnny or Susan in any way—that they must respect every whim and use no measures of correction and guidance.

This is, as many parents must often have suspected, nonsense. There is an old saying that order is heaven's first law. It can be extended to the home in a way to strengthen rather than disturb a child's sense of security. For example, angry and dictatorial shouts and threats of "put those toys away or else" will not be helpful. Little Johnny and Susan cannot be expected to understand arbitrary rules or finicky parental preferences. Nor will order for its own sake mean anything to them. But at an earlier age than many parents believe, Johnny and Susan can begin to understand the reasons for order, to understand that a place for everything and everything in its place makes for the comfort and convenience of all members of the household—including themselves.

In dealing with persons there are no rules to which exceptions cannot wisely be made. Throughout the educational process one rule of thumb should be borne in mind: *never impose forms of conduct or disciplinary measures unless you can explain in a kind, sympathetic spirit the reason for your action.* This practice not only increases understanding of the world, but also encourages habits of thinking. Many children have been conditioned to a sheeplike acceptance of "facts" by well-meaning, but dictatorial, parents. They have been taught to obey—and no questions asked! Yet children are eager to develop insights, to weigh cause and effect, to see a "reason" for good or bad behavior. All of us know the endless questions some children ask. A good question should lead to a search for underlying facts and conditions, and invite the weighing of evidence. For a child, the question is the beginning of an objective approach to learning that should never be discouraged. Many educators believe that we should give our children today a better understanding of science and scientific method. In this connection parents may well remember that the spirit of the scientist is this same spirit of inquiry carried over into another field. A scientist is a man who is forever asking questions. When the physicist performs an experiment, he is only asking Nature a question. That is, of course, what Benjamin Franklin was doing when he flew his famous kite into the clouds.

A "sweet reasonableness" is one step, then, which parents can take toward the child's education. Another procedure designed to strengthen his sense of security is to make him realize more and more that he is a member of a well co-ordinated group—the family—united by bonds of affection and a spirit of mutual assistance. In it he should feel that he has fully recognized rights, privileges and

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If You Ask Me

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Last evening while conversing with some young women I have known for years, the subject of racial equality came up. To my dismay, several girls whom I had always considered fair and unprejudiced made such remarks as: "I don't believe in equal rights for colored and white people." Similar remarks were made regarding Jewish people. Will you kindly tell me how one goes about calmly trying to convince people who consider themselves "nice people" but harbor within their minds such prejudices? Every one of these girls is a member of some church in our community.

I would suggest that the girls you mention be given a copy of In Henry's Back-yard to read as a starter.

Sometimes I think we are a little too calm when we run up against this type of prejudice. However, the best thing to point out is that one is not asking for equal rights to begin with, but equal opportunities, and then when those are obtainable the rights will take care of themselves.

One might suggest that democracy is today at the crossroads, and unless we show some zeal in fighting for fundamental democratic beliefs, we may find other beliefs in the ascendancy.

We have found in a number of instances that states' rights had to be subordinated to the good of the whole people. When we flout the Constitution by an appeal to states' rights, we are, I think, courting disaster. Sooner or later a nation has to make up its mind to be a united nation or fall apart, and the attitude of these young ladies is an attitude which will bring about dissolution, since we cannot remove people who have been here long enough to become citizens.

In view of the successful administration of our United States under the bicameral system of government, do you think the Jewish and Arab factions of the partitioned Palestinian states could be persuaded to adopt our form of government in the interest of unity and peace in the Holy Land?

I do not know whether the adoption of our form of government would help in a peaceful solution of the Arab and Jewish difficulties, but I think the leaders on both sides might be approached and asked whether they would care to model their government on ours, and try to see how it works. This, however, is something which the United Nations Commission will have to work out with the respective states.

I will soon be teaching a class of churchwomen. Can you suggest some practical way in which we can help to make the United Nations succeed?

The most practical way is to study what is going on in the United Nations and be familiar with the questions involved. There is one particularly practical way which should appeal to all women: co-operation in collecting funds for the Overseas Aid through which the money will be raised for the Children's Emergency Fund. That fund is distributing food and medical supplies to children on a basis of need all over Europe, India and China.

Many people have not had the opportunity to advance their formal education as they would like. What books or other reading material would you suggest to one who would broaden his views of today's problems as well as learn facts of the past? What qualities go to make a "refined person"?

I am afraid my list of books, since I have never undertaken to make up a "five-foot shelf," or anything of the kind, would be a pretty long list, because there are many things in history and biography and science and fiction that one would not like to feel one had never at least dipped into. I think people must follow their own desires and find out what interests them and take every opportunity to read whatever comes their way in order to find out if they can develop new interests in subjects which they never happen to have come in contact with before. It is well worth while to belong to a library and go to the library and browse through the books and see what one becomes interested in.

I am not able to define that particular word "refined." I suppose it would require good taste to be a refined person, but I do not think I want to be refined. There is a certain lack of vitality in the word. I want to be informed, intelligent and ever curious. That would seem to me a more interesting approach to life than the effort to become a refined person.

My husband's mother is coming to live with us. She has lived by herself far away for a long time and has been extremely unhappy and lonely. We have had an unusually happy marriage and I have a happy disposition, but when she's here I find it is all I can do to keep from displaying ill temper and being depressed. She and my husband seem so happy together and I feel like a wet blanket and finally lose confidence in myself. My husband is a fine man with a strong character. I have three lovely sons—one a small baby. I want to do a good job in bringing up our children. How can I learn to relax and to have positive thinking about this? Is there anything I can read that will help?

If I were you, I would have a talk with your mother-in-law and with your husband, together or separately, as you find easier, but I would tell them both the same things: namely, that somehow a way must be found in which you can be included in the pleasures they find in their mutual companionship. You must, of course, make an effort to be companionable. If your mother-in-law is going to live with you, definite rules as regards the children should be decided on. You must have the final say-so and there must be no effort to sabotage your discipline or your position with the children. Grandmothers can be a great help, but they can also be a heart-rending burden to their daughters-in-law, and only honesty between all concerned can save that situation. Honestly talking over things and not repressing your feelings, but making an effort to be kind and spontaneous in your contacts, will, I hope, bring you success.

REPRINTED COURTESY SATURDAY EVENING POST



"I know why you're inviting your mother—to make me fight on two fronts."

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

Fleur-de-lis printed muslin with a shirtwaist top, natural shoulders, pretty width, by Claire McCardell.

triped cotton basque jacket over sun dress, today's typical eek-ender, and hot-day-in-town suit. By Ceil Chapman.



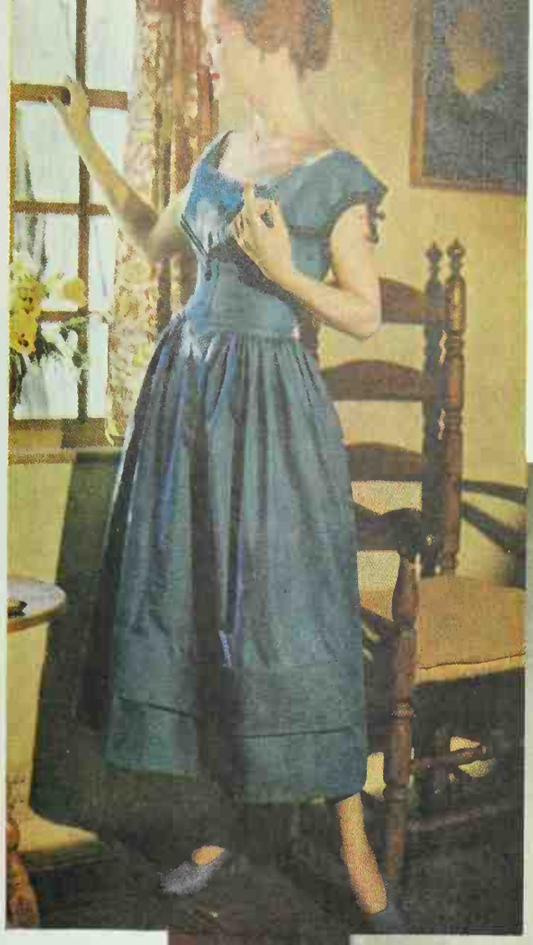


Old-fashioned cottons in New-fashioned ways . . .

fine sheer lawn, calico, chambray, shirting, printed muslin and chintz

. . . with petticoats, ruffles, basque bodices, capes and shawls, braid and ball fringe—these the fabrics and the manners of your newest cottons for summer '48, interpreted in the ways of today with shirtwaist tops, jackets over sun dresses, plunging neeklines, patch pockets, skirt lengths varied to the occasion. Some of the most picturesque are for holiday week ends and country afternoons. Others, like the striped suit, are simple enough to wear to town. All are blessedly cool and washable, young in spirit—but not too young to be worn and loved by many women. ★

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Blue poplin basque dress with Victorian braid and fringe; for a slim figure and a country house; by Carolyn Schnurer.

Sheer printed lawn with a deep neckline, full skirt, bow-tied waistline by Claire McCardell. Worn over petticoats.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELM CUSHMAN



blue chambray has a bare-top bodice, a short jacket, white hemline; by Carolyn Schnurer.

ROMANTIC



Mist-white organdy, tucked and lace-trimmed, billowing from a heart-shaped bodice, bare shoulders beneath a capricious shawl.



Flower-printed chiffon, in garden colors, eternally feminine, shirred to the hipline, scarf floating to the hem.

WHITE ORGANDY, PRINTED ORGANDY, POLKA-DOT ORGANDY BY CEIL CHAPMAN; CHIFFON BY JANE DERBY; BLACK NET AND PINK TAFFETA BY CARRIE MUNN.

EVENING



Polka-dot organdy—the full-sleeve dress with a blue-ribbon corselette, matching the dots.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FONSSAGRIVES



Crinkled organdy over crinoline, a spring flower print with sleeves, a shirtwaist neckline.



Sheerest black net and lace over black taffeta—a dancing dress; removable blue taffeta apron.

BY RUTH MARY PACKARD



IT'S FUN

Nothing we can think of gives you "more for your money" than a collection of summer hats which you can make or trim yourself. More fun, more fashion, more changes for your clothes, more actual dollars saved. Flowers, ribbons, veilings, tassels, remnants of piqué are easy to find, quick and effective to put together. It's the kind of flowers you choose that makes your wreath original; the bow and tilt of a cotton bandeau, the wearing of white piqué with a black cotton suit, the use of chalk-white, wide-mesh veiling that looks so new. ★ **BY WILHELA CUSHMAN**
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Stocking-cap beret in polka-dot piqué, to fold or drape in many ways; with a matching bag, to wear with a dark dress and white gloves. Pattern 2461 for beret and bag.



Field-flower wreath of p
pies, daffodils, cornflow
stalks of wheat, tied
a ribbon. Pattern 2

The same wreath ca
tied around the crow
your last summer's st





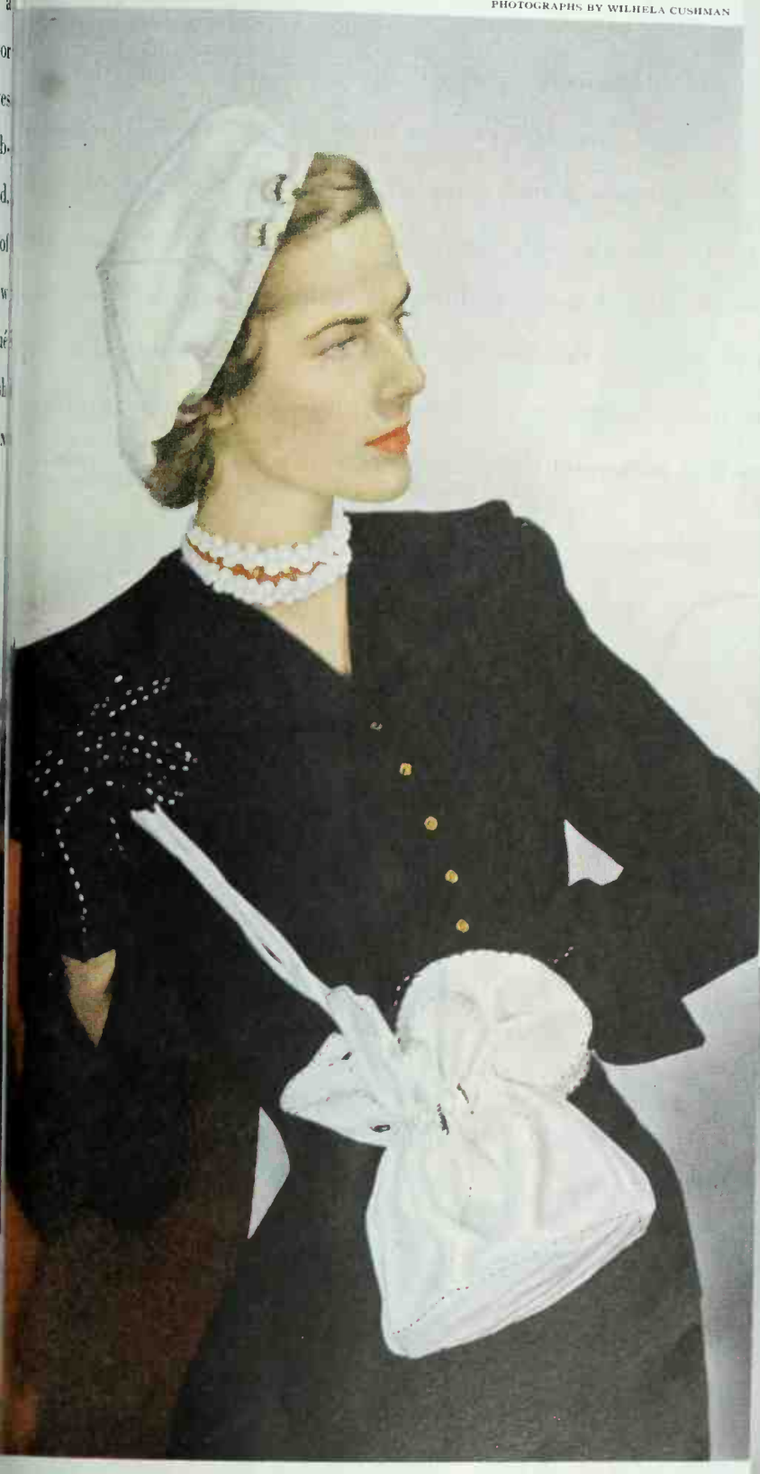
Veiling beret: wide-mesh, cool and drapable, with ribbon band. Pattern 2463.

Take a black or navy Milan hat, twist wide-mesh white veiling around crown, finish with long tassels in a bright color. Pattern 2462.



O MAKE A HAT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



e fashion of white piqué with a black cotton suit. The
et in hand-sewn, pie-shaped sections. The matching
wstring bag, also hand-sewn. Pattern 2464, beret and bag.

Blue-striped piqué in a new oval-shaped, side-tilted crownless turban with a bow; could also be made in polka-dot silk, or bright-colored shantung. With matching bag, pattern 2465.



Petticoat wreath, with navy lace and your favorite flowers, worn around a deep-crowned cloche. 2462.



Veiling on a ribbon band trims a hat or can be worn as a separate bandeau. Directions in pattern 2462.



r patterns by number, 15 cents for each pattern, from Journal Reference Library,
delphia 5, Pennsylvania. (Flower and veil arrangements included in one pattern.)

HATS DESIGNED BY JOHN FREDERICS, EXCEPT WHITE PIQUÉ BERET AND BAG BY EDITH HUMMEL

JOURNAL ORIGINALS



New-look jacket-sweater done in a basket-weave stitch, 2467.



Polka dots are the fashion in sweaters; a cool nubby knit, red and white, by Beattie, 2468.

. . . to knit, to crochet, to whip up at a moment's notice . . . to add infinitely to your summer wardrobe. Especially this summer the bright addition often makes the fashion of the costume: the sash on the simple evening dress, the shawl on the cotton, the halter top which makes a cool two-piece dress with the skirt of your linen or shantung suit; the printed silk glove which gives the dressmaker touch to any plain-color silk dress or suit. Knitting has a fresh appeal in the sleeveless blazer to wear over linens and cottons, the extra sweater which is a vacation "must," the two-piece dress that packs and travels so well. ★ **BY WILHELA CUSHMAN**
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Long sash, bias-cut satin, for black or white basic evening dress; by Clare Potter. 247.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN





Pocket scarf, checked cotton with eyelet, for bare-top cotton dress; by Carolyn Schnurer, 2469.

Black braid and tassels make new neckline on your cashmeres: 2470, slipover; 2471, cardigan. Crocheted string hat, 2472, by Miss Isobel.





hing suit is easy to knit in simple bra-horts style, by Elsie Faulconer, 2474.



Bow halter, crepe or linen, for a summer suit; by Clare Potter, 2476.



Cuff glove in waffle piqué, 2477.



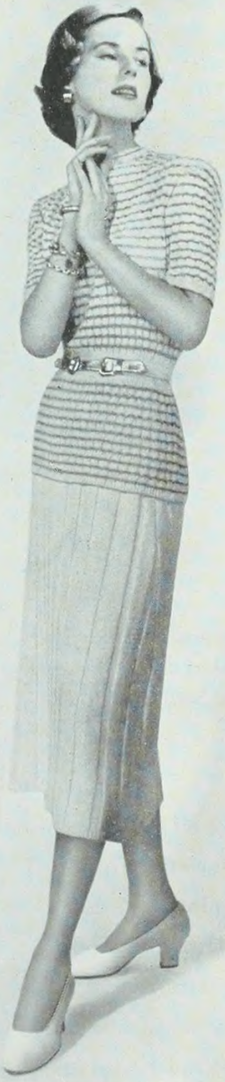
Slip-on, print or polka-dot silk, 2223.



Gay umbrella cover, to crochet for white umbrella, 2478.



-quilt, patchwork stole, pieces from bag or remnants, 2475. By Eva Peri.



The two-piece dress—everybody's doing it; check-stitch top jacket, rib-stitch skirt, 2479.

Sleeveless blazer, to knit in white, with a contrasting color edge, 2480.



The Journal's LITTLE GEM of a wardrobe

In three summer versions



The wrapped look in white lightweight wool. Vogue Design No. 6414, 12 to 20, 50¢.

Two-piece suit-dress, kimono sleeve, gored skirt. Vogue Design No. 6386, 12 to 20, 75¢.

Black sheer dress with a future, tucked skirt detail. Vogue Design No. S-4821, 12 to 18, $1.

Shantung blouse, Vogue Design No. 6351, 12 to 20, 40¢. Skirt, 6440, 24 to 32 waist, 40¢.

Beige dress, bolero, Vogue sign No. S-4874, 12 to 20, Black petticoat, No. 6421,

Whether we live in large cities, suburbs or rural areas, we all have one problem in common when it comes to summer clothes. We want a small wardrobe to cover a variety of needs. The JOURNAL has planned three in hopes that one of them will suit you. Your personal selections of colors and fabrics will make the wardrobe really *yours*. A must in a CITY wardrobe is a suit in a cool, dark, wrinkleproof fabric. Ours is bottle-green linen. A black sheer is indispensable. An orange silk shantung blouse and skirt, a little white coat that wraps or can be worn straight and a short beige dinner dress complete the city picture. Just because summer fabrics are less expensive, don't be less careful with your sewing. Remember, it is the finish and finely done details that make the world of difference. Read the directions in your pattern . . . press the seams as you go along . . . look at yourself in a full-length mirror and be as critical as if you were buying the dress in a store. Don't sell yourself cheap workmanship.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, postage prepaid, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 21 Dundas Square, Toronto, Ontario.



v lemon-yellow cape-col-coat in soft wool. Vogue n No. 6394, 12 to 20, 75¢.

Trim linen jacket, Vogue Design No. 6217, 12 to 20, 50¢. Skirt, 6160, 24 to 32 waist, 35¢.

Chic leaf-green shantung, cool short sleeves. Vogue Design No. 6429, 12 to 20, 50¢.

Four-piece play suit (pattern has shorts, bare top). Vogue Design No. 6434, 12 to 20, 75¢.

Cool eyelet waist, Vogue Design No. 5570, 12 to 18, 35¢. Skirt, 6231, 24 to 32 waist, 50¢.

No SUBURBAN wardrobe could survive without a pretty evening dress to wear to country-club dances and a cool shantung for luncheon, bridge. A four-piece play suit interchanges with the beige suit in endless combinations. Top all these off with a pretty cape-collared coat in lemon yellow. If you live in a RURAL area you probably spend the greater part of your time at home. Cotton is a natural . . . blue denim shirt and skirt . . . striped chambray pinafore . . . and a black-and-white peasant costume. Check to see if the fabrics are washable before buying.

Nothing is prettier than a freshly laundered dress. For best, a pretty silk print. Be gay in your choice of a coat color; just be sure it will go over your most important clothes. All these are inexpensive to make . . . all are clothes in "million dollar" taste for a "penny-pinched" pocketbook. ★ **BY NORA O'LEARY**



DRAWINGS BY MARGARET SOMMERFELD

Back Views are on Page 284

© VOGUE

c with pocket detail. Vogue gn No. 6347, 12 to 42, 75¢. ., 5982, 24 to 32 waist, 35¢.

Pretty print silk afternoon dress, bow at neckline. Vogue Design No. 6416, 12 to 20, 60¢.

Peasant blouse, Vogue Design No. 5760, 12 to 18, 40¢. Skirt, 6278, 24 to 32 waist, 50¢.

Denim shirt, Vogue Design No. 6159, 12 to 40, 40¢. Skirt, 6424, 24 to 32 waist, 40¢.

Candy-striped chambray pinafore, buttons in back. Vogue Design No. 6263, 12 to 20, 50¢.

The Silver Flute

REVEREND PEMBROKE SAID THAT ANYTHING WORTH WHILE IS WORTH WAITING FOR, BUT JOSEY BELIEVED IN SPEEDING THINGS UP. ★ BY LIBBY LE COUNT

IN the thirteenth century Josey would have led the Children's Crusade to a triumphant finish; but since she was born too late for that, she marched starchily along Adams Street under the pepper trees, bearing her ten-year-old burdens in silence. Her head ached horribly. It hurt inside with the worry about her brother Herbert and the flute. It hurt outside, too, with the metal frame of the white embroidered hat mashing her skin, binding her ears tight against her skull, so that she did not hear Lottie until the young woman was beside her. It was Lottie who had made the hat for her.

"Why don't you throw away that awful hat?"

Josey's eyes peered out from the wire cage like an indignant canary's. "Because it would hurt your feelings," she said honestly. She did not add that Lottie's father trained the choir and it wouldn't do for the minister's daughter to offend him either.

The look of Lottie MacIntyre was like the Scotch heather itself, light and happy and rosy. She shook her golden head, unbelieving. "It hurts much worse," she said, "to sit in the choir every Sunday and look at it, knowing that I made it."

"Don't you want to be a milliner?" asked Josey, wondering if it was true that Charles MacIntyre had locked this fabulous creature in her bedroom for winking at a boy. "I want to be a nurse and help people," she offered as a conversational prod.

Lottie shuddered. "No, I don't want to be a milliner," she answered vehemently. "That was my father's idea. Give me that hat." And before Josey could protest, she seized the hat and hurled it up into the pepper tree. "There," she exclaimed with satisfaction. "The blackbirds can collect their eggs in it in the spring."

Josey watched the ascent of the hat without regret. Although it did not lessen the worry about Herbert and the flute, it did relieve her aching head. "Then what do you want to do?" she queried.

"I want to get married," answered Lottie promptly. "Come along now, or we'll be late."

"Why don't you do it, then?" asked Josey breathlessly, trying to keep up with Lottie's twinkling feet.

"Because it's impossible."

"My brother Herbert is saving up for a flute," reasoned Josey aloud, "and Mrs. Nettleton said it was impossible. She said her husband made twice as much as the minister and they didn't have money to throw away every few months on flutes and things."

Lottie's laughter rang out joyously and mingled with the church bells. Then she asked gravely, "What did your father say, Josey?"

Josey thought a minute before she answered. Asking what the Reverend Mr. Pembroke thought was like asking what God thought. "He said that anything worth while is worth waiting for"; and then she added shamefacedly, "He told me I was *not* to try and help."

"Not to help?"

"Not to help," repeated Josey, looking up into the laughing blue eyes. The subject was painful, in as much as the last time Josey had played District Nurse she had given all the neighborhood children a stiff dose of castor oil. And when Herbert had failed to win a pie-eating contest last summer, Josey took her last dollar and bought five bakery pies, thinking this would make up to him for his disappointment. "Father said I had too much zeal," she concluded.

Lottie bent down and kissed the dark head just where the crown made a jagged little star in Josey's hair. "How would you like to help me?" she inquired softly.

Josey's face blazed with eagerness. "I'd love to."

"When you go to St. James Park this afternoon for your Sunday walk, will you stop in Nugent's garage for me?"

"Are you going to buy an automobile?"

"No." Even Lottie was startled at this idea. "Just go in and tell Bill Nugent I can't meet him at the library on Thursday." Carefully she untied her lace handkerchief and counted out fifty cents, which she thrust into Josey's hand. "That's half of all the money I have. It's for the flute."

JOSEY had never doubted for an instant that Herbert would get the flute. Five months ago, when the project started, when Herbert came back from his music lesson and spread the pamphlets out on the dining-room table, she realized he would never turn back. The family gathered about him and watched him open the folder, creasing it flat with a stubby finger, his blue eyes deepening to blackness in excitement. He pointed to a miraculous silver flute on page two, a picture that had lines jutting out from the instrument like legs of a centipede, with letters at the ends to indicate such items as "key" and "pad."

There was a moment of silence and then Herbert said, "That is the flute I'm going to get."

Josey craned her neck to see the bottom of the page. "One dollar," she read in a loud voice.

"No," Herbert said. "It's a hundred dollars."

Josey looked at the figures again and the enormity of the thing broke over her like the surf. *(Continued on Page 199)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS



"Who is this King of Glory?" Josey warbled in her squeaky treble. "The Lord strong and mighty." Bill boomed in response.

There's a SHOWER COMING UP

By Ann Batchelder

THE other day, driving along a suburban street of quality and charm, I stopped to stare, not rudely, but stared just the same. This house had a small lawn (gardens, we call them, even if they're of pocket-handkerchief dimensions). Not much like Mr. Pratt's terraced and landscaped magnificence, but we *never* say *yard* and very seldom *lawn*. We dwell amid gardens, and the size doesn't matter. But what I saw was just a border, a wide border that made the whole plot seem larger—for confined in this border was such a wealth of chosen and cherished color and beauty that to get up every morning and look out or walk out to look at such a glory, in that small space, must have been to waken from a dream into a dream dreamed true. ***What does this teach us?*** Only that little things and little places are *(Continued on Page 251)*

PHOTO BY STUART-FOWLER


MENU
Tomato Juice
Ham-and-Cheese Rolls
Lamb Stew with Vegetables
Spring Salad
Hot Biscuits
Cream Puffs with
Strawberry Sauce
Coffee
Serves 8

Line a Day

BY ANN BATCHELDER

1 GREAT MORNING!, the third volume in that series by Osbert Sitwell, is now out. The first two began from early childhood, then we went through youth and school days, and now a young and fashionable figure emerges into the golden glitter of London society. There'll be two more volumes, and they deserve an honored niche on anybody's library shelves.

2 In the old days royal sturgeon was reserved for royalty—and let the rest of the world eat haddock. Now, this finest of fish comes in cans, ready for hors d'oeuvres, for salads, for delicate sandwiches. Or if you like, you may cream it and serve it on toast. Be kings and queens for a change.

3 *From an old cookbook:* "The use of coarse greens is to be avoided. In the spring the writer has known otherwise sensible women, and good providers, to insult their families with wild *dandelions*. Fortunate is she whose children refuse such *fodder*." Maybe I should take back all I have said?

4 Canto I: A surprise ending is something that ought to be passed right down the line. Take small cupcakes—white cake is best—hollow them out. Fill them with fresh, or thawed frozen, crushed and sweetened strawberries.

5 Canto II: Cover them with vanilla ice cream, very thickly. Then quickly apply an overall of meringue and brown in a very hot oven. Out of the oven. Grate bitter chocolate over the little "Alaskas." Serve instantly. These are a world-beater and a world's wonder.

6 Boston cream pie with *maple* cream filling instead of the traditional vanilla cream makes conversation. And it's well worth talking about too.

7 Buttered asparagus is about as familiar as the next door neighbor's picket fence. For a change, brown half a cup of dry bread crumbs in one third cup of butter or margarine. Add about two teaspoons of lemon juice and a little grated rind. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Sprinkle this over hot, well-cooked and drained asparagus. See if you don't think it's a good idea.

8 *News item:* Fish balls as light and lovely as ever came out of mother's kettle now come out of the can. You do the frying and eating, but that's no work at all.

9 Brush finger-size strips of bread with melted butter or margarine, roll in celery seeds and crisp in a moderate (350° F.) oven. About ten minutes will do it. And there you have as nice an accompaniment to soup or salad as you could wish.

10 *Peculiarity file marked Private—hot-bread division:* If I read or think about homemade rolls or buns for a while, I can smell them baking. And you know what *that* is. But the only way I've been able to *taste* them is to make some.

11 Just an idea—but a good one. Next time you make a cheese soufflé, add a spoonful of finely chopped chives. Adds that certain something that is sure to please one and all.

12 Is a sandwich without a cover a sandwich? Well, it gets by as such, anyway. Take a cup of cottage cheese. Beat into it about three tablespoons of sour cream, and season with salt and paprika. Spread thick on rounds of buttered toast and crisscross the top with bacon strips. Broil them until the bacon is crisp.

13 Sandwiches still on your mind? Add a good pinch of curry powder and a little grated onion to softened butter or margarine. This is blue-ribbon stuff for ham sandwiches.

14 Don't always save the best for company. Give the family a break. For instance, mix a can of pea and a can of tomato soup. Add three quarters of a cup of cream and the same of chicken broth or stock. Season well and include a teaspoon of Worcestershire. Heat and beat in the double boiler. When hot, add a cup of flaked crab meat. Serve hot with croutons.

15 A dish called Golden Rice is as nice a simple dessert as you'll find in a day's hunting. To a quart of scalded rich milk add one cup washed raw rice, one teaspoon salt and a pinch of ground saffron. Cook in double boiler, stirring occasionally with a silver fork, so it will be the color of a gold dollar. Cook until the milk is absorbed and the rice tender. Cool, chill and serve with raspberry or strawberry preserves and cream.

16 Another simple little pudding affair is this: (1) Take two cups of applesauce. Add three well-beaten eggs. Flavor with cinnamon, nutmeg, about a quarter of a cup of melted butter and the same of powdered sugar. Mix well.

17 (2) Now get ready some fine bread crumbs. Put a little water in the bottom of a casserole. Sprinkle with crumbs. Then a layer of the sauce, more crumbs, with little pieces of butter over all. cover with crumbs and bake half an hour. Cover with a meringue and serve with hard or foamy sauce.

18 *De luxe dessert department:* Roll scoops of vanilla ice cream in stale cake or macaroon crumbs. Serve with Melba sauce.

19 If you like the flavor, add a little rum extract to the cream filling for tiny éclairs or cream puffs. That different touch.

20 Old-time dishes are just as good now as ever. One dessert that's as old as baking griddlecakes on a shovel is made this way: Make a rich biscuit dough and fit it into a deep casserole. Cover with blueberries or raspberries or sliced apples, sweetened and flavored. Bake until the dough is done and the fruit has made itself into a thick, delicious sauce. Serve hot with plain heavy cream, adding a little nutmeg.

WITHOUT MUSIC

This soft green moss shall be my chair,
Cushioned and tidied with maidenhair.
Here I can sleep in the silence and dream,
Hearing the song of the hidden stream.

And underneath this tree
Adventure waits for me.

21 "Mushrooms are a meal" sounds like a chant or something. Well, there's good reason. Take a pound of firm white ones. Peel, take off the stems and cut the mushrooms into thick slices. Season well. Now put the mushrooms in a casserole, in layers with grated cheese. Add a cup of sweet cream and cover with buttered crumbs. Bake in an oven at 375° F. until all is done and the top is brown. Good with green salad or asparagus vinaigrette.

22 French toast done to a beautiful brown, then covered with soft maple sugar, is as good as such things come. For breakfast, on a Sunday, say, you might try it with sliced strawberries dusted with powdered sugar. And you won't go wrong.

23 When it comes to a duck dinner, make the smallest baking-powder biscuit—*but*—use orange juice instead of the milk and mix grated orange rind in the dough. Sort of keeps up the duck-with-orange idea.

24 Spaghetti sauce flavored with thin strips of cooked ham and sweet basil is pretty near perfection. And a few anchovies boned and minced make almost any green salad a "creation," as the milliners say.

25 To serve with a steak or a pot roast, no less: Choose some small yellow onions that look as if they were all twins. Peel them and cook until partly done. Then put them in a frying pan with plenty of butter or margarine. Sprinkle with brown sugar and add half a cup or so of stock. Simmer the onions until tender. Arrange around your meat, be what it may.

26 If you are of those who really like the flavor of garlic, this is for you. Crush half a clove and work it into half a cup of butter or margarine. Get ready as many unpeeled tomatoes as you need, cut them across and salt them. Turn them upside down to drain. Flour lightly. Heat tomatoes in the garlic butter, turn to brown, and, last thing, add half a cup of heavy cream.

27 Little hot baking-powder biscuits, split, buttered and filled with chicken salad, are delicious, and so are chicken sandwiches dipped in beaten egg and milk and fried like French toast. Keep these things small. They're no meal, you know.

28 For a bridge luncheon, little pots of chocolate, coffee and vanilla *crème* (custard, really) look so good and are so good that you might give them a whirl next time it's your turn.

29 You'll be cooking little new potatoes now. Did you know that a small piece of salt pork in the water gives them a flavor, and that crisp diced bacon makes a choice garnish for these little thumbnail sketches?

30 Hot ham and chicken slices served on spinach with hollandaise. This dish needs no press agent. Speaks for itself.

31 The birds are carrying on in what are known as our woods. The garden is beautiful. How can I stop here and write! I shall say good-by and send you, in some mysterious way, a lily of the valley.

DRAWING BY R. C. ATHERTON

Never before such a WELCOME for a NEW Campbell's Soup!

'OW—TRY THIS
'EW BEST-SELLER!



Deep-flavored Chicken Stock
Rich extra-heavy Cream
Melting-tender pieces of Chicken
Add up to this
New, Exciting Soup...

Campbell's

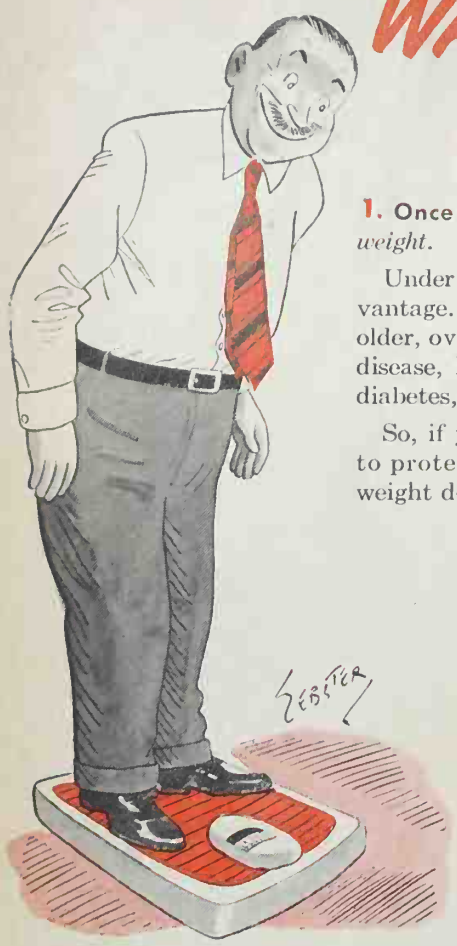
CREAM OF CHICKEN

Everybody likes cream of chicken soup. Now taste this *new* soup and you'll say it's the finest cream of chicken you've ever eaten! Everybody at Campbell's is enthusiastic; in fact, never have Campbell's been so sure of a new soup favorite. This was proved when it was offered in the stores of two important cities, where it outsold in *just a few weeks* many of Campbell's established best-sellers. Now, many months later, sales are still mounting. That's a welcome—a welcome you'll echo when you taste this smooth blend of heavy cream and rich chicken stock, with cuts of celery and tender pieces of chicken. Try Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup. Just taste it and, lady, you'll agree you've found yourself a new family favorite—for *now* and for years to come! Why not make a note now to ask for it at your grocer's?

mpbell's now make
Kinds of Chicken Soup:
ICKEN WITH RICE
ICKEN NOODLE
ICKEN GUMBO
. and the new
FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



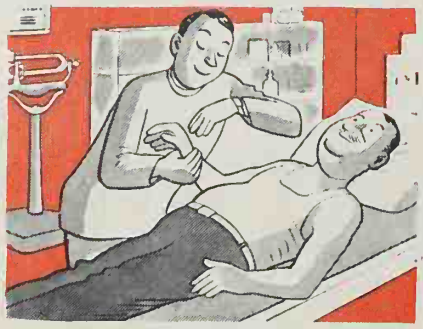
WATCH YOUR WEIGHT



1. Once you're over 30, it pays to *watch your weight.*

Under 30, a little overweight may be an advantage. But statistics show that when you are older, overweight is often associated with heart disease, kidney ailments, high blood pressure, diabetes, and other diseases.

So, if you're overweight, give some thought to protecting your health by bringing your weight down.



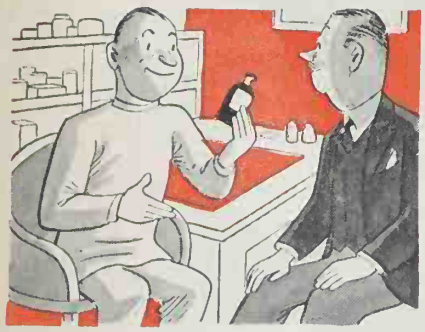
2. See your doctor first, so he can check your physical condition, suggest approved methods for losing weight, and advise you how much to lose.



3. Your doctor will be able to help you work out a tasty, varied diet that will let you lose weight without endangering health or strength.



4. He may also ask you about the type of work you do, so that he can advise you on the kind and amount of exercise you may take.



5. It's wise not to use reducing drugs, or to try special diets unless your own doctor recommends them. They may do *you* more harm than good.



6. Once your weight is down to normal, try to keep it there. Remember that one step toward a longer, healthier life is *watching your weight.*

To bring you other helpful infarmatian abaut your weight, Metrapolitan has prepared a boaklet called "Overweight and Underweight." It includes suggested lawcalarie menus, and reducing exercises. Write to Metropolitan today far your free copy of this booklet, 58-J.

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

WAYWARD PILGRIM

(Continued from Page 65)

"That's no way to talk to your sister," said Jill.

"Okay," said Jerry genially.

Then they went down to breakfast in the warm firelit kitchen. When they had finished Jill cleared the table, gave them some jigsaw puzzles to play with until it should be time for their morning lessons, and went into the other kitchen to grill the herrings for the grownups' breakfast.

As soon as she had gone the twins slid from their chairs. They knew where mother kept the key of the storeroom: in the right-hand drawer of the big pitch-pine dresser. They took it out and scurried up the stairs to the little low-arched doorway. They unlocked the door, went inside, locked themselves in and laughed aloud out of the splendor of their joy.

It was not only because of the jam that they had come here, nor because they wanted to escape morning lessons, but because of a special feeling they had about this little room. They had wanted to be here in the storeroom all by themselves, just as they had wanted to be alone in the Place Beyond, and had run away from Sally so that they should be.

Well, here they were, and here also was the jam. They looked about them, the tips of their tongues just showing between their parted lips. The strange little octagonal-shaped room with the three small lancet windows had changed since Auntie Rose's day, but not, the twins thought, for the better. Nadine had not admired the wallpaper with the chocolate lozenges like Easter eggs that they had thought so handsome, and had made Malony put a wash of cream distemper over the top of it. And she had not admired the slatted sagging shelves. She had made George and Malony take them down and put up clean shelves with little metal brackets supporting them. Upon the shelves there were rows of glass jars, all neatly labeled, containing the jams, jellies and chutneys Nadine and Jill had been making throughout the summer, and tall golden pots of honey.

> Few of us can stand prosperity. Another man's, I mean. —MARK TWAIN.

"Honey?" queried Josie.

"We had it for breakfast," said Jerry. "Strawberry jam."

He bent down, hands on knees, and Josie climbed on his back and reached down a jar of strawberry jam. They were not messy children. They had remembered to bring a spoon, and, sitting side by side on the floor, they ate turn and turn about, until there wasn't any more. Nor were they greedy children. They did consider going on to a pot of blackberry and apple, but turned the idea down.

"Put the jar back where it was," commanded Jerry, who possessed both a tidy mind and the firm conviction that females had been created by God to do all menial tasks; he bent double again, with hands on knees. In this position, with Josie on his back, he looked under the lowest shelf and noticed something. "Come down," he commanded Josie. She came, and they dropped upon hands and knees and gazed at the pleasing sight.

MALONY hadn't had quite enough distemper to go right down to the floor all the way round, and beneath the shelf a few inches of the lovely mustard-and-chocolate paper had been left uncovered; what was more, it had come unstuck at the juncture of the wall and the stone floor of the little room and was curling upward in irresistible curls like autumn leaves. Jerry seized one and pulled, and it ripped upward, bringing with it a shower of chalky dust. There was another paper under the egg one, green with red roses on it, and that also was coming unstuck. With a squeak of excitement Josie seized a curl and pulled.

"Here's a bunny." She had cleared quite a large patch and, sure enough, there was a dim form on the wall, brown against a gr background, shaped just like the hindqu ters of a rabbit.

"Scrape, scratch, scrabble and scroog commanded Jerry.

They did so, and found a very odd-shap robin, and a little scarlet flower on a l green stalk.

"There's a third paper under the r one," said Jerry.

"No," said Josie. "It's a picture pain on."

"Scrooge, scrabble and scratch," repea Jerry.

JOHN ADAIR and Ben were indifferent the weather. Their studio to them a kingd was, and they didn't care what happe outside. Breakfast over, John Adair coc his right eyebrow at Ben, and Ben, flush with pleasure, nodded. This cocking of eyebrow meant that the great man was the mood for the dealing out of a little struction. When he was not in the m they would sometimes work together fo whole morning companionably enough, in a silence that Ben knew better than break.

John Adair never treated Ben as a ch he treated him as a man and an equal, sto ing at him sometimes, but keeping alw between them the bond of two men work together at a craft that was to both of th the most precious thing in the world.

And sometimes, though the boy was aware of this, he looked at Ben's efforts w a queer humble resp put a hand on the b shoulder and shook it fectionately.

Today he was in on his brisk and crit moods. "Come on no he admonished Ben. " good messing about longer with Brockis Island. Chuck it in corner and make a fresh start. Get going w that fellow. If you've not seen his face you've seen the attitude—you said so night. Your sense of anatomy being w it is, you'd better hang up Horace."

Ben went to a box in a corner and p duced from it a somewhat battered skelet It was his very own. He had had a birth lately, and John Adair upon one of his t to London had got it and conveyed it ho as a birthday present. The presence of H ace at the Herb of Grace was not known anyone except the two artists.

"Shout when you're ready for some de tating criticism," said John Adair.

"Um-m," said Ben.

The painter smiled and turned his b on the boy. For an hour there was comp silence in the room. Then a light s sounded on the stairs.

"Mother!" gasped Ben, and with a s movement of panic swung his drawing ro with its face to the easel. With an equ swift movement John Adair unhooked H ace and stowed him away out of sight.

"Come in," he called.

Nadine entered. "Are the twins her "No."

"They're completely lost," said Nac wearily. "Jill left them in the kitchen d jigsaws, and now they've vanished."

"Let them vanish," said John Adair. peaceful morning will be enjoyed by all.

"With my twins perhaps drowning in river?" asked Nadine indignantly. "Ji hunting in Knyghtwood, and George gone to look along the riverbank, and S went along the lane to the Hard. Why I such a fool as to consent to George buyi house by a river I don't know. Unless twins are actually under my eye or Jill, I live in perpetual torment."

John Adair looked at her with inte She was more maternal than he had thou

"Shall I come and help look, mother?" asked Ben.

(Continued on Page 86)

S. ASTOR GIVES A GREAT DEAL OF TIME TO THE MUSICIANS' EMERGENCY FUND



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tiful Mrs. Astor says: "Pond's new beauty routine accomplishes wonders"

New "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

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r face is not unchanging like a doll's. It is the You put into outer form. It is what people notice about you—what they most remember. ly then a *lovely* face is very worth attaining.

A New Face Treatment

skin—like a window—has two sides, and g for only one side is *not enough*. Pond's con- ıg with eminent dermatologists, has studied eeds and behavior of facial skin and now brings special new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment, Pond's Cold Cream, that acts on both sides of skin *at once*.

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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 84)

"No need," said John Adair quickly. "Nothing untoward ever happens to tough guys, and I never met a tougher pair than those children."

Nadine swept them both with a withering glance. "I've also lost the key of the storeroom," she said. "So there will be semolina pudding for lunch instead of jam puffs. And you won't forget, will you, that lunch is early today? I'm going to the hairdresser's and taking the twins to have their hair cut—that is, if they turn up."

Both the artists groaned. They both hated semolina pudding and early lunch. Nadine withdrew, outraged at the unhelpful selfishness of the artistic temperament. John Adair restored Horace to his nail, and Ben turned his drawing round again and silence held them. After a while he let out a deep sigh. John Adair knew where he was. To the best of his ability he had captured what he'd seen.

"Your mother, of course, came in at an awkward moment," he said. "You were perhaps right, just then, to turn your board round. But, generally speaking, don't hide your work. What you have done you have done, and you must take the consequences."

"I hate people seeing my stuff."

"Afraid of being laughed at? Well, what of it? Never hide from adverse criticism. There's nothing like good slashing personal criticism for begetting humility. A conceited man never yet made a good artist. How could he?"

Ben fell back a few paces and looked at the picture. "I don't think I can do any more for a bit."

"That being so," said John Adair, "I suggest that there may be some connection between the disappearance of the twins and the disappearance of the key of the storeroom."

"Gosh, yes! I never thought of that." Ben swung round.

"May I look at your work while you're away?"

"Yes, sir, of course. But I haven't had time to——"

"Don't make excuses," interrupted John Adair. "You've had plenty of time to make a good start. If you haven't that's your fault. And don't say 'but.' You know how I detest the word."

Ben ran lightly down the turret staircase, tried the storeroom door and found it locked. He applied his ear to the keyhole. Inside he could hear squeaks and sneezings.

"Hi! Rat! Mole!" he called softly. "Badger here. Let Badger in."

There was a cessation of the scrabblings. "Only Badger?"

"Yes." The door was unlocked and Ben was admitted. "What on earth?" he demanded.

THE floor was covered with flakes of distemper and peelings of wallpaper. The twins themselves had a powdering of white dust all over them, and their faces and hands were filthy. But they looked radiantly happy.

"Look, Badger, look!" they cried. "Under the shelf. A wood and flowers growing. And a bunny. Look!"

Ben, sneezing as the white dust went up his nose, was dragged to the floor and pushed beneath the shelf. For two hours they had been scratching and scrooging, using the old iron key and their industrious little fingernails, and they had laid bare quite a large patch of the original wall of this strange little octagonal room. The rear elevation of a rabbit was now clearly to be seen by an imaginative eye, also a small clump of starry red flowers, a robin and the root of a tree. Ben backed out from beneath the shelf, his face white with excitement. He sat back on his heels, and addressed the younger brethren.

"See here, Rat and Mole, I'll give you a bob each if you don't say a word to anybody about the bunny and the flowers on the wall."

"Why not?" demanded Jerry.

> **It is easier to fight for one's principles than to live up to them.**
>
> —ALFRED ADLER: Quoted in Thesaurus of Epigrams, edited by Edmund Fuller (Crown Publishers).

Ben said impressively, "There's a picture painted under the wallpaper. I think it's a very old picture, perhaps hundreds of years old. I want to get more of it uncovered before we tell everybody about it."

"*We'll* uncover it," said Josie.

"It would take us too long, and we might scratch the picture," said Ben. "It needs what they call an expert to do it properly—someone like Old Beaver."

"But it's *our* picture. *We* found it!"

"Yes, I know, and later on I'll tell everyone how clever you were. But just for now Rat and Mole, you must keep your mouths shut. Promise? A bob each."

JERRY and Josie looked at each other. There was no need for speech between them. They knew each other's minds.

"No," said Jerry. "It's *our* picture and we won't not tell everybody about it."

Ben tried another tack. "If I take down a pot of jam to mummie there'll be jam puffs for lunch, but if I don't there'll be semolina pudding."

The twins hated semolina pudding even more passionately than did John Adair and Ben. Yet they stood firm.

"No," said Josie.

"Half a crown between the two of you."

"No," said Jerry.

"Three bob."

"No," said Josie. "More."

Ben felt desperate. He possessed only three and sixpence halfpenny. "Mercenary little beasts," he said. "Three and sixpence halfpenny."

"Five bob between the two of us," said Jerry. "And raspberry jam for the puffs."

"O.K!" said Ben bitterly. "Now come along up to the bathroom and get clean, and if you make a single sound while I'm washing you I'll smack you as hard as Old Beaver did when you squeezed his paints on the floor."

Ben seized a pot of raspberry jam from the shelf and pulled them out of the storeroom, locking the door behind him and slipping the key into his pocket. They sped noiselessly up the turret stairs and along to the bathroom, where he brushed the white dust out of the twins' hair and scrubbed their hands and faces. Leaving them drying themselves, he raced up the attic stairs to the studio.

John Adair looked round in surprise. "House on fire?" he asked.

"No, sir. Could you lend me one and a fivepence halfpenny? I wouldn't ask such a thing, but it's pretty desperate. And please may I use the telephone in your room? I use the house one downstairs everyone hears, and I don't want them to."

"Putting something on a horse?" inquired John Adair, counting out one and a fivepence halfpenny from a handful of loose change.

"I'll tell you later, sir." Ben grabbed the cash and fled back to the bathroom, seized the twins and the jam and descended to the hall. "Hoy!" he yelled. "Found!"

Nadine appeared from the drawing room. "Jerry! Josie! Where *have* you been? You've frightened mummie to death and poor Jill is getting all wet looking for you outside. And daddy and Sally too."

"They were playing in the storeroom, mother," said Ben. "They didn't do any harm there. I've locked it up again. And here's a pot of raspberry jam for the puffs."

"They're sure to have done some harm there," said Nadine. "How much jam have they eaten?"

"One pot of strawberry," said Josie.

"Pigs," said Nadine. "Give me the storeroom key, Ben, and ring the dinner bell at the front door."

"No, me!" shrieked Jerry, and seized the bell as Ben fled upstairs, his hand tightly clasping the key in his pocket.

In John Adair's bedroom he sat breathlessly at the writing table and rang up Damerosehay. It was David who answered.

(Continued on Page 89)

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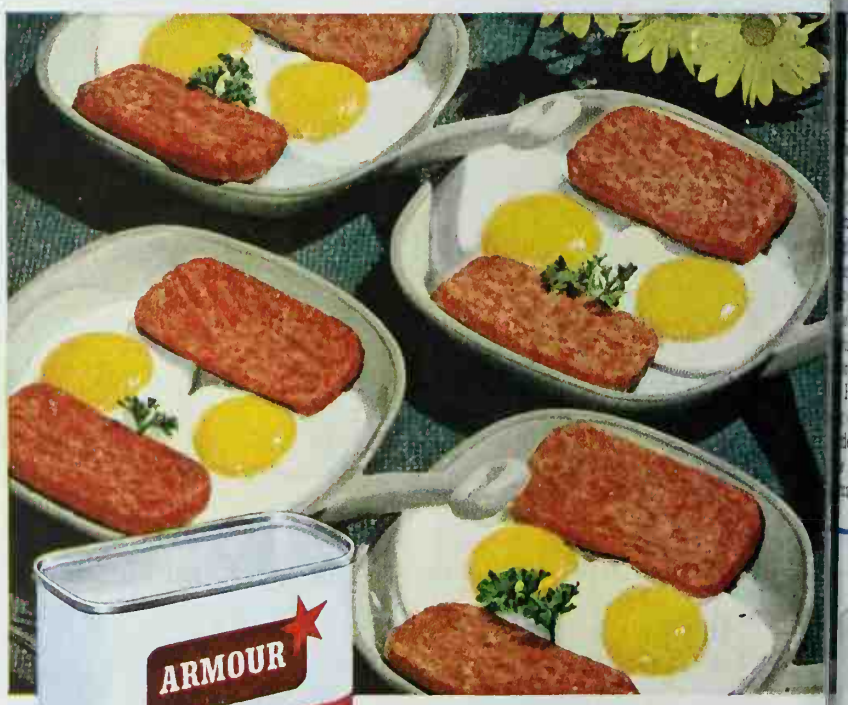
Don't be a same-old-thing cook another morning! Add a little imagination to breakfast tomorrow—just add any one of the grand Armour Star Pantry-Shelf Meats you'll always have on hand if you're smart. See how quickly breakfasts like these get the family to the table—and how they wake up yawning appetites! Such good-lookin' cookin' beats even the lazy luxury of breakfast in bed—and the low cost of these fix-easy meats beats your budget back into shape, too! Start tomorrow right with your pick of Armour Star Pantry-Shelf Meals—and pick another equally delicious one for lunch or dinner!





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The best and nothing but the best is labeled

ARMOUR



(Continued from Page 86)

David! Ben. There's a fresco on the room wall!"

A what on the storeroom wall?"

A *fresco.* The twins found it. They ped a bit of the paper off. David, ier and the twins are going to Radford afternoon, and father's taking Sally to the abbey, and Malony and Annie-ie will be busy moving into the flat the garage. So come over this afternoon, 'ou and I and Old Beaver will work at it ace and quiet."

What's to be seen so far?"

. rabbit and flowers."

ounds to me like an illustration for ildren's book, pasted on by Auntie 's mother-in-law."

lo!" yelled Ben furiously. "It's not ort of rabbit!"

Keep calm, old boy. I'll come along. k you for letting me in on this."

ere was a click and he had gone. Ben ed the receiver and, with his eyes ig, rushed back to the studio and d it all out to Old Beaver, where he tood thoughtfully before Ben's easel.

n Adair's reception of the news, though enthusiastic as could have been wished, ot unsatisfactory. "Quite possible," nceded. "The room's octagonal, you with lancet windows? And this is a m Inn. It might have been the chapel." ould they have had a chapel in a Pil-Inn?"

, as you seem to think, Mine Host was ik, put here to look after the pilgrims g to the abbey." He indicated the ng before which he stood.

looked at his chalk drawing, which n hour ago had been his very life, but for the last twenty minutes he had etely forgotten. "I didn't think of him ng a monk," he said, puzzled. "Just as wrapped in a dark cloak, because of rk paneling and the stairs. Besides, o burly-looking for a monk."

e Cistercians were fine farmers," said Adair. "Great fellows for tilling the nd raising stock. The chap you've is a Cistercian lay brother. I like the f the fellow so far; though I'd be glad him with a face. And where the dickens light coming from? The only place it me from, if you're standing in the en-to the inn, is the open front door be-ou, but in your picture it is coming ehind the figure."

tone was severe and Ben's ears went He had drawn a large sturdy man, g on the stairs of the inn with arms ide. The figure was superimposed he cruciform structure of the branch-rcase as the Figure is fastened to the Cross, appearing one with it. But, except for a willed strength in the attitude, as though the man braced himself against the wood of the cross, an immense patience in the sturdily planted feet, the figure did not suggest suffering. The outspread arms suggested a huge welcome, the fold of the habit had a winged protectiveness, and the cowled head was held high as though the man laughed. The lighting came from behind the head, giving a clear outline to both head and shoulders, in striking contrast to the rest of the figure.

"The light comes from the alcove behind him," said Ben suddenly. "The alcove where the white deer is. You can't see the deer, but he must be there, shining like a lamp."

"Did you think of that while you were working?"

"No. I just felt one ought to see his head and shoulders clearly."

"It's better, of course," said John Adair slowly, "to have a clear reason for what you do before you start, rather than manufacture one to fit the facts of the case afterward."

He spoke hesitantly, for the power and beauty of the boy's drawing had touched him deeply. He was afraid to praise too much lest Ben became self-satisfied; afraid to criticize too severely lest he grow discouraged. He decided to let the boy and his picture severely alone.

To Ben's tentative, "Is it all right, sir, so far?" he replied briefly:

"Yes. Don't attempt the face until you see it clearly, and keep the whole thing as simple as possible."

"I'll put it away," said Ben. "I won't go on with it until we've uncovered the fresco."

The dinner bell sounded and they went downstairs to devour shepherd's pie and jam puffs.

After lunch, Nadine, Jill and the twins went off in the car to Radford, George and Sally to the abbey and Malony and Annie-Laurie to the business of moving house. John Adair and Ben sat down at the open door in the sunshine to wait for David.

"Well, here we are," said John Adair. "Rat and Mole out. Beaver and Badger at home. What's David?"

Ben had been unaware that the painter's nickname was known to him. "I—we hadn't thought of a name for David."

"Placidus," suggested John Adair.

"Placidus?"

"He's in the National Gallery, painted centuries ago by Pisanello. Placidus and your cousin—they've the same face. Queer. Wood, in tempera. Riding through a forest. You must know the thing as well as I do."

"I've not been to the National Gallery," said Ben. "David was going to take me, but he forgot."



"Let's pretend we're not married and order à la carte."



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A moment later, David was coming up the steps. "Am I late? I'm sorry."

"Come *on*," implored Ben. "Oh, *do* come *on!*" He conducted his elders to the storeroom. "There!" he said.

Pausing to pull up the knees of his trousers, and nearly driving Ben mad by this sartorial caution, David folded himself up beneath the shelf to examine the phenomenon beneath it. John Adair, who suffered from rheumatism in his knees, waited for his verdict.

"Might be worth investigating, I think," said David.

The coolness of his report infuriated Ben. "*Might be!* Can't you see the rabbit?"

"Well, yes. There's something here that might be a rabbit."

John Adair sighed and with loudly cracking joints crawled beneath the shelf. His reaction was more satisfactory than David's. After a few exclamations he exploded into sudden enthusiasm. "By my beard, I believe the boy is right! But the shelf is in the way. Get the toolbox, Ben. Look lively!"

Ben dashed off for the toolbox, returning to find both men with their coats off, clearing the shelf of Nadine's jams and chutneys. For three hours they worked feverishly. They took all the bottles down to the kitchen, unfortunately breaking a few in the process, and removed the shelves from the wall; then they set to work to remove what they could of the distemper and paper. It was easier than they had expected. The little room was damp, the distemper was already peeling off and the two layers of paper came away in solid strips. Beneath them damp stains and patches of paste spread a dingy film over what was below; but there was no doubt that what was below was buried treasure.

"Let it alone!" John Adair shouted at Ben, who was trying to peel off a patch of paste with his fingers. "This filth must be got off with the proper stuff if you don't want to harm the fresco. That's all we can do for now, but we've done a good day's work. Look at it! Sixteenth-century, at a rough guess. Floor to ceiling the whole way round. Look at that bit of color there, the blue and the green. When we get that cleaned it will be fresh as the day it was painted. I should say it's a wood or a garden."

"Is that shape there a chap on a horse?" asked David.

"And look there!" cried Ben. "There's a cross there!"

"Where?"

"There! On the east wall. That's where the altar would have been. This *was* a chapel."

They sat down on the pile of shelves and stared incredulously. Until they could get the walls properly cleaned, they would not know the full glory of their find; but that there was glory there they knew.

"The more you look the more you see," said David. "Surely that's a man on a horse. A white horse, I think—or will be when he's clean. That red and blue is where his coat would be."

Ben gave a sudden shout. "It's the white deer! The one in the alcove! The white deer holding up the cross in his antlers!"

"Where?" demanded David.

"There! Behind the altar! You can see his neck, his pointy face. He's turned his head to look at the man, and the man has reined in his horse to look at the deer."

"SINCE you say so," murmured John Adair. "I've not my glasses."

"I think he's right," said David slowly.

From somewhere far away in the house there came a faint hail. "I suppose we now let the family in on this? What's your mother going to say when she comes home and finds jam pots all over the kitchen floor?"

"Oh, gosh, if it didn't happen to be the storeroom!" groaned Ben.

David got up quietly and went out of the room. The hail had been George's, but he thought he had heard Sally's voice too. He ran down the stairs and went to the hall. George was stretched in a chair puffing at his pipe, relaxed and happy after a very pleasant bout of physical exercise in the company of a pretty and appreciative girl. Sally, in her golden-brown tweeds, had an armful of spindleberry that she was arranging in a blue pot. She had not known that David was coming today and, taken by surprise, she took a few quick steps toward him before she could stop herself, her cheeks as pink as the berries.

"We've something to show you," David said quickly. "We've found something—your father and Ben and I. Come along and see it. You too, Uncle George."

GEORGE heaved himself to his feet. David put his hand into Sally's arm and hurried her up the turret stairs, George lumbering after.

"There!" said David, at the storeroom door.

While the others gazed, not at the fresco but at her, Sally stood in the center of the little room, and gazed about her with adoring wonder.

"There's the Chevalier on his horse, riding through Knyghtwood," she said. "It's rather like the picture I told you about, David, the one I saw somewhere but couldn't remember."

The voice of George made itself heard. "What on earth are you talking about, Sally, and what the dickens is Nadine going to say to all this mess?"

"All this mess, general, is, I believe, a most priceless sixteenth-century fresco," said John Adair. "Of course we'll need to get the thing cleaned up before we can be certain, but I shall be very much surprised to find myself mistaken. And, Sally, I'm ashamed of you. You have visited the National Gallery with me from infancy up, and gazed twenty times at Pisanello's Placidus, yet for all you apparently remember of the thing it might have been an advertisement. This fresco portrays the same story as Pisanello's masterpiece. It was a very popular subject for artists in the Middle Ages."

We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly. —VOLTAIRE.

"Who *was* Placidus, by the way?" inquired David.

"It was a pity you neglected to conduct Ben round the National Gallery. If you had you might have noticed him. But then again you might not." John Adair was enjoying himself. "None of your generation seems to notice anything unless it explodes. You've probably been to Wells Cathedral and taken no note of the carved figures of the saints upon the west front, and to Chartres Cathedral and retained no memory of its windows, and to Abbeville and not even noticed that there were any windows, and to the Church of St. Eustace in Paris ——"

"Eustace!" interrupted David. "Pisanello's Vision of St. Eustace. You put me off the scent by calling him Placidus."

"His mother gave him the name of Placidus. He only called himself Eustace when he took religion. Now I'll tell you about Placidus ——"

"You will not," interrupted Sally firmly, sitting down suddenly on the floor. "No one tells a story worse than you do. It's coming back to me and I'll tell it."

"Go on," said Ben, and slid to the floor beside her.

David joined George and John Adair on the pile of shelves and watched the two of them. Sitting there on the floor, there did not seem much difference in their ages.

"He lived in Italy," said Sally. "He was a Roman noble, a great huntsman. And one day he went hunting in the forest where there were wild beasts. But it was not only because of the good hunting that Placidus rode through the Roman forest; he rode in pursuit of something else, something to which his tongue could give no name and of which his imagination could form no image. And he rode alone. But, though the forest was dark and dangerous, it was full of gleams and flashes of beauty that were as candles lit along the way.

(Continued on Page 92)



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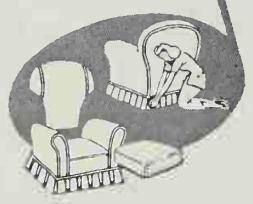
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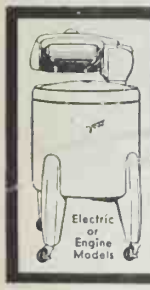
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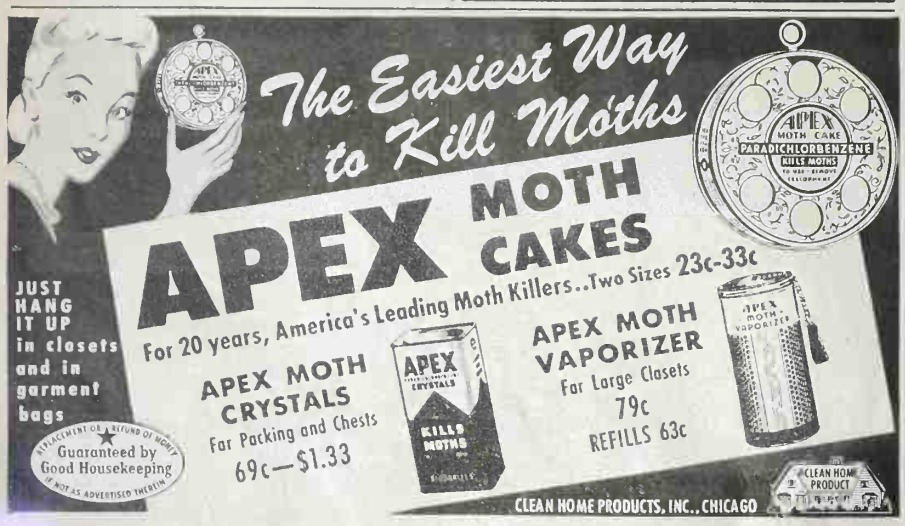
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(Continued from Page 90)

"The day wore on and still Placidus rode. Then, at last, he saw a white deer, the most perfect creature he had ever seen, with great branching antlers. For a moment the flashing eyes met his. Then the creature was off, silver hoofs spurning the ground, the perfect body a white flash of speed. One clear call did Placidus sound upon his horn and then he was off, too, his dogs after him, his horse stretched out to full gallop. But he could not catch up with the creature. The horse was near foundering, his own breath came in gasps, some of the dogs had fallen behind, but still he went on. And then the ground rose steeply and the rocks of a mighty mountain towered up before the horse and rider. The deer bounded up it as though winged. But Placidus could not follow.

"And at that moment the miracle happened. The deer stopped and swung round to face him, lifting its head, and the antlers formed themselves into a gleaming cross, with a crucified Figure upon it; that strange symbol of the Christians which he had seen many times, and wondered at, and then turned aside. But now he could not turn aside. There was only one thing he could do, and he did it. He leaped from his horse and fell upon his knees, and said, 'Lord, I believe.'

"A voice spoke very low, as though in warning, 'Many sorrows shalt thou endure for my sake, many temptations will assail thee; but be of good courage, I will always be with thee.'

"A thrill of dismay went through Placidus, yet he did not hesitate. 'Lord, I am content. Only give me patience to endure all things for Thee.' When he looked up again, the deer with the crucifix between its antlers had disappeared and night was falling in the forest."

"Not so bad, Sally," said her father. "Though I dare say I could have done better."

"It sounds like Saint Paul on the Damascus road," said Ben. "What happened after?"

"Very much like Saint Paul. He did give all that he had. He lost his wealth and his great position, and in the end was burned to death by order of the Emperor Hadrian. There are lots of stories about his life as a Christian, but I don't remember them very well."

"I KNOW perfectly well," said an icy voice, "that I had more in this storeroom than is now upon the kitchen floor. There are four pots missing. Have you smashed them?"

It was Nadine, standing in the doorway, her hands in the pockets of the long cherry-red coat. She was hatless, her face white with weariness and anger. She looked beautiful, but lonely and desolate.

All his old love for her seemed to surge over David. He jumped up and went to her. "Nadine, do forgive us. We'd no right to pull the place to pieces while you were out."

This was an aspect of the affair that had not hitherto occurred to anyone else except George. Now they gathered round, full of explanation and apology.

Nadine saw nothing but a vague mess. Her eyes met her husband's and saw them hot with anger. For her sake; against these others. . . . She smiled a little; at George only, feeling queerly close to him.

"Well, there it is," she said. "What's done is done, and I expect what you have found will turn out very interesting. It's past five o'clock and you must all be dying for tea. Annie-Laurie is taking it to the drawing room. I'll ring for her to bring me mine in my sitting room. I've got a bit of a headache." She turned and left them.

She went into her sitting room and shut the door, but she did not sit down. There was a light step outside and a tap on the door. She thought it was Ben, come to apologize, and she called, "Come in."

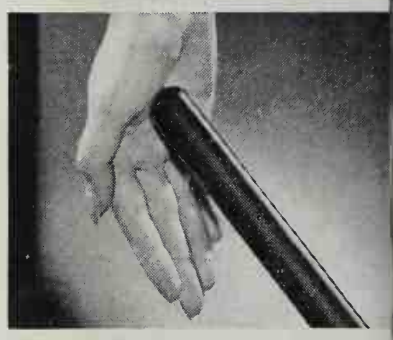
But it was David who came in, almost the David of seven years ago. "Nadine—Nadine—I'm so sorry ——"

It was in her hands. This was her chance. She could bind him to her all over again or she could set him free. She moved back, her hands still in her pockets. "There's no need to apologize, David," she said coldly.

"There's every need. To make a mess of your house without your knowledge was an

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unpardonable thing. And it was my fault. Ben and Old Beaver were blind with enthusiasm. It was I who should have called a halt."

"Nonsense," she said curtly. "What a child you are, David. You look like a naughty little boy caught stealing sweets from the cupboard. I was only annoyed for the moment about those smashed jam pots." She stifled a yawn. "I'm dead beat. Being shampooed always tires me to death. Tomorrow I shall be as keen about the fresco as you and Ben. Tommy will be excited, too, when he comes." She classed him with her children. "Such a fuss about nothing! I'm dying for a cup of tea. If Annie-Laurie isn't available yet send George along with one, will you?"

Without a word he went away and left her. She groped her way to the little armchair and sat down. It was done. It was over. No, it wasn't. That was where she had gone wrong before. There was never a last step, but only one more step. Nothing is ever over; it is all a continuing process.

The winter was upon them with gales and rain and driving mists from the sea, with now and again a calm, still day just touched with frost. Knyghtwood, though the gales had stripped away most of its leaves, had not lost its fascination for Ben and the twins. Indeed, its spell seemed deeper than before.

Annie-Laurie had taken her bells from the top of the mast when the houseboat was packed up for the winter, but the place of their chiming was taken by the rustle of the dry sedges. There was always music about the Herb of Grace, and always a drifting beauty. The holiday season was over and no more strangers came to the inn. Those who lived there felt that for the time being they had strangely lost touch with the outside world. Their present concern was with the house and with one another.

There is nothing, sir, too little for such a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible. —SAMUEL JOHNSON.

The chapel was the important thing just now. A friend of John Adair's, an expert, had been down to see the frescoes and had shown them what to do, and now John Adair, David, Ben and Sally worked increasingly at the restoration of the walls, removing the dirt of ages from the glowing colors beneath. The frescoes were incredibly lovely.

Lucilla and Margaret and Hilary were constantly jolting over to see how they were getting on. Malony and Annie-Laurie, though they said little and visited the chapel seldom, looked at it when they did come with a queer sort of frustrated hunger. George and Nadine of all the household were the most detached in their attitude toward the frescoes; George, because he and Malony had worked hard putting up the shelves, and Nadine, because she was living in a queer, exhausted, detached state, her chief emotion a quite unreasonable hatred of woods.

It was on the day when a telephone message had summoned Lucilla, Margaret and Hilary to come and inspect the latest discovery, a green toad with a jewel in his head, sitting on a mossy stone, that Hilary decided to call on Malony and Annie-Laurie in their new establishment. It was, he knew, their half day, but he hoped the business of settling in would have kept them from going out.

He quietly absented himself from the company in the chapel and hobbled down the turret stairs to the kitchen. The Mongrel, although he was feeling his age today, wheezed down the stairs after Hilary. Jill was in the kitchen ironing, with the twins in a couple of large cardboard boxes under the table. Hilary smiled at her.

"Ironing," he said, sniffing appreciatively. "Best smell in the world, barring fried sausages—prewar."

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Strawberry Queen Cake

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1¼ cups sugar
- 3½ teaspaans baking pawder (tartrate powder, 5 teaspoons)
- 1 teaspaon salt
- ½ cup Spry
- 1 cup less 2 tablespaans milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ½ teaspaon almond extract
- 3 egg whites, unbeaten

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder, and salt into mixing bowl. Drop in Spry (no creaming needed). Add ⅔ of milk, then flavorings, and beat 200 strokes (2 minutes by hand or on mixer at low speed). Scrape bowl and spoon or beater. Add remaining milk and egg whites and beat 200 strokes (2 min. on mixer). Isn't Spry's method easy? Bake in 12 x 8 x 2-inch Sprycoated pan in moderate oven (360° F.) 30–40 minutes.

Strawberry Queen Icing—Blend together 2 tablespoons Spry, 1 tablespoon butter, ¼ teaspoon salt. Add gradually ½ cup sifted confectioners' sugar, creaming until light and fluffy. Add 3½ cups sifted confectioners' sugar alternately with about ⅓ cup well-crushed strawberries (use only enough berries to make nice consistency to spread). Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice; beat well.





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"Yes, sir," smiled Jill. "How's your rheumatism today?"

"It's lumbago," said Hilary. "It switched over in the night. I like variety. It keeps one young."

"Try salt, sir," said Jill. "Kitchen salt warmed in the oven, folded in warm flannel and then applied to the afflicted part. My Auntie Rose always did that for my uncle."

"I hope your aunt is happy with her daughter-in-law?" asked Hilary.

"No, sir. She don't get on with her like she thought she would. Edith, she's more managing than auntie thought she was."

"Why doesn't she come back here and take on the cooking? It's far too much for Mrs. Eliot."

Jill placed her iron carefully on the stand. "Well, now, sir! I never thought of it!"

Hilary suddenly fell into a panic. He had spoken on impulse. Would Nadine and Auntie Rose, as past and present mistress of the Herb of Grace, get on?

"It's not as though Auntie Rose had ever cared much about the place," said Jill, following the drift of his thought. "She never did, apart from the kitchen. Give her a free hand in the kitchen, and one of the big attics where she could put her suite, and the brass bedstead, and she'd be happy as a queen. Mrs. Eliot would give her a free hand in the kitchen. Mrs. Eliot is like that, sir. She never interferes." And Jill's eyes left Hilary's face and glanced lovingly downward. Hilary became aware for the first time of the completely silent, immobile occupants of the cardboard boxes.

"What are they?" he asked with interest.

"I'm not quite sure, sir," said Jill. "Whatever it is, it's nice and quiet so far."

The grandfather clock struck three, there was a piercing shriek and the two cardboard boxes ricocheted from beneath the table and sped around the room, roaring, whistling and screaming as they went.

"The three-o'clock express from Paddington," hazarded Hilary.

He lingered a moment or two. Then, further conversation being impossible, he went out into the stableyard.

There was a bonfire burning somewhere, its pungent scent mixing with the smell of wet chrysanthemums, the scent of ironing from the kitchen, and the smell of a baking cake drifting down from the door that opened on the Malonys' balcony.

Hilary crossed the stableyard, the Mongrel lumbering after him. He had lunched early and inadequately upon powdered egg, tough bacon and cheese that in prewar days would have been relegated to the mousetrap. He had a most faithful and devoted housekeeper, but she was too old to be able to think of anything to eat except powdered egg and bacon and cheese. Hilary laid a hand upon the beautiful wrought-iron handrail and pulled himself up the old worn stone steps with lips compressed by pain, and nostrils twitching with the titillation of the aroma that floated down to him from above. Halfway up, he paused to get his breath, prayed God to forgive him for the greediness that he was not at all sure was not growing upon him with age, prayed for guidance in the task that lay before him, prayed that he might get up the rest of these darned steps without disaster, mopped his face and went on again.

He was in poor shape by the time he got to the open front door of the Malony flat and found himself confronting a coldly furious Annie-Laurie. Visitors at her winter quarters were as unwelcome as they had been on the houseboat. Hilary understood this.

"Forgive me, Annie-Laurie," he panted. "I thought I'd like to pay a call on you and Malony, and it never occurred to me that I ought to have waited for an invitation." He paused to get his breath. "The fact of the matter is, you know, that when you've been vicar of the same country parish for half a lifetime, as I have, your parishioners get used to you blundering in and out uninvited, like an old dog, and they don't let it put them out at all." He paused, looking at her comically and apologetically.

"And I won't let it put me out either," said Annie-Laurie with sudden generosity. "Come in, both of you."

"Both?" inquired Hilary. His own shortness of breath having now subsided somewhat, he became aware of the noise like a steam engine that the Mongrel was making behind him. "Poor old Mongrel! I'd no idea he'd come too. Must be deeply attached to you, Annie-Laurie."

"I'll give him a drink of water," said Annie-Laurie. "Yes, he likes me. I like dogs, and they know it."

Hilary lowered himself thankfully into the nearest chair and watched her as she filled a blue bowl with water for the Mongrel. When he had finished she spread a little rug before the fire and settled him there, sitting on her heels beside him and rubbing his ears gently behind the ears.

Hilary looked about him. The genius Malony had made a delightful flat out of the old place. The kitchen-sitting room was in the middle and the two bedrooms opened out of it to either side. Malony had built a fireplace where a fire was burning. To one side was a basket of logs, and on the other side a homemade bookcase with a few books in it. There was a pretty, old gate-legged table, a few chairs, a Welsh dresser with flowered china upon it, an oil cooking stove, gay curtains at the windows and cushions on the window seats.

"It's a pretty room," Annie-Laurie."

Annie-Laurie smiled. "Yes. The furniture in the houseboat is fastened in, so Mrs. Eliot gave us the table and chairs and the dresser and stove. Mrs. Eliot has been very good to me."

"She's very fond of you, Annie-Laurie like everyone else."

Annie-Laurie gently lifted the Mongrel's head from her knee and got to her feet. "You'd like a cup of tea," she said.

"Oughtn't we to wait for Malony?"

"He's gone to Radford. He said he wouldn't be back till late."

"Had you put that cake in the oven a little earlier he wouldn't have gone," Hilary said.

"It's just about done." She looked at him over her shoulder, smiling a little anxiously. "But it'll be all spongy and hot."

"Elderly though I am, and much afflicted with various infirmities, I thank heaven that they do not include digestive weakness," said Hilary fervently. "I am happy to tell you, Annie-Laurie, that no cake is ever too spongy or too hot for me."

Annie-Laurie laughed outright. He really was the most comical old cove. It was just gossip that he wanted; a gossip and a bit of cake.

While she boiled the kettle, cut bread and butter, took the cake out of the oven and laid the table, Hilary chatted amiably about dogs, but behind his thick glasses his short-sighted gray eyes did not miss the personal details of this room. There was a bunch of brass bells hanging from the central beam. There were pots of beautifully arranged autumn berries on the window sills. The books in the bookcase included the poems of Yeats, several of the dramatic works of Ibsen, Barrie, J. M. Synge and Sean O'Casey, the poems and most of the novels of Mary Webb.

(Continued on Page 97)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

From the Provençal

By Ethel Jacobson

This may be the last spring
Ever we shall see.
This may be the last bloom
On the laurel tree.

Say, shall we be sorry
When the bough is bare
That we never plucked it? . . .
Winter's in the air.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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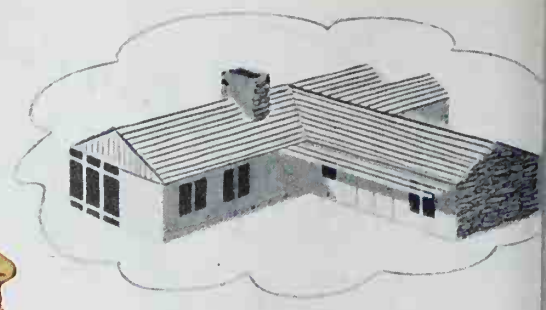
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(Continued from Page 94)

Tea's ready," said Annie-Laurie.
lary enjoyed his tea. He ate slowly,
ng easily and amusingly meanwhile, tell-
Annie-Laurie tales of the country folk in
arish. She began to talk a little, too, not
ıg much but revealing here and there by
owledgeable word that he had guessed
and that she was country-bred.
The hills of Shropshire?" he asked her
y. "The hills that look toward Wales?
you brought up there?"
e looked up, startled. "Why—yes."
You look mountain-born," he told her.
ctually, I'm Welsh," said Annie-Laurie.
lary had thought so. Something in her
. "Walking tours were my favorite
ays in my young days. I tramped all
Shropshire; it was my favorite English
ty. I saw a lot of Wales too."
went on talking, speaking of this place
that, watching her eyes light up when
entioned a place she particularly loved.
ually she began to drop a few scraps of
mation. She had been born on a farm
ıad spent her childhood in the hills, the
girl in a family of boys, having fun with
dogs and animals. She especially loved
ieep, and their old shepherd used to let
elp him at the lambing season. He gave
bunch of little bells, morris dancers'
that had been in his family for genera-
and sometimes for fun she used to
ı them round the necks of the lambs.
was very happy while she was still a
not so happy when she grew older and
ed how hard a man her father was, and
ıer mother feared him. After her mother
lied she had not been happy at home
ıad fought hard to get away.
in a scholarship?"
Hilary.
es. . . . Will you
another cup of tea?"
hank you," said Hil-
It was his third, and
ln't want it, but any-
to delay the moment
s departure. The
ds were gradually
ıg into his hands, he
ut it was difficult going. At the last
she had shut up like a clam. "Was
ertory after that?" he asked gently.
d gone too far. She was too courteous
ess to protest at his questions, but she
ot going to answer them. She put the
t carefully and slowly back on its
. then she clasped her hands on her
She did not look at him, but he felt her
and her fear.
ınie-Laurie," he said, stirring his tea
peaking slowly and softly, "you must
d forgive the curiosity of an old coun-
ɔd like myself. It's always seemed odd
that I should be such a dull fellow
others of my family are so artistically
I have always so loved their gifts—
worshiped them: my mother's beauty,
's art. All artists, all creators of
, have my astounded reverence. You
. I like talking to artists. I never saw
ı the stage. I wish I had. But I have
how lovely you were." He looked up
bunch of bells hanging from the beam
ıeir heads. "Were those the bells you
when you danced the Christmas-tree
That was the loveliest thing you did,
it? The thing that no one who saw or
you ever forgot."

ot up abruptly and went to the win-
ıd stood there with her back to him.
trol of herself at last, she turned. "So
Eliot *did* recognize me," she said in a
nemotional voice. "And gave me

w could he help recognizing you? He
en you on the stage. It was he who
ıe word 'unforgettable' of the loveli-
your art."
s always the same," said Annie-
"Wherever I go it follows me. We
et away from it, Jim and I. They
know here; at least I had to tell Mrs.
ı little—that was only fair—but I
tell her much. You see, I wanted to
re. So did Jim. One feels so safe here.
And I like Mrs. Eliot—I thought we should be able to stay ——"

"Why can't you stay?" asked Hilary. "They all want you to stay. Have any of them behaved at all differently to you since my nephew recognized you?"

She looked at him, thinking over what he had said, and as the implication of it dawned upon her a transformation that tore at his heart passed over her face. Watching her, he realized a little of the agony she must have gone through.

THEN shame fell upon Hilary. He had lied: not in actual words, but in implication; he had made her believe that the whole family, not only David and himself, knew her story. Yet seeing her joy, he knew he could not go back and correct the blunder.

"Then Jim and I can stay," said Annie-Laurie on a long breath of relief. "We can stay! And they won't talk to me about it. It's been good of them: to know and not talk to me about it. I . . . can't talk about it."

"No, they won't talk to you about it," Hilary was able to assure her. "And I won't either, after today."

Annie-Laurie slid to the window seat and sat with her hands folded in her lap. "I'm glad *you* did, today, because otherwise I shouldn't have known ——"

"That you can stay here, *safe*, for as long as you like."

He stopped, for he did not know how to go on. Her fear was the worst poison. She was obsessed by it. He was pitifully aware of the obvious fears through which she already must have passed: the fear of death, of shame, of publicity; but, without the full confidence which she evidently was not going to give him, he could not know what fear it was that haunted her now, whether it was of some objective disaster or of something in herself. Annie-Laurie, he could see, was nervously unbalanced as well as physically frail. But his ignorance made him powerless to help her further. His mind searched back over their conversation to find some word, some sentence, that should serve him as a signpost to the next step. It shone out suddenly. "I like Mrs. Eliot." Nadine meant more to this girl than all the rest of them put together. He had been right when he said to David that this was Nadine's business. The next step was obviously to go to Nadine and make a clean breast of the whole thing.

To deprive elderly people of their bogeys is as bad as snatching from babies their big stuffed bears.

—LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH: All Trivia (Harcourt, Brace and Company).

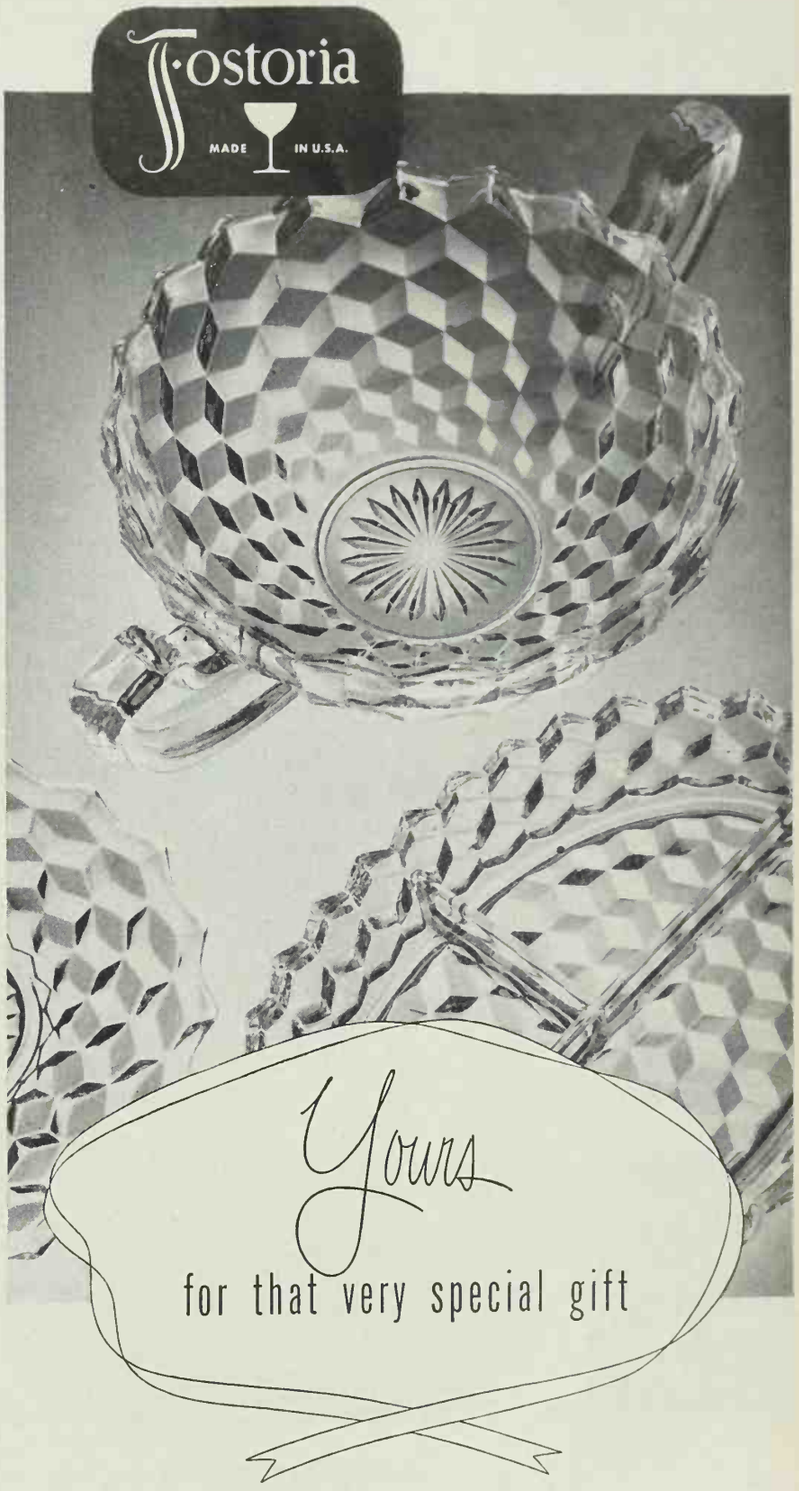
"Thank you, Annie-Laurie, for the best tea I've ever eaten." He got up to go and she came to him, smiling, and he took her hand. "You know, of course, of what any man or woman possessed of any insight whatever is convinced the minute they set eyes on you, and that is that the verdict of not guilty was a true verdict."

It was the worst thing he could possibly have said. Her blue eyes looked suddenly black in her blanched face. For perhaps ten minutes he had brought back her youth and given her happiness, and now with that one sentence he had shattered his gift so cruelly that he thought it would have been better if he had never brought it to her. Yet somehow he kept steady. He kept his eyes on hers, and there was no change in the kindness of his smile. He said what a good cake it had been, and left a suitable message for Malony. As he went down the steps he called back a few cheery remarks about the weather, and in the yard, though she had shut her door, he turned and waved, in case she should be looking out of the window. It was not until he was safely within the shadows of the porch that his legs gave way beneath him and he sat down suddenly on the seat.

After ten minutes of misery Hilary suddenly lifted his head and took a deep breath. *Nevertheless*, he said, *though she did it, yet she's innocent.*

The ironing had been cleared away and Jill and the twins were having nursery tea. The twins, with their heads tipped back and

(Continued on Page 99)



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(Continued from Page 97)

of milk obliterating their noses, took
tice of their uncle, but Jill looked up
a smile. She had a writing pad beside
ate.
ist a line to Auntie Rose to catch the
she explained to Hilary. "Before I
on it to Mrs. Eliot I thought I'd just
auntie."
es, do, Jill," implored Hilary. "I should
nything to be done hastily because of
ice remark of mine." He smiled at Jill
eat a hasty retreat to the turret stairs.
went up the stairs to the chapel, and
astonishment found it empty of every-
cept Nadine.
uld I talk to you, Nadine?" he asked
tly. He looked at his sister-in-law. In
ain dark dress, standing there remote
ill, she did not seem the Nadine whom
ew. He had come upon her at a
nt when she had believed herself alone.
was just thinking about you," said
e. A low wooden table had been
t in to hold the paraphernalia needed
aning the walls. She sat down on the
f it and cleared a space for Hilary be-
r.
out me?" asked the astonished Hilary.
shing I could be happy like you,"
e told him. "And like the man who
d these walls."
s, he obviously enjoyed himself," said
, looking about him. "Not that it
s."
u mean—not being happy doesn't
?"
. Why should it? At least, not the
at I think you're thinking of: personal
ent. That is largely a matter of
ament and health."
t there's another sort, a matter of
"
s. Best described by saying it's how
oose to use your unhappiness. That
a very negative sort of thing. But it
ally."
now what you mean," said Nadine.
assion isn't at all negative."

those who are happy in the first way
eem capable of it. Which brings me
t I wanted to talk to you about:
Laurie. Now there's a child in a
ghly bad emotional and mental state,
y desperate need of help."
've been talking to her?"
, and I could scarcely have made a
ness of things. It's your job, Nadine,
e."
difficult," said Nadine. "She's not
d she looks, and she's only been open
e up to a point."
collected some scraps of information
ght be useful to you."

He told her the story David had told him, his conversation with Annie-Laurie and his own conclusion.

"My poor Annie-Laurie!" murmured Nadine, and shivered a little. Those two men! Annie-Laurie must have been torn to pieces between their conflicting demands. And the child. And the death of the child. She thought in silence for a few moments. "If it's as you say, and she's guilty, and yet somehow justified, it will have been because of the child."

"She's maternal?"

"In her way, as deeply so as Sally. Seeing them with the twins, I've envied them both. I'm not, you know. And I've noticed that Annie-Laurie has had work not to dislike Sally."

"I CAN'T see that that's a proof of deep maternal feeling," said Hilary dryly.

"Yes. It must be obvious to Annie-Laurie that Sally has been born into a social class where the chances are that she will be loved with honor, and bear children who will have a reasonable hope of happiness. For Sally nothing will ever be squalid."

"Yes, I see," said Hilary slowly. "Poor Annie-Laurie. Jealousy is one of the worst of the pains. It's a point gained, I think, even though I gained it by a shocking lie, that she thinks you have known more of her story than she actually told you."

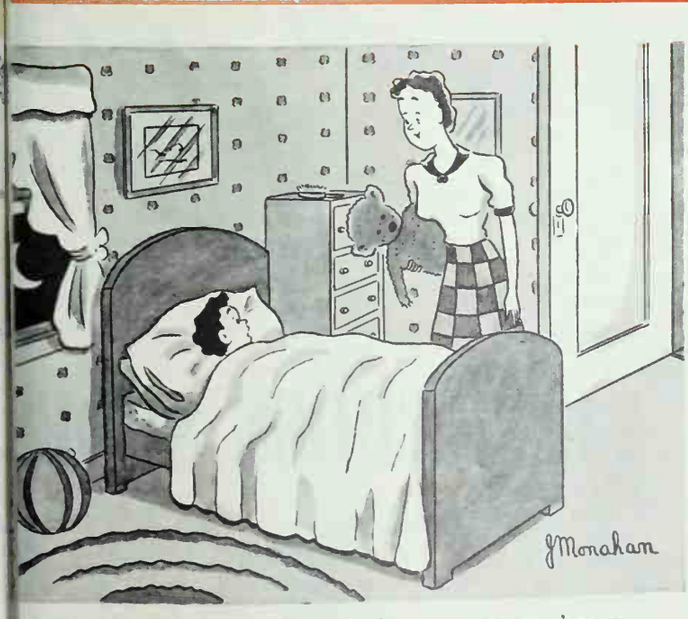
"Yes, that's a great point. It will make her really talk to me, I hope. There's not much I can do until she does."

Caroline sat on the edge of the railway-carriage seat, breathless with joy and excitement. The most absolutely glorious thing had happened. She'd had measles at school, had been considered unfit for the end-of-term festivities and examinations and been sent home a fortnight early. It was only the beginning of December. The Christmas holidays were lengthened by two whole weeks. She was going home a whole two weeks or more before Tommy. Home to the Herb of Grace. The grinding train wheels beat out the glorious words: *Home . . . home. . . .* Their first Christmas at the Herb of Grace. . . . *Home . . . the Herb of Grace. . . .* It was their first real home.

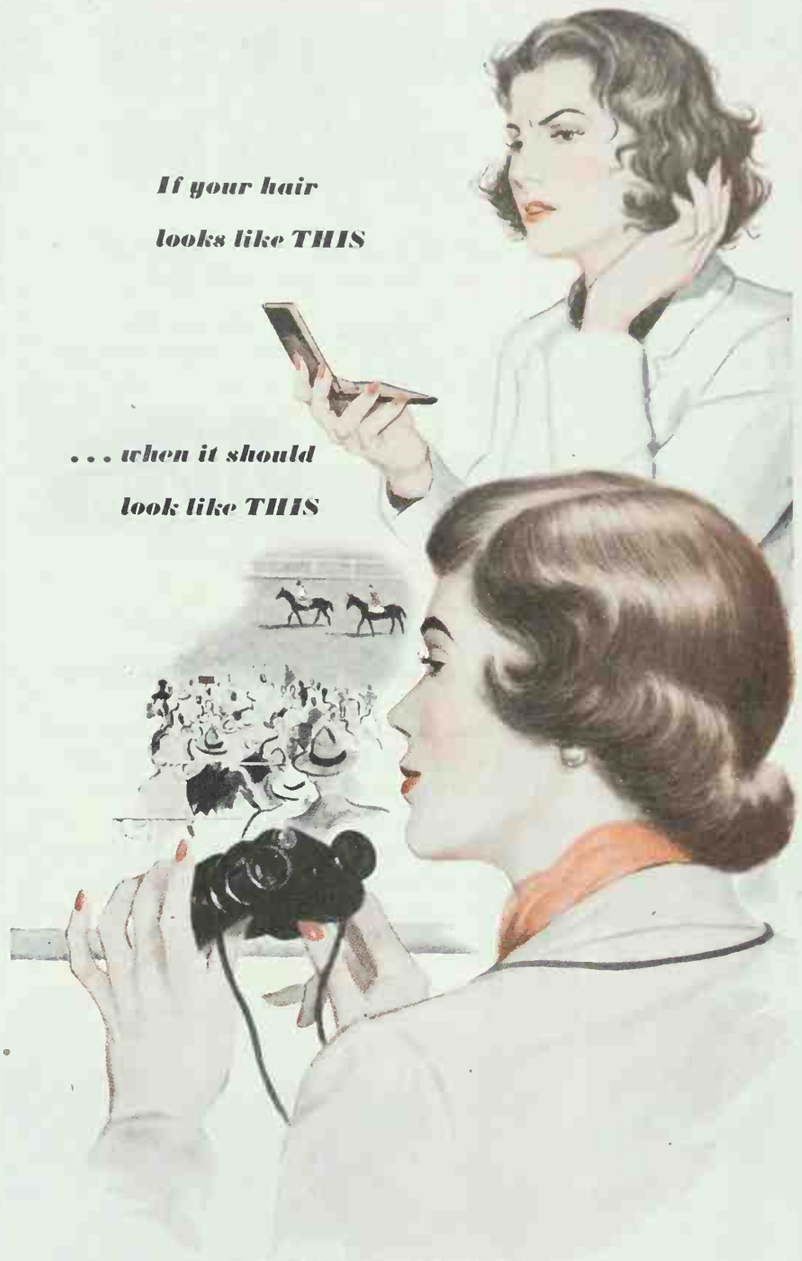
She glanced from the window to her little wrist watch. They were due at Radford in ten minutes. Who would meet her? Mother had said that somebody would come with the car, but not who. At the thought that it might be daddy—alone—her ecstasy was so great that she could hardly bear it.

A lighted signal box slipped by the windows, and there was a row of houses beyond the line. Goodness, they were nearly there! She jumped to her feet. Her box had

(Continued on Page 101)



"You'd better get a good night's sleep, too, mommy, 'cause I'll probably give you another trying day tomorrow."



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Illustrated left to right: The Miami, The Gadabout, The Nadine.

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(Continued from Page 99)

been sent on in advance, but she had a little blue suitcase in the rack, and a paper bag holding some sandwiches which she had been too excited to eat but had treasured for Mary. And she had a second much battered suitcase that matron had lent her containing her Christmas presents for the family.

She could see the platform now, with the lights, and the lovely blue dusk behind them, and figures moving about. There was one rather outsize figure. She shrieked with delight. It was daddy in his thick brown overcoat, his hands deep in his pockets.

"Daddy!" she shouted, but he couldn't hear her above the noise of the train. She opened the carriage door and yelled again, and this time he did hear. He raised his hat, then strode toward her and held out his arms, and she fell into them.

"Hullo, my elf! How you've grown!" He hugged her and, laughing, she wound her arms round his neck and hid her face in his coat. He set her down and held her away from him and saw her usually pale little face rosy with joy, and her gray eyes shining. There was a strain of mockery in Nadine and Tommy, a touch of austerity in Ben, that forbade exhibitions of sentiment, but with each other George and his daughter could express their feelings and be the better for it.

"My things!" cried Caroline, and dived back into the carriage to retrieve them.

"I'll take 'em," said George, and relieved her of the suitcases.

She danced beside him to the waiting car. He tucked her up tenderly in the seat beside him and they slid slowly down the main street of Radford. The lights were lighted now, and in some of the shopwindows there were already a few festoons of colored paper. Caroline could hardly remember the gay illuminations of the prewar days, and this extremely modest display filled her with excitement.

"It's lovely!" she cried. "Oh, daddy, it's lovely."

"So you've got her back again? Good." George and his daughter wrested their attention from each other and blinked at the figure by the road. It was Hilary, planted squarely in the gutter and beaming at them through his thick glasses.

"Give you a lift?" asked George.

"No, thanks. I've some business to do and I've got my old car at the garage." He lowered his voice. "Malory back?"

"No," said George.

"H'M," murmured Hilary. Then he raised his voice again. "Glad to see you back, Caroline. We miss you." He raised his hat to her—he always treated her like a grownup—and stepped back onto the pavement. They called good-bys and slid off down the street.

"Is Malony away?" asked Caroline.

"Just for a day or two," said George. "Now we'll soon be home. Warm enough?"

Hilary, however, was not, though he wished most sincerely that he was. The cold weather touched up his rheumatism, and he disliked being out in it quite intensely. And what good did he think he was doing, he asked himself, wandering round Radford and poking his head in at all the pubs? He couldn't run Malony to earth in any of them, though inquiries elicited the fact that he seemed to have been in most of them in the course of the previous afternoon. Publicrawling. This was the second time. There had been the time when he had been to see Annie-Laurie and found Malony absent; George had told him later that Malony had arrived home at midnight that night, very wretched and much the worse for wear. But this time it was more worrying, for he had been missing since the afternoon of the day before.

Hilary came to the end of his fruitless round of visits and limped back to the garage. How idiotic he had been; if he had found Malony it would have annoyed the fellow intensely. He had merely wasted his time and made his rheumatism worse.

He disinterred his decrepit car, climbed into it and chugged home, only to find it was his old housekeeper's half day and that his study fire had gone out. His tea, the heel of a sawdust cake and three thick pieces of bread and marge, had been set ready by the now extinct study fire, and his supper, bread and mousetrap cheese and a couple of sodden sausage rolls, had been put ready on the dining-room table, with a box of matches beside his plate with which to light the dining-room gas fire. Hilary's was one of those vast pitch-pine vicarages that face north and have no proper damp course, though he seldom noticed it. But tonight, somehow, he did. The cold of the place struck him like a blow and made him feel oddly depressed. Lowering himself cautiously to his rheumatic knees, he set about relighting the fire.

But Hilary was not a practical man. Twenty minutes later he was still relighting the fire. The bell rang. He heaved himself to his feet, dusted his dirty hands and went to the front door. On the doorstep, hunched up in a shabby overcoat, stood Malony.

"Come on in at once, man," said Hilary cheerfully. "Forgive the mess I'm in. My housekeeper is out and I can't get my study fire to go."

If Malony had seemed to hang back, the plight of Hilary's study fire made him instantly change his mind. He stepped in briskly and shut the door behind him. Glancing at him, Hilary saw that he was dead sober, though obviously in the grip of the exhaustion and depression of the day after. Spiritually, too, he was back in his usual state, shouldering with alacrity the burden of Hilary's study fire. He was in the study almost in a flash, and almost in a flash he had it blazing.

"Malony," said Hilary, "you are the most efficient man of my acquaintance."

Malony rose and eyed the food upon the table. "Were you thinking of having a meal, sir?"

"If you'll share it with me."

"With your permission, sir, I'll take these out to the kitchen and dish up something hot," said Malony, and swept the unappetizing morsels together on the tea tray. "You look as though you needed a rest, sir. . . . All well at the Herb of Grace, sir?"

Hilary sank gratefully into his chair. "Yes, very well, I think. They've just got Caroline home."

"I asked, sir, because my pal, the landlord of the Crown, said you'd been asking for me. So I just called in to ask you ——"

"Yes, they're all right. It's you we've been anxious about."

"You were looking for *me*, sir?" asked Malony incredulously.

"You're part of the family, you know, Malony; you can't go off like that and not have us all in what the children call a flap." He stretched out his hand to the telephone on his desk. "Now you go and dish us up something in the kitchen and I'll ring up and tell 'em you're safe. Hot coffee might be a good idea, only I don't know where Mary keeps it."

"I'll find it, sir," said Malony, and immediately disappeared.

Hilary got George on the phone, told him to expect Malony when he saw him, and then lay back in his chair and stretched his feet luxuriously to the blaze. The room was becoming gloriously warm and already the scent of coffee was creeping in, and the delicious smell of something frying.

Malony came back with a loaded tray. He had brought a second plate, but set it rather tentatively upon the table. "You said, sir ——"

Hilary got up and pulled another chair forward. "Of course I did. And drop the

The child who feels inferior can usually be trained to develop abilities which in time will make him truly superior. All genuine superiority grows out of a sense of inferiority. The person who admits his inferiority, and then does something about it, develops superiority. —DR. HENRY C. LINK: The Rediscovery of Man, copyright 1938, used by permission of The Macmillan Company.

Be sure your colors sing this Spring

Spring's the time for gay colors, so make sure your clothes stay bright and gay!

Keep your bright washables away from strong soaps and rough handling. After all, just one wrong washing can ruin them. So be wise! Treat nice things (those that show and those that don't) to gentle care with pure, mild Ivory Flakes. Then they'll come out fitting right . . . with colors singing!

Keep your washables lovelier with this special care



BREAK INTO PRINT and keep your prints colorful with pure, mild Ivory Flakes. Ivory Flakes is one soap that fashion experts recommend for all fine washables.

KEEP your girdle in shape to flatter you. Give it frequent sudsings in Ivory Flakes, and it will keep its springy, clingy fit and wear oh-so-much longer!

NIGHTLY sudsings in Ivory Flakes mean a longer life for precious nylons. What's more, gentle Ivory Flakes care keeps stocking colors newer-looking up to *twice as long*.

Pure silk print by Henry Rosenfeld

THIS SUNNY raincoat's safe in Ivory Flakes suds . . . they're 99 44/100% pure. Give it Ivory Flakes care, and it's sure to come out golden bright . . . fitting just right!

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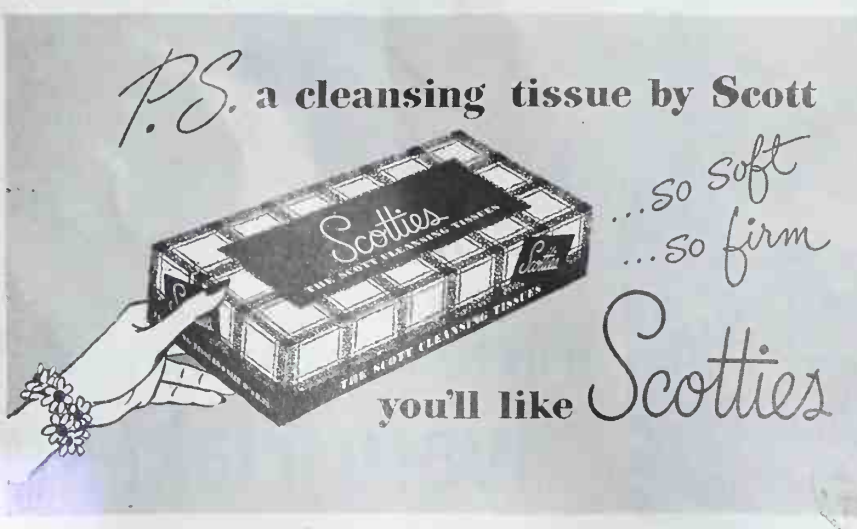
The fast flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory . . . 99 44/100% Pu



Scott's new Soft-Weve really does combine cleansing tissue *softness* with the *firmness* a good toilet tissue needs. I think it's wonderful! My family thinks it's wonderful! Try it today—and you'll think it's wonderful too!

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sir, will you, just as you've dropped your Irish accent. Chuck all the disguises for a little while. It'll rest you. You do me a great honor. It's not every day that I entertain a famous comedian to supper, still less have him waiting on me hand and foot. What a superb fry! What on earth did you put in it?"

He bent boyishly over the dish before him. Malony had fried spoonfuls of powdered egg to crisp little fritters, had added the sausages, onion, parsley and potato, and had made of the dish a work of art. He had made crisp toast, too, and superb coffee. Hilary's thick glasses were misted by the steam from the hot dish and he took them off to wipe them, smiling across at Malony as he did so. The immense power of his good will, together with his personal humility, made a sudden unexpected appeal that got under Malony's guard before he knew where he was.

"I don't say it's not a bit of a relief to be Jim Harris for a bit," he said suddenly, helping himself to a fritter. "Though, mind you, I've worn so many disguises in my time that I slip 'em on and off like suits of clothes. And as for the sir, that comes naturally—I'm not like Annie-Laurie, who comes of good yeoman stock. I was born in a back street in Clerkenwell. My father kept a pub there. That's where I got the taste for drink that's been a curse to me all my life."

Hilary readjusted his glasses and attacked his supper. "Goes with you like a dead hen tied round a terrier's neck," he said sympathetically. "Trips you up when you're down in the mouth about something, or so dog-tired you don't know how to drag along another step. Don't I know? With me it's a sort of luxuriating in the detestableness of myself; inverted pride. . . . Have some more coffee. And push the fry this way."

Malony suddenly laughed delightedly. He had been so desperately cold, but now, with the coffee and the fire, he was warm. And he had been so utterly wretched, beyond the reach, he thought, of any laughter, but the droll appearance of Hilary, scanty gray hair rumpled, glasses misted by steam, elbows squarely out as he frankly and joyously attacked his meal, tickled his comedian's sense. Not that he was laughing *at* the fellow, that was something he would never do, but he unexpectedly found himself laughing with him at the absurd pomposities of human nature.

Hilary, reaching for the coffeepot and praying for guidance, recognized the signs. He was about to be told the story of Malony's life.

MALONY'S father had been a cockney born and bred, his mother the daughter of an Italian owner of a delicatessen shop. He'd loved his mother. She'd been gay and charming. But she'd not lived long. Her husband had knocked her about too much, and she had felt things, both happy and sad, with too great an intensity. But she had not left her son undowered. She gave him the gift of song, the gift of gaiety, and a reverence for her sex unusual in Clerkenwell.

After the death of his mother, Malony had left London and gone north to the engineering shops. Here he had done well. He was a clever workman and his wit, his unfailing repertoire of catchy songs, made him popular. Yet he couldn't seem to get on. Somebody or something was always letting him down and then he'd drink, and then positions of trust that might have been his were withheld. At last he found himself the electrician, scene-shifter and Jack-of-all-trades of a little repertory company in Wales. Then his talent was discovered and he was promoted to playing small comedy parts. Then, at last, he was happy. He could give all that he had of talent, joyously, and have it accepted joyously, and receive back again in full measure that affection without which he could not live.

But neither this giving nor this affection went quite deep enough. Though happy, he was not quite satisfied. And then Annie-Laurie joined the company.

HE fell in love desperately and at once. What is given to only one man or woman in a thousand was given to him: a single-minded devotion to one human being of such power that it was beyond the possibility of change until the end of time. And this passion could at times be as merciless to the object of it as to the subject. Its impact had been too much for the young and inexperienced Annie-Laurie. It had swept her right off her feet, and before she knew where she was she was engaged to Malony.

She did not know that she was cheating him, for her unconscious awareness of the enduring strength of his love gave her a sense of security that made her very happy. She thought her happiness was love. She glowed with it, expanded like a flower, and in a very short time she was a fine actress, playing leading parts in the company's plays. She loved her art, she thought she loved Malony, and she thought she had nothing further to wish for.

But she had the fire of her race, and it did not spare her. That spring a new play was to be tried out, with a part in it that suited her, but there was no one in the company quite suitable to play the part of her lover. Their producer summoned from London a friend of his, Luke Redmayne, a very fine actor and a startlingly attractive man. He and Annie-Laurie played together with a strange and touching perfection. The play went to London, they with it, Annie-Laurie's engagement to Malony broken, and in a short while she and Luke were married.

Malony made no attempt to belittle the man who had taken Annie-Laurie away from him. He was a gentleman, well educated, with that advantage in breeding and knowledge that made Annie-Laurie feel as honored by his choice as Malony had been by hers. But he was a man made without mercy, either to himself or others. He was a fanatical communist and Malony thought that he was not completely sane. Yet sincere as they are made. He flung a promising career to the winds, he left a charming wife, to fight for his faith in Spain.

Malony said little about the period of his life when Annie-Laurie left him for Luke. Hilary gathered that he had gone through hell, that he had taken to drink again, that he had been discharged from the company

(Continued on Page 104)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Sound of Your Name

By Cosette Middleton

I spoke your name, and oh, the sound was sweet!
The syllables were clean and satisfying;
I shouted it to let the hills repeat
The shape of it—there was a multiplying
Of counterparts until their music thinned,
Until their exodus could not be heard.
I sang your name and let the circling wind
Brush it with blue-smoke wings until it purred.
And then I whispered it—a sigh in plush
And thistledown—for I was jealous of
The wind, the hills—and suddenly a thrush
Began an arietta to her love,
And in that melody of ice and flame
I recognized the pattern of your name!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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by POND'S



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"No fuss with wet sponge, no greasy fingertips, no loose powder spilling in my handbag! I can't imagine a more ideal make-up than Angel Face!"
MISS NANCY DU PONT

A FRANK STATEMENT ON A "DELICATE" SUBJECT: CONSTIPATION

FOREWORD: *This is an outspoken attempt to discuss one of the world's most widespread maladies. A delicate subject, at best, it has been under medical scrutiny for years. We believe we owe it to those who suffer from it, to publish these pertinent facts.*

UNION PHARMACEUTICAL CO., INC.

The pace of modern living is blamed for many things. And those who blame it are often right.

Our lives have become too intricate, so filled with daily problems, that it is no wonder we long for the "good old days." We have even envied the caveman, who took life as he found it, ate his food raw, and "got plenty of roughage in his diet."

Doctors know that the digestive system is strongly influenced by proper food, regularity and rest. They say: (a) Eat a balanced diet at regular hours; (b) Drink plenty of water daily; (c) Get at least 8 hours' sleep; (d) Take regular exercise; (e) Always obey the urge to eliminate waste; (f) Don't worry over problems you cannot immediately solve.

Few of us obey these rules. Thus, it is said, modern living is the underlying cause of most constipation—because today's scanty, hurriedly eaten meals do not supply the bulk necessary to proper elimination, and physical exercise is so often neglected.

Hence: Constipation!

* * * *

Actually, there are several types of constipation, springing from a variety of causes. Two basic types are common:

1. The organic type, requiring skilled medical care.
2. The "functional" type, requiring wise mechanical correction.

The first type, obviously, is a doctor's problem. No mere "laxative" is enough to be of lasting benefit here.

But the second type, functional in nature, in which the intestines fail to do their work properly, can often be justly blamed on the nerve-wracking life we lead.

The end of each day leaves us so tense, so nervously exhausted, that every muscle feels tight—***INCLUDING THE INTESTINAL MUSCLES. IN FACT, IT HAS BEEN SAID, THE WHOLE HUMAN DIGESTIVE SYSTEM CAN BE ALMOST LITERALLY "TIED IN A KNOT" BY SHEER NERVOUS TENSION.***

* * * *

Stop and think how you spend an average day. Strain, pressure, rush, hurry. Your whole body tense—not only from physical hustle and bustle but from mental wear and tear as well.

Sooner or later, you begin to notice your intestines are not working as they used to. So you take a "quick-acting" laxative. *And you get 2 kinds of results.*

You get quick action, of course.

But the faster you get it, the more likely the laxative you took contains harsh chemicals, scratchy particles or purges that may seriously derange the intestinal tract, thus often aggravating the condition you are trying to relieve.

Such laxatives, *designed for fast one-time action*, can eventually start the vicious circle of dosage and more dosage. Millions know how difficult it is to break this vicious circle. *Harsh laxatives cannot do it.*

The opposite type of product is called for. A product which acts without griping, undue irritation, scratching or purging.

—It must not be a harsh chemical, purgative or scratchy roughage.

—It must afford means of gently *and mechanically* urging the intestines to resume a more normal rhythm and functional regularity.

—It must give the expulsive muscles at the end of the intestinal tract something to work on.

—It must *not* interfere with absorption of essential body elements from the intestine.

—It must be pleasant and economical to take. It must bring relief promptly—not with laxative speed, but within 24 hours or less without violence, pain or embarrassing urgency.

All these requirements are met by Saraka, prescribed and recommended by thousands of physicians for the past 15 years.

* * * *

It is proper, of course, to class Saraka in the so-called laxative field. But Saraka is entirely different from harsher types of laxatives, designed to overcome quickly a temporary condition—preparations whose habitual use can so aggravate this condition that "the remedy is worse than the ill." *Saraka starts immediately to aid in the restoration of the functional rhythm to which the intestines were accustomed before the fast pace of modern living threw them off the track.*

Here are the facts about Saraka:

1. It forms a bland "softage" which slides easily past the intestinal wall and the final expulsive muscles.
2. It works so pleasantly you forget you have taken anything; no griping, no urgency, no exhausting after effects.
3. It acts with satisfying thoroughness; you feel the pleasant relief of regular elimination.
4. It usually acts with greater promptness than products which depend solely on bulk, mass or roughage.
5. Because of its expansion and efficiency, it is amazingly economical.

Here's why Saraka is so economical: Saraka contains a vegetable ingredient, Bassorin, which combines with water to form smooth, moist Softage. Softage plus a vegetable intestinal urger, Frangula, produces the "bulk plus gentle urging" for which Saraka is famous.

One teaspoonful of Bassorin can supply 3 times the bulk of a spoonful of psyllium seed, 10 times that of agar, 20 times that of bran.

* * * *

We need not point out the sense of well-being, the mental satisfaction, the feeling of aliveness and health, which intestinal regularity can bring you. You *feel* as though you look better too.

A haggard, dragged-out appearance is regarded as the by-product of harsh types of laxatives. Saraka's by-product is the feeling of contentment that comes from satisfactory elimination.

UNION PHARMACEUTICAL CO.
INC.
***makers of* SARAKA**
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

SPECIAL OFFER: *If you prefer to try Saraka before buying it at your druggist's, mail a postcard with your name and address for a free supply of Saraka, plus a new booklet. Write to Saraka, Dept. 648, Bloomfield, N. J.*

(Continued from Page 102)

and had gone back to London. He had no intention of making himself a nuisance to Annie-Laurie, he made no attempt to see her, but at least he could be in the same town where she was. To do this he had to live, and he pulled himself together and set to work to find a job. He turned to the music halls, and after a hard but comparatively short struggle succeeded with a brilliance that without Annie-Laurie meant nothing to him whatever.

Annie-Laurie's career was successful only while Luke was with her. Though she was a fine artist, she had had insufficient training for the London stage, and without her husband's help she could not hold the place she had gained. Neither he nor she had saved any money. She had a difficult time until the report of Luke's death brought Malony back into her life. She would take no money from him, but consented to act with him and to let him pull her to success with him. But she would not marry him until two years had gone by since she had heard that Luke was dead. She had loved Luke, and his cruelty and inconstancy had never quite killed her love. She did not love Malony, but she knew how desperate was his need of her, and she was very fond of him; also, his unshakable faith in her and faithfulness to her still gave her that sense of safety that was her deepest need. Then they had a child, a girl, and she discovered herself to be one of those women to whom motherhood comes naturally and with joy. Malony was beside himself with delight in his child, and for a little while they were completely happy.

Then Luke came back, a sick man. He had been seriously wounded, and for a long time had been hidden in the Spanish mountains, cared for by peasants. He did not demand that Annie-Laurie should go back to him—he offered to let her divorce him—but he was too ill to work, and she felt his need of her was greater than Malony's, and went back to him.

"At that time I couldn't see it," said Malony to Hilary. "I thought she owed the greater duty to me, for I'd been a faithful husband to her and he hadn't. And we had the child. It seemed hard to lose them both."

"You could have kept the child," said Hilary.

Malony shook his head. "No. She adored Midge."

"So did you."

"Yes, but I hadn't borne her. Annie-Laurie had a bad time when the little thing came. And Midge needed her. She was a delicate little thing." He broke off abruptly. They had finished supper now and were smoking. Hilary puffed at his pipe and said nothing. "Midge died of bronchitis," went on Malony. "I thought if Annie-Laurie had let me help a bit more it wouldn't have happened. If they'd had a more comfortable home Midge might not have caught the cold that started it. But Annie-Laurie would take next to nothing from me after she went back to Luke—just a little for Midge, and that was all. After the funeral was over Annie-Laurie refused to see me. Somewhere in the middle of all this the war had broken out. I tried to enlist, but they wouldn't have me. Weak heart or some such nonsense. I entertained the troops with my tomfoolery. It was all I was good for. Annie-Laurie never wrote to me. I could only guess at her misery over Midge, and it was from other folk, not her, that I heard things weren't going well between her and Luke. She never even wrote."

"She would have thought that too disloyal, I dare say," said Hilary gently. "If I understand Annie-Laurie aright, she's best described by the old-fashioned word 'upright.' It's a good word; comprises a good many things: loyalty, truthfulness, the right sort of pride."

"She's proud, all right," said Malony. "And truthful. I believe that girl would die sooner than tell even the ghost of a white lie to save her life. Nearly scared out of her wits as she was at that trial, she never contradicted herself under cross-examination. Her counsel had a time getting her off. She

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wouldn't confide in him. The few things she felt she could truthfully say, she said, but not one word more."

"She told the whole truth to you, of course."

"No. To this day she has never said more to me than she said at the trial."

"How did she explain giving her husband the wrong sleeping draught?"

"She said it was just a mistake. Though the right box had been put there ready for her, she didn't see it. She thought the chemist had forgotten to put it ready and so she unlocked his cupboard and took what she thought was the right stuff."

"It was said at the trial, wasn't it, that the right box had been put where she was accustomed to find it, and where it would have been difficult for her not to see it?"

"Yes, but the siren had gone and an air raid had begun. She was terrified of raids. Bewildered, numbed. Knowing her, I know that she could have had that box between her fingers and under her eyes and not known it. When she said she just didn't see the box, she spoke the simple truth."

"And you think that's all there is to it?" Hilary asked.

"No. There's a bit more that Annie-Laurie's never told a soul. You can see for yourself that she's wretchedly unhappy. There are times when I think that if she can't get it off her chest she'll soon not be sane."

"You've asked her to tell you?"

"No. That would be the way to strike her dumb for the rest of her life. Whatever she did, she did in accordance with what she is, and it's what she is that matters to me. She knows I believe in her—like the sun."

"She wears no wedding ring, I notice."

The Dutch quote the saying, Cheese is gold at breakfast, silver at lunch, and lead at dinner.

—From The Bed-Book of Eating and Drinking, Copyright, 1943, by Richardson Wright, Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

"Thinks she's got no right to it. She's got a bee in her bonnet about marriage. Wife to two men at once, she feels now that she was married to neither."

"Why in the world didn't you remarry after Luke's death?"

"One night when he had a bad turn and thought he was dying, he made her promise never to be my wife again."

"The brute!" said Hilary violently.

"He was insanely jealous. A bit touched, poor chap."

"In my opinion," said Hilary, "a deathbed promise like that is not binding."

"To Annie-Laurie a promise is a promise."

"What about the promise she made when she married you?"

"Her first marriage vow was to Luke. The one to me was wiped out by his return, she felt."

"That's one way of looking at it. Poor girl, what a tangle! Yet I can't understand her. Upright as she is, I should have thought that breaking her promise to Luke would have seemed to her less reprehensible than living with you without being married to you."

"We don't live together," said Malony gloomily.

Hilary's jaw dropped and his precious pipe slipped out of his fingers into the grate. "You mean to say—what?"

"What I say," said Malony. "Women—they don't understand how hard it is on a man. I've never looked at another woman since I met Annie-Laurie. But I drink at times."

"Now I've smashed my pipe," said Hilary. "Well, I've met a good many fine men in my time, but there's not one I should dare to say was your equal. I've a feeling that you're getting to the end of it. You're waiting, you said. Wait just a bit longer."

(To be Concluded)

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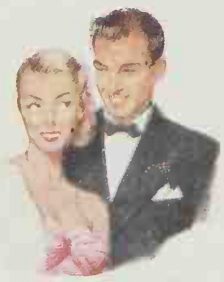


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For tub and shower, you can now also get SweetHeart in the new, large bath size.

THAT BROKEN BACK

(Continued from Page 49)

more of that nice, faraway music. It is very swell and I am more than slightly befuddled.

I learn that her name is Helen Wade, that she comes from Worcester, Massachusetts, that she is on her way to Mead University, in Vermont, to enter the midwinter semester. I learn that she likes maple sirup, tennis, Bing Crosby's records, and a lot of other little items that would be very boring to learn about anybody but her.

For her part she learns that my name is Hamilton Gordon, that I got to be a pfc while working for Uncle, that I like to fish, to dance, to eat popcorn and hickory nuts and apples on Sunday evenings, and a good many other things as well. She learns that I am on my way to start the second semester at Daniels University, fifty miles farther north than Mead. They are reserving a room for me there, though that is hardly necessary now that Washington has found there is room for one and all.

For a little while I am sitting there beside her so close that sometimes my shoulder will brush against hers, so close that I am aware all the time of the faint perfume near her. And it is like all the happiness I have ever had, all rolled together. It is out of this world.

But then I begin to say to myself, *Listen, Ham, my lad, my boy, what of the morrow? This gal is going to get off at Mead. She is going to march her little high heels and that cute little postage-stamp hat of hers right out of your life.*

I talk to Helen and I think about this. Pretty soon we're slowing down for Mead. Helen says good-by. She leaves.

And that is too much for me. I grab up my stuff and I jump off just as the train is starting up again. I am a dope. I say to myself, *Ham, my lad, my boy, to say that you are not very bright is an understatement.*

But what is done is done. I go before a little guy with a trick mustache, a bald spot and a harassed look. I tell him that I am just out of the hospital, that I have heard so much about his college that in fairness to myself I cannot go elsewhere. You learn that kind of thing in the Army. It follows the old Army maxim: "Never tell the truth; it will seldom handle the situation as adequately as a lie." I am trying to break myself of my Army habits, even though I do not lie to hurt anybody, only to make any given situation easier for everybody concerned. Even *you* don't tell Mrs. Jones she's a bore; you tell her you have a previous engagement. It allows her to keep her self-respect. Besides, a lie can be made very nice and neat where the truth is often sloppy and ineffective.

The little guy seems impressed, because I spread it on with a wide trowel. I show him my accredited marks and my scholastic-aptitude marks, and he brightens up noticeably because they are very good, thanks to a glib tongue.

"But," he says, "we have no place for you to live."

"Evidently," I tell him, "you do not read the papers. The back of the housing shortage has been broken."

"I hope," he says, "I may be that frisky if my own spine should ever be injured."

I say I will find my own living quarters. The little guy says that in that case I am in.

About then I see Helen over in front of another desk and I walk over there.

"But," she is saying, "right here is your letter telling me that you are reserving a room for me. I want to understand your side, of course, but right here is the letter."

And the man is saying, "I know it. I'm afraid whatever stenographer was supposed to record the reservation failed somehow to do so. It's one of those mistakes that will happen once in a while. The best we can do is to move you to the top of our waiting list."

Again I think, *Hold your hats, boys, here is the center of the storm.* Instead she says finally, very calmly, "Well, I can, of course, see how such accidents can occur. It's just



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my bad luck that it has happened to me." She turns away then and nearly bumps into me. She says, "It looks as if you have followed me here. But I'm willing to listen to your side of it."

I look maligned. I say, "After hearing you speak of the scholastic reputation of Mead I felt I had made a grave error in planning on Daniels University."

I walk out with her. She is very quiet and preoccupied, which I remember later. We walk to the hotel, but she will not see me that evening. I have to sleep on a cot in the ballroom beside a water-pump repairman and a salesman for women's underwear. One of them snores baritone and the other snores bass. The hotel does not seem to realize there is no housing shortage any more. Or that prices are on the decline.

The next morning is another registration day. I have one of those mass-production interviews with the dean. On the way out of the building I pass the guy who was giving Helen the bad news about the room the day before. I stop.

I say to him, "Did you finally find a room for Miss Helen Wade?"

He says, "She has withdrawn her application and gone up to Daniels University."

Dazed, I walk outside to examine the situation.

Here I am in a college I don't want to be in, with no place to live. And having come here so I won't be fifty miles away from the gal I've fallen for like a ton of wet cement, now I find that she's going to be fifty miles away from me. *Ah, Ham, my lad, my boy, somehow you've been outmaneuvered. Somebody has crossed the* t *on you.*

When I reflect, as I frequently do, upon the felicity I have enjoyed, I sometimes say to myself that, were the offer made me, I would engage to run again, from beginning to end, the same career of life. All I would ask should be the privilege of an author: to correct, in a second edition, certain errors of the first. —FRANKLIN.

As I walk along thinking about this sad state of affairs, one fact begins to stand out. I have no room here at Mead. But at Daniels I do have a room. And Daniels is now where I want to be because of Helen Wade. *Ah, Ham, my lad, my boy, what are we waiting for?*

I go to the Mead office again. I confront the little guy with the mustache and the bald spot. I explain to him that I have just had a telegram saying my father has died. I must regretfully give up the idea of an education and go and be the sole support of my mother, who is an invalid, and my sister who is bedridden and my little brother who is still in grammar school.

I arrive at Daniels as soon as possible thereafter. I am sitting on top of the world, because everything seems to be playing right into my hands. I go at once to claim my room.

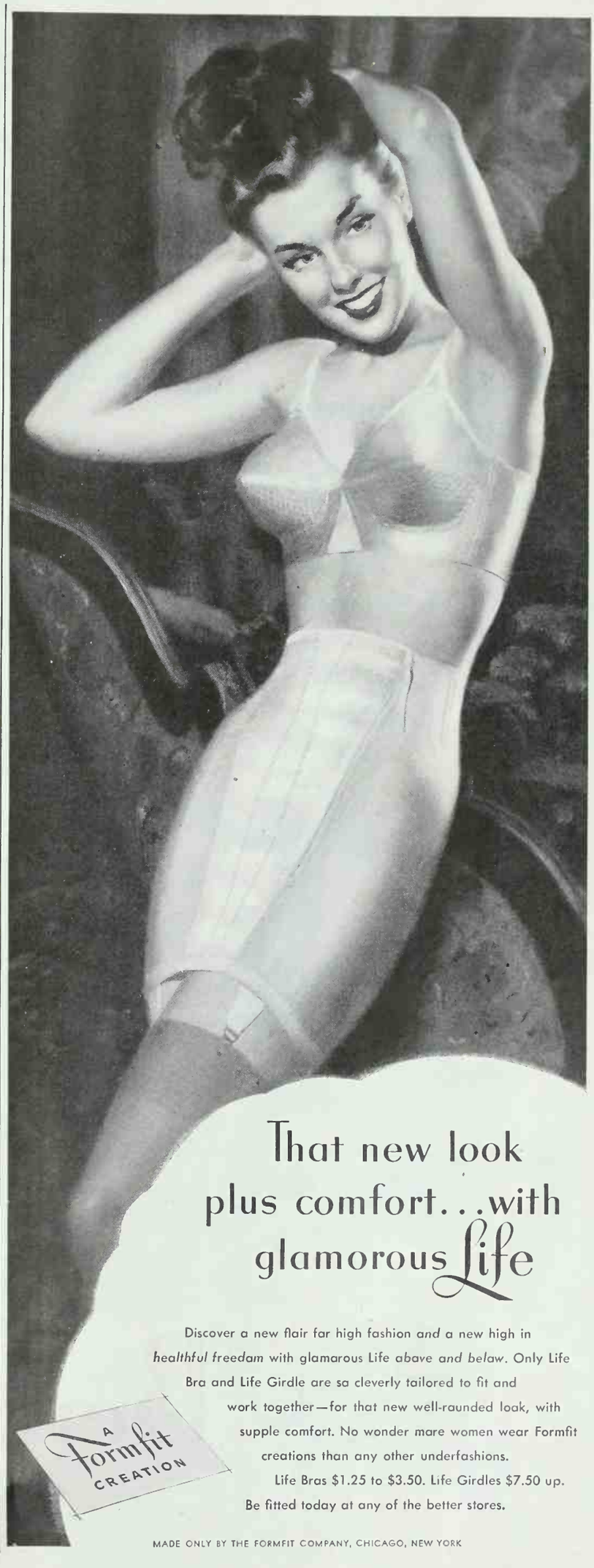
The guy says, "Mr. Gordon, you were due in here yesterday. This morning a young lady named Miss Helen Wade came to us and told us that she had seen you register at Mead University, and that you weren't coming here. She wanted us to assign your room to her. And since she offered to pay for the toll call to check with the authorities there, we did as she suggested. She is very attract—herumph—that is, it seemed only logical to do so."

I assure him it is all right and that I want to register anyway. I will, I tell him, live with a maiden aunt of mine. I find out from him the address of the room I was to have had, which is in a private home in town.

I go through the adviser business again. My adviser and I succeed in making me out a schedule. I will major in English.

I go out afterward and look for a place to live. Daniels University has not read the papers, either. They have brought in a lot of

(Continued on Page 109)



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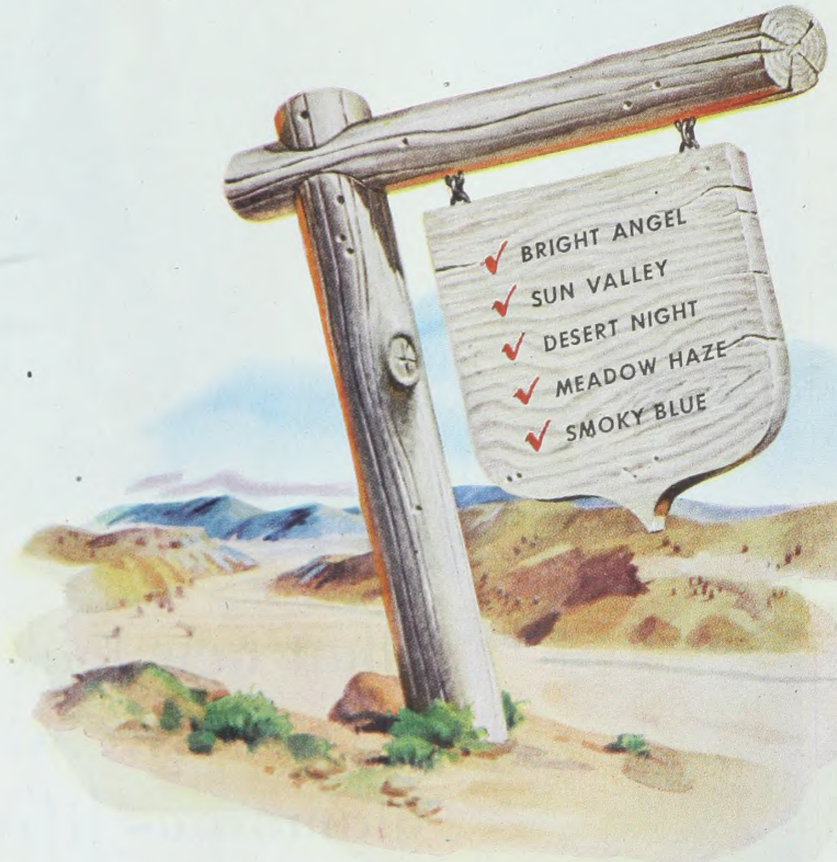
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(Continued from Page 107)

gboat cabins that hadn't yet made the quaintance of a tugboat when the war ded, and so were surplus. They have a ole field full of trailers. Every available om in town and every apartment has been ated by the university. I spend a while nning down leads, but nothing comes of it. it down on a bench in Battery Park, which erlooks Lake Champlain, to think things er. It is *my* back that is broken.

The sun is bright, and it is cold and spar- ng and beautiful there. Down on the rbor ice, inside the breakwater, there are zens of fish shanties where people are fish- g for smelt. Before beginning my work for ncle, I spend many days shanty fishing for nelt on Lake Champlain.

I sit there awhile and pretty soon I know nat the score is. I get up and walk along e path to the municipal pier. Down there rent the biggest shanty they have by the ek. I have a place to live.

The shanty is about six feet long and eight t wide. It is banked with snow, has two nks that let down, one from each end, for e use of people who drive over for a week d of fishing and want to stay right in the anty. It has a little coal stove opposite e door, and hinged to the back of the door a table. There are four trap doors in the or, through which a fisherman chops his les in the ice and fishes. You can sit in there your shirt sleeves at twenty below zero if e stove is going.

I am set. And I am willing to bet I am the ly college student in America living some stance from dry land in a fish shanty.

After I eat, I look up Helen Wade. I ring e bell and a female appears at the door aring shabby shoes, a abby, dirty dress and ce-nez glasses. She has gimlet eye. I ask for len. I am shown into a ing room. Pretty soon len comes in.

She says, "Why are *you* re?" This catches me base. Other girls I have gone out with ve always seemed to take for granted why am there. I feel positive she intends to minister the quick brush.

I say the first thing which comes into my nd under the Army system. I say, "You me why I am here, when you have stolen room and I have no place to live?"

Her eyes widen. She says, "Stolen? But u said yourself you were going to Mead. turally, then, the room here would be cant. I could see no reason why I shouldn't ve it."

I say, "The president of Mead did not nk it was ethical to admit me under the cumstances. And when I get here I find t what you have done behind my back."

For the first time she seems a little uncer- n. She says, "Well, I am awfully sorry it ned out this way, but I had to live some- ere. I can see your side of this, all right, d I really am terribly sorry. Isn't there ything we can do to—to ——"

Frankly, I am not used to being treated s way. By all rights she should have ghed in my face. I have given up the m; we both know it. Anybody else would ve told me politely where I could go.

BECOME very interested in the lobe of ear, and it warps my judgment. I am on edge of that pleasant daze in which she l I are alone in a void.

say, "The least you can do is to share s room with me." Being fresh, see? The Army habit. The minute I say it I bite tongue. I say to myself, *Get out the ear ffs, boy, the big freeze is coming.*

But she does not freeze. She just sits re looking at her hands and thinking. I not only looking at her hands, I am cov- ng a great deal more territory than that. says after a while, "You haven't any ce to stay at all?"

And I say, "No place at all. My educa- n is at stake."

After a little she says, "I can see your side t; it is up to me to do something. Wait e. I'll be back."

I wait. I am very pleased to wait anywhere for her, any time.

She is gone a long while. When she comes back she says, "I have fixed it for tonight. You can sleep in my room and I will go and sleep with Mary Hughes, down the hall."

WELL, here I have been stalling so that she will not make me leave, and I end up sleeping in her room while she sleeps with Mary Hughes, down the hall. I am ashamed.

I say, "That is all very well, but what sort of story can we tell the landlady? Landladies do not like deviation from the norm."

She only looks full at me and her blue eyes get very big and she says, "Why, we'll tell her the truth, of course. What else would we tell her?"

A refreshing point of view, anyhow. "And she will no doubt believe you."

"Of course she will believe me. Why wouldn't she?"

And the funny part of it is that she does. That old battle-ax comes in and she is very pleasant about the whole situation. I am flabbergasted, because if ever there is a fishy-sounding story, this is it. I could have made up a much more convincing one myself.

We decide that I will show up at ten o'clock. That will give Helen a chance to study in the evening, and when she asks me where I will go I tell her that I will go to the library.

I go back downtown and take in a show. Afterward I head for Helen's again.

The landlady lets me in. She takes me up to Helen's room.

I have never had any sisters, and believe it or not, I have never been in a girl's room before. There is just a suggestion of that same perfume that I smell when I am sitting beside Helen on the train. It is a very nice perfume indeed.

Fundamentally, public opinion wins wars.
—GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER.

Helen and Mrs. Morgan and I talk for a couple of minutes and then Helen picks up a little overnight bag, says good night to me and disappears down the hall.

I look around. It is a very peculiar thing, being there in her room. There are stockings drying on a rack over by the radiator. There is a pair of high-heeled slippers at the foot of the bed and all the time there is that perfume. It is a very exciting setup, and a little disconcerting. I stop a couple of times and touch things to make sure I am really there.

It is a very small room and the bed is a twin-bed size. I sit down and look around for a while and then I undress and tumble in. It is very comfortable. I try to quiet the feeling that I am a bit of a heel by telling myself how much more comfortable it is than the fish-shanty bed. I also tell myself that I have not started out to make her sleep with someone. I have only been trying to talk to her. She shouldn't be so easy.

In the morning I go up to the main office and do the rest of the things I have to do. I go to my first class. *Ah, Ham, my lad, my boy, what an educated fellow you are about to become.*

In the middle of the afternoon I meet Helen in front of Science Hall, and she says, "Have you found a room yet?"

I say, "There isn't a room to be had in the whole town. Daniels must be near the head of the housing shortage and it is only the back which is broken."

She is wearing some sort of green thing-amajig; very spectacular. Everybody fades away and we are standing there all alone. She says, "Then come to my room again tonight. I feel responsible."

I say, "How about dinner and a show with me?" And she says, "I don't feel that responsible."

I cut down the time by fifteen minutes. I arrive at nine-forty-five. I have noticed the electric hot plate on the table beside the bureau, and so I have with me some coffee and a couple of sandwiches and some cookies from the Greek's at the corner. We sit around and heat up the coffee in a pan and we eat the sandwiches and the cookies. And we talk. It is very nice. It is twenty minutes

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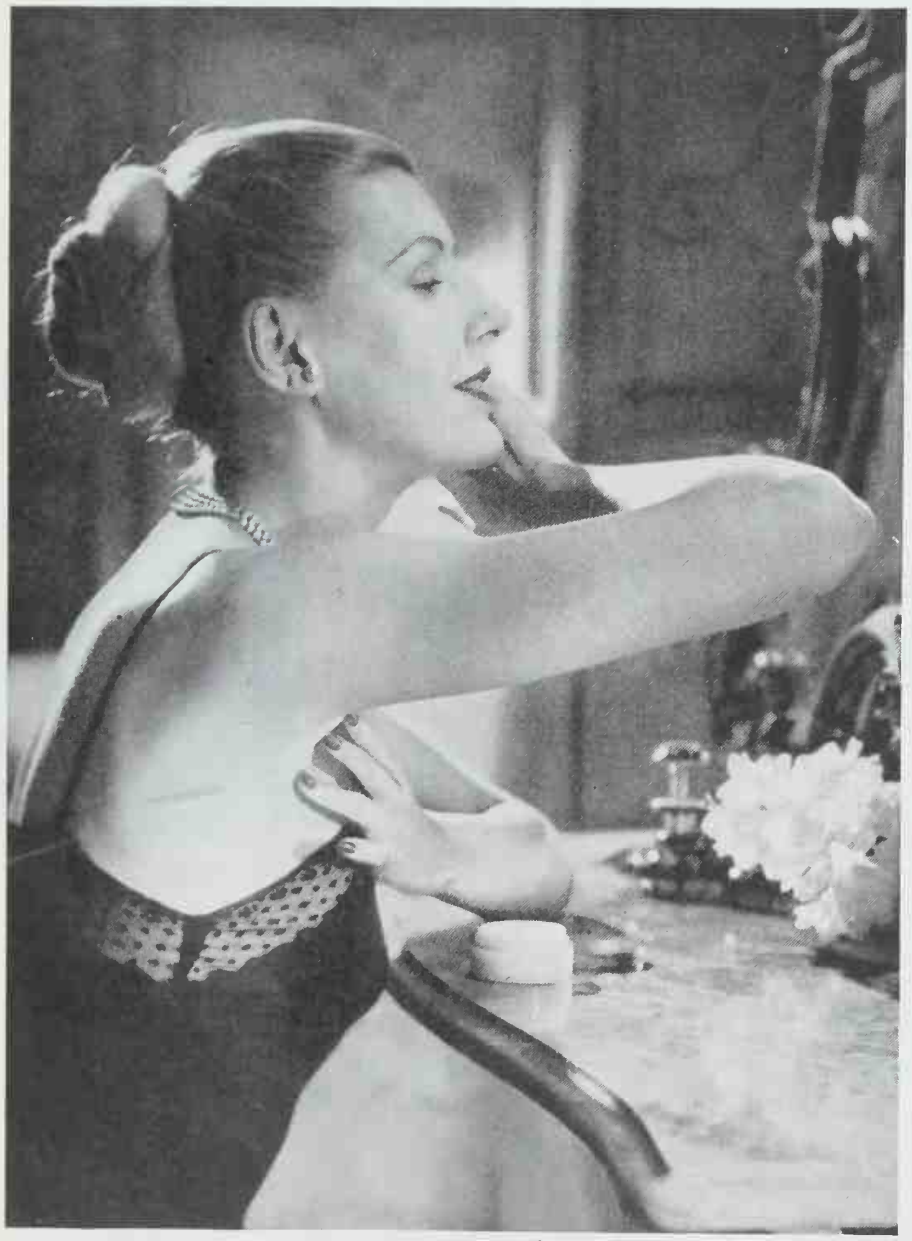


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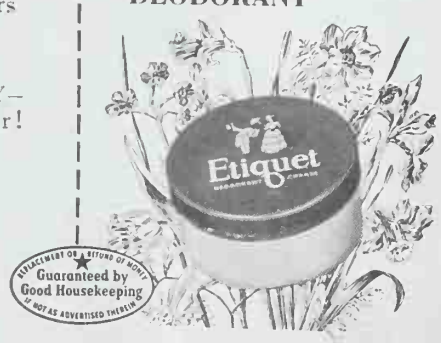
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past ten before she finally notices it is time for her to go into Mary's room. It seems to me that even then she does not hurry very fast, almost as though she is enjoying this a fraction as much as I am.

The next night I have with me some popcorn, and an electric popper which the Greek has loaned me. I have some McIntosh apples and some cider. I arrive at twenty minutes of ten and Helen does not decide it is time to go into Mary's room until almost half past. We talk about a great many things. We laugh a lot, but we talk, too, about what we want to do in the world. I have to be a little vague on this subject because I do not wish to tell her what I am aiming toward. In view of some of the things I have said, it might cause suspicion.

I have another fine night, and my day is good, too, up to the time I accidentally meet Helen near Science Hall, having hung around only fifteen minutes waiting for her to go by.

She says, "You can come early and study in the room tonight if you want to." I am delighted. She adds, "Because I won't be there. I have a date."

I am very unhappy. I say, "You can't have a date. You wouldn't go with me." And she says, "I *have* a date. Have you any reasons why I can't have a date?" And I say, "The guy is nothing but a wolf." And she says, "You don't even know who he is."

I tell her that it is a good thing I don't because if I did I would punch him in the nose. From there on the conversation is not satisfactory. I cannot shake her from this absurd date idea. It is not that I am jealous. It is simply that we both know she should be at home studying.

Some time after I leave her, when I have begun to think clearly again, I decide I will go down very early. I get there before she has finished dressing and I have to wait downstairs and be looked at through Mrs. Morgan's pince-nez, though in a very friendly manner, I am forced to admit.

After some time Helen calls that I can come up now. I go up and there is powder on the rug in front of the mirror and Helen is putting on that same postage-stamp black hat that she was wearing when I first saw her. I look at her and I think it was not a good idea coming early. I haven't counted on her looking like that. I feel horrible.

She says, "Do I look all right, Ham?" And I say, "You are nothing but an old hag. Though I would still like to punch that guy in the nose."

When he calls for her I am upstairs in her room—which, though it doesn't mean anything, perversely gives me a very enjoyable feeling inside. I wish he knew I was up in her room. Maybe he would come up and try to punch *me* in the nose. *Ah, Ham, my boy, my lad, one cannot have everything.*

When I have finished studying I go out and buy coffee from the Greek. I buy a box of doughnuts. I come back and I drink coffee with Mrs. Morgan and pump her about who the guy is. I learn that he is one of the young profs named George Something-or-other.

I go back upstairs. Then I sit around and wait for Helen to come home. When I hear the car outside I get up and turn on the hot plate and put the rest of the coffee in a pan. Then I go to the door and listen. It is much too quiet. I think of going down and punching the guy in the nose. After too long I hear the car start up and at the same time somebody trying to be very quiet on the stairs. I open the door.

Helen says, "Why, Ham, I thought you would be asleep long ago. Do I smell coffee?" She moves in past me looking at the hot plate. I do not even have to say anything. *Ah, Ham, you contriver, you; you ought to be ashamed.*

We drink the coffee, we eat the doughnuts and Helen kicks off her pumps because it seems she has been dancing and her feet hurt. She sits there slouched down in the chair wiggling her toes and looking perfectly swell, and we talk. It is a very intimate quarter of an hour. It is so nice that it makes spending all my quarter hours with her more necessary all the time. When she walks down the hall to Mary's room she is carrying her pumps in one hand and a partly eaten doughnut in the other. And when she says good night to me her eyes are soft.

The evenings together keep on. I begin to arrive as early as nine-thirty, and most evenings now it is eleven before Helen goes into Mary's room. I bring in maple syrup. I bring in ice cream, I bring in cake. Helen washes out my socks and handkerchiefs most of the time, and when the laundry stands not up, she washes and irons an occasional shirt. I keep my shaving stuff on the shelf. We talk about a great many things, but a great deal we talk about ourselves.

I have made inquiries about this prof she is going out with. My G. I. friends tell me he is a guy who preaches that all business men are thieves, all strikes are crusades and

(Continued on Page 112)

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Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

OCCASIONALLY a woman has the illusion that she is caught up with the housework; then someone comes in the door and says, "I'm hungry."

Paradox: Piece of mind is not peace of mind.

Once again it is possible for a woman to flounce out of a room.

People who are the "salt of the earth" help to season other lives.

Pippa's song for most families: "When mom's in the kitchen all's right with our world."

Picture: Children at play, busily acquiring their old-age memories.

Naming a new baby, with suggestions from relatives to consider, is nothing compared to having a new dog named by four children.

One wise mother keeps a lighted candle before her child's plate for good behavior. The occasions are becoming rarer when it is necessary silently to blow out the candle.

I can always tell by the way my son says, "Hello, mom!" if he has a poor report card, or a stray dog behind him.

There is no difference between asking t ocean or a child to sit still.

Some children, busy setting a room disorder, greeted their mother with, "We having a wreck of a time, mother!"

Safety "slowgan": So drive that y summons will not come before your time.

Young daughter explains a disagreem with her chum: "She doesn't like me a more because my tooth fell out before h did."

Women vary like kernels of popc given the same opportunity, some bu open, some don't.

Some men, after skirting the new look, still doubtful.

Stimulate a child's thinking with ev possible kind of activity. Remember, oyster has nothing to do but lie still develop its mind—and so it has none.

Much that is said to a child leaves no n impression than a finger withdrawn f water.

Experience: A by-product in youth becomes a valuable commodity in middle

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(Continued from Page 110)

profit is unholy. So I say to Helen, "Why do you go with this guy? He never sees the other fellow's side the way you do. He only sees one side and that is his."

And she says, "Well, he says he likes to have me go with him because I will listen to his side while other people won't. He talks for hours about our being too aggressive with Russia."

"Look," I tell her. "You are like the United States, a sucker for leaning over backward to be fair. You leave yourself wide open to anybody on the make like Russia or like George."

"Or like you."

She will not go out with me, except to the Greek's occasionally. And she will keep on going with the professor. The only consolation I have is that I am always in her room when he comes for her and I sit up till she comes home so that we can eat together and talk over the evening. I think that perhaps she begins to come home earlier from these dates after she finds I will be waiting up, but that is probably imagination.

I am getting along fine in classes, and down at the fish shanty. The smelt are running very well and it is something to sit in your own living room and earn sixty cents a pound. I still feel like a heel about telling Helen I have no place to live when I have, but I have no intention of giving up those evenings.

Then one afternoon when I am sitting in the shanty studying, there is a knock at the door. I open it and there stand Helen and this prof George of hers. I am dumfounded.

The old Army instinct starts to tell them that I am only there for an afternoon's fishing, but common sense assures me that there are too many of my things spread around in there; it looks too obviously like a place where somebody is living. They look in at me and I look at them and nobody says anything. I can see Helen's eyes taking in everything. There is the smile on her face still, but it makes her features stiff. I look at her eyes and her eyes are hurt. Her face looks whiter than usual, but maybe that is from the cold, and there are two red spots at the top of her cheekbones.

Socrates, being asked whether it was better to marry or not, replied, "Whichever you do, you will repent it!"

I say to myself, *Ham, my lad, my boy, batten the hatches; storm warnings are off Hatteras.*

But after a long while she says in that disconcerting way of hers, "George was right. You have been living here all the while. You lied to me." Not angry; just calmly stating a fact.

I have three or four stories at the tip of my tongue like a flash; the old Army system. But this time I stand there and say nothing. Because—well, this thing I feel for Helen has gone too far to be built on lies any longer. It has seemed no terrific matter if I lied to see her, and to get her to talk to me. But the lies have caught up with me and have perhaps finished everything. If I try to right the situation by lying, and those lies are found out, too, I can never right it a second time. That will be the end.

SHE lays it right on the line, which is what I should have known she'd do. She says, "I guess I couldn't look upon anybody who has done what you've done to me as a real friend."

I have to look away from her then, I want her so badly; I feel so miserable about the mess I've made of everything. I look at the prof, George, and triumph sits on him as a rider sits on a horse. I think it might be a good idea to punch him in the nose. But I do not do so.

She turns suddenly and walks away. One second she is standing there talking very calmly, and the next she is walking away. She turns so fast that George is several steps behind her. I think in the split second before she turns that her eyes look different, sort of watery, but the light is bright, and I know I am mistaken when she says, "Good-by, Ham." Because her voice is very calm.

I stand there. I stand there and that is I am a dope. But each thing I think o do or say is wrong. I am standing at a in the road with one way looking all br and shiny and exciting and beautiful so t you would run along it eagerly. And other way looking drab and uninteres so that it would seem hardly worth exp ing. I am entering the drab way wh want so badly to enter the shiny way. I do nothing about it; I just stand there

IT is not a pleasant afternoon. The stu ing I have to do must be particularly h because I never get beyond the first pag realize that these international matters very important and my troubles would s very unimportant to most people. But t are very important to me.

I sit there for a long while. I finally k what I'm going to do.

I wait until my usual time to go to Hel I go to the door and Mrs. Morgan lets m

I say, "Mrs. Morgan, matters have *f*- between Helen and me. Will you tell her I want to explain my side of this to h

Mrs. Morgan looks at me through pince-nez, and as usual she looks like Duchess of Astor from the neck up a plug nickel from there down. But she is swell egg. She says, "Give me three utes."

Before the three minutes are up she co and tells me that Helen will see me. And gives me a little pat on the back as I s up the stairs.

The room is the same, and it makes feel very peculiar inside to know that I not going to see it any m It's the way homesick might be, only for a time I've never had a home. Helen is stan there in the middle of room, and her hair cat the light, and her looks softer than I h ever seen it. Altoge she's so beautiful that it's like an ach side me.

I start talking. And this time it is truth. This time it is the pure, unadulter article. I'm through lying to her; she lieves too easily. She's so naïve she n somebody cynical like me around to k other people from taking advantage her.

I admit that I have leaped from colleg college to be near her, that I made up claim on the room to get her to see m make a clean breast of the whole th Though I feel that I could have though a more convincing story than the one I telling.

Then I promise that I will never lie ag Never. And I promise I will rid mysel many of my other low Army habits. I fi that it all hinges on my making her bel I will not lie again.

I think maybe I am making progress, when there is a considerable commotio the stairs and a knock at the door. The a woman standing there, and Mrs. Mo is hovering in the background, making happy motions.

I hear Helen mutter in an awed v "The dean."

The dean comes in and the room is a a sudden very hot, and my collar is too ti and I cannot find anything to do with hands.

The dean says, "I have been informe the instructress who lives next door that young man is seen coming in here al nine-thirty every night, that she sees through the window walking around in room, and that he does not leave until next morning. I have been waiting un was sure he was here to confront you bo

Helen begins to explain, and I am uneasy because anybody who has been i Army knows that when Authority show with accusations, it is cagey to say absolu nothing while you tighten up your lie.

Helen says, "Ham has been living I But it was all right. I have been slee with Mary Hughes, down the hall."

(Continued on Page 114)

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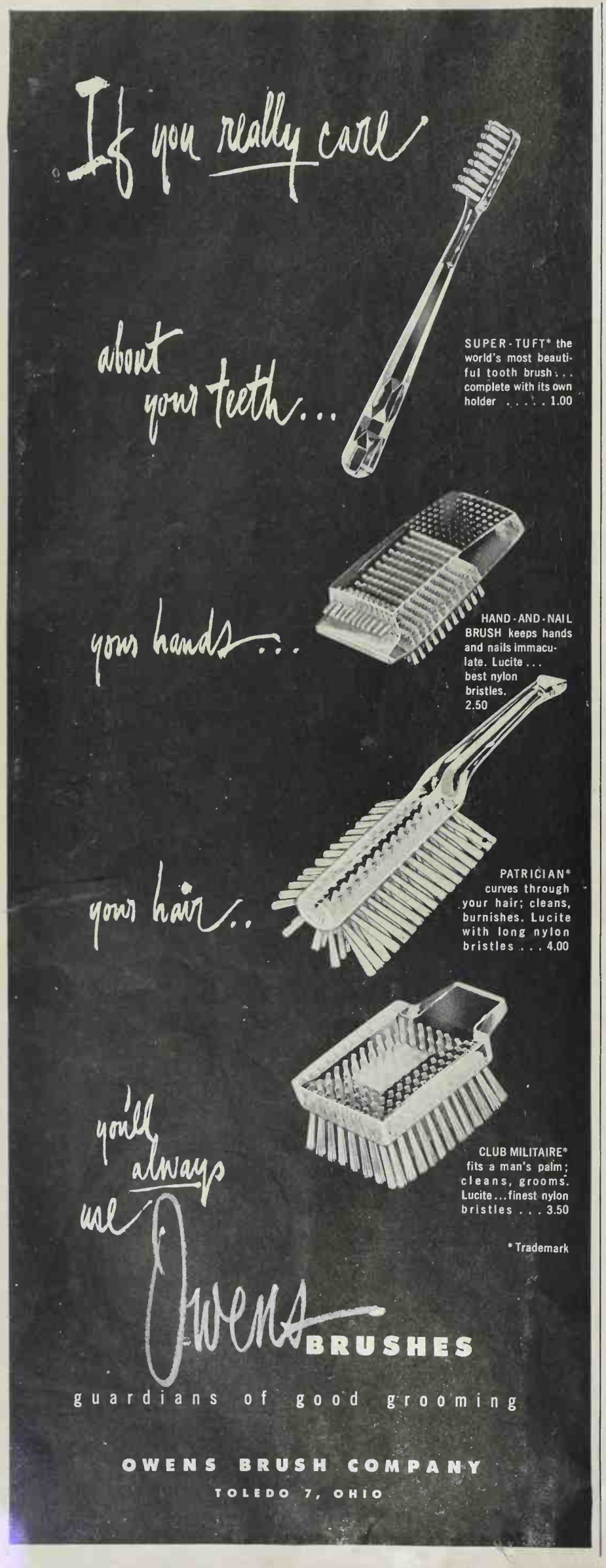
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LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO

So round...so firm...so fully packed — so free and easy on the draw



(Continued from Page 112)

I watch the dean's eyes. They are taking in my shaving things and my toothbrush. And Helen's stockings over by the radiator beside some of my socks which she has washed out. This is not good. The official lips are a straight line.

Helen goes on to explain the truth. Maybe she's embarrassed, maybe it's only because I'm prejudiced and have no confidence in the truth in a case like this. But anyhow, it doesn't sound so very reasonable.

When she stops, the dean says, "Miss Wade, please do not lie to me. I pride myself that I am seldom taken in by a lie. And this one is not even a clever lie."

The red starts down around Helen's throat somewhere, and begins to work its way upward. She says, "But—but"—her eyes are hurt—"but you can ask Mrs. Morgan; you can ask Mary Hughes."

The dean nods. She says, "Mrs. Morgan would be protecting the reputation of her establishment, and Mary Hughes is probably your close friend. This means expulsion."

I know what has to be done. I say, "Darling, we can't keep on like this. We've got to give in. I'm going to tell the truth."

The dean's eyes snap away from Helen toward me. But I'm looking straight at Helen.

I say, "We should have known something like this would happen. We must tell, darling."

The dean says, "Young man, you are doing the wise thing to make a clean breast of this."

Helen looks from the dean to me, and I'm a little afraid she'll spoil everything. But she doesn't say anything; she only nods her head. And it seems to me her expression is a little awed.

I say, "We're married."

I mean to give them a good long pause for dramatic effect, but I can see Helen beginning to swell and before the things she has to say can burst out, I hurry on.

I say, "We didn't tell anybody because my father threatened to cut off my allowance if I married Helen; and Helen and I couldn't both go to college on my G. I. money. Now I will leave college and work so that Helen can keep on." I figure this will be necessary to relieve Helen of any embarrassing man-and-wife angle in the future. And, since I'm responsible for this mess, it's the least I can do. Maybe I can bounce back to Mead again. "That was how Helen happened to ask for my room when she came here. That was why I was so willing she should have it. We might have gotten away with it, too, on an ordinary dean. It was just our tough luck that you happened to look into the case personally."

For just a second I am afraid I've laid it on too thick there at the end, but the dean reacts nicely. She has never come up agai a real Army expert before.

She says, "I'm glad you told me, you man." And then she turns to Helen and s gently, "You should have realized, my d that such a trumped-up story as yo wouldn't fool me. The truth is always simple, and each simple item is so real, a so logical in its place in the pattern. contrived story shrieks that it is a lie. Th two stories are perfect examples."

She talks some more. She offers to k our secret if I want to go on receiving h from my father. But I tell her no, oth would wonder; we want to be able to h up our heads before the world. She lea us on a gentle, understanding note. When is gone I get up.

I say, "I know when I am licked. I than five minutes ago I promised I would lie again."

She doesn't smile. She just looks at levelly, as if she is trying to see through just the way she's been looking at me si long before the dean came into the room

She says, "Did you have some crazy i that by telling the dean what you did, have to go through w this and marry you? cause I ——"

I look at her. I spr out my hands and "You know I didn't. W if I had ——" But the comes to me that I c really expect her believe anything I sa say, "Good-by, Hel She should believe t

I go to the door. I walk down the st and out onto the sidewalk. I have tro with the sidewalk because the bricks s all of a sudden uneven, and I keep stumb I stumble along and each second is a time.

From up above me I hear "Ham!" I and look, and Helen is leaning out her dow. She says, "Ham, I can see your sic know that you can't get over any habit a once. But I believe you'll try. The least can do is to come back up and listen to side of this."

I have no trouble with the sidewalk g back, perhaps because I only touch couple of times.

A lot later Helen says to me, "If I'm g to marry you I ought to know how yo going to earn our living. You never did me."

I don't want to tell very bad, because what has happened between us it may a little amusing. But no more lying; her.

I say, "I am trying to learn to be a tion writer."

It seems to me there is no call for h double up with laughter. I should thought a slow smile or even a mild ch would have been sufficient.

> **I would rather hear what men are talking about on trains and in shops and by the firesides than hear anything else, because I want guidance and I know I could get it there.** —WOODROW WILSON.

A SUMMER STORY

(Continued from Page 38)

Conceited, thought Greenie.

Deirdre moved closer to her. "What's your name?" she said.

"Greenie," Greenie said.

"Is it because of your eyes?" said Deirdre.

"You rude little girl," said Miss Carrington.

"Not at all," said Reynolds. "I like green eyes. I have them myself."

"So have I," said Deirdre.

It was like clubs. The Green Eyes against the Blues.

"It's just that my last name is Greene," said Greenie.

"And what are your duties at the camp, Miss Greene?" asked Miss Carrington, of the Blues.

Greenie blushed to the roots of her dark-gold hair. "I direct games and dramatics."

"Oh," said Miss Carrington. "An incipient actress?"

"Oh, no," said Greenie. "I am entirely without talent."

James Reynolds burst out laughing entrust my child to you without a qua He bent over Deirdre and kissed her. "G by, my dear. Kiss Mona good-by."

Deirdre looked at her shoes. "I don't to," she said.

It was a bad and silent moment.

"Really," said Miss Carrington.

James Reynolds said nothing. He lo bland and twirled his mustache.

How useful, thought Greenie. She Deirdre in one hand and the little over bag in the other. "We must join the g now," she said. "Good-by, Mr. Reyn Good-by, Miss Carrington."

As they went off she could feel h followed by an amused and approving eye. *Well, I did do nicely*, she thought

Straight into space, Deirdre said, "I Mona."

"Do you?" said Greenie.

"She wants to marry daddy."

(Continued on Page 116)



"TANGLE-LOCKS" got to be my nickname during my Senior year as a college co-ed. My hair had become stubbornly unruly, dull, flying in all directions. No wonder my favorite campus king never looked my way.



A TIP FROM SALLY, my s... A swank hairdresser had introd... called Lustre-Creme. *Not* a so... rich-lathering cream shampoo. ...cialist, Kay Daumit, to make wa... hidden beauty. Sally's own glamor...

Varsity star finds his Dr...



AT THE SENIOR PROM . . . a few nights later, that wonderful varsity man *did* look my way very intently . . . attracted by the shimmering beauty Lustre-Creme Shampoo revealed in my hair. He cut in on almost every dance, reveling in the fragrant silken softness of my Lustre-Creme tresses. As we sat out the last waltz in the moonlight, he tenderly touched my smooth, glistening locks again, as he murmured: "Dream Girl, where have you been all my life?"

N GRADUATION DAY . . . he slipped a gleaming engagement ring ...ger . . . a shining tribute to the gleam in my Lustre-Creme-lovely hai... ...ges may not be made entirely by a shampoo. But Lustre-Creme Sha... ...th its blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin, *did* help me recapt... ...e hair beauty and *did* help me attract and win my man. (That man is ke... ...s own hair well groomed and sleek these days with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.



...houted ...manding ...she said. ...man. All ...him. He's ...too. Once ...silence was ...Greenie sat ...mbling. ...don't under- ...rdre said. She ...good ones the ...ls or in the ...to Miss Ben- ...pebbly little ...y cooked or ...ories which, ...nett read to ...irdre. She ...t, Mowgli, ...le. ...will really ...he camp, ...the way ...uldn't incon- ...l sud- ...tures ...d the ...off to ...meet ...ands. ...up in ...nder- would ...knew ...nember

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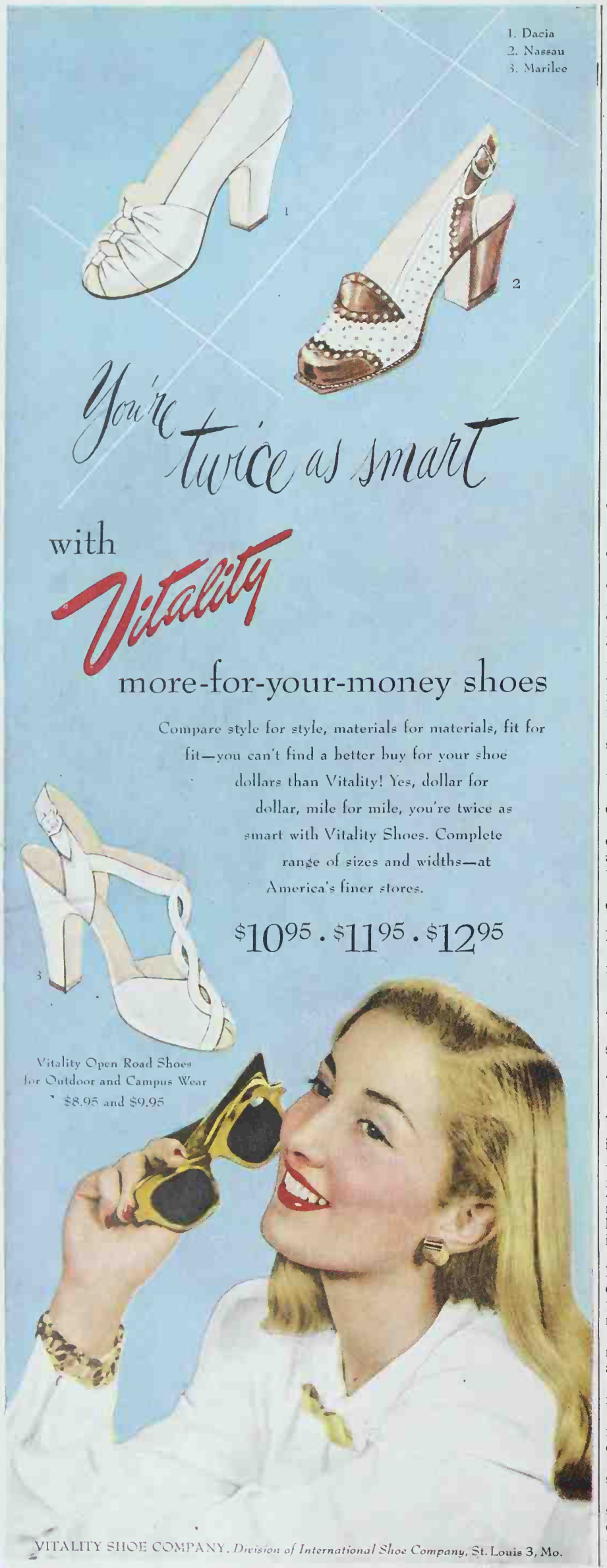
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. . . a gay, soft fragrance with an evening air of romantic elegance

Wonderfully lovely Gold Tassel bath toiletries will delight the lover of beauty in you . . . lusciously scented bubble bath, cologne, bath powder, bath crystals—huge, sculptured bath cakes . . . exquisitely ensembled for you or for precious gift-giving.

IN SETS OR SINGLY . . . ONE TO TWO-AND-ONE-HALF DOLLARS



He, too, thought Greenie. "The children are at the farm," she said, "and Miss Bennett is busy with two sick ones. Would you like me to show you the camp?"

She forgot the doctor who was coming; she forgot the sick children. She strolled, under the hot summer sun, beside James Reynolds. "These are the children's gardens," she said. "They have radishes, carrots, nasturtiums and lettuce. The lettuce is floppy, but the rabbits love it."

"Have you rabbits?"

"Oh, yes. White ones and brown ones. And guinea pigs, and a goat called Sara."

He was laughing at her. She stopped and faced him, laughing too.

"You look so nice and natural in the country," Greenie said. "I never thought you'd wear sneakers."

"You look lovely in the country," said Reynolds.

They walked along.

"Isn't this nice?" said Greenie.

"It's perfect," he said.

"Oh," said Greenie, "there come the children."

There they came indeed.

Deirdre saw her father and ran to fling herself upon him. "You came," she cried. "You really did."

He put her down and held her off. "You certainly look regular," he said.

"She looks exactly right," said Greenie. "Mr. Cassidy milked the cows right into our cups. It tastes awful," said Deirdre.

Slowly they wandered back to the main cottage. A little group had gathered there, clustered around Miss Bennett and the doctor. Two men were hammering in posts and stringing up rope along the dirt road on which the camp fronted.

A champion of the workingman has never yet been known to die of overwork.

FROST: quoted in The Golden Treasury of the World's Wit and Wisdom: Norman Lockridge (Biltmore Publishing Company).

"What's happened?" said Reynolds.

Miss Bennett turned at the sound of his voice. "Who can this be?" she said.

"Miss Bennett, my father, my father," cried Deirdre.

Miss Bennett clapped both hands to her cheeks. "Oh, I am so sorry," she said. "I am so sorry, Mr. Reynolds. We have diphtheria here. We are in quarantine."

"Then I had best go quickly," said Reynolds.

"Too late now," said the doctor. "I'm Doctor Dunning. I can't allow it."

The blood came up into Reynolds' brown face.

Temper, thought Greenie.

"You don't understand," Reynolds said. "I'm a very busy man."

"It doesn't matter what you are. This is serious," said Doctor Dunning.

"If you stay," said Deirdre very loudly, "we can have fun."

Why, she's never had him, Greenie thought. *He's never been around at all.*

"It's really very nice here. You might like it for a change," she said.

He looked at them standing hand in hand. His anger was gone as quickly as a sweet-natured child's. He smiled. "I'm sure I'll like it," he said, bowing gracefully to the inevitable.

The next day the entire camp was inoculated and then, because Doctor Dunning was old-fashioned, all the children were lined up to be given a teaspoonful each of purely medicinal brandy.

One little girl, when it came her turn, demurred. "My family," she said, "does not approve of drinking." She buttoned her lips.

There was a craning of small admiring necks, and an awed, admiring murmur.

The nurse faltered. "I don't suppose it matters," she said, and went on to the next child. It was Deirdre.

"My family doesn't approve of it either," she said.

Reynolds, a spectator, sat on the veranda steps beside Miss Bennett. Every face in the camp turned toward him; the small ones wondering, the older ones quizzical, and Deirdre's white, frightened and hopeful.

"Certainly not," said Reynolds. "I d approve at all."

Audibly, Deirdre let out her bre "See?" she said.

Miss Bennett's mouth twitched. She to her feet. "I think we might as well up," she said. "No more brandy. Garde

Greenie took the corked bottle from nurse and carried it to the cottage. paused a moment in front of Reyn

"You didn't miss your cue. did you?"

"Thank you," he said. "Sit down. I to ask you something. What made her that?"

"I think she got carried away," Greenie. "She forgot you were here."

"But why say it?"

Greenie leaned back on her hands. " don't know anything about your child you?" she said.

"Not very much," said Reynolds.

"Well," said Greenie, "she craves miration and solidity, and there was a l bit of both to share in just now."

"Oh," said Reynolds. He twisted mustache.

"That's for when you don't know wh say."

"What?" said Reynolds.

"Nothing," said Greenie.

But he was laughing. "All right," he "What do you suggest?"

"The answer is obvious," said Gr "You should get married again."

"But I don't want to," said Reynol

"No," said Gr She hesitated. "I you like it the time?"

"It's so long ago said. "I was very when my wife die wouldn't like it n like things just th they are. I have a time."

"But it's hard on Deirdre."

"Yes," said Reynolds.

"Of course it would have to be so who would not only be good for Deirdr fun for you," Greenie said.

His mouth twitched. "That's a kind thought," he said.

"It's not an afterthought. You coul of be looking around."

"You are a ridiculous infant "

"I am twenty-three," said Greenie got up and went into the house. *You c looking around at me,* she thought. *Her Right under your nose. Look at me.*

She didn't see him again until late afternoon when he appeared at the b field. Greenie was umpire and it w work.

"I have come to see my daughter st said.

"You will," said Greenie. "Do mak self comfortable."

He stretched out on the grass and a grass blade. He looked clean and c

He's had a nap and a bath, and h phoned everyone he knows on the long-d telephone. Now there's nothing to do. here, thought Greenie.

Deirdre gloriously crossed the hor and dropped down beside her fathe nuzzled her head against his knee.

"Look out," said Greenie. "She's

"I don't mind at all," said Reynol grinned at her and her knees went su weak.

When the game was over, she s children racing up the hill that lay l the playing field and the camp. She a moment to pick up a forgotten glo

"Here. Let me take it," Reynol Now he was looking at her. "You lo sweet when you're hot," he said.

"I don't feel sweet," said Greenie sticky and unattractive."

"You're anything but unattracti

She took a little step forward, caught her up and kissed her. Whe her go, she stepped away from hi ing.

"Come here," he said.

(Continued on Page 121)



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Makers of a complete line of quality brushes, popularly priced



Hughes
Hair Brushes

(Continued from Page 118)

She shook her head. "Let's go back." At foot of the hill, she stopped. "That n't mean anything, did it?" she said.

"t was very pleasant," said Reynolds.

"Yes," said Greenie. Then she said, "When I was about twelve I read a book ed The Little Colonel at Boarding School. e of the girls in it said that kissing a man hout a mustache was like eating an egg hout salt. I've always wondered."

"How was it?"

"I didn't notice," said Greenie.

"Would you like to try again?"

"No, thank you," said Greenie.

"Perhaps tomorrow?"

"Perhaps," said Greenie. "But I don't : so." Halfway up the hill, she stopped i. "You see," she said, "it's different for ecause I'm in love with you."

"What?" said Reynolds.

"Well, I always thought I would be when d to see you on the stage," said Greenie. I now of course I am."

"You imagine things," said Reynolds.

"No," said Greenie. "I can tell. I feel so when I'm with you. As a matter of fact, eel the same way with me. Don't you?"

"That's not love," said Reynolds.

"It might just turn out to be," said nie. "Given a chance."

"I have never known anyone in the least you," said Reynolds.

"Well, don't let it bother

hen they reached the , Deirdre was waiting hem. "You've been " she said. Then she d again, quickly. enie, you look so y. Like Guinevere. time we play plays an be Guinevere and y King Arthur."

"I'd make a much bet- ncelot," said Greenie.

"Well, Lancelot was more fun," said re.

"Much more, too," said Greenie. "Wasn't he, Reynolds?"

face was blank. "Much more fun," Reynolds. He turned and left them.

rious, thought Greenie.

e next day, just after flag raising, a long, blue car stopped in front of the camp. ne was surprised because, since the heria, the parents were beginning to . But the beautiful woman who got out car was no one's mother. She came as the ropes and leaned forward, smiling. eirdre," she called.

e child, still in the group that was red about the flagpole, swung around shot. She stood silent, staring. Then apped both hands to her mouth, and l and fled.

's Miss Carrington," said Greenie. She forward politely.

ch a strange child," Miss Carrington "I'm a friend of Mr. Reynolds'. Will ll him, please?"

course," said Greenie.

nolds was lying in a deck chair in front parents' cottage. "Hullo." He smiled eld out his hand.

SS CARRINGTON is here," said Greenie. ," he said. Slowly he got up. "Where?" d.

utside the rope," said Greenie. Then d, "Did you ask her to come?"

e was right over in New Hampshire," d irritably.

must have really scared you," said ie.

ignored that. "Where is Deirdre?" he

don't know," Greenie said. "When she Miss Carrington she ran away."

ow, why?" said Reynolds.

ell, she thinks that Miss Carrington to get you to marry her."

men don't get men to marry them," lds said.

eyes looked into cold eyes.

, don't they?" Greenie said. This was she who turned on her heel. She found Deirdre behind the black-currant bushes. "Don't cry," she said.

The child sobbed gratefully and damply against her shoulder. "Now he will go away. He will go with Mona."

"No," said Greenie. "No, he can't."

Deirdre lifted her head. "Why, Greenie, you're crying too," she said.

"I can't help it," Greenie said.

It was a horrible and interminable day. Except for an interval at lunch, Mona Carrington sat on the grass outside the rope all day. She smoked cigarette after cigarette. Reynolds sat on his side of the rope and lit them for her. At first they laughed a great deal, but later they talked very seriously. At last, at four o'clock, she drove away.

Good riddance, thought Greenie. *I hope.*

Presently it was eight o'clock and all the children went to bed. Then it was ten o'clock and anyone could go.

It's over, Greenie thought. But she lay wide awake on her cot at the end of the tent. The six little girls in her charge slept quietly. The moon's light came in at the open flap and silvered their soft, round faces.

Far down the road a horn honked.

What's that? thought Greenie.

In the third cot from the end, Deirdre sat up. She got out of bed and put on her slippers and her Japanese kimono. Then she tiptoed out of the tent.

Greenie heard Reynolds' voice. "Deirdre!" he whispered. She threw back the covers and ran out into the moonlight.

"What is this?" Reynolds said. "What in the world?"

"You're going away," Greenie said.

"With Mona," said Deirdre. She put her arms around her father's waist and clung there.

"I came to look at her," said Reynolds. "But she was waiting."

"You can't go away. This is a quarantine," said Greenie.

"I could have gone that first day if I'd wanted to," he said.

"Why didn't you?"

"Because I liked you," Reynolds said.

"You only say it because it's night," said Greenie.

Again the horn sounded.

"I've got to go," said Reynolds.

"No," whispered Deirdre.

"I'll come back," said Reynolds. He said it over Deirdre's head to Greenie.

"If you run away from things and think about them, they never happen," Greenie said.

"Don't change," he said. "I'd hate you to change."

"You're what I hate," said Greenie.

The horn honked twice. A short and then a long.

"Don't go," said Deirdre.

He took her hands and pried them gently from his waist. "Darling, good-by," he said.

But the child had torn away from him. She was flying across the ghostly lawn toward the far end of the cottage.

"Quick," said Greenie.

They caught her just outside the door.

"This is the hospital wing," said Greenie. "Where the sick ones are."

Deirdre faced them, backed against the door. "If I get the diphtheria you won't leave me," she said. "You won't marry Mona."

He was afraid to touch her. Or to move. Far down the road a motor started and a car went away.

"I won't leave you," he said slowly. "I would never marry Mona."

Deirdre flung out her arms. "Oh, why don't you marry someone nice?" she said. "Why don't you marry Greenie?"

Her words hung in the moonlight like a thin little fence.

"Why don't I?" said Reynolds.

"I don't see why you don't," said Greenie.

THE END

It is on our failures that we base a new and different and better success. Adam and Eve were driven out of their little Eden. They must have counted themselves sad failures. But they gained the whole world.

—HAVELOCK ELLIS: My Confessional. Copyright, 1934, by Havelock Ellis. Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc.

Awake the lustrous beauty of your hair with Avon shampoo



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So good to give! So dreamy to have! So luscious is the look this Munsingwear nightie gives your figure. That's because it's knitted and fitted in Celanese* tricot rayon. Wee satin hearts on the net midriff are pure "Heartbeat" witchery! In three "Bouquet" colors. At fine stores.

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The merry month of May is a time to renew the spirit. The old crooked apple tree wears a crown of white blossoms, the herbs are up, and the garden is a symphony of blue, white and pale pink.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

ON the warm, moon-clear May nights we like to sit out in the quiet garden. In one corner, the old crooked apple tree is drifted with the white miracle of apple blossoms. The low white picket fence which encloses the small flagged area is half hidden by the young green of the rambler roses. The herbs are up; the lavender came through the bitter winter safely.

This is a spring garden, blue and white with accents of pale pink; it is small and simple as gardens go, the kind any woman could have on the smallest city lot. And how lovely it is. Tall ivory-white tulips, blue-lavender tulips, white narcissuses, blue grape hyacinths, white and blue hyacinths, and white and lavender-purple irises bloom there in spring. There are the gray-blue violets called Confederate violets in Virginia. There are rosy cups of primroses, very early to blossom; and by the time the late irises are gone, the pink ramblers are coming.

The picket fence was supposed to protect the fragile stalks of tulips and narcissuses from the dogs, but that was before we had Maeve. I don't know just how high she can jump, but I know it breaks all high-jump records. She clears anything around Stillmeadow in those long lovely leaps. We try to persuade her that Irish-setter red is beautiful against white tulips, but not mixed right in together.

We made the mistake of planting grass between the gray-rose flagstones when we began the quiet garden. Grass grows too fast, too thick, and mowing the stones is impossible. So we are gradually replacing the grass with lemon thyme, which smells good when you walk on it, and never, never needs mowing.

On these clear, still, spring nights the sound of the planes going over comes with sudden emphasis. When I look up, the plane seems to be like a ship sailing through stars. I imagine the people in every one that passes. There they go, travelers in the sky, bound for mysterious destinations. In their separate worlds they live and move and have their being, and when they go over this green valley, they do not even know that we exist.

This is a humbling thought. On o forty-acres-more-or-less we lead our int cate busy lives, and yet how small are o concerns viewed from the night sky abov Is it, then, so important to fret over wi dow washing, furniture waxing, floor scru bing? Or to worry over the weeds in t asparagus bed? We ought to spend mo time, I think, opening our hearts to t beauty of the world, especially in Ma Just looking and feeling and smelling t brave sweet fragrances of spring.

Of them all, the lilac is the lovelies There is enough beauty in a lilac for a lif time. The shape of every tiny flower is de cate, and the whole cluster a pointed spear exquisite loveliness. Then the leaves ther selves are wonderful, polished and da and smooth in texture. And then there is t dark, cool fragrance to enchant the sens

We have amethyst, and blue, and de winy purple, and white lilacs. The doub and fancy lilacs are elegant, but the ord nary country-yard lilacs are my favorit The white lilacs are more delicate in sha and odor, and white lilacs and white na cissuses in a milk-glass lacy-edge bowl a near enough heaven for me any day.

In Northern Wisconsin we used to s them growing where houses once had stoo lifting their splendor by a blackened chim ney or above fallen beams. Wherever an o cabin had been a home, lilacs remembere

This is the month for planting, and long as the world is so in need of food, J says she will raise everything that will gro in our rocky soil. She has mastered the a of running the garden tractor which we g last fall, and it is a wonderful affair, cho ping weeds, pulverizing soil, tearing u turf. The first thing it did the day she g it was to plow up a whole row of our ver best potatoes while Jill followed after helplessly. Then it clipped through t gate and ripped up quite a row of the law I was leaning out the window yelling, "Sto it! Stop it!" Which made Jill quite a noyed. She hadn't learned how to stop i

Under control, it mushes along nicel and is the greatest aid for home growers w know of. It pays for itself in a short tim

(Continued on Page 125)

Such tiny fingers to hold your heart so tight!





THERE'S no escaping, once you lose your heart to tiny fingers like these! Who could help loving such a cuddly armful? And who wouldn't want to give her the best of everything?

It was for babies like her that Ivory Soap was born. Ivory is so very, very mild. Ivory is 99 44/100 % pure. More doctors advise Ivory for baby's tender skin than all other brands put together.

Yes, purity and mildness are ever so important. That's why generations of mothers have been using Ivory to help keep their babies' skin at its loveliest. And generations of Ivory babies have grown up with a radiant, natural beauty—That Ivory Look.

Your skin never outgrows Ivory

Beauty begins with lovely skin! The soap that's pure and mild enough for baby's tender skin is the beauty soap for your skin, too! There! Now the secret's yours! To get That Ivory Look—a silkier, softer, smoother complexion—just stop being careless about your complexion. Change to regular care with pure, mild Ivory. In just one week you can have That Ivory Look for your very own!

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Mary Jane Hunter, of Chicago, Ill., one of FORMULAC'S *Family Album*

Will she follow in her mother's footsteps?

This bright-eyed little heartbreaker is a nurse's daughter. She's been fed FORMULAC Infant Food, on her doctor's orders, and how she's thrived on it!

It's interesting, too, how many doctors over the country are prescribing FORMULAC for their own babies, as well as for infants under their care. One doctor writes us: "I have been very much pleased with FORMULAC for my own daughter, and for every other case where I prescribed it. I think it is the best product on the market."*

What makes FORMULAC different from other infant foods? This unique product (in liquid form for mother's convenience) contains not only concentrated milk *but all the vitamins and minerals a growing baby* is known to need. It is an excellent formula basis for both normal as well as difficult feeding cases.

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FORMULAC is so easy to prepare—and avoids the danger of omitting or giving improper amounts of the needed vitamins. It's thriftily priced in drug and grocery stores everywhere.

Ask your doctor about this vitamin-and-mineral fortified baby food. He'll tell you FORMULAC has been clinically tested and proved—and that it has the acceptance of the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

For further information about FORMULAC, drop a card to National Dairy Products Co., Inc., 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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In baby's life, the doctor is second in importance only to the mother. More babies are alive and well today because doctors have found better ways of caring for them, protecting them against disease, feeding them. Your doctor is always ready to give you the benefit of his training and experience in caring for your child. Follow his directions at all times.



Formulac is a product of National Dairy Research, distributed by Kraft Foods Company

*For ethical reasons, we cannot include this doctor's name in advertising. His letter is in our files.

(Continued from Page 122)

ing of labor hours and in better crop ction. Mr. Hoxley, who helps in the er, didn't think so much of it at first, ew most devoted after it did a day's n a couple of hours and left him time ot of odd jobs he had on his mind.

re is so much to do in May—and be- he garden, the kennels to paint over, o wash, screens to get on. So now and ve leave it all, and go with Faith and e for a long look at spring. Gonnie and she is a natural explorer. She takes the same road twice, and so we st country roads, hidden dreamy val- orgotten old houses. If a road looks able, that is for Gonnie, and we take ning out at the top of the world with nd meadows below like a rolling wave ng green, with the scattered foam of ng pear and apple marking the old ds.

nie always knows the best place to lunch, where we can feast happily and a bank of violets at the same time. that people cannot jump about Eu- they used to, and travel is so expen- would like to start a movement for in your own back yard. There is al- omething new around the corner of a y road, and it's fun to explore. Be- ays Gonnie, you can go home at night ep in a comfortable bed!

e people might have said we had enough ven before we added Maeve to the But now we have a new cocker too. me is Cham- ght Flyer, and e when one of rest and old- nds had to give kennel.

came by air Oklahoma, ar- n Hartford at When we drove next morning, ensconced in by the station an. He had l, watered, ex- played with, entire person- the field had his bosom He wagged around saying good-by , then got in the car and sat while we drove the fifty miles home. s love at first sight. Flyer is a solid ompact, nobly built gentleman, eight d. He has a fine sense of humor, a gination, and is thoughtful of every- was so polite, he never even took a water until he was invited to use the bowl. He did not chase Esmé. He ckers pile over him, and simply stood until they discovered he was acceptа- s was most amazing, for our cockers usually decent to visiting firemen. ayed quietly on the floor for several bserving. Then he said to himself, house, boys *can* get on the sofa," ot up with a happy sigh and sat on In the night he got very homesick, I was in bed two polite paws were n the edge of the bed, and when I m up, he settled on the foot of the le Honey and allowed he felt better. ver slept there again. The second moved to the sofa, making it clear did not expect the bed except when from grief.

al Melody are the closest friends; shoulder to shoulder all day, sleep eat from the same dish. He is pa- n Little Sister swings on his ear, but think she is very charming. But he elody. They make a beautiful brace, , when they move across the yard dark muzzles lifted, eyes bright, ying.

rst time we left him at night, he es on our return by rushing to the et and selecting the bright red slip- dashing up to lay it at my feet. I d a nicer tribute. "Welcome home," I missed you!"

The only sad feature is that we did not know him for eight years of his life. But perhaps that is just as well, for I would certainly have broken a commandment and coveted him.

"Oh, well," says Jill, with eleven dogs bounding around, "I like dogs!"

MEALS in May are easy. We have to eat up leftovers in the freezer before the new crop comes in. There is always a last box of frozen rhubarb and a little asparagus. We try not to hold over anything more than a season.

To save on meat, we like a supper with cheese soup. For this, I melt 4 tablespoons margarine or butter in the top of a double boiler, add ½ cup each of diced green pepper, onion, celery (with tops), carrot and a little parsley. When vegetables are tender, I add ⅓ cup flour and stir until smooth and bubbly. Next I stir in 4 cups stock, preferably chicken stock (or chicken bouillon, canned). When this is thickened, 12 ounces of cheese, grated fine, go in, and sharp Cheddar is best, or half sharp Cheddar and half mild. I stir constantly until the cheese is melted, then add enough milk to thin it a little. It takes about 3 cups. Salt to taste and freshly ground pepper go in last. This can be strained, reheated, and then served with Melba-toast strips. Or chilled and served cold! Good either way.

Asparagus ring is good if you do get tired of the plain on toast. I make a white sauce of 2½ tablespoons margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons flour, ¾ cup milk or half milk and half chicken broth, 1 teaspoon salt, paprika to taste. Then I add 3 beaten egg yolks and, when blended, 1 cup cooked asparagus tips, cut into pieces. Last I fold in 3 beaten egg whites. This is poured in a greased ring mold and baked in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) until done (about 35–45 minutes). Set the ring mold in a pan of hot water to prevent burning while it bakes.

To ruin or defeat a person is, in good American slang, "to cook one's goose." But the phrase is not American in origin. More than five hundred years ago, King Eric of Sweden besieged an enemy town. He had so few soldiers that the citizens hung a goose on the town wall in derision. Before night, however, Eric's men scaled the wall and set fire to the chief strongholds within. When the town fathers asked Eric what his intention was, he replied between his teeth, "To cook your goose!"

I turn this out on a hot platter and fill the center with chicken à la king, or creamed canned lobster, or creamed eggs with mushrooms. It looks pretty on the table and makes a complete meal for company that drops in, with the addition, of course, of green salad (still some dandelion greens to put in) and the rhubarb pie.

How young the heart feels on a May night! I like the German words for it, *Im wunderschönen Monat Mai*, from that lovely lied. "Wonder-shining," I translate for myself, and it is. The lightness and brightness of spring—good things growing in the kind earth, stars and silvery moon overhead, and the delicate scent of newly budded lilacs.

Honey lifts her amber eyes and gives an appreciative velvet sniff of this glory and agrees. The merry month of May, she says, is a time to renew the spirit. There may be rabbits about!

SONG WITHOUT WORDS

I have no intricate words with which to speak,
No patterned phrases, fluent syllable.
My ordinary level accents break
Beneath the weight of all I cannot tell.
The smallest bird can sing, but I, despite
Being moved as much as any nightingale
Who utters her high heartbreak in the night,
Sing not at all, and let the dark prevail.

Fortunate were the great, the poets of old
Who loved so well, and made their passion sing:
Never a kiss but sweet the lyrics rolled,
Nor sigh but set some sonnet echoing.

Yet when I lay my hand against your cheek,
Believe, dear love, the words I cannot speak.

THE END

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Extra filling where weight rests most heavily, and *tufting* that *keeps* filling in its original place, means lasting comfort, and lasting *firmness!* What's more, KANTWET tufting is *double-sealed*—sealed over *and* under—to keep moisture out; it's crack-proof, peel-proof, yet flexible as the cover itself!

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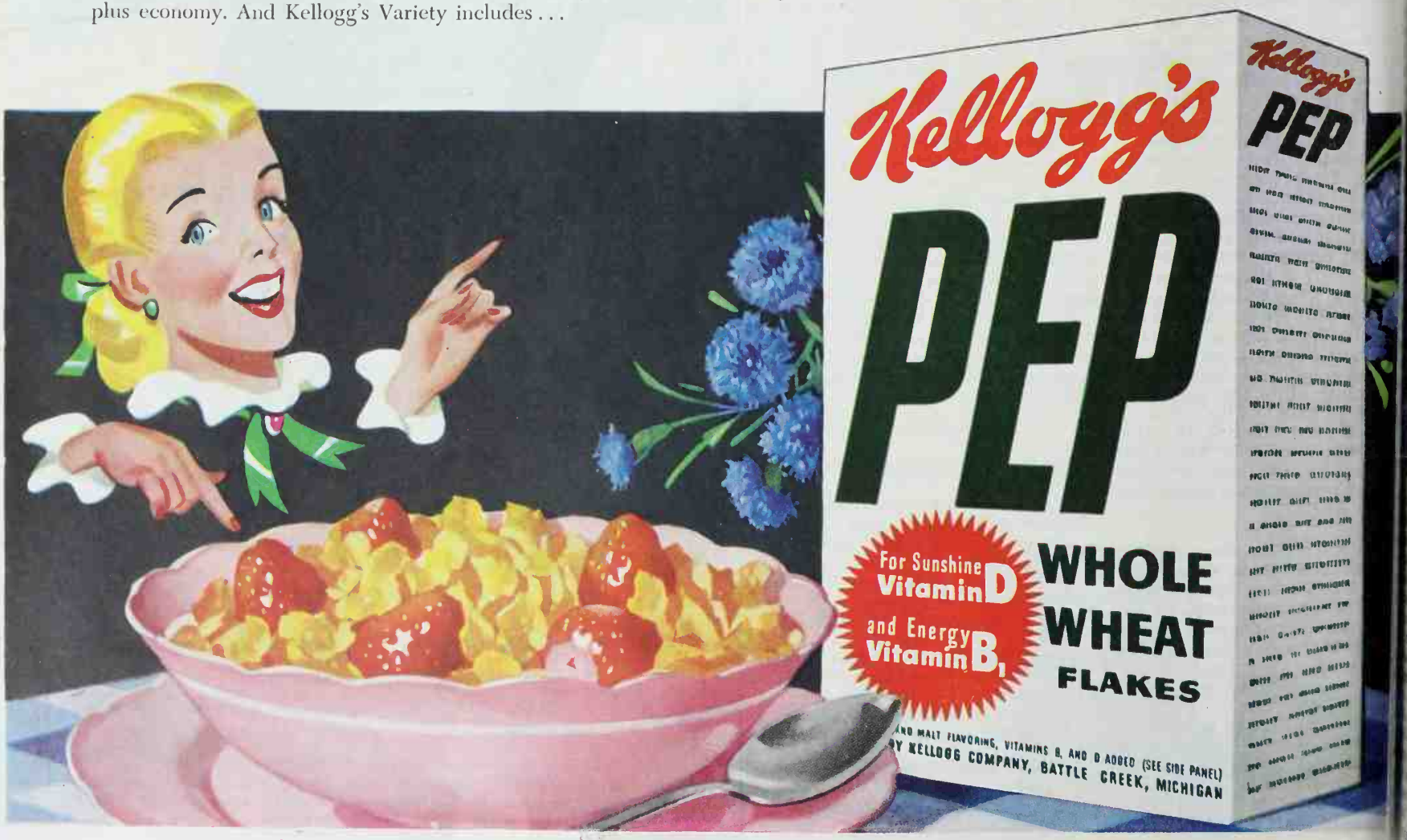
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HOMEWORK FOR PARENTS

(Continued from Page 66)

ually increasing responsibilities. This is llent preparation you can give your son ughter, in the preschool years, to fit him er to enter the first class in school. The l can have little sense of "belonging" if ome, upon which his sense of security nds, is rent by quarrels or misunder- dings or has small room for him. Reason- co-operative, intelligent behavior is not ht in books; it is learned in the school of rience. In a dictatorship, whether of e or of country, a superficial efficiency rs up deterioration; eventually, the indi- al mind ceases to function at its highest , for thinking has been terrorized into ience. A democracy, in relying upon in- ve and personal responsibility, moves rd the intellectual improvement and re- sibility of each citizen. And democracy d begin at home.

rhaps these simple precepts sound far ved from the three R's. Yet we all know our own efficiency tends to break down we are "under a strain" because of , or grief, or fear. This is even more of children. Similarly, we all know what a ure it is to work for a "good boss"— who is considerate, encouraging, and nd just in his dealings.

was long believed that a child's intel- e was innate: that children born of ab" parents, or ts who had been d the advan- of education, small chance of "bright"; and children of d parents who in school clearly weren't trying. in hand with view was the ht that if a reacted stupidly e first years of l, nothing could ne about it. A of studies dis- d these ideas. of the studies taken covered than 100 found- hildren born to ers whose intelli- ranked in the -normal category. After these children dopted into foster homes, their I.Q.'s d an above-average level—and showed closer resemblance to the intelligence of their new homes than to those of wn mothers! Similarly, we have addi- studies which show how the I.Q.'s of hildren and adults leap under encour- nt, attention and good teaching. And is no way of counting the probable s of adults who might have been to top leadership had not the neces- earning a living kept them from educa- mmensurate with their brain power. edly, I.Q. tests in the Army turned up capable of the highest scholarship ecause they were needed to help sup- heir families, never attended school the lowest legal age limit.

e other end of the stick, we all know n people whom we consider dumb— e they have not used their intelligence e and shape their own lives into more e patterns. Lewis M. Terman's com- sive study of gifted children showed eed of emotional stability and char- levelopment—for when they failed evements commensurate with their ence, the fault lay largely in psycho- maladjustments. While it is the s job to provide children with the learning, it is the home's to integrate with living, to give it meaning. This be accomplished by jerks. It cannot when long periods of parental neg- broken by spasmodic dictatorial ts. It must be done day by day.

Too often our educational processes are so concerned only with the future that the immediate needs of the child are neglected. But where everything is in preparation for tomorrow, a make-believe existence grows up. Grave concern over the future is unnecessary when the present is well in hand. We learn step by step, and each step learned helps prepare us for the next one—and none can be skipped. Nor can growth be forced; just as a pulling and pushing of the petals of a flower will destroy it rather than cause it to bloom faster, so can overanxious forcing destroy the spirit of a child—although both will respond to better nourishment, extra care and attention. To increase a child's intelligence, guide him toward good basic physical, social and mental habits, open to him the doors of knowledge—and his mental growth will follow his physical growth to the limits of his capabilities.

Now, in an ideal situation, we might be able to count upon the school to take the responsibility for the first of these—the child's health. This is not true, however, at present; rare indeed is the school with an adequate medical staff, or even good medical assistance. Wise parents should obtain a complete physical examination for their children before they enter school, and throughout their growing years have regular checks made upon their teeth, eyes, ears and general physical condition. Where the school does not prepare a hot lunch, the parent should serve one at home. It is also the home's responsibility to see that the child has adequate sleep, plenty of exercise and fresh air.

There is a growing tendency to expect that many of the basic needs of the child will be met by the school; but the truth is that few schools are presently equipped and staffed to satisfy these needs. The resulting situation tends to be one of neglect. While we all hope for better, more responsible schools, we must face realities at the present time and carry a double-edged sword; we must deal with the educational situation as it exists—not as it should be—while working to better it.

Let us see what this means in terms of action. To make the school what it should be, it is necessary to attend school meetings, work with the P.T.A., study the school's problems and discuss them, and be willing to pay for improvements. These are civic duties that should occupy all citizens—parents or not. Parents, however, have a special responsibility: to encourage home-and-school contacts approved by the child. When a child first goes to school, he is suddenly a member of a triangle that includes himself, his mother and his teacher. His one world has suddenly split into two. If his mother and his teacher have due consideration for each other, there will be no tension; if they are at cross purposes, or distrustful of each other, he will be torn in two directions. In kindergarten, it is often necessary for the mother to be at school frequently, to be a part of it, in order that the child may feel secure there. From the first grade up, however, the child *wants* his mother there only on special occasions. Art showings, social hour, holiday activities—all these are times when the mother is wanted and needed. But by and large, the classroom inevitably is a closed situation; both teacher and child can be under tension if an overzealous parent attends in a supervisory or censorious mood.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Come, Summer!

By Mary Newlin Roberts

Come, bird with pointed wing,
Sweet swallow, bring the summer.
Bring the warm winds. Sing
The glad song, bring the golden
summer.
The bee in the clover, the honey
and dew,
The high cloud in the higher
blue—
Sweet swallow, bring the summer.

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This is similarly true for teacher visits in the home; they are not a sure cure for Susan's low school marks. Such visits can produce further strain unless parent, teacher and child all like the idea. It is better to set up a tea or a picnic with a group of parents, children and teachers, or work through the P.T.A. for regular parent-visiting days. The parents' respect for the teacher can be shown indirectly, meanwhile, through complying with school regulations on punctuality, attendance, excuses for absence, and an attitude of respect and approval when discussing the teacher with the child. This should not be taken to mean that I condone hypocrisy; it is my belief that when a child insists that a teacher is mean, or unfair, or distasteful to him, and when the parent discovers that the child's complaint has some basis in truth, then it is the parent's job to face these facts—with the child. It should be pointed out to Johnny that it will do him no good simply to buck the teacher, and blame her for his bad showing; that it will be a real victory for him if he can learn how to work with her regardless of her faults. Meanwhile, steps can be taken through the P.T.A. or the school board to have something done about the teacher herself.

Other weaknesses of the school should be handled in a similarly realistic manner. If there is too much sitting-still in your child's school, and too few sports, get together with your neighbors and plan your own recreational program. Where there is too much activity and social life centering around the school, try to provide a quiet nook in the house for your child—a place for reading, writing, for his own radio programs, for his special hobbies. If you feel, as many do, that your children do not receive adequate personal attention at school, that too can be compensated for at home. Be helpful and friendly about your child's schoolwork. Treat him as a companion, give him responsibilities, let him make choices. Lean a little toward his demands, and deny him only what must be denied for financial, ethical or safety reasons. See that he receives praise for good efforts and gets a hearing on his complaints.

But remember always that while it is your job to help him, you must not overprotect him and thus thwart his own job—which is to grow into a self-reliant person. The greatest personal fault in people of our times is their failure to grow up. Emotional immaturity, a hang-over from childish dependence, acts as a slow poison in all realms of experience, but particularly in the forming of friendships. Nobody but a professional nurse or attendant wants to take over the full-grown dependent. The other day, absent-mindedly, I took my five-year-old and a younger companion to the wrong door of the school. As I was driving off, I noticed their dilemma. What a fine feeling I had when I noticed that, failing to get in, my son took the smaller child firmly by the hand and marched safely a half block away to the right door! These are the small things in life which tell us that the child—*and* the parent—are growing toward independence.

I find that I have used the word "intelligence" rather freely; what exactly does this term mean?

Intelligence is a comprehensive human ability. It is not physical like weight lifting or high jumping; it is not sensory like hearing or seeing or smelling. Intelligence is the ability to carry on thinking by the use of symbols; it demands a form of language such as words or numbers. Intelligence is a readiness to learn, to comprehend, and is different from wisdom, which is acquired slowly and often painfully over decades. Intelligence does not grow indefinitely; it tends to reach a peak in the early twenties, while all of us can throughout a long life span add endlessly to our knowledge and experience.

Some children are so lacking in intelligence as to be designated "feeble-minded." Slowly we are learning through a broader knowledge of man, however, that there are fewer truly feeble-minded children than we previously thought. Some children have been classified as "dumb"—and then have turned out to be defective of speech or hard

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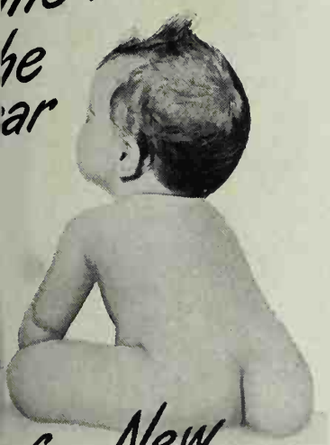
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ABY POWDER
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ne irritation, prickly heat,
and itching. Helps absorb
e perspiration. Borated for
otection.
SOFT! SO WHITE!
OWER-FRAGRANT!

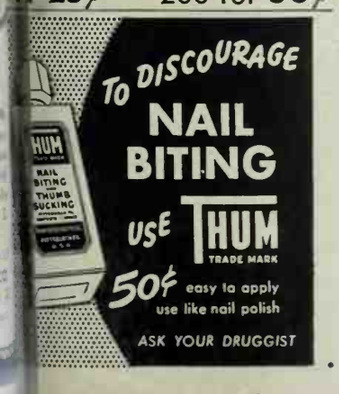


y a single tipped
applicator
elps protect
r baby better!

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your baby, because they're
ipped at *only one end!* Your
ouches only the smooth,
wood shaft—*never* the cotton
's hospital-clean.
e-tipped Mennen Tips-For-
the type of applicators *doc-*
l hospitals use. There's no
cotton tip end to be soiled
y germs! Get Mennen Tips-
s for baby care, for first aid!
safe—and
cal!



Mennen Tips
for Tots
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of hearing. One historic case that is by no means unique is that of the child who was sent home from kindergarten as "feeble-minded" because he spent long hours staring into space, "daydreaming." When it was discovered that the child had spent his infancy almost alone, had been rarely talked to by anyone, had had few toys, then teachers realized that it was quite possible the child was not feeble-minded—but rather that he had never had a chance. Other examples are the children whose mothers have so completely anticipated their every need that they have no volition of their own—and no language: the spoiled child whose basic language is screams and tantrums; the repressed, inhibited child whose fear of causing trouble has rendered him almost silent; and so on. Such children bloom under encouraging and patient teachers. When a child is truly feeble-minded, however, he should be placed in an institution for his own protection and happiness. In order to live satisfactorily, he needs special help; for him the normal, competitive world of work, social life and civic responsibility is altogether baffling—and to ask him to live in it is to place an unnecessary strain upon him and all those who come into contact with him.

At the other end of the intelligence scale, we find children and adults gifted in analysis, invention and creativeness. This group is fairly large in numbers, but is a very small percentage of the population. The best among them are called geniuses.

It is American policy to classify intelligence by means of intelligence tests. There is a variety of these, but all of them are essentially a standardized interview which

You remember what the old colored woman said when asked whether she thought women who marry were happier than those who stayed single: "Them as ain't, ain't; but them as is ain't either."

—WILLIAM JOHNSTON:
These Women. Copyright 1925.
(Rinehart & Company, Inc.)

compares the performance of one individual with that of others of the same age. The result is known as the "mental age"—or, statistically, the intelligence quotient or I.Q.

For example, if Johnny at eight years old can answer test items standard for a twelve-year-old, we say his mental age is 12, and give him an intelligence quotient of twelve-eighths, one and a half. To avoid fractions, we put this into decimals—1.50—and multiply by 100. His I.Q., therefore, is 150. As the French say, this means he is four years ahead of himself—a bright boy.

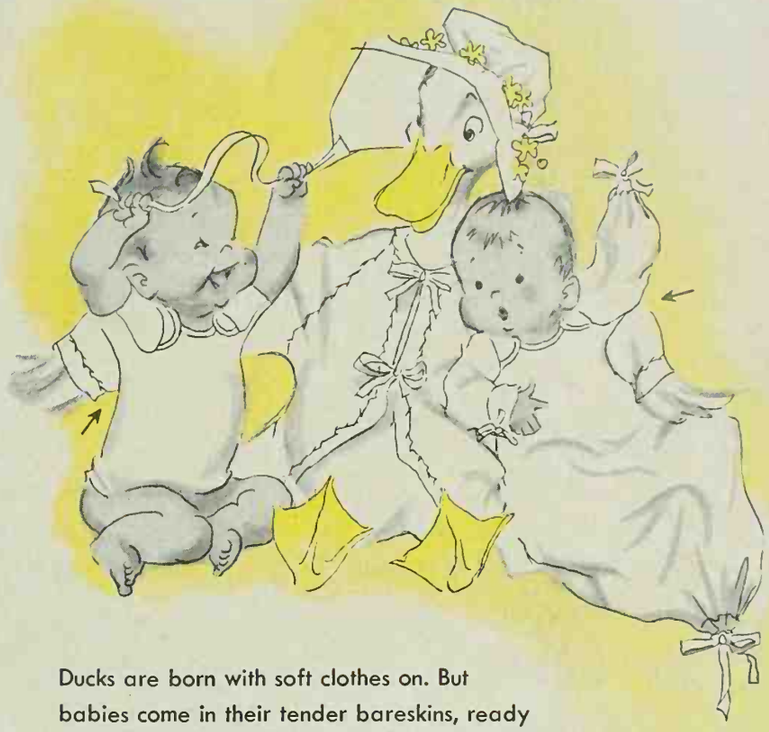
An average I.Q.—when the mental age matches the chronological age—is precisely 100, but the I.Q. is usually called average within the range between 90 and 110. Below 60 or 70 is the dull or feeble-minded group; above 110 begins the "bright" group; above 140 is the genius group.

It is my belief that few parents should ever concern themselves with what their child's I.Q. is; the I.Q., like a blood count or a bacterial rating, is too complicated a device for most parents—and, I might add, for most teachers. It is a measurement which should be determined by a trained tester, and used by the clinician, psychologist or visiting teacher. To be useful it must be related to other knowledge about the child.

The parents can rate their children only in a general way. The best index is all-round school success—intellectual and social. Any departure from either school standards or popularity should be a cause for concern on the part of the parent. Adjustment, progress, eagerness—these are the hallmarks of the healthy, intelligent child. Tests and examinations are confirmations of his basic condition. When a child is failing and appears unhappy, a simplification of his program is needed. Take off some of the pressure. Give him more time, more thought, more affection. Encourage him to talk. Don't let him hug

(Continued on Page 131)

Soft Life for Baby
in time-saving Carter's



Ducks are born with soft clothes on. But babies come in their tender bareskins, ready to duck into soft, soft Carter knits. Nobody but Carter's makes these quick-on Jiffon* necks with ⟶ Nevabind* underarms. No binding or chafing. No button fuss. And, joy, oh joy, how Carter's tub. Each pretty fabric and smooth flat seam stays soft and in shape . . . looks sweet without ironing.

Reading clockwise from little bonnet snatcher
Carter's famous Jiffon-Nevabind shirt. Birth to 3 yrs., 59¢ to 95¢.
Pretty knitted kimono. Pink, blue, or baby white. Birth to 1 yr., $1.65.
Jiffon-Nevabind gowns. Open or closed backs. Birth to 1 yr., $1.65 to $2.
Big "Sis" likes Carter's vests and panties, too. Styles for dress-up or play. 1 to 16 yrs., 65¢ to $1.25 each.
Tyke Top and new no-droop Tyke† pant. 1 to 8 yrs. Each garment, 79¢ to $1.15.
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The "fresh up" family drink!
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fresh up with 7UP it likes you
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(Continued from Page 129)

s worries to himself—they should be scat-
r d around for all to see and understand.
/e all have worries; it is the exclusive,
c et anxiety that is the most damaging.
And don't ever worry about your child's
ecoming "too bright." The bright child is in
fe no relation to the round-shouldered, be-
ectacled bluestocking pariah of the car-
ons; surveys have shown him to be health-
r of better physique than the average;
c e popular and successful—yes, dollar-
is e too—than the majority; and, if he is as
a ned in character and discipline as he is in
a ning, he is as stable as the next man.
r ghter girls have a tendency to more-suc-
s iful-than-average marriages.

The American public-school system, with
l its faults, over the years has provided a
a velous means for the discovery and en-
t ragement of intelligence. In spite of our
o ibles and weakness, our bedevilment with
c nomic and political problems, and the in-
e ising violence and destructiveness of our
n s, I believe that there is a greater amount
i ntelligence in our nation than at any other
t e in history. Concepts in science, tech-
l gy and the social studies, which once
e e thought the province of the intellectual
e, can and must be mastered by huge
a sses of our citizens. This means that we
s t have better schools, and, of course, bet-
t prepared and better-paid teachers. The chief problem of our time is, however, not the technical problem of greater specialization of knowledge, but rather a broadening of the uses of the knowledge of man and his environment to advance human welfare; for unless we learn to live and work together in a more harmonious world, all other problems are as nothing. We have seen that parents and teachers advance the child's welfare most successfully where they understand each other and have learned to co-operate. This may seem a little thing compared with the larger issues of our complicated modern world. In one respect at least this is not true. The child is father to the man. Where, in his early years, he himself has sensed that the spirit of co-operation between home and school redounded to his advantage, he will be predisposed toward working for that co-operation between other and larger groups, which alone can solve the problems of his maturer years.

Many of these problems which must be faced, if the children of today are to be spared the dangers and are to reap the benefits of tomorrow, are already clearly before us. We cannot afford to forget that the attitude we ourselves take toward them is itself a part of the education we are giving our children. Example here, as elsewhere, is more important than precept. We must remember that, for us as well as for our children, peace, prosperity and democracy, like education and like charity, should begin at home.

Bringing up Parents

DR. BARBARA BIBER, Consultant
Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

THERE are more ways than one to skin a kid brother, and aggression doesn't necessarily take the form of a sock on the jaw. In fact, as a child grows older, he learns to be more subtle in his aggressive acts—particularly with his smaller brothers and sisters. Because he loves as well as hates them, it disturbs him to injure them. He finds that indirect aggressions, like teasing and threatening, achieve results without so much strain on his own conscience. After a while he learns how to be aggressive with words alone. Much of the name-calling done by five- and six-year-olds is just slightly more-grown-up aggression. One thing a parent can do about all this is to help the aggressor find suitable substitute ways for expressing his angry feelings. Materials found in modern nursery schools—clay, paints, blocks, tools—are more than creative playthings. They also help a child to blow off steam.



"Billy's is a make-believe gun—but I'm making believe mine is a real one."

CLOROX is FIRST with America's Housewives because it offers BOTH!



1. GENTLER BLEACHING ACTION!

YOU CAN'T FIND A GENTLER BLEACH THAN CLOROX FOR WHITE COTTONS AND LINENS. FOR CLOROX IS ULTRA-REFINED...FREE FROM CAUSTIC AND OTHER HARSH SUBSTANCES...MADE BY AN EXCLUSIVE FORMULA PROTECTED BY U.S. GOVERNMENT PATENT! CONSERVE YOUR LINENS WITH CLOROX!

2. GREATER DISINFECTING EFFICIENCY!



BECAUSE CLOROX IS FREE FROM CAUSTIC, IT NOT ONLY BLEACHES MORE GENTLY...IT WORKS FASTER IN KILLING HARMFUL GERMS ...DOES A BETTER JOB OF DISINFECTING! GIVE YOUR FAMILY THE EXTRA HEALTH PROTECTION OF A CLOROX-CLEAN HOME!



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CLOROX BLEACHES • REMOVES STAINS • DEODORIZES • DISINFECTS

There's only one CLOROX... it's always uniform... always dependable!

Spun-lo is a family matter



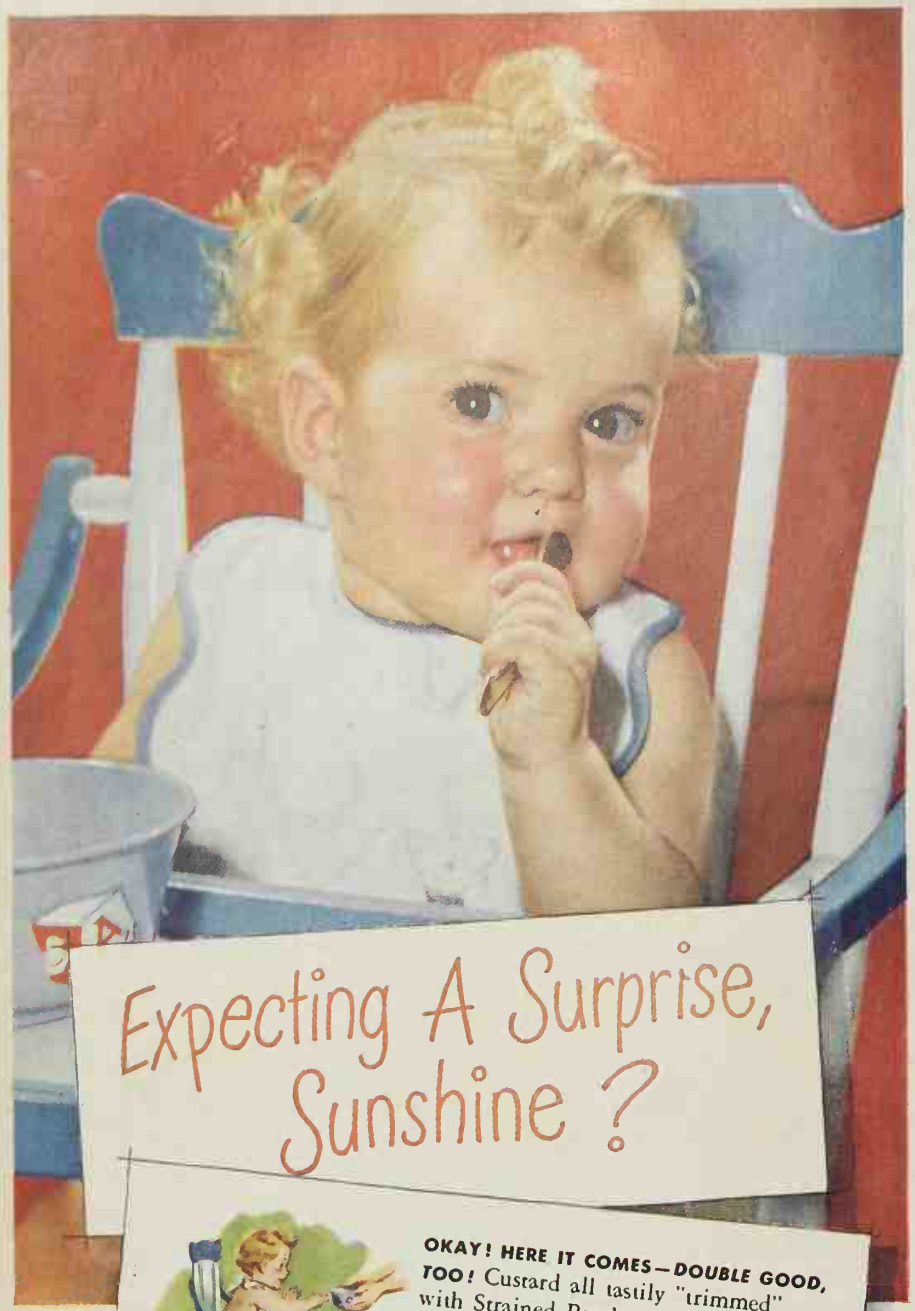
So perfectly does wonderful, flexible Spun-lo fabric meet every underwear requirement—it's first choice with the whole family! Grandma likes its soft, pliant knit that means comfort always; mother . . . its trim, sleek lines; and it's so sturdily made for active little sister, it earns the name of "wonderwear"! For all—there's easy, jiffy tubbing with no need for ironing. Ask for undies of Spun-lo Rayon at knit underwear departments . . . everywhere.

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NEW YORK OFFICE: 500 FIFTH AVE.



Relax With Your Baby!

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN
President, Chicago Board of Health

AS a young doctor years ago, I was baffled, time and time again, when I could find nothing at all the matter with a baby whose mother reported constant crying and fussing, and failure to gain weight. There were many possible causes for these symptoms, I knew. Yet, in the light of our knowledge at that time, the most careful examination of the baby in question failed to show anything wrong, and the most exacting supervision of the baby's food failed to bring about any improvement.

Since those early days I have seen hundreds of similar cases, and now know that I couldn't find anything the matter with the babies because the trouble was with the mothers. For the nervous, tense, oversolicitous or overtired mother may transmit her nervousness to her baby just as easily as she may give him a cold or other infection. Instead of becoming physically sick, however, the baby in this case becomes sick or upset emotionally, and responds with his own infantile expressions of nervous tension: fussiness, irritability, wakefulness and, in severe cases, digestive upsets that may interfere with weight gain.

In many of these cases, one of the underlying causes of the mother's nervousness is simply fear that she may not be caring for her baby properly, doing all the things that need to be done every day in the right way and at the right time. These are not necessarily conscious fears. A mother may admit nothing more than intense love for her baby and deep concern for his welfare, yet the truth may be that she is subconsciously afraid—not of the baby himself, but of her own imagined inability to care for him adequately.

If you suspect that this may be the case with you, ask yourself these questions:

1. Do I feel hurried and rushed all the time, as though the days were too short for all I have to do? Do I feel I can never get done unless I keep going at top speed?

2. Do I return to the baby's room time after time when he is asleep, just to reassure myself that he hasn't kicked off the covers, or become tangled up in the bedclothes?

3. Do I get upset every time the baby cries, and alarmed whenever he coughs, sneezes or spits up, fearing that he ma ill?

4. If the baby is not breast fed, do I w when I am preparing the formula, other food, for fear that I may be d it wrong?

5. Am I afraid of dropping or injurin baby when I am bathing him?

6. Do I keep changing the baby's clot turning the radiators on and off, or ope and closing the windows, believing the r may be too hot or too cold?

7. Do I take the child in my bed with when he is ill or upset (for example, after older child has had his tonsils out)?

If you have to answer "yes" to all t questions, or most of them, there may chance that you are becoming the kin

(Continued on Page 135)

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

A baby can be affected by his mother's emotions. If she is nervous and tense, he is likely to become fussy, irritable and wakeful.
PHOTO BY RUTH NICHOLS





Costumes from the permanent collection of the Brooklyn Museum

uess who stopped the fashion parade in 1858?

Beautiful belles in last-word fashions . . . ah, yes! ut it was cuddly great-great-grandmama, going ye-bye in her new Whitney—the brand-new con-aption—that really tied up traffic.

But then, when it comes to making folks stop id admire . . . that newfangled Whitney Carriage ninety years ago had nothing on the luxurious, ashionable Whitney Folding Coach of today.

Today's Whitney is the very last word, too. It has self-centering Steer-O-Matic Wheels.*

Think of it! A carriage that turns corners automatically just guided by your fingertips. And it comes in the loveliest of fashion colors.

See the beautiful new 1948 Whitney Folding Coach at your favorite store before you decide on the carriage for *your* baby.

The Only baby carriage with
Steer-O-Matic Wheels . . . *



Blue suit by Seymour Fox

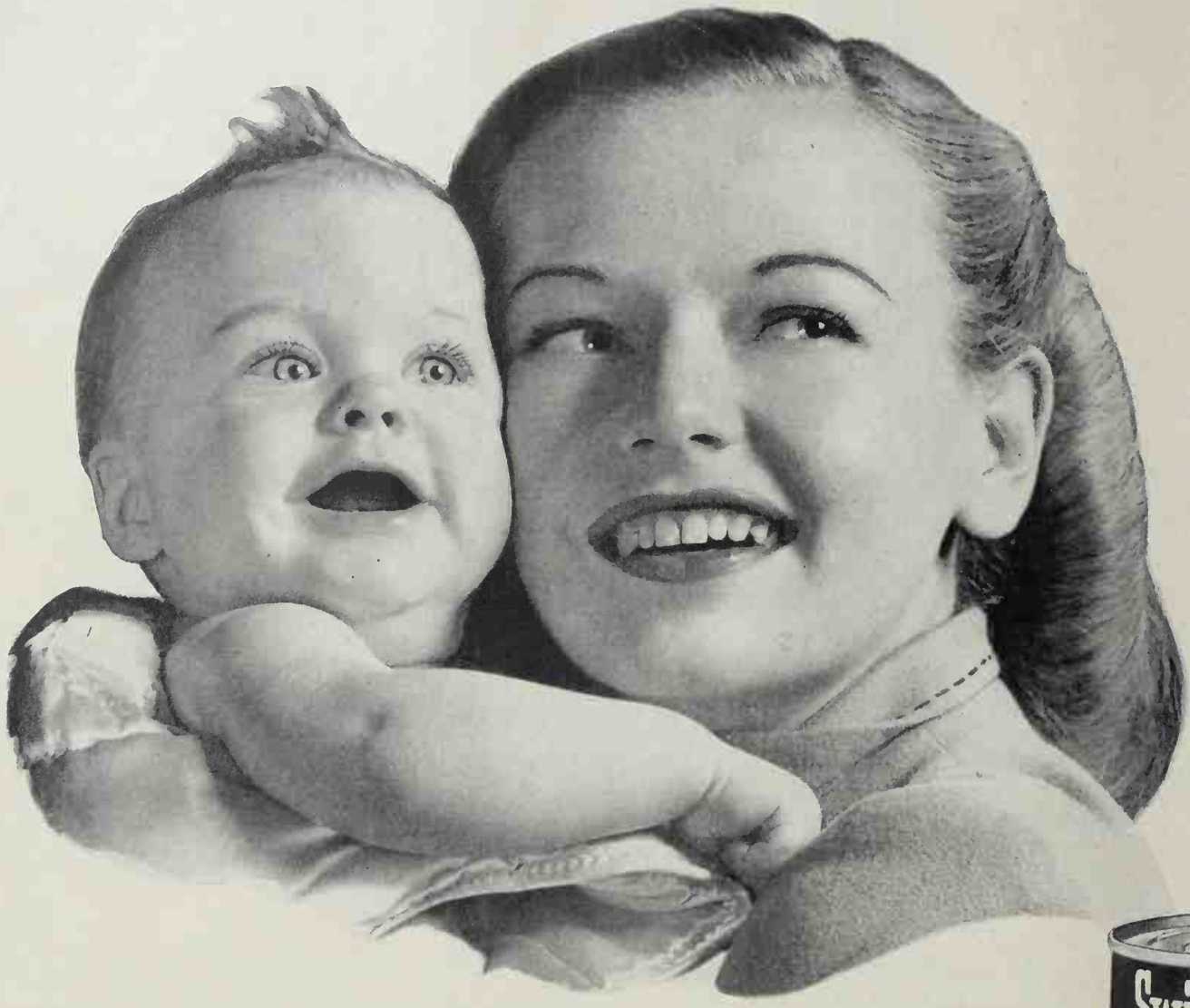
COMING? *Write for FREE booklet, "For Babies Only." Send 50¢ ps or check) for "Let's Plan Your Baby's Nursery," a new illustrated , packed with ideas for things you and your husband can make . . . es designed by leading editors . . . economical planning. Address M5,* F. A. Whitney Carriage Company, Leominster, Mass.

Whitney BABY CARRIAGES CRIBS JUVENILE FURNITURE · HAMPERS

1858 1948

*Pat. under the Jonkhoff System.

To little babies...
MEAT makes a big difference!



Always look for the name SWIFT . . . first in Meats for Babies

Meat makes a difference! Meat makes for a better start in life . . . shown by scientific test feedings to babies as young as six weeks of age.† When Swift's Strained Meats were added to their formula, how these infants thrived! They were healthier, more satisfied, slept better, cried less—and had good red blood—better than babies who received no meat! With Swift's Strained Meats—specially prepared for tiny stomachs—it's easy to start your own baby on meat as early as two months or less!*

Meat—for firm, sturdy bodies

Swift's Strained Meats give your baby an abundance of the complete, high-quality proteins he must get for sturdy growth . . . the B vitamins, and blood-building iron he needs to avoid anemia. Swift's Strained Meats for Babies are 100% meat—not mixtures. Feeding foods *separately* acquaints baby with new, distinctive flavors and textures—helps him form sound, sensible eating habits. Serve all six Swift's Strained or Swift's Diced Meats for tempting variety: beef, lamb, pork, veal, liver and heart. Time savers—they're ready to heat and serve. At your food store now.

† *Meat in the Diet of Young Infants—Leverton and Clark, Journal of the American Medical Association (August 9, 1947) Vol. 134—pp. 1215-1216.*

***ASK YOUR DOCTOR** *how soon and how much Swift's Strained Meats to feed. (Usually 1 teaspoon is enough to start—the amount may be gradually increased as baby grows older.)*

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

All nutritional statements made in this advertisement are accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.



Economic
All meat
No waste

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(Confidentially, they're a hit with the whole family!)

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SWIFT QUALITY FOODS

SWIFT... *foremost name in meats*

...*first with 100% Meats for Babies*

(Continued from Page 132)

ul, oversolicitous mother whose family iness will eventually suffer unless better rstanding and more sensible conduct are ved.

ually this is not difficult to do. I have d that many mothers, for example, are d tremendously by the simple device of ng down everything that needs to be for the baby during the day, then cing off each task as it is performed. e the list carefully, consulting your doc- o make sure that everything essential is l. If you have trouble remembering the ingredients and amounts in the baby's ula, make a list of these, too, and thumb- the list to the wall over the work in the kitchen.

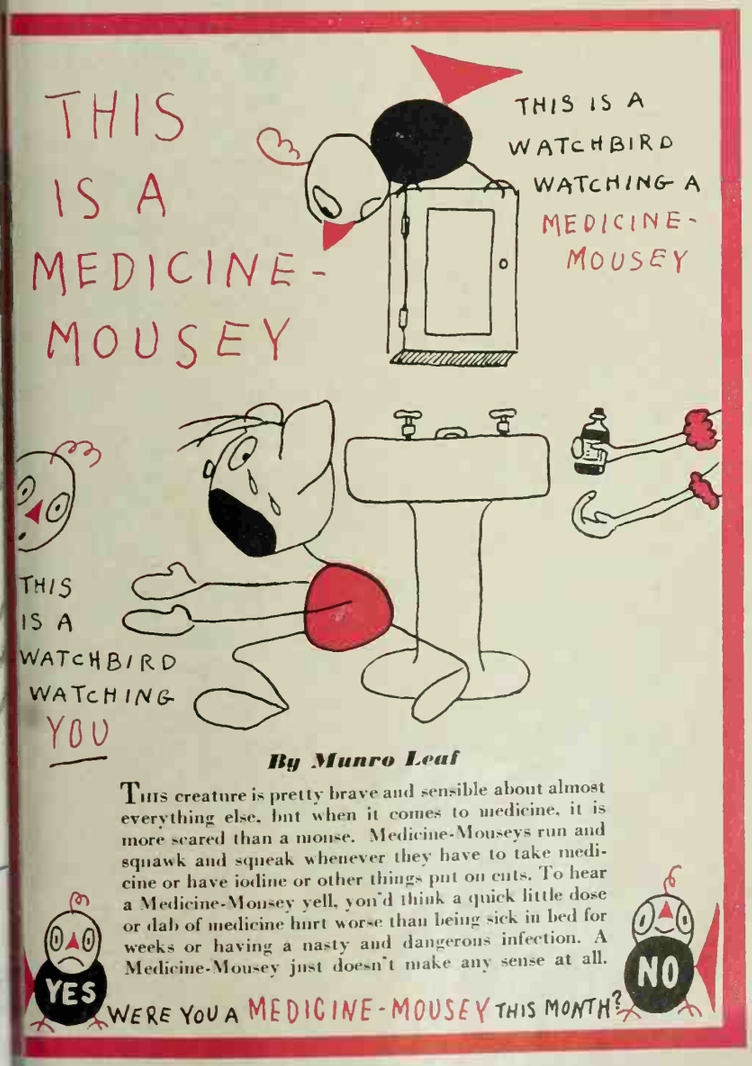
f you follow this suggestion, I believe you find that you have been doing some s that weren't necessary. Use the list od as long as you need to, until the e routine becomes such a fixed habit you feel you could do it in your sleep! hat time, you will discover that your have become easier and your fears and es about the schedule have disappeared. me mothers need more help than this to how to relax with their babies. A talk the family doctor about your problems be just the right medicine for you. a doctor on call to look after the baby should become sick, and with all the lent articles and books on baby care are available now, there is little reason ny mother today to feel inadequate to for her baby.

course, in some cases, the cause of the er's nervousness may not be such fears is. In these days of housing shortage, xample, crowded living quarters may be stant source of irritation and upset to usy mother. When mother and father baby have to get along in one room, or families are doubled up so that privacy possible to achieve, the wear and tear on s may easily be severe enough to affect baby unpleasantly.

In doubled-up families, there are only too often conflicting opinions about how to care for the baby, or, in the case of an older child, even contradictory orders to the child himself. This is unfair to the youngster. The adults in the household may differ in private, but they must realize that as far as the child is concerned, argument and divided authority are absolutely wrong and may do great harm. Someone must have the final say, and since the parents are responsible for the child, they are the ones to have it.

Money and job worries and family interferences are also frequent causes of the kind of emotional conflict that may eventually cause the baby, as well as the parents, to suffer. Often, of course, there is no quick or easy way to remedy many of these underlying causes of nervous tension. However, if you understand that it is the size of your apartment, or the necessity for giving up a spare room to a relative, that is keeping you in a "state," you can arrange to get away for a few hours of needed relief every week. If necessary, let your husband take care of the baby while you go to the movies or visit friends. Then it will be much easier for you to control your nerves and refrain from nagging at the child or, worse yet, losing your temper in front of him. Even the small baby suffers when emotional storms occur, and the older, imitative child may soon copy bad habits from a mother who screams or a father who shouts. *This must not be allowed to happen.*

Whatever the cause of nervousness may be, it is always tremendously aggravated by fatigue or poor health on the part of the mother. The doctor's assurance that there is nothing physically the matter with you or your baby is always an important bulwark against unnecessary worry, and a systematic daily rest period for mother as well as for baby will do wonders for mother's state of mind. Finally, a common-sense attitude of evaluating the family situation, and accepting and following faithfully the advice of your doctor, will help you to achieve the serenity that characterizes the ideal family. THE END





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A complete and authoritative plan to

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from infancy to adolescence

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I am interested in learning more about Childcraft. Please send me the beautiful, illustrated book describing it. I understand that there is no obligation.

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Address .....

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☐ *I would be interested in having a representative call at my home.*

☐ *I am interested in securing a Childcraft franchise in my community.*

When baby's peevish because of

"Childhood Constipation"



...give Fletcher's Castoria!



"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

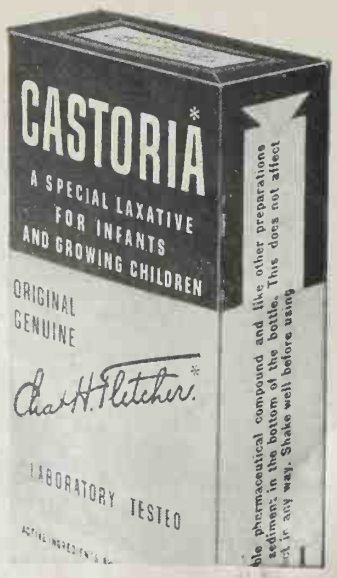
WHEN your baby's happy smile disappears... when he's fussy and peevish merely because of "Childhood Constipation"... be a wise mother and do this: give him *Fletcher's Castoria.*

Thoraugh and effective—yet so gentle, it won't upset sensitive digestive systems.

Made especially for children—contains no harsh drugs, will not cause griping or discomfort.

So pleasant-tasting—children love it and take it gladly without any struggle.

***Get Fletcher's Castoria** at your drug-store today. Be sure you see the green band and the Charles H. Fletcher signature on the package—then you will know that what you are getting is the original and genuine.*



Chas H. Fletcher

The original and genuine

CASTORIA

IS YOUR RADIO ON NOW?

(Continued from Page 61)

"Blue Book" of the Federal Communications Commission, which said that many radio stations were not living up to their responsibility to provide public service. It reminded broadcasters that in seeking their licenses they had made numerous promises to serve the public, but that random checks of numerous stations revealed that many—including some of the largest and best known—stations were not performing in accordance with their promises. The commission went on to make a dire threat: it said that in the future, when station owners applied for license renewals, the commissioners would consider the extent to which they had fulfilled their pledges during the term just ended.

In other words, if a station had promised to devote 30 per cent of its time to non-commercial sustaining programs, and actually used only 5 per cent of its time for such purposes, the commission would not give a renewal. Or, if a station had promised to serve the farmers in its area by broadcasting farm information such as market and weather reports, and then presented them only at an hour of the day when farmers just couldn't get to the radio, the commission would regard this as a breach of faith and refuse a new license.

THESE were very grave threats indeed. Licenses often sell for more than a million dollars each, and a denial of a renewal would wipe out the station owners' most valuable property. Naturally some of them resented the commission's order bitterly.

And while the commission has refused to retract its criticisms, it decided to drop the hot potato. It has said nothing more about program service and has renewed the licenses of two of the stations which were previously singled out as horrible examples.

Perhaps the Blue Book approach, which is really another word for what Teddy Roosevelt used to call the "big stick," is all wrong. Threats on one side invariably evoke hostility from the other side. The bitter debate over the Blue Book produced a great deal of smoke but very little light. It is difficult to compel people to produce something as vague as good program service. As any golf pro can tell you, it's easier to demonstrate what you mean than to explain in words what's wrong with someone's form.

A more harmonious solution, as I have said above, might result if the Government kept some of its frequencies and used them to operate stations which would serve as good examples to the whole industry. It could put its theories to the test, and determine once and for all whether it is possible to produce the kind of results it has asked others to produce. This is regulation by competition, rather than by enforcement.

In effect, it is what the Canadian government has done for almost twenty years. It is also what the city of New York, in a more modest way, has been doing for an even longer time—and no one in radio would deny that the excellent performance of the city-owned WNYC, even though it broadcasts only in the daytime, has raised the quality standard of all stations in New York City by its competition and example. Of course WNYC has lost its stellar performer, the late Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, but it still manages to attract large audiences with fascinating music, unbiased market and shopping services, and authoritative health and medical advice. And, of course, it has no commercial interruptions. Early in the La Guardia administration it broadcast the proceedings of the city council, but when Tammany regained control of the council, one of its first acts was to bar the microphones from the room. Undaunted, the enterprising and politically independent WNYC staff has now substituted for the city fathers a legislative body which does not share Tammany Hall's shyness: the United Nations Security Council.

ROUND THE CLOCK WITH BAB

PRESENTS

Cotton Tails



What a buy! 400 cotton-tipped, 3-inch "Cotton-Tail" applicators in re-usable decoroted glass jar. Chormingly gift-boxed! **$1.00.** A member of the *Round-The-Clock-With-Baby* family of inexpensive, scientific boby needs. Box of 100 "Cotton-Tails" for refill . . . **$.25.** *Glosco Products Co., Chicogo, Ill.*



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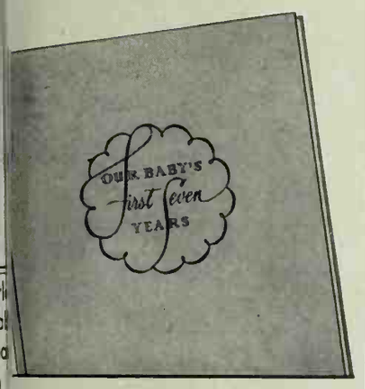
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What the City of New York has done and what the Canadian government has done can easily be done by our Federal Government. According to radio engineers and accountants, the cost of presenting a well-balanced schedule of radio programs would not greatly exceed $10,000,000 a year, which is approximately the annual cost of maintaining the National Park Service, an extremely valuable activity which gives pleasure and education to millions each year, but which does not begin to reach the number of people who would derive pleasure and education every day from such a broadcasting network. This would break down to about two cents a year for each of the country's 60,000,000 radio sets, or about one tenth the price of a day's admission to a national park.

The three channels could give a choice of three types of programs transmitted simultaneously throughout the country. One might be an *information and educational* channel; a second could be reserved for *cultural* programs such as symphonies, drama and literature; and a third might be devoted entirely to *light music.*

Let's see what kind of programs we could hear on these stations:

For example, Channel 1, which might be called the Information and Educational Channel, would be especially designed for the people who complain that there isn't enough news on the radio, and who look to the radio for stimulating and thorough discussion of the issues of the day. It would also provide instructive talks on science, history and other branches of knowledge, which are becoming more and more important as background to the day's news. It would give sound advice on health, food and child care.

What a man fears determines his character.

—PAUL ELDRIDGE: Horns of Gloss (Horbinger House).

Commercial stations steer away from this sort of "brain appeal" as from the plague, because it attracts smaller audiences than soap operas.

Some of the most pressing problems of modern life have to do with the political and social life of mankind. "What shall we do with the atom bomb?"; "How shall we conduct relations with Russia?"; and "What can we do to improve public health?" are all questions which bring out our differences in political thinking. If our radio stations duck these questions, they will fail to provide us with some of the information we direly need. If they discuss them, they will be accused of being Government propaganda mouthpieces. This confronts us with a very tough problem. Perhaps the best solution would be to divorce the stations from the control of the current Administration, so that they would not be subservient in any way to the party in power. This could be done by setting up a foundation, whose nonpolitical board of directors would have complete charge of the network. The directors would be prominent Americans, representing various walks of life, and appointed for long terms by the President. In presenting controversial matter, the foundation would be guided by one primary rule: All sides of important questions should be heard; conflicting viewpoints should receive equal opportunities. This is the American principle of free speech; it is based on the belief that if the people hear all sides, they will choose the right one.

Our two other channels would be devoted to entertainment. Channel 2 would fulfill the desire of many people for a continuous performance of light music, uninterrupted by any announcement, sacred or profane. In large cities throughout the country thousands of restaurants, hotels, factories and hospitals get a pleasant and unobtrusive musical background by subscribing to a commercial music organization, which pipes its programs by wire. There are no spoken announcements. If you want to know the name of a selection, you can find it by check-

(Continued on Page 139)

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(Continued from Page 137)

ig a little timetable schedule against your watch, or by telephoning the office. Hundreds of thousands of people who cannot afford this service would like to have the pleasure of snapping on the dial, sitting down to table, and hearing a pleasant and uninterrupted dinner concert without having to get up every fifteen minutes to switch from station to station, and without interruptions for spiels about laxatives and headache powders. A great many people like to read or write to music, or to fall asleep to music, if it comes in a steady stream. This program would have an enormous popularity throughout the country, but no commercial broadcaster could attempt it because, carrying *no* advertising—nor any other speech, for that matter—it simply couldn't pay for itself. We certainly have no right to ask our station licensees to submit to bankruptcy, and yet it would be easy and cheap for us to provide a full-time musical service for ourselves, through our Government.

Channel 3 would broadcast the great classics of music, literature and drama. Many stations avoid what they call "high-brow" programs—they claim that there is very little audience for them. Yet the Philharmonic Symphony, which has been carried for years by CBS, has one of the largest and most faithful audiences in radio. The well-known "Third Program" of the British Broadcasting Company, in spite of its extremely "heavy" nature, has attracted an audience estimated at about a million in a country with a much smaller population and much lower general level of education than our own. It proclaims unashamedly that it broadcasts "the greatest works" of music, drama, poetry, and the best obtainable literary and scientific addresses.

Of course there are those who will attack a proposal for a nationwide program schedule of this sort as snobbish. But certainly the people who want more great music on the air, and who want the recognized classics of drama and literature to be more widely available, are no more snobs than the men and women who braved a hostile majority a hundred years ago in order to create our public-school system. The improvement and elevation of taste is a respected tradition of civilizations everywhere. The real snobs are the ones who want to keep the great treasures of our culture for a select few.

These, then, are the sets of programs that I should like to see the Government broadcast. They are rather top-heavy on the serious side, I admit, but that's intentional. For these new stations are intended merely to fill in the gaps which have been left by existing commercial stations and networks; not to supplant them. I have intentionally omitted, for example, the whole field of variety shows and popular music because I don't think we can improve on what commercial radio is now doing. It would be hard for any government to be funnier than Fred Allen, or to outdo any of our top dance bands or singers.

One of the gaps that most urgently require attention is the whole field of programs for children. This need is great enough to merit a separate station; but since most listening by children occurs during a few hours of the day, it would be more effective to have programs for children on all three channels during some of the afternoon and early-evening hours. And after all, children, like adults, have a whole range of interests, and there is no reason why they, too, should not have a certain amount of choice. At present, of course, programs for children consist largely of hair-raising adventure, "killer-thrillers" and "cliff-hangers," with offerings of toy pistols and detective badges to the most industrious box-top collectors.

In so far as these stations would create a better-informed citizenry, adult and child, they would easily justify every penny of their expense. How can we measure the value of preventing juvenile delinquency?

And how shall we measure the value of wiser citizens? We glibly recite that ours is a government in which all citizens are rulers. And while we all agree that the Founding Fathers had a great idea, we seldom stop to realize what an enormous burden it places on our shoulders. Each of us participates in the very top governing unit, the electorate. If this system is to work out, each of us has the duty to study the major policy questions that face the nation as thoroughly as the members of the Supreme Court study the facts of the cases which come before them. And yet, while 90 per cent of our people are literate, and about the same percentage have radios in their homes, public-opinion polls show that we are shockingly ignorant about things that affect us vitally. The Gallup Poll reveals that only about one third of the people who had heard or read about the San Francisco Conference to create the United Nations seemed "to have a reasonably correct idea of what it planned to take up." And the Washington Post found that 28 per cent of the residents of the nation's capital could *not* name *a single* Cabinet member.

These figures, and the results of innumerable similar tests, constitute an indictment of our press and radio. But the improvement of the situation is primarily radio's job, because the radio reaches many people who seldom see newspapers. In this complicated third year after Hiroshima we must all learn, and learn quickly. The radio is an instrument which can serve us well, and help our democracy work under the extreme stress of these difficult years. Its vast potentialities have been but dimly realized. We can make fuller use of it. THE END



"We could ask the Bentleys, they're vegetarians."



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THE HAT

(Continued from Page 47)

ry fruit, grain and flower ever grown in ange County. Edie's hat would look right home on that table."

'Oh, mother!" cried Edie.

'Except," said Mrs. Carmichael, "that se horns of plenty were of natural- ored straw, while this hat"—she paused, rching the room for some object with ich to compare it—"while this hat," she cluded, "is an indescribable color."

'Oh, mother," cried Edie again, "it isn't! ; flamingo red."

'I've always considered red a nice warm or," said Mr. Carmichael.

'This is the warmest red, if it *is* red," eed Mrs. Carmichael, "you ever laid eyes And its size!" Once again Mrs. Car- hael's eyes searched the kitchen without ling a comparable object. "It's just un- evable," she said, shaking her head.

' Which all adds up to saying, I gather," l Mr. Carmichael, "that this hat Edie its is large and flowered. Is that right, e? Is that the way it strikes you?"

'he way the hat struck Edie was so over- elming that she felt she would have to ch the whole world to find any compari- which would explain it, herself or the way felt about it. The hat was summertime. vas all of summer's warmth and bounty color caught up in straw and flowers. , and in fruit, too, for there were cherries he hat, and two or three heads of wheat gracefully above the fruit and flowers. vas deep and broad like summer. It ed soft scallops of shadow, like summer lows under the densest s, to fall across her . It was like a poem; as as much, "The rose full bloom, the riches Flora are lavishly wn," as though Keats been thinking of it n he wrote. The per- wearing that hat would anguorous, gentle and ate.

Life is like traveling in an open car with one's back to the horses: you see the path, you have an indistinct notion of the sides, but none whatever of where you are going.
—LADY BURTON.

rying it on in the store, Edie had felt le, helpless and clinging. Looking at elf, in the store mirror, with that hat on had seen how she would look, glancing alingly upward at Wilbur from under flower-laden brim.

Well, Edie?" asked her father.

Oh, yes!" said Edie. "That's how it es me. May I call the store and say ll come in tonight to look at it?"

There's no rush, is there?" asked Mr. ichael. "Could look Monday as well as ht, couldn't we?"

ERE'S so little rush," said Mrs. Car- ael, "that that hat's been at the S.Q.R. March and it will still be there in ber. Edie is the only person in the world would look at it, let alone wear it."

t was intended for me," Edie declared, ate. It's been saved for me."

n that case," said Mr. Carmichael, e's no rush about getting into town, is ? If it's being saved for you?"

he rush," said Edie, "is because I want wear to the beach tomorrow. That is, if pprove of it, daddy."

'hat's the idea, Edie?" asked her -. "A hat to the beach? You usually put ur bathing cap before we leave the ."

omorrow," said Edie, "I'm not going to imming. I'm going to walk about and ve."

ou're not going to be able to observe . Edie," said her mother, "with that nging down over your eyes."

e ignored this. "Father, may or may call the S.Q.R. and say you'll look at u don't have to promise to buy it or . Only to look at it."

guess looking never did any harm," Ir. Carmichael.

ow you've gone and done it," said Mrs. chael when Edie had gone.

one what?" asked Mr. Carmichael. "Promised her that monstrosity. And all in the world she wants it for is to parade around Balboa in it tomorrow hoping that Wilbur will catch sight of her."

"Is Wilbur at Balboa?"

"His family is. And as far as I know they haven't abandoned him."

"I didn't promise to buy the hat," protested Mr. Carmichael.

"Oh, you'll buy it, all right," Mrs. Carmichael told him, "and you know it."

Wearing the hat, Edie felt just as she had known she would: gentle and fragile and drooping. Beautiful too. Running, with it on, would be utterly out of the question. Even sitting had its difficulties, for the hat with its burden of fruits and flowers had to be balanced just so.

"FATHER," she called from the back seat, "will you please roll up your window? It's blowing my hat."

"Edie," said Mr. Carmichael, "it's at least ninety in here now and I'm not going to roll this window up another inch. We're barely getting enough fresh air to keep us alive as it is."

"It's blowing the flowers off my hat," cried Edie.

"A few will never be missed," said Mr. Carmichael.

Mrs. Carmichael leaned across her husband and rolled up his window.

"How I could signal, if the need suddenly arose, I don't know," Mr. Carmichael told her, "apart from the fact that I'm suffocating right now."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Carmichael. "Besides, we'll be there in a few minutes."

The hat, now that the wind no longer pushed under its broad brim, settled, heavy and reassuring, upon Edie's head.

Suffocating! How ridiculous! Edie felt just right. Warm—summery warm, of course—but though the car windows were tightly closed she could feel the freshness of the sea breeze which was bending the brown grass by the roadside, shaking the palm fronds, ruffling the white Leghorns' tails up over their backs like untidy skirts. She could smell the strange salt freshness of the sea, the far, non-land scent of its never-quiet water; and suddenly, in a little gap between two brown hills, she saw the sea itself, blue in the hot air, rippling and glinting under the sun like the scales of big silver-blue fish. Edie sighed so deeply with pleasure that her hat rocked unsteadily and she righted it, holding it for a minute with both hands at just the angle which she hoped it would have when Wilbur saw her.

Because Wilbur would see her, of course. It was impossible to believe that the one hat in the world right for her should have been saved for her from March to August in the S.Q.R. Store, and that she, having become its owner, would be in the same town with Wilbur, without his seeing it and her.

After her father parked the car, he got out his own and her mother's bathing suits and the two of them stood looking at her.

"Well, times change," said Mr. Carmichael. "Times change. I never thought I'd live to see the day, Edie, when you'd elect to tramp up and down the boardwalk on a hot day instead of going swimming."

"I'm going to walk and observe," said Edie, holding onto her hat, which was hard to control in the stiff sea breeze which was blowing. "I'm getting a little old for just sporting around in the water."

"Observe," said Mr. Carmichael, seriously regarding her. "I can only hope, Edie, the shoe won't be too decidedly on the other foot."

"Now, William," said Mrs. Carmichael; and though she wasn't ordinarily a mother

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much given to kissing, she managed to get sufficiently under the brim of Edie's hat to give her a loving kiss. "You're all right, Edith," she said. "That hat's a little unusual, but I don't know that I'd want a daughter of mine trigged out like everyone else. Have a good time. And I hope you see Wilbur."

"Oh, mother," said Edie earnestly; knowledge of her mother's knowing was as comforting as confession after sin.

"Run on now," said Mrs. Carmichael.

"We'll meet you at Tiny's at four," said her father, "and have some ice cream before we go home."

At first, so certain was Edie that she would see Wilbur that she walked along the boardwalk, really observing and truly, except for the difficulties she had keeping her hat righted, enjoying the sights and smells of the town and the sea. Now and then, in front of a plate-glass window which served her as mirror, she admired her hat and got it on straight again and poked up the stray hairs which kept dangling down out of her not very solid kid-curler curls. Her mother had tried to persuade her not to wear a middy and skirt, saying they didn't go well with her hat. She was glad she hadn't listened to her. A middy was a nautical costume, and where was there any place, unless you actually went to sea, more nautical than the seashore? Looking at herself in the plate-glass windows she passed, Edie was very content with what she saw: under the large hat her neck looked slender and reedlike, a blossom's stem; her eyes were shadowed, her entire aspect gentle and even, she thought, mysterious. She was glad she had worn her high-heeled patent-leather pumps too. They made her teeter a little, but a swaying gait, she thought, suited the day and the hat; and, besides, denied in the sharpest way possible the hoyden she was afraid she had been at the party Wilbur had left.

What with observing, keeping her hat on straight and her hair from straggling, and practicing on occasional strangers the look of melting surprise with which she planned to greet Wilbur, the first hour went by quickly. After the quietness of the ranch, the sights and sounds of a beach town on a Sunday afternoon were almost too exciting to be borne.

First, there was the strange light touch of the penetrating wind off the sea on her warm inland body. A wind which struck through the white drill of her middy and skirt as if they didn't exist, cooling and burning at the same time. There was the constant, half-heard beat of the surf, hissing as it ran smoothly up the sand, thundering as it crashed against the breakwater.

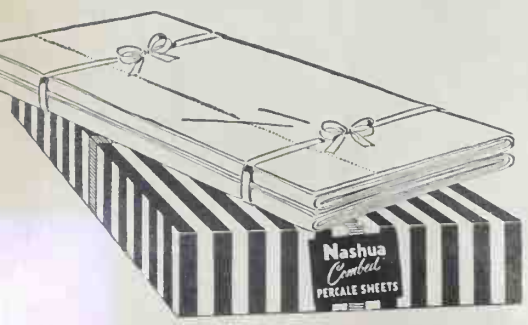
THERE were all the smells: salt and seaweeds and fish and water and wind. There were all the human smells of the hundreds of people who filled the boardwalk. Ladies in print dresses with open parasols smelling like passing gardens; men and women in bathing suits with their scents of sun-tan oil and lotions and balms. There were the smells of the eating places: mustard and onions, hamburgers frying, and the sudden sharp smell of stacks of dill pickles, brisk in the nose as an inhalation of sea water. And outside these places, some in the middle of the boardwalk like miniature, landlocked seas, were the glass tanks where passers-by might admire the grace and color of their dinners before eating them. It was hard to say who did the most looking: the fish outward from their sidewalk aquariums, at the strange, pale, gill-less pedestrians; or the pedestrians inward at the finny swimmers.

Edie liked them both. Solemn fish and passers-by, some also solemn, with problems sun and water had not made them forget. For the first hour, this was enough for Edie: being a part of this abundance and knowing that at any minute she would see Wilbur. For Wilbur didn't swim. He was too thin and thoughtful for anything so simply watery and muscular. And it wasn't only that he couldn't. Wilbur was uninterested in the composition of water. That he already knew. But the beach on Sunday and all its people? What was the formula for that?



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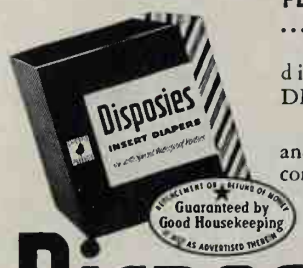
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Wilbur would certainly be out as she was, walking, observing, wondering. And in a town of one street how could she miss him?

Then, suddenly, the first hour was gone by, it was past three; already the wind seemed a little sharper, the sun less bright, the boardwalk less crowded. More of her hair had come uncurled, her hat took more righting to keep straight; occasional stabs of pain shot up the calves of her legs, unaccustomed to the pull of high heels. A thought, with the swiftness of a stone dropping through water, settled in her mind: *He isn't coming; I won't see him.* It was a possibility which had not occurred to her before. She had supposed he would *have* to come. The hat was for him. The day was for him. How could she possibly, without seeing him, meet her father and mother, say yes, say no, eat ice cream, get into the car, go home, take off her hat, go to bed, sleep?

It was fifteen after three. At first she had wanted Wilbur to see her first. Now she searched every figure, every slight, short man's or boy's figure, for as far distant as she could see, saying, *Be Wilbur.* So strongly did she will it that she thought she might, by determination alone, transform a stranger into Wilbur.

It was three-thirty. It was fifteen of four. Her hat was on one side, her mouth weary from practicing her smile on strangers, the pleat out of her freshly starched skirt, her feet mere stumps of pain. Still, she would not give up. *Wilbur, appear; Wilbur, appear,* she willed.

Wilbur appeared: crossing the street a block away, small and neat and thin in white-duck pants and a white shirt. He crossed and turned toward Edie. In two minutes or three

Enjoy your little whilst the fool seeks more.

he would see her, and the hat, and her new gentleness. All tiredness and pain left her. She had just time to resettle her hat, give her uncurled hair a quick comb upward. To do this she took off her hat, stood on tiptoe, and with fingers trembling from excitement managed to place it on top of one of the rectangular glass aquariums conveniently standing before her in the middle of the sidewalk.

Before she herself understood what had happened, someone was jovially yelling, "Hey, sis, bread crumbs is what you feed them," and there was her hat, slowly, gracefully settling among the startled fish.

The man who had yelled was a short fat man, wearing pants but without a shirt or an undershirt. He had sand in the hair on his chest—like dandruff, Edie thought wildly, unable for shame to raise her eyes to his face.

"What's the idea, sis?" he asked.

Forcing her eyes away from the sandy dandruff, Edie saw that her hat, still gradually, gracefully foundering, was bleeding flamingo red very strongly, so that the fish now swam in sunset waters.

"I thought it had a top," she whispered.

"The hat, sis?" asked the shirtless man.

"The glass place for the fish," Edie whispered. "I thought it had a top."

"It didn't, sis."

"I was resting my hat on it," Edie whispered, "while I fixed my hair."

"You was resting your hat on air, sis."

"It dropped," said Edie. "It fell right out of my hands."

"Gravity, sis," said the fat man. "It was gravity."

"Will it make the fish sick?" asked Edie.

"Make 'em die, sis, in my opinion. Make 'em all puke and throw up their shoestrings, I should think."

"What'll I do?" asked Edie.

"Watch 'em die," said the fat man comfortably. "That big one's a goner already."

Edie wanted to die herself. She willed it very hard, but she couldn't. She couldn't even faint, though she held her breath and willed her heart to stop beating. But a sort



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of numbness did come over her, making all the voices blurred and indistinct, making all the people—and there were dozens, hundreds, it seemed, now pressed about the aquarium—distant and hazy.

It was a field day for fish and humans. It was a great occasion for fish that had had nothing more exciting to look forward to than the frying pan: a big blunt-nosed fish swam at the hat as if to ram it; smaller fish circled it curiously; nervous fish parted the darkening waters in a fishy frenzy. It was a glorious moment for humans, too, a sight they had never expected to see. Someone, a worthy man dedicated to service, fetched the fish-grotto proprietor. He came out in a white apron and tall chef's hat, brandishing a long-handled ladle and happy at first to see his fish arousing so much interest. He shouldered his way through the crowd, his bloodshot eyes bright with pleasure, until he caught sight of the vermilion waters, his frantic fish, and the heart of summer, still partially afloat. He had had a long hard day frying fish. This was more, he felt, than he could bear.

"Who is murdering my fish?" he cried.

Edie was too frightened to reply.

"She is," said the fat man, pointing.

"What does she mean?" the fish-grotto proprietor cried.

Edie opened her mouth, but not a sound came out. She was as speechless as the fish.

"Sis was resting her hat on the top," explained the fat man.

"There ain't no top," said the fish-grotto owner. "Is she blind?"

"More or less, I reckon," said the fat man. "You kind of blind, sis?" he asked kindly.

Edie was able to moan a little. With a long shudder, like a wounded ship coming to rest, her hat settled to the bottom of the aquarium. It lay there at a crazy angle, one side lifted upward by a small castle with which the fish-grotto proprietor had attempted to give his aquarium a romantic, Gothic air. Out of a castle window one frightened fish eye peered, trying to penetrate the murky waters, make out if this was the end of the world for fish. It looked to be. Flowers and fruits were now adding their colors to that of the flamingo-red straw. Streaks of purple from pansies and violets, puffs of sulphurous yellow from the daisies, veins of green from stems and leaves richly marbled the general red of the water. And the hat, in form as well as color, was suffering a sea change. It was softening up, flattening out. Each minute it looked less and less like a hat.

"Save my hat," Edie whispered.

"It's too late," the fish-grotto proprietor said, "to speak of saving. It's a goner. It and the fishes. Let 'em die together."

"Die?" asked Edie.

"Poisoned," said the fish proprietor, pointing to his frantic fish, the varicolored water. "What've you got against fish?"

"I like fish," Edie whispered.

"She likes fish," said the fat man, and those who had gathered about the aquarium laughed.

Somewhere among them must be Wilbur, Edie thought: seeing her, her face trembling with the effort not to cry, seeing her beautiful hat, its colors fading out amongst an aquarium full of fish. The laughter was not malicious; it was lazy Sunday-afternoon laughter, the laughers watching as if at a play, waiting to see what the fish proprietor would do, if he were villain or hero. But it had as well been malicious; it shamed Edie. It was unthinkable that anyone, after such public humiliation, could live.

"Poisoned," declared the fish proprietor again gloomily.

"I think you're mistaken about their being poisoned."

It was impossible, Edie thought, that anyone should be defending her, let alone Wilbur—Wilbur, who was always a victim himself.

"I think that color is probably from pure vegetable dyes," said Wilbur. Wilbur's face was as white as his shirt and Edie could see that his upper lip trembled. But he was defending her, defying the fish-grotto proprietor, not ashamed to be on the side of a person who had been publicly laughed at.

"It might be even good for the fish," suggested Wilbur, "that pure vegetable dye."

"Good for them!" said the fish proprietor. "Them fish have been scared to death at the very least. If not poisoned. I wouldn't feed them fish to a cat now. You related to this girl?"

"No," said Wilbur.

"Well, someone," said the fish proprietor, coming to the crux of the matter, "will have to pay."

"That'll be me, I reckon," said Mr. Carmichael, who, without enthusiasm, was pushing his way through the crowd. He took the ladle from the fish owner's hand, and, being a tall man, was able, by stretching a little, to fetch up the hat, heavy and dripping, from the bottom of the aquarium. He held the hat toward Edie, who without a word took it. Then Mr. Carmichael handed the ladle back to its owner. "I'll pay ten dollars."

"Twenty-five," said the fish-grotto proprietor. "Not a cent less. Those were fancy fish and not to be picked up every day in the week."

"Eleven," said Mr. Carmichael.

"I was fond of those fish," said their owner. "They were pets, so to speak."

"Eleven-fifty," said Mr. Carmichael.

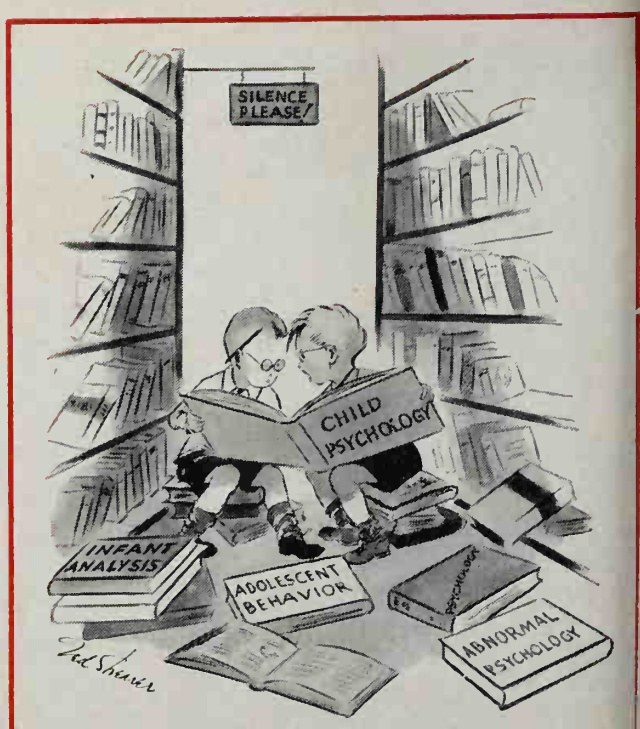
"It was cruelty to animals, putting that hat in with them. I could turn you in to the S.P.C.A."

"Twelve," said Mr. Carmichael.

They settled for fifteen, Mr. Carmichael getting the fish.

Edie, the hat, and the fish, in an oversized kettle loaned by the fishman, occupied the back of the car on the trip home. It was a slow trip because speed tended to slosh the water in the kettle, together with a fish or two, out onto the floor. It was a silent trip because Edie was thinking, and because

(Continued on Page 146)



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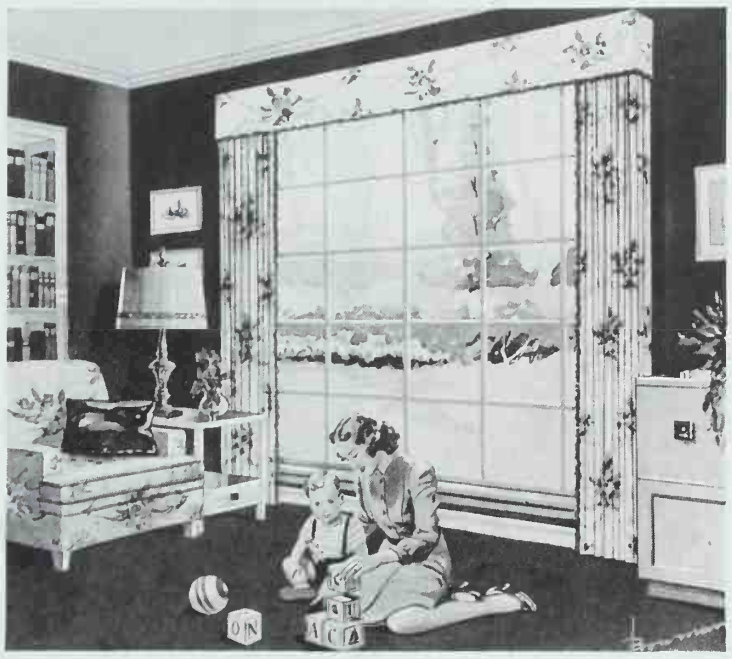
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(Continued from Page 144)

while Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael, up in the front seat, had plenty to say, they didn't want to be overheard by Edie.

They were nearly home when Mrs. Carmichael said, very low, "What a terrible thing to happen! It might mark her emotionally for life."

Mr. Carmichael agreed. "It wouldn't have been so bad, though, if Wilbur hadn't had to turn up in time to see it all."

"I know. She wanted to be such a lady—for him. That hat . . . and the curls . . . and then the hat in with the fish, the curls gone and all those people laughing. I'm a grown person, William, but I just don't think I could live down such a thing. I'm afraid I'd just stick my head in that bucket of fish and end everything."

As if her own words had put an idea into her mind, Mrs. Carmichael looked quickly around.

"Edie," she cried, "what have you got that hat on your head for?"

"It'll shrink if I don't," said Edie very calmly.

"Well, let it. Let it shrink. And you've got all those colors dribbling down your face and neck."

"I'm trying to keep them mopped up," said Edie, mopping some more.

"Throw that hat away," ordered Mrs. Carmichael. "Toss it out the window. You don't ever have to wear it again. We'll get you a new one."

"Oh, no," cried Edie, "I love it. I'm going to keep it all my life."

"Keep it all your life?" Mrs. Carmichael asked, feeling rather dazed. "Edie, that hat didn't look too good in the first place. I can't begin to tell you what it look now. Throw it away!"

"No," said Edie stubbornly. "I wa keep it to remember today by."

"Remember today," repeated Mrs. michael, who increasingly was beginni feel that she and her daughter wer speaking of the same day at all. "W the world do you want to remember to

"Because of the brave way Wilbu fended me," said Edie.

"Oh," said Mrs. Carmichael faintly

"He was really wonderful, mother defied that man."

"I'm afraid we missed that, Edie," Carmichael said.

"And I was stricken, mother, stricken. It was the first time Wilbu saw me stricken. He didn't even k could be. He's always been the stricke so far. The most I'd dared hope for v be gentle. Then," said Edie with grea isfaction, "stricken."

There was complete silence in the c some time.

"Don't you think I was, mother? asked anxiously.

"Yes," said Mrs. Carmichael with viction, "I think that's about the w it."

"And whenever I wear this hat, h member."

Mrs. Carmichael took her husband's kerchief from his pocket and handed i to her daughter. "Tuck this around neck, Edie. It'll keep those colors staining your middy."

With one hand Edie tucked the kerchief about her neck, but with the she continued to keep her hat in plac

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY

(Continued from Page 34)

"Tra-la," said Edna. She squeezed the juice of a lemon into a cup of hot water, and sipped it. She felt her complexion improving on the spot and her system in general toning itself up.

"I was thinking," Priscilla said. "I need a dime."

Edna was firm. "A dime? I ask you, where would I get a dime? Anyway, your ma said to let you and Becky work things out for yourselves."

"Becky's a miser," Priscilla said darkly. "Personally, she'd sell her soul to the devil for two dollars." Priscilla would not have objected to such a transaction except that she considered it highly improbable that Becky could be persuaded to part with any of the two dollars received.

"The way you talk," Edna said, scowling. "Selling souls to the devil. Wait'll your ma hears about that."

"It's a mere trifling matter of lending me the money," Priscilla said haughtily. "It isn't like I was asking you to *give* it to me."

"It's six of one and a half a dozen of the other if you ask me," Edna said. "And when *I* was eleven and wanted ten cents I went out and got me a ten-cent task to do."

"I can't think of any ten-cent task except just plain being good."

"In this world you don't get paid for that. Now go away. I got to make breakfast."

"You have a heart like lead," Priscilla said. With this parting shot she wandered back upstairs in search of her next best source of supply, her brother, Paul.

Paul was in the bathroom, and Priscilla suspected that he was shaving. Paul was sixteen and he was supposed to shave only once a week, on Sunday mornings before church, but he sometimes shaved on Saturdays, too, to stimulate his whiskers. Paul had several whiskers, and by commenting on their rapid growth Priscilla was occasionally able to extract a nickel or a dime from him.

Putting her mouth to the keyhole of the door, Priscilla whispered, "I bet I know what you're doing."

"Aw, beat it," said Paul in the tight voice which indicated that he had r the most delicate part of his work, the lip.

"I bet you're shaving."

"Oh, yeah?"

"I bet you had to. I saw with m eyes last night, your whiskers are getti father's."

This was the perfect approach, might even have worked if father hims not come striding out of his room. F whiskers had grown during the night looked very fierce and dark and han like Black Douglas.

"What is he doing in there?" fathe pounding on the bathroom door w fist. "Paul! Paul!"

"Well, gosh almighty," Paul said. catsoup, can't a fellow spend a co minutes in the ba without everybody at him?"

"A couple of mi father said. "Allie! hear that, Allie?"

"I hear it," mot plied. She came o the hall with her lig flowing down her back. Some of th fashionable ladies of Woodlawn Aven had their hair shingled and mother was to think up new reasons nearly every justify her lack of stylishness. She tol that bobbed hair was unwomanly, a no lady should enter a barbershop. draped her hair around her throat like and said, "Hurry up, Paul. Your fath ing to be late to the office and you kn upset he gets."

"Well, all right, all right," Paul mu "Keep your shirts on, I'm coming."

"Upset?" father repeated. "Wh set?"

"Did I say upset?" Mother smil vague, kindly way. "I only meant per You know, excited."

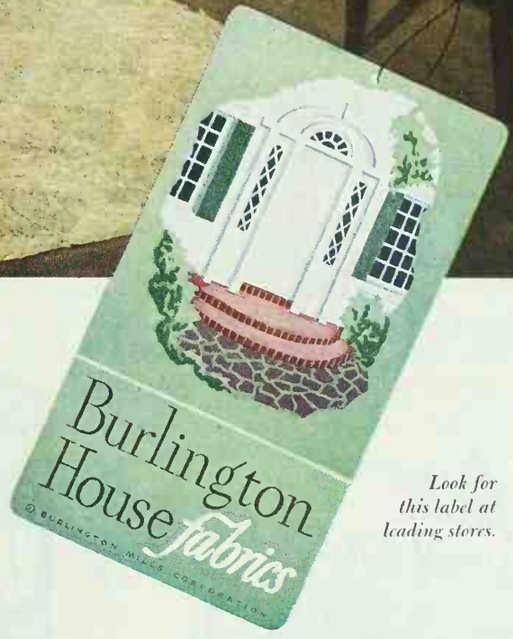
"Hysterical," said Priscilla, who ways willing to help people express selves. "Opposite of calm. We had o in school last week and the teache

(Continued on Page 148)

Hating people is like burning down your own house to get rid of a rat.
—DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK.



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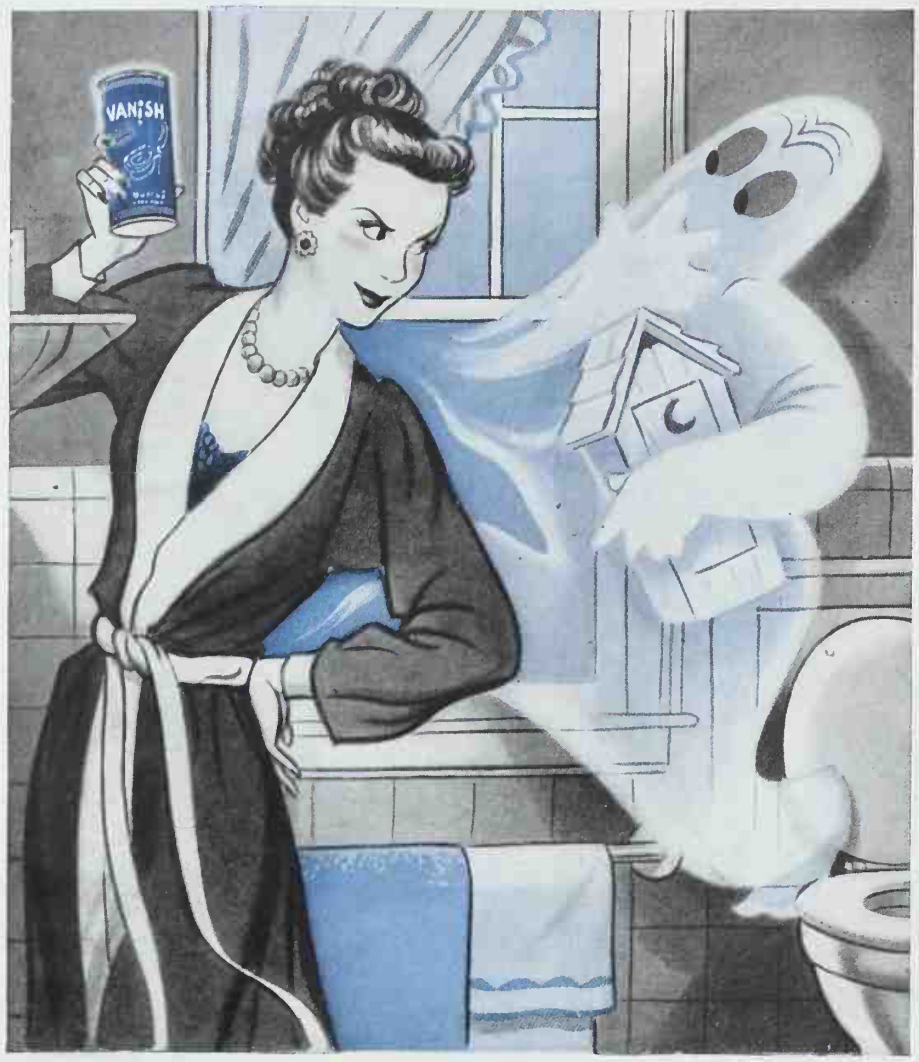


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(Continued from Page 146)

what was the opposite of calm and I put my hand up and said hysterical, and the teacher said that was very clever but wrong. She said you couldn't say, 'The lake is very hysterical today.' But I asked grandpa and grandpa said you could *so* say the lake is very hysterical today. He said he's seen *lots* of hysterical lakes, and that's that. Grandpa knows."

"All right, all right," father said, looking fiercer and darker than ever. "You've proved it. I'm convinced. I'm hysterical. The subject is closed."

Face to face with Black Douglas, Priscilla did not flinch. "You know what? We could get *two* bathrooms. Then there'd be three and one half people for each one. Becky could half the time use ours and half the time use yours. Becky's such a mere child she only counts as a half anyway."

Priscilla's reference to Becky was necessarily bitter. Becky could have solved her financial problem in a minute if she wanted to and if Priscilla didn't already owe her seventeen cents and eight gumdrops. Becky always managed to save money out of her allowance. All over the house were secret caches of dimes and nickels, in pockets, in the toes of shoes, in the corners of drawers, on the slats of beds and in the toy cupboard camouflaged with plasticine. These caches gave Becky, otherwise an insignificant creature of seven, a great power. When Priscilla, impoverished as usual, felt that she absolutely could not go on living without an ice-cream cone, she appealed to Becky for a nickel.

Becky had established a ritual for granting such appeals. Priscilla was compelled to say, "Your Royal Highness, I am but a humble starving dairymaid"—or woodcutter, spinner of flax, garbage collector, butcher, or whichever profession Becky considered lowliest at the time. After this Becky would lock Priscilla in the cedar closet in the upstairs hall while she fished the necessary amount from one of her secret caches. Becky's mind wandered at times, and she occasionally left Priscilla in the cedar closet for as long as half an hour.

"Bathrooms," said father, "cost money."

"It's ghastly to be a pauper, isn't it?" Priscilla asked.

"I hardly think we can be classified as paupers."

"I meant I am a pauper and it's ghastly," Priscilla said, looking wistful by widening her eyes and letting her mouth droop at the corners just like Clara Bow.

"You had your allowance last Wednesday," father said, banging on the bathroom door again. "What did you do with it?"

"I don't remember exactly. I *may* have *lost* some of it, say a dime or so maybe."

"So you want a dime or so maybe. What for?"

Father liked straight answers to straight questions, so Priscilla obliged. "There's a special morning movie at the Star, a Jackie Coogan feature and a Chester Conklin funny, all for ten cents. Becky's going, because she still has her allowance left."

"If Becky has her allowance left and you haven't, it seems to me she has more sense than you have."

Priscilla was wounded to the core by this remark. "How can she have more sense than I have when I'm eleven going on twelve and she's merely a trifling seven? She's stingy, that's all. When you're stingy you're not even *tempted* in the wrong direction. I'm tempted all the time."

"Then you'll have to build up some resistance," father said, "because the answer is no."

"Oh, cows," said Priscilla.

Her father's attitude caused her great anguish, for the fact was that no one the whole length and breadth of Woodlawn Avenue knew the value of money as well as she did. For ten cents you could buy exactly 69 licorice allsorts at Bowman's if Mrs. Bowman weighed them, and 73 if Mr. Bowman weighed them. You could get 3 cream buns at Ingersoll's, 8 pieces of Turkish Delight at Burdick's, 4 two-for-a-nickel ice-cream cones



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from the ice-cream man, and 20 aggies at Dodie's Department Store.

"And don't say 'cows,'" father said. "It doesn't make sense."

"Well, sometimes you say Jesus Q. Murphy."

"That's an entirely different matter."

Paul emerged from the bathroom with the lower half of his face swathed in a towel to hide the nicks.

"You weren't supposed to shave until tomorrow," father said rather grimly, since his razor usually suffered as much as Paul's face from the ordeal.

"Well, gosh almighty," Paul said, "you can't expect a fellow to go around with a heavy beard, can you? Gosh almighty, it's Saturday. I got to look decent."

"You have a peculiar way of going about it," father said. He locked himself in the bathroom.

Paul had lost considerable blood in the cause of looking decent and was in no mood to give anybody anything.

"Well, Jesus Q. Murphy, you don't have to be so mean about it," Priscilla said, deeply wounded. "I never saw such a mean family in my life. The way I'm treated around this house you'd think I was an orphan from the storm."

The idea of being an orphan from the storm appealed to Priscilla's dramatic instincts. Before going down to breakfast she dropped into her room to see if she bore any resemblance to Oliver Twist. She carefully ignored Becky, who was sitting on the floor tying the shoelaces of her second-best oxfords. Becky, however, never knew when she was being ignored, so Priscilla was forced to draw it to her attention.

Pay attention to what a man is, not to what he has been.
—CHINESE PROVERB.

"I'm not even speaking to you," she said loftily. "And you can't even tie shoelaces, you baby."

"I can too," Becky said. "If I set my mind I can tie shoelaces better than anybody in the whole world."

"I bet you can't. I bet a dime."

Becky thought this proposition over for some time. "I can't bet," she said finally, "'count of my Sunday-school teacher says it's against the Bible and maybe I wouldn't win."

"You do other things against the Bible."

Becky was surprised. "Do I?"

"You bury your talents, talents being money."

"Oh, I never did bury any talents. Just dead things like birds and dolls and caterpillars."

Priscilla flung her pride to the winds. "Well, the least you can do is *lend* me a dime and when I get to be a famous movie actress I'll pay you back with fur coats and diamonds, et cetera."

"How many fur coats?" Becky asked cautiously.

"Lots and lots of them, with muffs to match and fur hats too."

Becky was very fond of furry things like cats and dogs and squirrels and fur coats, and for a whole minute she was tempted in the wrong direction. The prospect of the fur coats was enchanting, but there was the immediate matter of the seventeen cents and the eight gumdrops owing to her.

"Ten plus seventeen equals twenty-seven," Becky said thoughtfully. "That's a lot of talents, plus the gumdrops."

"You'll never get a fur coat at all if I don't get to the movies so I can learn to be a famous actress."

"You can't go to the movies anyway," Becky pointed out. "You're being punished 'count of last night."

"Oh, God!" Priscilla said in an agonized voice. In the excitement of chasing the dime, she had forgotten that last night she had broken one of mother's germ rules.

(Continued on Page 151)

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these Twin Triumphs in Tone Yours Only in a *Zenith*

The Amazing Cobra Tone Arm–

Invented by Zenith, perfected by Zenith, and found in no other radio at *any* price. Reproduces records on a Radionic Wave. Brings out tone beauty never heard before—without a *trace* of annoying scratch or vibration. Keeps your favorites sounding like new for over 2,000 plays, by actual test. So superior in tone that over 700 AM and FM radio stations use the Cobra to broadcast records from their studios!

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Gives glorious new fidelity... freedom from static... and sharp non-fade tuning, not possible with imitation FM sets. And this new, improved FM is yours on *both* FM bands—to protect you against any future changes in FM wave lengths. What's more, the FM aerial is built-in... just plug in and play! You also enjoy the famous Radiorgan Tone Control and many other "exclusives" that assure Zenith tone perfection for *every* kind of radio program.

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New Zenith "Georgian," shown closed above, open at right. Console combination with Cobra Tone Arm; Silent-Speed INTERMIX Record Changer—handles 10 inch records, 12 inch, or both sizes *intermixed;* FM on *both* bands; Standard Broadcast; Radiorgan Tone Control. Wavemagnet. **$239.50***

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LONG DISTANCE

30 YEARS OF "KNOW-HOW" IN RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY
ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

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Your radio dealer invites you to compare tone, performance, beauty, durability—before you buy *any* radio. See and hear the features exclusive with Zenith and you'll agree—*no other compares with a Zenith!* Models from $26.95 to $675.*

(Continued from Page 149)

other's mind was inclined to vagueness, partly to compensate for this and partly use she liked making up rules anyway, her had strict and definite rules covering y everything. Several of them nec- ily applied to the dog, Skipper. Though her loyally claimed that Skipper was the est dog in town, she was compelled to nize his fondness for decaying vegetable animal matter, and so she had laid down that he was to be kissed on only two sions: immediately after his bath and on eathbed.

t was naturally a great shock to mother the night before she had come upon illa eating out of Skipper's dish.

essed for reasons, Priscilla found several. as *only* trying to show him I loved him hat he's *just* as good as *I* am. And also I wanted to see how it tasted and how it o be a dog."

ther was curious. "Well, how does it "

rederick, how can you treat it so y?" mother cried. "Think of all those s in her system."

other prepared a gargle of sodium per- e and meted out justice. Priscilla was ay home from the Saturday-morning nee, partly as a punishment, but mostly

se a system so d with germs d not be ex- to any more s.

ly, I bet you're of germs," y said with ad- ion. "Maybe ll *get* some- "

don't care if I *hope* I do." aw herself ly- a white-satin , very pale, plenty of flow- around her. ndpa and er and Becky Edna and Paul ather were all g their eyes out offering her and silver dol- and shinplas- nd five-dollar pieces, which, alas, her poor little dead couldn't reach out and take.

ly, I wish I could get something too," y said. It was a great sorrow to Becky all her friends had had some form of ction like mumps or whooping cough ll she ever got was a cold in the nose. be if you get something I can catch it you and we would have a big red sign on ont door and be guaranteed."

uaranteed," Priscilla said, frowning. ndpa says you murder the king's sh. He says you get it from Edna."

KY squinted up her eyes stubbornly lked back, inside her head: *Guaranteed, nteed, guaranteed. I want to be guaran- ith a big red sign on the front door.* Then, g her mind, she tied the shoelaces of her d-best oxfords. Now that her moment akness and temptation in the wrong ion had passed, she felt kindly disposed d her sister.

will tell you all about the movie," said. "I will even keep my eyes open bad parts."

hope I get galloping consumption and body will be sorry when I die," Priscilla bitterly, and went down to breakfast. a was timing the eggs with her own egg timer, a tiny hourglass filled with nd. "Did you get your dime?" she

."

ell, we all got our troubles," Edna said ely. "Take you, it's money; and take 's Harry and Delbert and my goiter. st got to bear our crosses nobly."

bility was an attitude that Priscilla tried for at least two days Flinging back her shoulders and holding her head high, Priscilla bore her crosses and ate three eggs.

Until the very last moment when Becky left the house with Paul, Priscilla kept hoping that mother would relent. But when, watching from the kitchen window, she saw Becky turn the corner of Woodlawn Avenue and drop out of sight, she let out a groan of frustration and defeat.

"There's no sense going on about it," Edna said. "You got to learn to be more cool and collective."

"Everybody's always telling me I got to learn this and I got to learn that," Priscilla said. "Nobody ever congratulates me on what I learned *already*."

"All right, I'll congratulate you if you hush up and stop pesting me. I have to put the cookies in the oven before I go to the store. Why don't you go play in the attic?"

PRISCILLA had no intention of explaining why to Edna. She preferred not even to think about it herself. Though the attic was Priscilla's favorite hideout, she hadn't been near it for a week and she didn't propose to go now.

Edna left for the grocery store, looking very dashing in her yellow oilskin slicker and fireman's hat and mother's best galoshes. By way of entertaining herself, Priscilla composed a poem to Skipper and resurrected an old doll from her clothes closet which she hanged by a string out her bedroom window while chanting, "May ye be hanged by the neck until dead, dead, dead."

But this was mild sport. Besides, she was eleven now and too old for that sort of child's play. Here it was Saturday, the very best day of the week, just as December was the best month, and here she was, wasting the precious hours. (Three, so far.) The golden hours were flitting by, and the only way she could stop them was by turning back all the clocks. She considered this drastic expedient from all angles. It would be enjoyable to see the grownups confused, but on the other hand, lunch would be late; and besides, if she was caught she would certainly suffer a severe cut in her allowance. She decided to go upstairs and visit grandpa instead.

Owing to the dampness of the spring weather, grandpa was confined to his room with rheumatism. She found grandpa playing the kind of patience which he had invented himself. He thought it was silly to go on playing patience which you never won, so he had invented a kind that always came out. It was very satisfying.

"Well?" grandpa said, flashing his eyes to indicate that he was in the middle of a most important move.

"Hello," Priscilla said politely.

"Why aren't you out playing?"

"There's nobody to play with. Everybody's gone to the special movie. Mother wouldn't let me go because I ate some of Skipper's food."

Grandpa had beautiful white eyebrows that wriggled like caterpillars when he was curious. "You had a reason, I presume?"

"I had lots of reasons, but not good enough ones."

"How did it taste?"

"Well, sort of, rather *bony*."

"H'm-m, just as I imagined," said grandpa, very pleased. He pulled himself out of his chair and crossed the room, leaning on one of his two canes.

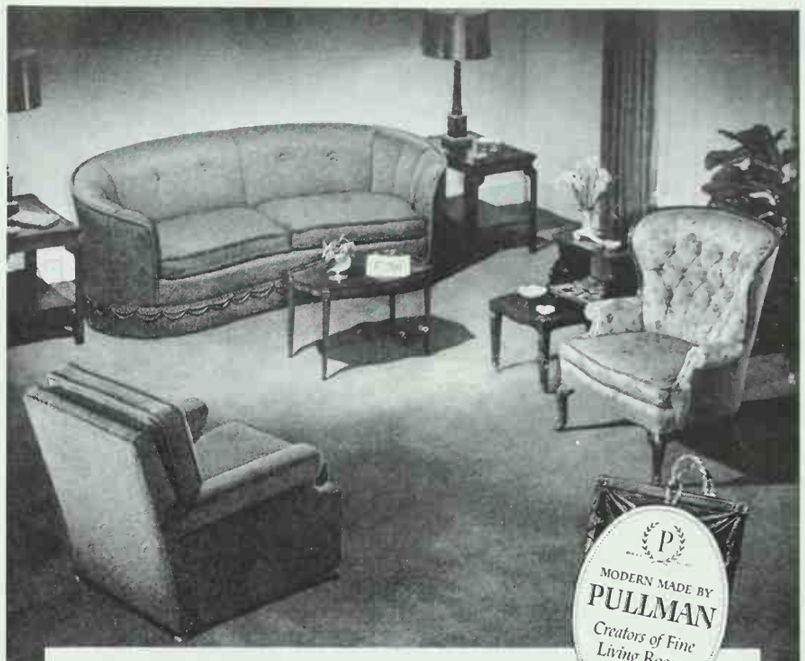
"How is your rheumatism today?"

NEXT MONTH

HILDA'S green eyes were incandescently pure. *That is because she is young and untouched*, thought Madame. *My eyes are far more beautiful than hers, even now. But they can never look like that because I am old and she is young.* Madame Anna Holbein, aged but undimmed star of the ballet, had taught Hilda to dance. Now, suddenly, the power given her by the past was shaken in her by the hopeful threat of Hilda's future. Read Rumer Godden's latest novel

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Daniel Green

COMFY SLIPPERS... Famous since 1882

"Not too bad, thank you. My new medicine seems quite effective."

Grandpa took a folding tin cup and the bottle of medicine from the top of his bureau. Grandpa never bothered measuring out his medicine. He snapped open the tin cup and poured himself a liberal dose.

"That's more than a teaspoonful, grandpa," Priscilla pointed out. "To me it looks like about eleven."

"Children should be seen and not heard," grandpa said crisply.

"I only thought that being you're so old and your eyesight is failing you, you didn't know how much you were pouring out."

"I'm sixty-eight and my vision is perfect. Now go away and don't bother me."

"I haven't anyplace to go to."

"You must have something to do. Have you done your practicing today?"

"You heard me," Priscilla said pleasantly. "You told mother it was driving you crazy."

"I did? Well."

"I should be getting a gold star on The Frolic of the Frogs next week, then I won't have to play it any more."

"Thank God," said Grandpa and returned to his game.

Though certain people in the neighborhood claimed that grandpa swore like a trooper, grandpa had explained to Priscilla that it was not true. He did not swear, he merely appealed to the Almighty to deliver him from the inanities of the human race. Priscilla frequently said "My God" under her breath, but she was not allowed to say it over her breath. Such appeals to the Almighty were, like drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes, a privilege of age. On the morning of her twenty-first birthday, Priscilla intended to indulge in all three delights. Beginning around seven o'clock she would spend the day drinking coffee, smoking, and saying "Oh, my God," whenever she felt like it.

Meanwhile she carried on with substitutions for the real thing. She had a growing list of words in the back of her diary which she used in private when life seemed utterly unbearable.

The latest addition to the list was "bich," which she had picked up from Edna. She didn't know what it meant, but it was a wonderful release, when everything went wrong, to bang your fists on the wall and whisper, "Bich, bich, bich!"

Priscilla sat down on the edge of grandpa's bed. He had been principal of the high school for years and knew a great deal about words.

"Grandpa, what do you do if you hear a word and it's not in the dictionary and you're pretty sure how to spell it but not absolutely God-sure?"

"You forget it," grandpa said brusquely, and began to shuffle the cards in a hinting sort of way.

"I was just going to leave *anyway*," Priscilla said, and departed with cold dignity.

WITHOUT hesitation she went downstairs and put all the clocks back three hours. In the twinkling of an eye, practically, she was back at 7:30. She had just finished eating her breakfast, pretend, and now all she had to do was sit quietly at the table and map out her day.

She went into the kitchen and sat quietly at the table. By closing her eyes to the merest slit she was able to imagine that the table still contained the empty breakfast dishes, and by pinching her nose she shut out the unseven-thirtyish smell of Saturday's cookies baking in the oven. "Abracadabra," she whispered, to strengthen her failing will power. To no avail. She let go of her nose and inhaled. It was not exactly impossible that the cookies should be in the oven at 7:30, but it meant that Edna must have gotten up at 6 o'clock, which was as improbable as anything could be. Edna did not like to get up in the mornings. She often told Priscilla that when her ship came in she would lie in bed every day until no drinking hot chocolate with marshmall floating on top.

Edna mentioned the future arrival of ship so frequently that it became a consta source of speculation for Priscilla and Bec Becky thought it would be a darling li sailboat with money in it, but Priscilla pudiated such a commonplace idea. Edn ship would be an enormous yacht with hold stuffed with gold and silver and galley full of chocolate and pepperm creams and the decks crammed with m "Edna," Priscilla had heard mother father, "likes men." So it was natural t Edna's ship should have plenty of men on When it came and Edna took up residence it, Priscilla intended to live with her for months of the year. Becky would not ag to this. She suffered from homesickne Sometimes even in the middle of a mo Becky became homesick and Priscilla had drag her home.

> **A friend is not so much one to whom you can go for help when you are in trouble. That has its value. But a friend is one to whom you can go when he is in trouble.**
>
> —L. O. DAWSON: Light Spots (Weatherford Printing Co.)

THINKING of all the movies that she wo never know the beginnings of or the endi of made Priscilla extremely indignant. was horrible to have a little sister who homesick and had secret caches of dimes a nickels.

I hope she gets homesick during the Jac Coogan feature, Priscilla thought, *I just h she does.*

The big wooden clock on the kitchen w struck 7:45, but it lied and Priscilla forced to recognize the lie. It was no us the smell of cookies, the table emptied of breakfast dishes, Edna at the store and Bec at the movie—she mi as well give up.

She turned all the clo ahead again, saving f by doing it carelessly that there was a discr ancy of ten minutes tween the one in the d ing room and the one the kitchen.

She was now back wh she started, alone a friendless, a pauper and orphan from the storm, with everybody e in the whole world having a good time.

There remained the challenge of the at It would be a double test for self-contro she could mount the attic steps absolut without faltering, and scrape her fingern over the surface of the big slate blackboa This blackboard was the best self-cont tester that Priscilla had ever invent Sometimes, especially if Becky was watchi Priscilla was able to scrape for five wh minutes, thereby becoming the wo champion blackboard scraper of Woodla Avenue.

The attic was separated from the rest the house mainly by the absence of gro ups. It was here that Priscilla's creat energy found its outlet. She composed poems on the blackboard (mostly about d and unrequited love), she wrote stories a acted out her plays, safe from adult int ference. The attic steps were too steep grandpa and mother; father mounted th only once a year, at the beginning of fishing season; and Edna said attics g her the heebie-jeebies. She wouldn't set f in one, Edna claimed, not after what knew.

What Edna knew she refused to divul so Priscilla and Becky were compelled guess. They spent several terrifying but lightful afternoons searching the attic bats that sucked human blood, man-eat rats, and dead bodies. Finally, at Beck suggestion, they began the search all o again, this time for a tiny little man ab twelve inches high who lived in the attic beknownst, subsisting on moths and ra drops that he caught by poking his tiny ha out the window.

Priscilla had acquired considerable kno edge of blood-sucking bats and hun corpses from the magazines that Paul k hidden under his mattress, and she perfectly able to deal with them. But concept of the tiny little man unnerved

(Continued on Page 154)



...rum Window Bedroom — the fourteenth Wamsutta Bridal Bedroom, designed by Muller-Barringer

VICTOR KEPPLER

Sweet dreams Fair Maid! Sweet daydreams of that new home-to-be. And by night, the dreamy contentment of rich *Supercale** — ...ets of heirloom quality . . . woven from the finest long-staple, combed cottons . . . smoother than a tulip petal. Ask your favorite Wamsutta store about our new *Color Coordination Plan* . . . shows you how to achieve exciting new decorating effects with sheets, blankets, towels and throws.

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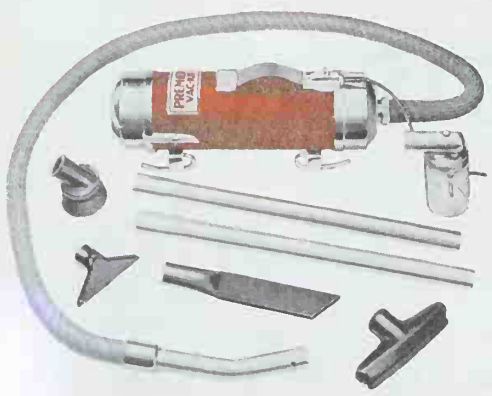
Here's everything you need—with thrift thrown in for good measure! A new cleaner from the tip of its efficient nozzle to its handy finger-tip switch—new finish—new color—Vibra-Sweep Cleaning Action—ball-bearing motor—motor-driven brush—light-weight—powerful suction—convenient dirt-finding search-lite. Yes, in this new Premier you get top-quality materials, workmanship, and performance.

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FREE! To make your housekeeping easier, write for this free booklet on moth control and removal of spots and stains. Crammed with helpful information. Literature on Premier Vacuum Cleaners will be included. Just write

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(Continued from Page 152)

"It's childish," she told Becky in a voice that trembled with fright and scorn. "He *couldn't* live on moths."

Becky, who seldom had the advantage over her older sister, pressed hard when she had. "He could so," she said calmly. "Specially if he was only twelve inches high, specially if he ate moth *worms*."

Priscilla was shaken by this argument. Reason compelled her to admit that moth worms, eaten in quantity, would undoubtedly nourish a very tiny man.

"Well, but he'd die of germs," she said. "And there wouldn't be anyone to call the doctor."

"I'd call the doctor," Becky said mysteriously. "Hello, hello, doctor! Come at once, there is a tiny little man with germs ——"

"I won't play with you any more," Priscilla said. "You're just a baby."

"Hello, doctor. Oh, doctor, come at once."

"You just shut up!"

Priscilla hadn't gone near the attic for a week. Every night when she was trying to go to sleep she kept picturing Becky and the doctor up in the attic nursing the tiny man back to health with a special little hot-water bottle and thermometer. Just before Priscilla dropped off to sleep, Becky and the doctor shrank to the same size as the tiny man and the three of them lived together in the attic, unbeknownst.

Priscilla sat down on the steps, chewing the ends of her braids and trying to muster up courage by calling herself names she ordinarily reserved for other children.

"Sissy stinkweed yellowbelly," said Priscilla, but the tiny man refused to flee. He had infested her lovely attic and there was no way to banish him except by finding out exactly what Edna knew. As soon as Edna came home from the grocery store she would ask her about it for the tenth and last time, if she was in a good mood.

Edna was not in a good mood. She came in muttering under her breath, followed by a moist and slippery Skipper. Edna did not mind shopping, no. But not in the rain and not on Saturday morning and not for a family that ate twenty times as much as an ordinary family.

"Well, you eat some of it yourself," Priscilla said.

"What I eat," Edna said, somewhat inaccurately, "would scarcely fill more than a thimbleful."

She removed her yellow oilskin slicker and hung it near the radiator. Its pungent odor, mingled with the smell of wet dog and chocolate raisin cookies, was entrancing. Priscilla sniffed, and in pure ecstasy flung her arms around Skipper and rubbed her cheek against his nose.

"If you don't stop kissing that animal," Edna said, "I'll tell your ma. You know very well your ma's rule about kissing that dog."

Priscilla knew the bath or deathbed rule very well, but it was hard to abide by it because it was so unfair. Skipper's baths were very infrequent, owing to the difficulty of catching him, and he had slid out of more deathbeds than any dog on Woodlawn Avenue.

"Grandpa doesn't care if I kiss him," Priscilla said.

Edna wasn't impressed. "Your grand and myself, we don't always see eye eye," she said.

Edna sat down and began unbuckling galoshes. Edna's legs were very short a the galoshes almost reached her kn Edna said this was very chick and t everyone in the grocery store had cast miring glances at her.

"If you tell on me about the dog," Pris said, "I'll tell on you for wearing moth galoshes."

"Tra-la," said Edna. "Your ma told m wear them. She didn't want me to catc head cold knowing how they complicate goiter."

This may or may not have been true, it certainly sounded reasonable to Prisci Her mother took Edna's goiter very s ously. It was, in fact, the chief reason she had hired her.

Priscilla's mother had a peculiar but c sistent way of choosing her hired h References and recommendations me nothing to her. Out of any number of ap cants she invariably chose the one that was certain no one else would hire because assorted mental physical defects afflictions.

Edna had b chosen because had two afflictio One of them, goiter, was obvio The other, mot referred to as na's great sorr Priscilla and Bec did not understa this sorrow, Paul had hint quite broadly t it had something do with Harry.

Harry was Edn son. When Ed first came to w for them she brou him along. Ha was a very unta ative child of f who communicat his displeasure spitting, with vi and accuracy, at object of it. stayed for t months, duri which time Priscilla perfected her mar manship in spitting, and father complair bitterly.

"It isn't bad enough to have three child of my own, I have to put up with that lit moron."

"Hush, Frederick," mother said, her vo trembling with compassion. "He's not moron, he's just *quiet*. Actually he see quite—well, not *bright* exactly, but sophis cated. Besides, the poor thing has father. We must always be tolerant, Fr erick."

Father wasn't very good at being tolera if it involved any personal discomfort.

Fortunately, Harry saved the situat himself by being tactless enough to spit grandpa. Grandpa appealed to the Almig so long and so vociferously that Edna, i sudden fit of maternal solicitude, remo Harry to her Aunt Aggie's house to get h away from the influence of a blasphem

Edna's spirits lightened perceptibly. became quite gay with the milkman and grocery boy. She let the girls borrow her stick for the shows they put on in the gara and on rare occasions she even allowed P cilla to walk around the house for exac half an hour in her new spike-heeled g metal pumps to break them in.

Edna removed the cookies from the o and ate one with a critical air. "Too swee she stated crisply.

"I bet not," Priscilla said.

"Try one."

Priscilla tried one, but she couldn't m up her mind whether they were too sweet

(Continued on Page 156)

Get Rid of Rats!

An intensive campaign is being conducted by a government aroused to the menace of rats, using 26 key cities as control centers. Rats spread disease and destroy about half as much grain as we plan to send to hungry Europe this year.

WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT

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2. "Lively" wool gives your rug extra life.
Bigelow buys "lively" wool—*keeps* it lively by special quality controls from fleece to floor. "Lively" wool springs back underfoot—makes your rug lovelier, longer-lasting. *The months and years will prove it!*

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Get just the rug you want—at your price! Pay as little as $5.50 a sq. yd.—or all the way up to $16.95. You get more rug for your money—*and your Bigelow Rug will prove it!*



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Makes Clothes DAZZLING WHITE

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Blues while you wash
Does not streak
WHITENS! BRIGHTENS!

BLU-WHITE

SAVES THAT EXTRA BLUING RINSE! WON'T STREAK OR SPOT!

WORKS WITH YOUR REGULAR SOAP! BLUES AND WASHES AT THE SAME TIME!

NURSES LOVE IT FOR **DAZZLING WHITE** UNIFORMS. IDEAL FOR HANKIES AND LINGERIE, TOO!

COMBINATION OF SPECIAL BLUING AND PURE, MILD SOAP FLAKES! SAFE FOR EVERYTHING WASHABLE!

Get BLU-WHITE Today

(Continued from Page 154)

not. Thoughtfully, she ate two more and pronounced them perfect.

"Oh, go on," said Edna, very susceptible to compliments about her cooking. "They're far and away too sweet."

"They are absolutely scrumptious," Priscilla said, rubbing her stomach dramatically. "I could eat a billion or trillion."

"Well, you're not going to." Edna brusquely began to pry the cookies loose from the pan with a table knife.

The resulting noise reminded Priscilla of the blackboard in the attic, and she was seized by a reckless desire to dash up the stairs and test her self-control and write a novel or a play. But, plain as plain could be, the tiny man dangled before her eyes, rather pale from all his germs, and in need of medical attention.

"Stop making those awful faces," Edna said, screwing the lid on the cooky jar. "What ails you, anyhow?"

"I was thinking," Priscilla said. "I was wondering about what you *knew*."

"What I know," Edna said airily. "Tra-la, I know a great many things. I know a lot more than I'm letting on."

"I mean, about attics."

Edna pretended she hadn't heard. "Run down to the fruit cellar and fetch the potatoes like a good girl."

"Not unless you tell me about the attic."

"I wouldn't tell it to a living soul, not for love nor money. And I'll fetch the potatoes myself, thank you, even if I can't hardly breathe on account of my goiter."

"I bet you don't know anything anyway."

"Oh, I don't, don't I? Just for your edufication, it happened to a very dear friend of a very dear friend of mine."

"What did?"

"Vanished," Edna said succinctly. "Vanished on her very wedding night."

Priscilla's eyes widened. "Didn't they ever find her?"

"Not for twenty years. And then she was nothing but bones, old dusty bones. Mind you, not hide nor hair of her was seen for twenty years until her very own husband found her."

"How did he know they were *her* bones?" Priscilla asked.

"Whose else bones would they be? Besides, when he opened the trunk in the attic, lo and behold, there was her ring and a piece of her wedding gown."

"Also her hair, too, very likely," said Priscilla. "Her long, golden hair."

"Very likely," Edna agreed. "And you know how she got *in* the trunk?"

"Her husband killed her."

"My land, no! It was a real love match from the word go. Matter of factly, she put *herself* in the trunk."

"Why?"

"Well, it was a game. It was their wedding night and all, and they were feeling very gay and they decided to play hide-and-seek. So up to the attic she went and popped inside the trunk and the lock snapped shut. She smothered."

"The husband couldn't have been a very good looker," Priscilla said. "That's the very first place *I* would have looked, in the trunk."

"He did look there. But by that time she was too weak to cry out and anyway he didn't have the key to the trunk."

"Dear me," said Priscilla.

She was quite moved by the tragedy of the bride with the golden hair, but on the other hand it was reassuring to learn that what Edna knew involved only a corpse and not a tiny man twelve inches high who was susceptible to germs.

The world seemed suddenly a great deal brighter to Priscilla. There was no little man, Becky and the doctor would never shrink, the chocolate raisin cookies would last maybe for three days, and tomorrow was her day for breaking in the gun-metal pumps.

"Oh, Edna!" she cried, and flung her arms around Edna's neck.

"There," Edna said severely. "I knew I shouldn't have told you. You're like you ma, you're too motional. Next time I'l keep myself to myself."

"Tra-la," said Priscilla, and went dow to the fruit cellar without turning on th light in order to test her strength of char acter.

Among the members of the family it wa conceded that mother had a highly emotiona nature. No one, however, could be entirel certain what things were going to arous mother's emotions. In the face of serious ill ness, accidents, fires, deaths and genera disasters, mother maintained a perfect calm But trivial misfortunes, like sprained ankles baby birds falling out of nests, or Paul's poo marks in French, mother blamed mostly o herself. Whenever mother blamed herself sh got into what father called "a state," whic involved stern self-denunciation and occa sional weeping.

There were a number of things whic could always be depended upon to pu mother in a state: all animals, birds or rep tiles, whether maimed, ill, dying or dead all children who weren't as sturdy-looking a Priscilla and Becky and must therefore b starving; cattle in boxcars on the way t market; and people with sad faces.

Mother usually invented a history to ac count for the sadness. These histories wer very painful, and involved erring childre drunken husbands, dope addiction and in curable diseases. Mother's special weak nesses were tramps and animals.

All animals, she be lieved, were hungry. Sh had a habit, most embar rassing to father, of stop ping delivery wagons o the street and accusing th drivers of making th horses go too fast. Th driver of Bannerman' bakery wagon was th worst offender. Mothe challenged him three or four times a week and to his protestations that his horse *like* to run, mother would reply firmly that th poor thing was perspiring, underweight an nervous. The horse got to know her ver well and stopped of his own accord whenever he saw her on the street.

> **I am a firm believer in the people, and if given the truth they can be depended upon to meet any national crisis.**
>
> —GEN. DOUGLAS MacARTHUR.

"Your mother," grandpa told the girls "has a soft heart."

It was during the winter months particu larly that mother's animals starved and sh was forced to make many excursions wit paper bags. Frequently Becky and Priscill accompanied her. There was a great deal o excitement in staggering through the sno behind mother, for they never knew wher her soft heart would lead her.

Father didn't approve of these excursions "I don't suppose you realize, Allie, that som people might take it as an insult if you g around feeding their livestock."

"Oh, no, they won't," mother said easily "Not the way I do it."

"And how *do* you do it?"

"Well, in a sort of natural way. I just ac as though I'm a kind of eccentric who alway does such things."

"Allie, do you realize you're an *alderman'* wife?"

Mother replied that she certainly did. Al aldermen's wives should go out every day t help the poor starving beasts who couldn' speak for themselves.

"But I don't want my wife to act like a eccentric!" father shouted. "I won't have it Allie. I'll have to put my foot down."

Whenever father put his foot down mothe stepped over it delicately, because she didn' want to hurt his feelings, but decisively, be cause in matters of the heart father was al ways wrong.

Events reached a crisis when the driver o Bannerman's Bakery wagon finally com plained to Mr. Bannerman himself. Th driver was in a highly nervous state by thi time. He had abandoned his old route en tirely and had taken to side roads and lane in the hope of avoidir mother. He did hi best to keep the hor wn to a walk an

(Continu 159)

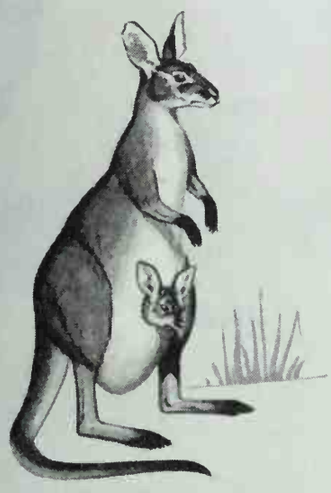
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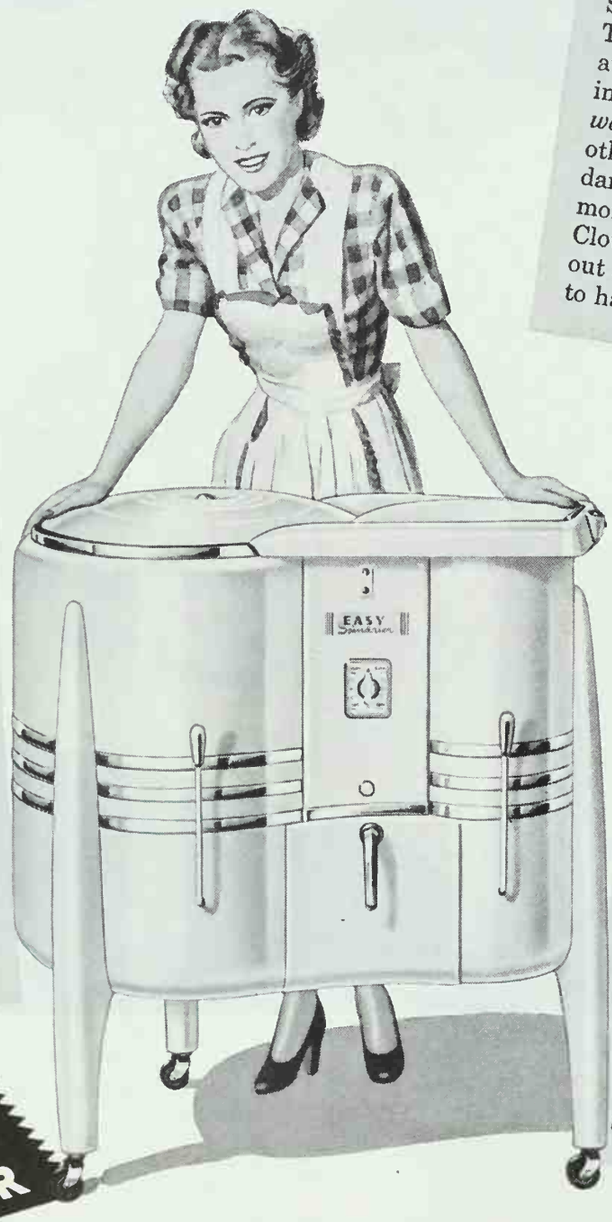
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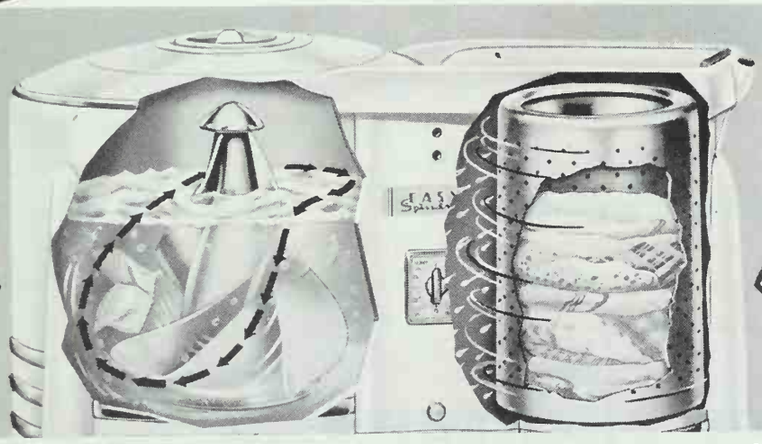


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See if you don't agree that Easy gives you more for your money than any other washer at *any* price! No installation charge. Saves soap and hot water. Saves cleaning bills by safely doing blankets, "washable" drapes, slipcovers at home! *See Easy in action today!* Easy Washing Machine Corp., Syracuse 1, New York.

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FINEST ALL-COMBED-YARN PERCALE

(Continued from Page 156)

e doubled its food rations, but the horse eversely refused to walk or to gain weight. Mr. Bannerman himself came out to the bles to inspect the horse. Finding nothing the matter with it, he at once suspected a t. Mr. Bannerman was a Republican and her was a Democrat, and it was Mr. Banerman's opinion that father had deliberly incited his wife to stop the horse in ler to discredit the Republican Party in eyes of all animal lovers. Father, Mr. nnerman stated, was nothing but a rabble ser.

This epithet and the reason for it was ckly relayed to father via Isobel Bannern, Priscilla's best friend.

Father relayed it to mother, very loudly. Do you realize, Allie, that you've probably ned me for the next election? Rabble ser. That's the kind of name that sticks."

Mother didn't know what a rabble rouser s, but she was loyal. "I never heard of thing so silly. You, a rabble rouser, my odness."

"You've got to stop it, Allie. You've got stop stopping horses!"

Mother, torn between her duty to animals d her love for father, compromised by nging the subject. "Hush, Frederick," e said gently. ou'll disturb the ghbors."

Mother's emonal nature was re widely known n she realized. A at many tramps e the freight cars to town and pped off on their y to Chicago, for meal. The inside ormation they exanged on the n's facilities frently involved 33 odlawn Avenue. re, it became own, they would eive an excellent al, petty cash and mpathetic ear. ometimes as many our or five a week he to the house. If y were talkative, ther listened vely to the stories heir lives. If they were silent, mother inted stories for them (to account for their faces) and worked herself into a state. She used herself of not leading a good enough and so being partly responsible for existence of tramps and other victims of ersity.

Edna was at first inclined to be skeptical hard-hearted about tramps. She herself ked for a living and she didn't see why er people shouldn't work too. But her's states were contagious, and conal exposure to them had infected Edna. became almost as skillful as mother at king up histories, deducing from the op of an eyelid a home wrecked by drink lope fiendishness.

OTHER had issued a set of rules about mps. They were, in the first place, not mps at all, but vagabonds. ("It sounds er," mother explained to father. "It nds—well, as if they had a choice, as if became that way deliberately, for the centure of it, do you see what I mean?" es, yes, yes," said father.) Both vagads and tramps frequently, and without ice, had fleas, lice or communicable iases, so the girls were ordered to keep a tance of six feet.

There were several other rules, the final applying to Skipper: Skipper should ays be let into the house when a vaga was there, just as a precaution. Mother ved that Skipper would go to his death protect the family, but the fact was pper preferred tramps to any other kind people. They had more interesting sual smells, and also they treated him with the fearful respect that he felt his size deserved.

Shortly before noon on Saturday the rain stopped and Skipper smelled a vagabond.

He burst into hysterical yelps. It was his special bark for vagabonds, and everyone in the house recognized it immediately. Edna went to the back door while mother shouted instructions down the steps:

"Ask him to come in and give him a cup of coffee first. And don't forget to ask his name. I'll be right down."

THE vagabond said his name was Jones, Pop Jones, and he wondered if the lady of the house could spare a meal.

"That's a funny thing, your name being Jones," Edna said. "That's my boy friend's name, too, only his first name's Delbert. Come on in; Mrs. Wilson will be right down."

Mother and Priscilla arrived in the kitchen simultaneously. Mother was very distressed to find that Mr. Jones did not look like a vagabond at all, he looked like a tramp. He was, in the first place, nearly as old as grandpa. He wore a railroad man's peaked cap, the remnants of a Tuxedo coat over his overalls, and a pair of rubber boots. Only Mr. Jones' face indicated that he had had any choice of profession. It was clean, amiable and even rakish, and he looked at Edna with the eye of a much younger man.

Conversation was strained. Mr. Jones did not feel at ease with three females and the largest dog in the world all watching him with great intensity.

"A man's best friend is his dog," he said, taking off his cap and twisting it nervously. "Some people say it's his mother, but I say, *dog*."

Both Priscilla and mother were delighted at this evidence that Mr. Jones was a very superior man.

"I love dogs," said Priscilla. "I just love them. Someday I'm going to have a hundred of them, all different kinds, fifty per cent boys and fifty per cent girls."

"A nice arrangement," said Mr. Jones.

Priscilla warmed to her subject. "The boys can't have puppies but the girls can, and I won't sell any of them. Then I'll have two hundred dogs. No cats."

"She likes cats," mother explained, with a faint air of apology. "But she doesn't love them the way she loves dogs because they kill things, you know? It gives one an odd feeling."

Nodding his agreement that it gave one an odd feeling, Mr. Jones accepted a cup of coffee from Edna and sat down at the kitchen table. While sipping the coffee, Mr. Jones made it clear that he had never before in his life begged for a meal. Never before in his life, though it had been a long and a hard one, and at his age, which was seventy-one, it was hard to start.

"It must be terrible," mother said, quite upset. "Isn't there—doesn't the Government have some sort of pension?"

"The Government is for the rich," Mr. Jones said.

This was a surprise to mother. She was very vague about governments, but she had always assumed they were of the people, for the people and by the people. Making a mental note to tackle father on this subject as soon as possible, mother sat down across the table from Mr. Jones and studied his face. His cleanliness, his high forehead, and the fact that he loved dogs and that cats gave him an odd feeling, bore out mother's theory that Mr. Jones had come from a very good family.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Walk in May

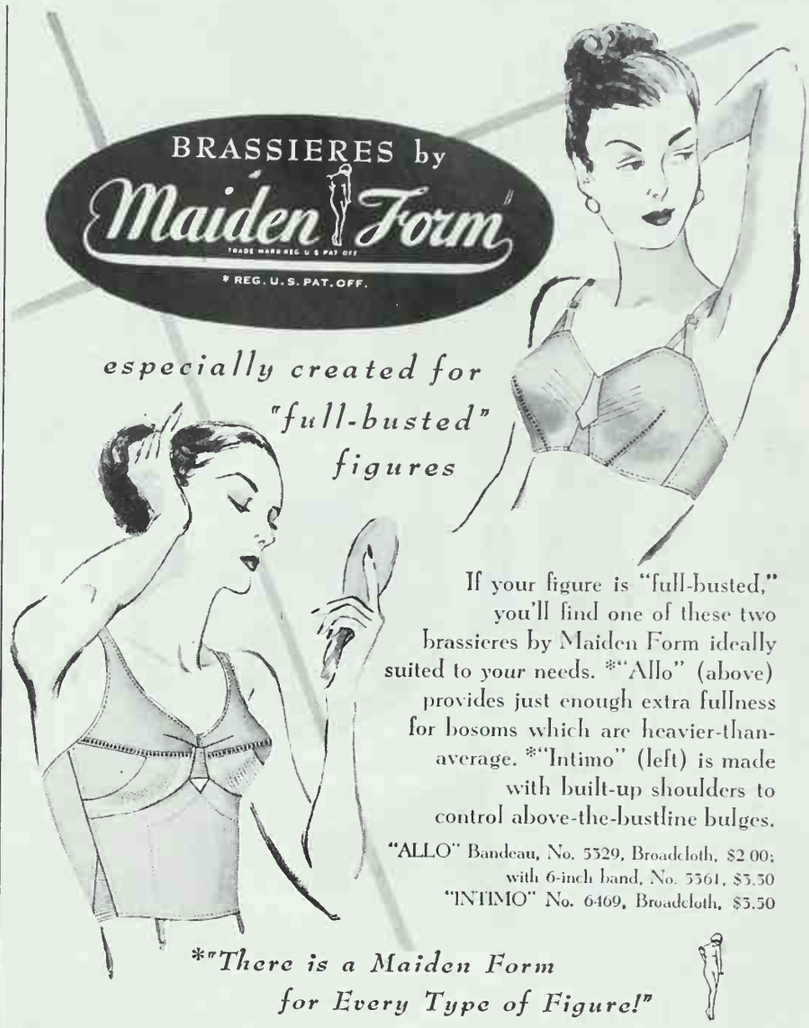
By Catherine Haydon Jacobs

Only gods and poets
Should walk abroad today.
The fields are bright with poppies;
The world, with May.

The eyes are glad with seeing
The silken fragile flower
Nodding in graceful millions
This one charmed hour.

Within this world of magic
A scarlet dream holds sway.
Only gods and poets
Should walk abroad today.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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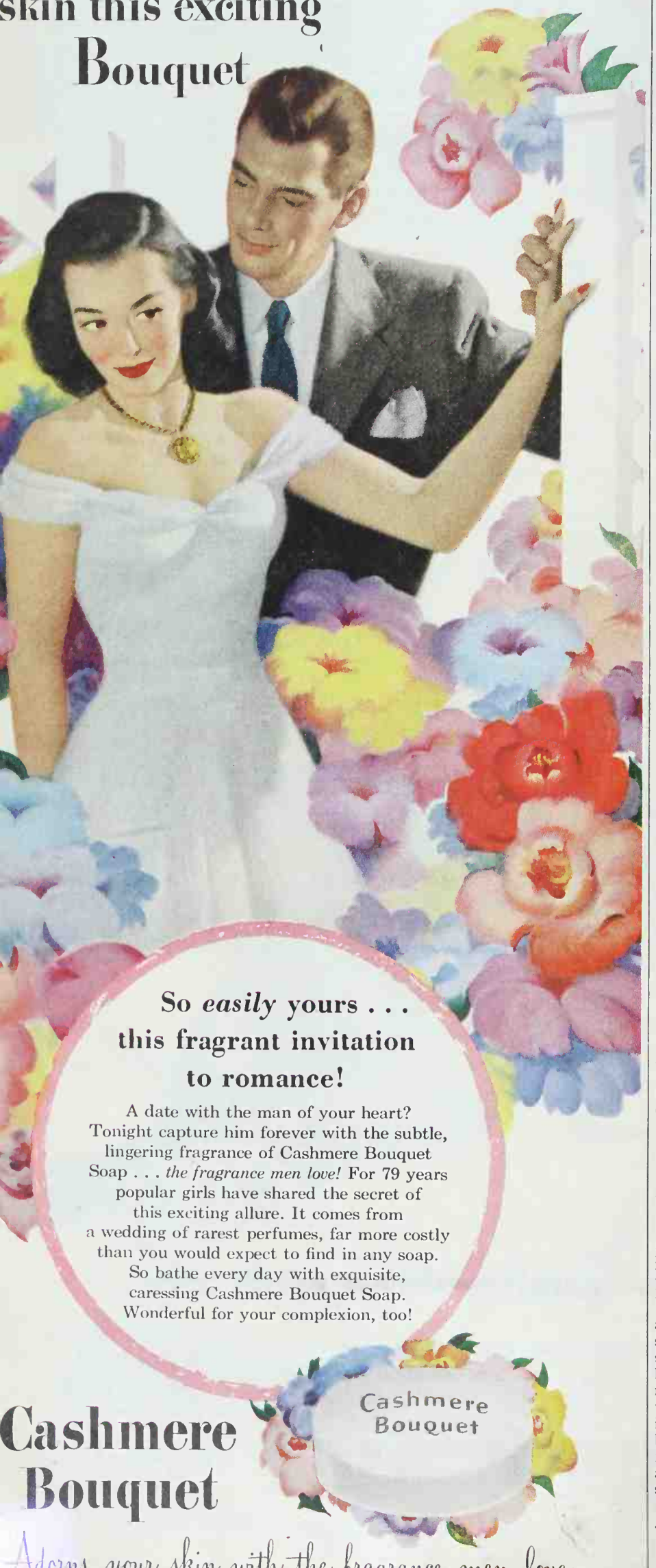
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Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love

Mr. Jones didn't mind having his face studied, but it was certainly not the reason why he had come. "I haven't had a bite to eat in two days," he said with a note of impatience in his voice. "It takes it out of an old man like myself."

"What would you like to eat?" mother asked. "We're going to have dinner as soon as Frederick—that's my husband—comes home. Pork chops. Do you like pork chops?"

Over Mr. Jones' head Edna had begun gesticulating wildly to mother, pointing first at Mr. Jones and then at the cellar door. Since Edna had learned these and similar gestures from mother herself, mother naturally understood right away that Edna wished to speak to her privately.

A conference was called on the first landing of the cellar steps and Priscilla was left behind in the kitchen to entertain Mr. Jones.

"I'm supposed to entertain you," said Priscilla. "I can do lots of things, only *not* recitations. I can play the piano. Would you like to hear me play The Frolic of the Frogs or any of the Pixie pieces?"

"No," said Mr. Jones.

"Well, I can do two card tricks, and the splits and the back bend, and stand on one leg for two minutes with my eyes closed, only that's not really an entertainment, it's one of my Tests for Concentration. Would you like to try it?"

"No."

"Well, all right, I'll show you first. It's not so hard if you just concentrate."

In the cellarway Edna stated the problem in the roundabout manner expected of her by mother: "Well, Mrs. Wilson, I was just standing there thinking what we should give him to eat and I was considering the pork chops or the cold lamb, when it suddenly struck me that it certainly is peculiar the way Mr. Jones sort of holds his hand up to his mouth when he talks. Also in the *way* he talks there is something muffled, like he hasn't got any teeth, and it's my opinion that that's it."

"What's it?" mother said.

"I don't think he's got any teeth. I was going to give him the rest of the lamb, but I suddenly thought, if he hasn't got teeth to chew it with, just think of his agony."

"Oh, dear," said mother, mentally suffering all of Mr. Jones' agony on the spot.

"'Course, if it was me handling it, I'd just up and say to him, 'Have you or haven't you got the wherewithal to chew?' But I know you couldn't do that, Mrs. Wilson."

The touchstone and true test of a happy marriage concerns the time during which the companionship lasts: whether it has been constantly peaceable, loyal and agreeable. —MONTAIGNE.

This was certainly true. To call attention to Mr. Jones' alleged affliction by a simple question would have violated one of mother's rules about vagabonds and all other people as well: no one should have his feelings hurt if it could be avoided. Besides, it was contrary to mother's nature to solve a problem directly. She prided herself on her subtlety.

"We can't possibly ask him if he has any teeth," mother said. "Just think how you'd feel if someone asked you."

"It wouldn't bother me none," Edna said frankly.

"It might if you hadn't any."

"The trouble with you, Mrs. Wilson, if you don't mind my saying so, is you let your motions run away with you. Like mother, like daughter. You're just like Priscilla, you're too motional."

Mother didn't mind the rebuke, it was the attitude behind it that worried her. For several weeks now, ever since Edna had started going steady with Delbert, mother had sensed a certain rebellion in Edna's manner. Under the influence of love Edna was rapidly returning to normal, and behaving in a much more callous way toward vagabonds and mother's states. Edna was, in fact, rediscovering her true nature, and she acted on it right away before mother could stop her.

She returned to the kitchen and asked Mr. Jones if he wanted something good and chewy like cold roast lamb, or something nice and soft, like mashed potatoes and eggs.

Mr. Jones, rather sourly, chose mashed potatoes and eggs. In spite of much encouragement from Priscilla, he had been unable to stand on one leg with his eyes closed for more than twenty seconds, and his failure had left him somewhat bitter.

While Mr. Jones ate, mother reconstructed his history. The careless way he wore a Tuxedo coat over his overalls implied an indifference to worldly goods, a quality much envied by mother. Though she had tried and tried to be indifferent to worldly goods, she never quite made the grade, and so she was extra humble in the face of Mr. Jones.

Mother bit her underlip, as she always did when she felt unworthy. "I have too many good things in my life," she said, half to herself. "I'm afraid I've become unchristian and arrogant."

"Tush, Mrs. Wilson," Edna said kindly. "Remember what I said. There's a place for motions like there's a place for everything else."

Mother leaned across the table toward Mr. Jones. "It must be hard to be indifferent to material possessions, to forsake everything."

Mr. Jones said nothing, but he looked acquiescent, which was all mother needed.

"I know *I* could never do it the way you have. I simply haven't got the will power. I could give up things like my beaver muff and chocolate-coated cherries and the electric icebox. But think of the children. And then of course there's Frederick. He wouldn't approve if I gave up everything."

"Nobody's asking you to," Edna said soothingly. "It's not in your place to forsake things. You got to just stay home and look after your family and mind your own business. That's Christian enough for anybody."

Mr. Jones was justifiably puzzled by this interchange, but he felt that Edna, at least, showed a little sense. "That's the ticket," he said. "If everybody would mind their own business there wouldn't be no wars."

"Do you think so?" said mother.

"I know so," said Mr. Jones, and wiped his mouth on one of mother's best hand embroidered napkins. "And now, ma'am after thanking you from the bottom of my heart, I'll be taking my leave."

"I wish I could do more," mother said biting her underlip again. "I don't suppose you've any place to stay tonight except the open road."

"No, ma'am."

"What if it rains again?"

"If it rains, it rains."

"Oh, *dear*," said mother, and promptly forsook all the money in her pin-money bowl in the cupboard—two dollars and fifteen cents.

Mr. Jones departed in a condition of pleasant astonishment, leaving mother in one of her states.

Edna hardened her heart. "You shouldn't have given him that much money, Mrs. Wilson. He'll just go out and get drunk."

"I can't believe that."

"And what's more, he'll tell everybody and next week we'll be doing nothing but cooking for tramps."

But next week, for mother, was rather dim, and Mr. Jones was still extremely vivid in her mind.

"Just think, Edna," she said. "He once had a mother to look after him. Perhaps she hasn't seen him for years and she's trying to find him."

"And she's on her deathbed," Edna contributed, rather grudgingly.

At twelve noon Priscilla kept a rendezvous with her inspiration in the attic.

Thanks to grandpa, the attic was unique among attics on Woodlawn Avenue because it contained a radio. The radio had belonged to grandpa, who had lost patience with

(Continued on Page 163)



THE LUCKY GIRL—*look* AT THE STERLING

EVER NOTICE how the wedding guests all flock to look at the silver first?

When Ted and I set out to look over Mary's lovely gifts, we followed the crowd (of course we wanted to see the Towle Sterling we'd given her, too!) and heard them *oh* and *ah* over the lovely shining pieces.

Every gift of Sterling makes a bride's day brighter, promising her lifetime loveliness for her table, true treasure for her new home. So give every bride on *your* list the perfect gift — Towle Sterling, in the pattern she has registered with her jeweler.

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A slice of Swift's Premium Ham will get a warm welcome at your table *any time*, *any way* you serve it. There's just no matching the mellow flavor that Swift's special Brown Sugar Cure gives this mealtime favorite. But here's a *surprise* idea: Gash edges of fat on a center slice of Swift's Premium Ham cut 1½″ thick. (Look for the name SWIFT on the slice to be sure it *is* Swift's Premium.) Place in a shallow baking dish and top with ¼ cup fruit juice—orange or pineapple juice, for instance. Spread with a mixture of ¼ cup brown sugar and 2 tablespoons of prepared mustard. Bake in a slow oven (325°F.) about 1½ hours. Serve with parboiled green pepper halves filled with *hot* macaroni salad. You can look forward to compliments! For the unvarying perfection of Swift's Premium Ham has made it America's traditional favorite through more than fifty years.

Happy mealtime choice for your family...
America's traditional favorite
Swift's Premium Ham



MARTHA LOGAN'S HAM SOUFFLÉ glorifies leftovers: Make a white sauce with 1 c. milk, 2 tbsp. fat, 3 tbsp. flour, 1 tsp. salt. Remove from heat; add 3 beaten egg yolks and 1 c. ground cooked ham. Cool. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake about 1 hr. in slow oven (325°F.).





OR TRY MARTHA LOGAN'S HAMATOES: Cut tops from hot baked potatoes, scoop out carefully and mash with hot milk till fluffy. Add any leftover ground ham and seasonings. Pile in potato shells; brush with melted table fat. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) until lightly browned.

2 styles! For easy cooking at home, loo for the Blue Label. The Red Label bring you ham that's fully cooked—ready t eat. Both kinds are Brown Sugar Cure and smoked Swift's special way over gen uine hardwood fires.

(Continued from Page 160)

shaken it too vigorously, thereby dis-ting its insides. After considering the ense of getting it repaired, grandpa de-d to put the radio in the attic and forget ut it. It still worked, to a certain extent. ou tuned in the local station and kept r ear right up against it, you could hear earnest voice of Theodore Long.

heodore Long was Priscilla's inspiration. s was natural enough, since Priscilla was ays willing to be inspired and Mr. Long nearly always available. He was prac-lly the sole employee of the radio station, hat his versatility was not entirely a ter of choice. He announced, he sang gs, he ran several choir programs, a Hill-Roundup and a children's songfest, and olved personal problems under the name stro Light. His highest peak of inspira-, however, was reached every Saturday oon, when he read poems and suggested hought for This Week. The poems he read ally inspired Priscilla to write poems of own.

riscilla loved writing poetry, but there a practical reason behind it too. When stock in the household was going down, nuine original poem could often bring it o par. The number of subjects that Pris-found fit for verse was limited, however, it was in this respect that Theodore g came in handy. His thoughts supplied cilla with ideas, and even one of his ice phrases, "pale blue moon," had in-ed Priscilla to write her most ambitious n so far.

Mr. Long's thought for this week was th. "Have you ever," he inquired of cilla and some five or six other people in a, "thought of Death the way Percy she Shelley thought of it? Here are his d-famed words: 'How wonderful is th, Death and his brother Sleep.'"

riscilla nodded wisely. She certainly She and Becky frequently discussed h. Becky said you just fainted and then e up in a golden house with darling little gs on your shoulders. Priscilla was not so about this. It sounded much too easy use it left Hell out entirely. Though she ldn't care to go there and stay forever ever, a brief visit would be pleasant, icularly since it involved a ride in a oat, according to grandpa. Next to s, boats were Priscilla's favorite things. Or," Mr. Long continued, "consider it lid Algernon Charles Swinburne. 'For e is no God found stronger than death; death is a sleep.' From time immemo-man has been pondering on the mystery eath and putting his ponderings into poetry. For us all, death is not only a mystery, it is universal. As is pointed out in that great poem Death the Leveller, death is no respecter of persons. It strikes both the high and the low, the king and the pauper, the poet and the peasant, the male and the female—it strikes one and all."

Mr. Long's voice became submerged in static for several minutes, giving Priscilla time to contemplate this rather disturbing idea. Death could easily strike mother, the female, and father, the male, and herself, the poet, and even Becky, who didn't fit into any of the classifications but could probably be struck anyway. She wished that his Thought for This Week had been about kittens, like last Saturday, or about trees, like the Saturday before.

But Priscilla was not one to shirk her responsibility toward herself. Picking up a piece of chalk, she wrote on the blackboard "Death the Levler." Then she sat back on her heels, chewed the ends of her braids, and produced poetry:

Death levles both the low and the high
The king and the pauper and you and I.

She was not satisfied with these two lines. They had a peculiar look and she erased them hurriedly and returned to the radio. By shaking it for a few minutes she was able to recapture Mr. Long, but by this time he was off the subject entirely and was reading aloud some of his fan mail.

Mr. Long received a surprising number of fan letters, and though Priscilla's father claimed he wrote them all himself, Priscilla knew this wasn't true because she had written one. She hadn't been strictly accurate in the letter, since she said that she was twenty years old and a beautiful blonde, so she wasn't able to sign her name. As a precaution she even wiped off all her fingerprints from the paper and the envelope in case Mr. Long should be so intrigued by her letter that he would try to hunt her down.

For some reason Mr. Long hadn't read her letter over the radio. Either he didn't care for beautiful blondes or he hadn't received the letter. The second reason seemed more probable as well as easier to rectify. Balancing herself on her knees and gripping her tongue firmly between her teeth to help her concentrate, she wrote on the blackboard:

"Dear Mr. Long. I am one of your most intence admirers. In fact I may say I admire you tremendously from the bottom of my heart. Every Saturday noon as regular as clockwork I sit in my lonely room (I am a widow) and listen to your thoughts."

(Continued on Page 166)



"I've lost half a pound. Must be something I didn't eat."



Here's How

Mrs. Robert E. Harper makes her wonderful

Fresh-Flavored Strawberry Jam



"My family and friends rave about my strawberry jam," says Mrs. Harper, "but actually anybody can make it the easy *certain* way *I* do—with CERTO. I use the recipe on page 19 of the booklet that comes under the label of every Certo bottle. Certo, you know, is the original famous liquid pectin that helps all fruits jell just right.

Mrs. Robert E. Harper

CEMENT CITY, MICHIGAN



"The thrilling fresh-fruit flavor of my strawberry jam is due to the short-boil method, with Certo. You boil the fruit and sugar hard just ONE minute—then remove it from the fire and stir in half a bottle of Certo. After that, stir and skim for 5 minutes to cool slightly and prevent floating fruit—and your jam is done.

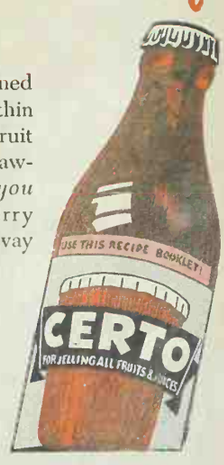


"I get about 10 six-ounce glasses of jam from only 2 quarts of ripe berries. That's a CERTO BONUS of *4 more glasses* than you'd get from this much fruit by old-fashioned long-boil methods. This Certo way, you don't 'boil the fruit down,' so you both avoid strong flavor and get more finished glasses!

And what a Time Saver!



"My jam is all made, paraffined and ready to put away within fifteen minutes after the fruit is prepared! Do—while strawberries are fine—make *you* some delicious strawberry jam this easy, successful way—with CERTO."



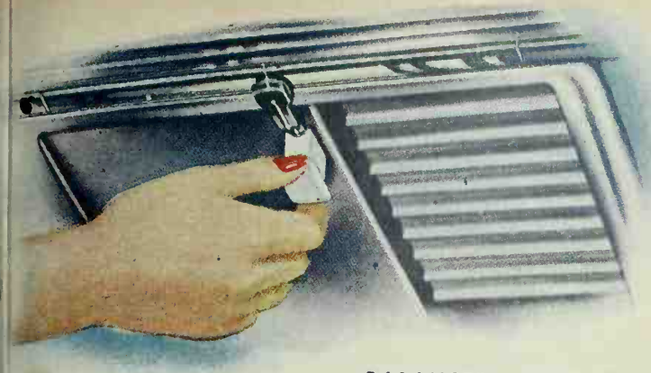
A Product of General Foods

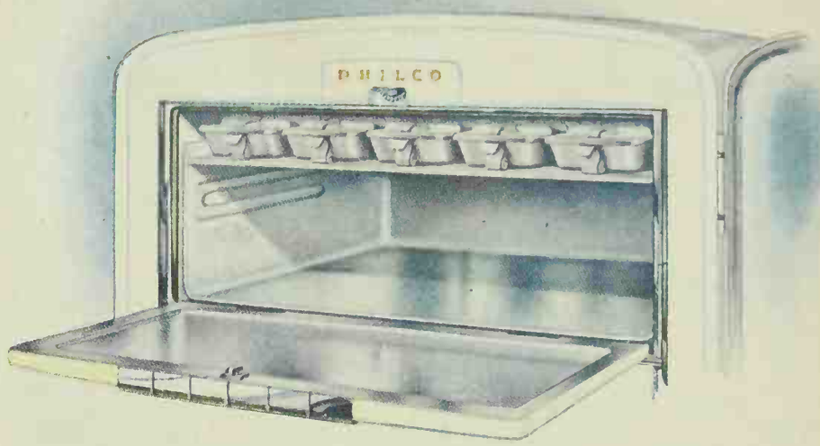
Alice's Adventures
in **Philco**land

"Oh Mother!" cried Alic

"Here's the New PHILCO...



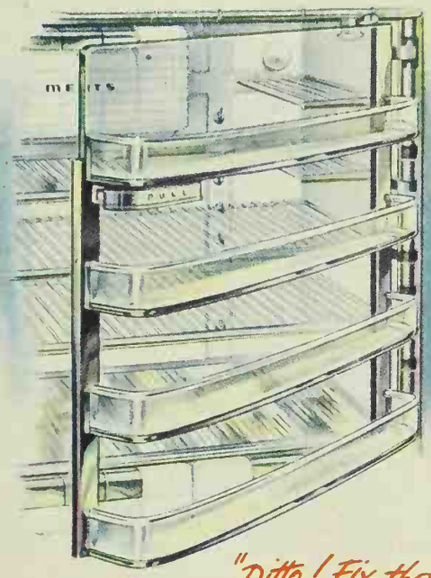




BALANCED HUMIDITY

At last, a "moist cold" refrigerator suited to every climate and season. Revolutionary "*Summer-Winter Control*" keeps humidity in or takes it out as needed. *Only Philco has it!*





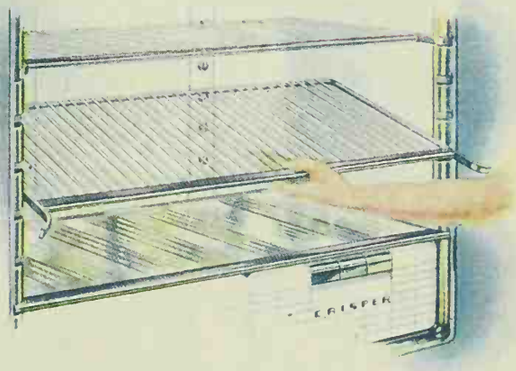
GIANT FREEZER LOCKER

Huge, *clear* space for zero-zone frozen food storage. Ice trays out of the way on *separate*, super-fast freezing shelf. The new Philco Freezer Locker is far ahead in providing scientifically safe, *zero-zone* temperatures for the storage of frozen foods. Meats, vegetables, fruits, fish, and baked goods can be safely stored over long periods of time. Convenient!



CONSERVADOR

Transparent, shelf-lined inner door adds shelf space and keeps foods used most often at your finger-tips. *Only Philco has it!*



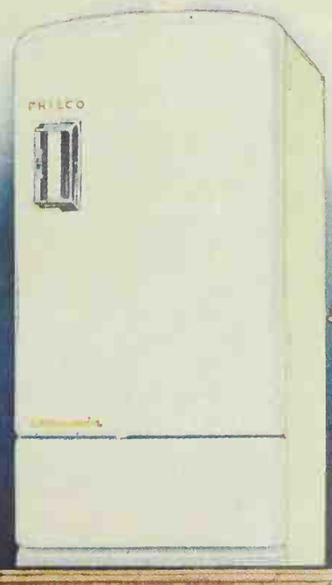


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The first *completely adjustable* shelves ever invented. Yes, you *shift the shelves to suit yourself* for any size or shape of foods. Like a made-to-order refrigerator for every use. Wonderful! *Only Philco has it!*

"... a most WONDERful Refrigerator!"

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Why Alice is so thrilled by all she saw in Philcoland.
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The *Freezer Shelf* and *Crisper Drawers* and more you'll have to see.
Efficiency, utility, and value plainly seen . . .
As Alice says, the Philco line is one *fit for a queen.*
And even Humpty Dumpty says he *fell* for it . . . "and how!"
To get the best, may we suggest: Go see your dealer now!





46 PHILCO CORPORATION



...THREE REASONS WHY WOMEN CHOOSE CUT-RITE:



Today's roast can be a more delicious meat pie tomorrow if you wrap it in extra-heavy Cut-Rite. Cut-Rite is waxed through and through—not just surface-waxed—to guard every bit of first-serving goodness in expensive foods.



You can twist and fold Cut-Rite without tearing—it's so pliable and so strong! Moist foods won't soak through. Smelly foods won't "smell" through. Save icebox space with Cut-Rite too . . . wrap small things small to tuck in corners.



Such a convenience—so easy to use. Famous cutting edge tears off quick and clean. No mess, no waste . . . keep Cut-Rite handy. A Scott Paper Product.

More women use Cut-Rite than any other Wax Paper!

(Continued from Page 163)

Having suddenly become a widow, Priscilla paused to make the necessary adjustments. She wasn't sure whether to be an ordinary widow or a grass widow. She had often heard Edna speak of grass widows and she considered it an expression of respect. Grass widows were the kind who kept their husbands' graves planted with grass and flowers instead of letting them remain covered with plain dirt and weeds. Priscilla inserted "grass" in front of the word "widow."

"My children have desserted me and all I have left in this world is my husband's grassy grave and my radio which I keep tuned to none other than you. In fact I may say you inspire me to think things I would not otherwise think for instance the nobillity of trees etc, also the importance of little things like kittens etc. Ad nauseam."

Priscilla leaned back to admire this last phrase, which gave such a scholarly air to the letter. Grandpa used "ad nauseam" a great deal in the letters he wrote to the newspapers and in his conversation.

"In closing may I say that I wish you would not have any more programs about Death which is a sore point with me making me think of that grassy grave I just spoke of. How about Dogs? Yours most truly, Mrs. J. H. Black."

Priscilla read her letter twice to check for spelling mistakes. Finding none, she copied it on a sheet of foolscap, wearing an old pair of gloves on account of fingerprints. She addressed an envelope to Theodore Long, Esquire, Radio Station, Owen Street North, City.

Then, tucking the letter inside her bosom and tightening her belt around her hips so it wouldn't fall through, she went in search of her mother.

MOTHER was packing away the winter clothes in the cedar closet. The moth balls smelled very nice and looked like her third most favorite candy, the hard round peppermints she bought at Bowman's Grocery Store.

"I would like a stamp," said Priscilla.

"What on earth for?" her mother said.

"I wrote a letter and I want a stamp to put on it."

"A letter? To whom?"

"Just a letter," Priscilla said, reflecting bitterly that she had no privacy at all. All her inmost deepest secrets were dragged out daily just as the bathing suits and summer dresses were dragged out of the cedar closet in the spring. "It's a *personal* letter."

"Most letters are," mother observed, wrapping Becky's old lumberjack in tissue paper. "I hope it's to your Aunt Irene. You haven't written to her for ages."

"Well, it's not *exactly*." Viewed in a broad way, Aunt Irene and Mr. Long might be said to have something in common such as death, but not enough to lend any conviction to a downright lie.

Mother glanced up at her rather suspiciously. "Is there any special reason why you're wearing gloves?"

"Well, not exactly, except my hands were chilly. It's chilly up in the attic, it's practically below zero."

"I don't want to pry, but you're looking guilty, Priscilla. Hadn't you better tell me about the letter?"

"I can't!" Priscilla cried, clutching her bosom to indicate despair and also to make sure the letter was still there. "It's utterly private!"

Mother preferred to trust people and to believe the best of them whenever possible, but Priscilla's uneasy conscience was too obvious to be ignored. "You're only eleven, you can't write letters to just anybody. Before I give you a stamp I'll have to know more about the letter. I won't read it unless it's absolutely necessary."

"I simply have no privacy in this world," Priscilla said vehemently. "I simply am treated like a child!"

"Dear me, I wish you wouldn't make such faces and wriggle like that."

The wriggling had caused the letter to slip down past her belt, and drastic measures



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Get that recipe card up where you can see it. "Scotch" Tape it to the cabinet at eye-level when you're whipping up a cake. Saves a lot of stooping.



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Hex, durable liquid mothproofing protects woolens, rugs, upholstery blankets **WHILE YOU USE THEM.**
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vidual Bottle
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EAL ORANGEADE
sk your Milkman or Grocer

were called for. Clasping her hand to her side she began to moan, "Oh, my appendix! My appendix are bursting!"

"*Is* bursting," said mother. "Appendix is singular."

Priscilla's eyes filled with tears and for a moment she actually did feel a terribly sharp pain in her appendix. The shock of it made her hand relax and the letter slipped to the floor.

Mother picked it up. "Who is Theodore Long?"

"A man."

"Yes, but what *kind* of man?"

"He does lots of things but mostly he's poetical."

"I'm afraid," mother said, "that this will have to be examined, Priscilla. You're only eleven, and while you're a very clever girl you haven't the judgment you'll have later on."

"I got *lots* of judgment."

"Besides, it's quite possible that your father knows this man, Mr. Long. It might reflect on your father if his daughter wrote anything rash or in bad taste."

"Nobody would know it was his daughter. I didn't sign my name."

"I see." There was a short pause. "Whose name did you sign?"

"Well, nobody's exactly. I was writing on the blackboard and I just thought Black would be a nice ordinary name."

"Oh?"

"Mrs. J. H. Black. *J* for John and *H* for Harry."

"Oh."

"I also changed my handwriting and wore gloves so there wouldn't be any fingerprints." She added kindly, "So you don't have to worry about me being caught and put in jail."

"I'm glad of that."

"So I would like a stamp, please."

Mother balanced the letter in her hand indecisively. "I'm afraid I'll have to talk it over with your father when he comes home. I'm only doing it for your own good."

For your own good. What a ghastly phrase that was. It covered the most barbarous and inhuman cruelties. It was enough to make you run away to Chicago or Hollywood, provided you could borrow enough money for a ticket. She didn't know anyone in Chicago, but in Hollywood there was Buddy Rogers, who would help her get a job as a movie extra or a piano player. When she became a star she would have her hair dyed blond, and return home in triumph to marry Theodore Long.

"And whatever you're planning," mother said dryly, "I hope you'll think twice before you do it."

Dinner was an unusually peaceful affair. Becky had not returned from the movie and Paul had been sent on his bicycle to look for her.

"The child has absolutely no idea of time," mother said. "She may sit there all afternoon without realizing how late it's getting."

"I can't understand it," father said. "I could tell time when I was five."

For just a moment Priscilla was tempted to voice her suspicion that Becky had been able to tell time for at least a year. Naturally Becky wouldn't admit it. Ignorance was convenient. If Becky didn't arrive home at the time specified for her, she couldn't in all fairness be punished as long as ignorance was on her side.

"When I was Becky's age," father continued, "I knew all the multiplication tables."

"She's not backward," mother said. "You wouldn't call her backward, would you, Frederick?"

"Still waters," Edna put in, "run deep."

God has given us our memories that we might have roses in December. —ANON.

Quick as a wink!

RECIPE FOR
UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM CANAPÉ

Cut bread in squares, rounds, diamond shapes, ¼ inch thick, toast to delicate brown, spread liberally with UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM. Sprinkle with grated cheese and brown in hot oven. Delicious!



AMERICA'S FAVORITE SANDWICH SPREAD
UNDERWOOD
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For superb sandwiches and snacks, ere's nothing like UNDERWOOD EVILED HAM. A natural, too, read on hot buttered toast under ge. *There's* flavor at its very best!





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So chocolatey-good with Dromedary Mix!

Pretty wonderful, to take a box of Dromedary Devil's Food Mix, a cup of water, and turn out this rich, luscious cake . . . good as finest home-mixed! And for so much *less* than its choice ingredients would cost you!

Add water, bake layers. Frost. Arrange peaches, chocolate bits. *(Easier still, frost with Dromedary Fudge & Frosting Mix. Delicious!)*



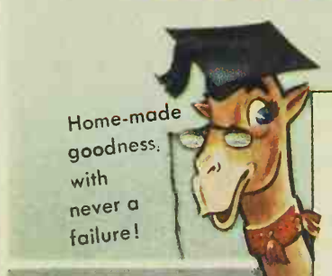
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✓ COSTS YOU 40% LESS THAN HOME-MIXED!
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Home-made goodness, with never a failure!





GINGERBREAD "TOP HATS"

Fun to make—to serve—to eat!

Gay, aren't they? And so deliciously spicy, so meltingly tender. You just can't beat Washington's mother's wonderful old gingerbread recipe, and you get it *only* in Dromedary Mix!

Just add water, bake. Cut cones out of tops of cakes. Fill hollows with whipped cream. Replace cones *upside down. (Dots are candy sprinkles.)* My, they're good. Spring them on your friends!



Her father glanced at Priscilla. "Speaking of still waters, what's the matter with our Duchess today? Are her royal lips sealed?"

Priscilla winced delicately at this coarse humor. "Can't a person even be quiet around here without another person thinking there's something the matter with them?"

"She's been acting crazy as a coot all morning," Edna said treacherously.

"Oh, I have not!" Priscilla cried in outraged dignity. "Can't a person even *think* around here?"

"Her Highness seems to be offended," father said, winking at her across the table and thus destroying the last ounce of friendship she felt for him.

"I don't believe," Priscilla said, "that I care for any dessert." She was full anyway, and the dessert was only Indian pudding. With a polite but cold "Excuse me," she retreated into the living room. Then she lay on her stomach on the davenport, alone, friendless and betrayed.

In about ten minutes her father followed her. He was carrying the letter which, Priscilla noted bitterly, had been opened.

"I don't like Indian pudding much either," he said in a kindly way that might have affected Priscilla if she hadn't already steeled her heart. "About this letter. It's very interesting. It has certain inaccuracies, however, that we'd better iron out before you send it. Then you'll be free to sign your own name and scatter your fingerprints all over it if you like. I suppose Paul told you about fingerprints?"

Priscilla nodded curtly.

With a faint smile which was enough to curdle her soul, father removed the letter from the envelope.

"Now, I don't believe you should claim to be a widow. You're a very nice little girl. If you want to say something about yourself by way of introduction, why not use the truth?"

"I can't say 'I am a very nice little girl.' I won't say it! I'd sooner *die!*"

"Very well. Why not remain mysterious? Don't tell him anything about yourself. Let him wonder. Intense, by the way, is usually spelled with an *s*." He took out his fountain pen and corrected it.

"It may be right, but it looks better with a *c*," Priscilla said, clinging to her pride. "It looks more unusual."

"Nobility has only one *l;* and a grass widow, by the way, is a woman who has been widowed by divorce. We'd better eliminate her husband's grassy grave and the deserting children, don't you agree?"

Priscilla did not agree. She had loved that grassy grave and those deserting children. They were enough to bring tears to Mr. Long's eyes.

"Also this phrase *ad nauseam*. As far as I'm concerned it's a beautiful touch, but it doesn't mean quite what you think. It's a term of disgust."

"Grandpa uses it all the time."

"Grandpa is very often disgusted. Now, shall we see what we've got left?" He read aloud: "'Dear Mr. Long colon I am one of your most intense admirers comma in fact I may say I admire you tremendously with all my heart period. Every Saturday morning as regular as clockwork I sit in my lonely room and listen to you period.' I suppose it would be asking too much to eliminate 'lonely'? 'All I have left in this world is my radio which I keep tuned to none other than you period. In fact I may say you inspire me to think things I would not otherwise think for instance the nobility of trees, etc., also the importance of little things like kittens, etc. period. In closing may I say that I wish you would not have any more programs about Death which is a sore point with me period. How about dogs question mark. Yours very truly comma Priscilla Wilson.' There now. Doesn't that sound better?"

Priscilla shook her head.

"Oh, come. I think it's a charming letter. Mr. Long will be very pleased and surprised. I don't imagine he gets very many."

"I bet he gets hundreds and hundreds."

Father didn't care to be argued with. "If this man Long gets more than one letter a



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month, I'll eat it. That is, provided he doesn't write it himself."

"He wouldn't stoop so low," said Priscilla loyally.

"My dear child, it isn't a question of stooping, it's a question of pulling himself up. I happen to know this Long fellow couldn't make more than twelve or fifteen dollars a week. I could hardly blame him for trying to drum up a little business by writing himself letters."

Priscilla sighed at this new evidence of her father's omniscience.

"I like to see him get along," father continued in a louder voice. "But he's not going to do it at the expense of bamboozling my own daughter!"

It was sometimes difficult to follow father's logic. Fortunately, it was not necessary. Mother stuck her head in the door and said soothingly, "Now, Frederick, don't get excited."

"I was merely giving Priscilla a lesson in commmon sense. Death. Great Scott, you'd think the fellow would have more sense than to fill an eleven-year-old girl's mind with death."

"It's possible he doesn't address himself to eleven-year-old girls," mother said mildly. "Besides, I don't think the idea horrifies her. Take a look at her."

Priscilla tried to look noncommittal under the combined stares of her parents.

"Have you shown your father the poem you wrote last week? That had something to do with death, didn't it?"

"Yes," Priscilla said curtly.

Gossip has been defined as the art of saying nothing in a way that leaves practically nothing unsaid. —The Houghton Line.

"What was the name of it?"

"'Pale Blue Moon,' by Priscilla Jane Wilson."

"I remember now. I'm sure your father would like to see it," mother said in a coaxing voice. "Run up and get it for him, will you?"

"I don't care to."

"I'd like to hear it again myself."

"I simply don't happen to care to."

"She has quite a talent for meter, Frederick," mother said. "All her poems have a certain style to them too."

Father had recovered his temper. "Yes, her letter showed a great deal of style. I'd certainly appreciate hearing the new poem."

"It's nothing," Priscilla said. "It's just about two lovers and one of them dies."

"It sounds exactly like the kind of poem I like."

Since it was exactly the kind of poem Priscilla liked, too, she was unable to hold out any longer. She went to the attic and brought down her second-best copy of Pale Blue Moon.

After making absolutely sure that neither of her parents was wearing the faintest air of patronage or the faintest trace of a smile, Priscilla stood in the center of the room and read aloud:

"Pale Blue Moon, by Priscilla Jane Wilson.

"A pale blue moon was shining,
Shining up in the sky,
And it shone upon two people,
Two people just you and I.
But now that blue moon shines no more
And you are cold and dead,
But I'll never forget the blue moon
And the lovely things you said."

When she had finished, father sighed deeply. "It's very sad. I hope the two lovers meet again in the hereafter."

"I'm sure they will," said mother.

"Maybe they will and maybe they won't," Priscilla replied cryptically. "Nobody can tell. Right now I'm writing one about Death, for instance, what is it."

(Continued on Page 171)

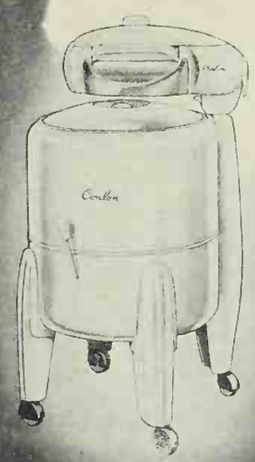
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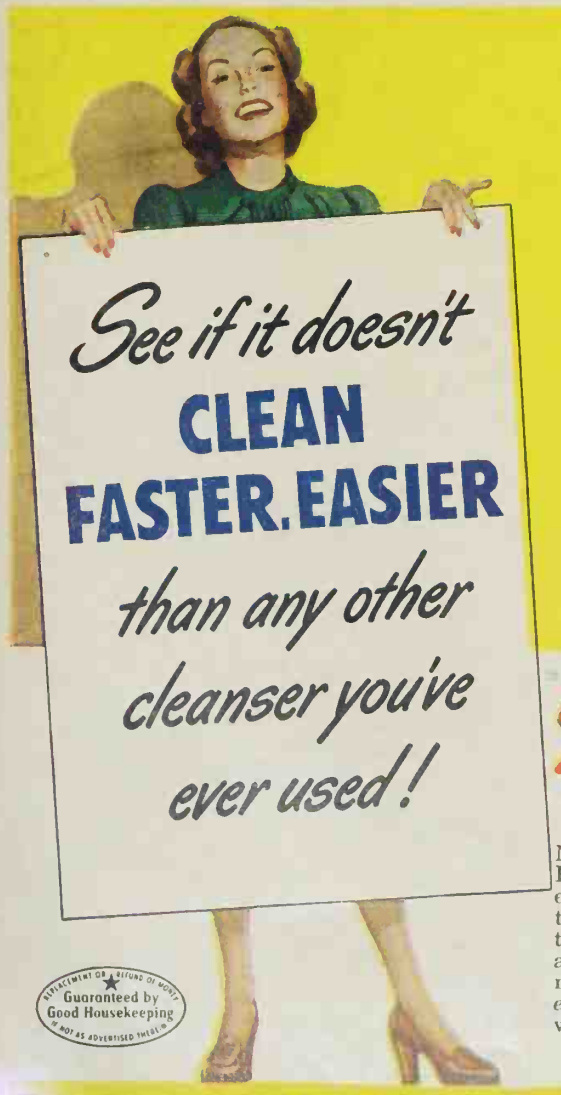
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(Continued from Page 169)

Father nodded. "That should be very interesting."

"It will be."

Her literary triumph had salved her ego. She went to her room to copy the letter on another sheet of paper. She wrote it exactly as her father suggested except for a slight addition at the end: "P.S. I adore you madly."

Becky arrived home shortly after one o'clock. She said she didn't have any idea it was so late because she couldn't tell the time and anyway she had nothing to tell it on. During the Chester Conklin feature she was very homesick and just about to leave when long came the Jackie Coogan feature which was so good she decided to see it twice and save money.

Both her mother and Priscilla accepted his logic, but father said, "I don't understand how it would be saving money to see it twice unless it glutted you with movies so you wouldn't insist on going to one next Saturday."

"Hush, Frederick." Mother hugged Becky because she hadn't been kidnaped.

"I *am* gutted," Becky said tactfully. "I'm just *gutted* with them."

Father said he was sorry he'd brought the subject up and put himself in his own to read.

The dining-room table had already been cleared, so Becky ate her dinner in the kitchen while Edna washed the dishes. Becky always ate her meals in a dreamy and absent-minded fashion. Today she was slower than ever because she paused every few minutes to put the pocket of her dress.

Priscilla recognized the unmistakable crackle of a paper bag from Bowman's. "What's in there?" Becky smiled mysteriously. "Guess." Beginning with her most unfavorite candy, horehound, Priscilla worked up through Turkish Delight and peppermint patties to licorice allsorts. This system had the double advantage of postponing the delicious moment of insurance, and of feeding Becky's vanity.

"It is licorice allsorts," said Becky. "Ten cents' worth and fresh in today."

Priscilla licked her lips in anticipation of the rubbery bliss of fresh licorice allsorts. "Share and share alike."

"Maybe," Becky said.

"It wouldn't be fair not to."

"Fair is fair. You called me a pig so I can be a pig if I want and gobble, gobble, gobble them all up by myself."

Faced with this sickening possibility, Priscilla said coldly, "I'm sorry I called you pig." She crossed her fingers to indicate that God that He wasn't to take this seriously. Becky was mollified by the apology. She removed the bag of licorice allsorts from her pocket and counted them on the table. There were sixty-nine. She counted out twenty of these, mostly her unfavorite type, and pushed them toward Priscilla. The rest she replaced in the bag.

Having been generous, at practically no expense to herself, Becky was in a good mood. She was willing to spend the afternoon playing whatever Priscilla wanted to play, even Visiting, though she was too full to play Visiting right away.

Visiting was a game of Priscilla's invention. It consisted of dressing up in clothes that made you as unrecognizable as possible and then going to various houses pretending you had just moved to town. This game, with its infinite variations of costume and dialogue and plot, satisfied Priscilla's nature. The food angle was important too. Naturally new people who had just moved to town from New York—hence the smart clothes—had to be offered a bite to eat by way of welcome.

Mother disapproved of this part of the game. "My goodness, it's like begging," she said. "People will think I don't feed my children at home."

"You just don't understand," Priscilla informed her haughtily. "They don't know it's us. Especially if Becky doesn't talk they don't know it's us."

"Your wig is slipping," mother said.

Priscilla had two wigs for Visiting. One was a fuzzy blond wig removed from the kewpie-doll lamp her father had brought her from Chicago. The other wig was less interesting, being plain brown, but it fitted better because the doll it had belonged to had a head nearly as large as Priscilla's. With care and a great many of her mother's hairpins, Priscilla could wear the wig all afternoon. In the summer when it was very hot the glue on the wig melted a little and some of it got mixed with Priscilla's own hair, causing great anguish later on.

Priscilla began to assemble her ideas for the afternoon's session of Visiting. She would let Becky wear the blond wig, and they would be from Buffalo, two very chick ladies from Buffalo. The ladies would call first at Mr. Shantz's house. This was a very bold play, for Mr. Shantz was the meanest man in town. He had once kicked Skipper for digging a hole in his lawn, and every Halloween he sat all evening on his front porch with his raccoon coat on and a switch laid across his knees. Mr. Shantz had one wife who had died and another who was ill a great deal of the time—from slow poison, in Priscilla's opinion.

Becky balked at this plan. She was not ascared to go to Mr. Shantz's, she was certainly not, but she didn't care to go. Nor would she wear the blond wig which tickled her nose.

"But you have to," Priscilla cried. "You'll be recognizable!"

"No, I won't. I'll cross my eyes."

She crossed her eyes, and Edna said that sure did make a whale of a difference, her own mother wouldn't recognize her.

"You look exactly the same to me," Priscilla said with scorn. "You could wrap your face up, maybe, and have the mumps."

"Why do I always have to *have* something?" Becky wailed. "Why can't I be ordinary?"

"How can you be from Buffalo and be ordinary?"

After considerable argument it was decided that Becky was to be a widow and wear a veil over her face. So that her voice wouldn't give her away she was to be stricken with grief and unable to utter any sound but a few pitiful sniffles.

"How do I eat with a veil over my face?" Becky protested.

"I thought you were too full."

"My fullness is going away."

"Oh, I give up," Priscilla said. "If you're too stricken to talk, you're too stricken to eat."

(Continued on Page 173)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For Robert, & Co.

By Marjorie Lederer Lee

The hooded coat with satin bows
Is suddenly too tight to close;
The cap that seemed too big for years
Will barely cover Robert's ears!
The rolling basket in the hall
Is much too narrow, much too small;
And all the rompers, white and blue
And pink and yellow, looking new
As on the day they left the store,
Are waiting, waiting in the drawer. . . .

Who is the fledgling, now a shade,
A wing beat in the quiet glade,
Who will in time ride through the town's
Bright streets in Robert's hand-me-downs?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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THE NIGHT SEEMS ENDLESS . . . when you can't get to sleep. And as you twist and turn in your bed, you begin to feel uneasy.

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The center panel reinforced with these exclusive, patented tougher more buoyant springs. Eliminates stresses and strains. Gives you a new kind of Sleeping Comfort.

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Smooth! You relax completely. Nary a button, bump or hollow to disturb your deep restful sleep. Non-shift anchored upholstery. Non-sag reinforced edges.

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Regardless of your size or weight, Serta's patented resilient support eliminates tiring stresses and strains. Enables you to relax completely in *any* sleeping position.

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(Continued from Page 171)

"I could wear something with lots of o kets," Becky said hopefully, "and then ould put things in the pockets for a rainy a'."

By three o'clock they were ready. Becky a found an old black suit of Aunt Marnie's ch had five pockets if you counted a rip the lining large enough to hold several kies. Over her face she wore an ecru lace- tain veil which dangled nearly to her es, and was held in place on her head by of Grandpa's discarded panama hats. It hot inside the veil, but it was cozy, too, a tent, and Becky was very fond of ts.

Priscilla looked dashing in a red velvet s and a boa made of feathers which led the neck. Over the brown wig wore one of her mother's hats, and she t that, on the whole, she looked a little like een Moore.

he rain had stopped, leaving the air cold clear. Some of the smaller puddles had a film of ice over them, Priscilla noticed dismay. It meant that summer was her away than she'd imagined and quite bly it might never come at all. This ght was unbearable. All the way down street she broke the ice in every puddle asten the approach of summer. Past the elsangs', the Bartons', the Johnsons'.

I certainly am getting my feet good and " said Becky.

slight pause at Mrs. Abel's, who, it was ored, made devil's-food cake that melted our mouth.

Is it half an hour yet?" Becky asked.

It's nearly two hours."

I'm not full any ."

Yes, but mother said were never to go to . Abel's house on ac- t of you-know-what."

ecky did not know . Neither, for that er, did Priscilla. But e was something pe- r about Mrs. Abel, illa knew from the way the grownups red to her.

rs. Abel taught voice and piano, and was soprano soloist at St. Paul's Lutheran rch. She had a husband, Mr. Abel, who a traveling salesman and didn't come e very often. Father said that it was no ler, and that listening to Mrs. Abel sing *mi mi mi mi* all day was enough to make veling salesman of any man.

t must be very hard on her," mother "having her husband away so much of ime."

ther winked. "She has her consolations. is her name and willing is her nature." Hush, Frederick. Remember that little ers have big ears."

GH Priscilla looked up "consolations" r father's dictionary, the mystery of Abel remained unsolved.

e could," Priscilla suggested, "just y knock at the door just merely to say to her."

course we could," Becky said.

obeying mother's orders while under a ent was hardly the same thing as plain ry disobedience, and the distinction Becky quite bold. She put her finger e doorbell and held it until Mrs. Abel to the door.

hat on *earth*," said Mrs. Abel, flinging the door. "Oh. Well, what's this?"

was not an encouraging greeting and was ready to run away, tent or no But Priscilla hung onto her hand and almly:

e are your new neighbors. We have moved to town and we thought we'd to leave our calling cards."

ell, fancy that," Mrs. Abel said.

e came all the way from Buffalo, me y dear friend, who's a widow."

response to a sharp pinch above the the widow sniffled pitifully.

e's had a stunted growth from the she was a baby," said Priscilla. "But s a lovely nature."

"I can see that," Mrs. Abel said with a faint smile. "And from Buffalo too. Did you have a nice trip?"

"We came part of the way by boat and my dear friend was seasick all the time."

"Oh, I was not!" Becky cried, offended. "Why do I always have to have something the matter with me like growths and seasick?"

A man's voice called from inside the house, "Who is it, Ruth?"

"Nothing to get excited about," Mrs. Abel replied. "It's the Wilson kids from down the street; Alderman Wilson's kids."

Priscilla glared at Becky, who had given the whole show away by talking.

"Well, kids," said Mrs. Abel, "if this is a game, it's one I've never played before. What do we do now? You want to come inside?"

"We don't mind if we do," Priscilla said elegantly.

THEY had never been inside Mrs. Abel's house and they entered rather cautiously, holding hands. Priscilla was disappointed to find that the front hall and the parlor offered no clues to Mrs. Abel's mystery. They were much like the front hall and parlor at home, only tidier.

"Sit down," Mrs. Abel said. "Make yourselves at home."

"Thank you very much," said Priscilla. "I just finished giving a lesson and was going to have a bite to eat. How about you girls?"

"We don't mind if we do. It's very hospital of you, I'm sure."

Mrs. Abel disappeared into the kitchen.

"I was not seasick," Becky muttered behind her veil. "I was not."

"Well, it's just pretend."

"Even pretend, I wasn't."

"Oh, I give up. You're such a baby you can't even play games right."

"I can too," Becky said, and absentmindedly took off one of her shoes and emptied the water out of it onto Mrs. Abel's green rug.

Mrs. Abel returned carrying a platter full of orange cake and a pot of tea. She was followed by quite a nice-looking young man whom she introduced as Tom, one of her new pupils. Mrs. Abel passed the cake and said that for her money Tom was going to be one of the best baritones in the country.

"Go on," Tom said. "I might think you mean it."

"I do mean it, honestly. You lack *faith* in yourself. You're not like these kids here. Take a look at them. Do they lack faith? I should say not. Why don't you sing for the kids, Tom? They'd like it."

"Sure," Tom said and turned to the girls. "What do you want me to sing?"

Becky wanted Little Brown Jug and Priscilla wanted O Sole Mio, so Tom compromised by singing On the Road to Mandalay.

Tom certainly had a very big voice, but what Priscilla admired most was his expression. When the dawn came up like thunder, over China crost a bay, Tom's voice rumbled like thunder, and when the flying fishes played, Tom sounded very gay and merry just as Priscilla thought flying fishes would feel.

"Fortissimo, fortissimo," said Mrs. Abel, and Tom held the final note so long and so loud that Becky, politeness or no politeness, clasped her hands over her ears.

What with the clapping and the general excitement, there were quite a few cake crumbs on the floor as well as the puddle from Becky's shoe. To distract attention from this, Priscilla cried, "Encore, encore." While Tom was obliging with an encore, Priscilla mopped up the puddle with the hem of her dress and swished the cake crumbs under the davenport.

None But the Lonely Heart was such a frightfully sad piece that Becky got homesick. Every time she wiped away a tear with her veil another tear came along.

To forget is the great secret of strong, creative natures—to forget is the way of nature herself, who knows no past, who begins afresh at every hour the mysteries of her untiring travail. —BALZAC.



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"Well, my goodness," Mrs. Abel said when Tom had finished the piece. "What's the matter with the little one?"

"She's homesick," Priscilla explained with a sigh. "Aren't you, Becky?"

Becky nodded.

"She always gets homesick, especially during movies and sad pieces."

"We'll fix that," said Mrs. Abel, and played a loud chord on the piano. She and Tom sang Little Brown Jug very fast. "Come on, girls," Mrs. Abel shouted. "You come in on the ha-ha-ha!"

"Ha-ha-ha," Priscilla came in. "Hurry up, Becky."

"Ha-ha-ha," Becky sang sadly.

They went through six choruses until Becky wasn't homesick any more and Tom said he had a frog in his throat. The orange cake and the six choruses of Little Brown Jug had broken the ice on all the conversational puddles, and Mrs. Abel had passed rather rapidly from a stranger with mysterious consolations to one of Priscilla's dearest friends.

"Do you do anything else besides give piano and singing lessons?" she asked.

Mrs. Abel winked at Tom. "That depends."

"She sings in a choir," Tom said. "It's not a bad choir at all, Ruth. I listened to the program over the radio last Friday night and I thought it was fine."

"Baloney," said Mrs. Abel. "What we need is a good baritone."

"I'm your man."

"Baloney," Becky repeated. "I like how it sounds. Baloney, baloney, baloney."

"Someday *I'm* going to be famous too," Priscilla said intensely. "My father said so."

"He should know," Tom agreed.

"I can't sing awfully well," Priscilla told him, "but I can play the piano pretty good."

"Sometimes making mistakes," Becky put in softly.

Priscilla nodded gravely. "Also I write plays and poems but that hasn't much to do with the radio, so I'm thinking of giving that up."

"Oh, I wouldn't," Mrs. Abel said. "You can't have too many irons in the fire."

"Grandpa says that children should be seen and not heard, and my mother says children aren't supposed to ask favors, especially from perfect strangers, but how are they going to get favors without asking?"

There was a long silence which Priscilla interpreted as friendly and even encouraging.

"So I was wondering," she went on, staring at the ceiling in order to make her request as businesslike as possible, "if sometimes when you were going to sing on the radio and if you were lonesome and wanted company, if I could keep you company."

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Abel. "Well, frankly, quite frankly ——"

"Especially if I promised to be quiet as a mouse."

"Of course it depends on your mother. You'd have to ask her permission."

"She won't like it," Becky said, "on account of you-know-what."

Priscilla regarded her with contempt. "It's awful to have a mere child in the family," she confided to Mrs. Abel. "I'd give her away to the gypsies if I knew any."

"I'd run away," Becky said. "I'd make those old gypsies so miserable they'd give me back."

"My mother will let me go," Priscilla said. "I will pest and pest her until she lets me."

"Oh, dear," Mrs. Abel said. "*Now* what have I started?"

"She is the best pester on Woodlawn Avenue," said Becky with reluctant admiration. "Grandpa said so."

Priscilla accepted this tribute with a nod. "If I knew when you'd take me, I could start in pesting right away."

"I am not such a good pester," Becky said, "but if I started in crying I could come along with you too."

All that a husband or wife really wants is to be pitied a little, praised a little, appreciated a little; and for each to realize that the hard work is not all on one side.

—WARREN HENRY GOLDSMITH: Crumbs of Common Sense.

"You have to be at least eleven. Nobo is allowed in unless they're eleven. It' rule."

"That's right," Mrs. Abel agreed hast "They're very fussy around there. T have hundreds of rules. For all I know age limit might even be twelve or thirtee

"I could easily be twelve or thirtee Priscilla said with confidence. "I'm smart my age, my mother says, and also overwei and I have big feet."

The big feet settled it, in Tom's opin and under pressure Mrs. Abel admitted t her next program was on Friday nigh seven o'clock and she usually left the ho at half past six.

"I'll be here at six," Priscilla promi "Or a quarter to six, with bells on."

"With rings on her fingers and bells on toes," Tom sang gaily. "With bells on toes of her very big feet."

Becky giggled so hard that she got hiccups. Mrs. Abel said there was no be cure for hiccups than a nice walk in the f air, and the two ladies from Buffalo escorted out to the front porch. The evic was so swift that it surprised the hic right out of Becky.

"Hic, hic, hic," said Becky in orde bring them back again so she could see i nice-walk-in-fresh-air cure really wor "Hic, hic."

"Oh, hush up," said Priscilla. "I'm tr to think."

At last she was beginning her career was starting on the road to fame and tune. There was not the faintest doubt i mind that once she inside the radio statio would play the pian Theodore Long and b fered a job on the Past the Johnsons' tripped on wings of

"Let's break ice," B said.

How silly Becky how childish. Past Bartons' and the V sangs'.

"We forgot to say thank you fo cake," Becky said, breaking ice. "My, a radio station would be instruting. I get to do any instruting things."

"You will," Priscilla said. Seven goi eight was a dreadful age, all right.

At the last minute before entering house Priscilla broke the ice on one pu but she did it without any real interes mind being elsewhere.

Mother was quite angry about Be wet feet. She made Becky go up to her and take off her shoes and stockings a with her feet on a hot-water bottle. Pr was ordered to stay with her.

"Since it's your responsibility that I got her feet wet," mother said, "it's you to keep her company and entertain

"She's old enough to entertain he Priscilla said. "My goodness, I can't my whole life on a seven-year-old."

"I am not asking you to waste your life. I am asking you to spend half an And don't argue." Mother departed, c the door behind her in a determined ma

Priscilla cast a dark look at her res bility, who was wiggling her toes again hot-water bottle. "Can't even brea without getting your feet wet," she sai withering contempt.

"Can too. I wanted to get my fe so's you can entertain me. My, I'd story."

"I don't know any stories."

"You could make one up. You ma the beautifullest stories."

"I know I do," Priscilla said curtly

"About a monkey. I want one a darling little monkey on a string Edwin."

"There are no monkeys called Edwi hate monkey stories anyway. If I d story it's about a man. This man h most terrible disposition and nature whole world."

"A murderer?"

(Continued on Page 176)



day dream . . .

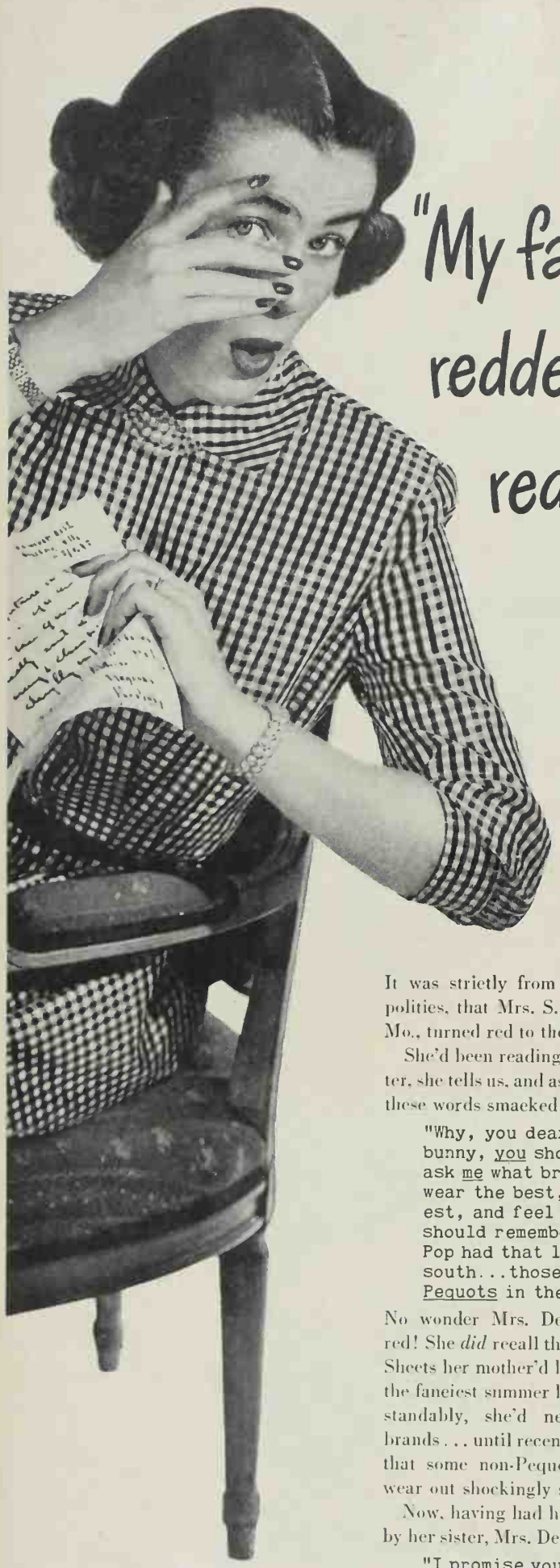
night dress

More becoming than a wondrous jewel to a woman . . . to a room . . . is a St. Marys pure wool Blanket. Matchless in beauty, strength and comfort against cold.

From white, the gentlest of pastels, and the most fabulous of the new fashion shades, choose your St. Marys in the colors you wear best . . . or love the most.

If you like the lovely pillow cases shown in the illustration, we'll send you the pattern without charge. Just write to St. Marys Blankets, St. Marys, O.

ST. MARYS BLANKETS



"My face got redder and redder!"

It was strictly from embarrassment, not politics, that Mrs. S. H. Denham, Joplin, Mo., turned red to the roots of her hair.

She'd been reading a letter from her sister, she tells us, and as she turned the page, these words smacked her in the face:

"Why, you dear little dumb bunny, you shouldn't have to ask me what brand of sheets wear the best, stay the whitest, and feel the nicest! You should remember, when Mom and Pop had that little inn down south...those stacks of Pequots in the linen room."

No wonder Mrs. Denham's face turned red! She *did* recall those crisp, soft sheets. Sheets her mother'd been proud to use for the fanciest summer boarders. But, understandably, she'd never worried about brands... until recently, when she noticed that some non-Pequot sheets seemed to wear out shockingly soon.

Now, having had her memory refreshed by her sister, Mrs. Denham writes *us:*

"I promise you, cross my heart, I'm replacing those drab, fast-going sheets with Pequots. And it'll be Pequots only for my home from now on!"

We think it's right noble of Mrs. Denham to tell her sad experience and glad discovery, to save others from disappointment.

If *you* want sheets that will serve you as well... get Pequots! Look for the double-tape selvages and quick-pick size tabs... two exclusive features of Pequot muslins, *America's most popular sheets.*

Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.—*Also makers of Pequot Fine Combed Percales*

PEQUOT SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

Pronounced "PEE-KWAT"

PEQUOT SHEETS

so good-looking
so long-wearing

(Continued from Page 174)

"Worse than that even. On account of his shifty eyes and his mean mouth ——"

"Like Mr. Shantz's?"

"Meaner. On account of this, nobody liked him."

"Not even his mother?" Becky asked, frowning.

"His mother ran away when he was a baby and has never been seen since."

"She would have liked him a little bit, an inch or so, maybe."

"Stop interrupting me or I won't say another word. Now I've got to start all over again. Once upon a time there was a terrible man named Gilberto. He lived in Chicago and every night he crouched up and down the streets looking for his victims. His favorite victims were little girls around the age of seven."

"Oh, they weren't!" Becky said. "You're just making that up!"

"Stop interrupting me. Well, one night Gilberto was crouching up and down the streets when who should he lay eyes on but the most beautiful young girl by the name of Dove Brown."

"How old?" Becky asked suspiciously.

"Twenty-one, in fact it was her very birthday. Up to now Gilberto liked little girls of seven, but when he laid eyes on Dove Brown he changed. Anyway Dove Brown had locks like a raven and pearly teeth with not a single filling and large blue eyes with eyelashes an inch long."

Becky wanted to know if Gilberto ate eyelashes and teeth and hair and toenails.

"Not any more," Priscilla replied. "I told you he suddenly changed. As soon as he laid eyes on Dove Brown he was so smitten by her beauty that he walked right up to her and said good evening. Good evening, said Dove, even though she wasn't allowed to speak to strange men. It's a lovely evening, said Gilberto, would you care to go to the movies? I don't mind if I do, said Dove, not caring to hurt his feelings."

"Why didn't she care to hurt his feelings?"

"Because it was one of her mother's rules, silly. So they went to the movies, and lo and behold Gilberto acted so nice that Dove fell in love with him, and they eloped together."

"What's elope?"

"WHEN you run away and get married with your old clothes on and no wedding gown and champagne, like Clara Barton did. So they eloped but they didn't live happily ever after, just for three weeks. For three weeks they were as happy as kings until one night Gilberto said he felt hungry. Do you want a toasted cheese sandwich? said Dove. No, said Gilberto. Do you want a roasted chicken with plenty of stuffing? said Dove. No, said Gilberto. Well, said Dove, do you want some French-fried potatoes? No, said Gilberto. Well, my goodness, said Dove, what *do* you want? You, said Gilberto, and grabbed her by her throat with one hand and reached for the bread knife with his other hand."

"Oh, *no!*" Becky cried and put her fingers in her ears, but not very tight.

"Help, help, mercy, have mercy, Dove screamed in a voice as loud as father's. But naturally Gilberto didn't have any mercy because he had gone back again to having a mean disposition. You must die, cried Gilberto, I must kill you. Which he did, wiping the bloody knife off on her hair. Then he ate her."

Becky frowned. "With a knife and fork?"

"He was too hungry to remember his manners so he just ate her with his fingers. Which was the end of Dove Brown, who should never have spoken to a strange man. As for Gilberto, he changed back again and to this day he still crouches up and down the streets looking for little girls around the age of seven."

"I don't believe it," Becky said, with an uneasy glance over her shoulder. "The policemen would get after him."

How desperately difficult it is to be honest with oneself. It is much easier to be honest with other people.

—EDWARD F. BENSON: quoted in Treasury of Wit and Wisdom, edited by Norman Lockridge (Biltmore Publishing Company).

"They can't catch him."

"Oh, I just hate that story!" Becky s tearfully. "Specially about the little girl

Priscilla heard her mother's step in hall. She said judiciously, "Of course, I have been mistaken. He *may* prefer elev year-old girls like me."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes."

"Cross your heart and hope to die?"

Priscilla crossed her heart and hoped die.

The change in Gilberto's diet resto Becky's tranquillity. When mother popp her head inside the door she was delighted find her girls just as good as gold and as qu as mice.

"And did Priscilla entertain you mother asked, picking up the hot-wa bottle and handing Becky a clean pair stockings.

"She told me a story," Becky said. "It a story about ——"

"It was a love story," Priscilla s blandly. "About getting married and forth."

MOTHER was very pleased to hear this. went downstairs immediately and t father, who was still reading in his d "Frederick, sometimes I think we have sweetest girls in the world."

Father looked up in astonishment. "Y do?"

"I wonder if I'm too stern with them and then."

"I hardly think so."

"Bringing up a family is so hard," mot said and sat down absent-mindedly father's lap. "And it m be hard to be brou up, too, you know mean, being a child i hard."

"You should kno father said, smiling.

"It's not so bad Becky, who is like me. it's doubly hard for P cilla, who is like you."

"Why *doubly?*"

"I mean, she has so many ambitions hopes and plans, and hardly any of th ever work out."

"What brought all this on?"

Mother explained about Becky's wet and Priscilla's responsibility. "She di *want* to stay with Becky," mother said. naturally I thought they'd quarrel. when I went in, there they were, get along beautifully and looking like li angels. To keep Becky quiet Priscilla told her a story. A love story, can imagine?"

"I can imagine," said father, who was Priscilla.

The phone rang in the hall. Mother m a slight attempt to slide off father's lap, father held her back.

"Let Edna answer it."

"She's so busy."

"It's probably for her anyway."

"That's the point," mother replied. never know what she'll say, and I *do* w her to be nice to Delbert. She was quite with him last night."

"Edna," father said, "is not at her bes the phone."

It was true that Edna was moody a telephones. She believed that all teleph operators made a practice of listening i conversations. In order to foil the opera and teach them to mind their own busi Edna confined her conversations to cry monosyllables and long, meaningful pa

Mother cocked her head toward the and listened. Sure enough, Edna "Yeah? Who's speaking? It is, eh?" gruffness of Edna's voice meant only thing to mother, that Edna was on the with Delbert again.

"Oh, dear," mother said sadly, for she hoped that she and Edna between t would be able to lead Delbert to the a Though Edna had slipped from the pat virtue only once and at a very tender mother was anxious to get her married b

(Continued on Page 178)



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Among the very special occasions of your life, you will include the day you choose your Westmorland Sterling pattern. It is an occasion . . . one that opens the door to a wonderful new concept of gracious living.

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MEET YOUR NEIGHBORS, EXCHANGE IDEAS AND RECEIVE $1500.00 IN CASH PRIZES EACH MONTH

A service to the women of America by the Pepsi-Cola Company



$700.00 paid to Mrs. Grace E. Bessac of Berkeley, Calif., for this idea:

A "Quiet Room" in one apartment house I know provides a welcome release for women tenants from the nervous tension and friction that often result from daily living in small, crowded apartments. Here they read, write letters, knit, or just "relax," regaining peace of mind in quiet, untroubled surroundings.



$250.00 paid to Mrs. Archie Bennett of Portland, Me., for this idea:

Our school kitchen serves hot lunches to 140 children. I mimeograph each week's menus in advance, and send a copy to each child's home. Thus, by coordinating her home menus with these lunchtime menus, each mother can balance her child's daily diet properly, and make it more interesting as well.



$125.00 paid to Sylvia J. Wiggins of Longview, Wash., for this idea:

Why doesn't someone—perhaps a department store—sponsor a "Brighten-Up Parlor" for working girls who have "after-work dates" right in town? With such attractions as showers, lockers, and pressing facilities, it would be a wonderful convenience—besides doing a public relations job for its sponsor.



$75.00 paid to Mrs. R. F. Cook of Portland, Oregon, for this idea:

To utilize the Army foot locker or Navy sea chest your husband no longer needs, paint it white, or a bright color harmonizing with your child's room, and decorate it with decals. Presto! an attractive, durable toy chest that, when closed, makes a fine child's table or an extra seat.



$50.00 paid to Mrs. James L. Jones of Xenia, Ohio, for this idea:

Our local women's groups took discarded but still serviceable purses, and filled them with such items as threads, needles, pins, buttons, soap, etc. Then we sent them to a World Service Center for distribution to women abroad, who need these things so badly. Now we have "good neighbors" everywhere.

* * *

Besides the winners named above, each of the following contestants received a $10 award:

Mrs. Ruthe Andrews; Robert G. Bell; Jean Brand; Mrs. Milburn L. Bryant; Mrs. Arthur L. Claussen; Mrs. A. D. Cullen; Mrs. F. R. Eckford; Mrs. Marguerite FitzPatrick; Mrs. Elizabeth Gunn; Mrs. H. Harshfield; Mrs. Rollo Horwitz; Mrs. Otis Hunter; Eleanor Huska; Mrs. E. J. Inglesby; Lyle S. Johnsonbaugh; Mrs. Rose D. Kalson; Mrs. P. M. Kihlmire; Mrs. E. M. Kinslow; Mrs. G. Marler; Mrs. Helen S. Marr; Mrs. N. D. McCall; Mrs. J. Z. Miller; Mrs. J. C. Moore, Jr.; Mrs. W. H. Pursley; Ruth Sanders; Mrs. R. H. Weflen; Mrs. Helen K. Weld; Mrs. Nell C. Westcott; Mrs. L. C. Wright; Mrs. W. A. Young.

Send in your entries now . . . read these simple rules

1. These contests are being offered *every month* as a public service of Pepsi-Cola Co., to be of help to women in their daily lives.

2. Here's all you do: Write out in 50 words or less, the best idea you have which will help your neighbor. Then write your reasons for selecting the idea you did. Ideas can deal with any subject of interest to women.

3. Submit your entries in your own words . . . literary style will not count. The originality and aptness of the subject matter, and your reasons for selecting it, are the things for which prizes will be awarded. You may enter these contests as many times as you wish. Write each entry on a separate sheet with your name and address on each.

4. Mail your entries to Pepsi-Cola Company, Dept. L, Good Neighbors Club, P. O. Box 230, Long Island City 1, N. Y. All entries that are received during May, will be judged in the May contest.

5. Every month, 35 cash prizes will be given totalling $1500.00, in order of excellence as follows: 1st Prize: $700.00; 2nd Prize: $250.00 3rd Prize: $125.00; 4th Prize: $75.00; 5th Prize: $50.00; plus *30 prizes* of $10.00 each.

6. Checks will be mailed to prize-winners in the May contest not later than June 30, 1948.

7. Pepsi-Cola Company shall have the right to publish all prize-winning entries in any form desired, with or without editing, and including names and addresses of winners, and also pictures of the five top prize-winners. Do not send any pictures with entries.

8. Judges will be a nationally-known judging organization. Their decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries returned.

Enter the Pepsi-Cola "Treasure Top" Contests and Family Sweepstakes.
51 separate cash prize-winners . . . every *state . . .* every *month. Ask your dealer.*

(Continued from Page 176)

another slip occurred. And Delbert was, in spite of certain defects, a good steady young man who liked animals.

Mother dashed out into the hall and indicated to Edna, by gestures and bright smiles, that she was to be more polite to Delbert.

"Be sweet," mother hissed. "*S-s-sweet.*"

Even though mother illustrated by looking sweet, Edna didn't catch on. She merely hung up while Delbert was in the middle of a sentence.

"What's wrong?" Edna asked in puzzlement.

"I was only trying to get you to *be nicer* to Delbert."

"Oh." After a pensive silence Edna added, "It wasn't Delbert, it was my Aunt Aggie."

"You might have told me, instead of letting me go on thinking it was Delbert." Mother didn't mind making mistakes, but she hated to admit any weakness in her intuitive powers. "It sounded like Delbert to me."

"Ever since my Aunt Aggie had her tubes out she's got a real mannish voice."

"Well, for goodness' sake," mother said and returned to the den to discuss Aunt Aggie's symptoms with father.

Priscilla, who had heard every word of this conversation by hanging over the banister, relayed the news to Becky.

"Mother wants Edna to be sweet to Delbert, only it wasn't Delbert, it was Aunt Aggie, the one who looks after Harry with a mannish voice."

This was too involved for Becky, but she managed to look wise anyway. "I wouldn't be sweet to Delbert, not over my dead body I wouldn't."

"I wouldn't either," Priscilla agreed.

"He's got a funny-peculiar face." Becky lowered her voice. "Do you think Edna kisses him?"

"I bet she does."

Delbert delivered the groceries for Bowman's Meat and Grocery Market. He had a round flat face and was very strong because he was always taking body-building courses by mail.

Delbert frequently illustrated how strong he was by lifting a five-hundred-pound sack of flour and Edna. On one occasion he had tried to lift the front legs of Bowman's delivery horse, but the horse didn't like to be lifted and Delbert suffered bruises and five broken ribs.

Though Priscilla admired the bold originality of anyone who would attempt to lift a horse, she was secretly afraid of Delbert because of his face. His flat nose and low forehead made him resemble a gorilla, and even when he smiled he looked fierce and untamed.

On Saturday and Sunday evenings Edna usually had a date with Delbert. Delbert didn't like to stay out late on account of his muscles, so he called for Edna very early. In order to fit in with the rigid regime imposed on Delbert by his body-building courses, the household schedule had to be revised. Supper was served an hour earlier, at five, and mother cleared the table and did the dishes herself to allow Edna more time to dress.

Delbert came while Priscilla was finishing her second dessert. Edna was still upstairs where mother was making her irresistible with liberal dashes of cologne. Delbert's methods of courting were highly individual. He announced his approach a block away by an Indian call, a sound in the back of his throat like *ee-o-eet.* When he finally arrived, having attracted the attention of even the most incurious residents of the block, pounded on the back door and began to sing "E-e-e-edna, b-beautiful Edna."

Edna threw open her window and shouted "For land's sake, hush up!" figuring that the cologne would make up for any little delicacies of speech. Anyway, it was almost impossible to hurt Delbert's feelings. No matter what aspersions were cast on his manners, his intelligence or his appearance Delbert laughed them off, secure in the knowledge that he was the only man in town who could pull a Model-T Ford with his bare teeth.

As father said, God had made Delbert but physical culture had remade him and done a much better job of it.

Delbert knocked again, a Johnny-got-haircut-two-bits knock, and Priscilla opened the door.

"Hiya," said Delbert. "Howsa girl?"

"Hello," Priscilla said.

"Edna in?"

"She's upstairs."

"I guess she knows I'm here, ha-ha," said Delbert and entered. "Well, howsa girl?"

"Fine, thank you.

"Getting pretty big, aren't you? Bet I can hardly lift you above higher than the ceiling, ha-ha."

"I'm too big to be lifted."

"Fan my brow if you ain't," said Delbert. He lifted her to the ceiling twice and then did several short brisk knee bends out of simple high spirits.

"I can do knee bends too," Priscilla said coldly. "I bet I can do something else you can't do."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Stand on one leg for two minutes with your eyes closed."

Delbert was in better condition than Mr. Jones, the vagabond. He stood on one leg with his eyes closed for four minutes and started to fan his brow if he couldn't keep it up all night.

"So could I if I wanted to waste my time," Priscilla said. "Anyway I bet you can't lift the stove."

"Who, me? What you want to bet?"

"I just bet."

"How much? A dime?"

"I bet a dime."

"Taken." Delbert rose to make a professional examination of the stove. It turned out to be securely bolted to the floor. "Well, I'll be hornswoggled. You're a smart one, ha-ha, I'll say, you're a smart one."

He took a dime from his pocket and tossed it toward Priscilla. Priscilla caught the dime but almost at once her conscience began to wriggle and leap. Mother said that conscience was a little voice inside one's head that told one the difference between right and wrong. Priscilla wished that mother's theory were correct, for she would be able to deal with any little voice by outtalking it. But she could not deal with her own conscience, which was not inside her head but inside her chest, where it bounced like a rubber ball when it was disturbed.

"Oh, cows," said Priscilla and gave the dime back to Delbert.

"Go on, keep it," Delbert said.

"No, thank you."

"Go on, I lost the bet, didn't I?"

"But it wasn't fair and square. Have you got a conscience?"

"Sure. I sure have."

"Well, where is it? Is it in your head or your chest?"

"Darned if I know," Delbert said, glancing down at his chest. "I never stopped

(Continued on Page 180)

WITH THE CHILDREN

"I like house company who do things our way and I hate company that we have to do things their way. There should be a law that every house has its own rules and whoever is in that house has to keep the house's rules. Then you could stand all company."

"You know, mommy, father must love you an awful lot. He always gives you big kisses, the kind I give you when you've made apple pie."

"'Little gentleman' sounds stinky, but 'big boy' sounds good."

"His father lives with them but that's all."

"I don't like to shake hands with people I don't know because I have felt lots of gookey hands that way."

"When Kate was on the stage at school being a chickadee I got a family feeling. I felt funny until her part was over."

—KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON.

Grand inexpensive protein dish

This CHEESE FONDUE you make with Kraft American



In the top of a double boiler melt ½ lb. of medium-mellow Kraft American. (For *sharper* cheddar flavor use "Old English" Brand; for milder flavor, the cheese food Velveeta. They're all perfect "melters.")

When the cheese has melted, gradually blend in ¾ cup of milk. Cool. Combine with 4 beaten egg yolks, 1¾ cups firmly packed soft bread crumbs, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon dry mustard. Fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into 5 well-greased custard cups; place them in a pan of hot water. Bake in a very moderate oven, 325°, 45 minutes or until firm. Unmold, serve with heated tomato sauce, and watch your family grin with delight over *this* money-saving main dish!

Especially these days it's a smart idea to get Kraft American in the thrifty 2-pound loaf so you have plenty ready for cooking *and* for snacks and sandwiches. Get *genuine* Kraft Pasteurized Process American —*just-right* mellow in flavor, *always* smooth-melting!

Save Money! Remember, ounce for ounce there is no other basic food that matches cheese for high-quality, complete protein . . . for calcium, phosphorus and other nutrients from milk.

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The world's favorite cheeses are made or imported by KRAFT

For salads, sandwiches and desserts always get the cream cheese that's guaranteed fresh, with the name Philadelphia Brand on the package. The genuine is made only by Kraft.



It's mellow as old wine! . . . this natural golden Chantelle in the gay red coat. You will like it on crackers, in sandwiches, with pie . . . and put it proudly on your cheese tray!



Lovers of sharp aged cheddar flavor get "Old English" Brand. Grand for snacks and sandwiches. A Kraft pasteurized process cheese, "Old English" always cooks perfectly.



MacLaren's Imperial is the aristocrat of aged cheddars, famous in this country and Canada for 58 years! A *natural* cheese—rich, sharp, "crumbly" —*perfect!* A special treat.



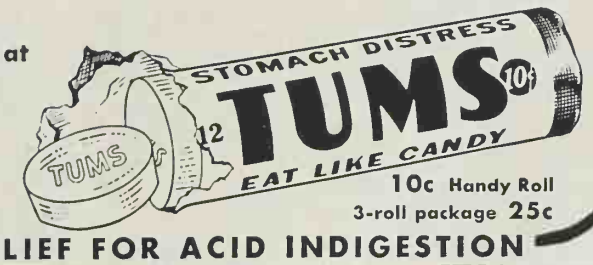


Like good food? Don't appear rude Always carry TUMS



- TUMS neutralize excess acid *almost instantly*—relieve gas and heartburn fast!
- TUMS contain no soda. No risk of overalkalizing—and no acid rebound.
- TUMS are like candy mints—easy to take. Nothing to mix or stir—no water needed!

Night and day, at home or away, always carry 'TUMS'



10c Handy Roll
3-roll package 25c

QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION

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You can have deep, lasting waves . . . create many smart hair-dos with MERVIN WAVE-O-MATICS — at home! It's easy — it's fast — it's fun! Just dampen your hair and snap on . . . you'll be delighted with the results.

Buy 4 WAVE-O-MATICS today! At Chain and Department Stores.

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So soft!



SOFT AND GENTLE . . . STRONG AND ABSORBENT!

say "SIT-TRUE"

(Continued from Page 178)

figure it out. Lemme see now. Maybe it's in my soul. Yeah, I bet that's it. It's in my soul."

"Yes, but where's your soul?"

"Darned if I know," said Delbert after serious reflection. "It's got to be somewhere, we all got one."

"It is certainly funny to have something and not know where it is. It makes you wonder, doesn't it?"

"It sure does," said Delbert.

Edna came downstairs preceded by a heavy wave of scent. She wore her new flowered chiffon dress, her gun-metal pumps with gun-metal service-weight stockings, and her best black hat which came well down over her ears and forehead, making vision difficult. Beside Delbert, Edna looked smaller than ever and completely lacking in muscles. This was her main appeal to Delbert. He intended, once he married Edna, to make a better woman out of her, increasing her height two inches (by stretching) and developing her physique. Edna didn't want her physique developed, but Delbert had many good qualities. He was steady, he didn't smoke or drink tea and coffee, he kept regular hours, and he never so much as looked at another woman. Also he admired Harry, who, he said, was the toughest little mug he'd ever seen in all his born days. Harry allowed himself to be tossed and caught like a medicine ball without batting an eye.

"Hot diggity dog," Delbert said in appreciation of Edna's elegance.

Edna tilted her head away back so she could see Delbert. "You're not so bad yourself."

"Beside you I look like a hick, like a real hick."

"Oh, go on," said Edna and went away into the night hanging onto Delbert's biceps.

Priscilla watched them from the kitchen window. She felt suddenly very sad, and she didn't know whether it was because she wasn't going, too, or because she hadn't accepted Delbert's dime, or because Delbert did indeed look like a hick.

Becky found an old lemon drop which sh had wrapped in a handkerchief and forgotte What she wanted to do now was to sett down in some soft comfortable place an suck the lemon drop very slowly and listen t something interesting, like music or rain canaries. Since none of these was availabl the next best thing would be to liste to Priscilla tell a story or act a play.

Priscilla declined. "I'm too busy, g away."

"What are you busy at?"

"Thoughts."

"What thoughts?" Becky asked.

"Well, I have to start pesting, don't I? I'm marshaling my thoughts how to start

Becky gazed with pride at the best pest on Woodlawn Avenue. "When do yo start?"

"I don't know, I haven't decided." I deed it was a difficult decision. Friday w six days away, and to start pesting im mediately would make the week hard everybody.

"I may not pest at all," Priscilla added. may change my mind and do other things

"What things?"

"For instance being good. I might be *good* that mother just couldn't refuse r anything."

"My land," said Becky.

"For instance I will do the dishes and n forget to wash my ears and practice withc being told and not say cows or hurt ar body's feelings. I will be just plain good general."

Mother was delighted when Priscilla, her own accord, practiced the piano nearly half an hour. Scales and arpeggi Narcissus, the Spring Song and the Frolic the Frogs were all played with a speed a fervor that sent a thrill through mothe heart.

"She's been at it for almost half an hou mother said to father. "It's amazing, c



*Kleinert's NUVO BELTS

IF YOU'VE NEVER WORN a *Nuvo Sanitary Belt before, you've something to learn about comfort!

Nuvo never cuts, never curls, never chafes . . . because it has pneumatic edges that are soft, and stretchy, and rounded. Made of zephyr-light nylon and acetate rayon elasticized by a patented process *exclusively* Kleinert's.

Sizes S, M, L, XL, and Adjustable. Anchored safety pins or Simplox* attachments. Also all-rayon adjustable with pinless attachments.

At Notion Counters everywhere. Illustrated 69¢—others 35¢ to 75¢.

ering that she's already done her practic- for today."

Father, who was compensated for the notony of listening by his pride in his ighter, agreed that it was amazing.

Priscilla preferred to play on the loud al. It not only covered up the odd take here and there, but it also penetrated ry corner of the house and showed every- she was practicing, including grandpa. Grandpa was translating one of Cicero's ers. He considered Cicero a mediocre n and he always got impatient over the ers. It was an easy matter to transfer this patience to Priscilla.

He called down the stairs, "Priscilla, I ught you did your practicing for today."

"I did, grandpa."

"Well?"

Mother's suspicions e less easily aroused n grandpa's, and it was y when Priscilla offered o the dishes that mother an to feel doubtful.

"Why do you want to do the dishes?" she ed.

"Well, I just thought, here I am doing hing, I might as well be doing a favor for ebody."

Mother regarded her intently. "You en't *done* anything, have you?"

"My goodness, mother, people certainly suspicious around this house," Priscilla her.

"People don't usually offer to do dishes nd this house," mother said. "But go ad, if you want to."

took Priscilla an hour to do the dishes. was not all wasted time, however. She e to a number of important decisions: to r her blue-satin Sunday dress to the radio on on Friday, and to use paper plates cups when she got married. She also ned the first two lines of her death n.

Oh, what is death," Priscilla inquired, g above the menial dishes with their menial grease, and so on, "but end of idle breathing, and freedom from life's torrents black and seething?"

What with the poem, the dishes and the practicing, Priscilla felt that she had piled up enough goodness for one day.

It was already seven-thirty and Saturday was almost over. The golden hours had come and gone, until there was only one left now before bedtime. Even this one would have to be ruined if she continued her policy of being good and went to bed without being told. Fortunately she had saved three of the licorice allsorts from the afternoon and these assuaged her agony somewhat as she dragged herself into the living room and announced that she was going to bed.

"So soon?" mother said. "What for? And don't answer with your mouth full."

"I thought I'd go to bed and think for a while even if I can't sleep," Priscilla told her.

Father gave her an affectionate pat on the behind. "What about, Prissy?"

"About my life's work," Priscilla said. "It's time I picked out my life's work, so I can have a well-rounded life. I'm not getting any younger."

"How true," father said gravely. "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may."

Priscilla said she didn't care to gather rosebuds, she had already decided to be a famous radio star.

Father seemed surprised. "Aren't you a little young for that right now?"

"I could play the piano or sing, or recite poetry or be an announcer or a little of both. Nobody would see me, so nobody would know I was just going on twelve."

"Somebody might get a rough idea. I advise you to wait for a while."

"Well, I can't," Priscilla said flatly. "I got to choose now or never because—because opportunity is knocking at my door."

Mother and father exchanged wry glances.

If you want enemies, excel others; if friends, let others excel you. —COTTON.

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from The Rector Kitchens

MOR "Meals-in-a-hurry"

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MOR and Vegetables

Cut 3 MOR loaves into halves. Bake at 350° about 25 minutes. Arrange on platter with steamed cauliflower, buttered green beans and jelly-filled pear halves.

MOR Pork and Beans

Combine 2 cans of baked beans with ½ loaf of MOR cut in cubes. Season with 2 tbsp. dark corn syrup, 2 tbsp. brown sugar, 1 tsp. dry mustard, 2 tbsp. grated onion, and ¼ cup catchup. Pour into casserole, top with slices of MOR and bake 20 minutes at 375° F. Serves 6.



When there's little time  *there's MOR*



NOTE—*Your favorite... tender, juicy* MOR *has a new label—*

Keep these fine Wilson products on your "QUICKIE SHELF"

The Wilson Label protects your table

"Oh?" said father.

"This afternoon by the merest chance I chanced to be passing Mrs. Abel's house," Priscilla said.

Mother's expression changed immediately at the mention of Mrs. Abel's name. While mother opened her heart to all living creatures down to the lowliest earthworm, there was one kind of creature that mother sometimes found it hard to be tolerant about, and that was a bad woman.

"And by the merest chance," mother said sternly, "you went in, I suppose?"

"Me and Becky. We were just playing Visiting."

"I told you never to go to Mrs. Abel's house."

"We couldn't very well help it on account of Becky was so weak with hunger she couldn't go on." Priscilla's conscience bounded a little at this point, but not enough to cause discomfort. "She gave us orange cake."

Mother continued to look grim. "And?"

"Then we sang Little Brown Jug, her playing the piano. I can play it by ear just as well but I didn't tell her that." Priscilla gazed righteously toward heaven. "Mrs. Abel sings over the radio every Friday night, and she said if I wanted to go with her next Friday—she said she *really* wanted me to come, only I had to ask you first for permission."

Mother nodded her head in bitter satisfaction. "I knew there must be a reason for your doing the dishes. Well, the answer is no, you can't go with her Friday night or any other time, and you should be thoroughly spanked for disobeying me." She turned to father. "Frederick, you've got to be firm. *Firm.*" Whenever firmness was necessary mother called on father or grandpa, for she considered it a quality peculiar to the male.

"Let's go into the matter a little first," father said. "Was the orange cake good, Priscilla?"

"Yes."

"I wish I'd been there. Mr. Abel was around, I suppose?"

"Yes, his name is Tom."

"His name was Albert last week. You're positive it was Mr. Abel?"

Priscilla felt obscurely uneasy. "I don't know."

"And you had a singsong, did you?"

"Yes."

"She appears to have been very nice to you."

"*That kind* always is," mother interrupted.

"Now, Allie. You like to believe the best of people, don't you? Mrs. Abel was pleasant to the girls, remember that."

"Oh, dear," mother said, torn between justice and mercy. "Even so, Frederick."

"Even so," father agreed, and explained to Priscilla that when she was older she would understand why she couldn't associate with Mrs. Abel.

"Why can't I understand now?"

"Because you can't. You'll just have to take your mother's word for it. Your mother knows best."

Priscilla was too big to cry, but she was not too big to get an unswallowable lump in her throat. Though the lump was invisible, father saw it anyway.

"You have plenty of time to be famous," he said, smoothing her hair. "I predict that radio has a very great future and you'll be in it if you set your mind to it."

"I want to be in it *now*."

"But you're only eleven, and you can't do anything well enough yet. Perhaps by the time you're twenty-one ——"

"Twenty-one! That's *ten years!*" Ten years. Ten whole years. She couldn't bear it, she wanted to die. She turned and fled to her room and buried her face in her pillow. Three thousand six hundred and fifty days, not counting leap-year days.

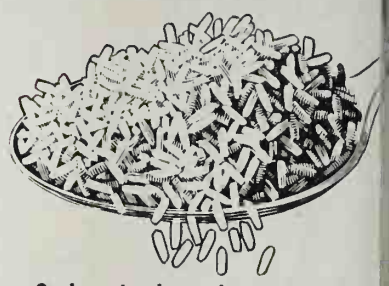
Father was astounded. "Now what the devil did I say?"

"I don't know," mother said, biting her underlip. "She seems so heartbroken."

"You told me to be firm, it was your idea."

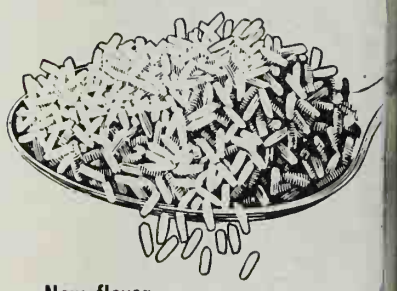
"You didn't have to make her cry."

New kind of Rice



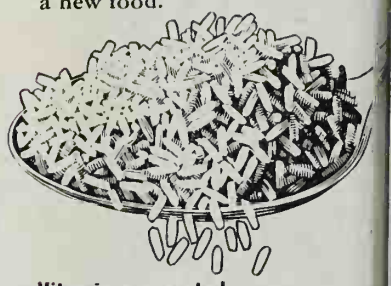
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"*I?* I made her cry!" father shouted. "Jesus Q. Murphy, I give up!"

"Hush, you'll disturb the ——"

"I'm a brute; yes, sir, that's what I am, a brute," father muttered and locked himself in his den. An hour later, when his heart had softened he proceeded upstairs to Priscilla's room.

Becky had gone back to sleep, but Priscilla was awake, wondering how many minutes there were in ten years.

"Prissy?"

Priscilla groaned feebly.

"Are you awake, Prissy?"

"Yes."

Father turned on the kewpie-doll lamp beside her bed. "Good night, my big crybaby."

Priscilla stared up at the ceiling in haughty silence.

"Now look here, Priscilla," father said in his most reasonable voice. "The point is, you aren't to associate with this Mrs. Abel, because she has a bad reputation."

"She was nice to us."

"Everyone has some good sides to his character."

"Anyway, Mrs. Bannerman told Isobel and Isobel told me that Edna has a bad reputation too."

"Mrs. Bannerman is an old windbag," father said, while Priscilla filed this reference for use on the earliest occasion. "Edna is a good girl who made a mistake once when she was very young. But Mrs. Abel is a—well, it's hard to explain. You know when two people get married and live together like mother and myself, they forsake all others. Now just suppose that every time I went away on a business trip mother invited some young man to come and take my place; that wouldn't be right, would it?"

A wise man has more ballast than sail.

Priscilla conceded that it wouldn't be right, but privately she thought it would be interesting.

"That's the kind of thing," father went on, "that Mrs. Abel does, more or less."

"Does she kiss the men?"

"Yes."

"When?"

Father didn't know when, exactly, but probably off and on throughout the day.

"And night too?"

Father said, "Yes," and tucked in the blankets of the bed. "Now do you understand?"

"Why doesn't she have a baby?"

"Well, there are certain—well, let's put it this way. God didn't send her any babies. Now the subject's closed, do you understand? Go to sleep like a good girl. Good night."

"Good night," said Priscilla.

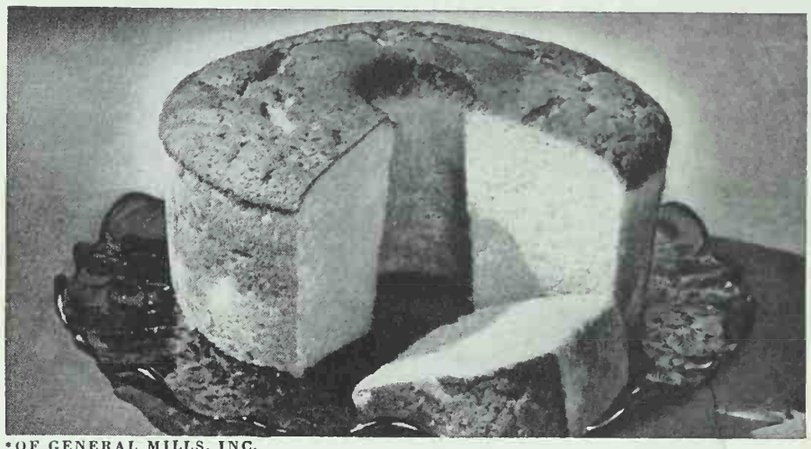
Before Priscilla went to sleep she decided that when she got married she would have a bad reputation like Mrs. Abel and keep her house well supplied with young men who could sing and dance and play dominoes.

Sunday, while not Priscilla's favorite day of the week, owing to Sunday school, was usually lively and strenuous, for it was the day the family gathered for the afternoon and evening, occasionally at Aunt Marnie's or Uncle Bruce's house, but usually at mother's. Since Uncle Bruce was a widower and Aunt Marnie lived fifteen miles out in the country, it was mother who took the burden of the feeding and entertaining. This was simple justice, Aunt Marnie claimed, since mother was the only one who had a big house and a hired girl.

Aunt Marnie was mother's older sister. She had married beneath her, it was said. Her husband, Edward, was a short, dreamy man who carved bedposts and table legs in a furniture factory. As a side line Uncle Ed scorched designs on pieces of velvet, and all over his house, on tables and pillows and chairs and walls, there were odds and ends of

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See Betty Crocker's Chiffon Cake recipe on page 197.

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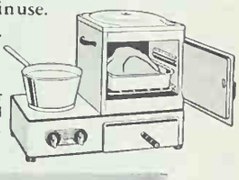


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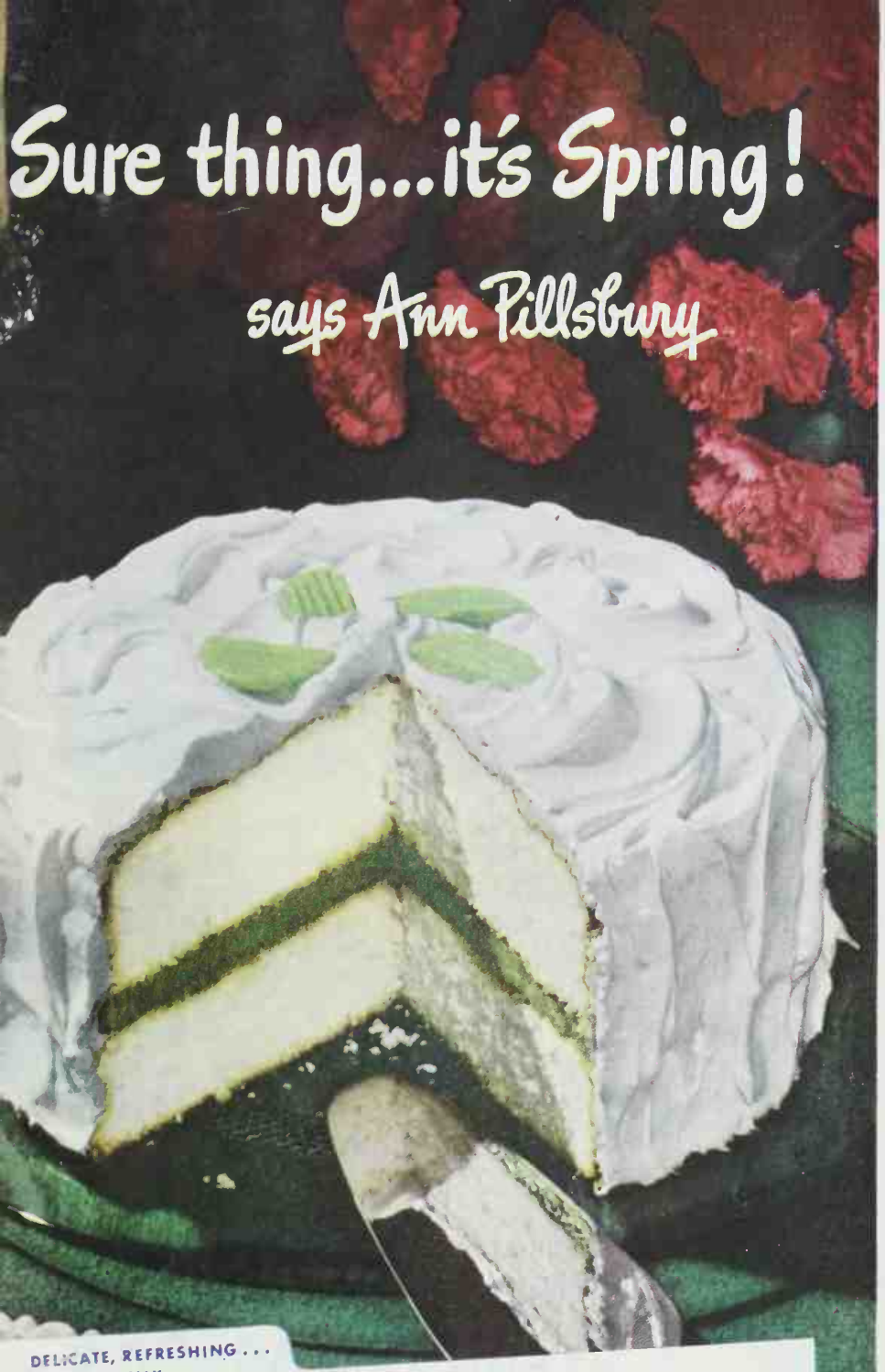


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Radiant in joyous springtime colors, this gay cake treasures between its layers a delicate *lime*-flavored filling—one of those refreshing, out-of-the-ordinary touches you expect from Ann Pillsbury. Thanks to her simple, *sure* Quick-Mix recipe and the faster Pillsbury's Best for modern baking, mixing time is cut way down. And you'll bake this alluring cake with cheerful confidence, knowing that Pillsbury's Best gives lightsome tenderness to *everything* you bake! Now for the details:

Ann Pillsbury's LIME DELIGHT

Made quickly—easily—deliciously with Pillsbury's Best

Makes two 8-inch layers.

Bake at 350° F. for 30 to 35 minutes.
All ingredients must be at room temperature.

Sift together . . 2¼ cups sifted **Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour**
3¼ teaspoons double-acting **boking powder**
1 teaspoon **salt**
1½ cups **sugor**
Add . . . . . ½ cup **shortening**
⅔ cup **milk**
Beat . . . . . for 2 minutes until batter is well-blended. (With electric mixer, beat at low to medium speed for same time.)
Add . . . . . ⅓ cup **milk**
½ cup **egg whites**, unbeaten
1 teaspoon **vonilla**
Beat . . . . . for 2 minutes.
Pour . . . . . into lightly greased, floured, 8-inch layer cake pans.
Bake . . . . . in moderate oven (350° F.) for 30 to 35 minutes. Cool.

Lime Filling Blend together ¼ cup cornstarch, ¼ teaspoon salt and ⅔ cup sugar. Add 1 cup water and mix well. Cook over direct heat until thick, stirring constantly. Add a little of the hot mixture to 1 slightly beaten egg yolk; mix well and return to remainder of mixture. Cook over low heat about two minutes; stir constantly. Add 3 tablespoons lime juice, 1 tablespoon grated lime rind and 2 drops green coloring. Cool. Spread between layers.

Fluffy White Frosting Combine 1 egg white, ⅔ cup sugar, ¼ cup light corn syrup, 3 tablespoons water, ¼ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar. Place in top of double boiler over rapidly boiling water and beat with rotary beater until mixture stands in peaks. Remove from boiling water. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla; continue beating until thick enough to spread. Frost sides and top of cake. Decorate with lime mints.

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You Bake your Best with Pillsbury's Best

velvet scorched with roses and bunches of grapes and Greek frets and Abraham Lincoln.

Uncle Ed took more pleasure in the Sunday meetings than anyone else, for he loved to talk and he loved to eat. He had a big appetite, and his enjoyment of mother's fine suppers was marred only by the fact that he was deathly afraid of dogs, even very small dogs or very old ones without teeth.

Skipper had discovered this peculiarity of Uncle Ed's and he used it to amuse himself. No matter how many people arrived at the house simultaneously, Skipper would single out Uncle Ed for special attention, plant his paws on Uncle Ed's shoulders and lick his ears or whatever portion of his anatomy that he could reach. Skipper looked forward to these demonstrations all week, and early Sunday morning he would take up his position at the front door, rolling his eyes in anticipation.

"It's amazing the things that dog knows," mother said fondly. "Just look at him. He *knows* it's Sunday."

At two o'clock his vigilance was rewarded by the sound of Uncle Ed's old Graydort in the driveway and Lilybelle's shrieks of delight over her imminent meeting with her archenemy and cousin, Priscilla.

Mother always got overexcited at the arrival of Aunt Marnie, who was inclined to be critical not only of mother's housekeeping, but of her children and husband and dog as well. Mother gave the hall rack a last-minute swipe with her handkerchief and shouted orders to everyone in the house at the same time.

"Take his collar, Paul," she told her son. "Frederick, where are you? They're here! . . . Priscilla, Becky, come downstairs. . . . For goodness' sake, Paul, take his *collar*."

Paul took hold of Skipper's collar, which made springing more difficult, but not impossible. Skipper ignored Lilybelle and Aunt Marnie, who came in first, and with a delighted roar he lunged at Uncle Ed.

Uncle Ed supported himself by clinging to the door. "Down," he whispered. "Down, fellow. Down."

"He's only showing you how much he loves you," mother said, making a futile grab at Skipper's tail. "Look, he just adores you."

"Get him away," Uncle Ed said. "I don't want him to adore me."

Skipper finally accomplished what he had been trying to do for several months. Ignoring the pressure on his collar and his tail, he licked Uncle Ed square on the mouth. The gathering of the clan had officially begun.

LILYBELLE disappeared in search of Priscilla, with a number of bones to pick and scores to settle.

"Now remember, no quarreling," Aunt Marnie called. "And say your piece over to yourself a couple of times so you won't forget it."

"I know it perfect," Lilybelle screamed back.

Mother's heart sank somewhat at this news. Lilybelle was taking elocution lessons and the Sunday family meeting provided a suitable, if unresponsive, audience to practice on. Neither self-consciousness nor loss of memory could prevent Lilybelle from elocuting.

"How is she coming along with her lessons?" mother asked with hollow politeness.

"Just wonderfully. That child's memory ——"

"Got a memory like an elephant," Uncle Ed put in proudly. "She got a new piece last week, the longest one yet, and she doesn't forget a word."

Mother smiled rather anxiously. "I remember The Cattle Thief was pretty long, the one she recited last Sunday."

"This one is twice as long," Aunt Marnie said.

Father appeared and he and Uncle Ed went into the living room. It was Uncle Ed's opinion that the furniture business (and the coal business as well) was going to pot, an to protect himself against the coming ruin h had taken up sculpting. He had alread finished three small cherubs, two with win and one without wings, and his next ta was a bust of Lilybelle. By the mere chance Uncle Ed had happened to bring th wingless cherub with him, and he went ba to the hall to get it out of his overco pocket.

Aunt Marnie and mother were in the mid of a consultation about the rib roast of be and grandpa was hobbling down the ste carrying a book under one arm. The bo was a very bad sign, for it meant th grandpa had had his door open and h overheard the conversation about Lilybell elocution lessons. Grandpa had been a gre elocutionist in his day, and it was one of h gravest disappointments that Priscilla hadn followed in his steps. He had spent lo hours coaching her, but Priscilla lapsed eas into amnesia. Eventually she had learn one piece, with a great deal of repetition in called The Sands of Dee.

AUNT Marnie kissed grandpa and told h he was looking much better.

"I feel fine," grandpa said. "Wher Priscilla?"

"I don't know," mother replied. "Sh playing somewhere with Lilybelle. I hate disturb them."

Grandpa switched the book from his ri arm to his left arm in order to shake han with Uncle Ed, who had to switch the wi less cherub in order to shake hands w grandpa. During this maneuver mother w able to see the title of the book, Shor Poems, and her worst fears were realiz Grandpa had resurrec The Sands of Dee.

Uncle Ed unveiled cherub and explained reason for his new w "These are bad ti we're living in. In a years I predict that ev businessman in the co try will be sorry he born. But the artist—now that's a diffe matter. He at least will have his art." U Ed whisked the cherub away into the li room and set it on the mantel.

Mother was feeling depressed becaus the world going to pot and The Sands of and the fact that she had no art. " Frederick," she said, and father underst immediately and kissed her on the chee cheer her up.

"You two lovebirds," Aunt Marnie with a touch of envy. "You act like a co of kids."

Uncle Ed predicted that in a few y they wouldn't be acting like a couple of no sirree. Aunt Marnie shut him up b minding him that no matter what happ to the world, no matter if they had t hay and beet tops, Lilybelle was goin have her chances and continue with elocution lessons.

Grandpa lowered himself into the plat rocker. It was grandpa's opinion that Sunday meetings were a barbarous cus Families should get together no oftener once a year, preferably at Christmas when everyone was feeling good any His children, Alice, Marnetta and B were individually all right, but they ha unfortunate effect on one another. O grandchildren, Lilybelle, Priscilla, B Paul, and Bruce's two boys, Jim and W only Priscilla had what grandpa called spark."

Grandpa turned to The Sands of De muttered, "O, Mary, go and call the home." He was not going to let a sc brained snippet like Lilybelle outdo Pri

Mother heard the familiar first lin with a hurried excuse she went to loc Priscilla and give her fair warning.

Lilybelle and Priscilla exchanged appraising smiles by way of greeting. cilla had the advantage because she wearing Edna's gun-metal pumps a trace of lipstick. Also she had just fi

(Continued on Page 186)

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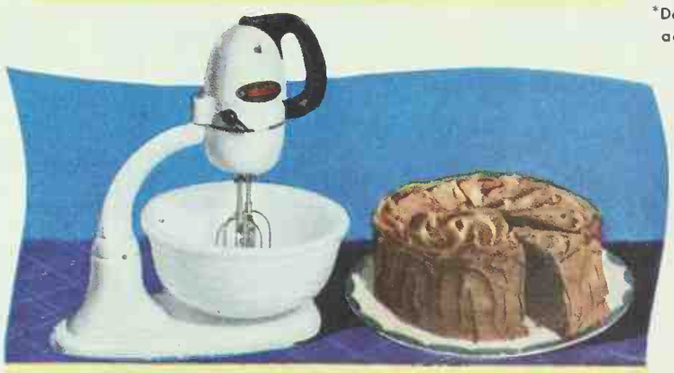


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Celebrate with ORANGE TAPIOCA CREAM

1 egg yolk
2 cups milk
3 tablespoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
1 egg white
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
Orange sections

Mix egg yolk with small amount of the milk in saucepan. Add remaining milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, salt, and Minute Tapioca. Place over medium heat and cook until mixture comes to a full boil, stirring constantly, this takes 5 to 8 minutes. (Do not overcook—mixture thickens as it cools.) Remove from heat.

Beat egg white until foamy throughout. Add 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, and continue beating with rotary egg beater until mixture will stand in soft peaks. Add hot tapioca mixture, stirring constantly. Add grated orange rind. Cool, stirring after 15 to 20 minutes. Chill. Serve in dessert dishes. Garnish with orange sections and mint leaves. Makes 4 to 5 servings of that dreamy Tapioca cream you've been missing so long.

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(Continued from Page 184)

examining her profile in the mirror and decided it compared favorably with Colleen Moore's.

"Hello," said Lilybelle.

"Hello."

"Let's play hide-and-seek."

"No."

"I want to play hide-and-seek too," Becky said.

"Well, play by yourselves, you two babies," Priscilla said, lifting one foot to admire it in the mirror.

"It's no fun with only two," Lilybelle complained, "and I'm going down and tell your mother. When you've got company you're supposed to do what the company wants to do, and I think you're the meanest thing that ever lived."

"I am not."

"You are too."

"Blabbermouth tattletale."

"Stinkweed."

This brisk exchange of epithets cleared the air a little. The fact was that Priscilla had intended to play hide-and-seek all along, partly because she had never played it with high heels on and partly because she always had a faint hope of beating Lilybelle.

"I bore to be it," said Lilybelle, and began counting to two hundred by fives before anyone could dispute her claim.

Priscilla and Becky made a dash for the attic, where Becky attempted to climb inside a drawer in the old green bureau.

"Put your head in," said Priscilla from under the brass bed.

"I can't."

"You've got to; it's as plain as day."

"There isn't any room for my head."

"Then cover it up with something; camaflouge it."

Though Becky camaflouged her head with one of father's castoff union suits, Lilybelle spotted it right away.

"One two three for Becky," said Lilybelle, and Becky was it.

Becky couldn't count by fives very well, so she didn't count at all. She stood and stared pensively into space until quietness reigned in the attic and she knew everyone was hidden. She found Priscilla wedged behind mother's old dressmaker's dummy.

MOTHER had inherited the dummy from grandma and it came in handy at Halloween. Given a black robe, a broomstick and a jack-o'-lantern head it became a creditable witch. It was also useful when Priscilla gave a show in the garage. She had a special act wherein she stood on a box behind the dummy, lending it her own head and arms. She would then sing a number of songs, with suitable gestures and grimaces, a performance that brought down the house and always gave Becky laughing pains in her side or the hiccups.

"Let's give a show," Becky said. "*I* would like to give a show, if you ask *me*."

Priscilla stepped out from behind the dummy and polished the gun-metal pumps with a little spit on her handkerchief. "It's too much trouble," she said. "I do all the work and what do I get out of it? Nothing."

"I'd love to get laughing pains," Becky said wistfully. "I haven't had laughing pains for six years."

"If we had a show we'd have to let Lilybelle be in it and she'd want to be the whole cheese."

"I forgot all about Lilybelle," said Becky and cast a halfhearted glance around the attic in the vague hope of spotting a leftover limb or a piece of Lilybelle's dress or head. "I bet she's in some place special and I will never ever find her."

"We'll both hunt," Priscilla offered.

Lilybelle was not in any drawers, trunks, closets or suitcases, or behind the blackboard or under the brass bed. She was not in the attic at all, although Becky distinctly remembered hearing her go up the stairs.

"She is certainly a good hider," Priscilla said grudgingly. "I give her credit for that."

A search of all the bedrooms on the second floor failed to reveal Lilybelle, although they heard her distant ghostly voice challenging them to find her.

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"I bet she's not hiding at all," Becky said. "I bet she just quit playing and went down to talk to the grownups."

Mother appeared at this point and Priscilla asked her if Lilybelle had come downstairs.

"No, she didn't," mother said. "And if you know what's good for you, you won't come downstairs either for a while."

Priscilla made a quick mental review of her current transgressions, but could find none deserving of these harsh words. "Why not?"

"Grandpa wants you to recite," mother told her.

"Oh, cows," Priscilla groaned. "Oh, cows, cows."

"There's no use carrying on about it. Do you remember it?"

Priscilla shook her head.

"You must remember *some* of it," Mother said nervously. "'O Mary, go and call the cattle home.'"

"'O Mary, go and call the cattle home.'"

"'Across the sands of Dee!'" mother prompted.

"'Across the sands of Dee!'"

"Don't forget to repeat 'And call the cattle home' twice before 'Across the Sands of Dee!'"

"I'll try not to."

"All right. 'The western wind was wild and dank with foam, And all alone went she.'"

"'The western wind was wild and dank with foam,'" Priscilla said. "Dank is one of my most favorite words. 'And all alone went she.'"

"Can't catch a flea," came Lilybelle's faint derisive chant. "Can't catch a flea!"

Always speak truth, but do not always tell it. —IVAN PANIN.

"Now the second stanza. Do you remember how it starts?"

"No."

"Can't catch a flea," cried Lilybelle. "Can't catch a —— Mamma! Mamma!"

"Good heavens," said mother, who had a keen nose for disaster. "You don't suppose she—oh, she couldn't, she wouldn't ——"

But Lilybelle could and had. In her desire to outwit her cousins, Lilybelle had incautiously chosen the small ledge of the laundry chute as her hiding place. The chute ran from the attic to the cellar, with little doors opening on each floor of the house. Inside each door was a ledge, presumably to prevent children from falling through to the laundry basket in the cellar.

Mother dashed up to the first landing of the attic steps and opened the door of the chute. Lilybelle's head and hands were visible as she clung to the ledge, but her feet pointed inexorably toward the cellar. She was screaming blue murder, not without justification, since the laundry chute had been intended only for laundry and the wood had never been sandpapered. Mother thrust herself as far into the little doorway as she could, took hold of Lilybelle's wrists, and pulled.

"Help help help help help!" Lilybelle shrieked.

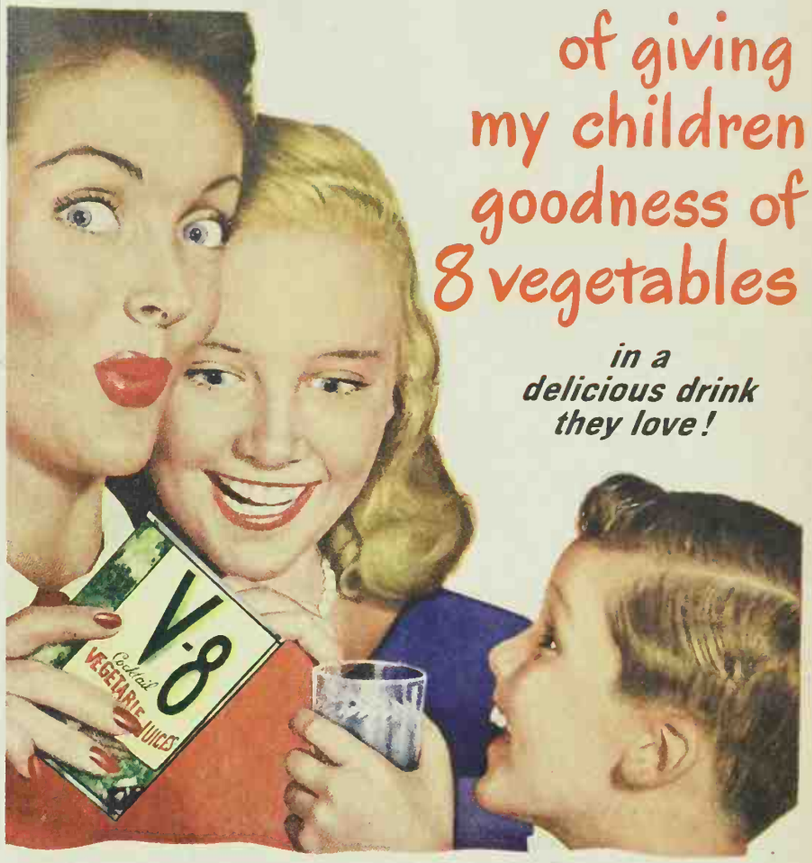
Mother let go of Lilybelle's wrists. "Frederick! Paul! Do something!"

Aunt Marnie, half fainting from fright, could do nothing but yell, "Hang on, Lilybelle! Hang on, my darling! Mother's here, hang on!"

Lilybelle couldn't very well do anything else but hang on, unless she wanted to drop straight through to the cellar, an alternative suggested by grandpa.

Grandpa had taken the situation in at a glance and it was his suggestion that since Lilybelle couldn't be pulled out she be allowed to drop. The close fit of the laundry chute would help to offset the force of gravity; or in case it didn't, the laundry basket in the cellar could be padded with pillows and the eiderdowns to break Lilybelle's fall.

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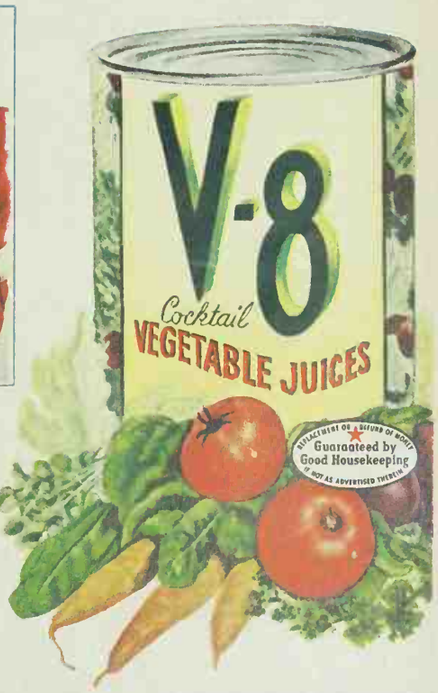
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"Can't let her hang there all night," he said. "She'll keep me awake."

After two more unsuccessful attempts to pull Lilybelle out, father agreed to grandpa's suggestion, but in a modified form. Gravity couldn't be depended upon, so it was decided to cut down the clothesline in the back yard, tie it around Lilybelle under her arms and lower her into the cellar.

While Paul was cutting the clothesline Uncle Ed calmed Lilybelle by promising her a pound of chocolates, as many pickles as she could eat, a new doll, crayons, and immunity from Sunday school for three months. He was on the point of raising the ante to six months when Paul arrived with the rope.

"Heave ho," said grandpa pleasantly.

Becky and Priscilla dashed to the cellar in order to be the first to greet Lilybelle after her trip. Mother and Aunt Marnie waited at the second-floor door of the chute until Lilybelle's legs appeared, and finally Lilybelle's face.

"Are you all right?" Aunt Marnie said, her voice worn to a hoarse whisper. "Only a bit more to go, Lilybelle. Be brave, my brave girl."

The last lap of Lilybelle's journey was much pleasanter, since the inside of the chute had been more or less smoothed by the frequent passage of laundry from kitchen to cellar.

"She's coming!" Becky shrieked. "She's coming! I see her legs!"

Lilybelle's reception committee was large. It now included Edna and Delbert, who had just arrived. It was sure a shame, Delbert said, that he hadn't come sooner. He could have torn out the ledge with his bare hands and rescued Lilybelle in the twinkling of an eye.

LILYBELLE emerged, suffering slightly from shock and slivers. Some of the slivers were removed with Edna's eyebrow tweezers. For the shock, Lilybelle was given hot coffee, several large dill pickles and two chocolate raisin cookies.

Emotions ran high. Aunt Marnie hugged and kissed Lilybelle while at the same time blaming mother for having in the house such traps as laundry chutes to lure innocent children to destruction. She also blamed Becky and Priscilla for enticing Lilybelle into the chute in the first place, and grandpa for his brutal callousness in wanting to trust Lilybelle to gravity.

"Gravity," said Aunt Marnie bitterly. "Gravity. I *ask* you."

"I will never forget this day," Uncle Ed said, regarding Lilybelle with awe. "Never will I forget it, the day Lilybelle almost lost her life."

In order to make sure he didn't forget it, he put the clothesline in his overcoat pocket as a souvenir.

Since tomorrow was washday and it was the only clothesline mother had, she made a futile attempt to hang onto it by trying to persuade Uncle Ed that it was much better to forget such grim incidents. Uncle Ed disagreed. He intended to coil the rope, shellac it and keep it as a souvenir for Lilybelle's children and grandchildren.

The rest of the afternoon was anticlimactic. Uncle Bruce arrived with Jim and Willie, who immediately adjourned with Paul to the garage. There the three were constructing a small radio out of an oatmeal box, according to the instructions in Popular Mechanics.

Uncle Bruce listened to the harrowing details of Lilybelle's escape, told three jokes to put everyone in good humor, and went to sleep on the davenport in a sitting position. Owing to the nature of his business in the bowling alley, Uncle Bruce kept late hours and could go to sleep anywhere, even while driving his car. He had mastered the art of making encouraging noises in his sleep like "H'm-m-m-m-m?" thus giving people the impression, not that he was awake, but that he would have been very interested if he had been.

Uncle Bruce slept quietly and attentively through a discussion of municipal politics

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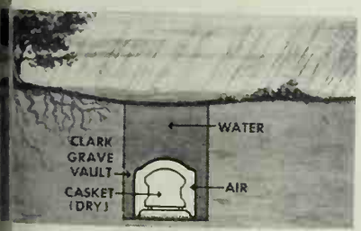
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(father), the latest thing in haircuts, the wind-blown bob (Aunt Marnie), art (Uncle Ed), and Lilybelle's heart-rending recital of Annie and Willie's Prayer. He woke up briefly at the noise of clapping, clapped for half a minute louder than anyone else, and sank once more into slumber.

As an encore Lilybelle chose a humorous piece in dialect.

"If yer must chew terbaccer, yer must swaller all the juice," Lilybelle admonished her invisible, presumably Irish, presumably tobacco-chewing husband.

"Can't understand a word she's saying," grandpa said. "Speak up, girl. Speak English."

"I've *gotta* say it this way," Lilybelle retorted. "This is the way it's written in the book and this is the way I've *gotta* say it."

"Pay absolutely no attention," Aunt Marnie said. "Just go on, dear."

Lilybelle nagged her husband for three more verses about his carefree spitting habits and then sat down to loud applause and much laughter.

"Priscilla," said grandpa.

Priscilla considered wildly the notion of staging a sudden attack of appendicitis or heart disease or gout.

"I don't feel so very well," she said in a feeble voice.

Lilybelle laughed delicately at this and said that if Priscilla didn't feel well just imagine how she felt with all her slivers and shock.

Priscilla dragged herself into the center of the room, bowed curtly, and raced across The Sands of Dee.

"She's supposed to use her arms," Lilybelle said critically after the first stanza. "She's not using her arms for expression and she should be. When she calls the cattle home she's supposed to do like this." Lilybelle stretched her arms yearningly toward the straying cattle. "Also in the western wind part she should do something." She illustrated by shielding her head and face with her hands to ward off the western wind.

The remedy for wrongs is to forget them.
—SYRUS.

"Priscilla has no dramatic gift," Aunt Marnie said. "Why try to force it? If it's there, it's there, and if it isn't, it isn't."

"It isn't," Priscilla said and before grandpa could start arguing she leaped toward the piano and rendered The Goblins' Frolic as fast as she could and loud enough to wake the dead and Uncle Bruce.

"She has a nice touch," Uncle Bruce said with his customary tact. "A nice, firm touch."

Everyone agreed that Priscilla had a nice touch, Lilybelle had strong dramatic qualities and Becky would be a beauty someday. Honor had been satisfied on all sides and everyone went in to supper feeling comparatively amicable.

Supper was served very early because Edna had a date with Delbert to go to the band concert in Pershing Park. Neither Edna nor Delbert was particularly fond of band concerts, but mother reasoned that a combination of the darkness, the spring, hot buttered popcorn and Sousa would bring out Delbert's latent romantic instincts. The most important fact about the band concert was that Edna would have to sit in the bleachers. Edna was deathly afraid of heights and this was perfect, according to mother's tortuous logic. Edna would be afraid and cling to Delbert, thus rousing his protective instincts, most likely, and causing him to pop the question.

"What if I pass out?" Edna said. "What if I don't cling, I just plain pass out?"

"You'll have to exercise some self-control," mother replied firmly. "I can't do everything. Are the potatoes done?"

"I guess."

"Well, just bring everything in at once and then you and Delbert can eat together cozily in the kitchen."

(Continued on Page 191)

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(Continued from Page 189)

ybelle, who had compressed herself be-
the kitchen door in order to hear this
rsation, emerged to state that she, too,
d to eat cozily in the kitchen.
never get to eat cozily in the kitchen,"
whined. "I never get to eat cozily
—"
ush up and go in and sit down at your
" mother said, to avoid a display of
elle's strong dramatic talents.
don't feel so well," Lilybelle said. "I'm
ungry."
o and sit down and I'll let you say
"
ndpa usually said grace at mealtimes.
g on the assumption that the Lord was
s fed-up with windbags as he himself
grandpa made his blessing very brief,
edictus benedicat."
everybody ready?" mother asked.
erybody was, and the rib roast, flanked
oven-browned potatoes and creamed
lower, was placed in the center of the

lybelle, will you say grace?"
belle bobbed her head and addressed
f with dispatch to "Dear Lord and
r of mankind."
belle's theory of saying grace was the
opposite of grandpa's. She believed in
g it as long and dull as possible, espe-
if she wasn't hungry. She blessed the
her mother and father, Uncle Bruce,
Willie, Jim, grandpa, Aunt Allie,
Henry, Edna, Delbert, Becky, and her
ion teacher, Mrs. Bunwood.
ou forgot me," Priscilla said.
belle raised her voice. "I forgive all
nemies, which I won't name, dear
r, and if they want to forgive me, O.K.,
they don't, O.K. In closing, thank you
food which we are about to receive.
"
nen," Uncle Bruce echoed cheerfully
old two jokes while father carved the
in order to offset the mood induced by
lle's lugubrious communion with the
hty.
boys, Willie and Jim, aged fourteen
teen respectively, ate in silence. After
of work the radio was now complete,
e tense moment was near at hand when
rial wires would be attached to the bedsprings in the attic and music would, or would not, be audible through the earphones. The machine now reposed on the buffet, still looking, as Priscilla unwisely remarked, like an oatmeal box.

"Girls don't know anything," Jim said. "Girls are dumb."

"Yeah," said Willie.

"You said it," Paul agreed.

"Boys are smart alecks," Lilybelle said, momentarily transforming her personal battle with Priscilla into a battle of the sexes. "Boys are great big smart alecks. I wouldn't be a boy for anything."

"I would like to be a boy some of the time," Becky said, "and some of the time a girl."

Grandpa approved. "A sensible arrangement. And now I presume that the subject is exhausted and we may eat in peace."

"I don't want to eat in peace," Lilybelle muttered. "I want to eat cozily in the kitchen. I never get to eat cozily in the kitchen."

"Now, Lilybelle," Aunt Marnie said. "Eat your meat like a good girl."

"I'm not hungry. I feel bad."

"Where do you feel bad?"

"All over."

It was true that Lilybelle's face had taken on an alarming pallor. Aunt Marnie and mother felt her forehead, examined her throat, took her pulse, and prodded her in the stomach. In spite of these ministrations, Lilybelle continued to feel bad.

"It's the shock," Aunt Marnie said. "That's how it affects people. They think they're all right and then suddenly it hits them."

"That's how I feel," Lilybelle said faintly.

Overriding Uncle Ed's protests that he hadn't had any dessert and mother's suggestion that Lilybelle had simply eaten too many dill pickles, Aunt Marnie bundled Lilybelle up and dragged her home.

Their abrupt exit had a peculiar effect on mother. Lilybelle, *in absentia*, became a martyred child. Mother felt guilty that she had been the cause of all the trouble by possessing such things as laundry chutes and dill pickles.

"Sit down and finish your supper," father said.

(Continued on Page 193)



"Did Sherman get to the sea? Did Lincoln save the nation? Come in tomorrow for the next thrilling episode, same time, same place."

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These new diamonds of Lux are another triumph of the world-famous Lever Laboratori

(Continued from Page 191)

couldn't eat a bite. It's all my
ick. I've a good mind to go up
nd nail that chute shut. Marnie
t's a trap, a trap for innocent

, all right, all right," father said,
get the hammer and nails.
down all the doors of the laundry
lightly, so that the nails would
move when mother changed her

ice disappeared into the attic
ee boys to hear music through
es, and grandpa was left at the
iscilla and Becky and the straw-
ake.
is, barbarous," grandpa said.
like to be a boy some of the
y said gently, "and some of the
" This remark had scored a hit
andpa and there was no reason
dn't work again.
however, ignored it. Scowling
wberry shortcake, he said that
family meetings was barbarous.
ly is *ad nauseam*," Priscilla said.
woman after my own heart,"

ther's opinion that anyone who
construct a radio was fooling
ltogether too mysterious to be
Electricity made mother nerv-
She had a notion that the
ts in the house attracted some
from the atmosphere and every
much as plugged in her electric
she half ex-
bedroom to

came home
and found
it still burn-
quite cross.
rectly to the
r of the laun-
yell up at the
cle Bruce to
immediately.
door of the
lown upset mother still further.
ed Priscilla to the attic armed
il threat.
he attic, had in fact, reached a
ce Uncle Bruce had carried his
oo far. In order to make the
er he had claimed to have heard
from the oatmeal box. The
ce wrenched from Uncle Bruce's
ed hurriedly from boy to boy.
rd anything except a faint

dding," Willie said.
usic," Uncle Bruce maintained.
sic and not clear, but music. In
few bars from the overture to

hear music," Paul said, "why
it?"

ny ears are more attuned,"
id. "I've eaten a great deal of
life."
you," Willie said. "He's kid-
n't you admit it? Go on, ad-

" Uncle Bruce said cheerfully.
great deal of hard feeling in
cted equally against the oat-
Uncle Bruce.
at you can hear something
't is the same thing as lying,"

" Uncle Bruce said.
can say is you're setting us a
Boy, I wouldn't be surprised if
be the worst liars in the world.
ly yourself to blame."
e for the best," Uncle Bruce

ved at the top of the stairs and
t unless everyone came down-
tely, mother was going to re-
uses from the fuse box, thus
m in the dark attic and most
ocuting herself with volts at

"Those were her exact words," Priscilla added.

"I can believe it," said Uncle Bruce. "Come on, boys. And bring the—ah, music box."

"Some people think some things are awfully funny," said Willie, picking up the oatmeal box very tenderly. "I always used to brag about my father, saying he had a respect for other people's life work, but no more. From now on I'm just going to keep quiet."

"What are you going to keep quiet about?" Priscilla asked.

This was a tactless remark, for it had the effect of attracting the hostility in the attic toward herself. It was pointed out that she was a mere girl, she should mind her own business, she was only eleven, she should be in bed and she should learn not to poke her nose into matters that didn't concern her.

"Come, Priscilla, the boys are in a bad mood," Uncle Bruce said, and led the way downstairs, whistling a few bars from the overture to William Tell.

PRISCILLA had often observed that crossness was contagious. It had spread quite rapidly through the attic, and downstairs father had already caught it from mother. He ordered Paul to take that thing out to the garage where it belonged, and he told the girls to go to bed immediately.

"Immediately, do you hear?" father said. "Without any arguments or explanations and without any drinks of water or peanut-butter sandwiches or anything. Even if you are both perishing from hunger and thirst, go to bed anyway. Good night."

Becky was quite willing to go to bed. She had a modest cache of peanut brittle hidden in the pocket of her bathrobe. The peanut brittle was no longer fresh and it was covered with pink fuzz from the bathrobe, but it was easy to pretend that this fuzz was like the fuzz on peaches, and therefore edible.

You cannot live without religion. That sort of people have none whatever, no compass, no object; they float from day to day, torn by all the passions and all the vanities of the passing hour.

—GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

Becky went upstairs to pretend this, but Priscilla lingered behind. She hadn't been aware of her empty stomach until father mentioned it, but now the void seemed very large and only some slices of bread and butter smothered with brown sugar could fill it.

"What if I really did starve to death, you'd be sorry," she said darkly. "The coroner would investigate."

"Where the deuce do you get ideas like that?" father said.

"Books," Priscilla replied. Paul's forbidden magazines could certainly be called books, but the subject was a precarious one.

"What kind of books?" father asked skeptically.

"Library."

"It seems to me a funny thing that a library like ours with a reputation to maintain would hand out children's books with coroners and police investigations in them. What do you think, Allie?"

Mother pressed her fingers against her temples. "I can't think, I have a headache. It's all this electricity in the air, it always gives me a headache."

"I have a headache too," Priscilla said brightly.

Father regarded her callously. "Is that so? Well, go to bed anyway. Bed's the best place for someone with a headache."

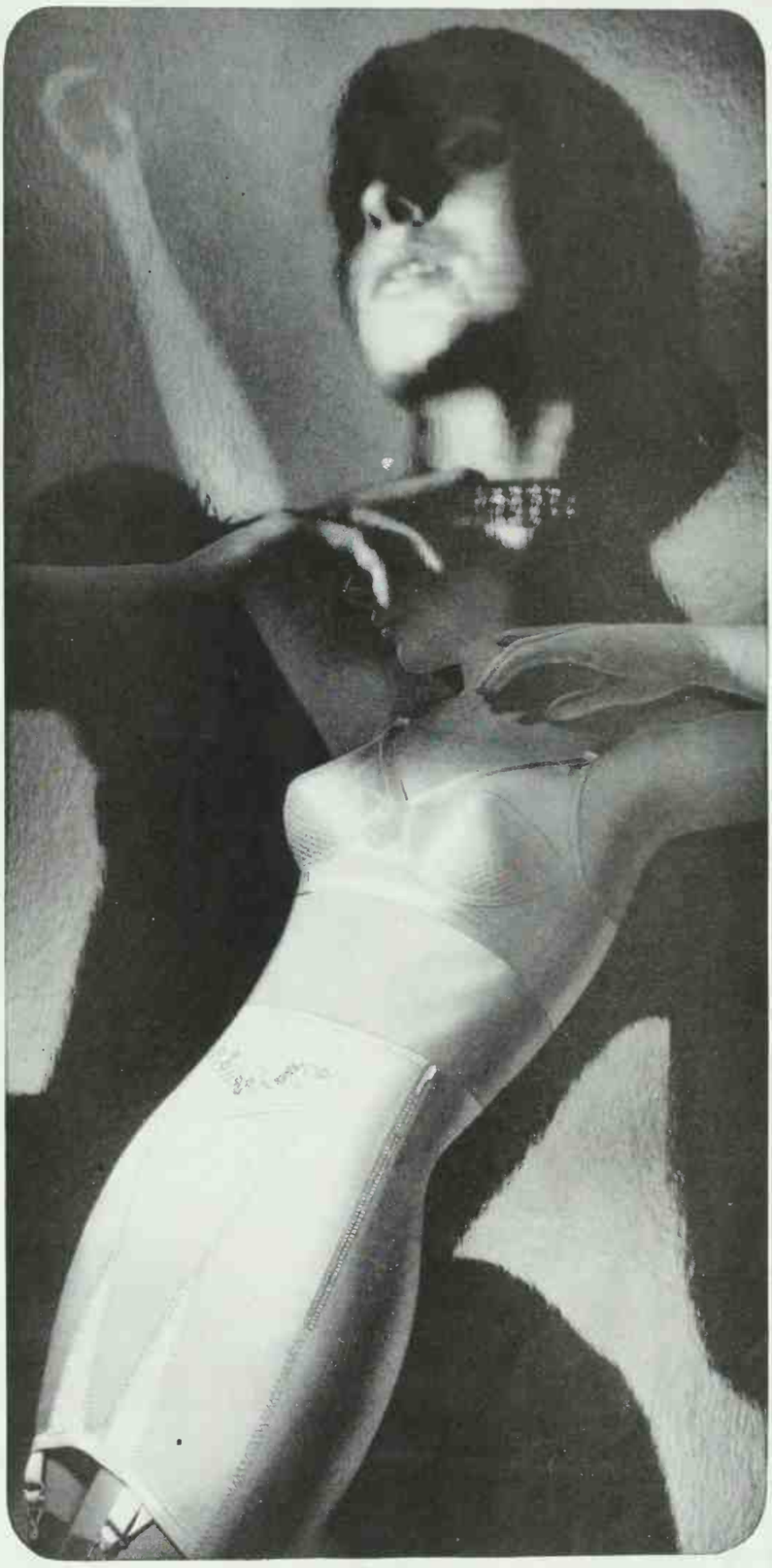
"Well, I'm going. I only thought, if you wanted to hear my Death poem I finished it and it's very good."

Father said that the only thing he cared to hear at the moment was the crack of doom, and if Priscilla knew what was good for her she would run like a hare in the direction of her bedroom.

Priscilla muttered, "I never get any concessions in this house."

She went upstairs slowly, hanging onto the banister, being weak from hunger, and also sick at heart at the way she was treated, like Cinderella. Later when she grew up and was a famous actress-singer-pianist, she might

(Continued on Page 195)



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(Continued from Page 193)

ge her name to Cinderella P. J. Wilson, everyone would be amazed at how she risen from the depths to the heights ıst all odds.

nderella managed the last three steps by ling on her knees uttering feeble groans. ıdpa, naturally, was interested in feeble ıs and came out of his room to investi-

Vell?" he said.

iscilla explained briefly that she was too to walk, being on the verge of starva-

"The way I'm treated around this house times I wonder if my parents are really arents. Maybe I'm a stepchild and I was n the doorstep in a basket. Or maybe octor got the babies mixed up and in- of being me I am really someone else."

can't be positive, of course," grandpa "But I'm pretty sure you're you."

low can you be sure?"

Vell, you talk like you and you act like and you look like you, and all the nce seems to point to the fact that you ou."

ven so, it would be sort of nice to dis- that I'm really of royal blood."

certainly would," grandpa agreed.

a strange coincidence grandpa hap- to have two peppermint patties which been saving to give to the first starving ı of possible royal blood that he met.

hank you, grandpa," said Priscilla.

old your horses a minute," grandpa "If you're not sure you're you, then an't be sure I'm your grandpa. Until ind out definitely, se you call me Mr. t."

ood night, Mr. Ea- Priscilla giggled.

ood night, Miss X." Pcilla went to her r and sat on the edge tl bed eating the pep- nt patties and won- ri who she was.

T ugh it was a quarter n e and Priscilla was gi ing to feel tired, she d ıe more method for staving off the in- r le moment of sleep. Sleep to Priscilla a a complete absence of activity and so or lete waste of time. There was the added t ıat the sooner she went to sleep the n it would be Monday and she'd have go ack to school. The golden hours of the ek nd would all be spent, and she would ve drag herself through five humdrum s efore another week end came along. e ly way she could endure this ghastly u t was to forget all about the five hum- m lays and concentrate on the week end t d the week end yet to come. She did t l means of her diary.

E tracted the diary from under a pile lu serge gym bloomers. The flyleaf bore ir cription: "Happy Birthday to Pris- ı m Grandpa.

.ives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
nd departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

ath this Priscilla had added an inscrip- cher own: "Pity the Robber Pity the ok Pity the Person Who Reads this k This Means You! Keep out!! Private pr ty!!"

icked up her pencil, moistened it with tip f her tongue, and wrote:

y: April 7: Things I have Accomplished y d yesterday:

Lorish all sorts from Becky.

ıment (unfair): having to stay home t movie for eating out of Skipper's dish.

tevation turned all the clocks back but gh better of it and turned them forward

two poems, both good.

a letter to Mr. Long.

la paused to reread this last entry, ng at how time flew and how thoughts n it. It seemed at least a year since written the letter to Mr. Long, and ns for writing it were now vague and remote. Priscilla smiled tolerantly. What a child she had been, just yesterday! Time certainly flew, making you grow up in a day or so. Though she had been resentful at the time, it was now reassuring to remember that father himself had censored the letter and that she had signed her own name, thus remaining inside the law. As for the postscript, well, that could happen to anybody. It had been a mere childish whim, something she was now beyond. Priscilla returned to her accomplishments.

Broke in Edna's gun medals for half an hour. Edna is now at the Band Concert having the question popped.

Also I won a dime from Delbert but gave it back owing to conscious trouble. I play fair and square even if I don't feel like it.

Visited Mrs. Able who has a bad Reputation but who makes good orange cake (with orange icing). She gave me a Golden Opportunity to start my carreer on Friday night at 7 o'clock but father refused because of the young men Mrs. Able kisses: (at all hours!!!)

PRISCILLA chewed the end of her pencil. It was true that father had put his foot down on the career, but it was also true that Friday night was still five days, one hundred twenty hours away. Considering the flying habits of time and how much could happen in one hundred twenty hours, Priscilla felt her spirits rise. Suppose, for instance, that all the young men that Mrs. Abel kissed turned out to be her cousins. Kissing Jim or Willie or Lilybelle was not Priscilla's idea of fun, but it was possible that Mrs. Abel was a horse of another color and enjoyed kissing her cousins. It would certainly do no harm to ask her in a subtle way if all the young men were her cousins. If it turned out that they were, Priscilla would not only save her own career, but she would also change Mrs. Abel's reputation from bad to good, blood being thicker than water, and kissing cousins was O.K.

"They quarrel and part," said the woman.
"That is friendship," said the man.
"We quarrel and do not part," said the woman.
"That is love," said the man.
—T. W. H. CROSLAND: Little Stings (John W. Luce Company).

Also witnessed Lilybelle falling down the laundry shoot: ha! he! ha!

My new Poem: (which I am writing by heart so I am not God sure of certain lines)

— : "TO DEATH" : —
by Priscilla Jane Wilson

Oh, what is Death but end of idle breathing
And freedom from Life's Troubles black and scathing?
Shall we see God the Master Divine?
Or shall dank Satan drink our blood like wine?
To know, to know what comes after Breath!
Oh, what is Death?

— : THE END : —

This is my best poem so far except for the last line which I didn't have time to finish.

Paul's radio out of the oatmeal box is finished but doesn't work and he is mad. Boys get mad very easy. Girls too. Also Father.

Plans For Next Week End: Dare Lilybelle to go down the laundry shoot again.

Thus keeping her life sublime, Priscilla put the diary under her pillow and turned off the light. Her eyelids were beginning to feel very heavy and kept trying to close down over her eyes.

She woke at 10:30 to find herself on the floor, with the lamp turned on and mother and father standing beside the bed.

"Poor darling, you fell out of bed," mother said. "Did you have a dream?"

Father picked Priscilla up and put her back in bed and tucked in the covers.

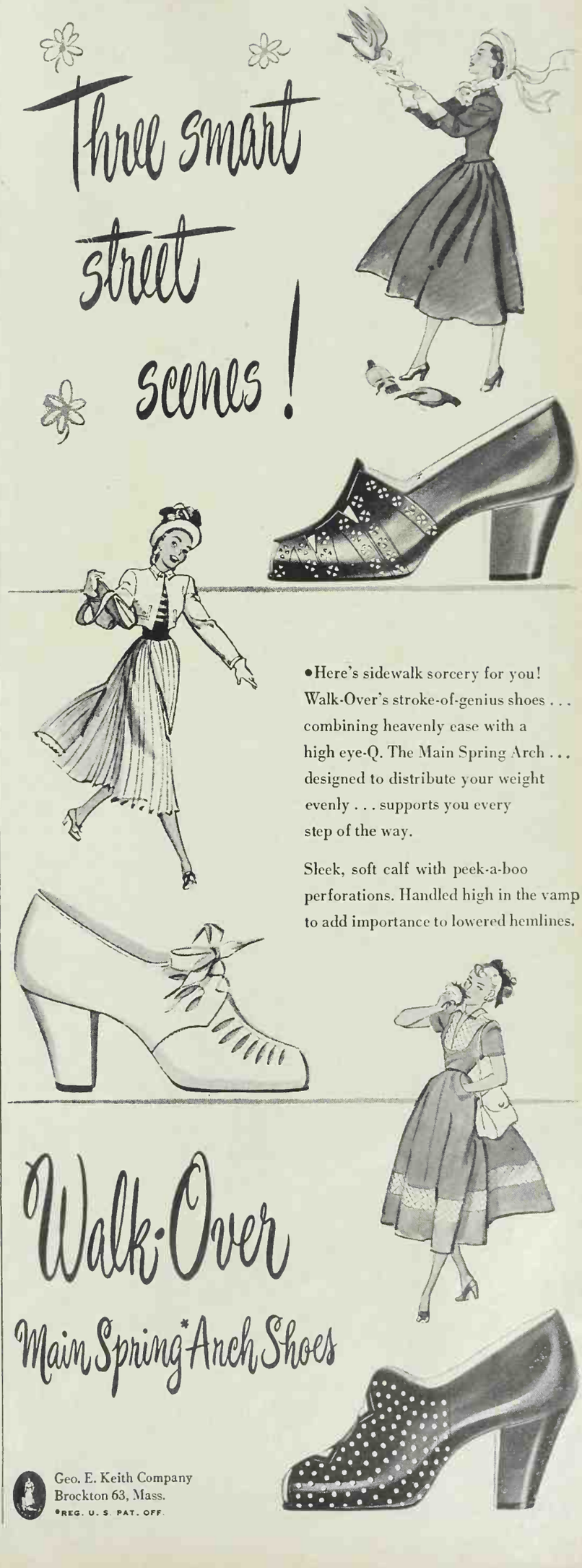
"Poor child," mother said. "She's upset on account of Lilybelle's accident. She's so fond of Lilybelle."

Father raised his eyebrows.

"And it's the electricity too," mother added. "All those volts in the air aren't doing any of us any good. Somehow I think that things like electricity belong to Providence and we shouldn't tamper with them."

Mother switched off the kewpie-doll lamp very cautiously, to avoid being electrocuted. The wonderful week end was over.

THE END



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with a flair for thrift



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GNOCCHI

¾ cup corn meal
2 cups milk or water
1 egg
1 cup grated Parmesan cheese
1½ teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ cup MAZOLA Salad Oil
2 cloves garlic
½ cup chopped onions
1 6-ounce can tomato paste
2½ cups canned tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

Place corn meal in saucepan; gradually add milk. Coak aver low heat, stirring canstantly, until mixture thickens and cames ta a bail. Boil 3 minutes. Remove fram heat; add egg and beat well. Add ½ cup of the cheese, salt, pepper and ¼ cup af the MAZOLA Salad Oil. Spread 1½ inches deep in pan. Caal; cut inta 2-inch squares and arrange in shallaw baking dish. Heat remaining ¼ cup MAZOLA Salad Oil in saucepan; add garlic and caok 3 minutes. Remove from heat; remove garlic. Add remaining ingredients and mix well. Paur araund carn meal squares. Sprinkle with remaining ½ cup cheese. Bake in hat oven (400°F.) 30 minutes. Makes 6 servings.



CHIFFONADE DRESSING

1 cup MAZOLA Salad Oil
⅓ cup vinegar
1 clove garlic
1 teaspoon sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon dry mustard
1 hard-cooked egg, chopped
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
2 teaspoons chopped parsley

Measure all ingredients into bottle ar jar. Caver tightly and shake well. Chill several hours, then remave garlic. Shake thoraughly befare serving. Makes about 2 cups.



For other MAZOLA recipes, write Home Service Department, Corn Products Refining Company, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y.

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Meals by Men

BY LESLIE B. HOHMAN

Dr. Leslie B. Hohman is no stranger to JOURNAL readers who follow his human-relations articles with interest. But it may be a surprise to learn that the hobby of this professor of neuropsychiatry is cooking. Living in a college town, he frequently entertains faculty members and thoroughly enjoys taking over the entire preparation of a dinner. He is well known as a host in Baltimore and Durham, where Southern tradition sets a high standard for hospitality.

I SUPPOSE anybody can learn to cook, but I'm convinced you have to be interested, and delight in good food, if you want to have good food prepared in your own house, whether you're doing it yourself or having it done for you by helpers. I'm also convinced that you have to know, and stick to, a few rules for cooking in order to succeed in getting good food prepared:

1. Season your food well and do not spare salt. I have found again and again that people who say they don't like salt eat well-salted food in quantities and with obvious relish without realizing that the proper amount of salt has brought out the flavor of the food. Salt and pepper are the only spices I use consistently and constantly. Worcestershire sauce, soy sauce, mustard, lemon, onion and tomato are used only for special dishes.

2. Keep hot food hot and cold food cold.

3. Well-done food should be thoroughly well-done, and underdone food should be thoroughly underdone. Don't let it be in between.

4. Care in preparation is a necessary and constant watchword.

5. Remember the special tricks that make food taste good. If you don't, you'll often find that your favorite dish has become dull and tasteless.

I like simple food. Party dishes may amuse the people who make them, but the hearty enjoyment of food often lags when the dishes are fancy and dressed up.

If you invite people to eat with you, they invite you to eat with them; and since I am a bachelor and do not eat all my meals at home, I stick to a few favorite menus and use proved dishes. I have few rare and no secret recipes, but am so pleased if people like some special dish that I promptly have the recipe copied and send it to them. People seem to like my food, not because it is unusual, but because it is simple and well seasoned and well cooked.

The problem of a bachelor as far as food is concerned is a little difficult. Sometimes you invite guests home at last minute, and therefore you have have some menus which can be prepa rapidly. Some of my best dinners car used only when I can plan and invite gu ahead of time. That's the time to pla dinner-party menu. Even more imp tant, it permits menus that can be pared slowly.

Once in a blue moon I am tired thinking about medicine and decide spend a Sunday in cooking, and the can prepare food like my mother use make. This means not time-consum cooking, but slow cooking. I hav friend who is as interested in cookin I am. We swap talk about cooking on rare occasions we see each other. last time I saw him, he told me how g his new cook was. He said, "You kn there are quick cooks and slow co Personally, I prefer the slow cooke I agree with him 100 per cent.

Here are some of my menus. I'll you the small tricks that I think m the food good.

Sunday-Night Suppe

Sunday nights are for me a good to have friends in, and I like to invit many as I want. Sometimes it's tw three, and sometimes it's a dozen. ways have waffles, because they serv bread, and by adding sirup at the they become a dessert. If I've had tu a day or two before, turkey hash is se over the waffles.

TURKEY HASH

To make the turkey hash, make a cr sauce, and I add a few teaspoon sherry to season it, and of course then the finely cut turkey. If the no turkey, I use canned corned hash baked with strips of ba But I always add bacon drippings t canned hash—about 3 tablespoons cans hash. Bake it in a 300° F. ove 1½ to 2 hours. It is crispy and b then.

he menu also contains baked beans, I personally prefer the kind that in a can to any I have been able to are myself. I do, however, doctor up.

BAKED BEANS

n some cut-up pieces of bacon, add cup brown sugar to 2 cans baked s, or else 2 or 3 tablespoons dark sses, and then bake them in a ° F. oven the same length of time as ash.

he waffles are now easily prepared waffle mixes you may buy at any ry store. I add an extra egg and y of melted butter or margarine. entally, I can't taste the difference een the two, so I use margarine all time, at least for cooking.

metimes I have a green salad along my supper and sometimes I skip it. e ends the meal.

Fish Supper

is menu is for an informal supper. h I know my guests well and know they are not too conventional about tastes in food, I produce a special ish.

FISH CASSEROLE

h 2 pounds fillet of flounder in l water until opaque. Drain well. a medium cream sauce, using 1 spoons flour, 4 tablespoons butter rgarine, 2 cups milk, 1¼ teaspoons nd a dash of pepper. Add ½ pint ream and ½ cup grated American heddar cheese. Sauté ½ pound rooms, sliced, and 1 large onion, ced, in 2 tablespoons salad oil. Add ushrooms and onion. 1 package n peas, cooked and drained, and rained poached fish to the cream . Heat in the upper part of a le boiler. Pour into a heatproof role, sprinkle with grated cheese, lace under the broiler until golden n and bubbly.

th this dish I use my stand-by, green I usually serve toast—very thin of a heavy bread, usually salt-rising. nearly every town has salt-rising if you look around and find the bakery. It makes wonderful toast.

GREEN SALAD

my green salad, the greens are oughly cleaned and kept in a towel e refrigerator. Just before the l preparation of the salad I dry leaf thoroughly. If the leaves dry, the oil won't stick to the s. I put on the salad dressing and he salad as near the actual time of g as possible. If the salad is pre- too far in advance, it gets soggy. ionally I add an avocado, cut into slices, but I usually just serve it Salt is added if needed. Don't be of plenty of salt in the dressing. mber, it gets spread around over a surface of leaf.

e is the French-dressing recipe: e morning, chop fine 1 medium , and pour over it 1 cup salad oil. dd 2 teaspoons salt and a gener- tantity of pepper. This is allowed nd all day. Just before I am ready the salad, I strain the oil and dis- he onion. Now I add ⅓ cup vinegar lon juice and beat the dressing ughly. By straining out the onion. oes not have the long aftertaste on.

Last-Minute Dinner

his emergency, I rely on a broiled- dinner, buying sirloin or porter- nd asking the butcher to cut it 1½ nches thick. In a household that has late guests I must have food an wait. The preparation of the is the only part of this meal that wait, and that I hold entirely in my nds. All I permit my maid to do is e the oven very hot (broiling heat). rt this meal usually with black- up, the canned variety, thinned at the last minute with a little sherry and a little lemon juice. A slice of lemon and a sprinkling of sieved hard-cooked egg yolk on top of the soup make a tempting beginning. It can be kept hot indefinitely without spoiling.

Stuffed baked potatoes are usually served. The centers are removed from the baked potatoes, mashed and mixed with butter or margarine, salt and pepper, put back into the shells and browned in the oven. Paprika on top is good, or a bit of grated cheese is even better. This is done while the steak is broiling. I serve Lima beans as the other vegetable, if I have guests who do not mind overeating. The beans are cooked in a minimum of water, drained dry, butter or margarine, salt and pepper added, and then kept hot in a pan with a tightly fitting cover, to keep them from drying. They can be kept hot in a pan of hot water, or with an asbestos pad over the heat. I suppose it's foolish to tell a housewife how to keep food hot, but I too often have to eat *cool* hot food in my own house if I don't fuss.

I finish off this meal with the green salad, and usually ice cream with chocolate sauce. And coffee. I almost never have cakes, because people have had enough food by this time.

BROILED STEAK

Now about the preparation of the broiled steak. The main rule is: Don't trust the broiling to others. They'll invariably spoil it. A steak must be tender to start with. I know of only one way to be sure of that. Go to a butcher you can trust to judge meat. I can't tell myself, but I have always been able to find a meatman who does know. Let the steak stand at room temperature for two or three hours before broiling. The steak must be cooked rapidly, and if you leave it in the refrigerator until you are ready to use it, the inside won't be cooked. The oven must be *very* hot. I cut the edges of the fat with a sharp knife so the steak won't curl.

When the soup is ready to be served, I put the steak, without salt or pepper, on the hot broiling pan, about three or four inches from the heat, and let it broil until it is well browned. Most people turn it too quickly, for fear it will burn. I watch it constantly after the first seven or eight minutes of broiling. As soon as it is browned (nearly burned), I turn it and salt and pepper it heavily. I then let that side brown *almost* to the point of charring. The serving platter is already heated, and I pour the fatty drippings over the steak and serve it at once. I have never found it necessary to put bits of butter on top, but it certainly doesn't hurt it any.

My guests are amused by my absence from the party and, I suspect, praise my steak the more because this preparation has been made dramatic. This method produces a rare steak. That's the way my guests like it. That's the way they get it. I personally prefer a piece of round steak cut thin and fried hard. That's all my family could afford when I was a boy, and I still like overdone fried beefsteak.

If I serve peas instead of Lima beans, I often use the large green canned peas. Heating them in their own liquid, I then pour off the liquid, add butter or margarine, a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce and salt to taste. I don't fry the peas, but I let them heat in this sauce, shaking them around so as not to break them. Nobody recognizes the taste of the sauce, but it gives the peas a tang they don't have otherwise.

Slow-Cooked Dinner

This menu requires long, slow cooking. It includes baked lamb, potatoes, spinach, green salad, ice cream and coffee.

BAKED LAMB

Put a leg of lamb in a covered roaster surrounded by 3 medium onions, sliced, and add 2½ cups tomato juice, 2 teaspoons salt and a dash of pepper. Cover. Bake in a slow oven—300° F.—about 4 hours.

(Continued on Page 228)





Never before a cake like it!
The first new cake in 100 years!

Betty Crocker "Chiffon"

It's the biggest cake news since the discovery of baking powder! "Chiffon" Cake is more delicate than Angel Food . . . as rich-tasting as butter cake. And it keeps fresh longer!

An easy-to-mix shortening (see recipe) gives it *unusual* moistness. And SOFTASILK Cake Flour permits eggs and baking powder to exert full rising action. Result? A huge, handsome cake that's lovely to look at and so wonderfully delicious it *needs* no icing! Try Betty Crocker "Chiffon"—an exciting new, easy-to-make *type* of cake! **General Mills**

Betty Crocker Glorious Yellow "Chiffon" Cake

Heat oven to . . . . . 325° (slow moderate)

Sift an ample amount of SOFTASILK Cake Flour onto a square of paper. Don't risk disappointment by using any other flour with this recipe.

STEP 1 **Measure** (level measurements) and SIFT together into mixing bowl
- 2¼ cups *sifted* SOFTASILK Cake Flour (spoon lightly into cup, don't pack)
- 1½ cups sugar
- 3 tsp. double-action baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt

Make a "well" and add in order
- ½ cup cooking (salad) oil such as Wesson or Mazola
- 5 unbeaten egg yolks (medium-sized)
- ¾ cup cold water
- 2 tsp. vanilla
- grated rind of 1 lemon (about 2 tsp.)

Beat with spoon until *smooth*.

STEP 2 **Measure** into *large* mixing bowl
- 1 cup egg whites (7 or 8)
- ½ tsp. cream of tartar

Whip until whites form *very stiff* peaks. They should be much stiffer than for Angel Food or meringue. DO NOT UNDERBEAT.

STEP 3 **Pour** egg yolk mixture gradually over whipped egg whites—*gently* folding with rubber scraper *just* until blended. DO NOT STIR.

Pour into *ungreased* pan immediately
- *Use 10-in. tube pan, 4-in. deep

Bake . . . . . *55 min. in slow moderate oven (325°), then increase heat to moderate oven (350°) for 10 to 15 min. or until top springs back when lightly touched.*

Immediately turn pan upside down, placing tube part over neck of funnel or bottle, or resting edges of oblong pan on 2 other pans. Let hang, free of table, until cold. Loosen from sides and tube with spatula. Turn pan and hit edge sharply on table to loosen.

*This recipe may also be baked in a 9x13x2-in. oblong pan. Bake *45 to 50 min.* at 350° (mod.). *(See recipes in pkg.)*



1. Whites must form VERY STIFF peaks



2. Fold DOWN-UP-OVER, turning scraper



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Nine Lives



Knock it!
Drop it!
Douse it in dishwater!
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THEODORE HAVILAND *China*

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MY MOTHER IS A VALIANT WOMAN

(Continued from Page 40)

you is a soothing challenge akin to hypnosis. There is nothing better than a sugar-laden bit of the crust to crunch on.

When my mother started the Lunch Room the pies were Daily Specials. This was, I suppose, a prostitution of great art, for we sold a quarter of a pie for a dime and smaller pieces for five cents. We sold a full meal—a big piece of roast pork or beef, mashed potatoes and brown gravy, a vegetable, a salad and coffee or milk—for a quarter. If the memory of this sin comes to me when I am about to eat a $2.50 luncheon I grow dreamy-eyed and choke.

The Lunch Room was a great success, although there is not much profit in serving food fit for the gods to mere mortals. But I have no doubt that if my mother were primarily a businesswoman rather than an artist, she could command a great chain of restaurants on the reputation of her pies. In this matter she is not without a certain vanity.

One evening when she was ill with a cold she went to a room we had in back of the Lunch Room to lie down while I washed the dishes. Business was slow. Finally only two men were hunched over the counter, slowly eating the last of the day's apple pie. When they rose to go, one of them asked for a pack of cigarettes. I reached to get them and looked up to face an ugly little automatic pistol. Pointed at me, its tiny bore grew larger while I watched it. I *think* the man said, "We want the money," and I *think* I replied, "Help yourself," but my voice was changing then and it may have sounded more like "Help!" The men glanced toward the rear of the Lunch Room. My mother stood in the doorway, lightly holding my father's old Colt .45, which she loathed. It was almost large enough to be mounted on wheels, but it was never loaded. My customers left in a great hurry, slamming the door behind them.

The people to fear are not those who disagree with you, but those who disagree with you and are too cowardly to let you know.
—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

I explained the details of the holdup to my mother. "They didn't get any money," I pointed out, "and they left the cigarettes."

She shoved their pie plates across the counter. "Hmph," she sniffed. "They left the crust."

How low can men sink?

Not once in my young life did my mother falter in her calm, queenlike conviction, subtly upheld but explicitly proved, that we were of a breed which could take care of its own, any time and under any conditions. And she maintained the illusion that this was easy for her to do.

Toward the end of my high-school days I pondered the prospect of devoting my life to my mother, while she continued to support me until I could get my first novel published. Then I realized there was a limit to the number of pies she could bake, and of course she could teach no one to help her. No one can learn to have the soul of an artist.

I found no satisfactory solution to the problem. My mother solved it with characteristic artfulness. On her fifty-fifth birthday she invited me to her wedding.

This was an interesting if rather abrupt surprise, but I accepted. That was the end of the Lunch Room. The groom recognized a bargain when he got one. Although my stepfather is a friend of long standing and a pie eater of long sitting, I have never ceased to be slightly amazed by the alacrity with which my mother left the nest. If I had not been so young then I might have reckoned the constancy of pie in love's eternal circle.

THE END

NABISCO PARTY NEWS

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Shortcake
Sweetened fruit Whipped cream
Lorna Doone Shortbread

Arrange 4 Lorna Doone on each individual plate; top with berries. Garnish with whipped cream and a Lorna Doone topped by fruit. Quick! Easy! A new dessert *wonder!* For Lorna Doone is shortbread after an old Scottish recipe... *butter*-rich with a tender, *crunchy* texture. Enjoy Lorna Doone as a sweet-in-itself...look for other delectable cookies in the packages with the red Nabisco Seal!

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"Serve Herb-Ox Consomme as "the one hot dish" with cold summer foods!



THE SILVER FLUTE

(Continued from Page 78)

A hundred dollars! She asked in bewilderment, "If he gets just five cents a week for spending money, how old will he be before he can buy it?"

Nobody bothered to answer this question but when Herbert left the room, the Reverend Mr. Pembroke, noting the crusader's look in Josey's face, put a gentle hand on her arm.

"Do not try to help him, Josey. This is his problem."

"But where can he get a hundred dollars?"

"I don't know," returned her father honestly, "any more than I know where Mr. MacIntyre can get a baritone for the choir; but," he added, resorting to parables from force of habit, "it is like the chicken inside the egg. If you help it too much it won't get born at all."

Josey thought this wasn't fair and said so.

"Why don't you work on your own problems?" her mother suggested, turning hastily from the discussion of the birth pangs. "Why don't you worry about your arithmetic? By the way," she demanded suddenly, "how much is six times eight?"

"Forty-two," said Josey with conviction.

The news that the minister's boy was about to buy a hundred-dollar flute was received with varying degrees of disbelief, condemnation and amusement. Mrs. Ogilvy said if the preacher had enough money to buy hundred-dollar flutes she, for one, was going to reduce her church pledge, because in her day nobody heard of such goings on, and with all the heathen in China he had no right to permit it.

On the other hand, old Doctor Busker who had yanked Herbert into the world eleven years before, sent over one of his scratchy notes on a piece of foolscap wadded around a silver dollar. Transcribed, the note said that the doctor had once piped an admiral over the side of a ship and that since he had no son of his own, he expected Herbert to get to heaven and pipe him through the gates with the flute.

Josey's father did not approve of the note any more than he approved of the doctor who claimed he came to church every Sunday, not in the spirit of reverence but only because he got fun out of listening to the sermons and criticizing them afterward. Josey's father wasn't sure it was right to accept money from a person like Doctor Busker, but he said it wasn't up to him to make the decision. He took the note, however, and burned it in the dining-room grate.

Other contributions came dribbling in. Instead of sending presents at Christmastime grandfather discreetly mailed a check, "in case the children are saving up for something"; and, between the weekly allowance and odd jobs like running errands, Herbert amassed the first twenty-five dollars without too much worry, even on Josey's part.

But from then on the tension mounted in the Pembroke family. Herbert took a paper route, and when he collected the bills he pursued his customers relentlessly. If they moved he ferreted out their addresses from old and vengeful neighbors, and tracked them down, even if they lived on the other side of Jefferson Street, the nominal end of the known world.

He turned peaked, and Josey, watching helplessly, turned peaked out of sympathy, and Mrs. Nettleton, watching from behind her kitchen window next door, set to work with a wire whisk to beat up a six-egg custard, feeling that the whole Pembroke family was on the decline.

"It ain't any surprise to me, either," she commented fiercely, "with their mother playing the piano all the time—them mazurkas and things."

Painfully the sum rose to fifty dollars, and in the fifties, like a woman hesitating between middle and old age, it lingered. Every night Josey stood outside the closet under the stairs and watched Herbert counting his

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ealth, stacking the nickels and pennies into at little piles and then dumping them into e blue-flannel marble bag, hoping each ne that the sum would somehow be miculously bigger than he expected it to be. "Oh, dear!" Mrs. Pembroke had said on turday night, listening to the jingling ins. "Isn't there some way we can get the oney?"

"We could all stop putting money in the llection plate, beginning tomorrow morng," Josey suggested. "Mrs. Ogilvy said we ere giving to help the poor Chinese, but here is a Chinese girl in my room at school nd she isn't poor at all." Then she added, Her father sells vegetables."

Mrs. Pembroke vetoed this plan, sending osey off to Sunday school this morning with he painful hat riding her head and the painul words ringing inside, "Do *not* try to help Herbert."

But nobody had told Josey not to help ottie MacIntyre. Sitting in the family pew he had a perfectly clear conscience, with he fifty cents wadded in her hand. She lisened to the anthem critically, hearing the omen's voices flounder on the high notes ithout a baritone to hold them down, like ship without a cargo, floundering on the igh waves. She saw her mother wince and was orry she couldn't sing baritone and help ith this most critical of all shortages in the hurch.

And in the afternoon, still aglow with helpilness, she set out for St. James Park. The lace held no fascination for Josey; it was mply a place to walk to and come from on nday afternoons when all other forms of nusement were strictly forbidden. Charles lacIntyre had reproached the Reverend Ir. Pembroke for allowing the children to ve even this much amusement on the bbath. How could they set a proper exnple, he demanded, when the whole neighrhood knew they were walking in the park mere worldly pleasure?

Josey was perfectly sure that the neighborod didn't know that she was going to Nugent's garage, but there she was, stepping carefully around the oily polka dots, and pausing in front of a Model T Ford from under which protruded two overalled legs. Also from under the car issued a mournful song in a sweet, doleful baritone. Josey waited for the end of the stanza in which everyone pined away, before she spoke.

"Are you Bill Nugent?" she asked the feet.

"Sure." A surprised face popped out, and Bill Nugent said, rubbing his oily hands on the overalls, "This is no place for a lady."

"I know," Josey nodded, "but I brought you a message from Lottie."

The smudge across Bill's face failed to hide his generous smile or the eagerness in his dark eyes. "What is it?"

"She can't meet you at the library on Thursday," Josey said.

She watched Bill wad a piece of waste in his hands and hurl it at the bicycle rack. The word he said was one which the Reverend Mr. Pembroke sometimes read out of the Bible in the pulpit, but never used at home.

"Why don't you go over to Lottie's house and see her there?" she inquired.

"Because her father will lock her up if she so much as looks at a man." Bill started to slide under the Ford again. "I guess I can't ever see her," he muttered.

Josey regarded his retreat thoughtfully. And then into her mind rocketed a beautiful plan, illumined and perfect like the rise of a Roman candle on the Fourth of July.

"I know how you could see her every Sunday," she said slowly.

"How?" Bill untunneled himself again.

"Why, by joining the church choir. Then you could sit next to her and hold her hand," she added practically. "The curtain comes up far enough so that just the heads of the choir show."

The blaze of hope died quickly on Bill Nugent's face. "How could I get in the choir? I don't know any church music."

"I know all the church music," Josey replied without modesty. "They sing the same



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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

e and over because they haven't
y to buy new ones."
e so"—the young man shook his
o isly—"but I can't learn them all
e..."
uld learn the one for next time.
I ift up your heads, O ye gates,
ifted up, ye everlasting doors'—
e e you come in. Sing it just the
g it," she commanded, and pres-
Nugent, to his own surprise, set
r of the new car quivering with
n.
is this King of Glory?'" warbled
er squeaky treble.
ord, strong and mighty, the Lord,
battle, He is the
Glory,'" thun-

ng to be all
s y assured him
after an hour's
s on the song.
e Wednesday
ht-thirty, right
r meeting."

When in great misfortune think of the past: you might have suffered it ten years before. —COMTESSE DIANE.

Mr. MacIntyre won't let me in
" Bill said nervously, taking out a
ef and mopping his forehead.
ow do I know he wants to sing
'
toeing around the oil spots to the
answered with dignity, "I'm the
puts out the music for the choir
day night, and that's the one he
hen she asked crossly, suddenly
e whole thing, "Why don't you
l see what happens?"
ing," Bill said fervently, "and if
I'm going to help you get some-
t would you like, a doll?"
that somebody might want to
as quite beyond Josey. "I'd like
to get his flute," she said, "so
uld all be happy again."
o run all the way home to make
time, but it was worth it. She
fifty cents into the blue flannel bag just before Herbert started to count the money.

Sunday morning, there in the choir loft sat Lottie MacIntyre, her hair a bright halo about her head, and next to her, and probably holding her hand, sat Bill Nugent, his eager face aglow with happiness. After the offering, when they stood up to sing the anthem, they shook the congregation to the marrow of its bones. Never had the people heard the well-worn lines burst out that way, in joy and triumph, rise to a mighty climax, and end in pure exaltation.

Mrs. Pembroke, who had closed her eyes at the beginning of the anthem, hoping that the new baritone would not flat on the last three notes, hastily changed her hope to a more fervent one that he would not leave to sing in a bigger church.

Charles MacIntyre jubilantly explained the whole thing to the Reverend Mr. Pembroke after the service. "The young mon came in quietly and tuke his place among us," the words fell, resonant and burry from the Scotsman's tongue. "It was a direct ahnswer-r to prayer-r."

Mr. Pembroke's glance traveled swiftly from the young people leaving the choir loft to the radiant face of his daughter. Josey's Joan of Arc look had a more direct bearing on the song than the prayer of Charles MacIntyre. Of that he was sure.

For three months Josey kept faith with Lottie. Every Sunday she went to Nugent's garage and gave Bill a rudimentary knowledge of the current anthem, for it never occurred to the child to stop helping the lovers, any more than it occurred to Herbert to stop saving money for the flute. And Josey's scheme might have remained a secret forever if Herbert, when his hoard had

(Continued on Page 203)





DIAMONDS BY HARRY WINSTO

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TUNE IN: "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harrie Friday, 9:30 P.M., E.D.S.T., CBS.

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(Continued from Page 201)

ied the giant sum of ninety dollars, had ost all the money.

t was because the gang at school taunted with their disbelief that it happened.

"If ya got ninety dollars, where is it?" d Dickey Nettleton.

"It's home, in my marble bag."

ey hooted their derision.

"My mother don't believe it either," said ey with assurance. "She said she never l of poor people saving up for flutes and s."

gged beyond endurance, Herbert ran , returning a few minutes later with the flannel bag.

"You can count it," he said coldly. "See much is there."

eepishly they pawed through the coins ound not only ninety dollars, but three pennies and a bottle top. Their respect im deepened. They went home that noon and breathlessly informed their its that Herby really did have almost gh money for the . No doubt they d too much, be- when Herbert ned to the manse d no money at

ey, trailing in from having to at school and on her fractions, rightened when aw her brother. as dead white, the oilcloth on tchen table, and es had the look little dog next when it was run a glazed look of lief and pain.

ey stood in the e of the floor, with anger, her mother told ory about Her- running an er- or the principal, the two men, nd Peters, who llowed him into tationery store, hey claimed to rprised when he nd around and he had lost his y and did they t up. They were ry, but they had en the money, adn't he better ck to the school unt for it? He nd all afternoon without finding a penny. nded like a fairy story until Josey l at Herbert again.

"ell," she cried out suddenly, "isn't body going to help him?"

e are helping him," said Mrs. Pem- , but without hope. "Father's gone to lice station ——"

ey barely heard. She dropped the arithmetic on the table and sped out ck door before her mother could pro- She ran all the way from Trinity Street in Street and into Nugent's garage, ng across the oily blobs without seeing Bill, who was arranging the insides of n the cement floor, got up in surprise.

T a minute," he laughed, as the child anting against his greasy overalls. re ahead of the day."

s Herbert," she gasped. "Somebody he flute money!"

Nugent reached into his pocket and out a wad of bills. "How much did he Five or ten dollars?"

y leaned away from him, astounded mebody in the neighborhood had not breast of the times. "He had almost . He had ninety dollars."

let out a whistle. "How could he ? Didn't he put it in the bank?"

Haltingly, Josey told the story just as her mother had told it, and Bill interrupted only once.

"You said Les and Peters? The guys who run that junk yard on San Pedro?"

Josey nodded.

When she finished, Bill put the money back in his pocket, wiped his hands and said deliberately, "You go home, Josey. Your mother is probably worrying about you." He put his hands on her shoulders and turned her toward the door. "Just wait and see what happens."

JOSEY did go home, but the waiting was hard. She had no words of comfort for Herbert, huddled by the table, picking dejectedly at the oilcloth; and her mother made the time longer by walking to the window every few minutes to see if father had come back from the police station.

When steps finally sounded on the porch and Mrs. Pembroke flung open the door, it wasn't father at all. It was Bill Nugent, his right eye swollen shut, his shirt in ribbons, and a smile like the man in the moon on his face. He walked over to Josey and laid the blue marble bag on the table.

Tears rolled down Mrs. Pembroke's cheeks. "There just isn't any way for us to thank you," she said.

Bill contradicted her. "Yes, there is," he said. "You can play over the anthem for next Sunday. I had to go away last week and Josey didn't have a chance to teach it to me."

"Josey?"

"Why, sure. Josey helps me with the new song every week. How else would I know it?"

Mrs. Pembroke turned to stare at her daughter as if she had never seen her before. Then she said faintly, "Certainly I'll play it. Come into the other room and we'll go over it right away."

Josey was glad when the door closed. She leaned her elbows on the table and watched Herbert piling up the coins in neat rows on the table. Presently she heard Bill Nugent singing, "'The King of Love my Shepherd is, whose goodness faileth never.'"

Herbert looked up with a blissful sigh. "It's all there, even the bottle top," he said. "Gee!"

After that, getting the flute seemed almost an anticlimax, but the next day the music teacher, when he heard the sum had reached ninety dollars, suggested using his discount at the music store, and consequently Herbert brought the flute home that very afternoon.

The whole family stood waiting for him in the dining room. Josey hardly believed it even when he unrolled the brown paper and laid the shiny case on the table.

"It's locked," he explained, digging into his trousers for the key and turning it carefully in the tiny lock. The case flew open and there was the flute, silvery and wonderful, fitted in the red-plush grooves.

"Does it work?" Josey asked practically.

"I don't know," Herbert answered dreamily. He took out the three pieces, fitted them together with his knobby fingers, and put the flute against his lips. Josey held her breath in painful joy as the sound rose, high and thin and sweet on the listening air.

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

After Love

By Marylu Terral Jeans

Oh, yesterday I loved you bitterly
With hungry love that sought amid the pain
Some scrap of tenderness which might remain,
One tiny crumb of love this heart might see.
I did not find the joy you promised me;
Sweet, fragile, star-kissed hours I sought in vain.
You took my life and left me little gain:
In place of love, a bitter memory.

Since there is no one who can take your place
And all the tears this heart knows have been paid,
I shall forget my dreaming, since I must.
I shall enfold my love in fading grace
And lay away the dreams my years have made
Of star dust, and of dream dust . . . and of dust.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



The Beginning of a Beautiful Friendship . . .

You—and your brand new Imperial Candlewick dessert-bridge set! We call it the *Start-Her* set because it starts any woman on the road to new friendships through pleasant dining and entertaining. It will also start *you* on *your* collection of a complete Imperial Candlewick table service for every occasion, around the clock use. For a starter, the set includes nineteen beautiful, essential pieces: Four each of cups, saucers, tumblers, dessert plates, and sugar-and-cream on tray. It's a choice gift; featured at a moderate price in fine stores everywhere.

THE IMPERIAL GLASS CORPORATION—BELLAIRE, OHIO

IT'S HERE! A new kind of soap with a new kind of washing action!

"Lifetime" OXYDOL
washes clothes
SPARKLING WHITE
FOR LIFE!





In the same familiar package!

brings your whole wash
A LIFETIME SPARKLE!

colors too, wash
SPARKLING BRIGHT FOR LIFE!

See clothes take on an amazing new whiteness! And keep a new whiteness for life! First time you use this new kind of soap, you'll see clothes you thought were white as white can be . . . turn whiter still. Yes, even clothes that have become dull and yellow turn sparkling white again. And here is the miracle of "Lifetime" Oxydol's new washing action—those clothes stay sparkling white for life!

See new Oxydol perform this miracle safely. Washable colors come sparkling bright! Proof positive that "Lifetime" Oxydol is safe: Your washable colors will stay sparkling bright for the life of the garment! . . . Sparkling bright as long as you use Oxydol! Think of it—a Lifetime Sparkle for your entire wash. It's tomorrow's washday wonder. And it's here *today* . . . in the same familiar package!

See your clothes washed cleaner than any other type soap known can get 'em! This new "Lifetime" Oxydol not only gets out every last speck of dirt. It helps keep wash-water film from settling back in your clothes. That's why, of all the soaps you can buy, only a soap like Oxydol, with this film-fighting action, gets clothes so sparkling clean.

REMEMBER . . . TO WASH CLOTHES WHITE FOR LIFE • USE NOTHING AT ALL BUT OXYDO

How America Lives

BEHIND THE SCENES

It's the people's imagination and capacity for living that fill you with hope for America.

THE JOURNAL this month celebrates a centennial: This is the hundredth issue of How America Lives.

In a little over eight years, more than a hundred families have been portrayed for you: each one truly representative of life in America; each one faithfully caught against its actual background. Engaged in their ceaseless struggles with budgets, with child rearing; happy and sad, succeeding, failing—yet sustained like most Americans by a sense of satisfaction, of triumph at times, in having overcome so many of life's potential disasters—these families have passed through the JOURNAL pages to create the most widely read magazine feature in the world.

And now as we leaf back over the series from the beginning to the present, following one family after another through all these words and pictures, the effect is of an epoch unfolding, of history made explicit through people's lives—and of an idea that has made magazine history too.

When the editors of the JOURNAL conceived the idea of How America Lives, it was planned as a series to run for one or two years. Its aim was to let Americans know how other Americans lived—in distant states, in many ways of life out of which this democracy is woven. It was to show how representative American families enjoyed and employed their means—whether great, moderate or merely sufficient, or how they "made do" with less than enough in the typical American hope of more to come. Further, in those foreboding days when Hitler was launching his attack on western civilization, the idea was conceived as an answer, by faithful reportage, to the dictator's lies that democracies like ours were weak and decadent.

Crime and violence are played up in the headlines. Political corruption and financial double-dealing stand out in the news. Movies have often portrayed an extremely callow America. And the self-interest of diverse groups, as described in print, has made America seem a nation at war within itself. Rarely, in other words, do the headlines, the news, movies, articles and books depict the really representative American. The emphasis is placed on extremes, and little is published about the fact, as established by the Gallup poll, that the individual American usually sets the good of the country above his own selfish concerns. The backbone of America—the average, self-respecting,

(Continued on Page 278)



Writer Joe Furnas and H.A.L. editor Mary Bass help the Loches celebrate the return of war-hero son, Harold.



Louise Benjamin, tells an Arizona rancher's wife, Mrs. Dean Curry, the secrets of beauty in a dry climate.



A retired couple, the J. L. Blairs, plan new Florida home with interior decorating editor Henrietta Murdock.



Louella Shouer gives our first bride, Virginia Chase, tips on the art of baking pies.

Farmer Nels Handevidt and Richard Pratt discuss putting in new modern bathroom.





New-wed Nancy Michel learns penny-saving market wisdom from expert Alice Blinn.

There's been a war, a move and a heap of growing—but fun together is still a family habit the Griffins aren't planning to change.



1940



1948

JACQUIE Time was when the bleating of Jacquie's cornet made My Blue Heaven theme song preferred of the Griffins' block in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. At 10, her big ambition was to be a stage director; her big moment, Charles Boyer.



1940



1948

BENNY Arithmetic used to be the bane of Benny's life, his back-yard zoo the pride of it. But today, his hobbies have changed along with his voice. The current favorites are baking pies and tinkering with a new motor bike.

100 MONTHS LATER

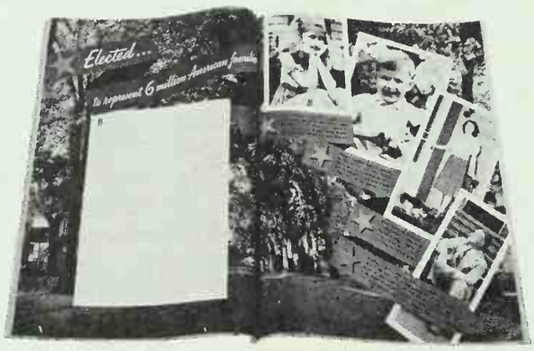
A new look at some old friends: on a very important birthday, the JOURNAL reintroduces its "first family," the Aulden Griffins.

by J. C. FURNAS

ONE HUNDRED MONTHS AGO, the JOURNAL *went to the leafy quiet of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to introduce its first chapter in the continuing story of How America Lives.*

Our "first family" was the Aulden Griffins: two parents in their middle thirties; two children, ten and seven. In almost every way, they were typical Americans—fine folk to visit in those days when America came to re-examine itself as the last stronghold of democracy. Like six million other families at the time, the Griffins made their life on about $2000 a year, owned their own home and cobbled away themselves at additions and repairs. Mrs. Griffin did all the housework, yet had time to be the youngest president in the history of the Cedar Rapids Woman's Club. Time, too, for summer aquaplaning with the kids and sharing such hobbies as the backyard zoo with its monkey and alligator, cats and rabbits, guinea pigs and white rats.

That was in 1940. Eight and a third years ago. Still to come were the Ardennes Bulge and Okinawa; the Bomb and Lake Success. During that longer-than-you-think period, the human race lived a century. But what really happened to us in that time? The answer, as before, is in the lives of our neighbors—the people next door or clear across the country. And so, on its "100th anniversary," How America Lives rediscovers an old friendship in the new world of after-the-war.



Chapter One in our story of a nation began on a quiet afternoon in a small Midwestern city.

AULDEN GRIFFIN'S head is now distinguished-banker gray, as befits the mid-forties. Irene Griffin's brown hair has a sprinkling of the same, but the face beneath is as charming as ever. For the Griffins, change has been marked but not essential. They live in a different place, do different things; for as the old Greek wise man said, you cannot step into the same rivers twice. But the sureness of their footing in the stream and the emotional rewards of wading close together are of the high 1940 quality—and notably Griffinish.

Their car parks outside in all weathers because the perfectly good garage at the back of their premises on Lawndale Avenue in Evanston, Illinois, the suburban center north of Chicago, has been taken over by a hugely engaging St. Bernard pup already too big for the conventional back-yard dog-house. That bothers nobody, not even Effie Lou, the Griffins' veteran house dog whose pedigree is officially stated as part collie and part Irish terrier, or maybe Airedale. It may look cockeyed to let the car rust while Wendy monopolizes the garage. And, troubled by the rollicking damage she does their small premises, the Griffins are sensibly seeking a good and more commodious home for her. But, until such a home is found, Wendy gets the best as a member of the family and never mind the car—a very Griffinish point of view.

Gray hair or not, time has shown up more in the children. Benny, knee high to a duck in the first How America Lives, is tall as his father and, at fifteen, almost clear of the adolescent curse of the Henry Aldrich voice. Jacquie (for Jacqueline, you remember), whom readers last saw all legs and hair ribbons on a new bicycle, in the February, 1940, Journal, is a mighty pretty high-school graduate who has already been earning a living wage for six months. But, striking as growth always is when you check up on kids after several years, the maturing of time appears only to have brought these youngsters closer to their parents—or rather to the family working-and-living partnership that never encouraged hard-and-fast division between parents and children.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MORRIS ENGEL



IRENE Back in Cedar Rapids, Irene was known for her crazy hats, her dancing and her talents as youngest president of the Woman's Club. Now, as then, she does all her own housework, and wins the family vote as "penny wisest."



AULDEN Now sales manager for the Clayborne Manufacturing Company, in Chicago, Aulden has tripled his income since 1940. Move to the big city, so far, delights him: "People come miles to see what we have on our doorstep."

"We aim to solve the problems of each day to the best of our ability."



Home in Evanston cost $19,000.





"I didn't know what I wanted to study and didn't want to waste my parents' money or my time." Jacquie's for a job instead of college, earns $35 a week as a Wilmette dentist's assistant. "I like the variety and meeting new people."

The family parliament to determine family policies, one vote for each member regardless of age, has grown livelier than ever as Jacquie and Benny acquired vocabularies and more mature points of view. The hottest current issue is whether to put in for a 1948-model car. Aulden has given the 1937 Dodge a new paint job with his own hands—it turned out dark brown instead of the desired maroon, but it looks most intentional. A new motor installed a couple of years ago performs beautifully, even though designed for a light truck, not a sedan. But the youngsters consider this obsolescent object at the curb in front of the family castle an eyesore and a social onus. And they say so early and often. The Griffins could afford a shiny new postwar job. But "Aulden has too much Scotch in him to feel easy about today's car prices," says Irene approvingly. There's no hurry. In a year or two the equity in the new house will be still larger, prices may have started down, and meanwhile the Dodge swoops very comfortably along on her second set of springs—secondhand, total cost installed $16, thanks to a scrupulous local mechanic. Aulden adds a shrewder note: he is not too sure that social use of a car is good for youngsters, and keeping this semijalopy in service discourages his scornful offspring from any such desires.

That does not mean he lacks sympathy with the teen-age yen for mechanical transport. Last year he bought Benny a bicycle with a gas-motor attachment on which to pop and whiz his way to Evanston Township High School in good weather. A Christmas gift?

"No special occasion," Aulden says. "It just occurred to me what a gadget like that would have meant to me when I was fourteen. And

Family arguments come rare with the Griffins. All issues—"no matter how violent"—are settled town-meeting style: one vote apiece, majority rule.







Gone are the days when family banker Irene used to feed four on a dollar a day. Now food bills—including milk and lunches out for three—run around $1100 yearly. Favorite Griffin menu includes cube steak or chile con carne.

"I don't fret about the future." Aulden feels thankful that his earnings—now over $6000 a year—have kept pace with cost of living. But four-hour-daily commuting schedule has banished old-time sports like aquaplaning and golf.

Benny had a raw deal—he had to learn to ride on Jacquie's girl's bike because, by the time he was old enough for one, all bicycles had disappeared on account of the war." This ready comprehension of how a boy on a girl's bike feels is neatly balanced by the fact that, back in Cedar Rapids, Aulden often saved gasoline by riding the thing to work himself.

Irene says Benny is in the introspective, keep-himself-to-himself stage appropriate to fifteen—she saw the same in Jacquie at the same period. "It's a difficult time for young people," she says thoughtfully. "I feel so sorry for them. All troubled and mixed up; in the morning Benny will show judgment like a grown man and then in the afternoon talks just like a small boy again." He isn't dating yet, though twosing starts early among Evanston's kids; his social life goes little farther than the Sunday evening young folks' get-together at the near-by Northminster Presbyterian Church. But the flashes of cheerful irony in his talk and the geniality of the accompanying shy grin make it a good bet that, when he shakes down, the youngest Griffin will be the pungent personality of the household.

Jacquie grew out of standoffishness as normally as her figure changed from weedy child to neatly rounded young woman. She and Irene are now so close that, as soon as the evening's date is dismissed at the door, up she comes to mother's room to report in and tell her all that went on. And that means all: "After all, I never do anything I'd be ashamed to tell her," says this nicely adjusted partner in the Griffin firm. She has been distressed to find that her girl acquaintances shy away from the idea of doing the same with their own mothers.

So Irene knows, for instance, that only one special date ever gets a good-night kiss. Sometimes, as she lies waiting for the second click of the latch and Jacquie's step on the stair, she can hear—with amused

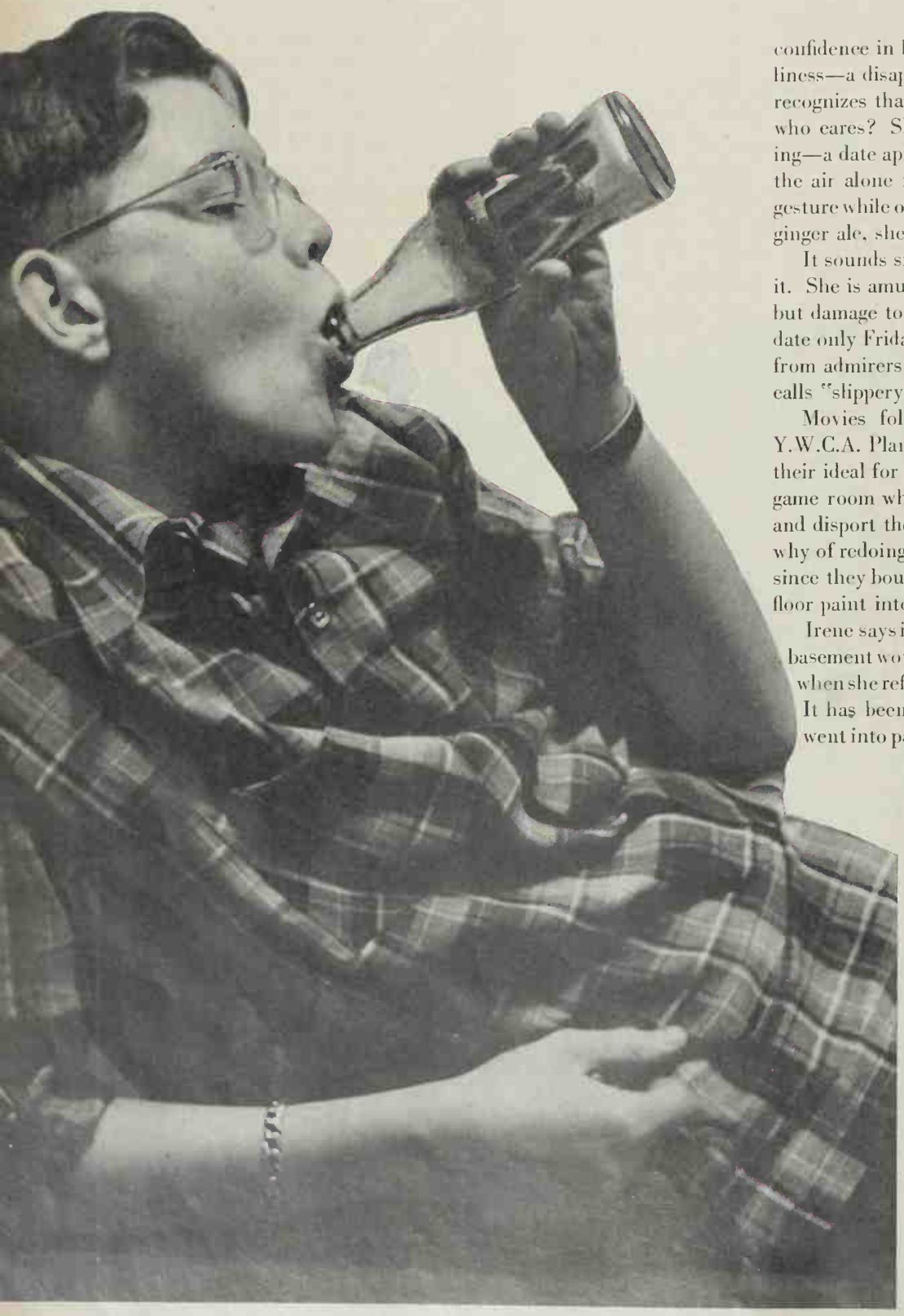
"Parents should be companions—not policemen." Irene and Jacquie share frequent hen sessions on everything from "party do's to dating don'ts."



"Our job is to help them build a new life here. We've had our fun. Now it's time our kids had theirs."



Home's where all the Griffins can let their hair down and put their feet up. The exact place isn't too important. Jacquie and Benny, their parents feel, have adjusted well to moving, in spite of larger schools and "cliquier" social routine.



Benny takes to basement for a pop in private and a listen at the latest "platters." Room was remodeled two years ago so kids "could do what they like when they like—including make noise."

confidence in her daughter's skill at combining a brush-off with friendliness—a disappointed swain's mutterings and expostulations. Jacquie recognizes that she loses out with certain types of boys that way, but who cares? She is equally nonconformist about cigarettes and drinking—a date appearing with a breath is not unlikely to be invited to take the air alone for his own good. On last New Year's, keeping up the gesture while others worked on beer and hard stuff, too, she drank enough ginger ale, she says, to float her all the way home.

It sounds smug—but not as Jacquie tells it or, apparently, performs it. She is amusedly well aware of her local reputation for eccentricity, but damage to her social life has not been serious—her resolutions to date only Fridays and Saturdays are often broken into by high pressure from admirers more than willing to adjust to her aversion to what she calls "slippery hands."

Movies followed by a hamburger or dancing at the Y.M.C.A.–Y.W.C.A. Plantation Room are innocent, the senior Griffins feel. But their ideal for young socializing is impromptu doings in the basement game room where up to twenty at a time can drink pop, wolf cookies and disport themselves to the phonograph's hot records. That was the why of redoing the basement, a scheme that has absorbed all the Griffins since they bought the place. Dancing feet have already worn the green floor paint into a scuffed pattern that looks like Cape Cod spatter-work.

Irene says it hurts her conscience to think how nice an apartment the basement would make for some couple in this housing-harried era. But when she reflects on how good it is for the kids down there, she relaxes. It has been a typically Griffin do-it-yourself job. Aulden's Sundays went into partitioning in the gas furnace with wallboard and scantling.

"He can be quite a help." Benny earns $5 a week from chores like dishes and yard work; $2 goes for school lunch.





Benny poses a candid for the family album, but it's strictly from fun, says Jacquie. "Double and lots of" dates are her idea of best way for teen-agers to solve most boy-girl problems, with 22 "the right age to meet your right man."



Jacquie's giggle and the hope of a piece of her special marble cake keep the Griffin doorbell ringing. But beaux like law student Paul Johnson must respect her ban on drinking and petting. "I do what I think is right—that's that."

Irene's virtuosity with cans and brushes put bright color on partitions, stair, floors and ceilings. A mild seagoing motif appears throughout: portholes of cardboard with practicable deadlights ornamented with pin-ups mask the basement windows. A "deck" alcove has one wall of simulated bulkhead, upholstery tacks supplying most logical-looking rivets, and two walls of seascape that Jacquie painted as if seen over a ship's rail. The life preserver marked S.S. Lawndale started life as an invalid's rubber chair ring which Benny salvaged from an alley and brought home as just the thing.

Materials for it all came to round $80. It cost a neighbor five times as much to get a parallel job done in her cellar. When the plumbers wanted $40 to install the new gas hot-water heater, Aulden snorted and did it himself, using a cutaway dog-food can as critical joint in the flue. After the shift from coal to gas heat the coalbin was hosed out and made into commodious storage space. (Jacquie's silver cornet, never tooted on any more, and Irene's collection of General Grant period costumes are among the things languishing there.) For final touch of imagination, the spare space in the furnace room contains a phone extension where kids can hold rambling and giggly conversations without risk of driving their elders nuts, as would probably happen at the main phone upstairs.

Aulden and Irene seldom dance nowadays. Sometimes she may come down to play the elderly records, saved from a dancing past, now fixed on the wall over the phonograph as ornamental props—the young folks can't imagine how such stuff ever had any merits. But Aulden's present work leaves small spare time—he uses what he has in house improvement—and Irene herself is nothing like so active outside the house as she was when youngest president in the history of the Cedar Rapids



Career girl of the family shares some K. P. with Benny, does own room, ironing. Salary must cover all personal expenses.



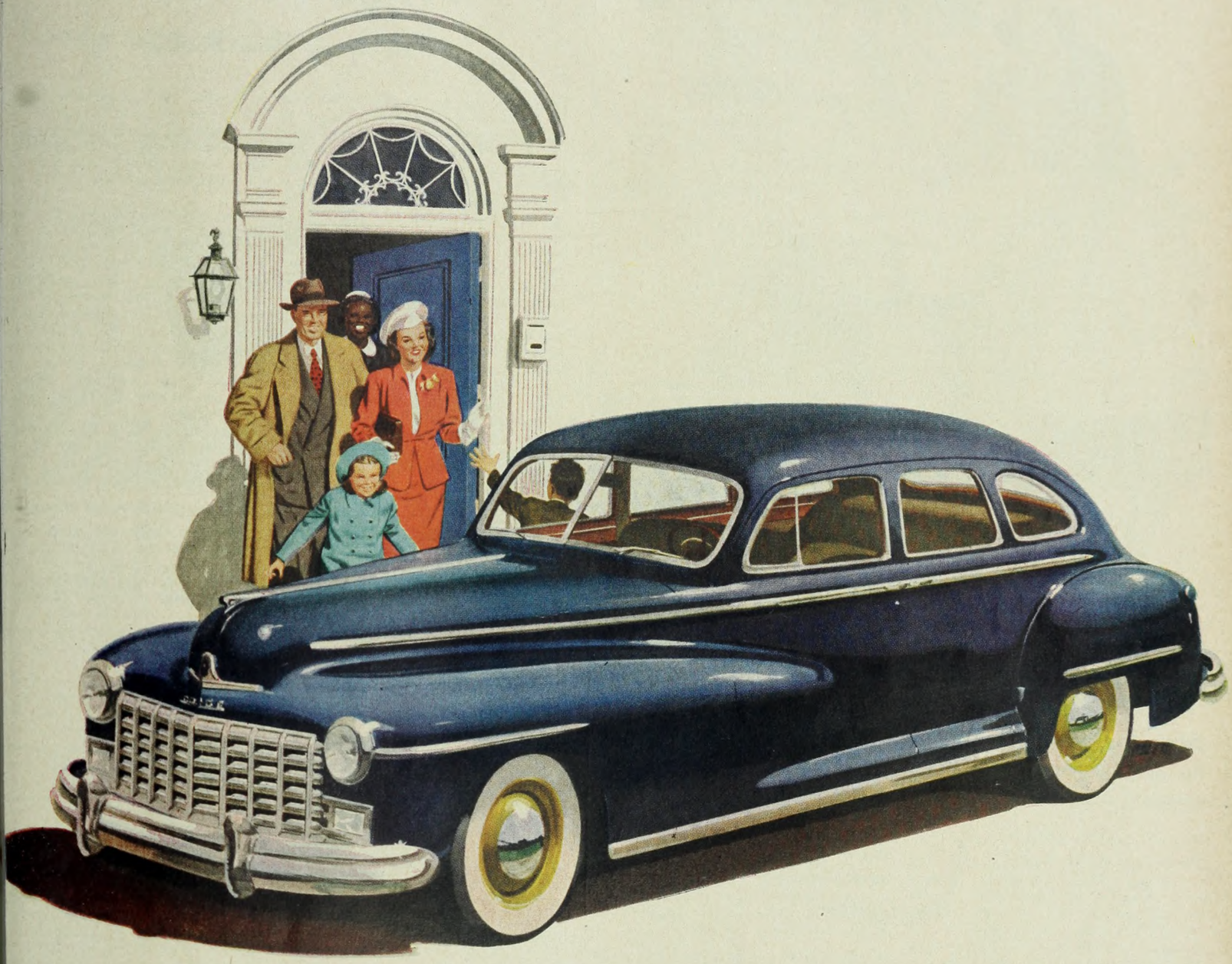
Basement extension keeps Mr. Bell's invention from jangling the senior Griffins' nerves. Jacquie personally painted playroom wall to look like ship—complete with seascape and admiring gulls.

Irene and Aulden share a pipe dream: to run a business together someday. "And why not?" they ask. "We've been good partners for 22 good years."

"Our principal concern is not enough time in each day to do all the things we would like to do."

Woman's Club. Her theory—which seems to be working—is that youngsters nee parents more rather than less as they progress through their teens. On moving t Evanston she deliberately determined largely to renounce clubs and her beloved dra matie coaching and give that time and energy to the family. "I've had my fun," sh says. "Now it's time we concentrated on seeing they have theirs." Some small churc activities, a monthly play reading or discussion at the Drama Circle, an annual trip t Iowa City to coach the commencement play for her dear friends, the nuns in charge c St. Mary's High School, are as far as she feels justified in going.

When Jacquie turned working girl—first she soldered radios in a factory for a coupl of months, then took her present job-with-a-future as assistant to a Wilmette dentist- Irene shrank from asking her to pay board, though, at $35 a week, Jaequie could well a ford to. Instead Jacquie hands over $10 a week to be savings-banked in a trustee accou to whieh Irene alone has access. That growing *(Continued on Page 24*



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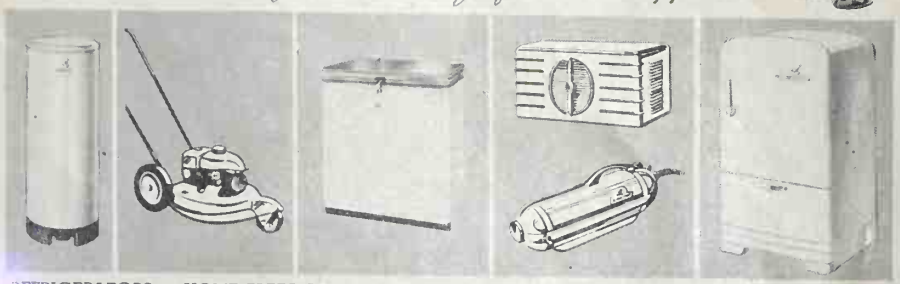
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MIND YOUR MANNERS— OTHER PEOPLE DO

By Louise Paine Benjamin

THE quickest way to discover the kind of manners people really have is to watch how they behave in the bosom of their families. Public behavior may be deceptive. Even the worst boor will try to put his best foot forward if he thinks it is to his advantage in a new contact, but the way fathers and mothers and children treat one another at home shows whether they have the kind of genuine manners that begins on the inside, or just the flashy variety that is buttoned on quickly for temporary effect.

One of the first things you notice about the Aulden Griffin family is their happy home relationship. There is a convincing air of natural kindness and mutual enjoyment, quite different from the carefully rehearsed front which some families put on for company. They admire and respect one another's talents, jobs and responsibilities, and adopt an attitude of mutual consideration which is the true basis of breeding.

"Aulden really could have been a personnel manager, he gets along so well with people," says Mrs. Griffin proudly of her husband. Daughter Jacquie boasts, "Mother is wonderful about making my friends feel at home when they come to our house."

Individual rights are respected. Letters definitely belong to the person to whom they are addressed, unless there is a voluntary sharing. Doors are to be knocked on, because every human being needs to feel that he can afford the privilege of privacy if he so desires.

> **To live is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often.** —J. H. NEWMAN.

Courtesies toward one another are accepted as a matter of course. Telephone messages are written down carefully and amiably by and for each member of the family. Benny is especially good at this. Errands are performed obligingly by all. The one undertaking the mission may even bring home a surprise of ice-cream bars as extra evidence of good will!

If Mrs. Griffin does the pressing that keeps Jacquie's clothes in the pink of condition, Jacquie is equally willing to roll up her mother's curls in a quite professional way, or to help her with difficult button-up-the-back dresses.

Benny sets the table and washes dishes, accepting such service as part of his contribution to the family life.

Beyond the smooth behavior which makes for good will and respect within the family, each of the Griffins has a particular individual problem in human relationships.

Mr. Griffin, like the great majority of American husbands and fathers, has to adjust himself to a number and variety of people during working hours: a boss, fellow workers, outside contacts.

Mrs. Griffin, as a wife and the mother of young folks who are just trying out their social wings, is faced with their public-relations job as well as her own.

Jacquie, in her new position of dental assistant, is not only rapidly learning office procedure, but is also learning to handle the public, which in a dentist's office is no mean feat, since arriving patients are not always in the happiest frame of mind.

Benny, just evincing his first interest in snappy ties and hair pomade, is realizing that girls of fifteen want to put their tomboy past behind them and turn into cherished creatures for whom doors must be opened and for whom food must be secured at parties. He is entering a whole ne world of manners, and doing it nimbly tc As he told his mother, following a rece young people's gathering, after which found himself walking home beside a gi "I remembered to walk on the outsi too!"

Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, with their instir tive kindliness and tact, have no troul with their roles. Jacquie has already d covered that when clients tend to be ups it's a good thing to smile pleasantly, s something agreeably noncontroversial ir quiet voice and turn the conversation ir new direction. She is also acquiring the a of handling fractious children whose parer have prejudiced them in advance agai dentists' offices. Additional tests of l poise and capabilities will come when s prods patients with the telephoned minder that "it is six months since yc last appointment; may I make another c for you?" Or when she follows through bills that seem to have been overlooke

What Makes Good Manners?

Everyone knows that gentle breed consists of far more than learning the c rect way to use a knife and fork, althou this is certainly desira training. Desirable, t is the ability to prof conventionally polite pressions at the right n ment or to turn a pret phrase in a social ne All these assets, howev should be the echo something deeper, not ends in themselv

True manners are based on considerati for others and, trite as it may be to say t again, they spring quite simply from a g uine desire to treat others as one would l to be treated.

One of the best things about gracious havior is that, unlike most of life's va ables, it is available to anyone, with cost. Many a woman who wastes ti sighing for unattainable possessions wh she believes will make her more alluring, more acceptable socially, could attain the success she dreams of simply by act better. An engaging personality, which sure-fire popularity insurance, is 90 cent engaging manners—and for all a body can prove, it may be the other 10 cent as well!

In the hurly-burly of most busy peop lives, manners tend to wear a trifle thin to grow a bit shabby. Perhaps, like contents of a wardrobe, they should checked over carefully from time to ti to see whether a thoroughgoing job of me ing, brushing and freshening up would pay off in *improved presentability.*

Here is a list of situations in which fra or forgotten manners are likely to show Is your manner wardrobe in good repa

Are You a Gracious Person?

In Conversation. Do you really to *hear* a name when you are introduce so that you can address the person corre afterward, instead of just mumbi vaguely?

When you ask a question, do you lis attentively to the answer?

Do you ever interrupt another pers story to correct a fact? Which really doe matter!

Can you be pleasantly deaf to "thorn challenges in conversation when you kn

(Continued on Page 282)

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FRUITED RUBY MOLD

1 pkg. raspberry or strawberry gelatin dessert
2 cups boiling water
1 cup assorted fruit (cherries, diced peaches, pears, etc.)
Sliced peaches
Lettuce
Miracle Whip Salad Dressing

Dissolve the gelatin dessert in the boiling water. When cold and somewhat thick, fold in the well drained fruit. Pour into a mold and chill until firm. Unmold, and garnish with sliced peaches, and tiny lettuce cups filled with Miracle Whip Salad Dressing.

"M-mm! Who could resist it!
Such a lively, different flavor!"



Everybody loves salads made with Miracle Whip! For this unique *type* of salad dressing, combining the qualities of zesty boiled dressing and fine mayonnaise, has an *irresistible* flavor all its own. Miracle Whip Salad Dressing is so hugely popular that it out-sells the next 20 leading brands *combined!*



SAVE THE PINT AND QUART JARS FOR CANNING!

AMERICA'S FAVORITE SALAD DRESSING! NO OTHER LIKE IT!

ONE PATTERN... suits mother and daughter

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO.



Mrs. Griffin's turquoise linen suit has a slim skirt and a well-fitting jacket, detachable piqué collar. Vogue Design No. 6397, 12 to 20. 75c.



Jacquie looks fresh as the daisies she wears, in her toast-color linen suit—the short-sleeved version of her mother's.

We do not necessarily advocate mothers and daughters dressing alike, particularly when the daughter is so grown up and the mother is so young-looking! Both, we think, should make the most of their ages. However, this should not stop them from choosing the same pattern. We have taken a classic suit to illustrate what we mean. Mrs. Griffin likes pastels, finds them becoming with her pretty, graying hair. Her suit is made in turquoise linen with flattering white touches. Jacquie had her suit made in toast-color linen with short sleeves. Her matching gloves and shoes add a touch of sophistication, her gingham accessories have a charming Sub-Deb look. If you are eighteen or in your forties, remember . . . it is not WHAT dress or suit you wear, but THE WAY YOU ENSEMBLE IT that counts. ★ **BY NORA O'LEARY**



White dickey fits nicely into open neckline. White side-swept hat.



Gingham scarf, gloves and umbrella or parasol (depending on weather!).



Linen shoes and gloves match her suit; gay ribbon cocarde to pin on.

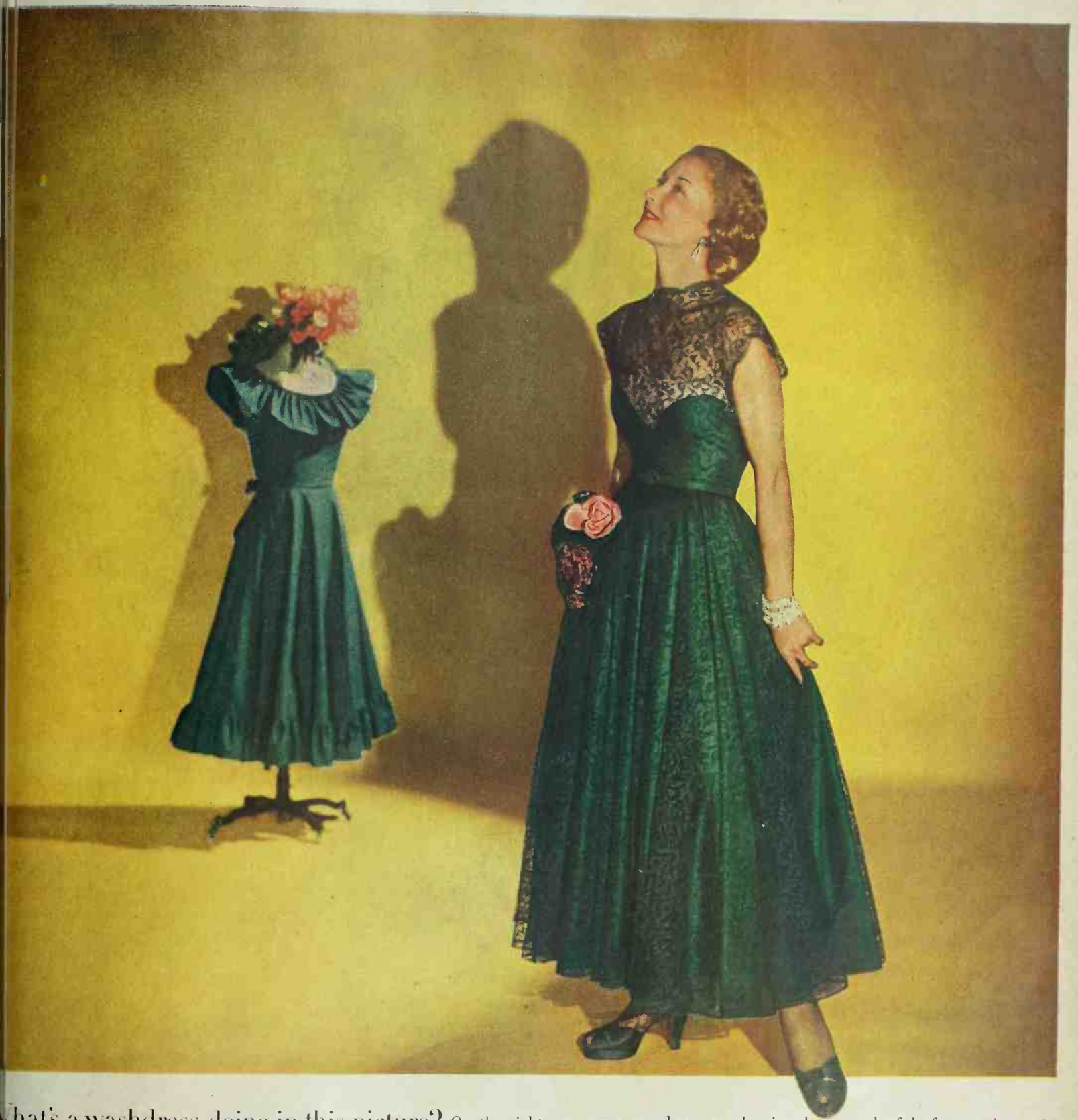


Pretty trio . . . carnation scarf,

© VOGUE

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your
Or order them by mail, postage prepaid, from Vogue Pa
Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada
21 Dundas Square, Toronto, Ontario,

Back Views of Vogue Design No. 6397, the suit, are on pag



hat's a washdress doing in this picture? On the right, you see a grand-manner dancing dress: pocketful of roses, haze of hand-made lace, over gleaming emerald folds. On the left, you see a gay little cotton that goes merrily off to market. Dance-dress, washdress are identical on one important point: both close smoothly, perfectly, with Talon slide fasteners. Because the same Talon fastener that's chosen for top-bracket fashions is so inexpensive, so widely used, it can be found in dresses at every price. Whatever you buy—whatever you pay—get the extra value of the Talon slide fastener.



l for home sewing, too! You buy the same perfect Talon s placket fastener at notion ters everywhere, complete sewing directions. Look for Blue package.

Talon

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER

TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PA.

How America Looks . . .

Mother-and-Daughter Style

They Could be Sisters...

By Dawn Crowell
Beauty Editor of the Journal

PHOTOS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO



Serene, blue-eyed Mrs. Aulden Griffin has a quiet voice, poise, an admirable will to look her loveliest at all times!



Bright-eyed Jacquie Griffin has a fair complexion, a pretty smile and lots of beaux. She works as a dentist's assistant.

TWICE, on a recent trip of theirs, Mrs. Aulden Griffin and her eighteen-year-old daughter Jacquie were asked if they were sisters. Now it's not unusual for a mother to be especially pleased by this query. Any woman whose attractive teen-age daughter reflects her own good looks to the point of prompting such a question should be more than delighted. The happy ending to this paragraph is that Jacquie is delighted too! All because she is extremely proud of her mother's appearance . . . and her manner.

In fact, when asked to put down the traits of her mother she most admired, in addition to her good grooming, Jacquie didn't hesitate but wrote the following:

"I admire my mother because:

1. She welcomes my friends to our home and never acts in a way to make anyone feel uncomfortable.
2. She does all she can to help me get ready for a date or a party.
3. She leaves whatever she is doing to drive me and my friends to inconvenient places.
4. She listens to my problems with understanding and tries to offer helpful suggestions.
5. She doesn't meddle in my affairs.
6. She doesn't set definite times for me to get in from dates. This makes me co-operate with her more and much more willingly.
7. She keeps our home in neat appearance so that I am proud to bring my friends in."

This ideal relationship between mother and daughter extends to their attitude about their respective appearances. It does not, however, stem from identical tastes in hair styles or shades of make-up. Quite the contrary. They disagree on these and other personal preferences. But they make a point of understanding and respecting each other's judgment. What's more, they help each other toward the ultimate goal of looking their most attractive at all times.

THEY TRADE THEIR TALENTS. "I taught mother how to set her hair," exclaims Jacquie proudly. It's a help, too, for when Mrs. Griffin's hair needs attention between regular trips to the hairdresser—or if for some reason she can't get to the beauty parlor when she plans to—it's a great satisfaction to know she'll be able to do her own hair. For Mrs. Griffin's present hair-do, Jacquie showed her mother how to make the curls. "Just take a small section of your hair and twine it around a finger *toward* the face for 'forward' curls—*away* from the face for 'reverse' curls. One row of each all around the head." When this is done, Mrs. Griffin then goes about her bathing, make-up and dressing. In an hour or two she's able to comb out her hair into a becoming halo of curls. For important occasions Jacquie's on hand to do the finishing touches. It looks like a real professional job too. *(Continued on Page 275)*



Very personally yours

New comfort—new confidence—with the new, softer Kotex*

Light-hearted as never before . . . without a care in the world to mar your confidence, or narrow your smile. Even on problem days. For you've never known such comfort as the *new*, softer Kotex brings you.

Indeed, you've never known a napkin like this new Kotex with *downy softness* that *holds its shape.* Made to stay soft while you wear it. Giving you more softness than ever before—and not a moment's qualm about safety.

Prevents Revealing Outlines

How reassured you feel, too, with those flat pressed ends that show no outlines. With the extra protection of that exclusive safety center. And the privilege of choosing from Regular, Junior and Super Kotex, according to your special needs.

Such worthwhile contributions to a woman's poise! And *very personally yours.*

more women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins—



Your choice of 3 sizes—Regular, Junior and Super Kotex

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"I was a fat girl who missed all the fun—

Now I'm having the time of my life!"

Mrs. Susan Guidry of Kirkwood, Missouri, goes from size 18 to size 12, now shares with husband a new enjoyment of living.



After

Look at chic, petite Susan Guidry today and it's hard to believe that only a little while ago she was the one who, at social affairs sat in the corner and watched. Now she's the gay happy companion of her husband wherever they go, enjoying life as never before.

"I had been a fat girl all my life," she says, "missing the fun because I was self-conscious about my size. Mother of four at 28, my weight was up to 146, yet I was less than five feet three. Then, at my husband's suggestion and with our doctor's approval, I took the DuBarry Success Course. Losing 33 pounds and improving my posture completely changed my figure. Imagine the effect of reducing my waist 6½ inches, my abdomen 8¼, my hips 5. That made me an almost perfect size 12, after wearing size 18 dresses for years. My new knowledge of make-up has been especially helpful! I know how to make my small eyes look larger, how to achieve a subtly glamorous effect. My skin has a rosy glow, my hair a new life.

"I feel I've come out of the background to enjoy my full share of happiness. My husband is delighted to find me entering into the fun. In fact, I'm having the time of my life! I am eternally grateful to the Success Course for making me over into a happier, more poised, more attractive person than I ever thought was possible for me."



Before

Mrs. Guidry's Measurements

	Before	*After*
Height	5'2¾"	5'3"
Weight	146	113
Bust	38½	34
Abdomen	39¼	31
Waist	32½	26
Hips	40	35

Ready! The Easier, Simpler, Faster, NEW DuBarry Success Course



Included with Your Course!

All these DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations and Richard Hudnut Hair Preparations are included with your Course. They come to you, all shipping charges prepaid, with a new portable Beauty Tray, an appropriate setting for these fine cosmetics—yours to enjoy as you go through your Course at home.

Susan Guidry took the original Success Course. Now there's a *New* DuBarry Success Course, packed with new methods, faster, easier ways to slender loveliness. It shows you the simplest way to improve your figure, achieve your ideal weight. You eat tempting delicious beauty foods while pounds fade away. You'll find it fun using professional secrets to make your skin look softer, smoother, your lips more alluring, your hair more beautiful. It brings you the new methods now taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

You can start AT ONCE! By a new plan, you can enroll for the *New* Success Course *today*. Simply fill out and mail the special coupon below. Your first instructions will be on their way to you by fast return mail. Meanwhile, in a separate big package, all charges prepaid, will come your new Portable DuBarry Beauty Tray, your supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations and in addition, four Richard Hudnut Hair Preparations. *Don't miss this chance* to get started without delay.

The New DuBarry Success Course

ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Dept. SE-2, 693 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Please enroll me in the *New* DuBarry Success Course on the plan which I have marked X.

☐ I enclose $28.50 as payment in full.

☐ I enclose $7.50 and will send $7.50 each month for three additional months.

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(If under 21, consult parent or guardian and have their consent before taking this Course.)

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Please let us have the following important information so that we may send you DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

Color of Hair _____
Eyes _____ Lashes _____
Skin: Dry ☐ Oily ☐
Height _____ Weight _____
Skin Color: Cream ☐ Fair ☐ Med. ☐ Dark ☐

If you want more information before enrolling, fill in only name and address and mark an x here ☐



Before



After

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULL

"AT LAST I CAN SMILE!"

OVER a period of years Mrs. Aulden Griffin has gradually had to have almost eve tooth extracted. Along with this unfortunate experience, her facial expressi changed. Her cheeks became more sunken. Mouth lines deepened. Small wrink around and under her eyes became more noticeable. And, worst of all, smiling a laughing became a matter of sheer embarrassment and self-consciousness. Her ca is not an exception, but almost a rule for people who undergo similar experiences wi truly bad teeth. As soon as she could, for the sake of restoring her good looks as w as her good health, Mrs. Griffin decided to have the last necessary tooth pulled a artificial teeth inserted. The photograph at the right, above, illustrates the world of diff ence it has made in her appearance—and we assure you her morale has soared too!

Here are some questions and answers concerning artificial teeth which may help an one faced with a similar problem.

BY DAWN CROWELL
Beauty Editor of the Journal

1. What causes oral deterioration to the point of having to have all your own teeth extracted?

The most common causes are: poor nutrition on the part of pregnant women; poor nutrition in early childhood; neglect of proper cleansing; malposed teeth; pyorrhea.

2. What are the ill effects resulting from bad or infected teeth?

Crippled joints, diseased hearts, impaired vision, diseased kidneys which have to throw off the infection, halitosis, poor diction, social inferiority complex, premature aging, as well as improper mastication and preparation of the food for digestion by the stomach.

3. Are X-ray pictures necessary before extractions are made?

Absolutely. It is an injustice to the patient for a dentist to begin work of this kind without having a complete radiograph of the patient's mouth. New York hospitals require X-ray pictures before any work in dental clinics.

4. How much does it cost to have a set of artificial teeth made?

The cost fluctuates, depending upon the condition of your mouth, preliminary work which must be done on your own teeth, materials used in artificial teeth, areas of the country, whether you go to a private dentist or to a clinic. Mrs. Griffin's new teeth, including temporary and finished dentures, cost $325. This, however, did not include previous extractions.

5. How long does it take?

Temporary dentures can be inserted immediately after your own teeth are extracted. These are usually worn from three to nine months to allow time for gum shrinkage. At the end of that time finished dentures are inserted.

6. Is the job painful?

If your teeth are in bad enough condition to necessitate artificial teeth, the discomfort you may have should be more than made up for by your "new look." A skillful, considerate dentist can do much to minimize the pain.

7. How long should a set of artificial teeth last?

A good set should last at least from five to ten years, possibly longer. There is always a certain amount of gum shrinkage, however, and it is advisable to revisit your dentist about once every three or four months for t first year to let him check your bite. Aft that, when and if you feel discomfort.

8. What is a good dentifrice for art ficial teeth, and how often should the be cleaned?

There are many excellent specially prepar dentifrices on the market today. Artifici teeth should be cleaned at least twice a da

9. How can I distinguish a good jo from a poor one?

A good job should be good enough to pr vent the layman from telling the differenc The old-fashioned dentures are the ones yo can "spot a mile away." Modern dentists mak a cast of your own teeth before they are e tracted, then reproduce them as nearly as po sible. The peculiarities of your own teeth, suc as irregularity in length or crookedness, d plicated in a set of false teeth, make the jo more convincing.

10. Will artificial teeth change the ex pression of my face?

Definitely—and for the good. If you hav lost some of your teeth, you have undoub edly noticed a sinking of your cheeks, deepe mouth lines, a sunken upper lip or a distorte jawline. Even the lines under and around th eyes become more noticeable because of sag ging skin. When your artificial teeth are in serted, you should be able to see the chang immediately—your face fills out to mor normal, prettier proportions.

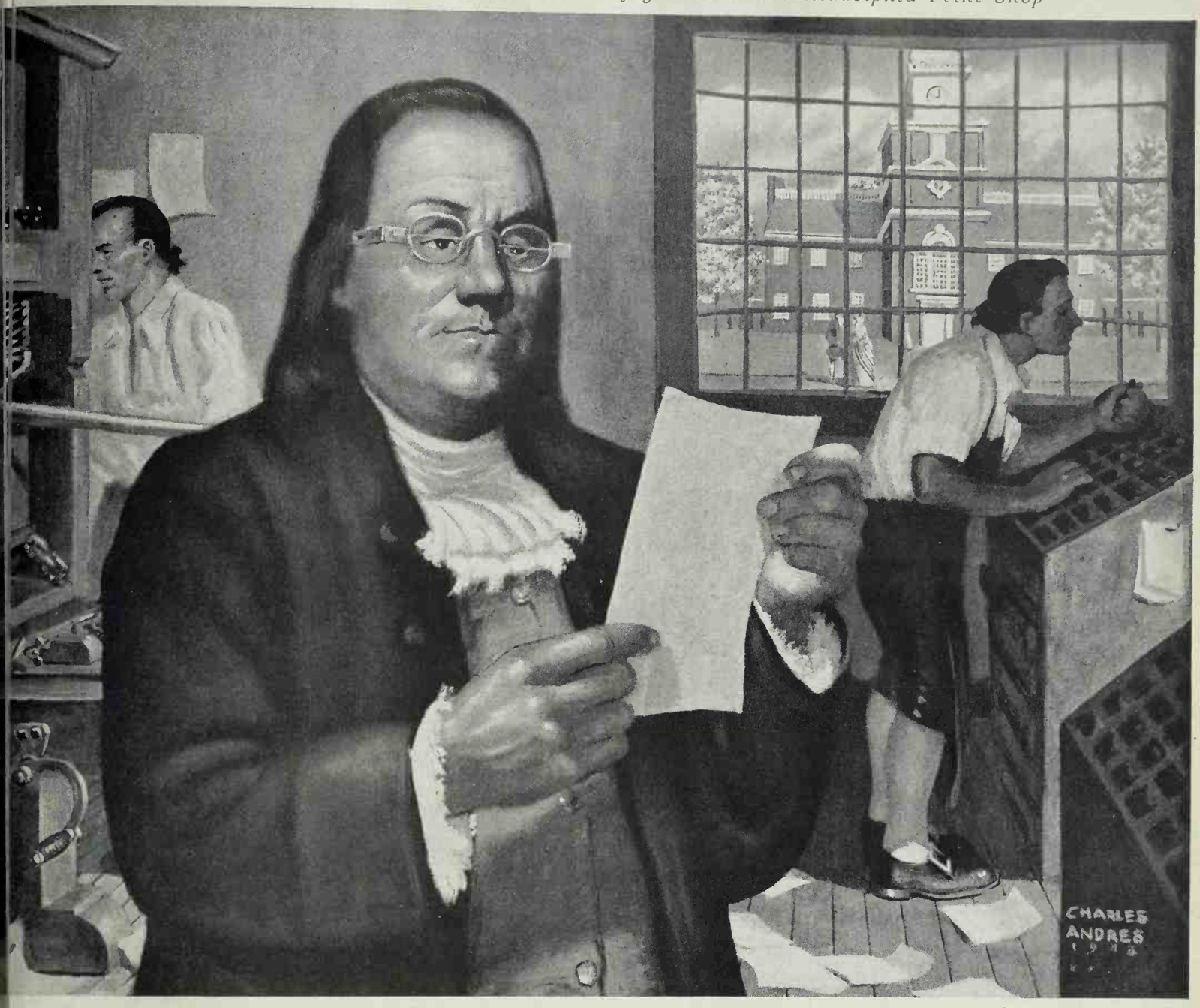
11. How long does it take to becom used to artificial teeth?

In the beginning you may find yourse lisping slightly and having difficulty placin your tongue. This is natural. It is advisabl to eat soft foods such as milk toast, soft boiled eggs, liquids, and so on, for the firs week or so. After that you gradually becom accustomed to eating more bulky foods. E as much as you lose a high percentage of you biting power, eating naturally becomes slower process.

12. Are there any materials for arti ficial teeth which are better than others

Most artificial teeth are made of porcelain However, there are new plastic teeth as we as denture bases of plastic coming in. Th plastic material is said to be lighter, cleane and to give a more natural reproduction of th gums.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN tests his bifocal eyeglasses in a Philadelphia Print Shop



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HIS VISION OPENED THE EYES OF MEN

We know him as a gifted statesman, philosopher, author; as printer and inventor. We enjoy the fruits of his genius in the very fabric of our government and in our knowledge of the secret of lightning. Truly, *Benjamin Franklin* did open our eyes to untold wonders. But countless men and women are preeminently indebted to Franklin for one great gift—the invention of bifocal glasses. George Washington was among the first to benefit by these eyeglasses for near and far seeing. Our own generation enjoys ever-increasing visual comfort from this outstanding endowment which has extended the time-span and physical range of our most precious sense—vision.

BETTER VISION
FOR BETTER LIVING

BVI

Benjamin Franklin's bifocals were crudely put together. Modern science has made the line of separation virtually imperceptible and in other ways has tremendously improved the bifocal lens. Even trifocal lenses are now available for near point, mid point and far point seeing. Through the services and skills of the men of modern ophthalmic science—ophthalmologists, optometrists, and ophthalmic dispensers (opticians)—good vision that brings us 83% of our knowledge is within the reach of all . . . *Have you had your eyes examined lately?*

BETTER VISION INSTITUTE, INC., 630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.



Slip-cover your sofa in a splashy print, and from it choose the stripes or solid colors for your chairs.

SLIP-COVER ROOMMATES

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK
INTERIOR DECORATION EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL

HERE is a slip-cover idea for the room that can't go all out for new furnishings this season. Of course, slip covers are the perennial answer to so many decoration problems that we don't often think of them as an effective scheme in themselves. Yet, here at hand, is a practical way of decorating an everyday room so that it keeps pace with the times, but doesn't wreck the family pocketbook.

Mrs. Griffin liked our idea for match-mate slip covers, as she had been struggling with a furniture-and-color problem ever since she moved her Iowa furniture into the new Evanston home. The used upholstery looked old against the fresh background, and the room as a whole lacked style and a unified color scheme.

"What does one do with a tan sofa, a green rug, pink-and-blue draperies and other odd colors in the same room?" she asked. "We can't do an all-out upholstery job, and our fresh walls make the old coverings look terrible."

The best solution, we think, is to apply a new color scheme right over the *(Continued on Page 283)*

★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★

Use both print and solid color together.



Stripes and solid color give style to a big club chair.





Make snap-on covers for open arms, fit the seat snugly and make flounces tailored and trim.



Self-toned textures in heavy materials are just right for fat club chairs in daily family use.



Give style to side chairs by tucking the back, grouping pleats to match in the tailored flounce.

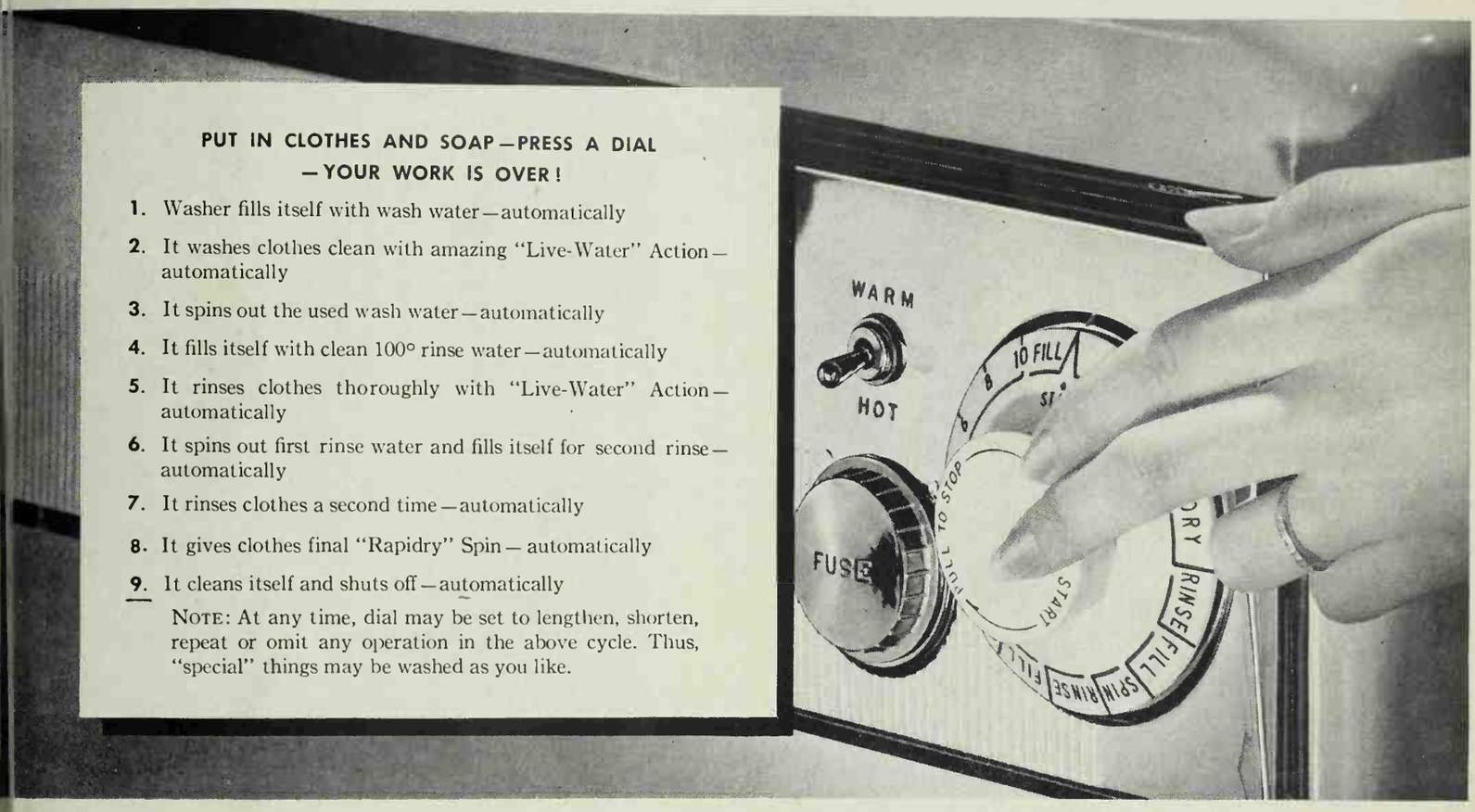


Self-toned welting in a darker shade gives style to plain covers on ottomans, benches, footstools

DRAWINGS BY STAHLHUT
PHOTOS BY HAROLD FOWLER

"FINGER-TIP WASHING"

It's as easy as this to wash clothes clean—with the amazing new Frigidaire Automatic Washer!



PUT IN CLOTHES AND SOAP—PRESS A DIAL —YOUR WORK IS OVER!

1. Washer fills itself with wash water—automatically
2. It washes clothes clean with amazing "Live-Water" Action—automatically
3. It spins out the used wash water—automatically
4. It fills itself with clean 100° rinse water—automatically
5. It rinses clothes thoroughly with "Live-Water" Action—automatically
6. It spins out first rinse water and fills itself for second rinse—automatically
7. It rinses clothes a second time—automatically
8. It gives clothes final "Rapidry" Spin—automatically
9. It cleans itself and shuts off—automatically

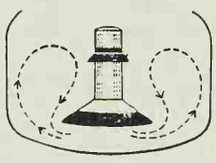
NOTE: At any time, dial may be set to lengthen, shorten, repeat or omit any operation in the above cycle. Thus, "special" things may be washed as you like.



Complete Line of Home Laundry Equipment. Shown above, with Frigidaire Automatic Washer, are the new Frigidaire Automatic Electric Dryer and new Frigidaire Electric Ironer.

Frigidaire Automatic Dryer for clothes and items that need further drying. Dries them ready to iron in 15-25 minutes; fluffy-soft in a few minutes more. Ends work of hanging clothes; worries about weather, smoke, dust, dirt.

Frigidaire Electric Ironer. So easy to operate you can learn to use it in 10 minutes—and expertly iron three-quarters of your wash the first time you try. Many advantages—including Frigidaire "Prestoe-Matic" foot control.



"Live-Water" Action Washes Clothes Cleaner—Rinses Them Brighter

"Live-Water" Action is a new, remarkably effective washing development. Rolling currents of water circulate clothes from top of water line deep down under and back to top . . . over and over, flexing clothes all the while. Water and soap solution penetrates clothes through and through, flushing out dirt and grime. "Live-Water" Action is so thorough that dirtiest work clothes come clean! So gentle that dainty things are safe—through washing after washing. And, in the same way it washes clothes cleaner, "Live-Water" Action rinses clothes *brighter*.



"Rapidry" Spin Gets Clothes Much Drier —Saves You Heavy Lifting

Once clothes are washed and rinsed, Frigidaire's "Rapidry" Spin gets them really damp-dry. They're spun two to three times faster than in most other washers—come out nearly 50% lighter . . . easier to carry . . . whiter, brighter—many dry enough to iron immediately.

YOU'RE TWICE AS SURE WITH TWO GREAT NAMES

FRIGIDAIRE

MADE ONLY BY

General Motors

ASK YOUR FRIGIDAIRE DEALER for demonstration of the Frigidaire Automatic Washer, Automatic Dryer, Electric Ironer. (Demand is so great, not all dealers have them.) Also, see new Frigidaire Refrigerators, Electric Ranges, Water Heaters, Home Freezers, Kitchen Cabinets, Sinks. See Classified Phone Directory under "Refrigerators." Frigidaire, Dayton 1, O.



Sure thing in the spring

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- ★ Readily cleanable
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UCC
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

et accessories courtesy Princess House



—THEY DO I'



The dining room's geranium-red taffeta draperies take shape unde Mrs. Griffin's capable fingers. "I want them to be very long and ful with deep swags swirled up, the kind that decorators charge a pret penny for. Griffin-made, they'll cost only the price of the fabric. And b sides, I'll enjoy them twice as much; I'll be so proud of myself!

In the pleasant kitchen that Mrs. Griffin has made feminine as a boudoir and neat as the proverbial pin, she removed the built-in ironing board which she found uncomfortable for her height, and made the shallow closet into a most useful cupboard. Mr. G. spaced the shelves to accommodate their spice tins, various kitchen oddments, and the food for their five pet birds!





On each bedroom door in their upstairs hall, Mrs. Griffin has painted the molding a different pastel. When all the doors are closed, the effect is a rainbow of color. Mrs. G.'s tip to amateur painters: stand paint cans on paper plates, they catch drips, provide a handy resting place for brush. She usually uses ready-mixed colors, sinc there's plenty of variety nowadays

THEMSELVES

BY JUDY BARRY*

THE world of housewives and house husbands, it seems, is divided, unlike Gaul, into two parts: the wistful ones who wish their homes were more attractive, and the Griffinlike ones who wish the same ing, but who roll up their sleeves and make their wish come true!

Almost everyone wants his home to be beautiful according to his own ste; almost no one, nowadays, can just command "the works" done ofessionally without giving the cost a troubled thought or two. The iffins' "let's do it ourselves" spirit has not only given them a charm- g, comfortable home and saved them several hundreds of dollars, but ven them a million dollars' worth of fun to boot! You never saw such family for working together and laughing while they're working.

"I get a kick out of doing things myself," Mr. Griffin says, "and also, lo feel that the more of ourselves we put into it, the more it's really ir home."

"Of course," says Irene proudly, "my husband can fix just anything d make anything if I give him a sketch to work from. And Jacquie has herited his talents—she can fix almost anything."

Mrs. Griffin herself is the maestro of the paintbrush. She has done the painting in the whole house (except the ceilings, which are Mr. 's department) and made a beautiful job of it.

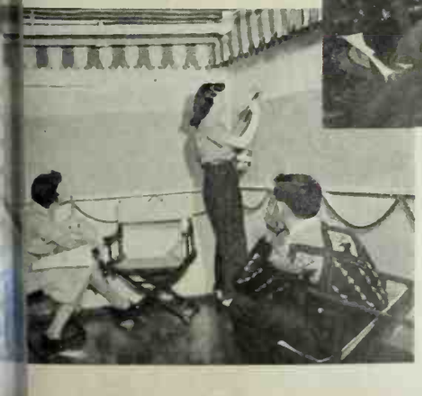
Our admiration knew no bounds when we asked a professional inter of Evanston to give us an estimate of the cost of doing the paint- g the Griffins have done in their home, based on the number of coats, e colors and types of paint they have actually used. His figure was 77! This includes walls and ceilings in the living room, dining room, nroom, kitchen, powder room and entrance hall on the lower floor, lls and ceiling in the upstairs hall, guest

(Continued on Page 238)

★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★

PHOTOS BY DI PIETRO

oeshine boys together on Sat- day nights, dad and Benny ish their boots (and incidenta- y enjoy some good man talk) part of their thrifty "let's do ourselves" campaign. Mr. ffin can, and often does, press own trousers, too, very pro- sionally, using a damp cloth.



Jacquie adds a ship and waves to the marine murals in the playroom the Griffins made from their basement, done at a total cost of $85. Overhead is the "awning" they made by painting gay red stripes on unbleached muslin.

Choose your bedroom furnishings to suit your taste



...But for sleeping comfort choose the Slumberon mattress



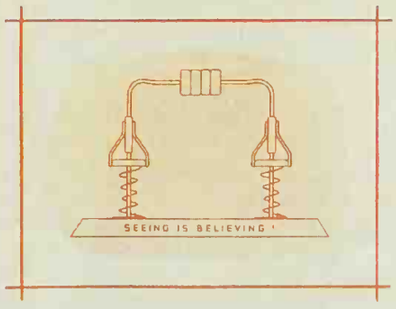




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LARGE ECONOMY PACKAGE



Fels-Naptha Soap is made and sold in just this one size . . . . millions of women agree that this big bar of mild, golden Fels-Naptha holds more cleaning energy than any laundry soap on the market.



Benny knows his groceries—shops for his mother often. He cooks too. Tonight: fricasseed cube steaks, dished up specially for dad.

"We're All Home for Dinner"

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

SEVEN dollars a week wouldn't go far in feeding a family of four these days, yet back in 1940 Irene Griffin was spending just that for all food supplies except milk. Today it's $15. This amount, almost double what she used to spend, covers milk, provides a good but simple dinner seven days a week, lunch for herself (Aulden and Jacquie lunch near their work, Benny at school), the usual snacks and refrigerator raids, even food for the dogs. However, little or no breakfast is eaten in this house. Irene says her family won't eat it when she prepares it, so has given up trying to interest them. On a three-meal-a-day basis, with all four eating breakfast and lunch at home, it would cost her much more. But for their way of eating, the $15 is ample.

To keep within her budget, Irene shops carefully; watches for specials in the newspaper; buys less expensive brands of canned foods when there is a choice. She even saves three cents on every two quarts of milk by buying it in two-quart bottles.

PHOTOS BY J. DI PIETRO



You may not like potatoes and gravy with your cheese sandwiches, but Benny does. He certainly packs it away. Could it be because he doesn't eat breakfast on school days?

Here are some economical dinners your family, as well as the Griffins, will like. These six dinners cost a little over $10 at early-spring prices in a New York chain store. They will fit nicely into an $18–$20 food budget, leaving you enough money for simple breakfasts, lunches and Sunday dinner. It's almost impossible to feed a family of four, including two teen-age children, three balanced meals a day that provide good nutrition and that include some meat occasionally in the dinner menu for $15 at prevailing city prices.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Menu 1

Approximate cost, $1.60. Serves 4.

*Mexican Noodles
*Garlic Green Beans
Green Salad Bread and Spread
*Tropical Fruit Cup
Milk for Children
Coffee for Adults

Mexican Noodles

Sauté 2 medium onions, sliced, in 4 tablespoons bacon drippings, shortening or salad oil. Remove onion and fry ½ of an 8-ounce package wide noodles and ½ pound ground beef in the fat until they are brown, turning them frequently. Pour off any excess fat, add onions, 1 green pepper cut into strips, 1 No. 2 can tomatoes, ¾ teaspoon chili powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Cover and simmer until noodles are tender. Stir occasionally. Reseason with additional salt and some pepper and chili powder to your taste.

Garlic Green Beans

Add a clove of garlic to water in which you cook French or green beans. Remove garlic. Drain beans. Dress with margarine, salt and pepper.

Tropical Fruit Cup

If you've never combined chunks of banana with cold canned crushed pineapple or fresh pineapple cut into pieces and sugared (if you can buy the small ones and they are not too costly), you have a new cooling fruit combination to look forward to. It's just what's needed after the spicy main dish. If you have some grated coconut on the shelf, sprinkle it over the top of the fruit.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Menu 2

Approximate cost, $2.28. Serves 4.

*Spring Boiled Dinner
Bread and Spread
Cabbage Salad Prune Jelly
Milk for Children
Coffee for Adults

Spring Boiled Dinner

This is reminiscent of the old-fashioned winter boiled dinner—but it has its own way. Simmer a boneless smoked pork butt—a small one, weighing 1½ pounds—with an onion in water to cover until tender. Let the onion stay in the pot. Add tiny new potatoes, about 2 apiece (1 pound), scrubbed to their shiny best but unpeeled, 1 pound green beans washed and tipped and tied in serving bundles, and 1 bunch young carrots, tops and tips removed—these scrubbed, too, but not scraped. Cook until vegetables are just tender. Slice meat on platter, moisten with some of the pot liquor. (Save rest of liquor for soup stock. It makes wonderful pea or bean soup.) Surround with vegetables. Sprinkle with black pepper. You won't need salt. Have sour cream to pass. It's wonderful on the vegetables if you can manage to buy it on your food budget.

Instead of cooking cabbage in the meat broth, as is usual in most boiled dinners, have it raw in your salad.

Prune jelly is a refreshing expense dodge after this meal, if the family hasn't done away with all the breakfast prunes. Just substitute part prune juice for the water called for in making lemon-gelatin dessert and add some of the pitted prunes cut into pieces. Chill until set and serve with cream.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Menu 3

Approximate cost, $1.19. Serves 4.

*Scalloped Eggs and Onions
Buttered Cabbage and Celery
Bread and Spread
Raw Carrot Strips
Gingerbread Cupcakes
*Pears with Orange Sauce
Milk for Children
Coffee for Adults

Scalloped Eggs And Onions

Slice 4 onions. Fry 2 slices bacon. Remove bacon and crumble it. Fry onions in the fat. Put onions into a greased casserole. Cover with 6 hard-cooked eggs, sliced. Sprinkle bacon and ¼ cup grated cheese over the top and pour 1 pint well-seasoned cream sauce over all. Top with buttered cracker crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., until bubbly and brown.

For the vegetable, shred cabbage and dice celery. Cook together in boiling salted water until just tender. Drain, add seasoning and margarine.

Pears With Orange Sauce

To the sirup drained from canned pears, add 6-8 thin two-inch strips orange peel. Simmer until pear sirup is reduced somewhat and well flavored with orange. Pour over pears and chill.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Menu 4

Approximate cost, $1.52. Serves 4.

*Baconburgers—Mushroom Gravy
Mashed Potatoes Beets and Greens
Bread and Spread *Rhubarb Crisp
Milk for Children
Coffee for Adults

Baconburgers—Mushroom Gravy

To 1 pound ground hamburger add 2 slices raw bacon, 1 large onion and 1 piece celery put through the food grinder, or chop them very, very fine. Mix well and season with salt and pepper. Shape into 8 patties. Brown on both sides in 1 tablespoon shortening or salad oil. Remove the patties. Make a pan gravy with the drippings, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 can condensed mushroom soup and ½ cup water. Put patties back in gravy and simmer over low heat 10–15 minutes. Serve with mashed potatoes and fresh beets and greens.

Cook beets and beet tops separately. Peel the beets and chop. Chop the drained greens and combine the two, seasoning with salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons margarine and 2 teaspoons vinegar.

Rhubarb Crisp

Cream ¼ cup margarine with ⅓ cup sugar. Add 1 egg and beat well. Stir in ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon vanilla and 2 cups corn flakes. Spread half the mixture in shallow casserole or piepan. Arrange 2 cups diced rhubarb (¾ lb.) over the top. Sprinkle with ⅓ cup sugar and cover with the remaining crumbly mixture. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., about 25 minutes or until rhubarb is tender when pierced with a fork.

(Continued on Page 266)

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MEALS BY MEN

(Continued from Page 197)

turning the lamb from time to time, until it is thoroughly tender. Add 6 potatoes, peeled and cut in half, raise the oven temperature to 350°F. and bake, uncovered, 1 hour more, or until the potatoes are tender. Turn the potatoes once during cooking. Drain excess fat from gravy and thicken gravy slightly if desired. This lamb is a cross between a roast and a pot roast. The gravy is excellent. For a less expensive dish, a shoulder of lamb could be done in the same way.

CREAMED SPINACH

The spinach is prepared the way my mother did it. I use frozen spinach because I haven't the patience, very often, to wash fresh spinach until the sand is really out of it. It's disagreeable to run across grit as you eat. Cook and drain 2 packages frozen cut spinach and chop it very fine. I then prepare 3 cups medium cream sauce, using 6 tablespoons butter or margarine in which I brown 5 tablespoons chopped onion, 6 tablespoons flour, 3 cups milk. Season with 1¾ teaspoons salt, ⅜ teaspoon nutmeg and a dash of pepper. The spinach is mixed with the sauce and cooked, covered, 1 hour in the upper part of a double boiler over boiling water. The long cooking is essential to get the nutmeg flavor well mixed in. The mixture should be firm—not too much nor too thin cream sauce. The spinach is served with slices of hard-cooked eggs.

My green salad goes with this meal, and then ice cream. Ice cream is so easy to serve, and you almost never run into anyone who doesn't eat it. Chocolate sauce is always in my pantry.

Fried-Chicken Dinner

My best stand-by is a fried-chicken dinner. I have a way of fixing chicken that can stand the test of waiting. I don't like underdone chicken, and therefore I want to be certain it is done; but at the same time, I don't want it dry.

It's smart, when you buy your chicken or chickens, to buy some extra breasts. I like to have the chicken platter offer anything my guests want, and I like to be able to say, "There's plenty of white meat."

FRIED CHICKEN

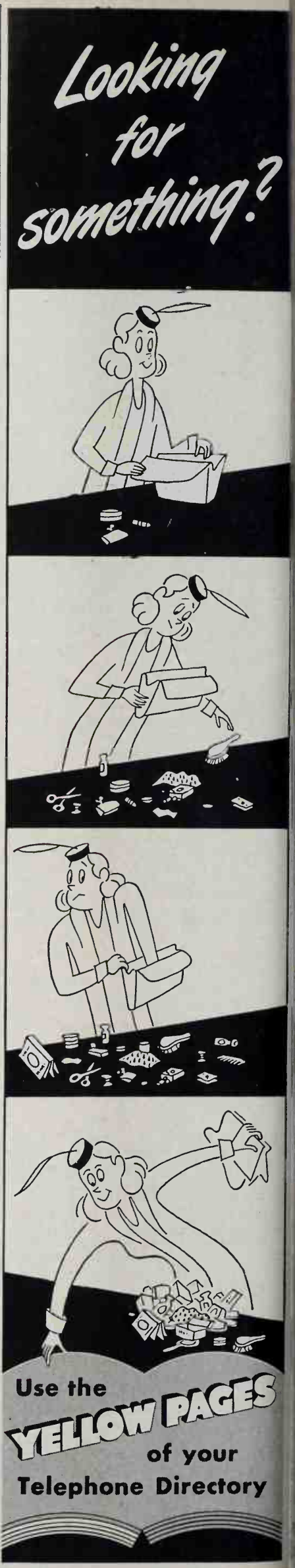
I make a mixture of flour, salt and pepper and dredge the pieces of well-dried chicken. When I think of it, and can find a paper bag, I shake the chicken in the flour mixture in the bag. I have ready a large skillet filled with hot fat about ¾ inch deep. I use a covered skillet, preferably with a vent in the cover. I put my chicken in, and make sure the meat is not crowded in the pan. That's a rule I learned from my mother: Never crowd meat. Brown the chicken thoroughly and rapidly on both sides and then cover. Turn the heat low and allow to cook until really tender. From time to time I add more fat, so that there is always ½ inch on the bottom of the pan. That insures continued browning of the chicken. I've been able to keep the chicken moist and tender and brown for as long a wait as an hour and a half without spoiling the taste of it.

With my chicken dinner I usually open the meal with either chicken-noodle soup or a special broccoli salad. If you use either dried-soup mix or canned soup and add only two thirds the amount of water recommended, the soup can fool experienced eaters into thinking you have spent a whole day in loving preparation of homemade chicken soup.

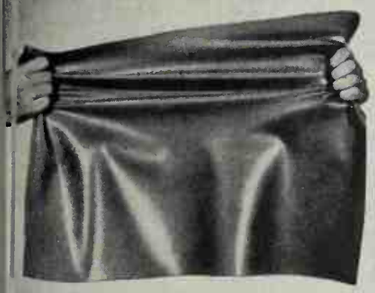
If I don't have soup, I start with a molded broccoli salad. The recipe is a Durham, North Carolina, one, via Baltimore, Maryland. I find my guests always like it and never know it's broccoli.

BROCCOLI SALAD

Cook 1 large head of broccoli, or 2 packages of frozen. Use the upper portion only for the salad. Hard cook 6 eggs and chop fine. Add the cooked broccoli and ¾ cup mayonnaise to the eggs. Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup canned condensed consommé. Heat the rest of the consommé and dissolve the softened gelatin in it.



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Cool. Add the egg-and-broccoli mixture. Season with 1¾ teaspoons salt, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, a dash of Tabasco. Turn into a mold. Chill until firm. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise. This salad is best made the day before. But if you have a rapid-freezing compartment in your refrigerator, it will set firm in an hour. I have substituted crab meat for broccoli occasionally, and it is equally good.

I serve mashed potatoes because they, also, wait. Most people like some chicken gravy with their mashed potatoes, so I often make a gravy without too much flour. At other times I use a generous amount of melted butter over the potatoes, instead of gravy.

Green peas seem to go with fried chicken and are added to this menu, but sometimes I have asparagus tips with hot melted butter.

If I didn't think to have the broccoli salad, I can always have a green salad. Ice cream and chocolate sauce, and coffee, again finish the meal.

I suppose if I personally liked desserts better and thought them more important, I would try something other than ice cream with a sauce. If my guests ate less heartily and seemed unsatisfied, I guess I would try new desserts.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Decree Granted

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

There are no promises any more to keep:
I rub my wrists and know the fetters lain
Forever in the dust. Now I can sleep
Without a waking dream, without the pain
Of having and not having. I am free.
But as the bird stares at the opened door
Of his bright cage, and still can only see
Bar after bar, and shrinks away the more
From space unlimited, so stand I in this place
A little lost, uncertain, holding fast
The mask of pride before a stricken face,
Laughing a little, saying it could not last,
Knowing my strength too slender now to try
The strange horizons that about me lie.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

If I am having a large dinner party, I usually have roast turkey, mashed potatoes, green peas, cranberry sauce, green salad and a rich dessert, usually butter-pecan ice cream with a sauce made from thick, dark brown sugar sirup to which I add either brandied or dark red canned cherries (unsweetened variety) or nesselrode (tutti-frutti) sauce. I add a few teaspoons of sherry and enough lemon juice to cut the excessive sweetness. The original sirup must be quite thick because the sherry and lemon juice thin the sauce and can be added only after the cooking is over.

I usually serve hot rolls with dinner, and either have my maid prepare them or get a friend to do it for me. I do not know how to make bread, but hope to learn someday.

Perhaps I overestimate my food and my guests' enjoyment of it. I may overdramatize my cooking skill and communicate to my friends my high sense of interest in food and my excitement about breaking bread with friends at my own table. But I was pleased when I heard a young doctor's wife remark recently: "I like to come to your house for a meal The food is always so good and it always seems to be so festive." THE END



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KEEPING MEMORY GREEN

(Continued from Page 23)

A War Memorial Forest like one of those that are springing up in response to a spontaneous feeling in communities in many parts of the country is both the biggest monument and, in the end, the least costly that any group can raise. And, best of all, it breathes the spirit of peace, not the fiery breath of war.

That is why a War Memorial Forest is so appropriate. For these American dead did not want to kill, did not enter manhood already militarized and brutalized; they had to be taught to kill, and they fell in their own blood still hating it. Those who came back have unlearned it, as fast and quietly as they could. Those who never returned would not want, surely, to be remembered by dead stone, or steel in deadly shape.

Think back, then, with their minds. Ask which they would prefer—a bronze wreath or a living, whispering, shade-giving branch? A monument in a park, or a tract of woods where the generations of boys yet unborn can come to play at Robin Hood and Indian, to swim, and fish, and learn to name the trees and birds, as they themselves did when they lived?

The city of Merrill, Wisconsin, two days before V-E Day, decided that it knew the answer. It numbers 8711 souls—not a large community, certainly, and not rich. Formerly, it lived by consuming its forest capital. Nine sawmills moved in on its virgin forests. Today, Lincoln County (where Merrill is situated) is tree-poor; it imports much of the wood to keep its remaining paper and box mills going.

But on that May morning, even before the complete toll of its war dead was known, Merrill started in soon after sunup to lay the cornerstone of its monument, a War Memorial Forest. First, the county agent and five high-school boys ferried the sapling white spruces over the Prairie River. Then, in a spot where the river bends a loving arm around an 840-acre tract of cutover and second-growth land, the human children of Merrill stoutheartedly began to make homes for the tree children that had come to live amongst them. They dug holes and set the little "Christmas trees" in them, covered the thirsty roots and gave them drink.

Then the grownups, many of them veterans themselves, had their turn at planting. Each group set out a strip of trees 100 feet long. At 3 P.M. a fanfare on the bugle announced that, since dawn, 10,000 trees had been planted and the ceremonies would begin. Microphones were massed for broadcasting the memorial services. A chaplain asked the blessing of God upon the work so nobly begun, and paid tribute to the war dead in whose memory these trees were to grow straight and strong, forever green. Then Lieutenant Governor (now Governor) Oscar Rennebohm told all Wisconsin the story of Merrill's War Memorial Forest. An Army firing squad thundered forth a last salute to the fallen patriots, and the sun set upon the first day in the life of Merrill's War Memorial Forest.

Months before, the idea had been proposed to the city fathers by M. N. Taylor, executive director of Trees for Tomorrow, Inc., a man whose life is dedicated to tree planting. Mr. Taylor talked to the Merrill Chamber of Commerce, to Rotary, the Lions Club, the Knights of Columbus, the Parent-Teacher Association, the American Legion, the Boy Scouts, the 4-H Club, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the county board and the high school. He visited hundreds of private homes in the county, sitting down in the kitchens with the families to tell them about War Memorial Forests. He showed people that trees planted today pay their way tomorrow.

For community forests, if properly managed, yield dividends the way the magic pitcher in the fairy tale yielded milk forever. Trees pay not only in the intangibles be-

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yond price, like beauty and healthful recreation, not only in the immeasurables like conservation of soil, water and wildlife, but in actual revenue. Trees ripe for cutting can be turned into lumber, paper, pulp, plastics, plywood, firewood and Christmas trees. And by scientific cutting and selection this can all be done without detracting one whit from the beauty and health of the forest, or eating into the sylvan capital. Many a European town no larger than Merrill has not had to levy a cent for local taxes in 200 years; forest products, on a sustained-yield basis, pay the cost of local government.

Convinced by such statistics that they could afford a War Memorial Forest, Merrill and Lincoln County took 840 acres of tax-delinquent land off the auction block and dedicated it to their fallen sons. The first outlay was $800 paid to the county for the land, and $300 for the necessary improvements and dedication expenses. By calling in expert forestry advice, Merrill found that the second growth on this land could be made to yield $800—the sum of the initial investment—in ready-to-cut popple. Now, every year, Merrill plants more trees. The day will soon come when that 840 acres will be completely covered with a green tribute to her war dead, the only sort of monument that sweetens the air where it stands, that lays the dust and tempers the wind.

Though by no means her only task, weaving (known as "wifan") was the principal occupation of the Anglo-Saxon female. The language had a general term for humankind, "mann." So, in order to distinguish between the sexes, the female was known as a "wif-mann," or "weaving human."

In time, it became customary for a man to speak of the female with whom he lived, and who did his weaving, as his "wif-mann." Alterations in spelling over a period of centuries resulted in the word "wife."

Wisconsin is full of communities like Merrill. Since 1944 the American Legion post at Adams has acquired 100 acres of tax-delinquent land; the Legionnaires, working in relays of 15 and 20 men, have set out 70,000 trees as a memorial to her sons who had given their all. Every year this post has planted more trees. In 1945 communities, clubs, schools and private owners set out 4,000,000 trees in the Wisconsin Valley area. The state government has 40,000,000 saplings ready in nurseries to meet the demand that grows every year.

Those who have seen the results of War Memorial Forests all tell the same story: the forests raise the public morale; they reduce delinquency; they unite fellow citizens of all faiths and races; they best satisfy the patriotic pride of the community and the deep secret feelings of those bereaved by war.

What a small community like Merrill can do, a larger and a richer town can do. What Wisconsin can accomplish, any state may imitate. Your state forestry department, your state conservation department, your Federal Government, both Forest Service and Soil Conservation, will tell you how to get started, how to plan, what to plant, and how to care for and use your War Memorial Forest.

Unique among monuments, War Memorial Forests are living and growing as those boys who died for us would have loved to live and grow. In spring, wild flowers sweet as girls' faces smile up at the boughs, and birds pour forth their rapture there. In autumn, battle flags of orange and scarlet and gold fly from the living masts. At all times of year the little hunted lives of field and wood find sanctuary there from the guns. There is no community so poor in trees or so rich in them but that it may and should have a War Memorial Forest, set apart forever to the sacred uses of remembrance and gratitude.

THE END



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Made solely of SELECTED Beef and Pork . . . absolutely no cereal filler added . . . only mild seasoning to bring out the goodness of the meats.



Now comes a new way of packing foods—an invention which makes it possible to can two delightful food flavors together and yet keep them unmixed—a wonderful new product for dinners, hurry-up meals, or snacks that satisfy robust appetites.

Note the picture of a can of Oscar Mayer all-meat Wieners, with Barbecue Sauce in a flavor-tight sack that keeps flavors separate and fresh—a meat dish with "trimmings" that you can always have on hand ready to heat and serve in a few minutes.

The wieners are all meat—absolutely no cereal filler added. You notice the all-meat firmness and goodness with the first bite because they are made solely of *selected* extra lean beef and flavory, tender pork. We use only mild seasoning—they get their flavor from the meat itself.

And the delicious mild barbecue sauce—voted first choice of 27 recipes tested—adds satisfying flavor to the plump, juicy, all-meat wieners. Try this delightful, economical food treat. At all good food stores—buy several cans today.



Also plain without sauce

ANOTHER Oscar Mayer PRODUCT

OSCAR MAYER & CO., General Offices, Chicago • *Fine Meats Since 1883*

*Trade Mark

MONEY OF HER OWN

(Continued from Page 58)

in those days. Braised with vegetables, it was perfect.

After supper father went to a lodge meeting and I went upstairs, ostensibly to do my grammar but really to read Spinner in the Sun. I heard the doorbell ring and peered down the stair well, and saw our Polish neighbor was there. The Plinkos lived at the bottom of the hill, and the father worked in the mill. Since he was a drinking man, father thought little of him and assumed the children must take after him.

Mrs. Plinko was crying and had a black shawl over her head. Mother let her in and they went into father's study and mother closed the door. I crept down and listened as hard as I could, but the door was good and solid. When mother suddenly opened the door, I was knocked off my feet. Mother looked pale and determined.

"Get me my pock-etbook," she said.

She didn't even bother about my eavesdropping. I got her pocketbook.

"Go upstairs and do your homework," he said.

I went slowly enough to look back on every step and I saw mother take out the little worn mo-occo purse and open . I saw her take the missionary money in er hand and go back o the study and close he door behind her. I sank right down n the stairs. Mamma as giving away all he money she'd saved r the heathens! It uldn't be, and yet was! I sat there igging my knees un- the door opened a st time and Mrs. inko was ushered t, incoherent with anks and still snif-ig.

"Mamma! Mam-a!" I cried, run-ig down. "You gave r the heathens' ney!"

Mother said, "She's trouble, she ded it."

She went to the kitchen and put the kettle for coffee, a sure sign that she was agi-ed beyond help.

Mamma, what was it?"

No need to discuss it," said mother. nly want you to remember that wine is a cker, strong drink is raging."

Oh," I said. "Did they cut off the gas and water, too, this time?"

Never mind," said mamma. "And I will that I think it is a mistake for the sins of fathers to be visited on the children. Get the peanut butter if you want a sand-h."

You aren't going to tell father, are you?" other pushed her brown hair back. ere is no need to worry him."

sign of her conflict was still on her set h. What a dreadful choice, between the en and the neighbors for that hard-money.

d there was no time to go through all the ing and planning and saving again. The onary fund would be collected, sealed, d and delivered Sunday morning. But wouldn't be any pale brown envelope R. D. Prentice.

h, mamma," I said, "if only you could e money! If only father would ——"

Mother drank her coffee, hot and black. "There must be a way," she said; "there must be a way."

Father came home then, and said the refreshments at the lodge weren't any good, so he'd like something fit to eat.

MOTHER scrambled eggs with onion and cheese the way he liked them and poured more coffee and cut a fresh loaf of her good bread.

"This is more like," said father happily.

"Richard," said mother, "I want to ask you to change your mind about the missionary fund."

Father buttered his bread. "Change my mind? Why should I when I know I'm right?"

"But I don't think you are right," persisted mother, getting pink.

"I," said father, "am not a sentimental woman."

"Even a man," said mother, "should have concern for his fellow creatures."

"That's right," said father, getting red too, "accuse me of being hardhearted just because I won't send my money gallylogging." He dished up the rest of the eggs. "I have a family to support," he said nobly, "and if you had your way, I suppose we'd go bankrupt while your heathens rolled in riches."

"The money you might contribute to the missionary fund," said mother, "would certainly not keep us from bankruptcy. Of that I am sure."

"Father, may I have a quarter?" I asked.

Father gave me a look, and then handed out a quarter. Well, I could give mamma fifty cents now for her fund. But what was fifty cents? Even if they argued all night, I couldn't get more than one more quarter out of it. "Go on to bed now," he said, "or you'll never get up in the morning."

I could hear them as I braided my long pigtails. Father got madder and madder; they were going all over the heathen again, and the missionaries and the church. And when they came upstairs father was shouting, "Not one cent of my money, and that's final."

He slammed around getting ready for bed, and mother went to the sewing room and threaded the machine. I could hear the foot pedal going. When she was really angry, she would sew feverishly far into the night. Mother wouldn't shout back at father, but she had plenty of spirit and she wouldn't meekly settle down after an argument. She would sew, and that, I thought, made father simply wild.

"Laura, aren't you coming to bed?"

"I have a little stitching to do."

"Laura, it's late. You better come to bed."

"After a while."

"You'll never get up in the morning if you don't get to bed at night."

"I don't feel sleepy."

"Don't blame me if you have a sick headache tomorrow."

"I won't," said mother sweetly. "I thought I'd mend some of my old underwear and give it to the missionary barrel."

(Continued on Page 235)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Moment Before Summer

By Pauline Havard

May is a child on tiptoe, wondering
How soon along the waiting road will come
The summer's carnival, outshining spring;
He strains his ear for note of fife and drum.
He leans far out to watch where the road dips—
Soon, soon will come the winding train of flowers;
The ringmasters with apple-blossom whips;
The jugglers with their balls of colored hours.

With childlike eagerness May glances out
His green-framed window; scans the sunlit road—
And then he hears the sweet, exciting shout
From neighboring houses; past his own abode
June trails her gaudy ribbon, rounds the bend,
With laughing children lagging at its end!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★





New "ORCHARD'S PRIDE" Pattern on shelves



Trade Mark "Royledge" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

1. If you like vivid, dramatic contrast, "wake up" a white (or cream) kitchen with splashes of color, using Royledge Shelving in merry reds, blues, etc.

2. If you prefer quiet "color harmony", get grand "quiet" effect with light yellow, green or blue walls and Royledge in deeper tones of same colors!

3. Keep kitchen "inviting" to friends and yourself by re-decorating shelves with Royledge monthly. Fresh patterns make kitchen look like new, cost less than a penny a day. So easy. Strong doubl-edge Royledge is shelf paper and edging all-in-one. See gorgeous new Royledge patterns now at 5-and-10's, naborhood, hardware, dept. stores.



Square Meals *can* look cost in the eye!

Square meals that *look* good, *taste* good, and give good *nourishment* can still be humble in cost. Yes, even today—if you make smart use of canned foods. For today, more than ever before, foods in cans are among your best buys. Low in cost to begin with, there's *no waste* to canned foods!

And remember each steel-and-tin can is really a miniature "pressure cooker" that seals in fine flavors and precious vitamins till the foods reach your table!



"Different" Meals at Your Fingertips

Canned foods are the never-failing answer to "can't we have something *different?*" All kinds of meat, fish, soup, juice, vegetables, and fruit—not to mention *loads* of "specialties." And every one of them ready to use, with no bothersome preparation to hinder your imagination!



Sealed for Goodness' Sake

Sturdy, yet lightweight, the steel-and-tin can seals goodness *in*—contamination *out*. Light, air, heat, cold, dirt, and germs can't get in to spoil canned foods. And when you open a can you know it's never been opened before

"Economy Cones"

Remove a loaf of luncheon meat, intact, from its can. Slice the long way into 8 slices. Curl each slice into a "cone" and fasten with toothpick. Fill cones with canned crushed pineapple; baste with the juice, and bake till piping hot. Arrange on bed of hot canned green peas. Serves 4 generously—and *very* economically!



Mushroom soup, crackers, luncheon meat and crushed pineapple for "Economy Cones," green peas, whole sweet potatoes, pear halves, cherries, coffee, cookies . . . and they all come to you in cans!

CAN MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 233)

Father gave a groan and said no more.

After a little, I got up and went into the wing room. Mother was running the adle rapidly, her hair was loosened under e silk hair net, and her eyes looked very rk and bright.

"You ought to be asleep," she said.

"Mamma, why is father so mean?"

"He isn't mean," she answered, stopping machine. "He is just convinced about ngs. He sees things in a—a personal way. can't believe in things outside the state ich; that's the way a man is, I expect."

"Well," I said, "if I ever get married my sband has got to give me five dollars a week n if I want to throw it in the garbage."

"Oh dear," said mother. "Who ever ird of such a thing?" Then she turned l gave me a long, thoughtful look. Her e was pale and shadowy above the lace l of her nightgown.

"Money of my own," she said slowly, nat I had a right to."

She went into such deep thought that I ved away and got back to bed. When she one of her thinking spells, she never iced anybody else until she was all through aking.

The next morning there were waffles for akfast with crumbled maple sugar and ted butter, and tiny country-sausage balls the side. Father came downstairs at ce with the world after a good sleep and h the smell of waffles in his nose. Mother s deftly lifting a golden-brown waffle to a willowware plate. She wore her blue ss with the white collar and looked cool serene.

ather kissed her. "Smells good," he said, pe you made plenty." We all sat down mother served the sausage and passed cream.

I've about made up my mind to give you w stove," said father, helping himself to wn curls of sugar. "I was talking to Will dley yesterday. Of course they are exsive, but they don't leak gas and there's ing keeps 'em from smoking everything How does that idea strike you?"

I'd rather have the money," said mother.

Money? What for? What money?"

Mother said calmly, "I've decided it ld be very nice to have a little money of own."

ather stared at her, thunderstruck. If had threatened to elope with the garbage collector, he wouldn't have been any more astounded.

Then he got red. "I suppose I don't provide well enough for you," he said stiffly. "I suppose you wish you had married John Pettibone."

"Providing has nothing to do with it," said mother. "I just want a little money to do with. So I think I'll earn some."

"Earn—earn money?" father whispered hoarsely.

"That's what I thought," nodded mother.

Then father laughed, suddenly relieved. "What a notion! What an idea! You earn money? What fancies women get, the best of 'em. Just how did you think you would earn money?"

Mother looked at him steadily, a strange little smile curving her mouth. "I am going to earn it," she said, "by cooking."

"Cooking!"

"People will buy whatever I make," she said. "My things always go first at all the sales."

Father tried to speak, but couldn't.

"I can take orders," mother said complacently. "It would be quite simple, really. I just never thought of it before."

Father rose, tall with dignity. "Laura Prentice," he said, "I cannot conceive of your being anything other than out of your wits to suggest such a thing. My wife, my own wife, out earning money! What do you think that would look like? Would you drag our name in disgrace? And our daughter's name?"

"Don't be dramatic," said mother. "Everybody will understand."

"Laura," said father, "when I am dead and in my grave, you may think of this hour when you shortened my life. But while I am still here, I ask you not to pursue this fantasy further." And leaving a whole waffle untouched, father made a grand exit.

Mother said calmly, "You can finish his up if you like; he had gobs of butter on it."

"Mamma, you didn't mean it?"

"Never you mind. You go on to school. And you missed a chance for one of those quarters just now."

I could hardly wait to get home from school. But at noon, after I braked my bicycle and dashed in, my lunch was on the kitchen table with a note from mother, saying she was out.

After school, there was an extra session of the chorus for those who couldn't keep on

JENNIFER



"I think this one would be better for you, mommy—'cause you already have a husband!"

PEANUT BRITTLE DESSERT

Fast to make—fancy to serve!



NO EGGS!

NO SUGAR!

NO COOKING!

The magic ingredient is EAGLE BRAND!



PEANUT BRITTLE DESSERT

(A Refrigerator Recipe)

1⅓ cups (15-oz. can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
3 tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup ground peanut brittle
24 graham crackers

Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and lemon juice. Stir until mixture thickens. Fold in peanut brittle. Line a 6 x 10 x 2-inch pan with waxed paper. Cover bottom of pan with crackers. Cover with half the milk mixture. Repeat. Top with layer of crackers. Chill in refrigerator 12 hours or longer. Just before serving turn out on plate and remove waxed paper. Cut into 3 x 2½-inch pieces. Garnish with whipped cream, if desired. Serves 8 in style.



Eagle Brand turns simple fixings into fancy desserts! Creamy-smooth pie fillings, rich ice creams, swirly frostings, luscious cookies and candies. You can make them all—make them with less time, less cooking, less sugar.

For Eagle Brand is creamy-rich whole milk and sugar, *already blended for you.* "Cooked down" till it's double-rich! It's the *original* Sweetened Condensed Milk. Every drop made to Borden's high standard of quality.

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Men love these Swedish Meat Balls



SWEDISH MEAT BALLS

Tender...Savory...With Rich Sour-Cream Sauce!

2 slices dry bread
½ cup milk
1 egg
1 small onion, chopped
⅓ cup Wesson Oil
¾ lb. ground beef
¾ lb. ground veal
2 teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon sage
1 cup sour cream

Soak bread in milk. Beat egg slightly. Fry onion slowly until golden in 2 tablespoons of Wesson Oil. Place beef and veal in a bowl and mix thoroughly. Add bread and milk, egg, onion and seasonings. Mix well. Shape in balls about 1 inch in diameter. Heat remaining Wesson Oil in a heavy skillet. Place meat balls in skillet and cook until brown on all sides...about 10 minutes. (Notice how *evenly* the meat balls brown...how tender and juicy they stay, when you use clear, pure Wesson Oil!) Remove meat balls to hot platter, add sour cream to skillet, heat well and pour over meat balls. Serves 6. So delicious...and *digestible*, too! No wonder good cooks use Wesson Oil for their frying.

BETTY CROCKER OF GENERAL MILLS, INC. USES WESSON OIL IN HER NEW CHIFFON CAKES

In these glamorous new cakes, you get new, airy lightness, lace-like delicate texture and *volume* that will surprise you. Add to this a smooth, velvety eating-quality—richer than "butter" type cakes. One of the *essentials* for your success is mild, delicate Wesson Oil. You'll find the recipe for Betty Crocker Chiffon Cake on page 197. You'll find Wesson Oil at all good grocers.



Wesson Oil FOR SALADS & COOKING



CHEESE 'N' WESSON DRESSING

New Pick-Up for Leftover Vegetables

½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Dash paprika
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
⅓ cup Wesson Oil
2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar
¼ cup American cheese, crumbled

Put salt, pepper, paprika, dry mustard, Wesson Oil and tarragon vinegar in a jar and shake vigorously until blended. Add crumbled cheese and shake again. Makes ½ cup dressing. Place salad greens and cold cooked vegetables in a salad bowl. (A wonderful way to use leftovers...and wait till you taste the way the Wesson dressing brightens the vegetable flavors!) Now toss greens and vegetables with dressing, and you've got a delicious salad you'll make again and again. Actually, *any* salad tastes better with a Wesson Oil dressing because unobtrusive Wesson Oil is light and lets you really *enjoy* your salad flavors.

the key very well. So I didn't get home until nearly suppertime and I flew in. I dropped my books and dashed to the kitchen.

Mother had just come in. I knew because she had her overall apron on, and I could see her brown satin skirt swishing under the apron hem. She had on her best high-buttoned shoes too. Bacon was crisping in the iron spider, and mother was slicing onions in the black kettle. Liver and bacon, I deduced. We had been eating liver a lot, it was so cheap.

"You can set the table," said mother. "I haven't gotten to it yet. Father'll be in any minute."

She looked as quiet and calm as the lake in June, but she was calm just the way she was when she took my temperature and didn't know what I might be coming down with this time.

I heard father then, pounding up the back steps, and I hurried to the dining room with a load of plates. The sun was just setting and a clear pale glow came through the white curtains. The spring twilight lay under the trees like still water. It was so peaceful, and yet inside the house there was dynamite.

"What's this I hear? What's this about? What in the name of the Great Dipper has got into you?" This was father just getting into his stride.

Mamma's voice was so cool, so light. "Richard dear, remember we do have neighbors, and they hear very well."

I went to the dining-room door and pushed it ajar. Mother was dipping slices of liver in flour, salt and pepper.

"Laura Prentice!" Father was shouting. "I want to know what you've been doing!"

Mother faced him. "Why? What's the matter, Richard?"

"It's all over town!" shouted father, almost beside himself. "All over town!"

"Oh," said mother, "you mean about the tearoom?"

"Tearoom!" His voice was just a croak.

"Well," said mother, "you know Libby Jones has been trying to get a partner so she can turn her house into one. Since Ben died, she's been thinking of it. But she needed someone who could really cook." Mother dropped the liver in the pan. "And you know you said I was the best cook in town yourself, Richard."

FATHER was practically royal purple and his mouth was tightened until I couldn't tell he had one, except there were words coming out. "You have any idea I'll permit you to run a restaurant ——"

"Tearoom," said mother.

"My wife running a dirty filthy restaurant ——"

"A clean tearoom," said mother.

Father filled the whole room. He was a masterful man at his quietest, now he was a complete army. "Of course it's nothing to you how I feel," he said, "going around behind my back getting ready to work in a restaurant ——"

"Tearoom," said mother.

"Tearoom be confounded," roared father.

I was trembling so the doorknob rattled in my hand. Nothing so dreadful had ever happened in the family. Mother had never really openly crossed father before. She got around him, but now she was openly defying him, and father knew it.

"Laura," he said heavily, "you can either give up this notion or give up me. You can take your choice!"

And suddenly a whole rocket burst of stars seemed to go off in my head. I pushed open the door and rushed in. "Mamma, you ought to leave him!" I cried wildly.

Father looked as if a rattlesnake had reared its head under the gas stove. But it was only that I sounded exactly like him. "I'll divorce you both!" he shouted. "Both of you!" And then he flung himself out the door and vanished.

"Mamma, aren't you going after him?" I cried.

"No," said mother.

Then we were both crying and mother got her smelling salts in the little dark green bottle with the silver top and we smelled and sneezed. Mother was so strange I hardly knew her. So collected and calm and yet dreadfully white. And yet she moved around putting the liver in the warming oven and setting the onions back farther.

And then the door banged and father was back. "Supper's ready," said mother.

Father stood by the table looking hard at her. And then he said, "Laura, if I give you fifty dollars for your missionaries will you stop this nonsense?"

MOTHER looked at him and the color began to come back in her cheeks. There was a long moment of silence before she spoke.

"Why, Richard," she said softly, "that's very generous of you."

"Will you?" he asked.

"I don't really want to go against you in anything," said mother, "and of course if you really wish ——"

Father gave a heavy sigh. He reached for his wallet and pulled out some crisp new bills and laid them on the table.

"There," he said, "there you are, Laura. I didn't know you had your whole heart set on those—those charity-founded dispensers of long underwear."

If you ever want to read a shoe size from the numbers printed on the inside of your shoe, here's the trick: The width is indicated by the first number, the length by the following two or three numbers. For instance, size 485 is an 8½D. The first figure 4 stands for the fourth letter in the alphabet, which is D; the 85 indicates that the length is 8½. A five as the last figure always denotes a half size; and 0 as the last figure, a full size.

And then they forgave me completely, and mother went right over to his arms and he kissed her, not just a good-morning peck but quite differently. So much so that I felt a sudden dreadful pang of loneliness and hated them both for leaving me alone.

Then father saw me and swung me up in his arms as if I didn't weigh anything and kissed me too. Mother's hair net was entirely demolished and her brown soft hair flying around her face.

"Oh, Richard," she said, "all the souls we help to save will bless your name!"

"They can mind their own business," said father. "When I need my name blessed, I'll take it up with God myself." Then he looked at the stove. "Supper about ready?" Emotion always made him very hungry.

"Just a minute," said mother. She tucked the money into the teapot on the shelf.

"And I hope you're satisfied," said father.

We had supper just as if it were any night. Father was very fond of liver and bacon and onions. He ate three helpings, and two of the Boston cream pie. His only comment was, "Seems to me we haven't had a tenderloin for some time."

"We can have one tomorrow," said mother.

She wouldn't be pinching for this missionary fund any longer, I thought. Life would be peaceful again—as peaceful, that is, as our life ever was.

Father was gentle as a dove. He gave me a quarter voluntarily when I went up to do my homework and offered to wash the dishes. Mother let him, although I knew she dreaded it. When father washed the dishes he scrubbed everything so violently with scouring powder that it never was the same again, and he splashed so much that mother always had to clean the floor afterward. He even scrubbed the wedding silver with scouring powder, but mother said not a word.

I could hear the sound of father's bass in the kitchen, and mother singing to herself as she put away the dishes, "From Greenland's icy mount—tains—to India's coral strand ——"

I went to my window and looked out. The dark sky drifted with stars. Would the heathen ever know what the Prentice family had suffered for them? No, they never would. How many souls would fifty blood money save? Fifty dollars was a fortune! Would father give fifty dollars

(Continued on Page 238)

Peas with flavor—sweet, spring flavor

THAT'S THE DEL MONTE IDEA — and that's why you'll find several different sizes of peas in every can of Del Monte *Early Garden* Peas.

You see, it takes the nice richness of the larger peas, *blended with* the delicate sweetness of the smaller, to make real honest-to-goodness spring-garden flavor.

So that's the way Del Monte Peas are packed. First, out come any peas too young or too old for flavor. Then the tenderest, best-eating peas of all the rest are carefully selected. And then *blended*—to give you full, *satisfying*, garden goodness.

Why be content with less? Next time—make it a point to get Del Monte Brand *Early Garden* Peas.

SEA-GARDEN SALAD, CREOLE DRESSING

Arrange chilled Del Monte *Early Garden* Peas, cleaned cooked shrimps (or other seafood, if preferred) and hard-cooked egg slices on crisp greens, as shown. (Such *easy* peas—no shelling or cooking for you to do!) Serve with tangy, distinctive *Creole Dressing*, made like this:

1 cup mayonnaise	¼ tsp. savory*
1 tsp. prepared mustard	1 tsp. minced capers*
1 tsp. prepared horseradish	1 clove garlic, well crushed
2 tsps. lemon juice	1 tbsp. finely cut parsley
2 tsps. vinegar	1 tbsp. finely cut chives

Mix well all ingredients but parsley and chives, sprinkling these on top just before serving. Makes about 1½ cups. [**Optional, but very desirable*]

Del Monte TRADE MARK *Early Garden* **Peas**

the brand that always puts flavor first





her curtain washword

WHAT? Wat-a-set, the original lasting finish for cotton, rayon and nylon curtain fabrics.

WHY? Because Wat-a-set makes marquisettes, ninons and casement curtains really washable. Reduces shrinkage, repels silverfish, prevents weave distortion.

WHEN? Whenever the subject is curtains—when her friends ask her why her curtains are so new looking, straight hanging and always so clean.

HOW? Just squeeze curtains in warm neutral suds, rinse, hang up to damp dry and press with warm flatiron.

WHERE? Wherever she buys—the Wat-a-set finish is available on many different brands of curtains in leading stores throughout the nation.

WHO? Mrs. America. Millions of homemakers have bought Wat-a-set curtains in the last 10 years and have come back for more.

Mt. Hope Finishing Co., North Dighton, Mass.

Trade Mark Reg.

Wat-a-set

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

The original LASTING finish for Rayon, Nylon & Cotton Marquisette Curtains

(Continued from Page 236)

year when the missionaries were back? This I doubted.

Would God credit this money to father or only to mother? God would know the reason for father's doing it. It was just to keep mother from working for money in a restaurant.

I was still standing there when mother came upstairs and said, "You better go to bed, dear." The starlight fell on her face and it was beautiful.

Father was banging away downstairs with his going-to-bed flurry.

Mother came over and stood beside me and looked out. "What a big, wonderful world," she said softly, "and how thankful we should be to be in it."

"Mamma, is everything all right?" I asked.

"Everything is fine," said mother, and she put her arm around me. A star fell, blazing down the deep sky.

"Father wouldn't really divorce us, would he?"

"No," said mother. "Father is a wonderful man." She pushed back her hair and bent to kiss me good night. "Still," she said, half to herself, "it would really be great fun to run a tearoom!"

THEY DO IT THEMSELVES

(Continued from Page 225)

bedroom, and Benny's sleeping porch, as well as woodwork and ceiling in two bedrooms which are papered, and the furniture in Jacquie's room. Mrs. Griffin's checkbook shows that the paint for these came to about $40. All this, of course, didn't happen overnight; it's been worked on little by little ever since they bought the house two years ago. It was in excellent repair and well built; their chief job was to decorate it to please their personal tastes and make it feel like their very own.

Mrs. Griffin painted the living-room walls oyster white, with the fireplace hood, the insides of bookshelves and door arches a soft water-green. To the adjoining sunroom, she gave oyster-white walls and a pale-green ceiling, jonquil-yellow bookshelves and small tables, made and painted by Mr. Griffin on one of his rare week ends at home. The sunroom's white shag rugs and yellow knitted slip covers are the kind Mrs. Griffin can wash herself; she's careful to choose them that way.

The dining room's geranium-red taffeta draperies, still in the process of making, accent walls and ceiling of a sunny shade of lime green, pleasant background for their mahogany furniture. Together, Mrs. Griffin and Jacquie made the festive tea-party cover for their long refectory table from lime-green tulle, through which the polished wood gleams beautifully.

The Griffin-made kitchen is the kind of kitchen almost every housewife dreams of having, a room that's not only efficient but completely expressive of its mistress's personality. Without ever having seen Mrs. Griffin, you'd probably guess from just seeing her kitchen that she's a gentle, very feminine person with a great sense of order; that she loves soft pastel colors, prettiness and comfort; that she's willing to work to achieve all those things. She has painted the walls and ceiling a soft powder pink, tinted crisp ruffly net curtains to match exactly. Cabinets, doors and window frames are painted a clear turquoise blue, and the wide window over the sink wears a turquoise-painted scalloped valance of wood, made by Mr. Griffin from his wife's sketch.

They papered the little adjoining dining alcove themselves, too, using ready-pasted paper in powder pink with lacy white stripes, and a border of full-blown pink roses. The electric ironer near the window would tell you truthfully that Mrs. Griffin does all the family's laundry, too, with Jacquie's help. And one peek inside her cupboards, where

2 new formulas that kill bugs quicker

K-M Magik Mist
HIGH PRESSURE INSECTICIDE
SUPERIOR KILLING FORMULA

REGULAR HOUSEHOLD FORMULA $1.29 10 oz.
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BEACON QUICK-GLOSS non-rubbing WAX
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You'll marvel at the long-life radiant finish of Beacon Floor Wax — it's so exceedingly wear-resistant! Just try it 'n see.
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WO CANS
AT A TIME



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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

supplies and utensils are arranged with good sense and perfect order, together with the immaculate sparkle of everything, would tell you that she's an excellent housekeeper!

Upstairs in Jacquie's room, her father and mother have made, at very small cost, the kind of room any young girl would be thrilled to have for her own domain. You can just imagine how Jacquie must have loved inviting her girl friends home with her when she was in high school. The wallpaper they found there when they bought the house was fresh and attractive, pale gray with a peach plume-and-ribbon design, so they left it up, based their color scheme on that. Mr. Griffin cut down a worn leaf-green broadloom rug to fit the small room, built a tiny dressing table and a cabinet for Jacquie's collection of little toy dogs. These, as well as her desk, small rocking chair, chest of drawers and bed, they enameled a soft apple green. Then Mrs. Griffin really went to work to make the dressing table "movie-star glamorous." On the wall above it, she attached a curved curtain rod, hung inexpensive ruffled tie-back curtains of pale peach net, to match the window curtains. Between them, the little dressing table, wearing a billowy peach organdy petticoat made from an old dancing dress, is framed and canopied effectively. Final touch: the round mirror over the chest is edged with a crisp peach ruffle, part of the same old dress! Naturally, Jacquie keeps it all in beautiful order—what girl wouldn't be inspired to neatness by having a room so pretty?

The playroom and "boat deck." transformed from the usual grubby basement into a bright spot that everyone enjoys, is the family's most prideful project. They've worked hard on it and plan to do a good deal more, but the fun they've had doing it and enjoying it has made the playroom a "million-dollar room" that was produced for about $85. This includes the plasterboard for the walls which enclose the oil burner; paint for the cement walls and the floor; unbleached muslin to be dyed yellow for the draperies which conceal the tubs and washing machine; paint for the awnings; wallboard with which they changed the little basement windows into "portholes." The furnishings are attic and back-yard leftovers from their old house, some painted and slip-covered, and the decorations, changed with the seasons, are festoons of gay crepe paper and old records "from mother and dad's courting days," hung on wall pegs above the record player.

There is nothing that you and I make so many blunders about, and the world so few, as the actual amount of our importance.
—JOSH BILLINGS.

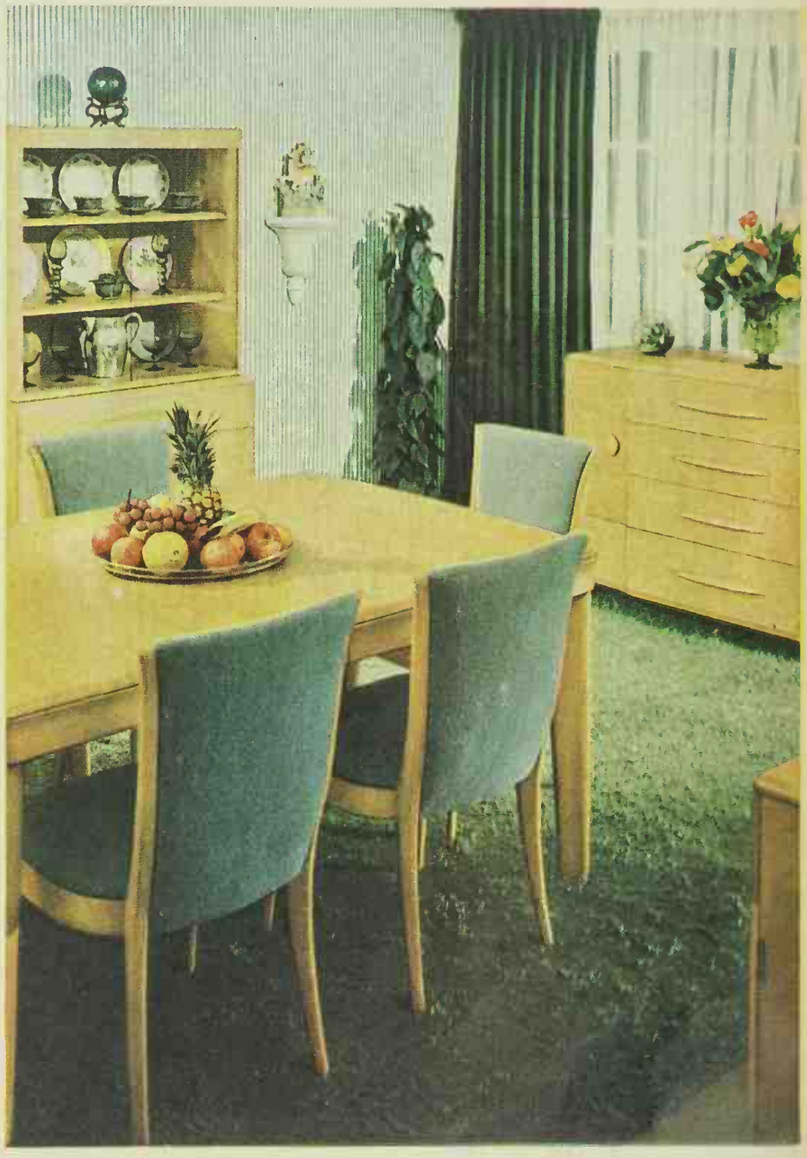
Mr. Griffin's workshop, as neat as the rest of the house though it's "off bounds" to anyone else, adjoins the playroom. Next to it is the furnace room where Mr. Griffin installed a water heater himself. (Installation by a professional would have cost $40.) His work, of course, was approved by the town's utility inspection. In the well-lighted, clean little room built around the automatic oil furnace, the walls were painted a pleasant pale blue. Here Mrs. Griffin sews and sometimes irons in the wintertime. "It may seem an odd place to have a sewing machine," she says, "but I really enjoy working there. It's warm and cozy, and one of the children is usually playing records down here in the playroom to keep me company." Her sewing machine, a really ancient treadle model, wears a coat of fresh white paint on its curly iron framework, and a crisp blue-flowered cover when it's not hard at work.

At the far end of the playroom, in a curtained-off section, Mrs. Griffin does all the family washing, a plump bundle which would cost $9 or $10 a week to have done at the local laundry's "family service" rate. She does all the curtains, too, taking them in rotation, doing a pair or two each week.

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a note of friendly charm



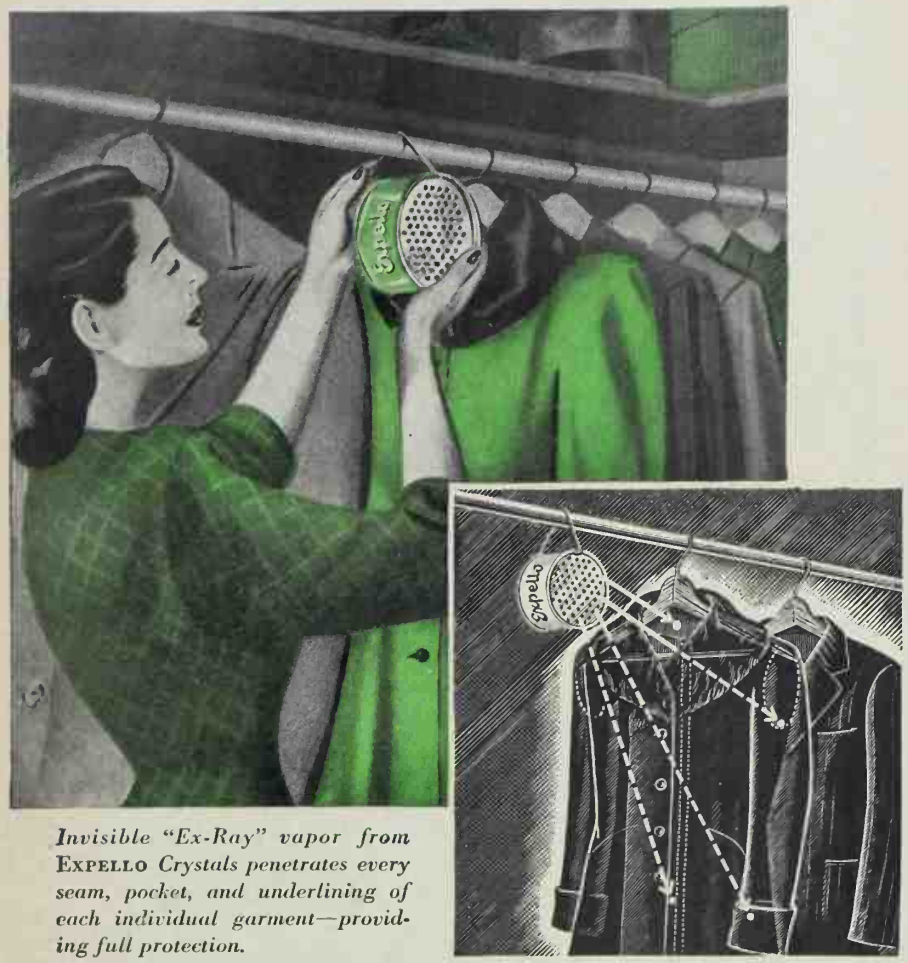
Photograph by Paul Davis

Heywood-Wakefield Modern takes a knowing turn toward grace and charm that makes it pleasantly livable through the years. It is designed and fashioned with the attention to convenience and construction features you'd expect from a century-long background of fine furniture making. Because the designs are "Home Planned," you can buy today, knowing your future purchases will harmonize perfectly as you add them to bedroom, living room or dining room. Look—and ask—for Modern furniture with the Heywood-Wakefield emblem—in light-toned "wheat" or "champagne" finish—at better furniture and department stores.

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EST. 1826

Gardner, Massachusetts

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Invisible "Ex-Ray" vapor from EXPELLO *Crystals penetrates every seam, pocket, and underlining of each individual garment—providing full protection.*

Expello EX-RAY* VAPOR KILLS ALL THE MOTHS—DOES ALL THE WORK!

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Protecting your woolens and furs need not be a tiring chore. You don't have to be a marksman with a spray gun—you don't even have to remove garments from closets, chests or drawers. EXPELLO has a clean, pleasant fragrance, and after a quick airing, clothes are ready to wear.

Remember—unless woolens and furs have *complete* protection they have *no* protection. So rely on EXPELLO "Ex-Ray" Vapor . . . and be sure!

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At Department, Drug, Hardware and Gracery stores.

JUDSON DUNAWAY CORPORATION, Dover, N. H.

Copr. 1948 Judson Dunaway Corp.

These would cost at least $1 apiece to have done, and mighty few laundries or even professional hand laundries would do the meticulous job Mrs. Griffin does, for beautifully ironed, perkily ruffled curtains are one of her special prides. The many light shaggy cotton rugs from her bedrooms and sunroom are done in rotation, too, in the washing machine; they would cost 15 cents a pound at a commercial laundry. Jacquie launders and irons her own spanking-white uniforms, three a week, thus saving $1.50, and does many of her personal things.

Outside the house, Mr. Griffin painted the white trim, the garage and the back entrance hall at a cost of about $12 for paint. Then he set to work on their ten-year-old car and gave it a shining new paint job. The local charge for car painting is about $100. Benny and Jacquie take care of mowing the lawn and keeping the outdoors looking trim. Jacquie says mowing lawns is fine for the figure.

Everyone in the family seems to have had a fairy-godmother gift of that wonderful quality that might be called enterprise. But I think the old-fashioned New England phrase says it best—the Griffins have plenty of "git up and git!"

THE GRIFFIN FAMILY

(Continued from Page 212)

fund is earmarked for college, marriage or whatever mademoiselle decides to do. Her take-home balance does for clothes—and very smart ones too—cleaning, cosmetics and the soft drinks and cookies for the gang in the seagoing game room. The deduction that Jacquie is not yet as thrifty as she might be is correct. Benny, who gets only $5 a week allowance in return for chores, $2 of which goes for his school lunches, is the one always with a few dollars on hand if Irene runs short toward the end of the week.

But Jacquie has her own realism. She declined college, though the family would gladly have financed it, because she didn't know what she wanted to do, she said, and why waste their money? It looks now as if her present work, in which she is taking fascinatedly to training in making inlays, might lead to formal study for the well-paying trade of dental hygienist. Her employer has become the Griffin family dentist—Aulden reports that, in preface to his frequent recent sessions in the dentist's chair, his pretty daughter in her becoming white uniform insists much too fiendishly on holding the nastier-looking instruments up before his shrinking eyes as she lays them out for her boss.

Benny, too, is uncertain about college, though aware of the general idea that getting a job is easier with an A.B. to your name. When considering, both he and Jacquie lean toward small colleges—the presence in Evanston of huge Northwestern University and the impersonality consequent on the size of 2500-strong ETHS have conditioned them against bigness in institutions of learning. They have no objection, however, to the size of Lake Michigan, which gives them very handy beach swimming only a few miles away. And Irene is delighted by the big-town character of Evanston's fancy shopping center, studded with large branches of Chicago's top department and specialty stores.

The family's only jar in moving from Cedar Rapids, in fact, was the necessity for breaking up the household menagerie. The alligator was long since dead of the Iowa climate, but the lady monkey had to be handed over to the town's small zoo, the ring-necked Chinese pigeon to a neighbor, the topknotted chickens sold or handed round to friends, and Butch, the majestic St. Bernard and father of Wendy, tearfully passed on to a near-by farmer. Only the cage birds remain as chipper and beautiful ornaments of the Evanston sun porch.

Aulden's decision to move Chicagoward originated in clear-sighted behavior during the war. Feeling fifth-wheelish in his credit-

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and-adjustments job at the Cedar Rapids Engineering Company, he quit in 1944 and went to work at the great Quaker Oats plant that dominates Cedar Rapids as Liberty dominates Bedloe's Island. The new job paid better—with overtime daily and double time Sundays, the weekly check could get up to $65 a week. But few white-collar men of forty would have consented to the work, which was strictly physical—manhandling barrels, cases and huge rolls of carton cardboard into and out of the boxcars that ceaselessly rolled in.

Aulden readily admits that "it almost killed me at first." But in a few weeks he got his staggering legs under him and began to find his incipient bay window disappearing in favor of a waist like a high-hurdler's and his shoulder and chest muscles filling out magnificently. His whole person was soon permeated with a feeling of well-being such as he hadn't known for years. He even thought he noticed that, under this strenuous and stimulating regime, his gray hair started to darken again.

He liked the boys he worked with and, as he tells about it now, it is plain he would do it again if indicated. But a former associate who now had his own business in Chicago, making stands for war plants to use in rebuilding engines, wanted Aulden to come in as sales manager. With an eye to the future, the amateur roustabout said yes. He has never regretted it. Even when baching in Chicago while the youngsters finished their school year with Irene looking after them in Cedar Rapids, he wasn't lonesome, for the new place was so strange and intriguing. He still likes Chicago—he likes the being elbowed and the variety of stimuli and people.

"Why," he says, "there are things here that people come thousands of miles to see, and we have them right on the doorstep."

It would be handy if the Clayborne Manufacturing Company were right on the doorstep too. But, as it is, Aulden spends about a seventh of his life en route to and from his office. Driving to work is a tangled chore and the folks often need the car at home. So Aulden hits the deck at 6:30 and, breakfastless as always—the Griffins never were much on breakfast—takes the bus at the corner, then the elevated in Evanston and finally the trolley car from the Loop southward, the whole consuming about two hours. His desk

(Continued on Page 243)

A TVA Family

"I DON'T have to strike a match in the place." The story of Ed Hodge, Tennessee country storekeeper, might be told in terms of personal drive. Proprietor of a business that grosses over $4000 a month, president of the county farm bureau and proud head of a home that boasts two husky young sons, he has earned and achieved no small measure of success in his 29 years of living.

But Ed's pride in his home with its electric refrigerator, washer and range is part of the greater story that power has written in human terms the valley over. Like that of his father, H. G. Hodge, for instance. Back when he was married, he figures he was worth about $300. Today, owner of 500 thriving acres on a TVA demonstration farm, he tells how the family income has doubled since the building of Douglas Dam four years ago.

For the story of two generations' rebirth with the land, read

How America Lives

By HILDEGARDE DOLSON

The June JOURNAL

Do it the easy way with the right

WISS Scissors

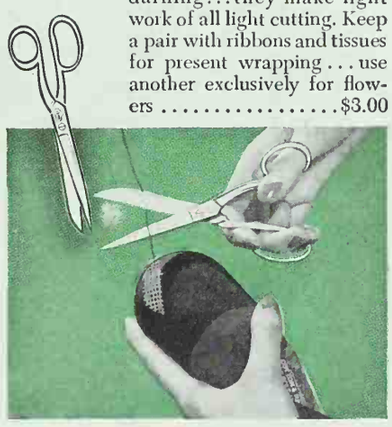
FINE QUALITY... FINE DESIGN... FOR A CENTURY



PINKING SHEARS finish the seam professionally with one snip of the shears... save your time, material, temper; $7.50. Pinking shears in genuine leather case, $8.95



DRESSMAKERS' SHEARS are designed for effortless cutting. Bent handles let blades slide parallel to material, like professional tailor's shears. Handy for general household use, too $3.00



SEWING SCISSORS aren't confined to sewing and darning... they make light work of all light cutting. Keep a pair with ribbons and tissues for present wrapping... use another exclusively for flowers $3.00



EMBROIDERY SCISSORS with needle-sharp points are foolproof performers for ripping and snipping; $1.90. Combined with Sewing Scissors in an easy-to-locate leather case, set GS1, $5.95



CUTICLE SCISSORS with delicate, razor-sharp blades let you remove cuticle on either hand with equal ease, $2.25. Cuticle scissors in a leather case with other manicure accessories, set GW41 .....$5.95



NAIL SCISSORS have sturdy, curved blades... cut heavy nails smoothly... leave no ragged edges or sharp corners, $2.50. Complete manicure and pedicure set GW42 .....$8.50

Some prices slightly higher Denver and west

J. WISS & SONS CO., Newark 7, N. J.

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1848 · Quality · 1948 for a Century

You may have to wait for Wiss Scissors but they're worth it

Pan-browned Prem with Jelly Sauce

"... MAKES A COMPANY MEAL EASY ON THE COOK"

Martha Logan



Low cost, too!

How's this for that happy inspiration you always seek when company's coming? Ample for eight, but see how easily it's prepared. And you wouldn't dream a two-meat dinner could cost so little! *Two* meats? Yes indeed! Good, rich pork and tender beef; they're what give this meal its very special savor. For Prem, you know, is different ... it's the *one* that gives you both pork and beef ... perfectly blended Swift's special way, all ready to slice ... and brown ... and serve delightfully, like this ...

Martha Logan's PAN-BROWNED PREM with JELLY SAUCE

—quick-made and joyously taste-thrilling with Prem's delicious combination of pork and tender beef

(makes 8 servings)

- 2 cans Swift's Prem (1 can serves four)
- 1 half-pint glass currant, plum or other tart jelly
- 1 orange, juice and grated rind
- 1 lemon, juice and grated rind
- 1 tablespoon powdered sugar
- 2 teaspoons grated horseradish
- ½ cup seedless raisins, softened in boiling water

For sauce, melt jelly over hot water, stirring until free of lumps. Add remaining ingredients. Serve hot. Makes 1¾ cups. Almonds—½ cup blanched and slivered—may be added.

Cut each loaf of Prem in 8 slices; brown in moderately hot frying pan, turning once. (Hard to resist as Prem sizzles in the pan.) Arrange creamed potatoes-with-cheese around Prem. (What a center piece!) Pour part of jelly sauce over Prem, serve remainder in sauceboat. You'll say this sauce is simply made-to-order to go with **THAT DELICIOUS COMBINATION OF PORK AND TENDER BEEF...** Swift's Prem

(Continued from Page 241)

bs him until 6:00; he gets home again l 8:15. The morning trip usually sees at-napping peacefully, but an afternoon keeps him awake coming home. Until tly he was putting in that same full day days too. It sounds rugged, but it to agree with the smiling middle-aged who used to heave 140-pound bags of rom 8:00 A.M. to 6:30 P.M. seven days a

Griffins did well with their purchase of small but definitely stately Georgian in the middle-income end of very well- l Evanston. The gabled cottage in Rapids that had cost them $7500 ht $10,500 in 1945, so their down pay- on 2307 Lawndale Avenue could be ntial. With FHA financing, Aulden lly points out, their all-inclusive pay- of $86.25 a month on the balance are an many a Chicagoan pays as rent on darkish rooms. He recently had an of $30,000 for what he got for $19,000— ete with a nice planting of conifers, a ree that actually bore fruit last sum- and a handsome crystal chandelier in ning room.

shabbier of their Cedar Rapids furni- ent down into the game room. A new port and overstuffed chair to match, a dining-room suite to live up to the elier, and expanses of carpet came to , for the Griffins don't buy borax. But the shift also eventuated in moving n over the edge of the $6000–$8000 in- bracket, so there was more to play In both senses, as he surveys the place viously feels it can doubly be called wn, because their own hands have con- d and will be contributing so much to hfort, dignity and convenience.

twar food costs have naturally played vith Irene's 1939 achievement of feed- r on $425 a year. Comparison is hard s circumstances have altered. Jacquie for her own malted-and-hamburger Benny for his cafeteria charges at , and Aulden for his soup-sandwich- ilk at Joe's Grill, where the Clayborne ffice eats for lack of anything more t in the neighborhood of the plant. fast for any Griffin is fruit juice at Lacking the family as excuse for the hot noon meal they had in Cedar Rapids, Irene lunches on cold cereal or a pickup sandwich. So evening dinner and week-end meals alone put heavy demand on household cash.

Even so, food, exclusive of milk, takes a good $15 out of the $35 drawn weekly from the bank for running expenses. And that is without fancy buying. Sunday dinner is chicken or a "Pikes Peak" roast off the leg, with no bone waste. Saturday night is always the family favorite of homemade chile, perhaps followed by one of Jacquie's notable marble cakes. The balance of the $35 supplies Benny's and Aulden's lunch and pocket money, and the odd costs of household supplies, dry cleaning and bus fares. It is a little startling to reflect that eight years ago $35 a week paid everything, including insurance and help for elderly relatives.

Irene and Aulden were all for the abolition of price controls, but by now Irene feels a little dismal about what happened then. She is certainly as good a manager as ever and that, as nobody knows better than Aulden, is very good indeed. In view of the mountains of detail on his present job, he was delighted when she took over complete handling of bank account and bills. And, in testimony of his admiration for her common sense and efficiency, he has recently been revolving a scheme for some time in the future. Like this:

Jacquie is much too attractive to be a permanent fixture in the household—she says herself that marrying at twenty-two might not be too early. By that time Benny will be in college or working, perhaps away from home. So Irene's present task of giving the youngsters a good launching will be finished. Aulden has a hunch that Irene would make him as good a business partner as she has a family partner. He has little notion what that business should be. But an idea will come along, and so he can cordially envision Griffin & Griffin pooling experience and judgment and working closely and profitably together—as a family team.

Except once, when her part in an amateur production of Hotel Universe demanded it, Irene has never smoked in her life. But this is a pipe dream that she can and does warmly share. She is a very feminine person and knows a compliment when she hears one.

THE END

How the Griffins Spend Their Money

Food (includes $5 a week for Mr. G.'s lunches, $6.50 a month for milk)	$1118.00
Clothes (Jacquie buys her own—Mr. and Mrs. G. still use much of pre-Chicago wardrobes)	175.00
Furniture and additional equipment for Evanston house (this is yearly average since arriving in Evanston)	400.00
House payments (include principal, interest, taxes, fire insurance)	1035.00
House operation (over last 12 months): phone $82; electricity $52; heating gas $150; cooking gas $54	338.00
Life, disability and accident insurance	235.75
Health	165.00
Transportation: Car (figured at 5000 miles a year—includes pro-rated cost of new motor and new springs—also liability insurance and licenses) $300; Mr. G.'s commuting $200	500.00
Newspapers and magazines	60.00
Recreation	75.00
Benny's allowance	250.00
Contributions (church and local good causes)	70.00
Miscellaneous (dry cleaning, odd small purchases; represents balance from weekly withdrawal)	150.00
Total	$4571.75

5.3% of American families have incomes of $6000–$10,000 a year

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IT'S EXCITING

IT'S THE LATEST

NORGE

GAS RANGE

the only range with the sensational "CONCENTRATOR" BURNER



Better looking... Better Cooking!

One glance at this newest Norge and you will agree that it is *better looking*. Closer examination of its many features will disclose the reasons for its *better cooking*. "The best dealer in town sells Norge"—for your convenience he is listed in the classified section of your telephone book. Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corp., Detroit 26, Mich. In Canada: Addison Industries, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Triple-action! As the flame (1) *travels inward* toward the center of the cooking utensil the angle port openings also impart a (2) *swirling action*. The heat then reverses its path and (3) *moves outward*. Thus the cooking utensil is *doubly exposed* to the heat.



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Home Heaters • Washers • Home Freezers
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SEE NORGE BEFORE YOU BUY

CONVERSATION PIECE

A dinner party without servants calls for special duties for both host and hostess.



A teacart or a two-tier serving table makes it a sit-down meal from start to finish.



Making the dressing and serving the salad are the duties of the host at this dinner.

BY RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

THIS Conversation Piece will be a little adventure in propaganda. Why so many Americans neglect one of the most delicious and delicate of all meats I cannot understand, unless it is because of sheer unfamiliarity. And that unfamiliarity certainly should be corrected in these times of meat shortages, especially since the animal that supplies this meat is not a grain eater.

If you have an ardent hunter in the family, you probably are acquainted with the excellent quality of wild rabbit. And many Americans know and appreciate the robust flavor of hasenpfeffer. But I want you to try the delicate—yes, exquisite—sort of thing a French chef might do with rabbits that are raised, like our steers, turkeys and chickens, for food. Even if you haven't eaten rabbit before, I think you'll be enthusiastic about my *lièvres aux champignons.* The rabbits I use are Angoras, which have an extremely delicate white meat. The meat is leaner than chicken, but tastes very much like it; so if rabbit isn't available you can substitute chicken, treat it in exactly the same way and get a wonderful result. And then you'd have another—and special—chicken casserole. *(Continued on Page 246)*

PHOTOS BY STUART





Frappé of greengage plums an easy, unusual a

Delicate rabbit meat makes a rare treat.

It's "Third Dimension Beauty"...

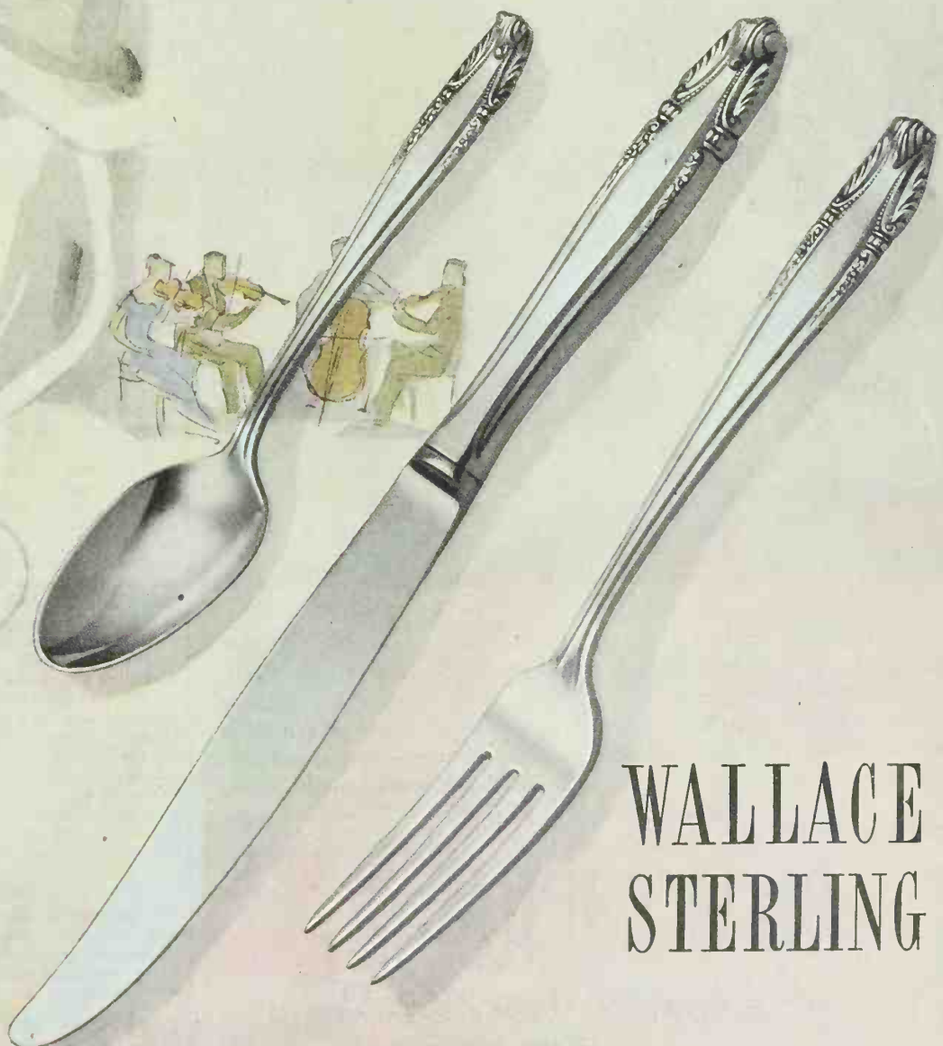
It's Sculpture in Silver...

It's Wallace Sterling...



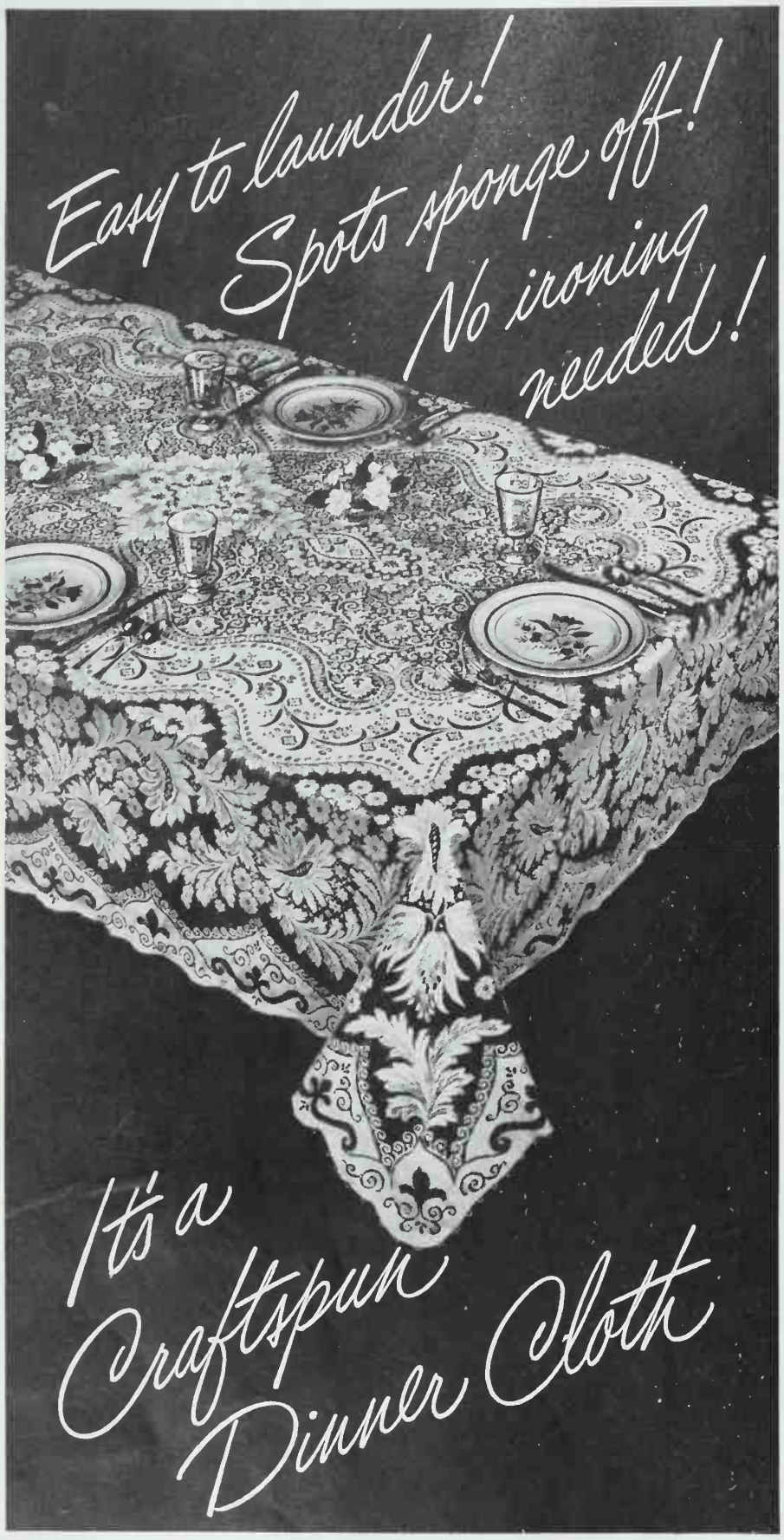
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SCRANTON

CRAFTSPUN Dinner Cloths

"The NET of them all"

SCRANTON ALSO MAKES CRAFTSPUN LACE NET CURTAINS AND CRAFTSPUN VINYLITE* SHOWER AND WINDOW CURTAINS

(Continued from Page 244)

For an appetizer I'm proposing a frank imitation, a homemade version, of the Stork Club relish bowl. I know no more enticing hors d'oeuvre than that big silver bowl of cracked ice encrusted with radishes, ripe and stuffed olives, gherkins and whatnots, with a fountain of celery and carrot strips gracefully rising from its center.

Let's have a good sauce to dip the celery, carrots and radishes in, and I urge individual dishes for the sauce. Communal dunking is a bit awkward and disturbing to conversation.

To accompany the *lièvres aux champignons* (remember, rabbits?) we'll have two hot vegetables. Sweet-sour red cabbage cooked with currant jelly will be one, and potato-balls O'Brien will be the other; and for bread I'll suggest very thin homemade Melba toast, which is easy to do and hard to beat. A tossed green salad, made with tender and special care, can be served either with the hot food or as a separate course.

Now comes the dessert, and I hope you are going to like this one as well as I do. It's a combination of greengage plums and oranges, and it's so simple that if I described it here you wouldn't need a recipe. I *must* give you recipes, so I'll just have to wait, but I'll say this much: it tastes and looks like a terrific production, even if it can be done by a few simple twists of the wrist.

I'll plan this dinner for eight, but if you have only six and there's some food left over, don't worry that it will be wasted. The hot dishes will warm over and the dessert will keep.

Every man and woman has two journeys to make through life. There is the outer journey, with its various incidents, and the milestones of youth, marriage, middle age and senility. There is also an inner journey, a spiritual Odyssey, with a secret history of its own.

DEAN INGE: More Lay Thoughts of a Dean (Putnam & Company, Ltd.).

RELISH BOWL

Choose with an eye to perfection what goes into this relish bowl. Get beautiful red radishes, the biggest ripe and stuffed olives you can find, little gherkins, Pascal celery, bright orange carrots and, if you can find it, finochio—a celery-like vegetable that tastes of anise. An Italian greengrocer would be almost sure to have finochio, because the Italians love it, and right they are.

The olives and pickles can remain in their jars until you are ready to arrange the bowl, but the raw vegetables can be prepared in advance. Cut radishes into roses. That sounds pretty abrupt, but I'm sure you know how to do it. However, I'll elucidate a bit. Cut a thin slice off the end of the radish, unless it happens to be a perfectly shaped round one. Remove all leaves except a very few pretty ones which, with the stem, will serve as a handle. Starting at the cut end, cut a ring of petal-shaped grooves. Then, starting in the middle of each petal, cut another row almost to the stem end of the radish. Clear? But get yourself a sharp knife and some fine radishes and go to it. Even if your first attempts seem a bit amateurish, you'll be surprised at what happens when the radishes have stood in ice water and the petals begin to open out like a rose. Cut carrots, celery and finochio into slender strips, cover these and radishes with ice cubes and water, and store in refrigerator.

Select a bowl eight or ten inches in diameter—an ordinary mixing bowl will do—and chop or shave enough ice to fill it twice.

Fill the bowl to the brim with the finely chopped ice; then set firmly in its center a short tumbler and heap up more ice in a gentle curve to *its* brim. Now arrange the relishes in pie-shaped sections, sticking them firmly into the ice and partially covering them with more ice to hold them in place. Fill the glass with carrot and celery strips, and there you are.

SAUCE

To mayonnaise add a split clove of garlic and let it rest in it overnight. Remove garlic and season mayonnaise to taste with a little catchup, horse-radish and Worcestershire sauce.

LIÈVRES AUX CHAMPIGNONS

You will need 2 young 5- or 6-pound rabbits, cleaned and cut into pieces. (If you use chickens instead, the procedure is exactly the same, but to avoid confusion I'll assume from here on it's to be rabbits.) Rub the pieces with salt and put them in crock. Make a marinade of ¼ cup cider vinegar and ¾ cup water—or you can use cup Marsala instead of the vinegar and wa ter—3 tablespoons salad oil, 1 teaspoo whole pepper, 2 crumbled bay leaves, teaspoon thyme, ¼ teaspoon rosemary an ½ teaspoon sugar. Pour this on the piece of rabbit and let them marinate 3 or hours. Turn occasionally so that they wi all come in contact with the marinad

Dry the pieces with a cloth and remo any spices that cling to them. Strain th marinade and set aside for future refe ence. Dredge the meat with flour, brow lightly in butter or margarine and transfe to casserole. Into the same skillet put finely-minced cloves garlic, sauté for a mi nte and add 2 cups water, half of 1 pi sour cream—we'll use the rest later—½ cu strained marinade, and salt and black pe per to taste. When this mixture boils, pou it over the rabbits. The casserole should b ¾ full of liquid at all times during cookin and more water may be added now an later as needed. Cover and cook over lo heat on top of stove until meat is tender approximately 1½ to 2 hours—occasional shifting positions of the pieces to insu even cooking.

Lift out the pieces, and as soon as the are cool enough to handle remove all me from bones in as large slabs as possibl Keep casserole of broth at the boilin point, and as you remove the bones thro them in so that all the good will cook out them into the sauce. Cook all the bone covered, for ½ hour, then strain broth.

Add about 2 cu canned button mush rooms (I'm not spec fying size of cans b cause less than 2 cu will be all right, an that's up to you), tablespoons sou cream, 2 tablespoo chopped parsley, an taste for seasoning. this time more of th marinade may b added and, if you lik ⅔ cup Madeira. I u Madeira often in sou and sauces. Mix som cornstarch with water and add enough the sauce to thicken it to the consisten of thin gravy, and add the meat. Reser some of the nicest pieces for the top an press them down with a spoon so that the will all be submerged in the sauce. Spoo what remains of your pint of sour crea over the top, but don't cover it entirel and sprinkle generously with paprika. Pu the casserole in a *very, very slow* oven about 200° F.—about 45 minutes befo serving.

If you cook *lièvres aux champignons* t day before—and you certainly can—add t top coating of sour cream just before yo put the casserole in the oven. Send it to t table piping hot with a sprinkling of chopp parsley on top.

SWEET-SOUR RED CABBAGE

Finely shred 1 good-sized head red cabbag Put it in a saucepan with ½ cup boilin water, ½ cup cider vinegar and 3 tabl spoons butter or margarine. Cover an cook slowly 45 minutes. Stir in ¾ cup cu rant jelly, and when thoroughly blend add salt to taste. Continue cooking un there is very little liquid left in the pot.

A wonderful attribute of this vegetable, addition to its taste and color, is that thrives under reheating—so make it the d before if you like.

POTATO-BALLS O'BRIEN

Scrub unpeeled potatoes, drop them in boiling water and cook until *almost* te der. It's difficult to cut them into ne balls if they become too soft. Cool, remo skins and cut into balls with a cutter ma for this purpose. Of course the potato can be cubed, but the balls look so pret and the scraps left over can be made in hashed brown potatoes or a meat hash another meal. Dredge lightly with flo and fry to a golden brown in butter, ma garine or any fat you choose. To do a ne job and be sure that each ball is brown all over, don't fill the skillet too full at o time. Do about a third, transfer them t baking dish and proceed until all a browned. In another skillet fry 1 la

(Continued on Page 248)

BIG APPETITES come in small packages



KIDS CLAMOR FOR DUFF'S GINGERBREAD . . . they love its spicy, satisfying flavor! What's more, it's good for 'em because it's rich in body-building iron and calcium. Serve gingerbread often . . . make cookies and cupcakes, too. Insist on Duff's —the original and finest-of-all gingerbread mixes.

FULLY-PREPARED...JUST ADD WATER—*that's all!*

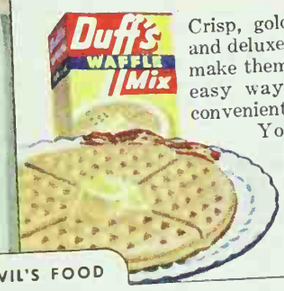
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Duff's special blend of pure, imported spices gives this rich cake its superb flavor. It's sure to make a great hit with the family. Serve it tonight!

WHITE CAKE



Here's the ideal way to make a white cake you can serve with pride! It's sure to be light and extra-delicious... only the *finest quality* ingredients are used in Duff's Mixes.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS LINE OF BAKING MIXES . . . PRODUCTS OF AMERICAN HOME FOODS



(Continued from Page 246)

thinly sliced onion in butter or margarine until pale golden brown, add 4 canned pimientos, chopped, and when hot add 4 tablespoons water in which 1 tablespoon gourmet or bouillon powder has been dissolved. Pour this over the fried potatoes, mix well and season with salt and pepper to taste. Put, uncovered, in the 200° F. oven with your *lièvres aux champignons* and stir occasionally. The potatoes can be boiled and cut in advance and the frying can be finished a good hour before dinner.

Some of the best salads I've ever eaten have been made by men, which isn't in the least surprising. When a man chooses to officiate at the salad bowl he's really on the spot. He'd better produce something rather special—or why make a thing of it?—and in my experience he always does. Perhaps it's because he takes the job seriously, and the making of a fine salad, whether done by man or woman, is well worth taking seriously.

MIXED GREEN SALAD

There are many approaches to the mixing of green salad, but there are a few fundamental rules that apply generally: The greens must be well washed, dried, crisp and cold, and there should be a good variety of them. The salad oil and vinegar should be of excellent quality—I like to use both red and white wine vinegar, about half and half. The salad bowl and plates should be ice cold and the bowl should be rubbed with garlic. Also, being very garlic-minded, as you may have surmised from my recipes, I include a *chapon*—a dry crust of bread rubbed vigorously with garlic. It is tossed with the salad and removed before serving—and eaten by me if I can get away with it. The *chapon* really distributes the garlic taste all through the salad.

Now to the extras, and there's where you can be inventive. Of the *fines herbes*, chives, sweet basil and tarragon are my stand-bys. In the summer I have all three growing in my garden, and in the winter I have a pot of chives and sweet basil in the house—but my sweet basil didn't survive *this* winter. Chopped chives can be used generously, but I like only a small amount of sweet basil and just a touch of tarragon. However, that's *my* taste. Experiment and find out what *you* like—that's the fun of salad making. If you can't get fresh herbs use dried ones, but cut down on quantity. The condiments ever present on my salad tray are black pepper, in a mill so that it can be freshly ground, salt, paprika and sugar. Sugar is a debatable point, but I like a little. Sometimes I add some powdered mustard, curry powder, Worcestershire sauce or catchup. The accepted proportions of oil to vinegar are 3 parts oil to 1 part vinegar. If the vinegar is strong I cut down on it a little, because I don't like a too sour salad.

When the salad is mixed at the table I think it should be done with reasonable dispatch. The important point is to have everything at hand—the oil, condiments, herbs and *chapon*. The greens can be in the salad bowl or waiting in a separate dish in case you want to mix your dressing in the salad bowl before the greens are added. The condiments—except for pepper—and the dried herbs should be blended with oil and vinegar before they are added to the salad. They can be put in the big wooden spoon and stirred with a small spoon. Measure the oil and vinegar carefully—guesswork with French dressing isn't safe. Once you've worked out your formula you want this to be *your* salad.

The ingredients are important, but so is the tossing—a gentle procedure that shouldn't be too hurried. It's really a combination of tossing, folding and lifting, so that all greens are evenly coated with dressing.

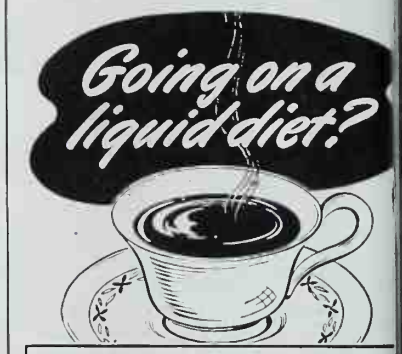
FRAPPÉ OF GREENGAGE PLUMS WITH ORANGE SLICES

This dessert should be made almost entirely the day of the party, but it will take so little effort you needn't worry about that. Remove the rinds from 4 tangerines, cut rind into tiny julienne strips, cover with cold water, bring to a boil and drain. Repeat until rinds have been boiled 5 times. Cover with ½ cup sugar and ¼ cup water and boil 5 minutes. This much can be done in advance.

Open 2 No. 2 cans greengage plums—peeled ones if you can find them—drain off

Just as good... Tomorrow!


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Keep your strength up and your waistline down with hot B-V. No calories, but plenty of minerals and vitamins and rich meat flavor. Try ½ tsp. in a cup of boiling water whenever you're hungry.
B-V is a rich meat and vegetable extract approved by Rector Kitchens for stews, casseroles, gravy, etc.

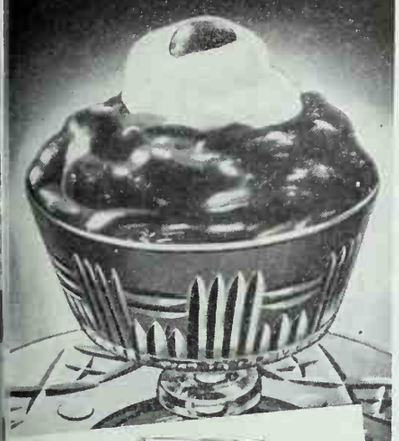

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WITH CASHEW NUTS ADDED

juice, add to it ½ cup sugar and 2 tablespoons lemon juice and let it boil gently for 15 minutes to reduce the quantity and thicken it. Remove the pits from the plums and give the pulp a slight trouncing with the potato masher. You needn't mash much, because the plums go all to pieces when their pits are removed. With a sharp knife cut the peel from 6 large navel oranges and, cutting between the sections, slice the fruit into neat wedges. Squeeze the pulpy mass that remains, to extract all the juice, and add juice to orange sections. Add ¾ cup of the boiled-down plum juice to the plum pulp and pour the rest over the orange sections. Store oranges in refrigerator until time to arrange dessert.

Stir plum pulp and juice and add a drop or two of blue vegetable coloring, because the plums, in spite of their name, are more yellow than green and their color needs a little pepping up. Put in freezing tray of refrigerator. We're going to freeze this mixture to the mushy stage. In my refrigerator that takes about 3 hours with the control turned to the next-to-the-lowest temperature. Stir frequently, scraping sides and bottom of tray to insure even freezing, and when a rather stiff mushy stage is reached, set the control to a less cold degree. It's better to have it too stiff than too soft, because you can bring it to the proper stage with a little last-minute beating. When you sample the frozen pulp you'll be surprised at its smooth texture. It's hard to believe that such smoothness isn't the result of a lot of complicated fancy business, and the taste is really superb.

When you're ready to serve the dessert, stir the pulp a little, beat it if it's gotten too hard, and heap in the center of an ice-cold serving dish. Surround with the orange slices and some of the juice in which they have marinated. Sprinkle the julienne of tangerine rinds over the oranges together with the small amount of sirup in which they were cooked.

> Thrifty women would just as soon throw out pennies as a scrap of fat. Your meat dealer will pay you well for every pound of used cooking fat which you turn in.

Service. There are no eleventh-hour cooking jobs with this menu, so let's concentrate our attention on the dining room and how the dinner is to be served. I hope you'll have someone to wash the dishes, but that's a backstage affair anyhow and can be managed one way or another. As for the onstage business, you can make it smooth and charming without any help except your husband's. It will be casual and informal, but not in the least muddled or confused. Put a serving table or butler's tray beside your husband's place, and before guests arrive have it set out with all the makings of the salad except the things that must be kept cold. Beside your place have a tea cart or serving table for the hot food. If you have an electric hot plate, put it on the cart or table and plug it in about three quarters of an hour before dinner. It will keep the food piping hot for second servings.

When the stage is all set and the food all there, you can ask people to the dining room with utter sang-froid. While your husband mixes the salad and serves it, you can perform the less dramatic task of serving the hot food with quiet efficiency, letting your guests pass the filled plates along the table.

When the main course is finished, just repeat your serving program in reverse by letting used plates be passed to you, to be wheeled to the kitchen on your cart or carried on a large tray. If you know in advance how you are going to manage you can carry out your plans serenely, and conversation will go merrily along while you're in the kitchen arranging the dessert and starting the coffee. That's just what you want. This is one time when you don't *want* to be missed.

THE END

GIRL PINES



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Money back if BORDEN'S doesn't beat your favorite ground coffee.*

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Into big, shiny kettles in Hunt's canning kitchens go the prettiest tomatoes that ever blushed red in the California sunshine . . .

Then we toss in a combination of delicious seasonings and spices. Slowly, slowly they simmer—drinking up every last bit of flavor. Then they're strained velvety smooth and—

That's Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Rich and thick. With a flavor that fairly sings for joy. YET—

It costs you only a few cents a can!

Hunt's Tomato Sauce comes ready to use. Simply cook it into your stews, soups, spaghetti, vegetables, rice. Into egg dishes, fish, gravies, leftovers.

Why, Hunt's makes even your low-cost, everyday dishes brim over with wonderful flavor. Try it. Your grocer has it for a few cents a can.





Hamburger Quickies

1 lb. chopped meat

1 can Hunt's Tomato Sauce

Season meat, form into hamburgers and brown on one side in hot fat. Turn them and pour Hunt's Tomato Sauce over all. Cook 8 to 10 minutes more, basting occasionally. Serve on hot toasted rolls . . . and watch the family gobble them up! Serves 4.

Hunt-for the best

Hunt Foods, Inc., Los Angeles, California

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IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

THERE'S A SHOWER COMING UP

(Continued from Page 80)

th no end of time and trouble. If you , out of nothing or very little, bring such easure as this garden brought, it is worth le. And you will see what I am getting n just a moment.

ddin' bells next month. I could ver see why May wasn't just as good onth to get married in as June. But the es tell me that, all things being equal, e is *really* the month; and that being the it is—or seems to be—it gives the girls ance to set about their business of parties luncheons and—showers. Comes May, may turn where you will and see a ver coming up.

e to our story. Remembering that en, we thought of all the showers and ies you would be called upon to give, we decided that the kitchen shower was lest. Anybody can give a party in the en without much trouble, and every e welcomes kitchen gadgets. The girls of went into a huddle so the bride-to-be dn't get from four to six egg beaters, muffin pans and griddlecake turners whistling teakettles enough to furnish ation restaurant. So she gets a rack a scraper there, enough cooky cut- and egg beaters to last a spell. All *she* o do is to use them.

he kitchen. As you can see, it's shower- in the kitchen. Very informal, very le, very help-yourselfish and leave those ets *be*. First thing you know you'll e your finger instead of a potato. And es, *she* wants to play e firsthand. You stay here and keep out of ief until we can get ride in here.

> Beauty without character is a rosebud faded at noon; character without beauty is a hardy perennial.

t's to eat? First, to ff with, I had half a to say that "inevi- " tomato juice. Most folks like it as up or put down. You may touch it up herbs, let to stand in it overnight, or lemon juice, than which you couldn't a better bet. Anyway, be sure it is cold and sparkling, and that will start ur kitchen party all right. For the food is kitchen food; not a fancy dish in But it's a supper you can feel at with.

mber mother's table? No table furnished," as they said, unless it had l quota of napkin rings. Silver or ivory ther-of-pearl. I can see them now, dis- in their appointed places and bearing me or insigne of the owner, lest there l be a mix-up and everybody would o start off all over again—with *clean* ns. (That was a once-a-week matter, g some little accident with blackberry something.) Now the napkin rings are ors' items. But once in a while you e cherished for sentimental reasons. ttle napkin ring stays *home*.

course. No more, no less than an ap- idea inspired by the old familiar nap- g. Very easy, these, and along with nato juice you'll like them a lot.

AM-AND-CHEESE ROLLS'

up 1 package cream cheese; add 3 oons prepared mustard, ¼ cup finely I onion and ¼ cup mayonnaise. pound boiled ham sliced very thin. some of the filling on each slice. each slice as tight as you can. Wrap of thinly sliced American cheese each roll; just as the old-time nap- g held the napkin, the cheese holds n. It will take ¼ to ⅓ pound of cheese. one time when you won't have to ick the product. Things will behave; hey don't—well, you can always call faithful toothpicks. They have such ones too. Do you remember how giggled at the old gilded rolling Well, you just wait—and don't say I tell you. This makes 12 rolls—easy vith the fingers.

This may surprise you. What? A lamb stew at a party? Maybe you didn't recognize it, but that's what it is. Only you may choose your own vegetables to go with it—and you don't have to have carrots!

LAMB STEW WITH VEGETABLES

Have 5 pounds shoulder of lamb cut into stew-size pieces. Season with salt and pepper. Roll the pieces of meat in flour. Brown well on all sides in ¼ cup hot shortening or salad oil in a heavy kettle. Just see that every piece is neatly browned on each and every side. May have to make two bites to a cherry, as they say, but toss and turn and all will be well.

When all the meat is browned, add 4 cups water, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 clove garlic, minced, a pinch of marjoram, one of thyme and 1 teaspoon dried dill. Cover tightly and simmer 1½ to 2 hours over low heat until the meat is very tender.

Take meat from kettle and remove all bones. Let the liquor cool enough to bring up the fat. Then skim off every single scintilla of it. Be sure about this. Lamb fat never flavored anything to the good. So skim carefully and maybe skim again! Add to the stock 2 cups water, or stock made from meat paste or cubes and water, if the liquor has cooked down. Heat up to get any pieces of brown that have no doubt stuck to the bottom of the kettle. Thicken slightly. Reseason to taste, add meat and keep hot until serving time.

Cook the vegetables when the meat is nearly done. A little *over*cooking never hurt lamb in a stew. So don't hurry. Take 1 pound small white onions, 16 to 18 small carrots and 2 packages frozen peas or 4 cups shelled fresh peas. The carrots and onions may be cooked together. But let the peas have a kettle to themselves. The frozen ones take next to no time and the fresh ones, if they are fresh, take little longer. Be sure to have plenty of your best baking-powder biscuits to serve with the stew. And have them hot.

Spring, spring, gentle spring. There used to be a song, many years ago, popular in its heyday, and it was called Gentle Spring. "Spring, Spring, Gentle Spring, loveliest season of the year ——" I can tell you the sopranos had themselves a time with this song, and the tenors weren't far behind. The subject of spring salads made me think of it.

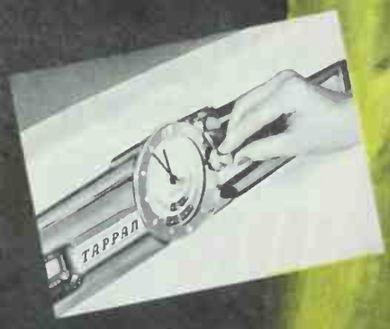
With about everything you can think of in the way of salad material to be had, I guess it's up to you. A few little artichoke hearts in oil, some crumbled old ripe Roquefort in the dressing, a bowl rubbed with garlic—these things make your salad. And don't forget those first tender shoots of dandelion. Let all the grist that comes to your mill be used. And call it what you will.

SPRING SALAD

Take lettuce, chickory, water cress, scallions, slices of hard-cooked egg, radishes and green-pepper rings. Toss everything but the egg (that's for garnish and so on). Have it cold and looking like a garden in the spring, and dress it with French dressing.

Boston had its cream cakes. Boston had, as Emily Dickinson said of her father, "a habit of" certain things. The things I am thinking of are Boston cream cakes. Nowadays we go in for cream puffs, and that's all right too. One of our elder great ladies among the sweets, these cakes which are not cakes, these confections which are none of such. They are something handed down to us from the makers and enjoyers of fine food. And, made with care, they're up in the top-drawer class.

Fill them in a dozen ways. Once you've mastered the making of cream puffs, you may fill them with Nesselrode pudding, that divine ice cream that, with its fruits-and-flowers atmosphere, is beautiful to see and eat if ever anything was. . . . Fill them with flavored whipped cream—and I mean



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A one-egg wonder that shows why more women use Swans Down than any other packaged cake flour in America!

June Rose Cake



Swirled around with soft strawberry frosting, this new Mix-Easy cake blooms on the table, for girl graduate or bride-to-be, like a lovely big pink rose!

But . . . (little secret) . . . your batter takes just one egg and only ⅓ cup of shortening.

Certainly, nothing but Swans Down could make such glorious cake from such an economical recipe . . . with no creaming . . . and quick hurry-up mixing!

Try it for joyous, inexpensive home cakemaking . . . but don't expect Swans Down richness with any other flour!

Swans Down "Mix-Easy" June Rose Cake

Preparations. Have the shortening at room temperature. Line bottoms of two 8-inch layer pans with paper; grease. Start oven for moderate heat (375°F.). Sift flour once before measuring. (*All measurements are level.*)

Measure into sifter:

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour (And be sure it's Swans Down!)
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
¾ teaspoon salt
1 cup plus 2 tablespoons sugar

Measure into mixing bowl:

⅓ cup butter or other shortening

Measure into cup:

¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Have ready:

1 egg, unbeaten

Now—Swan's Down "Mix-Easy" Part!

(Mix by hand or at a low speed of electric mixer.) Stir shortening just to soften. (*No creaming!*) Sift in dry ingredients. Add milk and mix until all flour is dampened. (*So few dishes to wash!*) Then *beat 2 minutes.* Add egg and *beat 1 minute* longer. (*Beating cut in half!*) Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow about 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often.

Baking. Turn batter into pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes, or until done. Spread Strawberry Fluff Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

This cake may also be baked in an 8 x 8 x 2-inch pan in moderate oven (350°F.) 45 to 50 minutes. Or bake in a 9 x 9 x 2-inch pan at 375°F. 25 to 30 minutes.

Strawberry Fluff Frosting. Combine 1 unbeaten egg white, ½ cup sugar, dash of salt, and ⅓ cup sliced strawberries in top of double boiler. Cook as for seven-minute frosting, reducing cooking time to 4 minutes. Remove from boiling water and beat until cool. Then fold in ⅓ cup additional sliced strawberries.

New cake recipes continually appear in Swans Down packages. Watch for them!



Bake a better cake with Swans Down

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flavored, not tasting as if you'd carried the bottle by the cream and let none of the flavor get away. Oh, yes—there *are* such doings. . . . Fill them with any ice cream and cover them with rich chocolate sauce—or fill them, as they are filled here, with old-fashioned custard-cream filling, and serve with strawberry sauce to greet the spring.

CREAM PUFFS

Put ½ cup butter or margarine in a saucepan and add 1 cup water. Bring to a boil. Then add 1 cup flour and a pinch of salt, all at one time. Just throw it in; she who hesitates is lost—but have a spoon handy. Have the heat medium. Now take a spoon, a large one, and beat the mixture as hard as you can until it makes a ball that comes away from the sides of the pan. Take the saucepan from the heat. Add 1 unbeaten egg and beat hard until the mixture is smooth. (This is the beatingest stuff ever was.) Add 3 more unbeaten eggs—4 in all—one at a time, beating hard after each has disappeared. When is a puff not a puff? When mamma forgets to beat. Drop the mixture from a spoon onto a greased baking sheet, leaving several inches between. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., 20 minutes or until the puffs have really puffed. That's what they're meant to do—*puff*. Then reduce the heat to about 350° F. Bake for 25 minutes more. They may be scheming to fall down—but this will hold 'em. You want them to stay up and you have your way. Let the puffs cool. Slit one side or cut off the top and fill with cream-custard filling.

I don't know how *you* feel, but I like cream puffs *small*. In fact, any individual thing is, to my mind, a lot more attractive if it's small. And another thing, it *looks* so much better to be caught eating your third *little* one than it does your second big one. I give you this for what it's worth.

CREAM-CUSTARD FILLING

Heat 2¼ cups milk and ¾ cup cream in the double boiler. Mix ¾ cup sugar with ½ cup flour and ⅓ teaspoon salt. Better sift them together, then you know where they are. Add the hot milk and cream gradually. Now put the mixture back in the double boiler and stir constantly over hot water until very smooth and thickened. Cook it until it's quite thick and does not taste of flour. My advice is to stir this "cream" every minute. It doesn't take a second for a lump to creep up on you, and when it does, you're sunk. Beat 3 eggs until light and add the hot mixture a little at a time. Return to the double boiler and cook 2 or 3 minutes more, stirring all the time. Cool. Fold in ¾ cup heavy cream, whipped stiff. Flavor with vanilla or almond and vanilla or just almond—or with lemon extract. But use enough so it really flavors and doesn't just hint. When thoroughly cold, fill puffs. Serve with strawberry sauce.

On second thought. If Tennyson should stroll by in his long gray cape and his broad-brimmed hat and pause at my garden gate to call, "Come into the garden, Maud," I'd change my name to Maud quicker than a cat can wink her eye, change my apron for a pelisse or whatever I ought to change into and charge out of the house like the first Light Brigaders.

On second—or first and a half—thought, I'm not going to moon around here for any Tennyson. And I won't change my name to Maud. Never liked it anyway. The party is all ready and I'll go out to the garden anyway. The tulips and jonquils and daffodils and irises and wood hyacinths—it leaves you breathless just to take the basket and the cutting shears and sally forth to fill the house with fragrance and beauty right out of your own garden.

Which reminds me that I saw a tulip in that doorstep garden that I've simply *got* to have. So I'm going up there again to find out the name and next year (D. V.) I'll have not one, not two, but a great clump of them, shaming their neighbor tulips into blossoming their best. And getting me, I hope, a blue ribbon at the flower show. It is a white tulip, the most beautiful of all, I think. I have some good ones, but I'm afraid this one is better. There's considerable rivalry amongst us old garden lovers—and considerable give-and-take too . . . which is as it should be.

THE END

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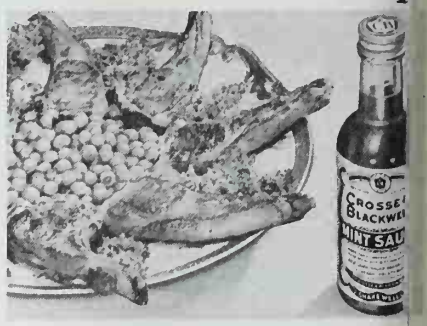
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POSSIBLE PRESIDENTS: VANDENBERG

(Continued from Page 37)

after one of his important set speeches on foreign affairs, the other senators break their own rules to crowd around his desk and congratulate him.

They did it in March of this year, when he introduced his bill for the European Recovery Plan after eight months of hearings and hard work. The ERP is by far the most important project that has yet emerged from our biparty "Get firm with Russia" policy, and most Washington observers give Vandenberg the major credit for it. In his speech to the Senate he made it clear that it was intended to halt the further spread of communism—it is "an axiom," he said, "that aggressive communism threatens all freedom and security, whether in the Old World or the New, whenever it puts free people anywhere in chains."

But it was in his peroration that Vandenberg attained—as he often does—the stately level of the great Senate declamations of Webster, Clay, Sumner and Beveridge.

"Your committee," he concluded, "has rewritten the bill to consolidate the wisdom shed upon the problem from many sources. It is the final product of eight months of more intensive study by more devoted minds than I have ever known to concentrate upon any other one objective in all my twenty years in Congress. It has its foes—some of whom compliment it by their transparent hatreds. But it has its friends—countless prayerful friends not only at the hearthstones of America, but under many other flags. It is a plan for peace, stability and freedom. As such, it involves the clear self-interest of the United States. It can be the turning point in history for one hundred years to come. If it fails, we have done our final best. If it succeeds, our children and our children's children will call us blessed. May God grant His benediction upon the ultimate event."

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

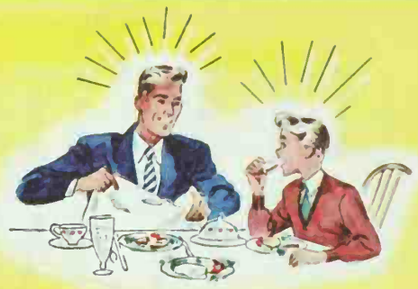
When he finished, the whole Senate stood up and applauded him, and leading members of both parties left their desks to shake his hand.

The Turning of a Trail

A not unfriendly critic once remarked that Vandenberg became America's elder statesman by beating his breast in public, and there is some truth in the statement. Probably the most famous thing the senator ever did was to announce in a lengthy speech to the Senate that he had had a complete change of heart, and was not going to be an isolationist any more. That was about three and a half years ago, and it marked the beginning of what might be called the transfiguration of Vandenberg's reputation.

Vandenberg's isolationism—or "insulationism," as he preferred to call it—went all the way back to the fight against the League of Nations after World War I. At that time he was an influential Midwest newspaper editor who corresponded with Senator Henry Cabot Lodge and supplied the phrase, "Unshared idealism is a menace," which Lodge made famous in his successful effort to kill the League. Vandenberg also wrote "punch lines" for Warren G. Harding during the 1920 presidential campaign, and helped to steer the Republican Party into an anti-League position. Later he became an ardent admirer and disciple of Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho, who was perhaps the most determined and effective isolationist that the

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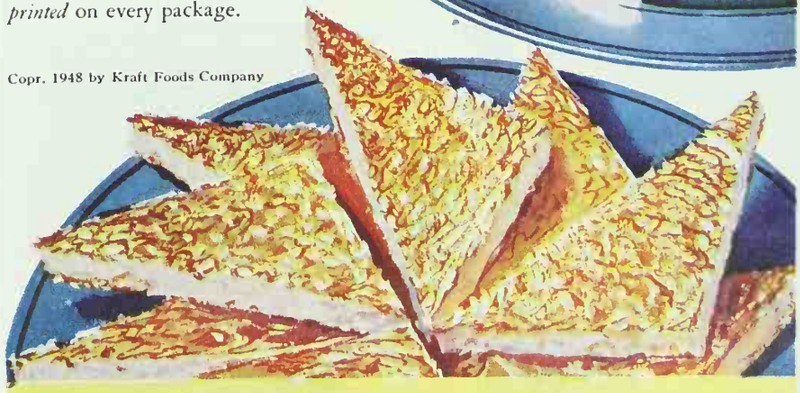
Just ordinary breakfast toast becomes an *extra*-ordinary treat when you set out Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese to spread on it along with the jelly or jam!

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Taste cool, creamy Philadelphia Brand on hot breads, waffles and pancakes, too. Delicious! Just be sure it's *genuine* Philadelphia Brand you buy—the brand made only by Kraft and *guaranteed fresh*. Whenever you shop for cream cheese always *see* the words "Philadelphia Brand" *printed* on every package.



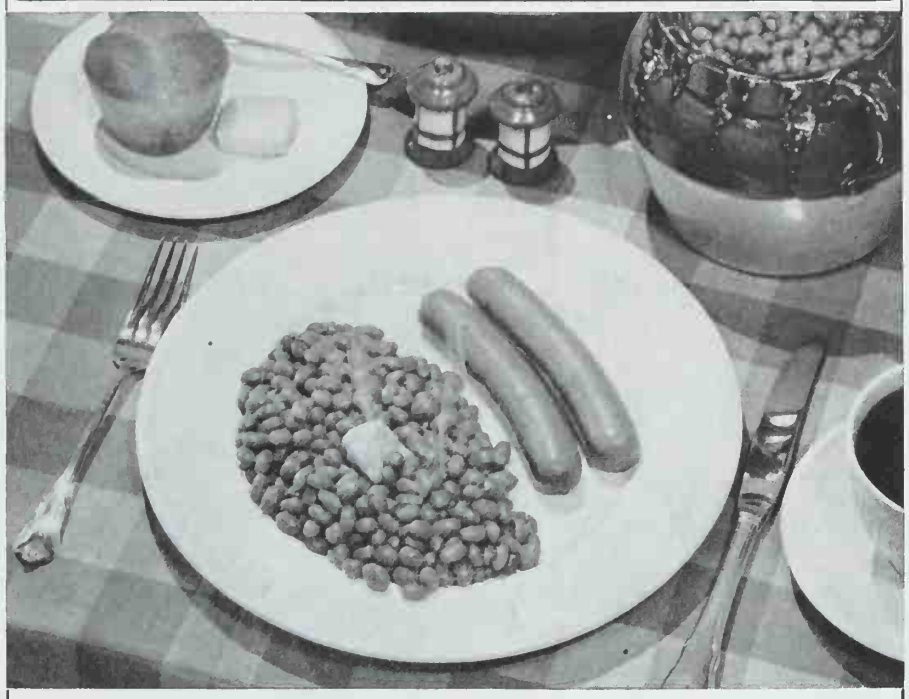
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In Glass or Tin



Senate had during the era between the wars. Vandenberg now proudly occupies Borah's former quarters in the Senate Office Building, and it was from Borah's old desk that he made his recent plea for the ERP.

In 1925, not long before he entered the Senate himself, Vandenberg wrote a 400-page book, The Trail of a Tradition, which proved with an abundance of rhetoric and historical allusion that the U.S. had nothing to gain and everything to lose by "entangling" itself with the rest of the world. This volume is now very hard to find, and Vandenberg is glad of it.

"The trail," he says, "took a turn on the day of Pearl Harbor."

It was not until fairly late in World War II, however, that Vandenberg's personal trail took a really decisive turn. It was the Nazis' V-2 bombs which finally convinced him.

"The thing that turned me into a fanatic," he says, "was the robot bomb. You have to be an internationalist when you can press a button in Cairo and blow up New York."

On January 10, 1945, Vandenberg got up in the Senate and expounded his new-found convictions in a thirty-minute speech. What he said, in effect, was that the old American idea of isolationism was dead forever. It was not a new or startling idea; but coming from him, it was important.

"I do not believe that any nation hereafter can immunize itself by its own exclusive action," he told his Senate colleagues. "Our oceans have ceased to be moats which automatically protect our ramparts. Flesh and blood now compete unequally with winged steel."

He urged that the United States, in its own self-interest, take the lead in forming a world organization. As a preliminary step, he suggested that the major allies—Great Britain, Russia and the U.S.—should join in a solid treaty to keep Germany disarmed permanently. Such a move, he argued, would end Russian fears of a resurgent Reich, and avert the menace of Soviet expansionism. (All this was said several months before the end of the war.)

This speech won sensational acclaim, and promoted Vandenberg almost overnight from a fairly prominent Senator into an exceedingly prominent international statesman. President Roosevelt was so impressed that he took fifty copies of it to his Yalta meeting with Stalin and Churchill. He also appointed Vandenberg a delegate to the San Francisco Conference for organizing the United Nations.

Into this important job the senator plunged with all of his energy, personal charm and political skill. He inserted the word "justice," which had been missing from earlier drafts, into the completed U.N. Charter. He wrote Article 14, which permitted the General Assembly to investigate and correct any injustices in the final peace treaties. He obtained, over Russian objections, the right of unlimited debate for the Assembly. And he worked out a provision for regional agreements, within the framework of the U.N., which safeguarded our "special relationship" with Latin America.

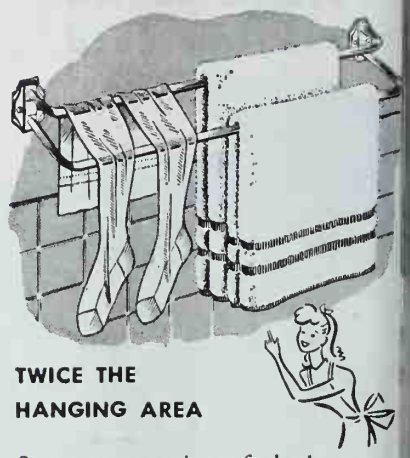
When it came to ratification in the Senate, he again played a major role. He won over many of his old isolationist friends in fervent cloakroom talks. He coined the phrase "The Town Meeting of the World" to describe the General Assembly, and saw it gain wide acceptance.

After his Senate colleague, Jimmy Byrnes, became Secretary of State and began his epoch-making series of conferences on the peace treaties, it was natural that he should invite Vandenberg—the ranking Republican on foreign affairs—to be one of his advisers. Vandenberg sat with Byrnes at Moscow, at Paris, at New York and London through many weary days and weeks, while the disputes between the United States and Russia grew and became deeper and eventually froze into the present "cold war."

Returning from one of these meetings in the spring of 1946, the senator made another speech which caused a world-wide sensation.

"These two rival ideologies [the U.S. and Soviet Russia] are face to face with the

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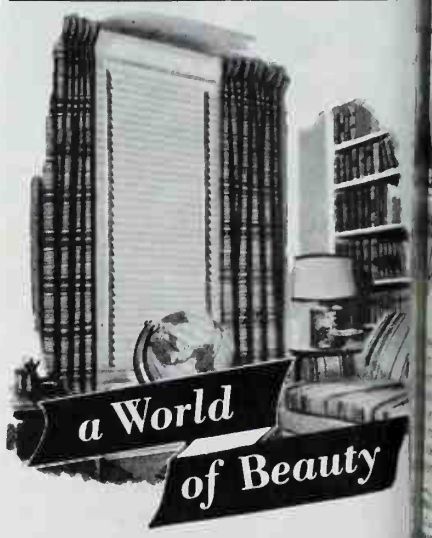
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desperate need of mutual understanding," he said. "I assert my own belief that we can live together in harmony if the United States speaks as plainly on all occasions as Russia does; if the United States just as vigorously sustains its own purposes and ideals as Russia does."

Then came the punch line—or what seemed like a punch line in 1946.

"And *if*," continued the senator, with a voice throbbing with righteous scorn, "we abandon the miserable fiction that we somehow jeopardize the peace if our candor is as firm as Russia's always is ——"

That phrase marked the beginning of what has been variously described as the "firm but friendly" or "get tough" phase of U.S.-Russian relations. Secretary Byrnes endorsed it *in toto* in a speech of his own the next day.

Since that time Vandenberg has been by far the steadiest pillar of the two-party coalition which determines American foreign policy.

When the "Truman Doctrine" for bolstering up the present regimes in Greece and Turkey was hastily conceived and announced last year, it was Vandenberg who saved it from possible defeat in Congress by adding an amendment which recognized the existence of the United Nations, and promised to call off the program if the whole U. N. should demand it. When Spruille Braden was dropped from the State Department, and the United States decided to be more friendly with President Perón, of Argentina, it was Vandenberg who was generally credited in Washington with initiating the change. And when the enormous and unwieldy "Marshall Plan" was dumped into the lap of Congress last winter, it was Vandenberg who took it over and whipped it into a workable form.

On the domestic side, Vandenberg has also had one very notable success to his credit recently. It was due largely to his eloquence and reasonableness that the Republican-controlled Senate voted to approve David E. Lilienthal as chairman of the immensely important Atomic Energy Commission. Senator Taft, who is the only other Republican of Vandenberg's stature in the upper chamber, was opposed to Lilienthal because he had been a Roosevelt New Dealer and head of the Tennessee Valley Authority. But there was little doubt that he was the best qualified man for the job.

The debate between the Senate's two top Republicans waxed warm on this subject, but it did not become personal, and it does not seem to have left any scars.

"The newspaper boys have two stock stories they can write whenever it rains on Sunday, and they can't think of anything else," Vandenberg told me. "One is that the State Department isn't co-operating with Vandenberg, and the other is that Vandenberg is having a feud with Taft. You can take it for granted that neither one has happened yet, and neither one is going to happen."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Redhead Asleep

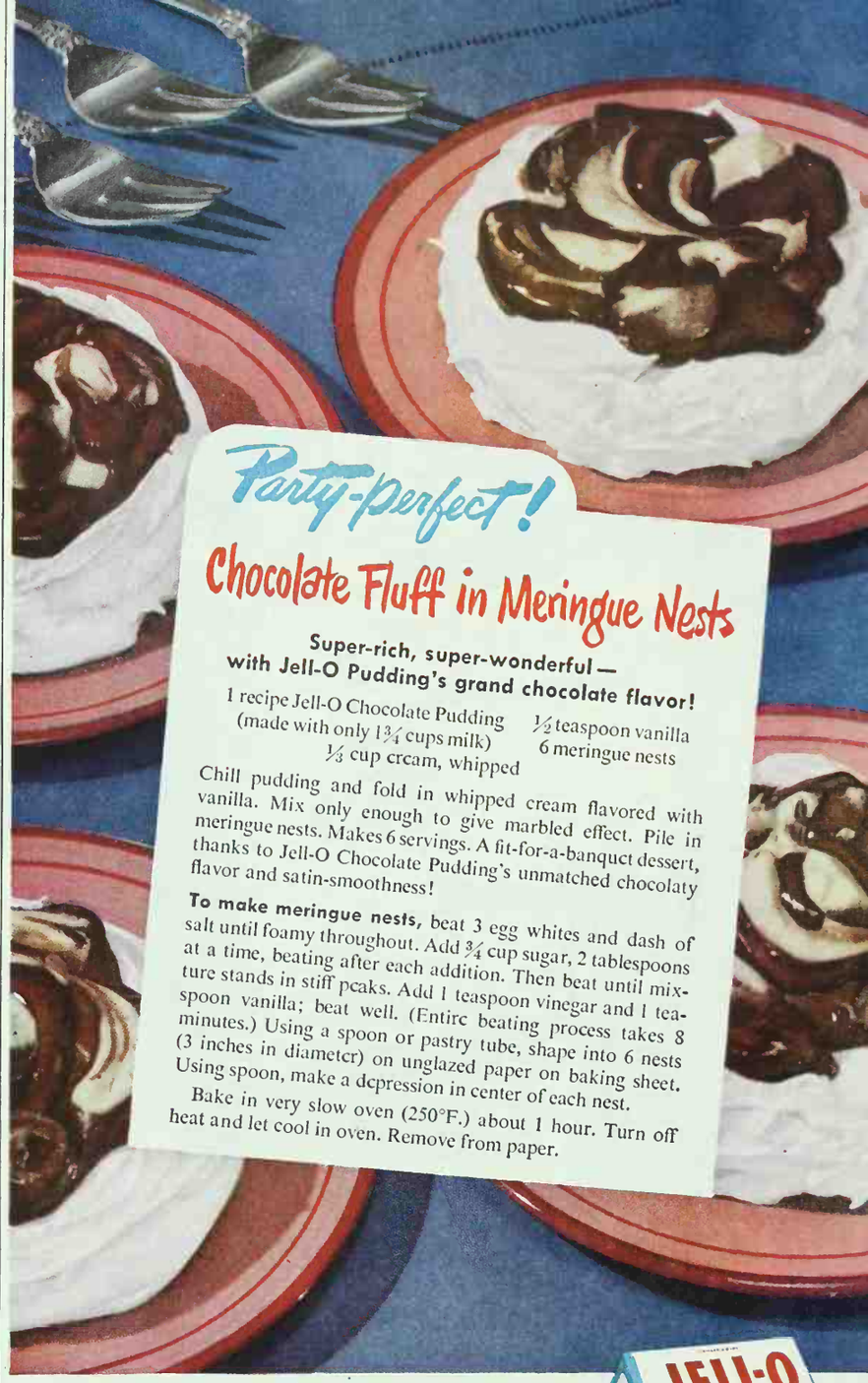
BY LAURA BENÉT

Soft red of his infant hair
  Fades under the shawl of night.
Lulled into another air
  Are the joy, the crowing delight.

To a tiny image of peace
  In slumber the child's akin,
From the bared chubby wrist
  To the exquisite skin.

Or like a veiled cocoon
  In a wooden cradle curled,
Every endearing gesture
  Folded and furled.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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Chocolate Fluff in Meringue Nests

Super-rich, super-wonderful—with Jell-O Pudding's grand chocolate flavor!

1 recipe Jell-O Chocolate Pudding (made with only 1¾ cups milk)
⅓ cup cream, whipped
½ teaspoon vanilla
6 meringue nests

Chill pudding and fold in whipped cream flavored with vanilla. Mix only enough to give marbled effect. Pile in meringue nests. Makes 6 servings. A fit-for-a-banquet dessert, thanks to Jell-O Chocolate Pudding's unmatched chocolaty flavor and satin-smoothness!

To make meringue nests, beat 3 egg whites and dash of salt until foamy throughout. Add ¾ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, beating after each addition. Then beat until mixture stands in stiff peaks. Add 1 teaspoon vinegar and 1 teaspoon vanilla; beat well. (Entire beating process takes 8 minutes.) Using a spoon or pastry tube, shape into 6 nests (3 inches in diameter) on unglazed paper on baking sheet. Using spoon, make a depression in center of each nest.

Bake in very slow oven (250°F.) about 1 hour. Turn off heat and let cool in oven. Remove from paper.

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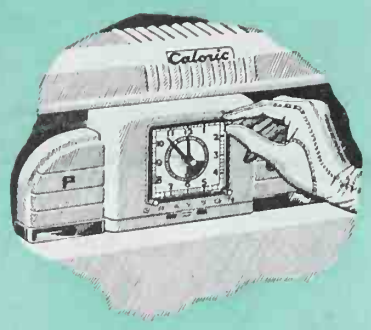
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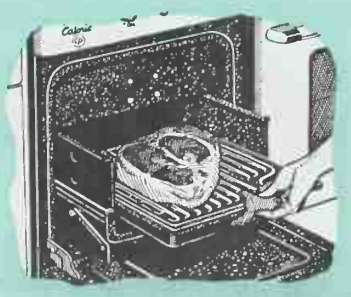
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"Always be a Republican"

Arthur Vandenberg was born March 22, 1884, at Grand Rapids, Michigan, where his father, Aaron, had a prosperous saddle-and-harness-making business. The elder Vandenberg was of "Mohawk River Dutch" descent, and had once been the Republican postmaster of Clyde, New York, under President Grant. Vandenberg's grandfather was a delegate to the Republican convention of 1860 which nominated Lincoln.

Aaron Vandenberg lost his business and most of his money in the severe depression of 1893, which occurred just as a Democratic President, Grover Cleveland, was beginning his second term. Thereafter he was convinced that the Democratic Party had set out to ruin him personally. On his deathbed he came out of a long coma to give Arthur a final piece of advice.

"Son," he said, "always be a Republican."

Arthur's widowed mother took in boarders to make both ends meet, and Vandenberg himself began to work and earn money for the family at the age of nine. His first job was pushing a handcart loaded with shoes from a warehouse to a railroad freight depot, for fifteen cents per load. Later he sold vegetables and newspapers, ushered in a theater, and started a trading business for stamp collectors under the name of the Comet Stamp Co.

While on a steamboat excursion with his Sunday-school class he became seasick, and discovered, through sheer desperation, that an ordinary cheapheadache tablet which he happened to have in his pocket made him feel better. He saw great business possibilities in this. With $14 of his own money he took an ad in the Literary Digest for what he called his "Titan Tabules" to cure seasickness. He filled a number of orders, and received some rather touching testimonial letters, before his mother found out about it, and ordered him to "cease and desist."

Where can one find greater examples of sustained endurance than in those thousands of poor homes where the woman successfully holds the family together and keeps it going by taking all the thought and doing all the work—nursing, teaching, cooking, washing, sewing, scrubbing, saving, helping neighbors, "choring" outside—where does the catalogue end? If she does a bit of scolding now and then who can blame her?

—WILLIAM JAMES; permission granted by Paul R. Reynolds & Son.

In high school he was nicknamed "Senator" because he was always willing and ready to make a speech. Just when and how he acquired this tendency he does not now remember, but it is a fact that he greatly enjoyed the sound of his own voice, and would seize almost any occasion to exert it. In 1899 he won a school oratorical contest with a speech about the world peace conferences at The Hague. He is inclined now to see some connection between this distant event and his current role as a spokesman for world cooperation.

"The spark," he says, tapping his chest, "was always there."

He also caught on a baseball team, until one day he stepped up too far and received the full backward swing of a bat across the bridge of his nose. Even after fifty years that is still his most painful memory. "Wow!" he exclaimed recently, while sitting in his Senate office. "I can still feel that bat!"

At the age of sixteen he was graduated at the head of his class, and went to work to earn money for college and an eventual law course. For a while he toiled as a billing clerk in a cracker factory, but he lost that post when he went off one afternoon without permission to see his hero, "Teddy" Roosevelt, in a political parade. Then he found a job as office boy at the Grand Rapids Herald for $6 a week. After a while he was promoted to cub reporter at $8.

At the end of a whole year he had saved $50 out of these wages. He paid out $48 of it for his advance tuition at the University of Michigan, and enrolled as a freshman. He also took on several part-time jobs. The strain of studying, working and trying to send money home proved too severe, however, and before he had finished out his first year, the doctors ordered him home for a rest. There was some fear that he might have tracted tuberculosis, but that proved to false alarm. He had just been working worrying too hard.

That was the end of Van's college c but not the end of his education. In his teens he had embarked on a self-im course of reading important books in field, and he had committed himself to ing *verbatim* one long quotation from every day. He would walk throug streets of Grand Rapids, his lips m earnestly, passing his friends without them. He also read large chunks of the gressional Record, which arrived at the paper office each day.

For an interval after leaving colle worked in the advertising departme Collier's Weekly in New York City. soon left this to return to his old job city-hall reporter for the Grand Herald. Newspaper work was what he loved. It satisfied his itch for an inside of politics, and it gave him a chance to At that time the Herald reporters us paste up a "string" of their printed and tack it to the wall to show what the done each day. Vandenberg, who coul ally make six words do the work of one, all records by running one of his string the ceiling to the floor and part way

"Bebe, Bebe, Be Mine"

Soon he was also trying his hand at stories, poems and even popular songs. Bebe Daniels, w a Grand Rapi herself, first be win fame in the n Vandenberg con the words of a T Alley number e Bebe, Bebe, Be His friend A. B. (the same man now his doctor) the music.

He wrote we 100 stories, and r them are still lished. Almost they concerned cians or busine and invariably ended with virtue triumphant and t rolling in money. One of them, whi named Dan Crimmins, Boss, opene the following sentence:

"There comes a time in the career o autocrat when his power wanes and premacy crumbles in defeat."

Van sold that one, and several otl Lippincott's and Pearson's magazin to the Chicago Sunday newspapers.

Meanwhile, he had worked his wa chief political reporter of the Herald, on familiar terms with many of the of the state. One of his particular frie Congressman—later Senator—Willi den Smith, a florid old-line Republ imposing dignity and great oratorical In January, 1907, Smith bought the and immediately appointed the twen year-old Arthur Vandenberg to be th and publisher. It was a stunning pro and has been a topic of discussion in Rapids ever since. According to one of the story, Smith walked into the ci on the evening after he bought the came over to where Vandenberg wa at his desk, and said, "My boy, you the editor and publisher of this news Another account has it that Van who knew and understood his new b well, simply sat down at the editor's when Smith came in and asked him was doing there, replied, "This is work from now on." Vandenberg him that the first version is the correct the latter is something of a canard.

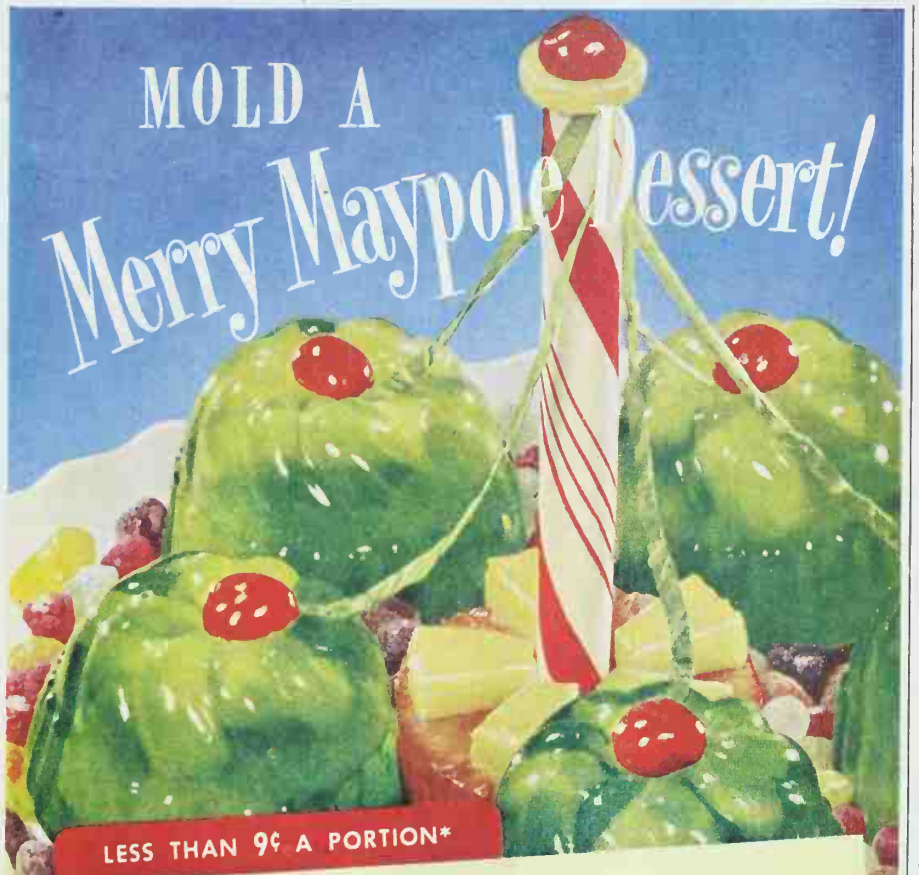
At any rate, he was a huge succ local businessmen liked him and i their advertising. His breezy, o editorials attracted attention throug state, and in national Republican cir used to write them, sitting hunche portable typewriter and tossing o

(Continued on Page 258)



"They look and cook like a dream"

The saying "Handsome is as Handsome does" just fits Revere Ware! Each of these kitchen jewels is so beautiful it makes the heart of a homemaker beat a little faster. But it's when you *use* it that you realize how "handsomely" Revere Ware performs. It is so easy to handle! It helps cut down food wastage, saves time and fuel. The Revere "waterless" cooking method brings new goodness to your favorite dishes. And, when you're done, Revere Ware is so easy to clean, to keep bright and mirror-like if you'll follow the directions . . . join the happy millions who will use nothing else. But get the *real* Revere Copper-Clad Stainless Steel Ware. Then you'll be sure of utensils which are practically indestructible, which will retain their beauty through years of hard wear, which resist pitting, staining, rusting, warping—in the long run, the most economical purchase you could make. Look for the trade mark and the words REVERE WARE on the thick copper bottom—the one thing imitators can't try to imitate. Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated, Rome Manufacturing Company Division, Rome, N. Y.



Ann Page Maypole Dessert

1 package Ann Page Sparkle Lime Gelatin Dessert
1 cup boiling water
1 cup pineapple juice and water
8 slices pineapple
6 maraschino cherries
Stick candy
Ribbons made of lettuce or cabbage

Add water to gelatin; stir 'til dissolved. Add pineapple juice and water. Chill 'til thickened. Cut 6 slices pineapple, reserve few pieces for garnish, and add. Chill 'til firm. Unmold on serving plate. Color 2 pineapple slices red with vegetable coloring. Place in center of plate, with candy stick in center of pineapple; arrange ribbons of lettuce from gelatin to candy as shown. Top with piece of pineapple and cherry. Add other decorations if desired. Serves 5.

**Recipe cost based on average price of ingredients in A&P Super Markets at press time.*



YOU'LL WIN PRAISE!

Mark the party month of May with this Merry Maypole Dessert, and you'll get a well-deserved chorus of cheers. But be sure to use Ann Page Sparkle Gelatin Dessert when you make it. Extra-good for plain dessert dishes as well as for fancy feasts, all Ann Page Sparkle Desserts rate a place of honor on your pantry shelf. Remember, Ann Page Foods are made by A&P in its own modern Ann Page food factories and brought directly to you, thereby eliminating many unnecessary marketing costs. You share in this saving when you buy Ann Page . . . *A&P's Finest.*



Strawberry Sundae *(10¢ a portion*)* is a festive dessert for all occasions . . . perfect for topping-off any meal. Prepare Ann Page Sparkle Mixture for Ice Cream Dessert according to easy package directions. Choose either Vanilla or Chocolate. Serve with crushed strawberries. Serves 5.



For Sparkle Cookie Layers *(8¢ a portion*)* prepare 1 pkg. Ann Page Sparkle Mixture for Pudding (Chocolate, Vanilla or Butterscotch) according to package directions. Cool. For each portion, spread pudding between 4 chocolate cookies and on top. Chill. Decorate if desired. Serves 7.

ANN PAGE FOODS

A&P's Finest

A&P

Among the quality-famous Ann Page Foods are also such favorites as Preserves, Beans, Prepared Spaghetti, Mayonnaise, Macaroni, Spaghetti, Salad Dressing, etc.

(Continued from Page 256)

butt after another behind the radiator in his cluttered office. When he left for the night, the janitor would come in with a pail to pick up the butts.

Vandenberg always wrote single-spaced, crowding the lines together and leaving about a half inch of white space at the top and bottom of his pages. The idea, apparently, was to economize on paper, but the principal result was to confuse the printers, who often dropped whole lines of his copy.

Outside the office Vandenberg became a civic leader, served on the Grand Rapids Charter Commission, was state Republican chairman at the age of thirty-two, and made speeches everywhere. As the paper grew and prospered, so did he. In 1928, when he entered the Senate, he sold his stock holdings in the Herald for $549,563, and invested in other enterprises. Today he is rated as one of the Senate's millionaires.

After World War I, Editor Vandenberg took an uncompromising anti-League and anti-Soviet Russia stand. A sampling of his editorials of the period reveals such headings as: "The Bolsheviki are Tottering" (1918); "Bolshevism is a Sinking Ship" (1919); "Shall Americans Fight in Arabia?" (1919—his answer then was that Americans certainly should not); and "Who Shall Order Us to War?" (1919—an attack on the League Covenant's famous Article XI). But he was all in favor of national prohibition. "We are parting with the deadliest enemy that ever attacked the home hearthstones," he wrote, when the Volstead Act was passed. And a few days later he added, "Prohibition has become a commonplace in Michigan. We no longer are in doubt concerning its success, and most of those among us who formerly prized an occasional sip or nip have forgotten the appetite."

> **Sydney Smith, in making an afternoon call, tripped on the doormat and fell full length into the drawing room. Unperturbed, he arose and, bowing to his hostess, remarked, "Here I am, notwithstanding."**

During the 1920 presidential campaign he hailed Warren G. Harding as "Just One of Us Folks." "With Harding at the helm, we can sleep nights," he wrote. The "sleep nights" theme was one of his favorites, and he repeated it often. "The American people know that President Coolidge is an honest, dependable, courageous, conscientious executive," he wrote in 1928. "They 'sleep nights' when he is in the White House."

As a conservative editor in a respectable Midwestern community, Vandenberg also deplored such aspects of the Jazz Age as Elmer Gantry, and the efforts of liberals to save Sacco and Vanzetti. He carried on a long campaign to legalize capital punishment in Michigan, but without success. At the time of the Ruth Snyder-Judd Gray executions in New York State he unburdened himself of some reflections on this subject which display his editorial style at its flamboyant peak.

"Society," he wrote, "owes nothing but extermination to such carnivorous animals, no matter how sorry they may be that they are trapped, and no matter what theoretical regeneration optimistic reformers might prophesy. Dregs are dregs. There is a point beyond which soft penology ceases to be a counterfeit of virtue and mercy gasps for breath."

"The Contributions of a Titan"

In 1921, aged 37, Vandenberg invaded the field of American history with a book called Alexander Hamilton, the Greatest American, which gave full release to his hero-worshiping nature, and to his addiction to complicated prose. Of Hamilton, who had supplanted Theodore Roosevelt as his No. 1 hero, he wrote:

"To epitomize his omniscient services, the contributions of a Titan, would be impossible. . . . But if the Recording Angel keeps books upon the lives of those who well serve both God and Humankind, the major entries in the index to the Hamilton Apocalypse must sketch the revelation of a genius so complex, a precocity so rare, a courage so pure, a determination so bold, a fidelity lofty, a motive so immaculate, a patriotism so selfless, and a service so transcendent that detail is unnecessary to complete the picture of a superlative American whose spirit should bring welcome benediction whenever it may be invoked in this or any other time."

Elsewhere in the book he mentioned "fundaments [*sic*] of American liberty," a spelling error which he had also made in editorials, and which his newspaper colleagues were inclined to blame on his cramped typewriting technique.

His book on Hamilton was not greeted with much praise from scholars; one reason being, no doubt, that he credited Hamilton with almost everything good that happened in the United States from the end of the Revolution to the duel with Aaron Burr. Nevertheless, he persisted in his research and soon brought out another volume called If Hamilton Were Here Today. In this he proved to his own satisfaction that if Hamilton had lived in the 1920's he would undoubtedly have suppressed strikes, collected the Allies' war debts in full, and frowned on any tampering with the Supreme Court or the Senate's right of unlimited debate and filibuster. In 1925 Vandenberg rounded out his historical studies with his book on the isolationist tradition, which has already been mentioned.

In the meantime he had become increasingly prominent in Michigan politics, and was regarded as a likely candidate for almost any office which the state had to offer. Frank Sparks, who was his successor as political reporter, and later editor, on the Herald, had considerable difficulty keeping him from running for all of them. "The first time he wanted to run for anything," Sparks once related, "was alderman of the old second ward. He asked me what I thought, and I found out that he could beat the man who was in there, and persuaded him to drop it. Then, later, he wanted to run for Congress, and I said, 'Let you wait and you'll be a senator instead. Next it was governor, and I said, 'Why do you want to get into that political backwater?' And after that, if he didn't get the idea of being lieutenant governor just because Harding had gone from the House to the Senate.

"Finally, when Senator Woodbridge Ferris was elected in 1922, I went to Van and said, 'Now's your chance; you can beat him in.' From then on, we went to work in earnest."

Ferris was a Democrat, and Sparks correctly foresaw that he would be weak in a year when a presidential election was held for the Republican tide of the 1920's was very strong. Just to be sure, however, Sparks secured from Gov. Fred Green a pledge that if Ferris should die in office, the governor would appoint Vandenberg in his place. And early in 1928 that happened.

The appointment gave Vandenberg a chance to enter the Senate immediately, and prepare his campaign for a full six-year term in the fall. Instead of taking a quiet back seat, as new senators are supposed to do, he barged right into a hot fight over the reapportionment of Congressional districts. This was an important issue in Michigan, which had been entitled to four extra seats since the 1920 census, and had never received them. Partly through Vandenberg's insistence the reapportionment bill passed and was carried out. Michigan was grateful, and re-elected him by a large majority.

In the process he had injured the sensibilities of some of the older senators, who sneered at him as a "Buster Brown" and "pouter pigeon." In fact, during the Hoover years Vandenberg was considered something of an insurgent. He usually voted with Borah, Nye and the troublesome "Young Turks" on the Republican side.

With the arrival of Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1933, he assumed a more "regular" col

(Continued on Page 260)

NEW International Harvester FREEZERS

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SAVES TIME!
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Better-more healthful too!











Meal-making's a joy . . . food-preserving's a snap . . . entertaining is easy—with your IH Freezer at hand! For this modern storehouse makes kitchen-activities cheerful instead of choreful! And your family can enjoy an endless variety of fresh, flavorful food . . . out-of-season favorites and delicacies all year 'round! Prepare meals weeks in advance and be ready when folks drop in, with a fabulous feast in no time at all! Yes, your IH Freezer serves you well, and it saves you plenty—in time, work, money! It's the modern way—convenience-*plus!*

This 4.2-cubic-foot freezer is petite in size to fit in anywhere, yet so plentiful in capacity, it holds all of 150 pounds of food! You'll use it constantly as a work-table, too, for its smooth enamel top provides extra kitchen table space! Streamlined cabinet, Dulux finish over Bonderite . . . welded, all steel construction for lifetime service . . . hermetically sealed insulation for positive efficiency . . . silent floating lid with "Finger-Tip" control for easy-action. Floor area required: 33 by 25¾ inches; table-top height, 36¼ inches.

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Wide, smooth ledge repels frost, helps seal cabinet.



"COLD-LOK"
Frigid coils on all four walls completely surround food.



"TIGHT-WAD"
Hermetically sealed unit; low-cost operation. 5-yr. warranty.



New! 8-cubic-foot IH Refrigerator

So spacious it has room to spare—with spare room in your kitchen! Load it with food . . . plan menus far ahead . . . save time and money! Better inside and out, with special IH efficiency-features for safe food storage, easy placement, extra convenience.

Extra-Large for Larger Families!

11.1-cubic-foot freezer—so roomy it freezes and stores 385 pounds of food, yet so streamlined it requires a mere 58 by 31½ inch floor area; height, 37¼ inches. It's a home-necessity the larger family simply can't do without! See it today!



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Name _____

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(Continued from Page 258)

tion. He saw, of course, that there was little use in fighting the early New Deal, but he showed something like a genius for picking out its weak spots. It was Vandenberg who pounced on the Florida Ship Canal and the Passamaquoddy tidal-power scheme—both pet Roosevelt projects—and ridiculed them out of existence. And it was Vandenberg, the expert on headlines and "punch lines," who coined the phrase "The New Ordeal," and fastened a savage nickname on the President—"Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde Park."

At the 1936 Republican convention, although he was determined not to run for Vice President on a ticket doomed to defeat, Vandenberg expressed the general feeling of the delegates when he said in a formal speech, "I belong to but one bloc and it has but one slogan: 'Stop Roosevelt.'"

In 1937, when the "court-packing" plan was first brought forward, Vandenberg saw at once that F.D.R. had made his greatest mistake. He organized the other Senate Republicans for battle and began writing what was to be the greatest and most devastating speech of his career. Every day, while sitting at his desk listening to others denounce the plan, he added another lengthy passage, until finally the speech had grown to the monstrous length of 80,000 words—as long as a fair-sized book. By that time the court plan had split the Democratic Party itself, and the obvious Republican strategy was to let the majority members fight with one another. With tender regret, Vandenberg decided that he had better suppress his speech. It now reposes in manuscript, along with many other documents of his career, in a vault at Grand Rapids.

He continued to harass the White House, however, as a member of the "isolationist bloc," along with Borah, Wheeler, Nye and La-Follette. In 1938 he voted against F.D.R.'s big Navy bill, sarcastically calling it a "super-super-Navy plan."

In one notable instance, however, he and the President reached agreement on a matter which was highly beneficial to the nation's bank depositors. In the early days of the New Deal Vandenberg brought up a plan which he had advocated before, for a Government guaranty of bank deposits up to a certain amount. At first Roosevelt frowned on the scheme, but he soon changed his mind, and it became the present Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. Vandenberg takes considerable pride in the fact that he is the daddy of the FDIC.

But it is his long record of straight down-the-line Republicanism and anti-New Deal activity before Pearl Harbor which appeals most strongly to the elders of his party, and gives him a definite advantage over the younger "internationalists," such as Harold Stassen.

"Some Things I Want to Do"

Vandenberg's first wife, the former Elizabeth Watson, died during World War I, leaving him with three young children. Two years later he married Hazel Whittaker, a feature writer for the Chicago Tribune whom he had known briefly at the University of Michigan. Close friends credit the present Mrs. Vandenberg with effecting several important changes in her husband's outward appearance. It was she who persuaded him to give up the horn-rimmed glasses and Paderewski haircuts which he affected during his early career as an editor. She also agitated successfully against his wearing Prince Albert coats at public affairs. "There was a time," one of his older newspaper friends, "when Van seemed to think that he was Daniel Webster."

Since they went to Washington nine years ago the Vandenbergs have lived on the same upper floor of the rambling, comfortable Wardman Park Hotel. Before the war they had seven rooms; after Pearl Harbor they cut this down to two (both bedrooms), and now they are back to five. But they do little entertaining or dining out. Vandenberg is too busy for that.

Every morning the senator rises a little before seven o'clock, drinks orange juice and milk for breakfast (he has to watch his weight, which is "around 200"), drives his own car, a Lincoln, to work, and is at his desk by eight. He is not finicky about food, though he always enjoys his wife's recipes for Yorkshire pudding and baked beans. At other times he would make a whole meal of mashed potatoes if she would let him. He is equally indifferent to all mechanical matters.

Once while he was still in Grand Rapids an employee rushed into his office at the Herald and said, "Do you know your car is parked outside with no gas and three flat tires?"

"O.K., John," said Vandenberg, "you're elected to see that it doesn't happen again."

The senator's daily schedule calls for nine to ten hours of solid work at the Capitol—committee hearings presiding over the Senate ("They're like a lot of bad boys," he told me. "You have to herd on 'em or they get into all kinds of mischief."), and office routine. His son Arthur, who is his able and discreet private secretary. When he returns home at 6 P.M. he usually brings more work for the evening. He tries to get through nine newspapers a day (two from Grand Rapids, two from Detroit, two from New York and three from Washington), and has practically no time for any other kind of reading. Twice a week he goes over his scrapbook, pasting in clippings about himself, and on Sundays he takes time for a crossword puzzle or a game of backgammon with his wife. He has never cared for physical exercise and he doesn't take any, except to walk the way upstairs (about 100 steps) from the basement garage to his hotel apartment.

He smokes all he likes, but his cigars are denicotinized—"sexless," he calls them. Only once in a great while—at the signing of an important peace treaty, perhaps—does he permit himself the luxury of a fine Havana.

This sounds like a rather limited existence and in the physical sense it is. A senator who has as many responsibilities as Vandenberg has and who takes them as seriously, has very little time to relax and enjoy himself outside of his job. One reason he does not want to be drawn into the presidential campaign—and he is quite sincere about this—is that he feels he is working about as hard as he can already.

"There are some things I want to do before they put me in a wheel chair or a little pine box," he told me. "I want to go back to Grand Rapids and write a couple of books that I have started. I have all the material stored away there. Then I'd like to write a book about my own experiences here in Washington under four different Presidents. I think I have some interesting things to say about that. It would be fun to do it."

"But what if you're drafted and have to run for President?" I asked.

"That *wouldn't* be fun," said the senator, shrugging his big shoulders. "And besides, I'm not a candidate." THE E

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Eden

BY L. R. LIND

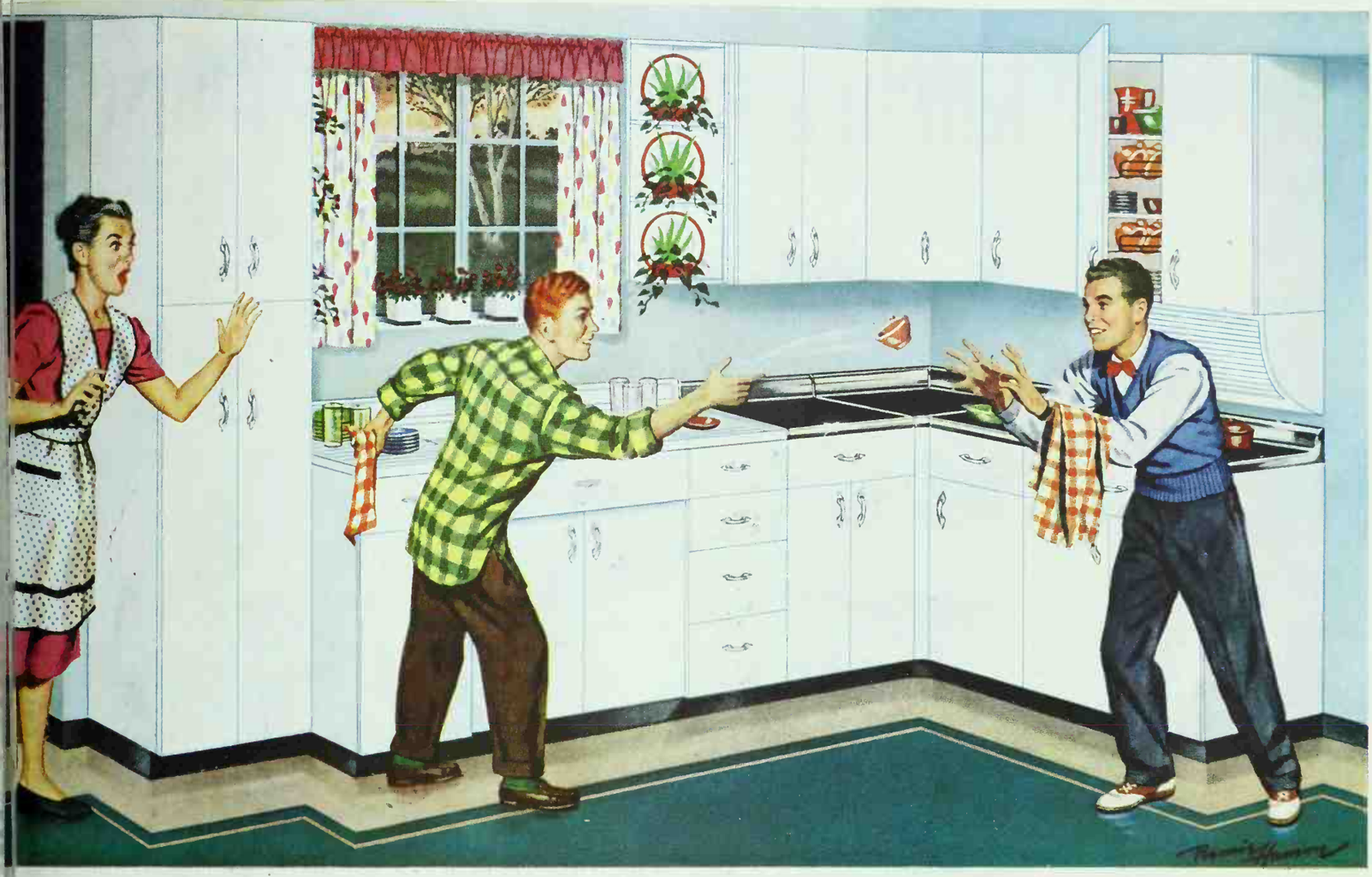
I would have you whisper
Of moons behind the door,
Of poplar trees and tulips
And many more.

And then of shady houses
Upon a sunny street;
You, with crinkled apron
And tardy feet,

Standing on the doorstep,
Breathing Eve's command,
Holding crimson apples
In one small hand.

I would have you whisper
As you used to do:
"This is for the paper boy,
And this for you."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



The work-savingest kitchen you ever saw . . . complete with acres of work surface, caverns of cabinets to make supplies stay put, and a gorgeous 66" twin-bowl Youngstown Kitchenaider cabinet sink. Every unit is sturdy, white-enameled *steel* (swooshes clean with damp cloth). Just *find* a place here where you could waste a step. Youngstown designers know their kitchens! And Youngstown prices pamper a budget. The Youngstown Kitchen above, installed complete, is yours for as little as $17.10 a month on most budget plans, including financing through your dealer or bank. See your Youngstown dealer today.

Princely kitchens at pin-money prices



Gorgeous Youngstown 48" twin-bowl Kitchenaider cabinet sink has 11" *extra-deep* second bowl, rinse spray, swing-removable drainboard. Giant compartments, cutlery drawer, sliding shelf, too. For extra utility, add a new Mullinaider, automatic waste-disposer unit shown below.

LOOK like something out of your dreams . . . ? No wonder! A Youngstown Kitchen *is* a dream . . . a stunning, scrumptious, all-steel beauty that only the leader could make.

Gorgeous as it is, the kitchen above doesn't begin to show how easily you can arrange Youngstown units to *any* floor area in new house or old . . . neat and trim and slick as the whistle of joy you'll make when you hear the pin-money price. For kitchen ideas by the score, see your Youngstown dealer today. Specify Youngstown Kitchens to your builder, too.

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Mullinaider, automatic waste-disposer unit, grinds away food scraps. Turn on cold water, flip Mullinaider switch and whisk waste down sink drain. (The Mullinaider is sold as extra equipment.)



Close-up of swinging mixing-faucet and speedy rinse spray featured on all Youngstown Kitchenaiders. Spray reaches all parts of sink top. A boon for dishwashing. Wonderful for rinsing all vegetables, too.

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GET THIS EXCITING BOOKLET! 20 pages featuring 22 beautiful Youngstown Kitchens in color. Also details of all Youngstown units and helpful tips on arranging your kitchen, whether you plan to modernize or build. Just send coupon with 10c in cash. Sorry, no stamps.

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Dept. L-548, Warren, Ohio

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I plan to remodel ☐ I plan to build ☐



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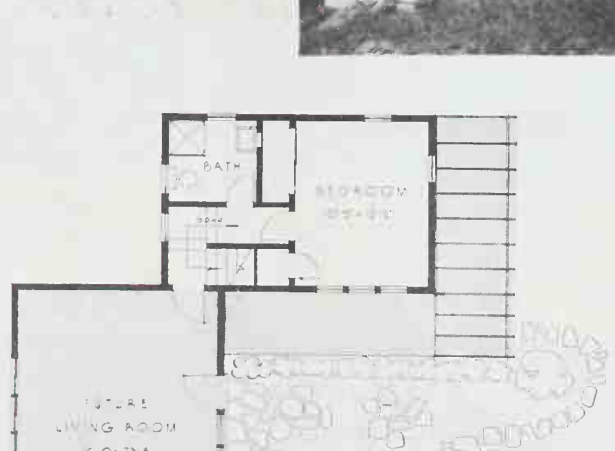
COUNTY _____ STATE _____ ★

Bachelor Kitchen in a Week-End House





Stripped of porches and wings, the small central rectangle of the old house forms the main portion of a week-end house that will gr



Future living room will join house at level halfway between upper and lower floors.

I WAS very much pleased to visit the small country week-end ho which Hal Williams was remodeling, for I had especially liked the h day house he designed for the JOURNAL a few years ago. Now that JOURNAL was planning the kitchen in his house, I drove over the gr spring hills to see it for myself.

Here was a designer remodeling a not very inspiring old house inst of building a new one. *Why?* I wondered, but soon learned that Hal found this the most practical thing to do at this time. There are many vantages in rebuilding rather than building an entirely new house to Materials and labor are scarce, and it takes a longer period to build a house than it used to. Better lumber than can be bought today is o found in a house built long before the war. When you strip down ever ugly house and remodel, you have a sound nucleus for the new home, you can begin living in it usually before the rebuilding job is comp

PHOTOS BY STUART-WILLIAMS

l Williams' bachelor kitchen invites friendly kibitzing as week-end fare is served forth. Equipment is compact but complete for a one-wall kitchen.

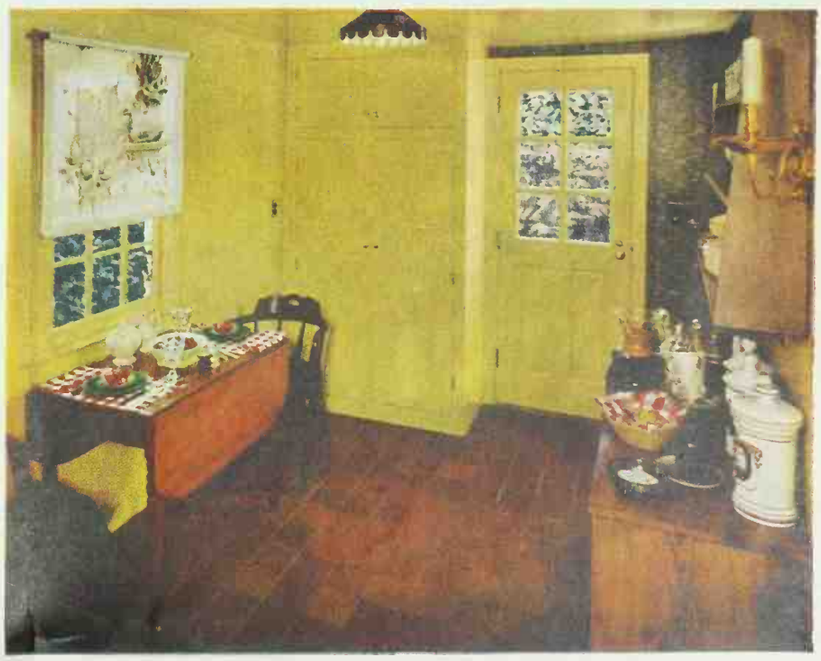
BY GLADYS TABER

hen I like the fact that you have the natural advantage of established setting around the house. Trees and shrubs and ers have been settled there and growing for some time; you 't have that raw look.

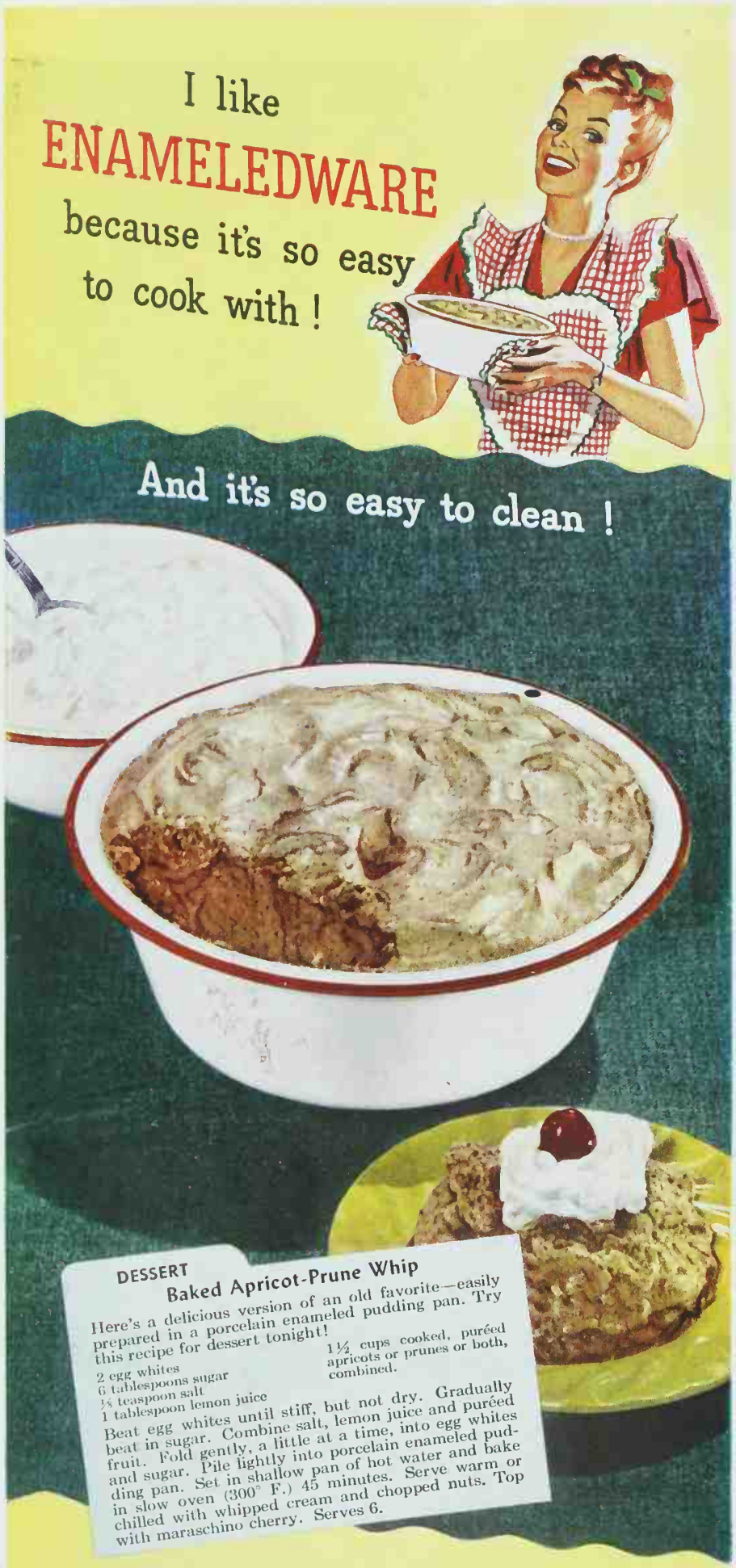
lso, there are many small houses still available here and there he country which, with care and imagination, can be made over t something worth while, at relatively low cost.

lal Williams found his tiny week-end house that will grow, near gh the city for week ends and vacation, and yet set in the deep ds on a wandering country road, cool and shadowy in summer. s small enough to make a practical house for a bachelor, but to expand for later increased usefulness.

front one-room wing and porch which had undoubtedly been d to the original structure were removed, leaving a small



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but sound central rectangular unit of good proportion, such as may be found in small shabby houses in many parts of the country. This was big enough to provide living quarters until such time as a large living room could be added advantageously.

By lining up the windows and adding new ones, the character of the house was changed from a traditional small run-down farmhouse into what easily could be mistaken for one of modern design. The good line of the roof remained the same, although the house had to be reroofed. In keeping with the modern look, the house was painted a very pale tint of green, lovely against the dark green of the woods and the soft gray of outcropping rock ledges.

The living room, when it is added, will extend back of the house at right angles to the main portion and at a level halfway between the floors of the main part of the house. This means the kind of room where the outdoors seems to come right in on all sides, and where it is only a step to the natural rock ledge for outdoor entertaining.

The present house is wonderfully adapted to week-end use as it is. There are an ample bedroom with large closet space and a bath on the top floor, and a bath and small guest room-study on the lower floor beside the kitchen.

Which brings us to the kitchen, and a kitchen of special interest to anyone who has a small house, or who plans expansion later on. This kitchen will be the center of living for host and guests until remodeling is completely finished. So there had to be room for indoor relaxing on rainy days, an eating center, and in general an atmosphere of comfort. In short, I thought, a kitchen that does not look kitcheny!

A kitchen in any house used for vacation fun sets up special requirements. Outdoor life makes people hungry, but nobody wants to spend a lot of time cooking. Everything should be compact, usable and arranged for rapid cleanups.

The basic plan of this kitchen, therefore, provided for the business portion along one end of the room. A one-wall kitchen leaves more free area for eating and living. And keeps the cooking and serving separate.

Under the window which overlooks the dreamy country road, a compact sink-cabinet was installed. Most of the cooking utensils can be stored here, and the metal sink bowl is placed to allow as much counter space on each side as possible.

THERE was just room enough for a small but efficient range and a refrigerator, with a useful tray rack to fill in the last few inches. The tray rack was placed so the refrigerator door swings easily wide open, and the sliding drawers and shelves inside can be used to advantage.

A counter and cabinet between range and refrigerator would have been extra help; but after all, in week-end use the space is not so important as in a full-time three-meal-a-day kitchen.

A high cabinet over the refrigerator and range holds staple foods. Too high for me, but not bad for a man to reach. A light and metal spice rack handy to the range, and well-placed towel racks at left of the sink keep the essentials for meal-getting together

WHEN it is too cool to eat outdoors, or th rain is falling, meals are served at the drop leaf table under the side window. I love th Captain's chairs, for they do not take up to much room in this small kitchen and yet the are as comfortable to sit in as living-roo chairs. They have the charm of the antiqu but are sturdy and practical for a room many uses. For extra guests, there are stoo which take up very little room and are eas to shift about.

On the opposite wall are a grouping open shelves and a fine handmade dresser old wood. Cups, saucers, mugs and glass find room on the shelves; table silver, lin and dishes are kept below in the dresser. the dresser top old apothecary jars are qui at home with a mo ern coffee maker, a still there is room the bachelor or l friends to carve t meat or toss a sala

The unusual fe ture about this wal thought, is that it decorative enough give the kitchen t beauty of a livi room, and yet no ing there is withe practical use.

Just inside the d to the terrace led inconspicuous but i portant closets w built for basic s plies and clean equipment. The supply closet can stocked for the sea with canned staple foods, so we end meals can started without t tiresome Frid night shopping. even when the h is finished, the cle ing closet will b mid-point, easy to

The kitchen planned with a cial eye to mascu care. The floor is able, easily clea tile; the walls painted except f small section b the stair well w continues the p on the stair-well a lovely but prac bookbinding pap soft green and b

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

From a Country Kitchen

Breakfast Sonnet

BY LOUISE OWEN

When we wake up, the kitchen
wakens too;
Stretches, and stirs, and grows
articulate.
The kindled fire sings in the
simmering grate;
The stove expands as warmth goes
creeping through.
Teakettle murmurs, shouts, begins
to clap
Its dancing lid; and busy coffee
climbs
In hurrying amber fountains; from
the tap,
Water exclaims in intermittent
chimes.

Its first exuberance gone, fire
steadies down
To coals; teakettle breathes a silent
feather;
Hot bacon sputters one last word;
Toast interjects a note that's crisp
and brown.
And clattering chairs draw
tableward together,
To sound the great, resolving
breakfast chord.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

and blue pattern. The windows are ur tained, but gay and colorful designs h painted on the shades eliminate the look.

This country week-end house, like r rural homes, is removed from city gas light systems. A small home electric g ator supplies electricity for lights and o tion of the water pump. Gas from a tar stalled outside the house furnishes coo and refrigeration fuel and heat for the water system. Eventually a small oil b to be placed in the utility room will pr heat so the house will be both comfor and convenient in its rural setting.

For the kind of hearty week-end brea men enjoy, this kitchen makes the co and serving easy and casual. The sprin shines in on good fare—country ham, l scrambled eggs and toasted muffins. F of strong black coffee.

I never saw the kitchen in the or house, as that was torn down, but imagine that the change of character i more marked in the kitchen than in the itself. Certainly this is a kitchen to almost any week end memorable!

THI

Gibson

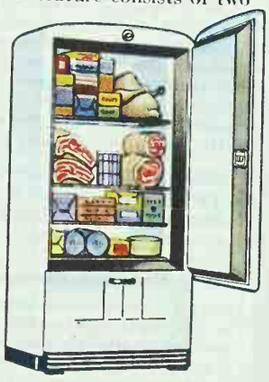
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ble feature

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"WE'RE ALL HOME FOR DINNER"

(Continued from Page 227)

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Menu 5

Approximate cost, $2.10. Serves 4.

***Flank-Steak Rolls**
Baked Potatoes and Carrots
Bread and Spread
Raw-Vegetable Relish
***Caramel-Tapioca Cream**
Milk for Children
Coffee for Adults

Flank-Steak Rolls

Have a small flank steak weighing 1½ pounds scored at the market. Cut a ½-pound piece salt pork into ½-inch strips or use ¼ pound sliced bacon. Place the strips down center of steak lengthwise. Roll the meat around the pork or bacon and skewer tightly with skewers placed at 1½-inch or 2-inch intervals along the roll. Slice between the skewers. Dip the rolls in flour and brown them slowly and thoroughly in a little shortening. Arrange in roaster. Season well with salt and pepper. Add 3 onions, sliced, ½ green pepper, chopped, and a pinch of basil. Pour 1 cup canned tomatoes over the rolls. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1½ hours or until meat is tender. Remove to hot platter; take out the skewers. Pour off excess fat. Thicken the gravy, adding a little extra water. Pour gravy over meat.

Bake potatoes and carrots in oven at the same temperature. Add a small amount of water, margarine and seasonings to carrots and bake them covered.

Caramel-Tapioca Cream

Heat 2 tablespoons margarine and ¾ cup brown sugar slowly. Stir until it bubbles and sugar slightly caramelizes. Don't let it burn. Add 2 cups milk and 2 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca. Cook over low heat until tapioca is transparent. Pour onto 2 slightly beaten egg yolks, stirring constantly. Add ¼ teaspoon salt. Cook in double boiler and stir occasionally until thickened. Remove from heat. Beat 2 egg whites stiff. Add ¼ cup brown sugar, a tablespoon at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold into pudding and add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cool.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Menu 6

Approximate cost, $1.54. Serves 4.

***Deviled Baked-Fish Fillets**
Spinach—Parsley Rice
Celery and Radishes
Bread and Spread *Baked Peaches
Milk for Children
Coffee for Adults

Deviled Baked-Fish Fillets

Mix ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper into ¼ cup flour. Dip washed fillets of haddock, cod or flounder (1 pound) in the flour. Place on bottom of shallow greased baking dish. Spread thinly with prepared mustard and lay thin slices of onion over the fish. Dot with margarine. Pour 1 cup milk over all and bake 20 minutes in a hot oven (400° F.). Lift out of baking dish with wide spatula or pancake turner. Serve with parsley rice and freshly cooked spinach. Garnish with lemon.

Baked Peaches

Arrange peach halves cup side up in baking dish. Sprinkle with nutmeg, a little sugar and some stale cake or cooky crumbs. Dot with margarine. Pour part of the peach sirup in the bottom of the dish and bake while you bake the fish. THE END

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THE LAND IS SLEEPING

(Continued from Page 63)

"Nah, Anton," she chided him as she gently released herself and said something more to him in a foreign language. She smiled at me. "Is six years old," she explained. "But yet like a baby." She turned to Lem. "You fix for the lady. No? I got plenty time."

Her eyes traveled to the racks which held other farm tools—shovels, spades, pitchforks, rakes. I expostulated, saying I was in no hurry and would wait my turn. As Lem leaned against the counter, I saw that he was in one of his talkative moods.

"This here is Mrs. Vozech," he said to me. "She's taken over Dave Stebbins' place."

He waited for me to make a comment, but before I could express the surprise he anticipated, Marya broke in.

"Is wonderful! No? We have a house in the country and land to grow things. Twenty-seven acres, Mr. Stebbins tell me."

I looked at Lem and Lem looked at me. We knew Dave Stebbins' place. For twenty years it had stood, deserted and forlorn, on a rutted, washed-out, blind-alley road. It was picturesque if your eyes could find beauty in sagging chimneys and doorways, in broken windows, rotting clapboards and tottering porch. It may have been a good house when it was built, but neglect for many decades had turned it into a grim hag of a ruin. Even New Yorkers going in for restoring old property shuddered when they looked at it.

"Did you buy the place?" I asked Marya.

"No," she answered. "Mr. Stebbins say we can live there for nothing. I buy it later."

"She's figurin' on growin' things there," Lem interrupted. "I've told her it's hopeless. You'd need a tractor and bulldozer to turn that soil. Mostly stones, anyhow."

MARYA'S hands reached out to the tool racks again. "An ax I need. Also a shovel. And this." Her hand touched a brush scythe. "And for after, those." She pointed to a spade, a pitchfork, a sickle. She looked up at me. "Already I buy the things to plant." She nodded toward a large bag on the counter. "Potatoes, onions, cabbages, carrots. We live good this year."

She smiled shyly at Lem, as though asking him for confirmation of her words. But Lem, in the honesty of his soul, could not give it to her.

"It's a losing fight," he said to her. "It's a shame to waste your money on the seed."

"I don't lose," Marya answered quietly. "You see." She fumbled in the folds of her shawl and extracted a worn change purse. "How much I owe you for everything?"

He figured the sum quickly, with a look of embarrassment on his face. Besides the seed for planting, she had bought a peck of potatoes, a bag of flour, a pound of coffee and two cans of evaporated milk. Lem said the whole thing came to $2.78. I suspect it was more. An inaudible sigh escaped her lips as she counted out the money. I could see there was very little left in the purse when she closed it. Her transaction was over, but she could not bring herself to leave the tools she coveted. She touched the ax and the scythe handle with a caressing movement of her fingers.

"Is beautiful," she said to me.

"Yes," I answered uncomfortably.

"You have something to keep them sharp?" she asked Lem.

"Well, sure," he answered. "Sure."

"How much it cost?"

"I'll throw that in with the stuff when you buy it," he replied.

"Is good to begin early," she said. "Is much to do. The land is all choked up."

"That land is dead, Mrs. Vozech."

"No," she said softly. "Is sleeping under. I wake it up. When we come last week, the house is dead too. But we clean it and now is alive. Is the same with land. Needs good strong hands."

She paused for a moment as though listening to her own words, and a frown of concentration gathered on her wide brow.



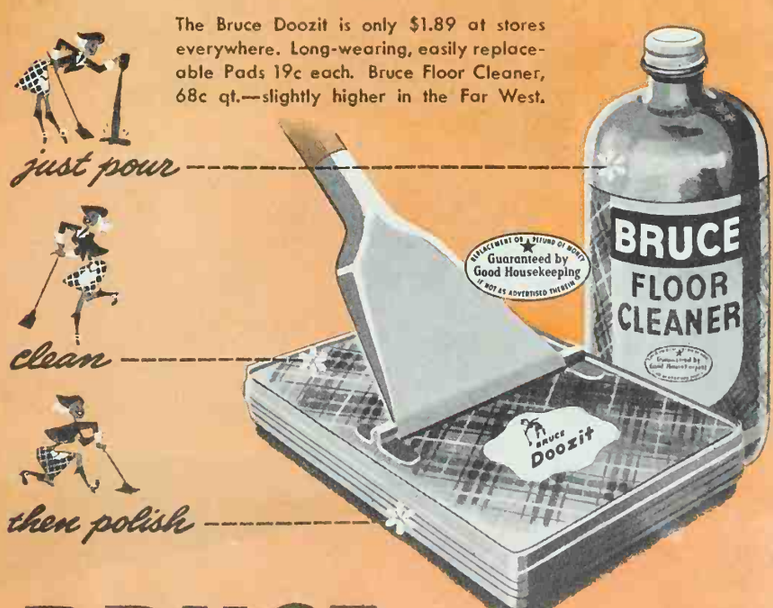
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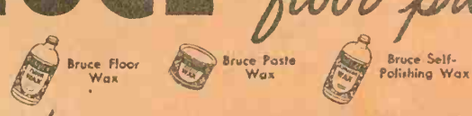
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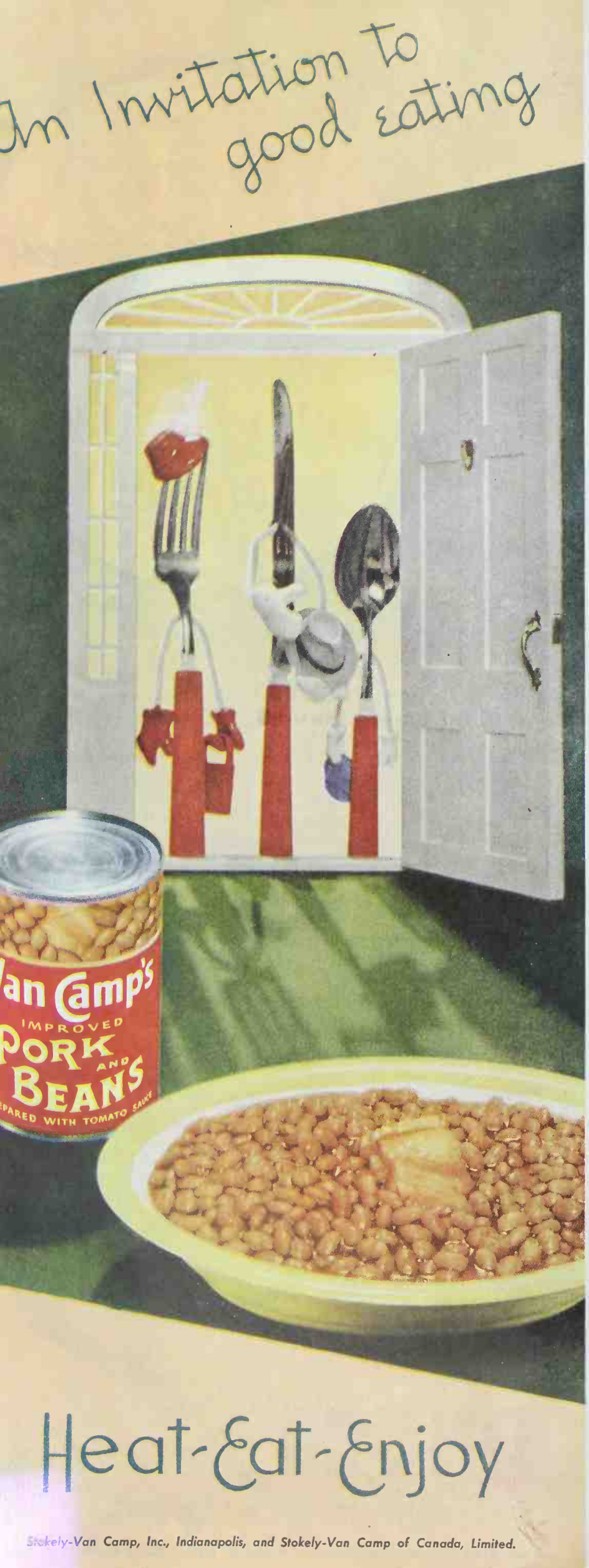
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"Excuse me, please," she said to Lem, in sudden decision. "But you are married?"

"Shucks, yes," said Lem, his blue eyes showing his surprise at her question.

"Good," commented Marya. "Your wife have a clean house?"

Lem looked at me in complete bewilderment and I answered for him. "Mrs. Gaylord's house is spotless," I declared.

Marya's face fell. "Is too bad," she said, and her voice went dead. "I think, maybe, I clean for your wife," she explained to Lem, "and you pay me with the things what I need. First, the ax."

"Look," I said, "I could use somebody for my spring cleaning. So could others in this town. When could you come?"

"I come right away. Now," she answered, her face alight. "Maybe I make enough to buy the ax. No?"

"We'll start tomorrow," I declared. "And you can take the ax now. I'll pay for it and take it off from what I'll owe you."

Marya's eyes were wide with triumph as she looked at Lem. "We take it now," she said. "And you give me the thing to keep it sharp, like you say. No?"

Lem's lean, lined face was stern as he lifted the ax off the rack. He put it on the counter and then, in turn, he picked up the scythe, the shovel, the spade, the pitchfork, the hoe, the sickle, and placed them beside the ax. He looked around and added a few other things—a rake, a watering pot and a hand trowel. Marya watched him with amazement as he piled them on the counter.

"No," she expostulated. "Only the ax. I buy the other things later."

"Three can play the game, as well as two," he answered. "You can pay for them when you have the money."

"Oh, no," whispered Marya, and I could see the effort it cost her to say it. "Is not right. I must pay for what I take."

"Sure," agreed Lem. "I'm not making you a present. You get your cleaning jobs and pay me when you have the cash."

Seeing the unbelief and doubt in her eyes he added, "Shucks, everybody around here buys things on credit. It's a good American custom."

Her eyes wide, Marya turned to me. "Is true? Is American like that?"

"Certainly," I answered. "We all owe money to Mr. Gaylord."

"America," said Marya. She breathed the word as though it were a prayer.

"Tell you what," added Lem. "When you find out you're licked by the job, you can return these things to me for half the price. How's that?"

Marya's lips set in a grim line. She seemed to grow several inches as she faced him. "You never get those things back." There was iron in her voice. "I buy more after."

LEM shook his head as he went to work making out the bill for Marya. She took it from him and folded it carefully into her purse. Then she lifted the ax and the scythe and hefted them over her shoulder.

"These I take now. I come back later with the children for the other things."

"You're not going to lug those home yourself, together with your groceries?" I asked.

"Oh, is all right," Marya assured me. "I carry these, and the other things we put in the little wagon." She indicated a child's cart standing beside her and began piling it up with her purchases. "Anton help me pull. He is strong, like me. Eh, Anton?"

The boy nodded in happy agreement.

"But it's over two miles," I argued.

"Sure," agreed Marya. "Is nothing. Is good roads. Better than the old country."

"Don't go," I said. "I've got my station wagon outside. If you'll wait until I get my groceries, I'll give you a lift to your house. Besides," I added, seeing signs of protest in her eyes, "we've got to talk about your cleaning job."

The old Stebbins place looked even worse than I remembered it. Weeds were growing up to the doors and windows, the fences wer down, the fields were stifled with brush. Bu there was smoke coming out of a crooke chimney and there was bedding airing on th sagging porch. Against the wall of the hous was propped a large, framed portrait of swarthy man with a luxuriant mustache.

Marya laughed as she introduced me t him. "This is my husband, Jan. I put hi on the porch so he can see the wonderfu land we have."

Three little girls came out of the hous while she was speaking. The oldest wa about twelve; the youngest, four.

"Elena, Marya and Lisa," Marya intro duced them.

"Helen, Mary and Louise," the one sh had called Elena corrected her, and Mary nodded gravely.

"SURE. And Anthony. Always I forget. I good you remind me." She turned to me "You come in, please, and have a cup c coffee. Is first time we have a visitor. Is good.

I went through the crooked doorway int the large farmhouse kitchen. There wasn much in the way of furniture—a stove, couple of old tables, a few chairs. But wha there was, was immaculate. The window had been washed, the wide, cracked floo boards and the woodwork scrubbed clea In honor of the occasion, Marya brought ou a fringed red tablecloth and spread it lov ingly over the table.

"Is from the old country," she explaine to me. "Is nice for company. No?"

"What brought you to Connecticut?" asked her when we had settled down to th strong black coffee which she had brewe

"Jan always want t come. He say America a wonderful country. Bu he has no money and ashamed to ask for hel When Jan die, I write t my brother Josef and h bring us. Two years w are here already."

"Your brother lives i Connecticut?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she replied "Josef, he live in Ne York. He is a waiter in a restauran He got a wife and two children. They hav four rooms in a big house with a lotta peopl But is not America."

"What do you mean?" I queried.

Marya wrinkled her brows, seeking som way to make me understand. "Is not Ame ica," she continued, after a long momen "Is not what Jan talk about. Is no trees, no sky, is no land. Is no place to grow thing to eat. The children stay in the street Josef get me some cleaning jobs, but I a afraid all the time to leave the childre Anton and Lisa are so small. Then Josef g me a janitor job where I can stay home a the time. We have three rooms downstair Is dark and it smell bad. Is no good. I thir we make a big mistake to come to Americ Then I meet Mr. Stebbins. You know him?"

"Yes," I said. "I used to know Dav Stebbins."

Dave had always been a misfit in the cou try and had simply locked the door of h house and walked out the day after h mother's funeral. What he did in New Yo I never knew until Marya told me.

"Mr. Stebbins work for a wet-wash lau dry," she informed me. "He pick up dirt clothes in a truck and he bring them bac clean. He live in the same house where I a a janitor. One day he tell me about th house and he say we can come here f nothing. He bring us out here in the we wash truck last Sunday. His boss say is a right." She looked around the room wit a deep, possessive glance. "Is wonderfu Someday, we buy this house."

She talked in her limping English of rai ing chickens, of buying a pig, perhaps a co later on. She put her hand on the should of the little boy who stood leaning against h knee.

"Is good for children to have milk a eggs," she explained. "You help me, Anto No?" she said to him. He nuzzled again

(Continued on Page 270)

I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

For tender light-as-air pie crust every time

LET LUCKIE MAKE THE PIE





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Paradise Shoes

BRAUER BROS. SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS 8, MO. • WRITE FOR NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

(Continued from Page 268)

her like a puppy. "They good children," she went on. "They help me with the land."

"You're going to send them to school, aren't you?" I asked her, a little aghast at her plans for them.

"Sure," she said. "Tomorrow they begin. Is all fixed. The bus take them. But they work after they come home. We all work."

She nodded encouragingly at them and they responded with eager smiles.

"Lisa—excuse, Louise, I mean—is too young for school, but not too young to plant potatoes," she added, looking at her youngest. "I plant potatoes when I am small like her." The thought of Louise made her frown. "Is all right I bring her with me tomorrow to your house? She don't make noise."

I assured her that Louise would be no trouble and left.

Before many weeks had passed, Marya had become a fixture in the homes of several of my friends. Lem, also, had recommended her to some of his customers. She was a marvelous worker, with an enormous pride in accomplishment. She washed and ironed curtains, she polished silver, she dusted furniture and waxed floors with a passion for perfection. The four-year-old Louise became a problem only in the sense that I felt guilty about the work her mother made her do. Marya would place a stack of books on the floor and show the child how to dust them. Or she would give her a cloth and tell her to wipe the window sills and corners of the room. When I expostulated, Marya would argue with me:

"Is no more hard work than to play. Later, when it get warm, you give her something to do in the sun. That make her strong."

But it was not the eight hours that Marya put in five days a week at the various households that filled me with respect and admiration for her; it was what went on at the Stebbins place before and after her regular working hours. When I came to fetch Marya at eight in the morning, she had already put in several hours of work on the land; and in the afternoons, when I brought her back, her three children, returned from school busy with hoe or rake in the larg den patch that Marya had staked Where there had been brush and cl weeds, there was now a smooth expa brown earth sifted by little hands int bearing soil.

"I do the work with the ax and sp fore I go to clean," Marya explained "and the children make it soft after. T stones they leave for me."

With the few implements she had, s she dug, she harrowed, she manured. was not the cold steel that woke th that Marya said had been sleeping; Marya's yearning tenderness for its fe Once, I remember, when I was taki home, she made me stop the car su She had seen a heap of horse manure road and couldn't bear to have it go to She wrapped it in an old newspap found in the back seat and held it in l all the way home. Her apology to n not for the burden she carried, but fo ing me on the road for the few min took her to collect her find.

Saturdays and Sundays were da loved, for then there was nothing to fere with her labors. She was in her soon after the first spears of sunlight night into day, and she did not leave i the last glow had sunk behind the h Like a general commanding an arm assigned projects to her helpers. To the eldest, fell the task of housewo cooking; to the others, definite ch hoeing and weeding the long, straigh of potatoes, onions, cabbages and c Though she had never read a book in l Marya knew the essentials of psycl She knew the value of commendati encouragement, of turning labor into citing game, of stopping work for a t cookies or lemonade when she saw th of fatigue. Nor did she scold when tl dren, attracted by a toad or a rabbit antics of a chattering squirrel, slippe while into their natural world of play

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BESTFORM ~ GIRDLES · BRAS · ALL-IN-ON

ach week when I came to Marya's place, pped to marvel at the magic of hands had turned an angry wilderness into a of fruitfulness. The varying tints of a rose fair and fresh above the cool, dark, thing earth.

was I who suggested to Marya that she her vegetables at Lem Gaylord's har- fair. To call it a fair is a little extrava-, perhaps, but that was Lem's word for Ie liked to think he was in competition the Danbury Fair, and it gave him a of satisfaction that he held his two s earlier. Every September, Lem ed the rear of his store for the display oducts that had been grown from seed ants bought from him. A committee of farmers from the state Grange were udges, and the prizes anything on Lem's es or counters, up to alue of five dollars. petition, though keen, always friendly and nborly. Rivals for s for potatoes or corn abbages would slap another on the back and chaff one ier about the size and quality of their es.

rya was at first reluctant to enter the etition, partly out of shyness and partly f an unwillingness to let any of her hed vegetables out of sight. To her, meant food, and food belonged in the for winter's keeping. It was Helen, velve-year-old, who persuaded Marya. e boys and girls at school were talking the fair, she said, and she wanted to in something that was as near a game knew. She didn't say it that way, but I heard her pleading with her mother lzed to what an extent she had missed mradeship and the interests of those of vn years.

rya must have sensed it, too, for in ng she added, "Don't worry, Elena. lay we don't work so hard."

I helped Marya choose and arrange her vegetables when the day for bringing them to Lem's arrived. We scrubbed the potatoes and carrots, we washed the onions. All of them were of a size and shape to bring pride to any grower's heart. But it was the cabbage that was breath-taking—an enormous ball of crisp, flawless green leaves, tightly packed around a firm core of white. Marya washed it under the kitchen pump and then shook it.

"I don't dry it," she said, standing off to look at it. "Is wonderful with the drops of water on it. Is like in the morning, with the dew. You think Mr. Gaylord let me put water on it tomorrow?"

"I think he will," I said, touched by her feeling for beauty.

If you can find pleasure in the little things of life, the big ones will never pass you by.

Marya again looked at her cabbage and then went to a cupboard and brought out a red-checkered napkin. "Is for company," she explained, "but it look nice under the cabbage. Like a party. I show it like that."

Just as we were ready to leave for Lem Gaylord's store, I remembered that Marya's exhibit had no card, telling who the owner was. I was just going to print "Marya Vozech" on the bit of cardboard she brought me when she said, "'Family Vozech.' That what you write on the card." I hesitated for a moment, knowing it was unusual, but finally wrote it as she wanted it.

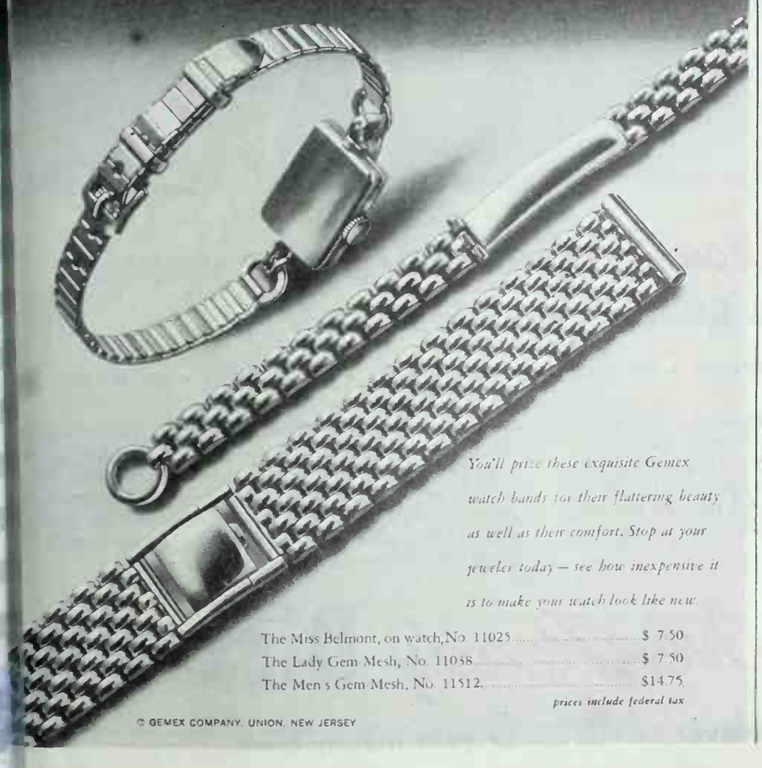
Lem's blue eyes opened wide with unbelief when we put the baskets on his counter. It was a little over six months since the day when he had tried to discourage Marya from trying to do anything on Dave Stebbins' land. He looked at Marya standing small and shy but deeply triumphant beside me, and he looked at the vegetables she had brought.

"Well, I'll be danged!" he declared at last, and then, feeling the need for greater expression, added, "I'll be double-danged!"

(Continued on Page 273)

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Ballard OvenReady Biscuits

Best you ever tasted . . . or your money back

(Continued from Page 271)

wonderful. No?" asked Marya.
's a miracle!" said Lem. "Hank Met-
l have a job matching that head of cab-
Hank grows the best cabbage around
Been getting the prize for heaven
how many years."
ook of doubt crossed Marya's face.
be is bad I bring my cabbage," she
Lem. "Maybe this Mr. Hank don't
."
on't be foolish, woman," Lem de-
. "Hank's a fair man and cabbages is
ges." He chuckled. "I reckon his wife
like it much if he don't get the prize.
got her eyes on some aluminum pots."
m I see the cabbage what Mr. Hank
'" asked Marya.
e ain't brought it in yet," answered
"There's other cabbages here, but
lon't stand a chance against this one.
it, Mrs. Vozech, prize or no prize, you
to be mighty proud of this specimen.
. Didn't think my seeds had it in 'em."
anks," said Marya. "I am very
"
fingered the potatoes, the carrots and
ions in a state of wonderment, shaking
d all the time, but his appreciation of
bbage was boundless. Made coura-
by his approval and admiration,
asked him to wet it down before the
g tomorrow.
re," said Lem. "I always sprinkle the
vegetables with water. Makes 'em
alive."
anks," said Marya again.
vo o'clock tomorrow," Lem called after
ve made our way out.

STREET was crowded with people and
hen I drove in with Marya and her
the next day. It was Saturday after-
t was the day of Lem's fair. The whole
was out. I left my passengers in front
's store and went on to find a place
.
u see us inside," Marya called after
go in to look at my cabbage."
d a little difficulty in finding her when
ned. The aisles of Lem's store were
with laughing, talking men, women
ildren. There was an air of festivity
ighborliness in the place that was
warming. At the rear of the store, on
rs covered with green tissue paper,
nged the exhibits, impressive tributes to the age-old partnership between man and nature. They shone in splendor under the bright lights that Lem had provided for this occasion. Their colors ranged through all the hues of the rainbow, from the delicate yellow of bleached celery to the deep tones of purple beets. Within the small space of Lem's store was packed a microcosm of the country's rich bounty.

This is America, I thought, looking at the rewards of patient toil, the gnarled hands, the weather-beaten, smiling faces.

MARYA'S voice brought me out of my reverie. "Is beautiful," she whispered to me. "It make me ashamed I do so little. Next year we plant corn and beans and tomatoes. Lotta things."

"You've done plenty," I declared. "How's the Vozech cabbage?"

"Good," she replied. "But I don't get no prize. Mr. Hank Metcalfe bring three. They are wonderful."

"Better than yours?" I asked.

"No. Like mine. But three." She smiled tremulously. "Is all right," she added. "Is wonderful to be here."

Promptly at two, Lem took his place at a table set up on a platform and pounded a gavel. With jocular remarks about their virtues, he introduced the three judges. The first item to come up was corn. There were fourteen contestants. Each man brought his entry to the table and placed it with his card before the experts. There was a hush as the three men conferred over size, weight, color and whatever else was important in their decision. A shout went up as Lem announced the judges' choice, a batch of Golden Bantam corn grown by Matt Edwards. Matt came forward sheepishly but proudly to claim his award. It was part of the fun at Lem's fair that each winner had to call out what he wanted as his prize.

"What'll you have, Matt?" asked Lem. "Anything in this emporium up to five dollars."

"I'll let the missus decide," said Matt.

"Fair enough," said Lem as a wave of laughter filled the place. "What'll it be, Mrs. Edwards?"

"A pair of overalls for Matt. And a pair of rubber gloves for me. I'll take credit on the rest."

Again a wave of laughter filled the store, and then Lem went on to the pumpkin contest. After the pumpkins came potatoes,





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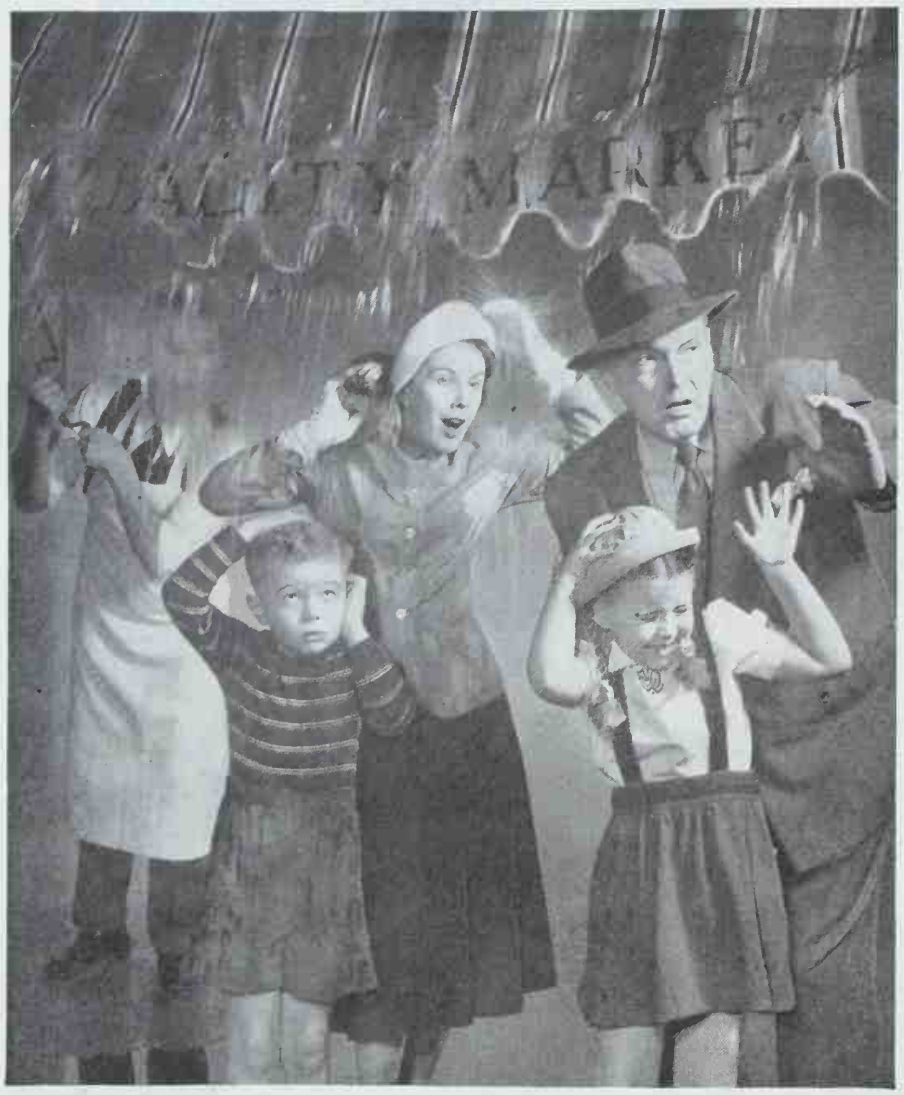
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beans and carrots. The choice of prizes was as individual as the owners—farm implements, clothing, groceries, a ham. Marya watched the proceedings with the breathless enjoyment of a child at its first circus. When the potato and carrot judgings were announced, I urged her to bring her entries, but she shook her head.

"Is not good enough," she said. "The others is better than what I bring."

It was almost four when the cabbages were announced. Gravely, Marya carried her cabbage on its checkered red napkin to the judges' stand. A burst of applause greeted her. I didn't realize until that moment that she was the only woman contestant in the store.

Hank Metcalfe and his son, Don, a lanky lad of thirteen or fourteen, brought his three cabbages and placed them beside hers. There were four other entries, but it was clear from the start that the choice would be made between Marya's and Hank's.

THERE was the tenseness of drama as the judges examined the specimens, feeling the heads for texture and firmness, hefting them for weight. The moments grew tenser when they weighed each of Hank's three cabbages and put the heaviest aside. Then they weighed Marya's. To the naked eye there seemed no difference between them, but obviously there was. The judges whispered to Lem, who, with a wide grin on his face, raised his hand.

"The cabbage award goes to"—he paused and a quizzical look came into his eyes as he read Marya's card—"the cabbage award goes to 'Family Vozech.'"

I must admit the name sounded strange after the Edwardses, the Hopkinses and the other typical Yankee names that had preceded this one. Intermingled with the applause, I heard short bursts of laughter. The sound of it made me uncomfortable, for it held something that wasn't friendly.

"Who is Family Vozech?" a wit from the crowd called forth. "Never heard of him."

This time the laughter grew heavier. A woman's voice answered the question:

"It's those foreign peasants on Dave Stebbins' place."

I turned around to see who had had the indecency and the cruelty to make that insulting remark. It was Martha Metcalfe, Hank's wife.

And then a beautiful and wonderful thing happened. Hank Metcalfe pushed forward to the platform and put his hand on Marya's cabbage. A deep silence fell over the crowd as his short, heavy fingers stroked it.

"I'd like to say something," he said. "I reckon my wife don't rightly understand about such things as growin' cabbages. I don't think she meant any harm. She was just kind of disappointed. But I want to say my hat's off to anyone who can grow a cabbage like this one, much less on land like Dave Stebbins left."

Somebody started clapping, and it was taken up by every pair of hands. Hank waited until the applause was over, then he went on.

"I want to say," he continued, "that there ain't nothin' funny about a family workin' together. My son here, Don, helps me. Always has. It's nothin' to be ashamed of. This country was built by families workin' together. We used to call them pioneers. I think the Family Vozech is a good American family. I'm proud to lose to people like that."

Again there was a burst of applause, this time mingled with clearing of throats and blowing of noses. When my eyes cleared, I saw Marya standing at the side of Hank Metcalfe, looking up at his face with an expression of complete and awesome happiness. I also noticed that young Don Metcalfe had joined the group of Marya's children.

Lem rapped on the table for order. "Couldn't have said it better myself, Hank," he declared. He turned to Marya. "And now, Mrs. Vozech, what'll you and your family take as a prize?"

Marya's voice was hoarse as she answered, "I like a sled for my children to play this winter." THE END



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THEY COULD BE SISTERS . . .

(Continued from Page 218)

PERFECTION FOR PARTIES

"Before she makes her personal appearance for a special date, I give Jacquie an O.K.," says Mrs. Griffin. Her work in amateur theatricals enables her to suggest make-up improvements which turn her daughter into a pretty party girl. While Jacquie prefers just a little powder and lipstick for daytime wear on her job as dental assistant, she welcomes her mother's evening ideas. A light application of blue eye shadow on her eyelids and some black mascara on her outer eyelashes give an illusion of bluer, bigger eyes. A warm-toned foundation make-up smoothed sparingly over her face, neck and shoulders gives her skin a glow under electric lights. A lipstick brush helps her even out the slight irregularity of her upper lip and does a neater job in general. Mrs. Griffin thinks Jacquie's hair looks prettiest after it is self-washed and waved, combed into a soft page-boy and bangs. The over-all effect, if it can be judged by her number of beaus, is dazzling!

TURNABOUT FOR TWO

When it comes to keeping figures trim, Jacquie and her mother look toward each other for a kind of "reverse" guidance. If Jacquie discovers her mother, whose normal weight is 121 pounds, is looking suspiciously slim, she hastens to the nearest scales to weigh herself. "It's all a matter of comparison," explains Jacquie. "If I weigh more than 115 pounds, then the mystery of mother's sudden slimness is solved." Jacquie then proceeds to watch her diet and avoid sweets and starches until she is back in safer weight territory. Mrs. Griffin uses this method too. The cheerful competition between mother and daughter adds up to two attractive figures!

> Silence is the one great art of conversation. —HAZLITT.

A daughter's pride in her mother's appearance and manner is important to her own sense of security. Young people can more easily acquire the talent for entertaining and mixing with people when there is a charming, hospitable mother around to start the social wheels turning. Poise, self-respect and good manners are three more transferable mother-to-daughter possessions. Young personalities develop and brighten readily in uninhibited homes where problems are aired for "mother's advice"—and suggestions for improvement are made kindly and congenially. A mother who has good taste is likely to have a daughter who will develop it—in clothes, conversation or the company she keeps!

If you can answer "yes" to the following questions, you can be sure your daughter has reason to be proud of you!

1. Are you within ten pounds of your wedding-day weight?
2. Have you tried a new hair-do within the past six months?
3. At this moment, is your skin smooth on your face and hands?
4. Do you regularly wear a girdle that fits and supports you properly?
5. If your husband were to telephone you this afternoon to ask you to join him downtown for dinner, would you have at least one dress, plus all accessories in immaculate order, to wear?
6. If you were to make a list of the food you've eaten in the past 24 hours, would you be proud to show it to a dietitian?
7. Are you pleased with your own side view *full length?* If not, are you doing something to correct poor posture?
8. Do you wear as pretty clothes for your children's friends as you do for your own?
9. Do you take a constructive interest in your daughter's appearance?
10. Can your children depend on you to help make their parties a success?

(HE SAYS:) "M-M-M-What a life!"



Is life a "bed of roses" for *your* dog? Give him the flavorful, nourishing food that has *every* vitamin and mineral dogs are known to need for vigor and perkiness. That's Gro-Pup, the *only* Ribbon-type dog food—a toasty, tasty blend of 23 wholesome ingredients.

(YOU SAY:) "M-M-M-What a saving!"



Look at the labels! Many canned dog foods actually admit to as much as 70% *water*! Gro-Pup is 92% *food*—approximately as much by dry weight as in *five* 1-lb. cans. Needs no refrigeration—won't spoil in container. Feeds an average dog of around 20 lbs. for only about 7¢ a day! (P.S. In Meal and Pel-Ett form too—all made by Kellogg's.)

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"To me, all foods packed in glass are better!"

says MRS. EMMONS BRYANT, FOXBORO, MASS.





"You heat and store in the same GLASS jar!

"Foods packed in glass save lots of time and bother. You store leftovers in the refrigerator right in the original jar—no need for an extra dish or bowl. And to heat, you just put the jar itself into a pan of water."



"Better for baby food—better for ALL food!

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WHEN YOU BUY IT IN

Duraglas
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

JARS YOU CAN SEE HOW GOOD IT IS!

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

QUICK AND EASY FOR TWO

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

MANY young working wives are taking bows nightly if they can cook a good meal in less than an hour's time. If such you are, here are some little meals to practice on.

Dinner Couplet

*Lamb-Kidney Platter
Green Salad
*Mocha Tapioca Pudding
Coffee

When your butcher *has* lamb kidneys, they are usually one of the least expensive meats in the case. Teamed with asparagus and poached eggs, they make quite a dish.

LAMB-KIDNEY PLATTER

Wash 4 lamb kidneys, removing the outer membrane. Split them in halves and remove the white tubes. Season with salt and pepper. Dip in melted fat and broil 8–10 minutes under moderate heat, turning frequently and brushing with additional melted fat. When cooked, place split side up on triangles of toast, arranged at both ends of a hot platter. Fill the center with creamed asparagus. Place 2 fried or poached eggs on top. Sprinkle with grated cheese.

MOCHA TAPIOCA PUDDING

Turn 1 package chocolate-flavored tapioca pudding into a saucepan. Add 1 tablespoon powdered instant coffee or instant decaffeinated coffee. Add 2 cups milk and mix well. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Cool. Stir now and then as it cools. It thickens on standing. Serve with cream.

Yours is a meat-and-potato man. Ste
are steep. Anyway, you had a small
roast for Sunday dinner—you have s
left. He won't know your dish starts f
a leftover—it wouldn't matter if he
He'd be more apt to be impressed
your thrift.

You might think men wouldn't
marshmallow desserts. You'd be surpri
A man gave us the recipe for the on
tonight's dinner. So that it will have t
to chill, make dessert first.

STRAWBERRY CRÈME

Cut 10 marshmallows into quarters
let soak ½ hour in 3 tablespoons
Beat ⅓ cup heavy cream and fold
marshmallows. Chill in refrigerato
long as possible—the longer, the bet
Sometime try making it the night be
or in the morning before you leave
work. It's even better. Serve with sl
sugared fresh strawberries or frozen sl
sweetened strawberries—just parti
thawed.

When He Has a Hungry Look

*Chili Veal
*Gilt-Edge Potatoes
Tomato-and-Romaine Salad
*Strawberry Crème
Coffee

CHILI VEAL

Melt 4 tablespoons butter or marga
and blend in 4 tablespoons flour.
over low heat, stirring constantly
mixture browns. Add 2 cups well-seas
veal stock (leftover roast gravy, ca
chicken soup or a stock made from
ing water and chicken-bouillon cu
Stir and cook until mixture thick
Add 2 cups diced leftover veal; 1 o
minced; ½ green pepper, diced; 2 t
spoons chopped ripe olives; a few d
grated garlic; 1 hard-cooked egg,
into small pieces; and ½–¾ teasp
chili powder and salt and pepper to t
Pour into casserole. Top with 1 cup b
crumbs mixed with 2 tablespoons m
butter or margarine. Bake in mode
oven, 350° F., 20 minutes. This dish s
two generously, and you'll want t
generous, for he's sure to want a se
helping.

GILT-EDGE POTATOES

Rice freshly boiled and drained pot
into a shallow casserole or an 8-inch
proof pie dish. Sprinkle with salt
pepper and dot with butter or m
rine. Cover with ¾ cup grated Ame
cheese. Put in oven with veal in
10 minutes of baking time—long en
for cheese to melt and take on a g
tinge.

Something Cold Something Hot

Cold Meat
*Watermelon-Pickle Sauce
*Fried Whole New Potatoes
*Spring Carrots and Cress
*Iced Ginger Pear Frappé
Coffee

ere will be some May nights when you n't want to heat up the oven or the iler for anything—not even the best ık in the market. For such a night, I ıinate cold sliced roast beef or baked ı bought at the delicatessen. It won't n like the usual collation of cold cuts ı this nifty sauce. Two vegetables plus al cooler for dessert, and you're all set. t dessert first. The watermelon-pickle e can be whipped up while the vege- es are cooking.

ED GINGER PEAR FRAPPÉ

de pears and sirup from a No. 2½ can. alf the sirup and half the pears—there ld be 4 or 5 pear halves—add 2 table- ons sliced or chopped preserved or ied ginger. Mash with a pastry der—not smooth or fine; pieces should be somewhat coarse. Add the juice lemon. Pour into freezing tray. Set efrigerator to coldest position. By the e you're ready to serve, it will be icy —near freezing—and very refreshing.

TERMELON-PICKLE SAUCE

½ cup thick sour cream or whipped y cream add ¼ cup prepared horse- h, ¼ cup watermelon pickle, chopped Season to taste with salt and pep- This is delicious on any cold meat— l cold roast beef, baked ham or ne. You can buy cooked tongue in nd cans now, you know.

ED WHOLE NEW POTATOES

e or peel tiny new potatoes. Sauté t shortening or salad oil until nicely ned and tender when pierced with a Drain on paper towels and season salt and pepper.

ING CARROTS AND CRESS

s shame to scrape or peel the small, r young carrots that are coming market. Scrub these little fellows brush and cook them whole in just salted water. Add butter or marga- alt and pepper and ¼ cup chopped cress. You'll like the flavor of the better than parsley, I think.

Double Feature

*Broiled Beef
*Chatham Sauce
Creamed New Potatoes
*Peas, French Style
Fudge Cookies—Ice Cream
Coffee

ne foods and flavors, most men rate ghest for food, chocolate for flavor. husband falls into this category and trip you up by requesting liver and and lemon pie, here's a meal that suit him fine—a double-header of ers.

BROILED BEEF—CHATHAM SAUCE

Season 1 pound ground beef with salt and pepper. Shape in 1 large flat patty. One pound isn't too much if he's a beef-eater. Wait and see—there won't be a smidge left. Have your broiler going well ahead of time. Place the beef in a layer-cake pan. Dot with bits of butter or margarine. Broil 10 minutes without turning, if you like it medium. The sauce is the special part of this dish—here it is:

Peel 1 clove garlic. Put in saucepan with the juice of ½ lemon, ¼ cup butter or margarine and 2 tablespoons prepared mustard. Heat slowly.

When ready to serve, put beef on a small platter, to be carved at the table. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Remove garlic from the sauce. Serve sauce in a pitcher or bowl, accompanying the beef. When the beef is carved, pour some of the hot sauce over each serving. Beat it up with a spoon first, so it will be well blended.

PEAS, FRENCH STYLE

You may know what a good taste a few leaves of lettuce, broken into pieces, and a few scallions, cut into pieces, give to peas. Add them right in the beginning. Don't use too much water. Season and add butter or margarine and that's all there is to it.

FUDGE COOKIES

Do you know the thin chocolate wafers that come in cans? If you do, you've made a good acquaintance. Another handy, if you're a chocolate fan, is chocolate quick fudge mix. Prepare the fudge according to the directions on the package. Be sure to use the fudge rather than the frosting directions. Cool slightly. Make sandwiches of the cookies with a thick layer of fudge between. Cut in halves and serve with the ice cream, or leave them whole and heap the ice cream on top. These keep for several days, but if you'd rather not use all the fudge in the sandwiches, spoon the rest onto a buttered plate to cut and eat as candy during the evening.

Supper in Blue Jeans

*Spring Fish Salad
*Cheese-Toasted Rolls
Fruit Bowl
Coffee

If you live in a house, you're busy these May evenings grooming your lawn and flower beds. Maybe you aren't the gardener in the family—much prefer to sit on the back steps and referee. Nevertheless, daylight hours after a working day are short enough. You want to enjoy them. You weigh the rival merits of a hurried dinner when you first get home and a leisurely supper after rake and lawn mower are put away. You settle for the supper.

SPRING FISH SALAD

Drain oil from a 7-ounce can tuna fish or salmon. Break into bite-size pieces. Add 1 cup coarsely chopped fresh spinach leaves, ¼ cup sliced radishes, 1 tablespoon grated onion, ¼ cup green pepper, 1 hard-cooked egg, diced. Chill. Just before serving, add salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons French dressing and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Toss together and serve with the hot cheese rolls. Toast split crusty rolls under broiler. Spread with butter or margarine. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Put back under broiler until cheese melts.



Why wouldn't you be proud?

You couldn't put a spread for bread on your table on which more care has been lavished to make it ideal for your family's pleasure and well-being.

★ To keep Nucoa margarine in line with the newest knowledge of nutrition, the makers of Nucoa consult regularly with a board of eminent nutritionists.

★ To make sure that Nucoa's fine flavor, smooth texture and rich food value are the same in every delicious pound, 175 tests are made daily in one of the best-staffed and equipped food laboratories in the world.

★ To assure Nucoa's dependably fresh taste, Nucoa is new-churned on order only, the year round. There is no "storage" Nucoa.

Nucoa's nutritious richness on bread, baked potatoes, and hot vegetables . . . its luxurious flavor in cooked foods . . . say "Nucoa is good." *It's so good it melts in your mouth!*



So Sweet and Fresh!

Bland, hot foods, like milk toast, really test the flavor of a spread. You'll appreciate Nucoa's *uniform* freshness.



Party Platter!

Nucoa is smooth-churned—never brittle even when cold. Speeds the spreading of sandwiches . . . creams readily for cakes and frostings.



Nutritionally Rich!

No other churned spread, at any price, is richer in food energy, or a finer year-round source of precious protective Vitamin A. Cook with Nucoa as it comes—pure white. For pretty table serving, tint Nucoa a delicate yellow with the pure Color-Wafer inserted in each package.



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Serve Nucoa proudly on your table...

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THAT'S ALL IT TAKES! You can avoid the annoyance of slow-running drains with *just one tablespoonful of* Drāno poured down your drains once a week!

For Drāno boils out clogging waste. Filthy sewer germs, too!

So keep your drains clear and free-running as well as sanitary. Use Drāno *regularly* to boil out the dirty mess that breeds germs* and slows up your drains.

Remember, too, Drāno opens a stopped-up drain—*fast!* Without fuss or muss, fumes or odor. Get Drāno today.

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OPENS CLOGGED DRAINS— KEEPS THEM FREE-RUNNING



Harmless to septic tanks: makes them work better—cuts down odors.

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HOW AMERICA LIVES

(Continued from Page 205)

family-loving, courageous individual—has seldom been written about. Yet he is America. He is the one to tell what America is like. It was he who was to be headlined and featured in How America Lives.

As the series unfolded, it soon became clear that one or two years of this absorbing study would not possibly do justice to the diversity of the average American life. And now, after eight years, it still seems that the story is as far as ever from its end.

The scene of its beginning was Cedar Rapids, Iowa, close to the heart of the country. And if there can be said to be a "typical American family," the Griffins, who launched the series, were it. Their income of $1960 was the national average for white-collar workers approaching middle age. There were two small children. And while charts, figures, graphs and Government statistics had been employed to determine what shape the "typical" family would take, when the Aulden Griffin family was chosen, it stopped being a statistic. It became the living portrayal of a family actively living an average American life, like millions of similar families to be found anywhere in the forty-eight states.

Mrs. Griffin, thirty-six then, and still pretty now, eight years later, as you shall see—for the Griffins, eight years older now, were chosen again to represent How America Lives on this occasion—did all her own housework, including laundry. She fed her family on $7 a week, a fact of which many readers were skeptical, but a fact nevertheless. And in spite of her household duties she found time to serve as the attractive and energizing president of the local woman's club.

JOURNAL editors, writers, specialists, before they were through, asked the Griffins, as they were to ask every succeeding family, five to six thousand carefully considered questions from whose answers the family's story would come into view. How they happened to meet (it turns out that a surprisingly large number of Americans meet their life partners on blind dates). What they like to eat (which means, in well-fed America, pretty much what they do eat). What they quarrel about, and how their reconciliations are effected.

THEN the editors of the JOURNAL departments began to appear at the Griffins' door, just as they were to appear at more than a hundred other family doorsteps throughout the country, and even in Europe. Here were experts on homemaking, ready to study Mrs. Griffin's kitchen, to see in what way her problems were related to the problems of thousands of others, and decide whether a practical solution could be found. Here was the beauty editor, to learn how Mrs. Griffin kept her excellent figure, to help her work out, if she wished, a better way to preserve her delicate complexion. And here were the experts on what to wear and how to wear it; here to learn in concrete terms just what Mrs. Griffin's wardrobe problems were, in a small city, on a modest income; and to demonstrate that their fashion information was not mere "news," but practical knowledge of the charming, the wearable, the budgeted. The answer: a specially designed four-in-one costume—made available, by the way, to women all over the country.

So our editors arrived, to help the family decide why the house was hard to heat, or where the Griffins could put a porch; how to make their dining room do double duty; to find out how Mrs. Griffin made the food money go so far. Millions of people would like to know these things, and what to do about a young son who stutters, about a daughter's adolescent doubts and fears. Through How America Lives it was possible to let Americans learn how much like their own were the problems of millions of other Americans everywhere.

AND "everywhere" is literally the case. For from the start, How America Lives became much more than a magazine feature. It began to be used as part of social-science courses in college. In book form, it has appeared in many languages all over the world. It has been translated into movies and used by our State Department to let the people of the world know what we're like. In pocket-sized reprints during the war, it was read by our soldiers on all the foreign fronts, reminding them of the people back home. Excerpts were sent by short wave to encourage our Allies, discourage our enemies.

Editors, on three occasions during the war, went overseas to bring back vivid portrayals of families behind the battle lines. With the result that How England Lives, How France Lives, and How Italy Lives were seen as striking counterparts to the home front here, going far to acquaint the American people with the desperate plight of tragic households in ravaged Europe, and becoming one of the earliest large-scale documentations to prepare America's minds for the need for the Marshall Plan.

The reception given How America Lives when the first articles with the Griffins appeared, was, to say the least, impressive; the cumulative effect in the years since, quite overwhelming. For each installment of the series adds to the pile of letters and telegrams from college presidents, governors, newspaper editors, senators, soldiers, columnists and congressmen. Readers, of course, write in by the thousands, with praise and new suggestions, often proposing themselves as possible subjects.

Succeeding issues, after the Griffins, revealed to you a wide variety of families, from the young couple in love in Schenectady, to the happy-go-lucky family of six on a California lemon ranch, and the sharecropper's family in the South with six children and a yearly cash income of $. Hardly a single aspect of the prewar era, as affected the lives of "typical" American families, was left untouched, as How America Lives covered the country. There were families well-to-do and on relief, elderly couples in retirement, farmers, auto workers, salesmen, doctors, businessmen—each one an absorbing project for our editorial staff, which as month followed month, were confronted more real-life problems face to face, and learning more about people firsthand, than ever editors had before.

It was not always easy. Sometimes, pictures to be taken, and households turned upside down by persistent photographers, rained. It rained steadily for two days in Dallas. And by the end of the second afternoon, the living room that Mary Bass looked at in dismay was a litter of used flash bulbs, camera equipment and furniture all askew. Long-suffering Mrs. Gut

(Continued on Page 280)

Social climbers who seek to scrape an acquaintance with a modern celebrity may or may not be aware that both the expression and the act date from very early times. Though scientific etymology has not yet endorsed the story, an ancient anecdote refers the phrase to the wit of the Emperor Hadrian. One of the greatest of a long line of famous rulers, Hadrian was as quick-witted as he was brave. Entering a public bath one day soon after having ascended the throne, the emperor noticed an old soldier, who had been a comrade in arms, scraping himself with a bit of broken pottery—evidently unable to afford the customary flesh brush. Hadrian was deeply moved, and gave the fellow a bag of money and a new bathing garment. Next day when he entered the bath, he discovered it to be crowded with old soldiers industriously scraping themselves with bits of tile. "Scrape away, sirs," commented the emperor, "but you will not scrape an acquaintance with me!"

—WEBB B. GARRISON.

New! New! New! They can even put in their own soap!

Better washing! Better drying! More "time off" for you with these latest, greatest Bendix Washers!

Imagine! Here's a washer that helps itself to soap...and soaks, washes, rinses, damp-drys the clothes . . . all by itself! You just set the controls once! Take your choice of *three* new Bendix Washers. One of them is tailor-made for *your* purse, *your* home, *your* laundering needs.

Amazing automatic soap injector! It removes the last bit of guesswork . . . the last bit of washday work . . . and only the Bendix has it! One fill of the soap bin lasts for many loads of wash. Accurate to a teaspoonful, it automatically measures out the right amount of soap, detergent, or softener. You just set a dial.

Stays in place without fastening down. Good news for apartment dwellers and folks who like to launder in the kitchen! The new Bendix "Gyromatic" is specially balanced so it needn't be fastened down, and its smooth, counter-high top adds a welcome working surface.

Does best washing job. That thrifty, patented "Tumble-Action"—exclusive with the Bendix—has been improved again. New tub design stirs suds to greater action, so now it does an even better job than when it outwashed three leading non-automatic washers in recent tests!

Improved damp-drying . . . lighter work. When your new do-it-all Bendix automatic Home Washer clicks into "Damp-Dry", the cylinder spins at super-speed to whirl out more water than ever. Clean clothes are lighter, easier to handle.

Save up to $90 . . . and keep on saving! You can buy a Bendix for much less than other automatics, because it's the only one that's mass-produced and backed by 10 years of experience. Costs less to use than ordinary washers, too. Saves up to $10 a year on soap alone, and saves gallons of hot water on every single load of clothes.

See the new, best-ever Bendix Washers now on display at your authorized Bendix Dealer's. Bendix Home Appliances, Inc., South Bend 24, Indiana.

BENDIX automatic Washer

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IMPROVED BENDIX STANDARD! New streamlined cabinet. Better than ever washing and drying results . . . yet the lowest priced of all.



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7. Stimulates DIGESTIVE juices
8. MILDLY LAXATIVE



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Lakeland, Florida

FLORIDA

CANNED GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

(Continued from Page 278)

stretched full length on a sofa, exhausted, desperately sipped at a bottle of Coca-Cola through a straw, while Joe Furnas, on a chair close beside her, quietly went on questioning. In the sunroom adjoining, Mr. Guthrie, an ardent huntsman, was giving photographer Martin Munkacsi a look at his accouterments, while a neighbor who had dropped in through the rain from a day's shooting was showing off two dripping wild turkeys. It was a little messy, but it was real, and it gave Munkacsi a chance with his camera to get a scene that could occur at any hunting season in the Guthrie home. Thus in the course of anywhere from several days to a week or more, depending upon the circumstances of a family's lives and activities, the camera would record the various aspects of the day-to-day living of every member of the family, while the writer, constantly observing and asking questions, would get the story as it was actually lived.

With the war came changes. Average life no longer existed in the easy peacetime sense. Everyone was affected by the war, and it was natural, in fact inescapable, that How America Lives should have depicted the changes that war brought. It was used to describe, through the lives of representative American families, the "typical" problems of wartime. The young war widow with two little children; the wounded veteran; the returning hero; the psychoneurotic; the women who had deserted the kitchen for the workbench and machine shop—these were all portrayed. . . . Then, suddenly, the reconversion of millions of lives to the new ways of the anxious, unsettled peace, with the cost of living shooting up, and new adjustments daily being demanded of us all, like those the Griffins are making in this issue.

Looking back at wartime How America Lives, you feel the impact of the tragedy that many experienced, in the young mother whose pilot husband was killed overseas just as she was fixing up a new apartment for herself, her two-year-old son and baby daughter. Thousands who shared a similar grief drew comfort from the way this widow surmounted hers, and were helped by the JOURNAL psychologist's understanding discussion of the way her sorrow was alleviated. . . . Then after the war, you met the student veteran, getting a college education at Berkeley under the G. I. Bill, supporting himself, his wife and baby on his monthly allowance of $109.25. Meeting him, you met thousands of other veterans in similar situations, with all their problems of housing, of making ends meet, of preserving relationships and of rearing children under trying circumstances.

It is naturally a matter of pride to us that leading citizens of the land should tell us of their deep interest in this series, and speak of How America Lives with so much admiration; that great educators like Chancellor Ray Lyman Wilbur, of Stanford University, should wire us at the outset to say how stimulating and helpful the series would be in "gaining a higher appreciation of what this American civilization of ours offers to all"; that fellow editors would advise visiting foreigners to read the series in the quiet of the New York Public Library and learn more about the country in a week than they could hope to learn in months of a personal tour; that well-known writers should call it engrossing, and that publishers should put it into book form.

But the deepest satisfaction comes from the day-by-day mail: from people who have been suddenly struck by one family's resemblance to their own; from people whose hopes were raised by what one family could accomplish on such a limited income, and from others who couldn't believe it was possible. It has been moving to learn from innumerable letters how keenly our readers respond to the cares and joys of the families they have been able to know so intimately through the pages of the magazine; how concerned they were for the housewife who just couldn't manage, for the family without insurance. With no suggestion on our part of an appeal for help, readers of their own accord filled the cabin of our sharecropper's family with bundles of food and clothing; sent messages



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A haphazard mixture of a few common seeds isn't what your pet needs. He should have the nourishment and stimulation of French's Bird Seed and Biscuit. So many canary owners realize this, that 7 out of 10 are feeding French's. Try French's—for just ten days—and *listen!*

There's extra song in this tempting Biscuit!

A French's Bird Biscuit, chockful of canary "goodies" comes in every package of French's Bird Seed. Fed together, the Seed and the Biscuit make the *complete* diet your canary craves.



French's

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THE LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN AMERICA

A Mother's Time Is The Greatest Gift A Man Can Leave His Children



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FAMILY SECURITY PLAN

Gives your family up to 4 times as much life insurance protection for the amount of money you now feel you can invest—4 times as much protection while your children are growing up—then a retirement income for you.

IT PAYS YOUR FAMILY $15,000.00 IMMEDIATELY

in event of your death during the next 15 years or a wide choice of income plans may be arranged.

FOR EXAMPLE:

$1000.00 Cash for Emergency Expenses and

$100.00 a month for the next 13 years.

AFTER 15 YEARS the benefits are adjusted to suit reduced family needs and the plan continues to provide valuable protection. Then at any age you select

IT PAYS YOU FOR RETIREMENT

$50.00 to $150.00 a month and continuing every month for the rest of your life.

Disability Benefits Optional

Mail the coupon for details.

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Please send information on your NEW FAMILY SECURITY PLAN.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Age _____ Occupation _____

of hope to the parents whose son was missing in action; letters of sympathy to the young mother whose husband was killed in the crash of his bomber. There are letters, too, that are critical of the way certain families manage their lives, and many every month that are filled with advice.

In all these letters, two questions recur most frequently. Next to "How do you find your families?" we are asked, "Do these families get paid for appearing in How America Lives?"

To the latter we are always glad to reply that no financial arrangements are made for any family's co-operation. Payment of money would only endanger the integrity of the story and tend to make it a performance, rather than the factual case history it has always been. As a matter of fact, once the purpose of the series had been explained, first feelings of reluctance quickly gave way to willingness. Each family realizes how much the story of its own life can promote a fuller understanding among all the families of the country. Many, of course, look forward to the opportunity to discuss their problems with experts who can offer sound solutions; and quite naturally there are always those who enjoy their moment on the stage. But as How America Lives proceeds, more and more families wish to take part, in the belief that they represent some phase of American life hitherto untouched upon in the series. They have learned to respect the integrity of its reporting, its objective approach, its serious purpose; and it is filled with such respect that they take their place in this great panorama of American living.

Finding our families has taken many forms, sometimes quite unexpected. At the beginning it followed weeks of research into

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Hope is as cheap as despair.

---

census figures and statistics of all kinds, out of which came a list of formula families representing many types of living in many parts of the country. First on the list was a formula family, drawn up in great detail, which, though of course we didn't know it then, was the image of the Griffins. It was to be looked for in Cedar Rapids; and there, armed with the names and addresses of candidates which the local women's club had helped provide, and guided by the club's young and pretty president, Mary Bass began a day of doorbell ringing which by late afternoon had produced not a single family which matched the formula. At which point, to Mary's great surprise, and everybody's subsequent delight, her guide came up with the brilliant suggestion that she and her family might fit the specifications perfectly. Which, in fact, as you know, they did.

Others, now and then, of the earlier families came harder. But all of them—the Chases, Guthries, Cricks and Cases—were statistics on the map until we finally found them. Once the series was under way, however, the pattern began to change. Lois Brooks, who described herself as a "punk housewife," proposed herself as a contrast to the efficient women she'd read about in the series; and in much the same way Esther Hahn, who called herself the "frantic housewife," came to appear with her family in the series. But the over-all technique of looking for families who represent the temper of the times, the fabric of America, is still in operation.

Meeting many kinds of families, and working with them in their homes, has been for our editors a rare form of experience in human relations; has brought about a new and closer understanding of people everywhere. To Mary Bass, who was largely responsible for the great task of organizing How America Lives and who was always the first to meet and select the families, the outstanding trait she found in them was their modesty. Almost every woman she met was much better-looking than the woman realized, with many talents tucked beneath her diffidence. "I look like a hag," Marjorie Reeves wrote in from Peoria, Illinois, in a letter which led to her

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family's appearance in How America Lives; yet when Mary went to see her, she was met at the door by a very attractive Mrs. Reeves. And Esther Hahn, who thought of herself as a frantic and hopeless housekeeper, turned out to be one of the most energetic and ingenious. Sensing each person's potentialities, and the essential quality of each family, Mary Bass was able to direct the handling of every story in such a way as to bring out the people as they really were, often letting them see themselves for the first time—finding themselves with looks and talents they never thought they'd possessed.

For editors who in the past eight years have traveled nearly a million miles to become intimately acquainted with a hundred "typical" families in every part of the country, the United States is now one great familiar neighborhood. The people we pass on the street, wherever we go, are people we've learned to know because they're like the Currys in Arizona, like the Andreasons up in Oregon, like the Lichtenwalners in Pennsylvania, the Feeneys in Tennessee, the Faulds in Florida. The country is no longer a widespread region, vague and vast; it is place after place where we feel at home. We know the way the houses look, and the hills and mountains, deserts, fields and factories; we know the way the weather feels. A hundred families we've found, can make it possible for you to know all forty million in the land.

"These families have proved my pet theory," said the editor of dress patterns and make-overs: "that nothing is too old to be made over and nothing too worn to be mended." And as Mary Bass, who has known the families better than anybody else, has said, "It's their imagination and capacity for living which fill you with hope for America."

From most of these hundred families we still occasionally hear. Our first bride and groom now have two children; the New Hampshire farm wife is now a widow but is running the farm with great success; the two doctors, father and son, still carry on their joint practice; the young minister's family is larger by two; the war widow is happily remarried, and the student veteran is now a physical chemist. . . . Life with them, in other words, follows the pattern of our vast population fitting into those great stacks of figures and statistics, out of which these hundred households first emerged in the magazine as flesh-and-blood families—to show us how America lives.

MIND YOUR MANNERS—OTHER PEOPLE DO

(Continued from Page 214)

the resulting discussion would be embarrassing to those present? Politics, religion and race are ticklish possibilities.

Do you barely listen to others because you are waiting to jump in with your own two cents' worth? A pertinent thought is that those who get the reputation for being the best conversationalists often listen more than they talk. Their interested attention makes a speaker feel that *he* is so wise and witty, and taking part in such delightful repartee!

In Writing. When you answer letters, do you check to see that you have replied to the questions asked you?

Do you reply to invitations promptly and not just keep your would-be hostess guessing?

When your friends experience sorrow or loss, do you send a brief message of understanding at once, instead of putting it off until you can compose a "masterpiece"? In a black hour, what every human being needs is a quick touch of kindness, not an essay.

In Appearance. Do you try to look your best for everyone, not just for those you consider important? Good grooming is a form of compliment to those about you; conversely, slovenliness is belittling to them—and even more so to yourself.

Do you avoid blatant accessories that may offend: aggressive perfume, especially during working hours; jangling bracelets, in the theater or at the bridge table; soaring, im-

Blossomtime *by Trifari*

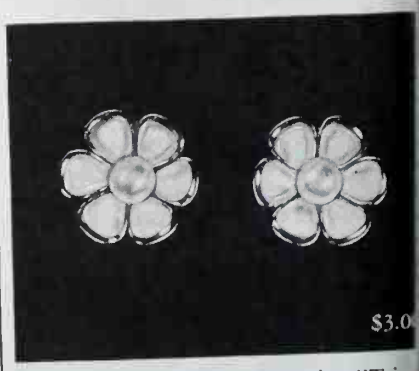
The delicate pastel look of Spring and Summer 1948, translated in a charming petal chain of tender blossoms framed in golden Trifanium.



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State

movable headgear that spoils the show for the person behind you?

In Relation to Those Who Serve You. Do you take time to say a pleasant word to those who wait on you, to thank them when they do a good job? It costs nothing, yet it raises you enormously in the estimation of that hard-working group whose services are too often taken for granted.

When a reprimand is in order, are you careful that it is given in private, and reaches only those ears for which it is intended?

Do people who work for you continue with you for long periods of years? A man may be known by the *company* he keeps, but a woman is known by the help she *keeps*.

In General. Do you keep people waiting—implying that your time is more valuable than theirs?

Have you friends in more than one age group? Likability is not measured by years. Easy *(not careless)* manners make friends at any age.

Can you accept a favor as graciously as you can grant one?

Do you respect the privacy of others? Knock on doors? Telephone before barging in on them? Check, before you commit them to plans they may not care for?

Do you borrow as rarely as possible, and return promptly what you do borrow? Money? Wearables? Books?

SLIP-COVER ROOMMATES

(Continued from Page 222)

old upholstery, and of course this means slip covers, special ones—everywhere.

Match-mate slip covers which use different fabrics in good color harmony are effective, simple and comparatively inexpensive to make. But to use slip covers as decoration is more of a project than just running up every-day utility covers, and requires careful planning. To undertake such a job properly, a scheme should be developed for the room as a whole, with colors distributed as in any regular scheme. For real style and usefulness, here is a plan that gets top results:

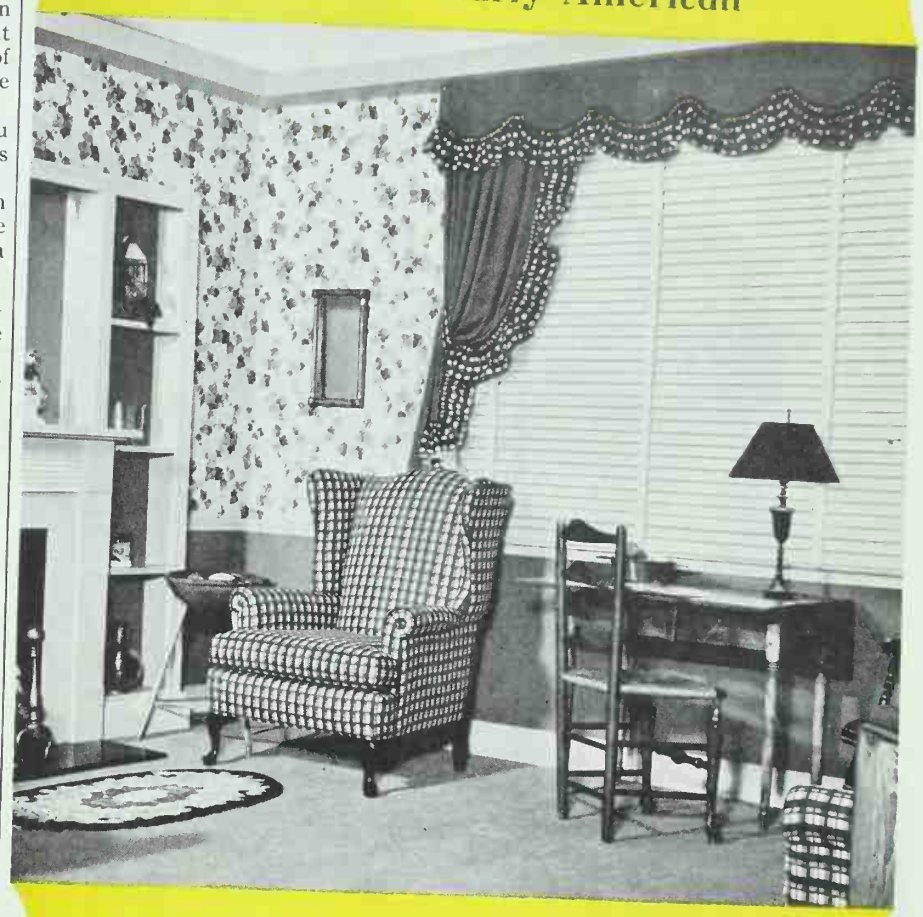
Furniture Arrangement. Slip covers are so informal that for a crisp decorated look, arrange the furniture in your room very carefully. Furniture looks bulkier when slip-covered, so don't put your chairs too close together. Place your sofa first, since there are so few places where it will fit. Don't include any casual pieces of furniture which crowd. It is better to carry in odd chairs when you need them than to have extra ones in the way. Watch your tables and novelty items, keeping only those that function, for a slip-covered room must be crisp and trim, uncrowded for best effect.

The capacity of the human heart to believe in lies, when they favor a dear delusion, is infinite.
—JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

The Color Scheme. These days it is decoration fashion to scheme a whole room so that it is as unified as a painting, touching in the accent colors where they are most effective. Since your rug is basic, all your fabrics must look well with it. Begin by choosing a gay print that goes with your rug and will give your room its prettiness. Then, from the colors in the print, select the solid colors for your match-mate slip covers. You can use two or more solid colors in a room, as well as a print, provided they all harmonize. One color may be darker and another can go into the lighter, brighter flower tones. The darker colors look best on the club chairs, lighter ones on wing and fanback types, and the print is attractive for the sofa and one or more chairs distributed about the room.

Cutting and Fitting Slip Covers. Practically any store that sells slip-cover fabrics

Window in Early American



In perfect harmony with ivy wallpaper and Early American period furniture are these Venetian blinds. They are authentic and "correct" for the period, too, for Venetian blinds were widely used in colonial times. The room setting is by Capwell's, Oakland, California.

How to buy wisely when you buy Venetian Blinds

Even though you have already wisely decided to buy steel Venetian blinds for their beauty, flexibility, and inherent strength, you can't judge quality by outside appearances alone.

You can't *see* the differences in beneath-the-surface quality, but here are the facts to help you when you buy.

Top-quality steel blinds are *galvanized* and *bonderized*. This protects the flexible, easy-to-clean steel slats and preserves the beauty and long life of the baked enameled finish.

You can easily identify steel blinds of this top quality by looking for the yellow-and-black seal with the flower on the window sill (shown below). This seal is one assurance of long life and lasting beauty in steel Venetian blinds. Look for it at leading stores and Venetian blind dealers.

This advertisement is printed by Acme Steel Company, Chicago, to encourage quality labeling for consumer protection.

"A GALLERY OF AMERICAN WINDOWS"—send for this new booklet of ideas from leading stores and decorators for beautiful windows in your home.



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Look for this seal of quality when you buy Venetian blinds

will also have up-to-date booklets showing in detail how to cut and fit slip covers. Sewing centers will give you free help with slip-cover techniques. You can buy welting already made and in any color for a few cents a yard. The cording keeps your covers in place. You can buy a sewing-machine presser foot especially designed for sewing seams with welting between.

Try out your design on the chair or sofa before you do any cutting. With motif designs, place them alike on opposite sides, keeping them scrupulously even. Cut the back piece first.

Always fit slip covers right side out, because used furniture isn't symmetrical, and a reversed arm may not fit its mate. Place the material, cut and fit the fabric closely, easing in or darting all fullness around curves, notch seams for position, and take particular care with odd angles or lines. Keep the material "easy," neither full nor tight, and don't stretch bias cuts—ease them in. When this is done, mark your pinned seams with chalk or pencil on both sides and baste carefully, placing welting in between the two layers of material.

Here are a few pointers to remember:

Shrink all cotton slip-cover material.

Cut the material large with plenty of margin for seams, at least an inch.

Mark your pinned seams with chalk or pencil on both sides.

Don't stitch until you are sure of the fit.

Make openings long, but fasten closely with zippers or snaps.

Best places for openings are each side of back and above legs on a sofa; box-cushion seats, clear across the inside back seam.

Don't use material too light in weight, and be sure to press the finished cover.

If you are an amateur, baste your cover and try it on before stitching.

Cut a wrapping-paper pattern of any particular curve in back or seat as a guide when basting.

Cut cardboard strips to use as measures in laying in your box pleats. THE END

Back Views of Patterns on Pages 76 and 77, and Page 216

Vogue Design No. 6414. "Easy-to-Make" jacket; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6386. "Easy-to-Make" suit-dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 6416. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 60c.
Vogue Design No. 6263. Pinafore; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6394. Coat; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 6434. "Easy-to-Make" two-piece dress (topper and shorts included in pattern but not illustrated); 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 6429. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.
Vogue Design No. S-4874. One-piece dress and bolero; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. $1. To wear with S-4874: Vogue Design No. 6421. "Easy-to-Make" petticoat and camisole (back view not illustrated); 10 to 20, 28 to 38 waist. 50c.
Vogue Design No. S-4821. One-piece dress; 12 to 18, 30 to 38. $1.
Vogue Design No. 6347. Coat; 12 to 20, 30 to 42. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 5982. Skirt; 24 to 32 waist. 35c.
Vogue Design No. 5760. "Easy-to-Make" blouse; 12 to 18, 30 to 36. 40c.
Vogue Design No. 6278. Skirt and stole; 24 to 32 waist. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6159. "Easy-to-Make" blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 40. 40c.
Vogue Design No. 6424. Skirt; 24 to 32 waist. 40c.
Vogue Design No. 5570. "Easy-to-Make" blouse; 12 to 18, 30 to 36. 35c.
Vogue Design No. 6231. Skirt; 24 to 32 waist. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6217. "Easy-to-Make" jacket; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6160. "Easy-to-Make" skirt and cummerbund; 24 to 32 waist. 35c.
Vogue Design No. 6351. "Easy-to-Make" blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 40c.
Vogue Design No. 6440. Skirt; 24 to 32 waist. 40c.


6386


6411

How America Lives
Page 216

Vogue Design No. 6397. Suit-dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.


6397


6116


6263


6394


6434


6429


S-4874


S-48

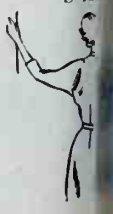

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LADIES' HOME

Journal

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

JUNE, 1948 • 25c

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Bu ame,



A CANDLE FOR ST. JUDE • COMPLETE NOVEL • BY RUMER GODDEN

CONDENSED IN THIS ISSUE

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VIRGINIA OAKEY

"The loves of my life (other than human ones) are the sun and all forms of locomotion. I like planes, trains, banana boats, busses, autos, bicycles and donkey carts. I exclude motorcycles. They remind me of something huge and mechanized that crawled out from under the kitchen sink. I was born and grew up in the South, where I attended college one year and flunked five out of six subjects. While amusement editor for a Southern newspaper I met *The Boy Who Loved Bergman*."

J. DI PIETRO



MARGARET DAVIDSON

"I've always been interested in what makes the wheels go around," says JOURNAL Associate Editor Margaret Davidson. "Perhaps that is why I took a smattering of engineering along with the Home Economies course at Iowa State College. It is also a way of being an only girl in a class of boys. One of my hobbies is horseback riding, which is a lazy person's way of seeing the country. My main interest at the JOURNAL is finding lazy ways for women to do their homework."



RUTH RANKIN LAMSON

Residence: Since 1940 on a farm in the Gold Rush country of Northern California.

Farm Stock: Cows, chickens, pigs, pet skunk and raccoon, 10-year-old Pekingese, 17-year-old daughter.

Writing Experience: First short story three years ago while recuperating from influenza; habit forming—can now write only in bed. Learned by reading copy of favorite writer—David Lamson (husband). Enjoy writing, though professionals say this is illegal.

Be Your Own Sweet Self 17th story.

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June 26
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5. Entries received before midnight, Saturday June 12, will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. Entries for the final week's contest must be postmarked before midnight, July 10 and received by July 24, 1948.

6. Prizes awarded each week will be:
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25 Prizes—$100.00 each in cash.
500 additional prizes, each a Mirro-Matic Pressure Cooker (4-quart size).

7. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought. Judges' decisions will be final. Only one prize will be awarded to a person. In case of ties, the full prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

8. First prize winners will be announced on Camay's radio program, "Pepper Young's Family," about 3 weeks after the close of each weekly contest. All winners will be notified by mail. Prize winner lists will be available approximately one month after the close of the last contest.

elite

PHY-LAC-TIC





Jewelite Combs and other Prophy-lac-tic Plastic Combs are priced from 15¢ to 75¢. New Tiara pattern illustrated above.



For Him—a handsome military brush and comb in crystal or garnet. $3.50.

Our Readers Write Us

Give Kansas a Break

Argonia, Kansas.

Dear Editors: Eight years ago on Valentine's Day my mother-in-law observed our "paper" wedding anniversary by subscribing to the JOURNAL for us. I read it now with even more enjoyment than I got from that first copy years ago. It takes a *good* magazine, or a good friend, to weather the bickerings and anxieties of eight war and reconstruction years.

How America Lives is my favorite. But why not give Kansas a break and show folks that we don't *always* wear slat bonnets, go barefoot, say "hain't" and get blown away by cyclones? I saved pennies once to take a trip. When I crossed the state line and found that Kansans were the butts of more fun (?) than either Arkansawyers or Oakies, I came home, inferiority complex and all.

In appreciation,
XAVA PHILLIPPI.

It's Murder

Turner, Montana.

Dear Editors: I am renewing my subscription to the JOURNAL in spite of its increased price and lowered standard. I am an old subscriber who used to get much help from its home teaching and joy from its stories. In those days the stories were clean. Now they too often reek with murder. There is too much drinking and smoking. If you did not accept such stuff, writers would be compelled to write cleaner stories or send them to trashy magazines. Many of your advertisements are disgusting.

Sincerely,
ANNA SCHERLIE.

Culture—Cover to Cover

London, England.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: I never imagined myself as writing fan letters to magazines I've written stories for, but I feel a real thrill when, after devouring the JOURNAL from cover to cover, I present it to a British friend as a written representative of the best in our American culture. It tells the whole story faithfully—what women think about, what they wear and eat, how they want their homes to look, what they desire.

Sincerely,
SARAH-ELIZABETH RODGER.

Dutch Like Journal

Tilburg, Holland.

Dear Sir: Recently at the station of Den Bosch, to my great surprise I saw in a bookstall the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. I bought the last copy in stock.

"It's a great pity," said the man of the bookstall, "that we can't get more copies of this splendid magazine. But they are too much in demand."

Yours faithfully,
M. VAN DIJK.

Wonder Wives Inspire Husbands

Wheaton, Illinois.

Dear Sir: When James J. Engles, Chicago manufacturer, had a personally designed gold medal struck off last September as a tribute to his wife's driving the family car over 300,000 miles without accident or traffic violation, he started something.

The National Safety Council got hold of it and launched a "Wonder Wives" Club. About 10,000 wives now belong, and applications pour in daily. To be a member in good standing, a woman not only must have driven 100,000 miles without accident—*but she must persuade her husband to admit it in writing.* The husband of a "Wonder Wife," no matter how he may kid her, is likely to become a more careful driver himself.

Very sincerely,
C. L. ANSON.

PHOTOS BY SHERRY COLE



I'm a problem child!



It all started when, tooth and claw, I first managed to pull myself up in my crib.



It was exhilarating.



I decided to try for still higher things.



It took considerable trying . . .



. . . and learning, and perseverance . . .



. . . but I got there!

(Continued on Page 6)

SORRY, GENTLEMEN,
THIS CONTEST FOR WOMEN ONLY!

In honor of this year's June Brides... Camay offers

$47,500 in prizes!



EVERY WOMAN CAN ENTER... YOU MAY WIN!

This is the season of beauty and romance, weddings and brides! To honor the June Brides of 1948—and to show what Camay can bring YOU a lovelier complexion—Camay is running a new kind of contest... *for women only!*

This contest is really *five* contests—you may enter every week for 5 weeks. Every week, for 5 weeks, Camay will award a $1,000 bill, 25 $100 bills, and 500 Mirro-Matic Pressure Cookers. There are 2,630 prizes in all!

**So easy to enter—
Here's what you do!**

First, try Camay. Your very *first cake* of Camay can bring you a smoother, clearer skin—if you'll do this! Give up careless cleansing. Stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, described on the wrapper. And try Bath-Size Camay, too. Bathing every day with Bath-Size Camay can make you lovelier from head to toes!

A few tips that may help to make you a winner!

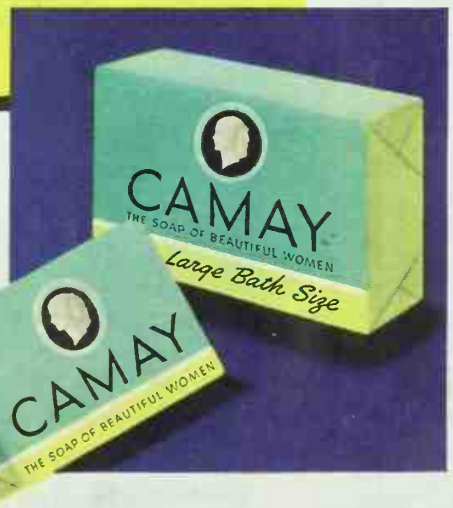
Discover Camay's advantages—and enter the Camay Contest. Just finish the sentence "I like Camay because ....." in 25 additional words or less, following the contest rules. Write about Camay's mild lather. Or its pure white color. Or the flower-like fragrance it leaves upon your skin. Write about any Camay quality that comes into your mind. You may win $1,000!

EVERY WEEK FOR 5 WEEKS

1st Prize—$1,000 in Cash
25 Prizes—$100 Each in Cash
AND
500 MIRRO-MATIC PRESSURE COOKERS
(4-QUART SIZE)



2,630 WINNERS IN ALL!



Camay
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

READ THESE EASY RULES!

1. Complete this sentence, "I like Camay because ....." in 25 additional words or less. Get an official entry blank from your dealer or write on one side of a plain sheet of paper. Print plainly your name and address.

2. Mail to Camay, Dept. BM, Box 357, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Enter as often as you wish, but be sure to enclose the wrappers from one regular-size and one bath-size cake of Camay, or three regular-size wrappers, or facsimiles, with each entry.

3. Any female resident of the continental United States and Hawaii may compete, except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and their families. Contests subject to all Federal and State regulations.

4. There will be five weekly contests, each with an identical list of prizes. Opening and closing dates—

CONTEST	OPENING	CLOSING
1st contest	Now	Sat., June 12
2nd contest	Sun., June 13	Sat., June 19
3rd contest	Sun., June 20	Sat., June 26
4th contest	Sun., June 27	Sat., July 3
5th contest	Sun., July 4	Sat., July 10

5. Entries received before midnight, Saturday June 12, will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. Entries for the final week's contest must be postmarked before midnight, July 10 and received by July 24, 1948.

6. Prizes awarded each week will be:

1st Prize—$1,000.00 in cash.
25 Prizes—$100.00 each in cash.
500 additional prizes, each a Mirro-Matic Pressure Cooker (4-quart size).

7. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought. Judges' decisions will be final. Only one prize will be awarded to a person. In case of ties, the full prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

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BLUNDER OF THE WEEK



ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN. Mary Smith is angry, shocked! But not worried about her gown. She knows a sure way to make stained fabrics look fresh and new again.

AMAZING DRY CLEANING DISCOVERY

Gets clothes cleaner, revives colors to original brilliance, removes stubborn spots and stains

Yes! Millions of women from coast to coast who have tried Sanitone Dry Cleaning agree that there is an amazing difference. They say you can actually see how much better Sanitone dry cleaning is! Your clothes are cleaner, spots are gone like magic! Yes, even perspiration stains are taken out completely.

Sanitone means more complete service, too. Minor mending jobs done, better press lasts longer, loose buttons secured, buckles and ornaments replaced—all at no extra cost!

The dry cleaner who displays the Sanitone Seal of Approved Service is your guarantee of the finest in dry cleaning. It will pay you to visit him often. Sanitone is a division of Emery Industries, Inc., Cincinnati 2, Ohio.



SPOTS AND STAINS GONE! Thanks to Sanitone Service her gown is fresher, cleaner.



SANITONE DRY CLEANERS are listed in classified directories. Look for the Sanitone Seal.

(Continued from Page 4)



Having achieved this position of eminence, I met my problem . . . how to get back down? I just didn't know what to do. Finally, I got so tired . . .



I had to yell for help.



Whew! Thanks, pop.



Golly! It's kinda nice to be sitting down again.



Been down here five minutes. I'm rested now . . . feel a bit ambitious. My, how inviting that crib railing looks. . . .



The end!

(Continued on Page 8)



First step to a fine new wardrobe . . .

Buy WISS Pinking Shears

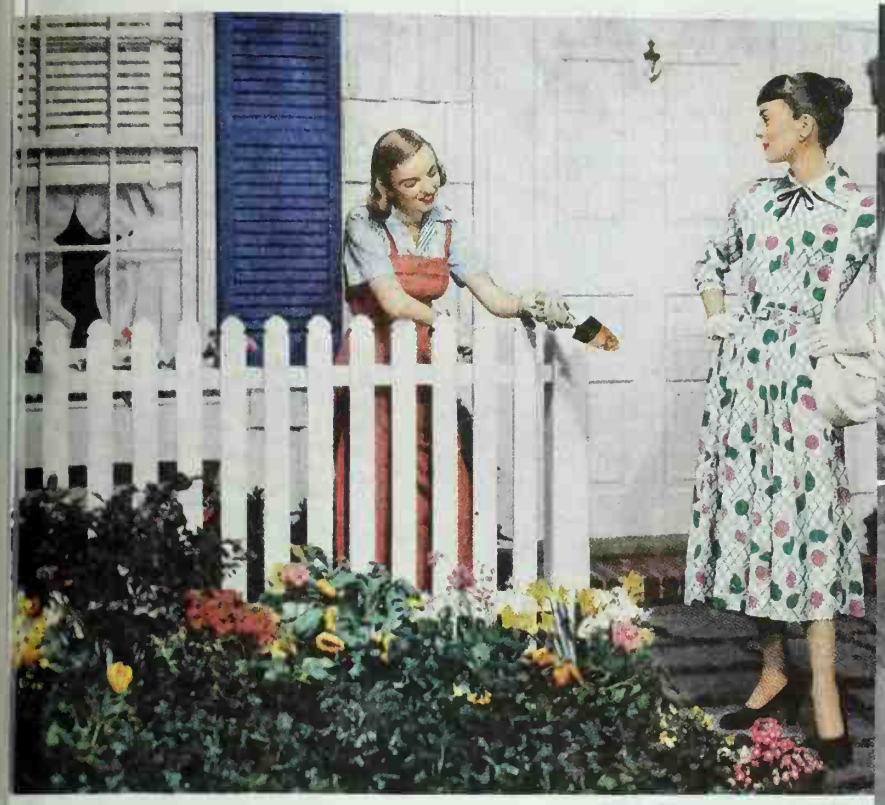
• Fashion-wise women are becoming budget-wise these days and sewing for themselves. It takes hardly any time to make a smart dress . . . with Wiss Pinking Shears to finish the edges as the pattern is cut. Wiss Pinking Shears give every fabric a permanent ravel-proof finish . . . climinate all need for French seams, overcasting, turning under and stitching. Always specify Wiss . . . you can be sure they'll stay sharp longer . . . ready to serve for a lifetime. You may have to wait for Wiss Pinking Shears but they're worth it!

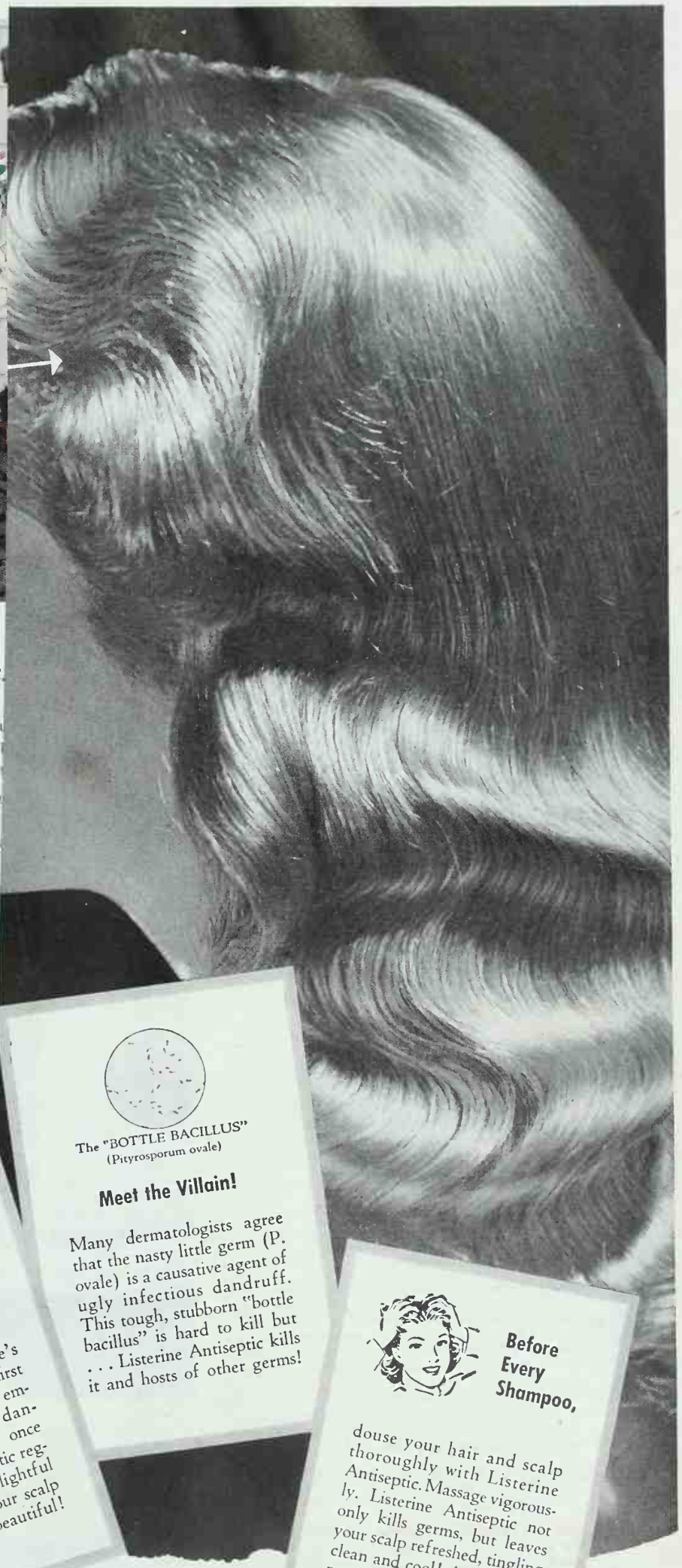


WISS PINKING SHEARS $7.50
Wiss Pinking Shears in case $8.95
Leather Case alone $1.50

WISS J. WISS & SONS CO.
NEWARK 7, N. J.

1848 · Quality · 1948 for a Century





"In 8 lessons you learned to sew like that?
Lead me to the SINGE

YES, you can do it, too! In just 8 cost-next-to-nothing lessons, you can learn to make figure-flattering clothes that will leave *your* friends green-eyed!

It doesn't matter if you've never sewn before. SINGER experts make it so easy you'll think you were *born* with a needle in your hand.

You actually ma
finishing, SINGE
cover buttons, m

So don't let hi
Let the SINGER
well-dressed look



● **It's such a pleasure** to sew on a SINGER!* Responds to your lightest touch. Stitches forward or backward, fast or slow. Attachments make tricky details a breeze.



● **You'll find every notion** you need—fr
scissors to cut the cloth, to zippers to fin
the placket right at SINGER. Spring b
tons feature new washable styles.



● **Brand-new cabinet model.** Latest addition to the SINGER family. Clean, modern lines. Lovely walnut finish. A piece as fine as the smooth-stitching machine it encloses.

FOR YOUR PROTECTIOre's

* SINGER sells its sewing first and other products only, em- SINGER SEWING CENTE[R] fied by the Red "S" on th[e] dan- and never through department store[s] once outlets.

Be sure to check the address of [a] SINGER SEWING CENTER in phon[e] SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPA[NY] beautiful!

Here's the SINGER SEWING CE
1514 Elm Street, Dallas, Texas. I
more from coast to coast. There's
you!

•Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by THE SINGER MANUFAC

The "BOTTLE BACILLUS"
(Pityrosporum ovale)

Meet the Villain!

Many dermatologists agree that the nasty little germ (P. ovale) is a causative agent of ugly infectious dandruff. This tough, stubborn "bottle bacillus" is hard to kill but . . . Listerine Antiseptic kills it and hosts of other germs!

Before Every Shampoo,

douse your hair and scalp thoroughly with Listerine Antiseptic. Massage vigorously. Listerine Antiseptic not only kills germs, but leaves your scalp refreshed, tingling clean and cool! As an added precaution against infection, wash comb and brush with Listerine Antiseptic, also.

INE ANTISEPTIC

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

sted that eye-opening MINT flavor of the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste?

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(Continued from Page 6)

Twenty-Five Words or Less

Corpus Christi, Texas.

Dear Editors: How about an article on I Don't Like Contests Because —— Make it like the things these contests advertise: so revolutionary, so miraculous, so soul-scorching that it will end contests forever.

I'd like to write this article, but having unsuccessfully entered 25,000 additional contests or less, I'm too stupid. However, there's no time for sour grapes. For in that time I could be thinking up the $5000 idea! And besides, there are the hundreds of topless and labelless boxes, cans and cartons that fall with clocklike regularity out of every closet and cabinet all day long. I am constantly catching myself pouring in half the box trying to get rid of one more topless carton. No wonder they can afford to give away $5000 worth of prizes.

Then there's the idea of cutting my dishwashing time in half! It takes at least sixteen times as long with all these contests. For invariably the $1000 brainstorm on Sudzey Dudzey occurs when my hands are elbow-deep in suds, and the idea must be jotted down now—soap, water and all.

But my house is not crowded with phonographs (just boxes without tops). I don't even want $100 a month for life. One H-u-n-d-r-e-d a MONTH. Think what that would buy. Where's my pencil—quick!

Sincerely,
DOROTHY MORGAN McCOY.

Nurses Are People Too

Philadelphia.

Dear Editor: I am a graduate, registered nurse. When I finished my training a year ago, I remained at my home hospital, thinking that it was the best in the country. I was and am loyal to it, but I could not remain there any longer than four months. I was on the general-duty staff and was offered a head-nurse position. My salary, after receiving my R. N., was $95 a month plus $20 for maintenance, with small additions for night duty.

For a while I lived at home, about twelve miles from the hospital—too far to make arriving neat and clean for duty at 7 A.M. anything but the most unpleasant chore. So when a room in the annex to the nurses' home became available, I moved in.

That room could not have passed inspection by the standards of cleanliness, sanitation and safety we had been taught. The paint was peeling, the roof leaked, the plumbing was in disrepair, and there was but one exit—rickety wooden stairs.

The food, while of good quality and prepared by a dietitian, was tasteless. The menus provided more for economy than for variety. So, after losing fifteen pounds, pressure from my family made me leave my home hospital.

Shortly after that I took a position on the staff of a smaller hospital, at $115 a month for ten-hour duty. The techniques practiced there were poor. The department in which I worked was run by a woman who used me as she would an aide. I was accustomed to responsibility and allowed to accept practically none.

I have been in my third hospital now for several months. We are so understaffed that it is a disgrace. There are frequently only two graduate nurses on floor duty for as many as fifty patients, with one or, at the most, two attendants who help make beds and answer call lights. This is supposedly an up-to-date hospital, yet we have come off duty at the end of the day with a guilty feeling because we have been unable to care for our patients in the ways we have been taught are correct.

The salary is good—$156 a month and maintenance in a clean and well-located nurses' home. But the food is terrible. There is no dietitian. Even the patients complain of being hungry after they have eaten. We are served the same food and expected to do hard physical and mental work on the energy it provides. Fortunately, the nurses' home has a kitchen, so we can cook.

That is the situation in nursing as I have found it. True, I have limited experience, but conversations with older graduates confirm it. Housing, salaries, food and old equipment build up a situation which has led to serious understaffing in the hospitals of the country. Is it any wonder that girls are reluctant to enter training, and that graduate nurses are turning to the private-duty field, or even leaving nursing?

Sincerely yours,
(Name withheld by request)

A Foot-Cooler for HOT DAYS

Let Ice-Mint keep your feet in cool, fresh comfort while the temperature soars. So easy to apply this frosty-white medicated cream — so lasting in its soothing relief. A real help too, in softening stinging callouses and corns. And a grand first-aid for discomfort of sunburn. Don't delay. Get Ice-Mint today at drug and department stores. Also sold in Canada.



It can happen here

. . . ALL TOO EASILY!

Ugly flakes and scales that cloud the highlights of your hair . . . a telltale shower on clothes, brush and comb . . . colonies of germs on your scalp!

They may mean infectious dandruff which is so easy to "catch" . . . so hard to get rid of.

Don't let this troublesome condition get a head start. There's a simple, easy, delightful precaution which has become a weekly "must" with countless fastidious women. It is Listerine Antiseptic and massage. If you prize the health of your scalp and the good looks of your hair, use Listerine every time you wash your hair. And, if infection has already started, use it even oftener.

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair a wonderfully cooling antiseptic bath . . . kills germs by millions, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale). This is the germ that so many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

You will be delighted to see how quickly flakes and scales begin to disappear . . . how wonderfully refreshed and healthy your scalp feels . . . how much fresher your hair looks.

Remember, in clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*



Telltale Flakes

They are often Nature's warning . . . may be the first symptoms of distressing, embarrassing infectious dandruff! Get started at once with Listerine Antiseptic regularly . . . an easy, delightful way to help keep your scalp healthy, your hair beautiful!



The "BOTTLE BACILLUS" (Pityrosporum ovale)

Meet the Villain!

Many dermatologists agree that the nasty little germ (P. ovale) is a causative agent of ugly infectious dandruff. This tough, stubborn "bottle bacillus" is hard to kill but . . . Listerine Antiseptic kills it and hosts of other germs!



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douse your hair and scalp thoroughly with Listerine Antiseptic. Massage vigorously. Listerine Antiseptic not only kills germs, but leaves your scalp refreshed, tingling clean and cool! As an added precaution against infection, wash comb and brush with Listerine Antiseptic, also.

for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF • LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Have you tasted that eye-opening MINT flavor of the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste?



"This cotton-top cake had me whistlin' DIXIE

"It was light as fluff, tender as a Southern breeze . . . and oh-so-rich and moist! I honestly didn't believe a cake could *be* so all-round delicious!

"And I can bake luscious cakes like that one again and again with new, improved Crisco and Crisco Success Cake recipes! Pure, all-vegetable Crisco has a baking secret you don't get in any other type of shortening. Crisco Success Cake recipes are *built around* that secret. You get lighter, richer cakes . . . cakes you won't equal with any other type of shortening or any ordinary recipe.

"And it's so easy—you can mix a gorgeous Crisco Success Cake in just 4½ minutes! Of course, pure, easy-creaming Crisco is a wonder with *any* cake or any recipe. But Crisco *plus* the Crisco Success Cake method means baking at its best—cakes that will make you proud as proud can be!

"Goodness knows I've always used wonder Crisco for flaky pastry and digestible fried foods. (Yes, 9 out of 10 doctors say Crisco is easy to digest.) So now the motto for me is *Crisco for all 3*—pastry, fried foods, and marvelous cakes!"



COTTON-TOP CAKE

Follow this Crisco Success Cake Recipe carefully and you'll get a lighter, richer, more tender cake.

Measure into mixing bowl: (All measurements level)

2 cups sifted cake flour • 1⅓ cups sugar
½ cup Crisco • 1 teaspoon salt • ⅔ cup milk

Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) 2 min. Now stir in (yes, all by itself):

3 teaspoons baking powder*

Add:

4 egg yolks (unbeaten) • ⅓ cup milk
1 teaspoon lemon flavoring

Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) 2 min. Pour into two 9" layer pans (9" x 1½" deep) rubbed with Crisco and lined with waxed paper. (For smaller pans fill pans half full, bake cup cakes with remaining batter.) Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 25-30 minutes. Put cooled layers together with *Apricot Filling:* (Save ¼ cup for top.) Cook ½ cup apricot juice with 1 tbsp. cornstarch until thick. Stir in ½ cup drained apricot pulp and 1 tbsp. lemon juice. Cool. Cover cake with white icing. Decorate with swirls of apricot filling.

*Double-action or phosphate type (Calumet, Davis, Clabber Girl, Rumford, etc.). With tartrate type (Royal, etc.) use 4 tsps.

SEND FOR CRISCO COOK BOOK— 64 pages of "Recipes for Good Eating," with more Success Cake recipes. Send 10¢ in coin and a Crisco label (any size). Address: Crisco, Dept. HJ, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Offer good in U. S., including Hawaii.





USE CRISCO IT'S DIGESTIBLE!

Be thrifty—buy the 3-lb. economy size!

LADIES' HOME Journal

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Creativeness is Power Too

FOR centuries in cottages and castles, mansions and rectories, women have engaged in fancy needlework. British women have recently turned their personal pastimes to the nation's profit through Women's Home Industries, Ltd., which markets their unique handwork like any other manufacturing concern. The British Board of Trade made special plans to supply the finest yarns, satins, silks, tapestry wools and canvases for carrying out the work. Extremely high standards were set up and rigid specifications issued. It was thought that the plan would require careful nursing and develop slowly. But the appeal of creative work for British women was underestimated.

The scheme caught on like wildfire. Within a week after its inception some 14,000 samples of knitting, embroidering and such flooded the London office. Each item outbid the other for perfection. H.M. Queen Mary herself produced six exquisitely worked floral *gros point* chair seats which went on sale with other equally fine merchandise. The output of the home industries finally settled down to an average of 300 articles a day which the central office must judge and grade.

An exhibit of the work in New York, brought here by Lady Reading, heading WHI, contained over 1000 different articles, including knitting—children's garments, pullovers, golf socks—various types of fine needlework, *gros* and *petit point* for chair seats, stools and church kneelers, smocking and Welsh and Durham quilting. Among the items which attracted most attention were the needlework rugs and special needlework done for churches, similar to the wonderful handwork in Wells and Winchester Cathedrals.

The success of Women's Home Industries is due not merely to the need for dollars in Great Britain, great as it is. The satisfaction of doing something creative and beautiful doubtless means more to feminine hearts.

The Dinner-Table War

By Dorothy Thompson

HOWEVER the sixty years' war between butter and margarine turns out, it has been a remarkable example of the inconsistencies practiced by some upholders of private enterprise. Private enterprise should, according to its own principles, uphold fair competition. For fair competition, as opposed to monopoly, whether of the state or of powerful private interests, is the single strongest argument that can be advanced in behalf of the private-enterprise system.

Private enterprise is, in general, opposed to government interference or regulation, except of such economic institutions as are, by their nature, monopolistic. Yet one inconsistency in this attitude is that actually private enterprises, while resisting regulation or restriction of themselves, often do not hesitate to invoke Government restrictions against their competitors. Behind this, also, is the very dubious theory that "one man's loss is another man's gain," leading logically to the belief that what injures one industry must profit another. Actually the Christian concept that what is good for one is good for all is, in the long run, much nearer practical truth.

At the first emergence of a table fat which could substitute for butter, originally called oleomargarine, and composed—as it no longer is—of purified animal fats, the dairy interests of America went to arms in what has had many of the characteristics of a war, howbeit bloodless. With the great influence that the organized dairymen were able to exert upon the Agricultural Committees of Congress, they managed to put margarine in a class of pariah foods. Since the product was always pure and nutritious, and steadily became more so, they were unable to invoke the Pure Food and Drug Acts against it, even after these acts came into being. So what they invoked was the tax power.

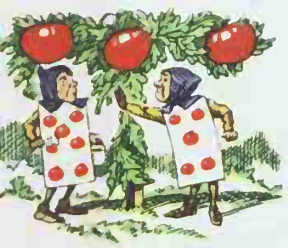
During all the decades that margarine has been on the market, it has carried a special discriminatory Federal tax, actually amounting to an internal protective tariff for butter. This tax, on yellow margarine, has amounted to almost a quarter of the cost of the product, and it has been compounded by additional discriminatory laws, varying from state to state. In some states the sale of yellow margarine has been prohibited; in others, retailers have had to pay license fees to carry margarine on their shelves; in some states manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers and restaurants have all had to pay license fees, thus compounding the costs passed on to consumers. And in at least one state taxpayers, many of whom cannot afford butter for themselves, are compelled to purchase it for state institutions, where margarine is legally barred.

Yet, in spite of all this, the per-capita consumption of margarine has steadily mounted, while the per-capita consumption of butter has declined. Thus, the dairy interests, while waging a highly successful war against a competitor, have shown no evidence of the victory on their own books.

The theory behind the struggle—like the theory behind all such struggles between competitors—has been that by penalizing one product the consumer would be driven to purchase



Welcome to a Wonderland of good drinking!



Only the sun "paints" Libby's

Remember, in "Alice in Wonderland," how the Queen's roses had to be *painted* red? Not so with Libby's ruddy tomatoes. They're full-ripened on the vine . . . rich in *natural* goodness and consistency. Good reasons why Libby's Tomato Juice is America's *favorite* brand!



"Drink Me" would be a wise label

Remember the mysterious "Drink Me" label on the bottle Alice found? Libby's might well be labeled: "DRINK ME FOR VITAMINS A, B_1, B_2 AND C." For example, one 6-ounce glass of Libby's fills, on the average, an adult's daily minimum need for Vitamin C! Serve Libby's often.



'Round the clock refreshment

Remember how the mad tea party went on and on? Libby's Tomato Juice is like that. It's perfect 'round the clock—for breakfast, luncheon, dinner, snack-times, bed-time! See how the whole family *takes to* this thrifty, refreshing vitamin-rich juice. You'll make it "*The* Drink" at your house!



len to "MY TRUE STORY"
l life dramas. Mornings,
n. thru Fri. 9:00 EST
:00 EDT), 9:00 CST
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30 PST. ABC Stations.

its rival. In the particular case of butter, the situation was further complicated by the fact that dairy interests traditionally assumed that the sale of butter was the standard measurement of the prosperity of the industry. But this has also found nothing in fact to justify it.

All dairy products derive from fluid milk, and the production and sale of fluid milk, ice cream, cheese and so on have steadily risen. The only dairy product that has declined in per-capita consumption has been butter. The dairy interests have attributed this decline to their rival, margarine. But it is a very great question whether margarine has had anything whatever to do with this. The real reason is that the price of butter has driven it off the tables of low-income homes. The growing demand for other, less expensive dairy products, especially ice cream, has diverted butterfat into more salable dairy products, actually competing with butter, and raising its price. The dairy farmer does not suffer as a result. His product does not bring him less because it is going into other channels. But the development leaves butter as a luxury article—exactly as much of a luxury article as heavy whipping cream.

But meanwhile, the dairy interests, in their war against margarine, have been, I think, suffering from a complete misunderstanding of the economics of the household, and greatly underestimating the power of their primary customers—women—to circumvent all attempts to make them spend their money in any one way. There is a lesson here, which all promoters of products should learn.

The ordinary American household lives on a budget; so much for rent (or, for the homeowner, taxes, and probably interest and amortization); so much for food; so much for clothing; so much for recreation; so much as a reserve for emergencies. The average American family will always spend the same *proportion* of the family income for each of these categories. If the family income goes up, the *amount* spent will be changed. The family may then spend *more* for food, but not a higher *proportion* of its whole income. And if food prices go up—which is equivalent to a decrease of income—the housewife will not change her budget, but will reduce costs by purchasing cheaper products.

> **A proverb is a short sentence based on long experience.** —CERVANTES.

The normal basic American diet includes bread, cereals, sugar, coffee, milk, table and cooking fats and oils, vegetables (especially potatoes), and proteins in the form of eggs, meat and legumes. The housewife buys the best she can afford in conformity with family tastes.

Now, right here, this question of tastes will always baffle all attempts to regulate consumption in any free consumers' economy. When prices go up, the housewife always changes *what* she buys. Instead of steaks, she will buy shoulder cuts for ragouts and stews. Or she will go in for substantial cheese dishes, or macaroni or spaghetti, or eat more fish, or serve large pots of baked beans.

All along the line she will reconsider her purchases to fit the family budget. If eggs are out of sight, she will do away with cakes requiring several eggs and bake a gingerbread mix. Instead of ice cream she will serve her family packaged puddings. And instead of butter there will be margarine on the table. But each change will be made in accordance with family tastes. And these are simply unreckonable.

A meat-eating family, for instance, will give up all desserts for more meat. Other families would rather not eat meat at all, if it has to be in the form of stews. They would rather have fried eggs. There are families who would make very great sacrifices of things other families consider essential, in order to have butter. (My family is one such.)

On the whole, the housewife chooses no substitutes because she *prefers* them. She chooses what offers approximately t nourishment at less cost and takes of the family's tastes. Margarine h scientifically proved to be exa nourishing as butter; its present co wholly vegetable oils plus skimm and vitamins is actually no grea parture in table fats than the subs of vegetable-oil fats for cooking i parture from the once universal use lard and beef suet.

But the housewife must provi family with necessities—taking acc their tastes and allergies. And wh pens is that, having figured out w *has* to have to nourish her fami spends what is left over on the luxur love.

When she finds that she has a f lars per week over and above actua she purchases special treats with t plus. Thus, to the pounds of marga everyday use, she purchases ounces ter for special occasions—or for so ticular member of the family who p larly cares about butter.

If one sees exactly how a househol omy works it ought to be obvious, lobbyists, that a tax on any *particul* actually works out as a tax on *all* fo the tax is not, really, a tax on a thing, but a tax on the consumer chasing power. If the housewife has ten cents more than she should f garine, because of a tax, she does n to buy butter, which costs more tha as much; she simply has ten cents spend for anything—including Even if the dairy lobby had been raise the price of margarine to equal butter, the housewife of moderate would still not be to buy butter. Sh then buy neithe garine nor butt feed her family and drippings, bre jam, peanut but other spreads.

All industries dealing in luxury pr should, if they are wise, do everyth their power to keep *down* the pr basic necessities. For luxuries can b chased only out of budget surplus think that by increasing the price of expensive product you can increase of a more expensive competitor is lik ing (with Marie Antoinette) that price of bread goes up families will ea cake; or that if the price of milk g they will consume more cream; or the price of cloth coats goes up, th buy mink—or that if the price of goes up they will buy caviar.

Nor is anything to be gained by w people against "imitations," if imit protect the consumer. Margarine ha been sold as butter; it is a packaged uct, clearly marked. To say that it tates" butter by having a yellow c completely irrational, since if a color is the mark of pure butter, bu imitating butter! Butter is yellow when made from the milk of cows f in green pastures. When cows are d in winter, the color of their butter off-white, and no yellower than n colored margarine, which the laws forced the manufacturers to bleach. butter is colored, and by the same p that has been forbidden margarine facturers.

The essence of free competition competition and honest rivalry. In to-do country, every good and honest uct can stand up in its own class. But any product, no matter what it is, t defeat a competitor by reducing th sumers' purchasing power, it will turn be defeating itself as well. Every cent arbitrarily from the housewife's p book is a cent taken away from som she might otherwise buy—even fro very product which is thus "protect

This, it seems to me, is the larg more universal lesson to be learned the dinner-table war of butter agains garine.

THE



Only 50¢

No boxtops or labels required

Treasure Chest of Baking Delights

LOOK WHAT YOU GET!

Ann Pillsbury's 40 Most Famous Recipes plus 40 unusual menus!

Here, collected for the first time, and ready at your fingertips in this handsome, ivory-finished steel file are 40 of Ann Pillsbury's most popular recipes—recipes for luscious, easy-to-make foods like the ones on this page.

The file itself is sturdy and convenient, and, a-a-ah . . . what food delights are yours inside! Cover is designed to hold card upright while in use. Cards are standard 3x5-inch size, giving complete instructions for making delicate cakes and pies—appetizing entrees—fluffy rolls!

Yes . . . and to give you a helping hand at mealtime, Ann Pillsbury has tucked in 40 new and unusual menus for everyday and special occasion use. (There's plenty of room left for *your* recipe cards, too.)

Remember . . . every recipe in this "Treasure Chest" is made easily, quickly, surely—*and* inexpensively, with the satin-smooth flour created to give you perfect results *whatever* you bake! Better get your "Treasure Chest" right away. Send only 50c. *No boxtops or labels required.*

You Bake your Best with Pillsbury's Best



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Sign and mail today!

ANN PILLSBURY,
Box 500, Dept. J2-9
Minneapolis, Minn.

Here's 50c in coin, for which please send me (postpaid) your Treasure Chest of Baking Delights, containing 40 of your famous recipes plus 40 unusual menus.

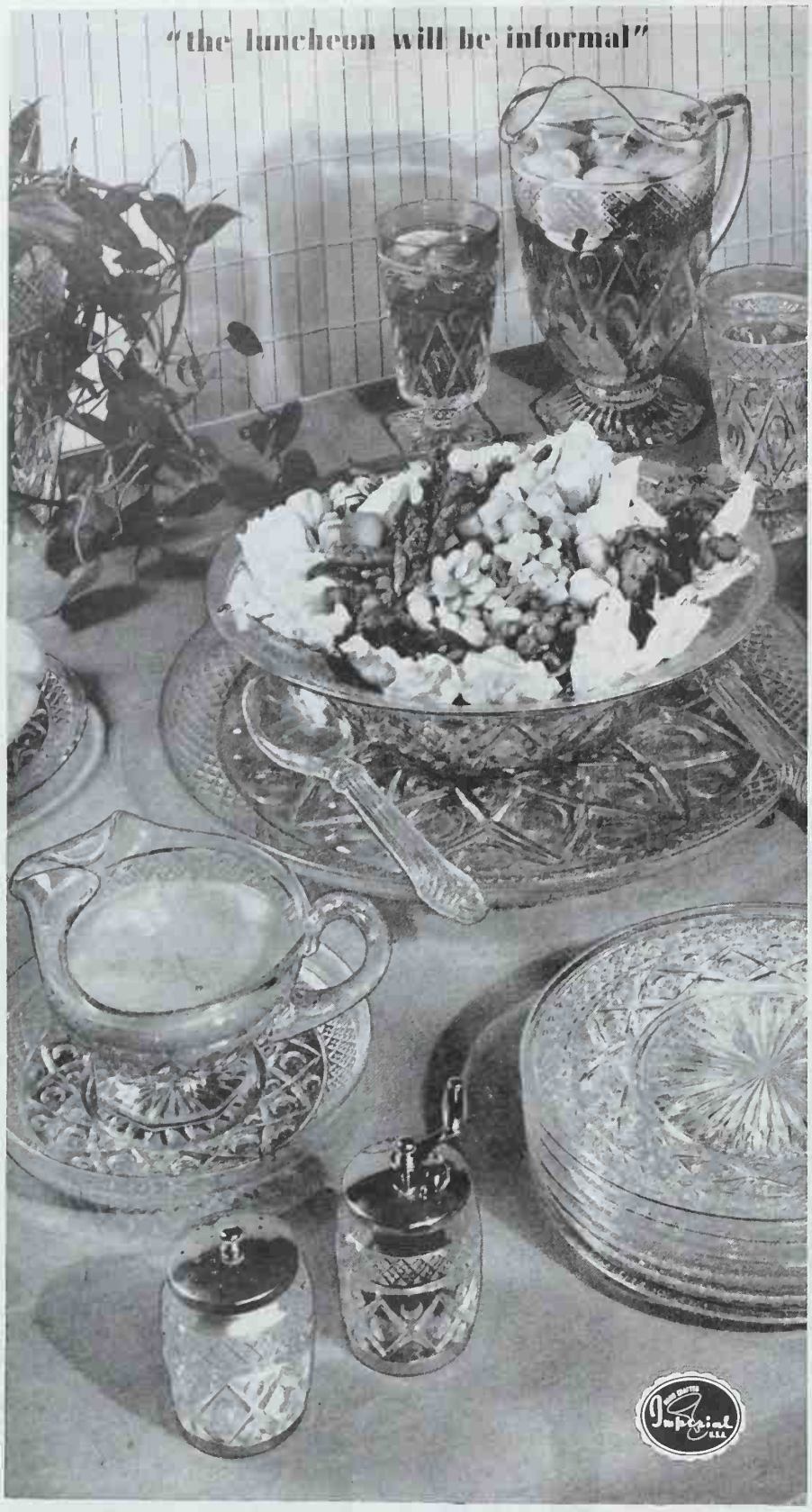
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OFFER GOOD IN CONTINENTAL U.S. ONLY . . . EXPIRES JULY 31, 1948



Cape Cod CRYSTAL

for *planned* informality

You know how to set a formal table, of course; that's traditional, a custom easy to follow. But informality, ah! . . . that requires thoughtful, careful planning to win a high hostess rating! On such occasions, when perfection of detail is so important, rely on your Imperial Cape Cod Crystal. This 18th century pattern was redesigned for modern versatility. The beauty, clarity, sturdy durability of fine hand-crafted quality is apparent at first glance. It's a complete table service, with open stock availability at fine stores everywhere.

THE IMPERIAL GLASS CORPORATION
BELLAIRE, OHIO

UNDER-COVER STUFF

REPRINTED COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"Pardon me, sir—I resent your statement that all other loves pale into insignificance beside yours."

By Bernardine Kielty

THE June marriage (if we listen to scientists) is not only "the thing to do"—the correct social custom recommended in the best circles. It doesn't happen just because there is romance in the air, though that's getting closer.

According to zoologist *N. J. Berrill*, the June marriage has a good, sound, biological basis. In Breeding and the Sun and Moon (*Natural History Magazine*), he emphasizes the fact that all growing plants and creatures are stimulated by the lengthening days of spring and the full moon of June, and makes his point by an interesting if remote description of the breeding habits of the palolo, the grunion, the European oyster, and the fireworm of the Bermudas that breeds according to the phase of the moon. Fascinating even if not poetic.

Come June, the girl who is not getting married (at once), but is contemplating a summer job, might be interested in the statistics compiled last year by a college employment bureau. According to this report, the job that proved most lucrative was that of waitress, and the largest individual wage reported was earned by a girl who worked in a resort hotel.

The possibilities of this kind of work were further enlarged upon by four girls who were waiting on table at a seaside hotel last summer. They were attractive girls, sensible and unself-conscious, and quite ready to chat with the customers through a long breakfast in the half-filled dining room. These girls were not college graduates, but well brought up and undoubtedly from good homes. They had thought seriously about their jobs and were not just drifting. They had met in a hotel in Florida where they worked through the winter, and had now come North for a good healthful summer. They were emphatic about the advantages of waiting on table. Not only did they see more of the world than did their friends who worked in offices, but they had the opportunity of meeting far more interesting people. They had been able to save considerable money, what with tips and board and room taken care of, and were planning an automobile trip together between seasons. The idea was to slant slowly down through the country into Mexico, then ship over to one of the West Indies, and wind up again in Florida in time for the season. Embellished by their enthusiasm, it sounded like the magic carpet. We felt we'd been missing something all these years.

It was in June that we visited the seaside resort and talked with the waitresses, and it was there that we came to certain conclusions about honeymooners. The place abounded in them. It was an island, and honeymooners seem to take to islands. They'd go off on their bicycles for day's trips. They were browned and healthy from sun and sea air. But they were stymied when it came to meals. They plowed through dinner with conventional conversations (unavoidably overheard) interspersed with long silences. There was seemingly no bond when it came to the exchange of ideas. Finally two of the couples got together. They began to eat together and to play as a foursome. And what a change! What chitchat and peals of laughter! From then on they had by far the best time of all the folks who were vacationing on the island, and proved what we had always privately thought: that honeymooners would do well to go vacationing in pairs.

• • •

If the man in the family has baseball fever, tell him to read THE BABE RUTH STORY, as told to *Bob Considine*. Here he is telling his story in his own words; The Babe, who started as a catcher on St. Mary's Industrial School team, in Baltimore, made his name as a pitcher with the Boston Red Sox, and won his eternal fame as home-runner and pennant winner on the New York Yankees; the best-loved figure the sports world has ever known; the hero of baseball, who, when he was suffering from an unbelievably serious and terrible operation, received 30,000 letters in the hospital. Nowhere else could it happen. This is a real American story.

(Continued on Page 16)

Happy thought of a young wife...

"Do I look as proud as I feel, I wonder? It's such a thrill to see my lovely table set with my very own 1847 Rogers Bros. silverware. Did you ever see such beauty and rich quality in silverplate? It's made as perfectly as solid silver is."

1847 ROGERS BROS.

America's Finest Silverplate





DIAMONDS BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

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A value like this is most unusual today!

1847 Rogers Bros. silverplate is one of very few things that has not increased in price.

And *nothing* you could buy will give you more lasting pleasure. Heavily plated, beautifully made, each piece has a perfection of finish . . . fine balance . . . exquisite detail that you usually find only in solid silver.

So choose for your own the silverplate more women own and love than any other —with the yearmark "1847."

52-piece service for eight, $64.75; 76-piece service for twelve, $94.75; 100-piece service for eight, $117.50. (Prices include chests. No federal tax.)

TUNE IN: "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet," Friday, 9:30 p.m., E.D.S.T., CBS.



WAS THAT A BURGLAR... DOWNSTAIRS?

WHEN THE CLOCK IS TICKING away the night—and you can't get to sleep—your nerves make you jump at every sound.

You find yourself thinking things that would never occur to you in the daylight.

What *makes* you so nervous and uneasy? And why *couldn't* you get to sleep when you first went to bed?

If you've been drinking coffee, and you're one of those made nervous and sleepless by caffein, *that* is probably the trouble.

And does this mean that you must give up coffee? No!

Just start drinking *Sanka* Coffee.

Sanka is *real* coffee, and it's *all* coffee! But it can't possibly upset your nerves *or* your sleep, because 97% of its caffein has been removed.

And Sanka is such fragrant, rich, full-bodied coffee, you'll love it.

So start drinking Sanka tonight. You'll enjoy delicious coffee and delicious sleep.

SANKA COFFEE

97% CAFFEIN-FREE

YOU CAN DRINK IT AND SLEEP!



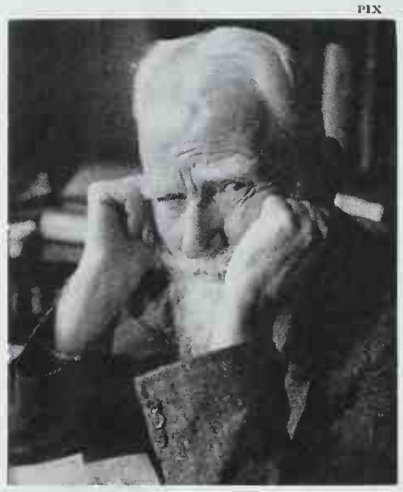
Drip or Regular

Products of General Foods

(Continued from Page 14)

In ARNOLD BENNETT'S JOURNAL (that book of eternal gratifications) he tells a story on ***George Bernard Shaw***, playwright and vegetarian. They had been rehearsing PYGMALION for nine weeks, in the middle of which ***Mrs. Pat Campbell***, who played the lead, went away for two weeks on her honeymoon. When she returned there was some trouble about the way she

PIX



George Bernard Shaw

did her part (due, no doubt, to the golden interlude). When she had altered it she said to Shaw, "Is that better?" Shaw said, "No, it isn't. I don't want any of your flamboyant creatures, I want a simple human ordinary creation such as I have drawn." Mrs. P. C. was taken aback, but she was never one to give up. "You are a terrible man, Mr. Shaw," she retorted. "One day you'll eat a beefsteak, and then God help all women." At which, it is said, Shaw blushed.

• • •

We just heard about a man who put a scarecrow up in his strawberry patch to keep out the crows, only to discover, "where angels fear to tread," that a pair of wrens had built their nest in the breast pocket of the scarecrow's jacket.

• • •

OUR PLUNDERED PLANET, by ***Fairfield Osborn***, is a simple, straightforward and convincing account of man in the process of self-destruction. It starts off with the anthropoid ape and ends with the human, mentally equipped and highly civilized, jeopardizing his own survival by wanton looting of our planetary resources.

"The tide of the earth's population is rising, the reservoir of the earth's living resources is falling. Technologists may outdo themselves in the creation of artificial substitutes for natural subsistence, and new areas, such as those in tropical and subtropical regions, may be adapted to human use, but even such recourses or developments cannot be expected to offset the present terrific attack upon the natural life-giving elements of the earth. There is only one solution: Man must recognize the necessity of co-operating with Nature. . . . The time for defiance is at an end."

The danger flag is up. Mr. Osborn, in this artful description of man in the biological scheme, gives probably the most concise account yet written of what soil erosion means throughout the world.

There is also THE ROAD TO SURVIVAL, by ***William Vogt***, which enlarges upon the same message with concrete examples. And ***Louis Bromfield's*** MALABAR FARM, which deals with it in terms of the individual American farmer.

(Continued on Page 18)

Quit that rubbin'!



Don't be a Rubbit! Drop that dishrag. A spunky metal-fiber Brillo pad whisks crusty pans spotless!

BRILLO

shines 'em fast!



Brillo swoops off crust and scorch! Fast! Easy! Shines pans as it cleans 'em. For sparkling pots and pans, use Brillo every day!

GREEN box—pads and cake soap
RED box—soap-filled pads

contains JEWELER'S POLISH!



Shines aluminum fast!

Barbecue it... right in your broiler!



m-m-m!

FREE RECIPES

Just pour this rich, spicy barbecue flavor over meats . . . baste now and then, and . . . mmm

FOR TANGY BARBECUE RECIPES Write Glaser, Crandell Co., Chicago 8, Dept. B-6

Derby

BARBECUE SAUCE

FIRST AID FOR CLEVER COOKS

Also Derby Steak Sauce • Derby Hot Sauce • Derby Worcestershire

⅓ more food space...in General Electric's 1948 Space Maker Refrigerator!

Gives you ⅓ more refrigerated food storage in the same kitchen floor space!

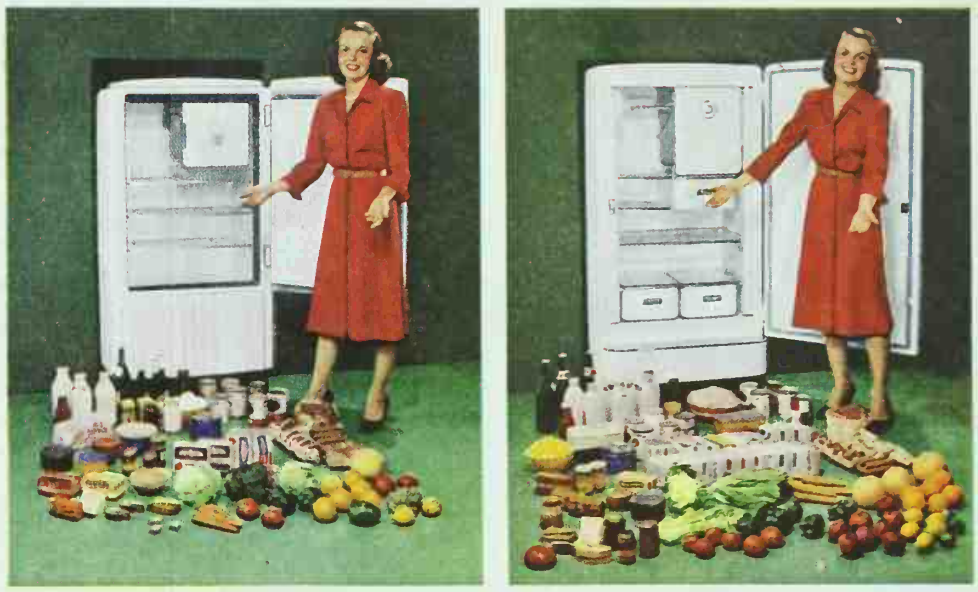
If you had this new wonder-refrigerator in your kitchen today, you'd be as proud of owning it as we are of making it!

For we honestly consider the 1948 Space Makers the *greatest* refrigerators ever to bear that symbol of fine refrigerators—the General Electric trade-mark.

Dependability—proved 1,700,000 times over!

Above all else, General Electric offers you dependable performance, day-in, day-out, month after month, year after year. Reason: the sealed-in refrigerating system, pioneered by General Electric.

More than 1,700,000 of these refrigerating systems have been giving dependable service for ten years or longer! And today's refrigerating system has one-third more freezing capacity . . . makes ice cubes 33⅓% faster . . . and consumes *less* current than the latest prewar sealed-in system!



Notice how the new General Electric 8-cubic-foot Space Maker fits in the same floor space as the old-style 6-cubic-foot model—*yet gives you one-third more refrigerated food-storage capacity!*



Important advantages! You get them all in the 1948 Space Maker!

- **Butter Conditioner**—keeps butter at right spreading temperature.
- **Big Freezing Compartment**—holds 24 packages of frozen food, plus 4 ice trays.
- **Deep Drawers**—6 inches deep. Will hold standing roasts and more than two-thirds bushel of fruits and vegetables under refrigeration.
- **Bottle Storage Space**—holds 12 square, quart-size milk bottles, also tallest bottles.
- **Insulation**—more than three inches of most efficient insulation keeps operating cost down.
- **Sealed-in compressor mechanism**—more compact, more efficient, more economical than ever.

Let your General Electric retailer show you the wonderful 1948 Space Maker Refrigerators. In the line are three 8-cubic-foot models and two 10-cubic-foot models. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Space Maker Refrigerators

More than 1,700,000 refrigerators in Service 10 Years or Longer

5-Year Protection Plan—Included in the price of every General Electric Refrigerator is a five-year protection plan. This plan consists of a one-year warranty on the complete refrigerator, plus additional four-year protection on the sealed-in refrigerating system.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Yours for the years

IT'S SMART TO CHOOSE
THE FINEST STERLING

Years of joyous dinner parties and happy family meals, each made more enjoyable by your own solid silver. To be sure your pattern will always please you, choose one of the famous *authentic* Reed & Barton designs. For more than a century, Reed & Barton has meant "Finest Sterling."

HELPFUL HOSTESS HINTS: *For fascinating and valuable booklet "How To Be A Successful Hostess", send 10 cents to Reed & Barton, Box 990, Department L, Taunton, Massachusetts.*

Reed & Barton
STERLING SILVER



POINTED ANTIQUE
STERLING

A Group of the World's Most Beautiful Sterling Patterns

(Continued from Page 16)

FREE ADMISSION, by ***Ilka Chase,*** is that lively lady's second contribution to the public's knowledge about her life and loves. She recounts a story, originally told by that inimitable *raconteuse,* Eleanor Roosevelt, widow of Gen. Theodore Roosevelt. Mrs. Roosevelt was going out to Long Island by train, planning to get off at Syosset, where her husband was going to meet her. After the train had started she discovered that it was an express. Knowing that the general would be in a dilemma, she took it upon herself to straighten things out. She hastily scribbled a note, and as the train whizzed through the station where her husband was waiting, she threw it out the window. He picked up the bit of paper and read: "This train does not stop at Syosset."

• • •

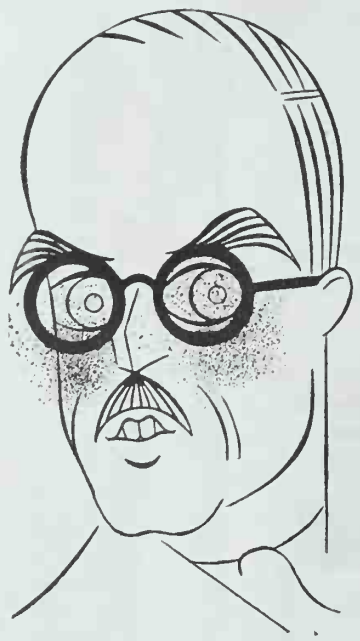
The new generation, as overheard while lined up in a movie queue: Girl to boy: "You know, you owe me a perfectly mad *Saturday!"*

• • •

For man and boy there is HOW TO LIVE IN THE WOODS, by ***Homer Halsted,*** a book on woodcraft and camping—"the gentle art of enjoying the wilderness," as Mr. H. puts it. And also the classic on that subject, ***Horace Kephart's*** CAMPING AND WOODCRAFT, which has been re-edited time and time again since its original publication in 1922.

• • •

THE IDES OF MARCH is to our way of thinking not only ***Thornton Wilder's*** best novel but also the best picture of Caesar—and we're not forgetting Shakespeare or Shaw. Here is the Dictator, surrounded by enemies of whom he is eternally aware but unafraid, and by the masses of the people who adore him. He is the general become statesman.



Thornton Wilder

"Caesar is not a philosophical man," says Cicero, his severest critic. "His life has been one long flight from reflection. . . . Men of his type so dread all deliberation that they glory in the practice of the instantaneous decision. They think they are saving themselves from irresolution; in reality they are sparing themselves the contemplation of all the consequences of their acts. . . . This is the vice of military leaders for whom every defeat is a triumph and every triumph almost a defeat."

(Continued on Page 21)

today's

"at home" look

prettier and prettier



the Reddicoat®

slip it on—tie it—you're ready for any occasion.

Ready, looking better than ever, t face the dishes or unexpected guests They're styled with today's look . . cheerful, bright, a little dressed-u looking. In out-of-ordinary prints o colorful cottons. About $6

at your favorite store or write
Gingham Girl, 1350 Broadway, N. Y. 18
for name of store nearest you.

Have a house that says "Hello!"



A Meal with a View—

and who'll mind warm weather? This sleek-lined table blooms garden-bright in your dinette, on the terrace or sun porch for gay summer meals. Side extensions zip smoothly out when there's extra company. Daystrom's own plastic table tops are satin-smooth and colorful—and specially designed for long, hard wear. Can't chip, char or stain. Those comfortable chairs—and the host chairs, too—are heavily padded, washable—handsome as leather—and so durable!



For Light-hearted Housekeeping—

this versatile table does double duty in any kitchen. Daystrom's exclusive plastic top invites hard wear and rough treatment. Bubbling coffee pots or simmering casseroles cannot mar it. That shining surface shrugs off stains and scratches and scars. And it cleans in a jiffy with a damp cloth. When you buy chrome furniture—look for the name Daystrom.



Lounge Chairs for Lazybones—

on porch, terrace or lawn, these easy-going lounge chairs reach out inviting arms. Deep springs cuddle you in comfort, and the colorful plastic upholstery is washable! All Daystrom furniture is designed for durability, comfort and modern charm. Priced for the budget-wise—at furniture and department stores everywhere. Ask for it by name.

-it's DAYSTROM furniture!

DAYSTROM AN ASSOCIATE

Chrome furniture for casual living—featured by stores from coast to coast

Daystrom Corporation, Olean, N. Y.; Daystrom Pacific Division, Pasadena, California

DON'T WORRY—all Daystrom table tops are laminated plastic—won't chip, char or stain—they're even cigarette-proof!



ZENITH ALONE

gives you these glorious

Twin Triumphs in Tone

Exclusive Cobra Tone Arm

Brings out glorious new beauty of tone—beauty you've never heard from records before. Invented by Zenith, perfected by Zenith, and found in no other radio at *any* price. Reproduces records on a Radionic Wave. Over 700 AM and FM radio stations use it to broadcast records. Eliminates *all* annoying noise and scratch. Keeps records sounding like new for over 2,000 plays! And Zenith's Silent-Speed Record Changer gently, quietly changes 10 and 12 inch records *intermixed.*

Exclusive Zenith-Armstrong FM

Gives you glorious new fidelity . . . sharp non-fade tuning, not possible with imitation FM. Only Zenith combines *genuine* Armstrong FM with Zenith's exclusive "power-line" FM antenna. Result: static-free FM *without an aerial* . . . on *both* FM bands, to protect you against any future changes in FM wavelengths. Just plug in—and play! Plus Radiorgan Tone Control and other "exclusives" assuring Zenith perfection in *every* kind of radio reception.

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Zenith "Classic" console combination, shown closed above, open at right. Twin triumphs in tone. Cobra Tone Arm and Zenith-Armstrong FM on both bands. Standard Broadcast. International Short Wave. Intermix Record Changer. Radiorgan Tone Control. Oversize Concert Grand Speaker. **$395***

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New VANISH KILLS TOILET ODORS AS IT CLEANS

HUDSON DUNAWAY CORPORATION
Dover, N. H.

(Continued from Page 18)

The Rome of Caesar's day was primarily a man's world, but nonetheless the influence of women could not even then be underestimated. Cleopatra is an alluring figure in the story. She plans to come to Rome for a visit, and though it is many years since Caesar has been her lover, and though he is not altogether pleased at the politics involved in her decision to come, he admits his anticipation:

"Conversation will be a pleasure again. I shall be flattered, understood and flattered, in a realm where few are capable of understanding my achievements. What questions she asks! . . . Oh, oh, oh, I have sat holding that catlike bundle on my lap, drumming my fingers on ten brown toes and heard a soft voice from my shoulder asking me how to prevent banking houses from

CULVER SERVICE



Caesar and Cleopatra

discouraging the industry of the people and what are the just wages of a chief of police relative to those of the governor of a city. . . . And yet she is lying, intriguing, intemperate, indifferent to the essential well-being of her people, and a lighthearted murderess."

It is a remarkable re-creation of a great man, in all the facets of his character, and a provocative picture of two women—a deeply rewarding novel.

Thornton Wilder was in college during World War I, in that outstanding generation at Yale that included Stephen Vincent Benét, Archibald MacLeish, John Farrar, Philip Barry. On his graduation he was given a fellowship to the American Academy in Rome, where no doubt the seed of the Caesar novel was planted, though the immediate outcome was his first novel, THE CABALA, *later followed by* THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY, THE WOMAN OF ANDROS, *and* HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION. *With* OUR TOWN *added to the list, this represents a pretty formidable achievement, and makes Wilder a strong contender for first place among living American authors.*

• • •

Two good mysteries, one new, one old: SORRY, WRONG NUMBER, *by* ***Allan Ullman*** *and* ***Lucille Fletcher:*** *and* MALICE AFORETHOUGHT, *by* ***Francis Iles,*** *author of* BEYOND THE FACT.

• • •

In reply to the many ex-Waves who want to know where they can get hold of the book WHILE SO SERVING, *mentioned some time back in this column: the publisher is Robert W. Kelly, 309 Lafayette St., New York, N. Y. . . .* UNDERSTANDING SEX, *by* ***Lester A. Kirkendall,*** *which was discussed in the April issue, is published by Science Research Associates, 228 South Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Illinois.*



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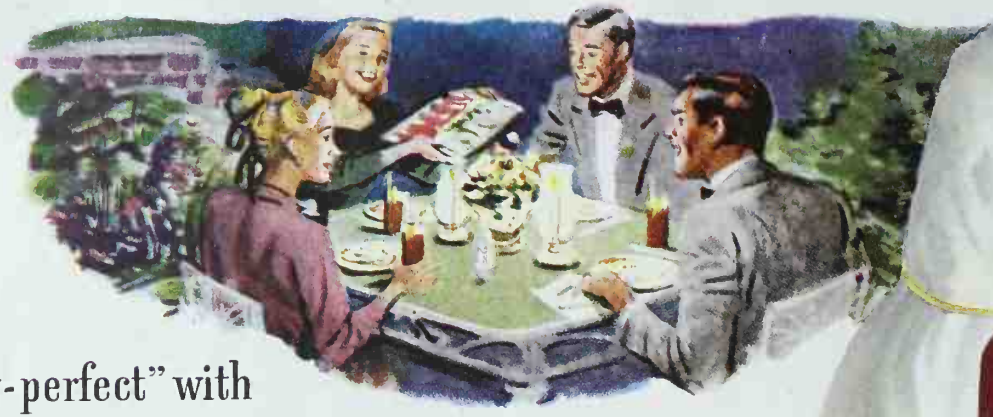
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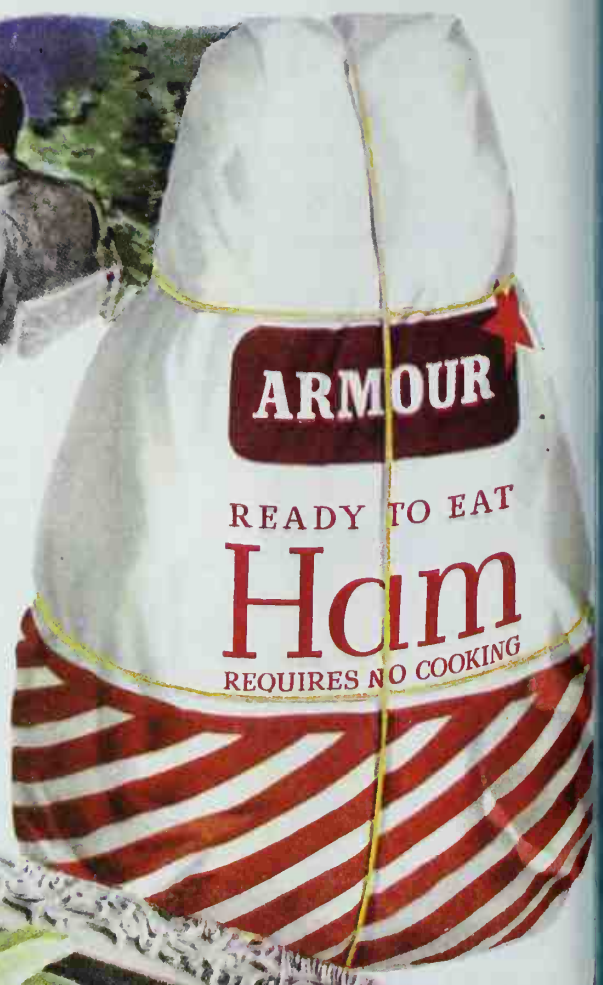
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"GET OUT THE VOTE"... Reform in Richmond

CITIZENS' ORGANIZATIONS

by MARGARET HICKEY

OUR democracy has never had a more severe test as a practical and workable form of government than it is undergoing in the eyes of the world today. To the troubled and besieged nations of Europe and Asia, freedom to decide public issues with ballots is one of our most precious rights. Our gifts for self-government therefore take on new importance.

Careful observers believe we can pass this test. The National Municipal League reports that the United States is experiencing the greatest civic revival in its history. The League has acted since 1894 as a clearing house for the troubles of communities suffering from poor government. It is now besieged by telegrams, visits and letters from stricken communities.

League officials say that citizens throughout the United States "are moving with rare sureness in the area of grass-roots democracy, which, when all is said and done, must be the basis for any sound action at the national or world level." The League's answer to the problems of party-ridden government is to train citizens to become more competent, more active in public affairs, and better managers of public finance.

Citizen organizations for better management and civil-service reform are throwing out party machines. Political bosses are being given their walking papers. Nonpartisan plans are winning at the polls. With 733 communities now using the council-manager plan, approximately one out of every four cities of more than 10,000 citizens has scrapped old-time political methods of managing municipal business.

It takes courage and hard work to get home rule, reduce taxes, cut red tape. The council-manager plan is no cure-all, but it does provide the opportunity for sharp attack on basic problems without the interference of party politics. In a single year the Municipal League of Seattle revised the city's charter, distributed more than 90,000 reports on public issues, helped balance city and county budgets, investigated taxes and juvenile delinquency. The work was done by a professional staff of seven, aided by hundreds of volunteers. The Citizens' Charter Committee of Hartford, Connecticut, with its own Government Research Institute, grew out of a successful campaign for a council-manager.

When Dr. Thomas H. Reed and his wife, Doris, veteran trouble shooters for the National Municipal League, were called in to make suggestions in Hoboken, New Jersey, they reported, "Not a single municipal service which is not substandard. The city's enormous pay rolls can be reduced from 714, as of April 15, 1947, to 446, and the quality of the service at the same time can be greatly improved. The total pay roll can be reduced half a million dollars below the 1947 appropriation." An energetic citizens' committee, with the League of Women Voters enlisting the support of women, is now pushing for reorganization of the fire and police departments, finance, health, welfare and public works.

The League of Women Voters cannot be commended too highly for its part in transforming women's civic apathy into action. Its members know how to avoid the frustrating unimportant "busy work" into which so many citizens' committees fall. A strong national organization under the competent leadership of women like Anna Lord Strauss, its president, brings into hundreds of communities sound political education. In Iowa, the League has published an 88-page handbook to help voters do a year-round job. In Beverly Hills, California, its campaign to get out the vote utilized all the latest tools and eye-catching tricks of modern public relations: street banners, window displays, information booths, doorbell tags, milk-bottle caps and lapel pins—all urging the voters to go to the polls.

To harassed mothers, "too busy for politics," the League says: "Your vote is part of the care you owe your children. Better schools, better homes, efficient management of public funds, these are possible only when citizens know how to work for them. As city government improves, progress is made at the state and national levels. When democracy is backed by citizens who value their stake in good government, the chance for world peace, too, is improved. If your inertia may deny your children the privilege of good government, can you stand idly by?" **THE END**

NOBODY seemed to care. The schools were run down; there weren't half enough playgrounds. You had to wear galoshes all spring because when the rains came, they stayed. The bus company couldn't get permission through City Hall for new busses, and transportation was erratic. So was the police force; there was no merit system. And the city council was so cumbersome it took fifty-one days to get any bill through whatsoever and its two-house, thirty-two-man setup so regulated that six votes could block any program—and did. But noboby seemed to care; at least not enough to *do* anything. It was ironic, too, for the Red Cross drive always went over the top; the Community Chest was generously supported; but for more than a decade, when local elections rolled around only a mere 2000 to 3000 of the city's 225,000 people turned up at the polls.

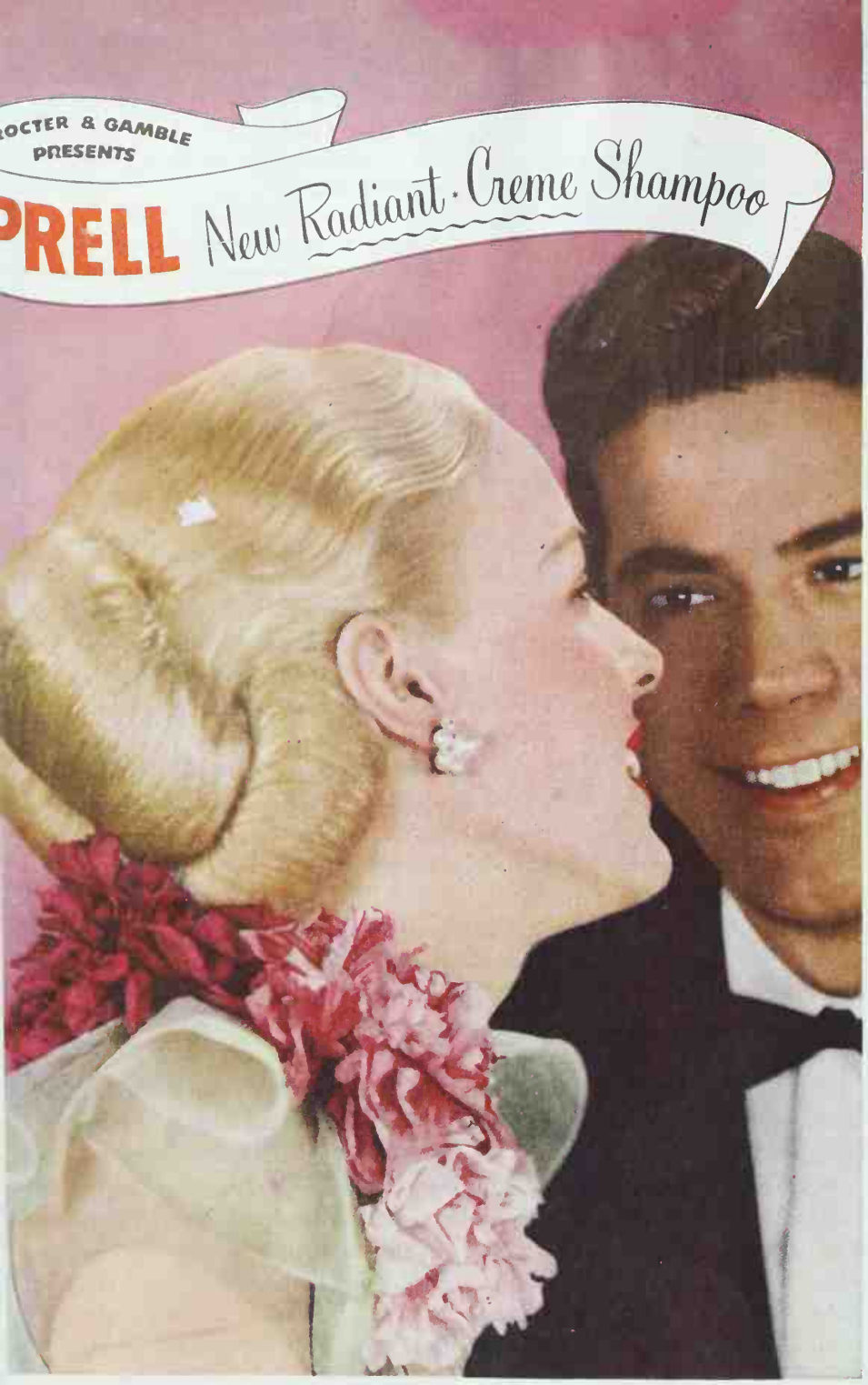
That is, until two years ago. Things are different now. Ten times as many people—more than 30,000—voted in the last municipal election. The government is streamlined now; the schools have a new lease on life; the city council is a nine-man body capable of fast action, and there's a merit system for all city employees. Richmond, Virginia, is out of the doldrums.

What happened in Richmond in those two years could happen in any town, city or county. The ingredients were simple enough: a lot of spirit, a little money, and a willingness to work for what was wanted. The people who re-created Richmond were neither bluestockings nor politicians. They were simply people who were aroused to the heritage that is every American's: the privilege of self-government. Some were women intent, as women usually are, on making a life for their children better than the one they knew. Some were teachers who saw beyond Richmond a state, a country, a world growing better because the people who lived in it were becoming more aware, more informed, more willing to work for the things they believed in. Some were businessmen who felt they weren't getting their money's worth out of the taxes they paid. Others were students of government who, as they walked the streets of this city, felt the ghosts of the great who had sprung *(Continued on Page 178)*

PHOTO BY JOE COLOGNORI, RICHMOND NEWSPAPERS, INC.



Jubilant crowds at Citizenship Center watch the successful returns from the 1947 elections on a charter for Richmond. Local newspaper later headlined Senate approval.



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nd it's actually *fun* to use Prell from streamlined, handy tube . . . no fuss messy jars or slippery bottles! Prell farther than any known shampoo, use it's concentrated for economy. t the family using Prell today—see much softer, sleeker, *more attractive* aves the hair.



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BABS: It's so economical, the lather's astronomical—That's Prell, the new Radiant-Creme!

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Summer Highlights

SUMMERTIME is color time. Be as gay as the garden flowers with new bags and belts in vivid linens and piqués . . . make them in canvas, linenlike cotton, corduroy, faille or taffeta; or crochet them in cotton to match your favorite afternoon dress. You will want to try more than one of these patterns—plan a bag for every costume!

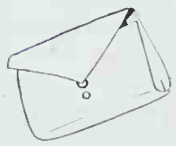
Patterns



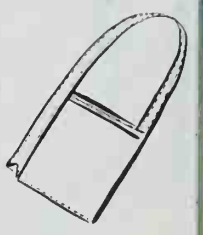
2171. CROCHETED BAG AND HEADBAND. 5c.
To make in cotton with bright colored flowers.



2216. KNITTED CAP AND BAG. 5c.
Trim bag and hat with rows of plastic paillettes.



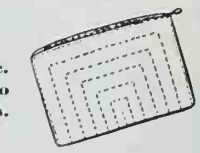
2394. JOHN FREDERICS BAG. 15c.
A cosmetic case for you to make in piqué or linen.



2183. TWO-COLOR BAG. 5c.
Use one color for outside, another on inside.



2374. CARRYALL BAG. 15c.
Make this in plain or striped canvas, denim or corduroy.



2186. BASIC BAG AND COVER. 5c.
Make one bag and several covers to match summer dresses.



2351. ENVELOPE BAG. 15c.
Ideal in faille; add an unusual clip or pin.



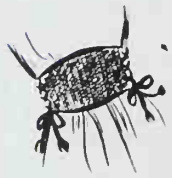
3017. CROCHETED BAG. 5c.
Pattern includes directions for matching headband.



2180. CROCHETED SCARF BELT. 5c.
Use bright cotton, trim with tiny colored flowers.



2391. BARREL BAG. 15c.
Canvas, plastic lined to carry swimming togs.



2251. CROCHETED CUMMERBUND. 5c.
Laces with contrasting color on each side.



2184. OVAL-SHAPED BAG. 5c.
Corduroy or denim is grand for this.



2249. BRAIDED BELT. 5c.
Either colored cord or yarn may be used. Easy to make.



2402. DOUBLE-DECKER BAG. 15c.
Especially good in linen, corduroy, piqué or canvas.

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Schiaparelli comments, "I note in the simple lines and truly functional design of the KAISER and FRAZER something new and refreshing, the touch of tomorrow. I give such design my warmest blessing and hope others will cherish its good taste."

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MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

Successful marriage consists not so much in looking at each other as in looking in the same direction together.

BY CLIFFORD R. ADAMS

Ph. D., The Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

WHY THEY MARRY

A WIDE variety of reasons can be given to explain why people marry. The reasons are important because, if a marriage is to succeed, it's necessary that each partner's motives be valid, that the things he (or she) seeks in marriage are things he is entitled to hope for.

But for a couple's marriage aims to be *worthy* is not enough; it's equally important that they be *similar*. A wife's reasons for marriage may be commendable in themselves, and still lead to unhappiness and disillusion, if they differ too sharply from her husband's. Understanding and acceptance of each other's goals in marriage are essential for harmony.

The writer recently consulted several hundred college students to find out what they sought in marriage, what one reason they put ahead of all others. The group replying included many who were dating steadily, some who were engaged, and a few who had been married for a short time.

Perhaps the most striking fact to be noted is the sharp contrast in the marriage aims of the men and women students. There's little to criticize in the reasons advanced by either sex; yet the marked difference in emphasis suggests a reason for much of the friction in marriage—and for the high present-day divorce rate.

The five different aims listed by men as their paramount needs in marriage were these:

Companionship was the first objective of two in five (40 per cent).

Sexual satisfaction was given first place by one in three (30 percent).

Love was named first by 15 per cent.

Desire for children was of first importance for 9 per cent.

Desire for a home came first with 6 per cent.

Contrast the replies of girls:

Love was the most compelling inducement for one in three (32 per cent).

Security came first with one in four (26 per cent).

Companionship was the prime requisite for one in five (20 per cent).

Desire for children was named as her greatest aim by one in eight (12 per cent).

Sexual satisfaction seemed most important to one young woman in ten.

Twice as many women students as men consider love the most important reason for marriage. This doesn't mean that men are indifferent to love in marriage, but rather that they interpret it differently, and emphasize different aspects. Generally they put companionship and sexual satisfaction ahead of romantic love as ingredients of enduring happiness in marriage; whereas women reverse the emphasis, and cling to the dream of a romantic emotion compounded of affection, adoration and tenderness.

Another source of serious conflict is inherent in the difference in emphasis on sexual satisfaction. Undoubtedly this difference accounts for much of the high divorce rate. The husband is bewildered and perhaps offended because his wife seems indifferent to sex; she cannot understand how important it is to him.

The desire for children is a primary motive to about the same proportions of men and of women—small minorities of both sexes. Of course many of the other students undoubtedly want and expect to have children; but, in considering the prospect of marriage, they emphasize other aspects first. The implication—that rather few college men and women think the desire for children a primary basis for marriage—is born out by the low birth rate among college graduates.

Career girls and homemakers alike may well ponder the fact that the desire for a home is emphasized by more men than women. "Home" is likely to stand for different things to husband and wife. A man thinks of home as a refuge and retreat, a pleasant setting to be enjoyed at the end of the day. But home is a wife's place of business; to many women, the comforts of home are largely social prestige and the evidence of security, rather than tangible pleasures to be enjoyed. A husband who resents his wife's desire to be taken out occasionally lacks understanding; he should be willing to adapt himself to his wife's natural wish for a change of scene.

On the other hand, it's equally important that a wife appreciate her husband's attitude. While a single girl is often able to achieve an attractive homelike setting for herself, few men have this capacity. What is more natural—or more complimentary—than his wish to have his wife do it for him? No matter what their other interests or talents, engaged girls and married women should welcome their opportunity to create real homes for their husbands.

Such differences as these, between two individuals, can create very real problems. An engaged couple will do well to discuss, frankly and seriously, what each wants from marriage. If basic disagreement appears, perhaps a compromise can be worked out; if not, it's better to break the engagement now than to invite divorce later.

Married couples, too, can profit by such discussion. For conflicts arising out of a fundamental difference in aims seldom disappear by themselves, either before or after marriage. It's necessary to face the issue squarely, and try to work out a mutual solution. Similar aims in marriage do not insure happiness, but they provide a firm basis for working toward it.

WHAT DO YOU SHARE?

To make a success of marriage, two people must have similar values. Only the first 15 questions apply to single women, all 20 to wives.

1. **Do both have about the same amount of education?**
2. **Are your standards and ideals about the same?**
3. **Do you both like to discuss his work activities?**
4. **Are there games—cards or others—you enjoy playing together?**
5. **Do you feel the same way about showing affection?**
6. **Is there some sport or hobby you two share?**
7. **Do you enjoy going to church together?**
8. **Are your food likes (and dislikes) about the same?**
9. **Do you share several social activities?**
10. **Is each agreeable to the other's relatives?**
11. **Do both enjoy a quiet evening together?**
12. **Can you two discuss any problem without getting upset?**
13. **Do you like each other's friends?**
14. **When you are together, are arguments quite unusual?**
15. **Do both like the city (or country)?**
16. **Are there three or four radio programs both enjoy?**
17. **Do you share the same bedroom?**
18. **Are both sure the marriage is compatible?**
19. **Do you share each other's letters?**
20. **Are both ready to retire about the same time?**

Count your *yes* answers. A score of 13 or more for single girls, or a score of 17 or more for wives, indicates that you two people have many things in common. With single scores of 10 or less, or married scores of 14 or less, real effort will be needed to make the marriage a partnership.

YOUR HUSBAND'S HOBBIES

A MAN'S hobbies are often a source of contention between husband and wife. A wife may feel—often with some justification—that her husband's hobbies absorb time, energy and money which rightfully belong to home and family. The husband may feel—often with some justification—that his wife's attitude is selfish, and reflects nothing more than a spirit of undue possessiveness.

What attitude should a wife adopt toward her husband's hobbies? Is she justified in discouraging any leisure pursuit which diverts time and energy from the home? Or should she foster his enthusiasms, however inconvenient to herself and the family? Neither extreme is desirable; the ideal solution lies somewhere between. Here are some pointers that may help you plot a middle course:

- First of all, accept the fact that hobbies are a wholesome outlet. The active pursuit of one or more interests, completely detached from necessary routine, is one of the best escapes from the pressure of modern life.

- Far from feeling self-sacrificial, learn to benefit from your husband's hobbies. The greater the range of a person's interests, the more rewarding his companionship. If you encourage him to talk about his hobbies, even though they seem remote from your natural inclinations, you'll find your interests expanding along with his.

- Much depends on the choice of hobbies. If your husband's favorite pastime involves long absences from home or undue expense, avoid outright opposition. Instead, try gradually to divert his energy to pursuits more acceptable to you. Taking an interest yourself will help.

- Learn to share as many of his activities as you can, and encourage new ones that appeal to both. You don't want to beat him at his own game, so it's probably wise to avoid direct competition. If you specialize in some one phase of his hobby, you can enhance his enjoyment without interfering with his priority.

- Hobbies can be utilitarian as well as recreational. Gardening, refinishing furniture, carpentry and others centering around the home are ideal.

- If you are a hobby widow, or if you and your husband lack leisure interests in common, try this: List a dozen or so spare-time activities that appeal to you, including some you want to try, and some you've abandoned since marriage. Ask your husband to make a similar list. Then go over them together, and see if you can't find one or two that offer a basis for a new activity in common—and a rewarding kind of companionship.

DO YOU AGREE?

My wife of six months continues her smoking in spite of repeated promises to stop. It irritates me for her to smoke. What should I do?

Aren't you being a bit selfish and dictatorial in demanding that she give up a harmless habit? Everybody needs a few "tension reducers." (Why don't you learn to smoke?)



"Just how traditional should a bride be?"

A Philadelphia bride like me is supposed to be *steeped* in traditions. So you can imagine the family flurry when I went along with only *half* of 'em. Yes—I'd wear the lace heirloom veil. No—*not* grandma's wedding dress, but my own satin dream in the new moonlight amber shade!

Furthermore—brides in our family had just a *few* percale sheets, for very special. Me—I'm having soft, wonderful Cannon Percale Sheets for *every* bed! Dad moaned at *this* news. "Think you're an heiress, young lady?" "Nope," I soothed. "Cannon Percales cost just a *little* more than heavy-duty muslins!"

Mother gave me a stern eye. "This I must see," she said, "when we shop tomorrow!" So we shopped—and she *saw*. Uh-huh—snow-white, lily-smooth Cannon Percales, priced to make even Ben Franklin beam. "Lovely!" mother sighed. "Young-marrieds these days are so *smart!*"

"Well, smart enough," I smiled. "Feel how fine-woven these Cannon dream-sheets are—with 25% more threads than best-grade muslins. So light that bedmaking and laundering are *easier!* AND—my old-married friends say they're wear-*wonders!*" Mom grinned. "I've yearned long enough," she said. "Let's sell Dad a *double order!*"

TRADE MARK CANNON

Cannon Percale Sheets

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DID you ever know that the way you drive a car is a good key to your personality type? Sounds funny at first, but your driving techniques can show up hidden character traits, just like a "slam book"! (You know, a "slam book" is that popular high-school fad—a notebook, with blank pages, each headed with one name, and then passed around for classmates to fill in their opinions of one another under each name.)

At school, your "slam" might have been a compliment: ***"Susie—a good gal.*** *Nice to everybody.*" Or it might have read: ***"Susie—stark-up.*** *Always has to be the center of everything.*" Well, according to experts on "the psychology of driving," your personality, or at least the way your personality impresses other people, can show up just as clearly in the way you drive a car as it does in the slam books. For instance, a trip around the block in the family car with you—Susie Sub-Deb—at the wheel might show:

"Susie—a show-off. *Has an inferiority complex, takes it out on the car.*" Drives too fast, never watches speed limits, keeps thinking about what the sidewalk audience thinks of her spectacular driving. Likes to boast about the car's speed and power, takes long chances and short curves, would probably like to crowd four in the front seat for an after-school "joy ride." Prefers decorated jalopies, bright flashy cars; likes school stickers pasted on the windows and raccoon tails dangling from the radiator cap.

"Susie—emotionally uncontrolled. *Touchy about criticism and has an excuse for everything.*" Can't drive very well because she thinks of the car as a personal thing, instead of as a machine which she controls. Feelings are hurt if another driver blows his horn; she gets easily flustered in traffic, feels everyone is staring at her when she tries to park. A scraped fender, a jam in traffic and other minor mishaps are frequent, but it's never *Susie's* fault. She has an excuse for everything and is completely unprepared to meet any emergency.

"Susie—thwarted personality. *Always thinking up ways to make herself seem 'important.'*" A combination of bully, show-off and very shy girl; she doesn't have much poise in the classroom or on the dance floor, but she acts "big deal" when in a car. Is likely to drive with one hand, break the speed limit, insist on the right of way, talk back to traffic officers and other drivers and claim more than her share in parking and sharing the road.

"Susie—a good sport. *Easy to get along with; fun on a date.*" Whether she's behind the wheel or just along for the ride, she has a sharp sense of responsibility and good sportsmanship. When she's driving herself she keeps her hands on the wheel and her mind on the road; she has foresight and controlled attention and is always willing to give other cars a break. And if Johnny's driving, Susie keeps the conversation casual, the radio down and voices low, since she knows that noise and chatter in a car distract the driver. With a "I'd rather be late than absent" philosophy, she insists on keeping the speed limit, even if it means breaking her dating dead line at home. Could even change a tire if an emergency arose!

This is just a quick check-chart for your driving personality, but before you hit the highroad in the family car, or crowd four into the front seat after a school dance, let's face this serious fact: *Drivers of 16 years of age have a driving record over 9 times worse, in terms of fatalities, than any other age group.* That means the high-school group—including you, your friends and any other young character who is sharp at the wheel—is more inclined to lose control, go off sharp curves, smash into trees and knock down pedestrians than any other age group, including the kiddie-car crowd. With the teen-age driver, most accidents occur because of insufficient experience, lack of emotional control, carelessness or for the "typical teen-age reasons" of overcrowding, one-armed driving or too much noise and excitement in the car.

Right now there are over 33,000,000 automobiles in use in the United States, ranging from superspecial eight-passenger models with white-walled tires to run-down, rattling jalopies with "Where's the can opener?" painted in red on the rear tire. And if you're an active teen-ager, chances are you'll do some driving in one of these cars this summer—either behind the wheel or behind the driver. Since some high schools teach correct driving techniques as part of the regular high-school schedule, perhaps you already know how to drive; or maybe you've set aside these summer months for learning.

According to the experts, the best drivers are those who learn how to drive correctly as beginners, know the rules of the road and get in a lot of supervised practice *before they ever take a car out by themselves.* No haphazard lessons will do. Get complete instructions from someone who takes driving seriously: a professional driving teacher, your father or an older brother. Learn everything there is to know about driving—and then practice, not only on the straight-and-not-so-narrow highway, but on side roads, in traffic, at night and in the rain, under all circumstances under which you might someday be driving alone. But watch out for bad driving habits—you'll never earn a license if Johnny gives you one quick lesson in moonlight steering, Tom takes over with a brief lecture on which is the choke and which is the cigarette lighter and Alex finishes off with final instructions on how to get the most speed out of a two-door convertible!

Learn correctly the first time and then watch your on-the-road manners. Besides the sharp traffic cop on the corner, you'll be seen by the smooth boys all round the block—and you wouldn't want to be classed as "a number-one drip on wheels"!

HOW'S YOUR P.Q.?*

*"Personality Quotient," that is. If you're short on gal pals, if you're not a number-one favorite with the fellows in your crowd, there *are* things you can learn to help earn popularity! Send for the Sub-Deb booklet, HOW TO BE POPULAR, No. 1022. Just 5c from the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

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Summer-wonderful . . .

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Illustrated left to right: The Sonata, The Crisscross, The Be

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Husbands, Wives and Marriage

By Barbara Benson

OW is it that some people surmount trials and tribulations to achieve a satisfying marriage, while others faced with the same difficulties find only disappointment?

Most of the problems which beset unhappily married couples plague the happily married as well.

This is the conclusion from a national JOURNAL survey, in which we submitted certain questions to the country's husbands and wives:

"What have been your main problems in getting along together as a married couple?"

"Judging from your own experience of marriage, what do you think is the most important thing a married couple needs to know to get along well together?"

Before reading the replies of other husbands and wives, you might jot down your own answers to these questions. Express your honest opinions, frankly and in detail. You may get a surprise—about yourself, about your marriage.

Their problems, people said, had been those over money, the difficulty of adjusting to each other's temperament and personality, differences of taste and interest, arguments over bringing up the children, in-law trouble.

But part and parcel of marriage itself, these problems plague all marriages, once the honeymoon is over. Happiness in marriage is not conferred through some special exemption from ordinary difficulties. The difference lies in the approach to the difficulties, and the clue is in the very words and phrases people use in describing them.

Some people are preoccupied with trouble arising from the faults of the other person to the marriage; some, in contrast, feel that they themselves are at least as much to blame. Classifying the replies, we found a pattern:

Among *happily* married people, those who criticized themselves outnumbered two to one those who criticized the other person alone.

Among the *unhappily* married, those who criticized the other person outnumbered by ten to one those who criticized themselves!

By the same token, the happily married are likely to talk of a problem as a joint one. The unhappily married individual discusses his problems as though they concerned himself or herself alone!

These statements are not quotations from any one individual interviewed in the survey. No one said in so many words that his ability to assume his share, or more than his share, of the responsibility for a problem is a factor in the happiness of the marriage. But he unconsciously revealed the truth by the way he chose to reply.

This is the reason we suggested you write down your answers frankly and in detail. If your notes show the same awareness of the other side as the words of this angry wife, "My husband's nervous condition makes him drive himself, and he gets upset because I'm so slow," you probably would get on happily despite his jitters. But if you said, "My husband nags me for getting behind"—look out!

These are the things married people see as their chief problems, listed in order:

Money troubles.
Lack of tolerance, sympathy, understanding.
Differences in interests, tastes, opinions.
Interfering in-laws, relatives, friends.
Drinking.
Differences in religion.
Another man, another woman.
Jealousy.

While the happily married and the disappointed name pretty much the same subjects as the source of their problems, the lists aren't identical. Here are the differences:

Drinking is mentioned as a major problem by 1 per cent of the happily married, by 16 per cent of the disappointed!

Unfaithfulness—another man or woman—is mentioned by less than 1 per cent of the happy, by 9 per cent of the unhappy.

Jealousy is named by less than 1 per cent of the happy, by 6 per cent of the disappointed.

Jealousy and unfaithfulness are sometimes different aspects of the same difficulty, but aren't always—as, for instance, when a husband resents his wife's concentration on the children, or a wife her husband's preoccupation with business.

As for drinking, there's no evidence that happily married people are more likely to be teetotalers. It is hard to tell whether drinking is to blame for the unhappiness of the marriage, or whether the unhappiness brought on the drinking. The facts are that a substantial group of unhappily married people consider drinking the major problem of their marriage, and only a negligible group of happily married find it a problem at all.

Nothing so needs reforming as other people's habits.
—MARK TWAIN.

Having told more about themselves than they realized, have the people any solutions to suggest? Rather surprisingly, they have! Three out of four said their own experience of marriage had taught them that such things as these, *all concerned with attitude*, are the most important factors in getting along together happily:

Understanding and sympathy.
Pulling together, co-operation.
Give and take, unselfishness.
Mutual respect, "not trying to change each other."
Love, affection, friendliness.

One wife pretty well summed up the advice of many others: "Give in without worrying about whether it's your turn to be generous. Recognize the other's faults, but love him anyway."

Only one in four were concerned with specific recommendations. They advise:

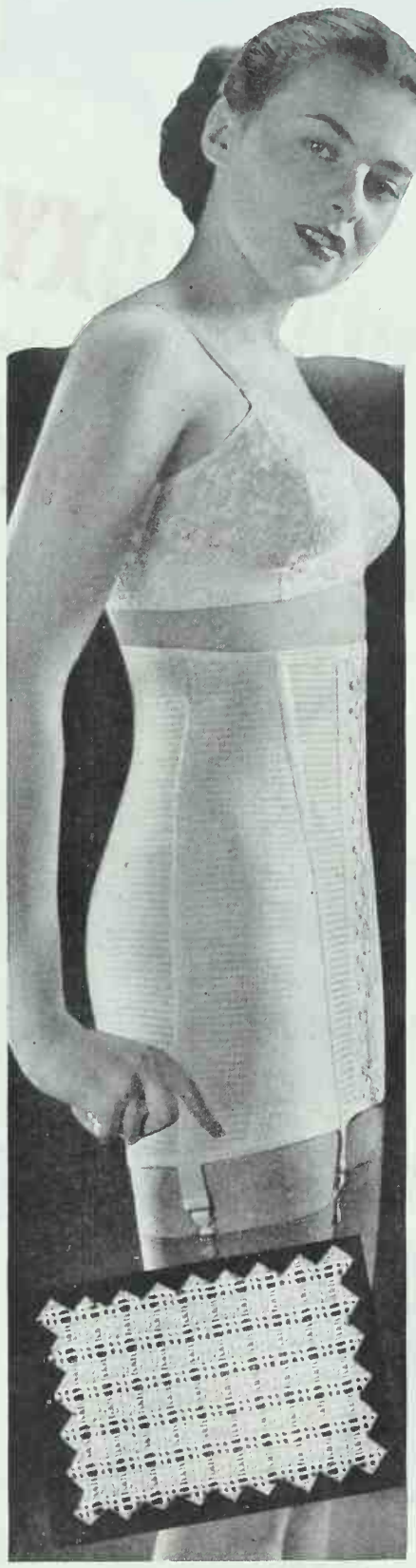
Know each other's likes, dislikes, interests.
Know each other better before marriage.
Learn to manage money.
Adjust religious differences.

A question mark remains. Why is there no discussion of sex? It was mentioned as one of the problems of marriage; but by less than 1 per cent of the total.

Experts agree that sex is one of the fundamental problems of marriage. Why doesn't it loom large in the survey results? We can only guess. One explanation is that though some people may have been genuinely troubled on this score, they were hesitant about mentioning it, even in the anonymity of a sampling survey. Another may be, what many psychiatrists believe, that sex harmony is as much a result of affection and mutual consideration as it is a cause.

THE END

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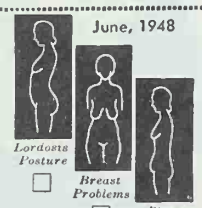
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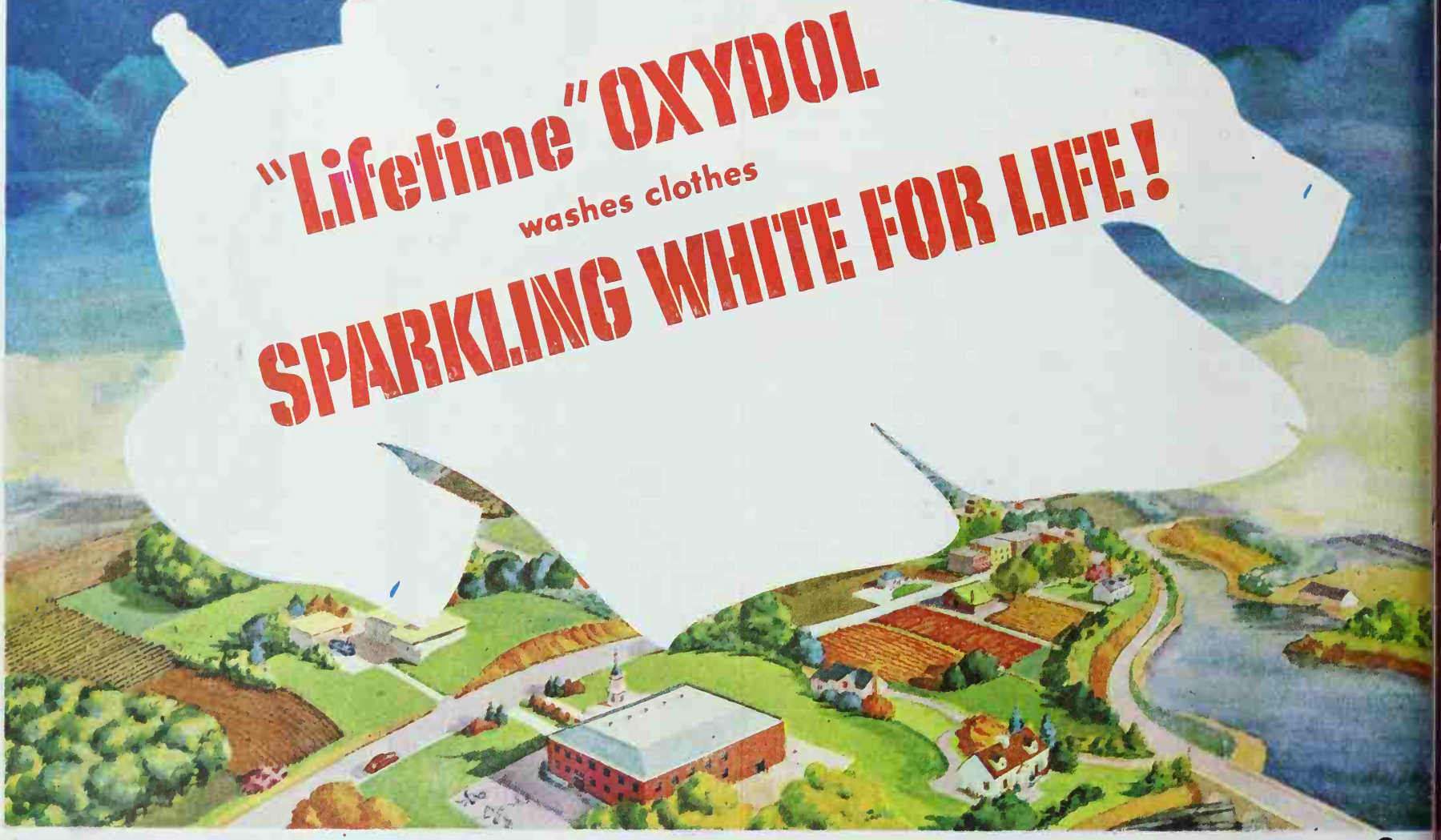
TO: *ANNE SPENCER* SEND TODAY
Spencer, Incorporated
141 Derby Avenue, New Haven 7, Conn.
Please send your free booklet. I have marked my posture problem at left.

Name ..... (Please print)
Street .....
City & State .....

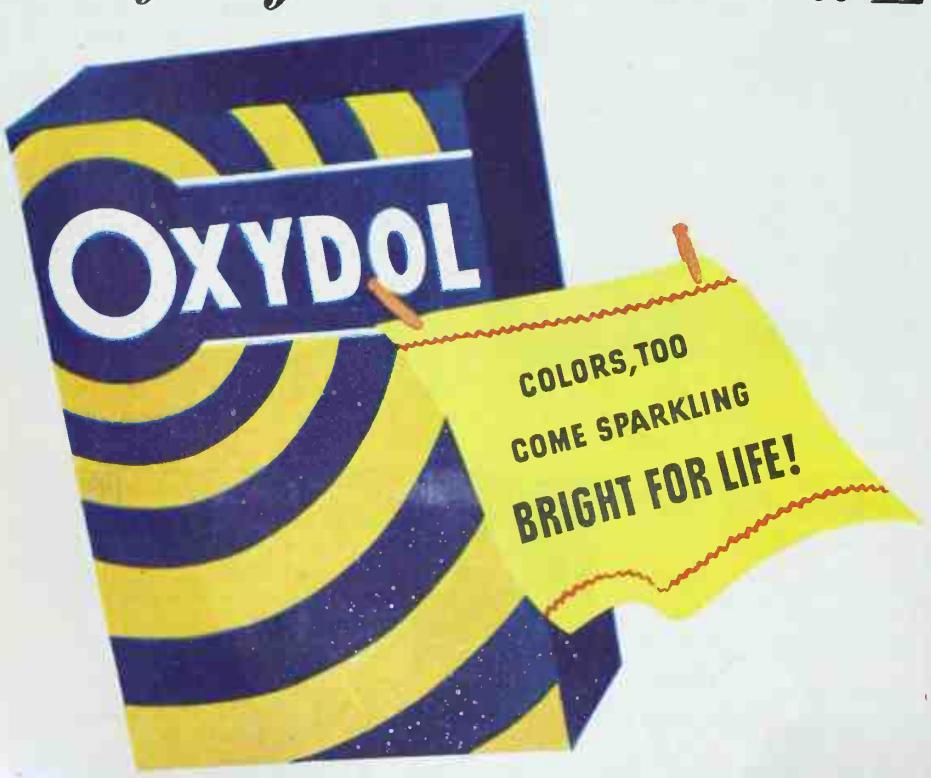
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See clothes take on an amazing new whiteness! And keep a new whiteness for life! First time you use this new kind of soap, you'll see clothes you thought were white as white can be, turn whiter still. Yes, even clothes that have become dull and yellow turn sparkling white again. And here is the miracle of "Lifetime" Oxydol's new washing action—those clothes stay sparkling white for life! Truly a Lifetime Sparkle!

See new Oxydol perform this miracle safely. Washable colors take on a new brightness! Proof positive that this new kind of soap is safe: Your washable colors will stay sparkling bright for the life of the garment! . . . Sparkling bright as long as you wash them in "Lifetime" Oxydol! It's tomorrow's washday wonder. And it's at your dealer's now . . . in the same famous package!

REMEMBER...TO WASH CLOTHES WHITE FOR LIFE...USE NOTHING AT ALL BUT OXYDO

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal



IN June, 1898, the U.S.S. Merrimae was sunk at the entrance of Santiago harbor, bottling up the Spanish fleet, and 800 marines landed at Guantánamo. Congress decided to annex Hawaii, and the Clifton House at Niagara Falls burned down.

The cover of the June, 1898, JOURNAL featured "the most popular and beloved woman in America," Mrs. Grover Cleveland. In a black moire costume, and black ostrich-plumed hat, posed in front of her Princeton, New Jersey, home, she looks a little scared of the camera, and very young to be the mother of four children.

Writes Lilian Bell from abroad, "The Polish mazurka requires an auditorium to dance it in, and enough breath to play the trombone. The officers dance with their spurs on, which jingle and click in an exciting manner, and to my surprise never seem to catch in the women's gowns."

Believes cooking expert Mrs. Rorer: "The fruits which must be used most sparingly are lemons, oranges, cranberries and strawberries. The tender lining of a child's stomach cannot bear such fruits any length of time; serious results must follow."

Advises Ruth Ashmore: "Amateur photographers could, when visiting places famous for beautiful scenery, carry their cameras and gain souvenirs of the spots they admire with perfect propriety."

"The fashionable purse is made of hyacinth-purple or emerald-green brocade mounted with a silver-gilt clasp, with either a short chain to go over the wrist or a long one to go around the neck."

"I can quite sympathize with you in the discoloration of your neck by your furs," remarks the author of Sidetalks with Girls. "Lemon juice will, in a short time, restore your neck to its natural color."

Layer-cake filling: "Put a quarter pound of butter, half pound of sugar and the yolks of four eggs into a double boiler. Stir until thick, smooth, and hot."

Books most popular with grade-schoolers include: Little Men, The Birds' Christmas Carol, Black Beauty, Uncle Tom's Cabin, and Elsie Dinsmore.



JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

SUMMER nights in New York are wonderful for making a miniature tour of the world. Each section of the city where the various nationalities have clustered has its own identity; so much so that you are suddenly surprised to look up an open street and see Rockefeller Center in the distance. The people are on the streets, and you get the flavor of foreign tongues, the fragrance of foreign foods, the sight of unfamiliar costumes, as you move from one strange land to another in the semidarkness. Perhaps the most exciting section of all, if you pick the proper night, is Little Italy, down on the lower East Side; for when they are having a festival, it is really something to see. The streets are brilliant with lights and seething with people; little

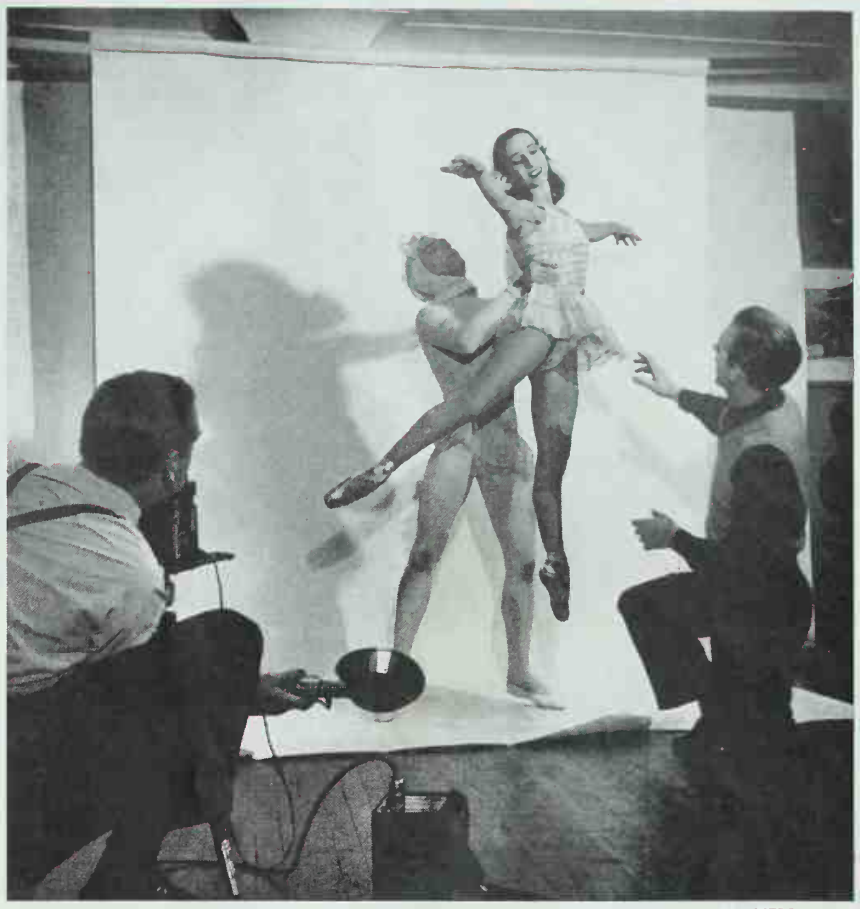
HENLE



Fiesta in Little Italy.

orchestras everywhere, playing Sicilian airs; tables in the streets; dining and dancing alfresco. . . . Seems pretty sedate back at your little midtown apartment.

Getting on the moving stairway in the concourse of the new Esso Building up the street the other day, ***Richard Pratt*** noticed that it went up faster than any he'd ever been on before; and later, at lunch with his architect friend, ***Robert Carson,*** who designed the building, he asked about the speed. Turns out it is the fastest moving stairway in town—125 feet a minute; most are 85. Speeding it up, Bob said, certainly helps traffic, but he is a little worried about timid women who are apprehensive about all moving stairways—even slow ones. The fastest in the world, it seems, are in the Leicester Square station of the London Underground—the longest, too, and the oldest. They're 180 feet a minute. Slowest is on the fine Dutch liner Nieuw Amsterdam—45 a minute. And to be accurate they're Escalators only if they're made by the Otis people. That's their trade name.



DI PIETRO

The Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo co-operates with a Journal artist.

When ***Coby Whitmore*** was chosen to illustrate ***Rumer Godden's*** A Candle for St. Jude for this issue, it was decided to do the swan ballet sequence which occurs in the story. And to show to what lengths a JOURNAL illustrator will go to do an authentic illustration, Coby, knowing nothing about ballet, called up the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, over at City Center. ***Frederic Franklin,*** who's the premier danseur and ballet master, was delighted to help. Told Coby if he'd send over the story he'd design a little ballet to fit, would then get a couple of his young dancers to go through it while Coby made photographs to follow for his drawing. So while ***Ruthanna Boris*** and ***Frank Hobi*** danced under Franklin's direction, Coby, with a stroboscopic flash to help, caught dozens of difficult poses; chose the best for the picture you can see on page 34.

Telling about himself on the contents page last December, when his Marysong was published in the JOURNAL, ***George Riemer*** *happened to mention that he was unmarried. As of April, he now reports to* ***Hugh Kahler,*** *he's had five firm proposals.*

One of the neatest apartments in town is the one in which ***Dawn Crowell's*** assistant, ***Leone Seastrom,*** lives with her roommate. Seems the two girls heard of this unemployed young actor who likes to take household jobs while looking for work in the theater; and if he's as good on the stage as he is playing the part of a maid, they're afraid they won't have him long. Keeps him in spending money, which is all he needs right now, because he's also acting as part-time houseboy for a Metropolitan singer and her violinist husband, which gives him his room and board.

Katharine Cornell's hobby is weaving, prompted by the gift of a Swedish loom from an admirer. She has a loom now in each of her homes, usually spends two or three hours a day at it. . . . A New York jeweler has designed the perfect gift for a wedding anniversary: a set of platinum-and-diamond trinkets which can be worn alternately by the wife as earrings—and by the husband as cuff links.

When ***Louise Benjamin*** *stepped into a down elevator at the Waldorf recently, the operator was standing to one side and a handsome young man with a familiar face was expertly running the car. Then she recognized him—****Ray Milland****—and at the bottom he told her he was an old hand at it; had several hundred hours operating elevators before he became an actor. "Was glad of it not long ago in Tacoma, when the girl operator fainted," he told Mrs. B. "So now I like to keep my hand in."*

They're having an exhibition of three centuries of Wedgwood over at the Brooklyn Museum, causing ***Henrietta Murdock*** to make the trip across the river especially to see Josiah Wedgwood's copy of the famous Portland Vase which took four years to produce back in the 1790's, but probably had its most exciting adventure back in 1915,

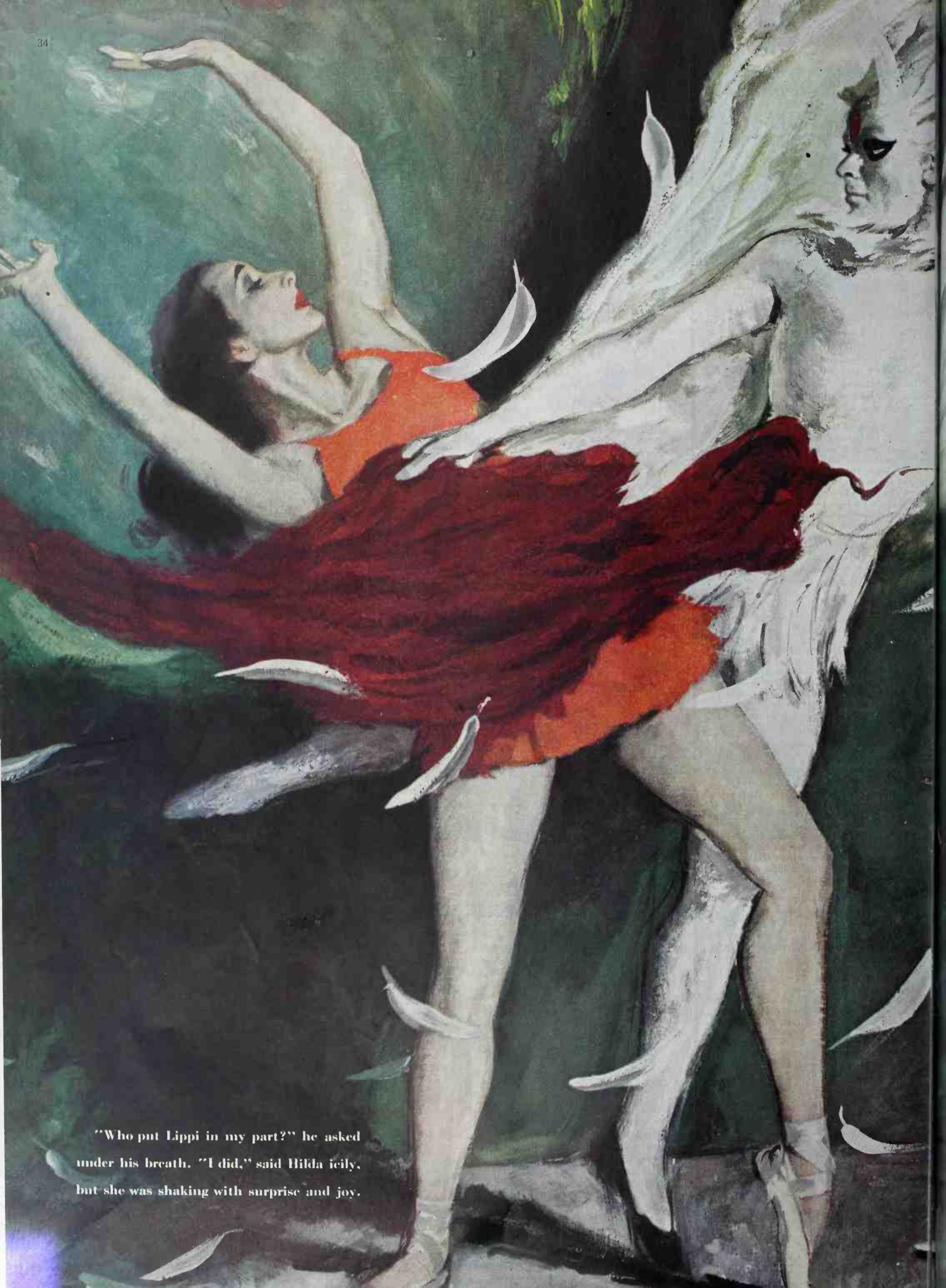
CARUSO



Miss M. keeps a firm grip.

when the ship on which it was being sent to this country was torpedoed and sunk. Four years later it was salvaged. . . . After September, the exhibition will travel America for two years.

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.



"Who put Lippi in my part?" he asked under his breath. "I did," said Hilda icily, but she was shaking with surprise and joy.



A Candle for St. Jude

Ageless and beautiful as she was, could Madame combat this girl's most potent weapon—her youth? . . . The Journal's complete-in-one-issue novel. ★ BY RUMER GODDEN

THIRTY years ago Madame Holbein had seen the wistaria and taken the house. "I didn't look at anything else. I didn't need to." "You didn't see the drains," said Miss Ilse.

The wistaria grew over the coach house that Madame had converted into the theater. "It is a perrfect setting. Perrfect!" It was, truthfully, like a stage wistaria; Madame almost felt indignant with it for not being in flower for her winter season in December.

The theater was the reason for the existence of the school. Madame had started it when she had retired from ballet thirty years ago. It had been her brother Jan's idea, his dream that he did not live to see. "And he was spared a lot of trrouble, not?" said Madame. She had planned it as a self-contained unit, a theater with its own company trained in its own school, self-contained, though small. Twice every year, in May and before Christmas, a little part of London came to Hampstead and she gathered her small influential public. She never took her company to other theaters, she never took it on tour. "No. It was designed for this small stage," she said. "It shall stay where it is, at home."

She complained that her pupils used her, that they left just as she had matured them.

"That is your reward," said Mr. Felix.

Madame looked at him. Was he speaking bitterly or stating a fact? It was bitter and it was a fact; that was her reward.

"But, Madame, wouldn't you have felt cramped and cheated if you had had to dance always on such a tiny stage?" That was Lion.

"I should have been glad to have the chance," said Madame haughtily. *(Continued on Page 124)*

Copyright, 1948, by Rumer Godden. This is a condensation of the novel soon to be published by Viking Press.

WHAT PRICE PAINLESS

THERE are all kinds of women who come into a doctor's office to seek care during pregnancy. Some are educated and well-bred; some ignorant; some well adjusted; some phlegmatic, and some neurotic and high-strung. But most of them have this in common—fear. It is in hopes of doing away with at least a portion of this fear through a greater understanding of the birth procedure that this article is written.

At the Chicago Maternity Center, we care for many women who are without fear of childbirth. These women take their labor as a matter of course and have their babies at home. They greet the doctor or nurse at the door, go to the stove and make fresh coffee, and then go on about their household duties, interrupting themselves now and again to sit down and lean over the back of a chair because of a strong contraction. The neighbors usually drop in to see how things are going, and the mothers talk to them and the doctor and nurse until delivery is near. They then lie down and follow the instructions of the doctor for about half an hour, during which time they give birth naturally to their children with great feelings of exhilaration and joy.

This undoubtedly is the safest and simplest way to have a baby. Giving birth is a natural, normal physiological function. Too many old wives' tales have shrouded it in horror; most American women now demand as necessities special delivery rooms, special anesthesia, special mechanical and medical devices, yet 95 per cent of all babies born would be born successfully simply under Nature's care. In fact, if we take two groups of 100,000 women each in labor, and give drugs and anesthetics to one group and none to the other, we shall find that a higher number of complications arise in the group to which pain relief has been given.

This is a serious consideration in the mind of every physician. The use of drugs for pain relief always carries with it a degree of risk and great responsibility; if a doctor feels justified in using them, he knows he must balance the use of anesthesia with his skill. A natural birth—in which the mother pushes the baby over the pelvic floor herself—is the exception rather than the rule under anesthesia; the doctor who drugs these natural forces and interferes with Nature's timing must be prepared not only to be as good as Nature—but to better her. This can be his only justification for using drugs and operative procedures, and the only justification for our present acceptance of them.

That we are justified in this shows in our steadily declining maternal-mortality rate. To have a baby in the United States in 1948 is to have a baby in one of the safest places and times in history—Sweden is the only country safer. Only one woman in a thousand loses her life in childbirth under the best conditions in this country today; a century ago in hospitals as many as ten women gave their lives for every hundred babies born.

Moreover, the American woman today has other advantages. While there remains a school of obstetrical thought which holds that it is unwise for science to attempt to improve on Nature's tried and tested methods of birthing—notably that led by Dr. Dick Grantly Read—the majority of American obstetricians point to two great advantages in delivery under scientific conditions. The first is the relief of tension, through anesthesia. The second is the avoidance of injury, through operative procedures. Nature, in her ruthless compulsion to get the child born, does not concern herself with the future health and well-being of the mother. Medical skill does. Operative procedures can prevent injuries which might mean years of semi-invalidism, miscarriages, menopause difficulties and marital maladjustments. Such operative procedures demand anesthesia—so again we come back to the use of drugs. It can readily be seen then that a major concern of modern obstetrics is the problem of anesthesia.

If we look back over the history of childbirth, we shall see that it has always been so, but that only in recent times have we had any real knowledge of anesthesia. The Chinese women smoked opium; the Egyptians brewed herbs; the Africans drank alcoholic beverages; barbaric tribes used the hypnotic monotony of the beating of tom-toms. Then in the mid-nineteenth century came the first of our great modern discoveries: Doctor Simpson, Queen Victoria's obstetrician, discovered the anesthetic properties of chloroform. For years afterward, it was called "the Queen's anesthetic."

ALMOST simultaneously ether and nitrous oxide, laughing gas, were introduced. There was a lull until about a quarter of a century ago when Luckhardt and Carter, at the University of Chicago, discovered the anesthetic properties of ethylene, and very recently Waters, at the University of Wisconsin, cyclopropane.

The relief of pain during labor and the birth of the baby is far more complicated than the relief of pain for a surgical operation. The obstetrician needs a method that will give relief over a prolonged period of time, four to eighteen hours; one that will not affect the baby adversely and not interfere with the natural processes of labor. These are truly difficult requirements to fulfill.

There are two different types of natural pain in the birth process. One is caused by the contractions of the uterus during a so-called

HILDBIRTH?

A review of anesthesias—from herbs to saddle block—and their risks.

By Dr. Beatrice E. Tucker

Dr. Beatrice E. Tucker is medical director of the Chicago Maternity Center, where the maternal death rate is one half that for the nation as a whole—although here doctors are trained in the art of obstetrics under conditions far from favorable, and almost all the babies are delivered at home. She is also head of obstetrics at Chicago Memorial Hospital, and for the past twelve years has delivered, on the average, a baby a day.

labor pain; the other is caused by the descent of the baby through the birth canal, and its final expulsion into the outer world. Pain impulses originating in the uterus pass along nerve trunks which run from the uterus to various nerve centers in the body and finally reach the brain through the spinal cord. The brain interprets these impulses as pain. This is similar to pressing an electric-light button which sends a current along a wire and turns on a light at a distant point.

These pains are a physiological condition and carry out a useful function. The patient enters labor, which she recognizes by the rhythmic occurrence of painful uterine contractions. It focuses her attention upon the termination of pregnancy and enables her to make the necessary preparations for labor. The painful contractions increase in frequency and severity until they have accomplished their function—the dilation of the passages and the expulsion of the baby.

THERE are two avenues of attack upon such pain; one is through the mind and the other is through drugs. The necessity of the psychological preparation of the patient for labor cannot be overemphasized, because it accomplishes important factors. It raises the patient's threshold for pain—in other words, it increases her tolerance for pain. Moreover, the intelligent understanding by the patient of what the physician is trying to accomplish intensifies the effectiveness of any pain-alleviating method and drug.

It is particularly important in planning for delivery that a patient choose a physician who is not only capable, and in whom she has confidence, but one about whom she has a good feeling. The feeling of mutual understanding gives both patient and physician the greatest advantage in overcoming fear.

Unassuaged fear causes three fourths of the tension in childbirth. There is a very close correlation between fear and the threshold for pain. If the threshold for pain is low, a patient will suffer untold agonies from pains she will scarcely notice if the threshold is high. A big, strong man who doesn't mind being pounded to a pulp in a good fight may faint upon seeing a hypodermic needle. Why? Because he is afraid of it. He has surrounded the picture of the needle with all types of imaginary terrors. Another man, say a diabetic, who has an intelligent understanding of the needle, has no fear. He will personally inject insulin daily and think nothing of it. The same thing is true of a pregnant woman. If she understands labor and loses her fear of it, the pain is tolerable and is soon forgotten.

There are many types of fear which burden the expectant mother; some are rational and conscious, others are not apparent and subconscious. Part of this fear is due to the attitude of taboo which exists in regard to matters pertaining to sex, part to an actual fear of the failure to survive and part to old wives' tales. Some women take delight in discussing harrowing experiences with childbirth. Many of these tales are highly exaggerated and many untrue. There are many other types of fear: fear of pain, fear of doctors, fear of hospitals, fear of loneliness and fear of physical inadequacy.

The physician cannot wipe out overnight an emotion which has developed throughout the ages. However, the doctor tries, during the antenatal period, to understand the emotional, as well as the physical, needs of the patient. An attempt is made to rid the patient of fear and thus develop a sense of security and a feeling of her adequacy as a childbearing woman.

But even so, most women, especially those who enter hospitals, have small feeling of security and fear pain. They need the assurance that pain relief is at hand. This aid can safely be given at a point where labor is definitely established. That is when the pains recur regularly every three to four minutes, and the mouth of the uterus has opened up one third of the way. Few patients object to the early stages of labor, especially if they feel comforted and assured that help is at hand. It is important that the patient feel secure. Women vary by temperament and background. Where one patient will assume the labor pains as a matter of course, another will become a nervous and hysterical wreck. The latter woman has a more difficult time because her nervous reactions affect the physiology of labor, and progress can be inhibited and brought to a standstill. A few kind words of explanation frequently gain her co-operation, and the assurance that relief is forthcoming works wonders.

THE establishment of labor takes anywhere from twenty minutes to three hours. The patient does much to assure a happy outcome for herself and baby by being up and about at this time. Usually at the point where the patient feels that she needs help, it can be given. From this point on, until delivery is near, a period of from four to eighteen hours, the physician aims at a type of pain relief called analgesia and amnesia.

The term "analgesia" means absence of a normal sense of pain; and the term "amnesia" means forgetfulness. There are two types of drugs which are in general use to create a state of analgesia and amnesia. One actually kills the pain and the other creates a state of forgetfulness in the patient. This combination works better than either one or the other singly. The

(Continued on Page 220)


Be Your Own Swee



SARAH THOUGHT, "YOU GET INTO THESE THINGS SO EASILY—THEN HOW IN THE WORLD DO YOU GET OUT?" ★ BY RUTH RANKIN LAMSON

ALL roads may lead to Hollywood, as the fellow says; but you can't buy a railway ticket there, Sarah discovered. Her mother took it for granted—people do who have lived in Hollywood. "You get off the train at Pasadena, Los Angeles or Glendale," she said, as if to say: where else would you get off?

Sarah pondered this elliptical approach, her brown eyes wide and waiting. "So you proceed by indirection, eh?" she remarked absently.

Mrs. Martin's uneasy glance flicked around the ranch-house sitting room and back to Sarah's eyes—the dreaming, asking, frighteningly innocent eyes. "Now you listen to me, Sadie my pet," she said. "That applies solely to transportation. You don't proceed by indirection after you get there; you hear?"

"Moth-er, how you talk." Sarah smiled her patient family smile. "And not Sadie; *please*, not Sadie."

"All right; Sarah, then. You just be your own sweet self and don't get dazzled; Hollywood isn't so much," she dismissed loftily, looking backward at the days when.

The train pulled out with Sarah waving. Mrs. Martin leaned against her husband's leather jacket.

"Jim, we must be crazy," she choked. "A sixteen-year-old girl—never even been out with a boy in her life."

His home-trained reflexes handed her a handkerchief and he said consolingly, "She can rope a steer"; and quickly, "but probably that won't be much help in Hollywood." Her withering look led him to state in firmness, "Edith, she can't stay home forever; we may as well get used to it."

Settled at last on the train, Sarah examined the contributing factors: Mother living in Hollywood when Granka was a doctor there; her dearest friend turning out to be a movie star named Denise Darrow; the two keeping up a lively correspondence after mother married and moved to Montana; Denise visiting them when Sarah was a baby. And now Sarah herself was on the way to visit Denise. . . . Life was suddenly fraught with elaborate possibilities.

(Continued on Page 213)

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

Who Should Go to College?

"To the extent that we now fail to educate the potential talent of each generation, we are wasting the country's greatest assets." One solution: substitute better students for the poorer ones in universities: provide free degree-granting two-year colleges. ★ ***By James B. Conant***
President, Harvard University

DURING the closing months of the war, our colleges were nearly empty. At present virtually all of them are overcrowded, many of them to the point where in terms of adequate education they are yielding diminishing returns. In 1947 about 2,400,000 students were enrolled, of whom 1,000,000 were former servicemen. Statistics presented by the President's Commission on Higher Edueation indicate that the total enrollment will increase in 1948. College administrators have too often been congratulated upon expanding their facilities to take care of returning servicemen. This was, of course, their first obligation.

The number of veterans will fall off rapidly in the next few years. Many citizens, and not a few educators, assume that the space thus released will amply provide for our needs. This optimism about the adequacy of our opportunities for higher education is unwarranted. One aspect of our problem has received far too little attention. During the war years, hundreds of thousands of young Americans were compelled to interrupt their educations. After demobilization, our colleges made room for them on our American campuses. This means only that the existing colleges were able to meet this emergency. What is usually overlooked is that they were not able to meet the normal demand for post-high-school education.

In 1947, for instance, admissions to college were denied to half a million high-school graduates who would have been admitted in 1940. In planning our program for American education, we must bear in mind a trend that has been mounting steadily for over fifty years. In 1900, 700,000 Americans from 14 to 17 years old, or 11 per cent of that age level, were enrolled in our high schools. In 1940 that number had reached 7,000,000, or 73 per cent. College enrollments have not increased correspondingly. There appears, however, to be an increased demand for advanced education on the part of those who were too young to go to war. Will this trend increase? If so, are we to look forward to the day when virtually everyone will go to college?

The importance of these questions for college administrators and members of the faculties is obvious. To many readers, however, it will be far from clear why the problems raised by these queries have much significance for the future welfare of the republic. Yet I believe it can be demonstrated that what we decide to do about education beyond the high school will affect very directly the healthy growth of this democracy. Several alternative paths now lie before us; only one, according to my view, leads to a stable yet dynamic society of free men. In the past fifty years the American people have created a vast instrument of democracy—our system of free primary and secondary schools. How we use this instrument will profoundly influence the nature of the society in which our children will find their place. Therefore, the issues which cluster around the question, "Who should go to college?" are worth serious attention by all intelligent citizens.

At this point a word of warning to readers who are parents may be in order. All of us who are fathers or *(Continued on Page 106)*

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR 1841–1919

A Girl With a Watering Can, painted in 1876, is one of the most popular pictures in the National Gallery. It is evocative of sunlight and childhood, springtime and the breath of flowers, images and sensations which are in themselves attractive. But these are not enough. To be great, a painting must have more than charm of subject matter; it must have certain aesthetic values as well. In the case of *A Girl With a Watering Can* these values consist largely in the relationship of figure and landscape, in the way the two are fused by an ingenious repetition of colors and a consistent treatment of detail. The whole picture is made up of a web of brilliantly colored brush strokes, which from a distance is seen to be a child, roses, grass, a garden path. The little girl seems to merge with her surroundings, to become one with the variegated tones of nature. This creates a mysterious sense of interrelation, as though one substance permeated humanity, vegetation and earth.

The unity of figure and background Renoir extends to a psychological unity between himself and the child. The scene is depicted from the level of the little girl's own vision, so that her outlook on nature is suggested. Thus the garden becomes the world seen through her eyes, narrow and circumscribed. By accepting her scale of observation, Renoir evokes, in an almost unique way, memories of childhood. This mood, this "remembrance of things past," is intensified by the pleasure of the painter in his subject, by the spontaneity and gaiety of his treatment of the scene. Renoir in canvases like this seems almost a pagan Fra Angelico. "I arrange my subject as I want it," he once said, "and then I go ahead and paint it like a child." He loved bright colors, joyous and pretty human beings, and nature drenched in sunshine. He was the last great painter to be moved to lyrical ecstasy by the beauty of the everyday world, the last great painter to catch on his canvas

"A strain of the earth's sweet being
in the beginning . . .
Innocent mind and Mayday in girl and boy."

—JOHN WALKER, *Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art*



REPRODUCED COURTESY CHESTER DALE COLLECTION. NATIONAL GALLERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Girl With a Watering Can. Painted by Pierre Auguste Renoir



UNITED STATES: Mrs. Don Pratt does not look forward to Monday mornings, which begin with sheets and towels and continue through shirts and house dresses to socks and overalls. But her washing machine has served faithfully for the past six years.



CZECHOSLOVAKIA: In a mountain brook near the village of Furolae, high in the Carpathian Mountains, Mrs. Balogh (left) and a neighbor wring out a sheet. Wooden paddles replace the gyrators of the conventional washing machine. Somehow they do the job.



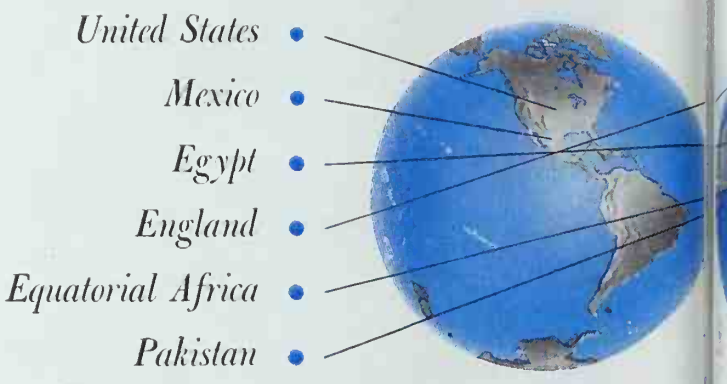
MEXICO: Once a week Señora Gonzalez carries her family's laundry to this mountain stream, a half mile from her adobe home. Her neighbors in the village of Moravatio often meet there to work and gossip. The rough stone ledge makes a fine natural washboard.



EGYPT: In the privacy of her sunny courtyard, Mrs. el Gamel throws back her veil and does the semiweekly wash. The huge copper washtub is called a *tesht* and her son Hassan has brought fresh water from the well in an *abrik* (copper jug). 12-year-old Hassan is a real help around the house.



ENGLAND: Mrs. Hiatt washes Monday in the half-timbered room of her Cotswold farm. She sends sheets and linens



THIS IS THE WAY

IT'S up to the women to keep the world clean. Husbands enjoy international exemption from household drudgery, and not one of the twelve we visited has to bend over the weekly wash. True, good little boys in Equatorial Africa are expected to wash their own shorts at the river bank, but then, father Zamba Aluma has *two* wives to wash for him. And in Japan Mr. Okamoto washes his own underwear: legend says that his strength would be sapped if a woman washed it.

Washday comes every day in China, and in Japan every day it doesn't rain. Frau Stieglitz does little things each day, but saves her heavy laundry for one huge washing a month. Monday is weekly washday in the French, English, Italian and U. S. households. Mrs. Gonzalez, of Mexico, does her washing according to the weather.

Depending on custom and climate, laundering can be simple or complicated—but is likely to be backbreaking in any language. Mrs. Usman, of Pakistan, simply beats the dirt out with a stick. Mrs. Pratt, of Iowa, systematically puts ten batches of clothes through her machine. Mrs. Balogh wades right into a mountain brook to do her wash, letting the clothes soak beside her. On the other hand, the Guercinis, of Italy, have an elaborate two-day ritual: the women carry the week's wash almost a

FRANCE: With chickens to keep her company, Mme. Redouin does her Monday wash in the barnyard. She is scrubbing a Sunday shirt for her husband, Julien. The soap ration of about a pound a month does not go far when you have four children to dress. Clothes are hung to dry in the garden.



EQUATORIAL AFRICA: It is ea his own at the Equator—e for chief, Zamba Aluma, v two wives take turns wa





ry. Peter and Mary Hiatt
a hand, but Mrs. Hiatt finds
are better at getting clothes
than at getting them clean.



JAPAN: On the back porch Mrs. Okamoto does her daily washing in this wooden tub. Little Kikuko pours a bucket of rinsing water which she has just drawn from the well with a bamboo pole. Sister Utako and brother Naoo stand by. Soap is very hard to obtain except in the black market.



- *Germany*
- *Japan*
- *Czechoslovakia*
- *France*
- *China*
- *Italy*

by JOHN GODFREY MORRIS

THE WORLD WASHES

mile to a spring; the clothes are soaped and scrubbed and then carried wet back to the house, bleached overnight under a bed of ashes, carried back to the spring in the morning to be rinsed and then back again to the house and hung to dry under the olive trees.

Soap is often scarce, and suds a luxury. In France, the Redouins are rationed to a pound a month. In Germany, Frau Stieglitz can buy a monthly cake of ersatz soap and one package of soap powder every two months. In England, soap is still rationed and Mrs. Hiatt can't always get her favorite brand. The average American housewife uses 25 pounds of soap a year, while the Chinese housewife uses 0.12 pounds.

Washing is universal, but ironing is not. Mrs. Gonzalez is content to let her clothes dry in the hot sun and dry wind of the Mexican plateau. In China, the Hos hang their clothes on bamboo poles and put them back on the next day. But Mrs. el Gamel carefully irons the gowns of her children, heating the iron over a charcoal brazier. Mrs. Hiatt hopes that next year she will have electricity, and with it an electric iron. Frau Stieglitz, Mme. Redouin and Mrs. Pratt are the only wives who now possess one. Mrs. Pratt enjoys another luxury uncommon elsewhere: clothespins.

him. First wife Inyoku (be-
) soaps a skirt while the boys
k on their shorts. Little girls
ply discard their grass skirts.



PAKISTAN: The standard of laundering is not high in the new state of Pakistan. Mrs. Mohamed Usman has it down to a simple system. She soaks the clothes, then beats soap through them with a stick. Her daughter Amirzadi (left) carried water from the well in battered old oilcans.



PHOTOGRAPHS for the Journal by Horace Bristol (Japan and China), Larry Burrows (England), Robert Capa (United States and Czechoslovakia), Marie Hansen (Italy), George Radger (Egypt, Pakistan and Equatorial Africa), Phil Schultz (Mexico), David Seymour (France and Germany).



GERMANY: Once a month Frau Stieglitz does a big laundry with the aid of a woman who lives in her village of Wollau, near the Rhine. Here she is doing her small daily wash in the cobbled yard of the farmhouse. The small tin container holds precious soap powder.



ITALY: On a typical Monday, the Guercinis' wash includes ten pillowcases, ten sheets, sixteen towels, six napkins, two tablecloths, twelve handkerchiefs and a dozen other articles of clothing. The spring is almost a mile from the farmhouse, a twenty-minute walk.



CHINA: Mrs. Ho was pregnant when these pictures were taken, and her sister-in-law, shown above, had kindly taken over her wash. This tepid canal also provides the Hos with drinking water, a road to town and an occasional fish dinner. Soap comes from Shanghai.



The Lady in the best Bedroom

"OH, by the way," said Bill negligently, "the house is haunted."

Candy gave a sharp scream and narrowly escaped falling off the dock. "Darling! How aristocratic! Who by?"

"I haven't the faintest idea—some old codger covered with snuff, probably."

Candy stared at him with cold incredulity. "Bill Stewart, do you mean to say you spent every summer for sixteen years in a house with a ghost in perfectly good working order and never even *saw* it? Well, of all the callous, insensitive children I ever ——"

"I suppose you'd have been in constant communication," said Bill huffily.

"Of course I would! I expect it to communicate with me this week end. If it hasn't perished of neglect, poor thing."

"It can't perish twice," Bill said reasonably. "Listen, Candy, for heaven's sake don't mention the ghost to Meriel, will you?"

"Oh. Why not?"

"Well, she's never seen it either. She—she gets sort of cross if anyone mentions it."

Candy swung her feet gently over the water of Peddler's Cove, and tried to slip back inside the evening again, leaving Bill's sister outside. Against the tender shell colors of the sky and sea, ageless ink-green pines seemed to grow directly out of the rocks at the water's edge. The scent of balsam mingled with that of sand and salt water. The writhing reflections of the dock piles were like tethered black snakes, pulling away but never quite escaping. And so then she was back at Meriel again, for some reason.

Candy wondered why meeting Meriel was always such an undertaking, looming larger the nearer the moment came. Meriel had chosen pathos for her role; and life being what it is, she was seldom at a loss for material. She had married late and been tragically widowed two years later. She had returned to teaching and her mother's house; six months ago her mother had died.

Candy had been saddened by Mrs. Stewart's death, not only for Bill's sake, but for her own; she had been fond of her austere, New England mother-in-law. Mrs. Stewart had never been a rich woman, and the house on Peddler's Point, built by her grandfather, made up the bulk of her property, of which Bill and Meriel were the joint heirs. When Meriel had suggested that they all meet for the week end to "discuss" Peddler's Point, Candy had been curiously excited. She had never seen the house, and only now realized how much she had always wanted to.

"There's Frank Locksley," Bill said suddenly.

Candy looked up. A distant *put-put-put* had become a series of shattering explosions; across the water pounded a wide-hipped launch, a man standing in the ample stern. Buryport was full of Locksleys: Henry W., Justice of the Peace and Mortician; Gabe, Real Estate and Hardware; and even a lesser Locksley, known as Fish-and-Bait, who had fallen so low as to sell clams to summer folks. This one was Frank, ex-soldier and temporary caretaker of Peddler's Point.

The opalescent water moved in quiet, violet waves as the boat slid alongside the dock. Across the stern, metal letters said "Amelia S."

Frank Locksley and Bill had grown up together. They shook hands with a sort of curt cordiality. "Hiya," said Frank.

"Been a long time," said Bill. "My wife."

"T'know you," said Frank politely, putting the suitcases in the bow of the boat and waiting for no answer.

(Continued on Page 225)

Candy asked quietly, "Which one of you

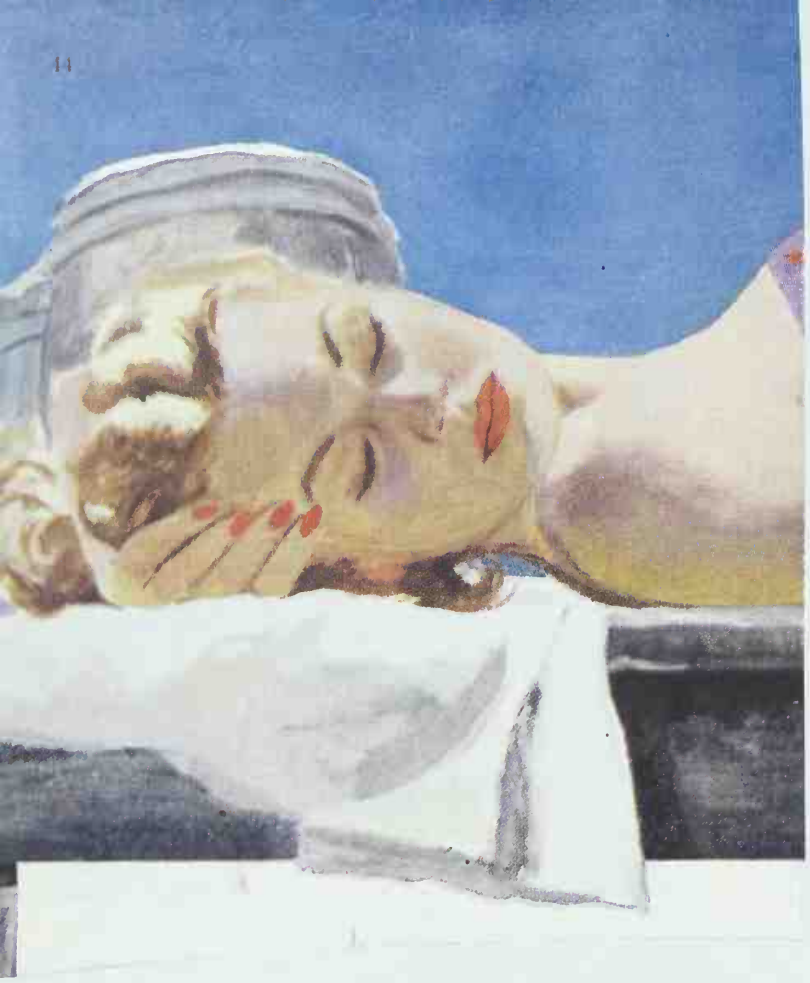
BERGMAN

IT'S A WISE MAN WHO KNOWS WHEN OTHER WOMAN IS EVEN WISER.

By Elizabeth Dunn



ILLUSTRATED BY



There are some who believe that for every soul on earth a star shines in the heavens. For Wiley there were two stars. ★ *By Virginia Oakey*

THE BOY WH

THE measure of glory that comes to Wiley in this life will be, indirectly, the gift of a woman who is unaware of his existence. He will live out his days beyond sight and reach of this woman, yet it is she who lifted him from the strangling, shameful torpidity which was his only legacy and gave him the desperate courage to dream. Wiley will not mind if I tell his story, for he has told it once already and will probably, as he continues to fulfill himself, tell it many more times. It is a story of our times, yet it is as ancient as the legend of Thais, for it is the tale of a man who dared to adore a mortal woman.

Wiley was not a man when I first met him, however. He was about sixteen years old and one of the least compelling specimens of American youth I have ever seen.

First, let me explain how we happened to meet. I am the amusement editor on the afternoon newspaper in a Southern town which Gertrude Stein once described as "completely uninhabited by 200,000 people." I am a poor man's John Mason Brown. I do not attend glittering first nights with the white-tie-and-tiara set, nor does anyone turn when I enter a theater and whisper excitedly, "There's the famous critic, the one who wrote that frightfully clever thing about Medea. *You* know." In my town we have only one theater for stage plays, and it is lighted about four times a year. Nobody knows or cares when I enter or leave. My job is with the movies. I review six first-run movies a week and doubt if a single soul, with the exception of my city-room friends, is acquainted with my name, though each review is run under my by-line. Movie critics are enigmas to me. Let them scorn the caperings and pretty poutings of Miss Grable and eulogize the rare artistry of Miss Paxinou until they are hoarse and hysterical. The lines before the Grable box office stretch to infinity. Miss Paxinou can go back to Greece. The critic has made his spiel, has made it with honesty and delight, so let him move aside while the populace sprints to see Miss Grable's legs. I remain at this frustrating chore for one reason: I like movies.

That is what brought Wiley to me. With him, however, movies and everything Hollywoodian were obsessions. It was with some embarrassment that I finally realized that I was a part of it all. I was *paid* to have opinions on Hollywood. That brought me well within the golden circle. The first time Wiley crept up to my desk I had just finished a review and had picked up the phone to call my dry cleaner. It was five-thirty, so I got no answer. My annoyance with both factors—I had had a date at five which I had just remembered—was transferred to the timid, determined creature before me.

"What is it?" I asked. My tone was deliberately contrived to send him hastily off to cringe in another corner.

"Excuse me," he said.

He put a grimy maroon woolen cap, the kind that looks like a helmet with ear flaps, down on my recently typed copy and leaned over me. He opened his mouth again and nervously licked his pale chapped lips. His gaze pounced on the glossy pictures of motion-picture stars which littered my desk. Again and again his tongue came out to moisten his lips. He sniffled and wiped his nose with the back of a crusty hand, and he continued to stare at the pictures. They seemed to make him feverish and certainly made him inarticulate.

"Look, boy, I'm busy," I lied. "What do you want?"

"You said in the paper that Miss Dorothy Lamour will be here tomorrow," he said. He waited for me to affirm it.

"She will be. For a bond rally that opens the drive. Why?" I asked. This was 1943 and America was concerned with buying and selling bonds to pay for its principles. And a war.

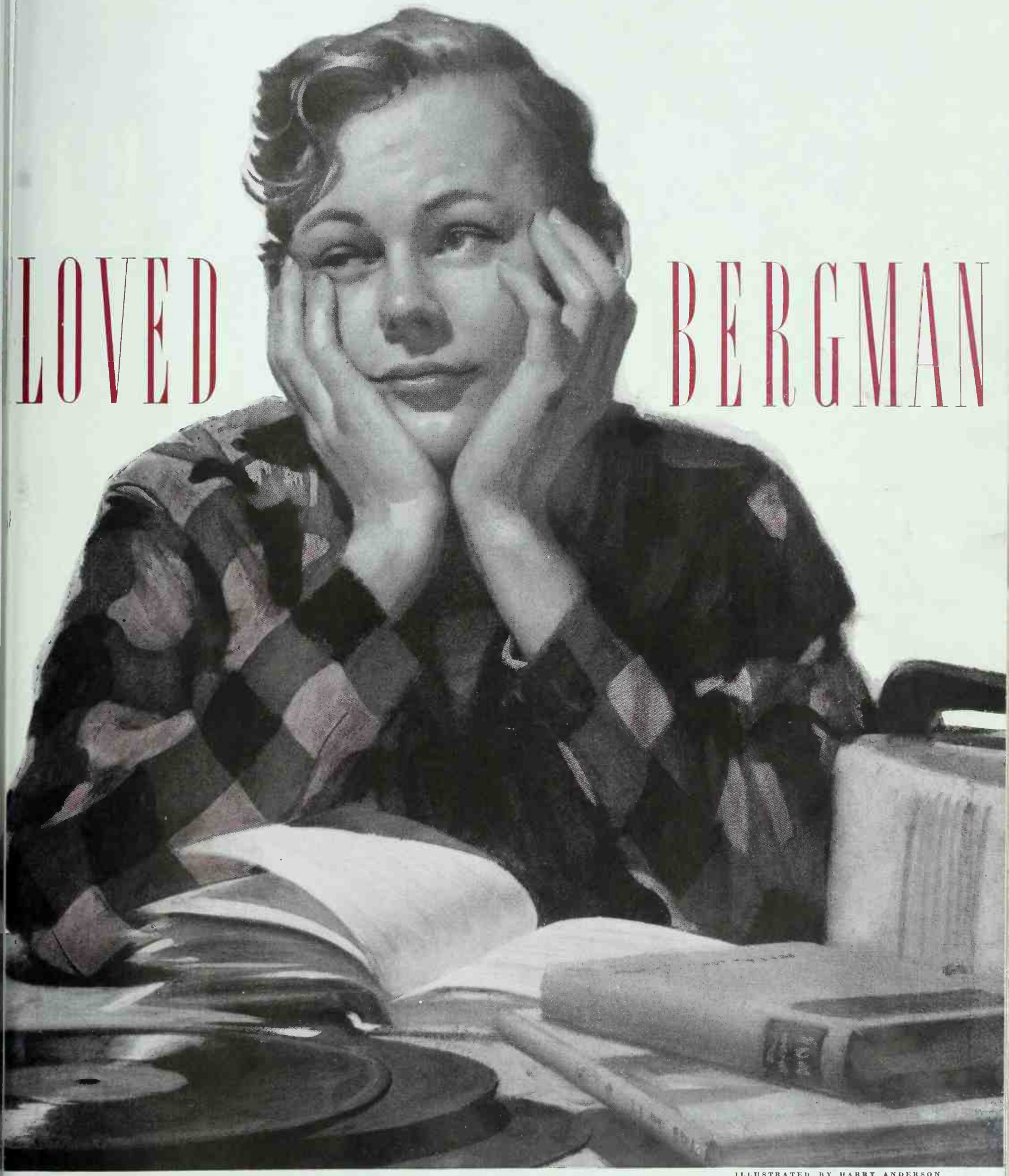
"Are *you* going to see her?" he asked.

"Yes, she will have a press conference as soon as she arrives."

That meant that she would see me and the critic from the morning paper in a hotel room, where we would be surrounded by Hollywood and War Bond publicity men and local dignitaries who liked to be connected with such stellar enterprises. I was sorry I had admitted it, because for a moment I thought the boy was going to reach out and reverently touch the hem of my jacket. His eyes had lightened and moistened and a hand had jerked out toward me. Just as quickly it *(Continued on Page 97)*

I suppose that every boy at some stage in his growing has had a

LOVED BERGMAN



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

n actress. In the barren wasteland of Wiley's life there had suddenly appeared this single flowering of beauty beyond his dreams.

Your

America

A new world waits round the bend in each road—adventure's just over the hill.

Are you in the mood for horizon hunting? Then share the travels of a JOURNAL editor, his wife, and photographer OTTO HAGEL through the scenic high spots of the Pacific Coast.

by JOHN and MARY ADELE MORRIS

There it was: the valley called Yosemite. We thought we were prepared for it. We had looked at post cards and studied guidebooks; but our knees went weak as we pulled into a parking place overlooking the valley. We even forgot (for the moment) that we had had no lunch.

For your America—the national parks, forests and other lands of the public domain—is a scenic paradise whose natural beauty cannot be oversold. And seeing it for the first time, it is easy to lose all sense of reality. The highway under wheel has the familiar feel of our concrete-and-asphalt civilization, but for impenetrable miles around lies a wilderness of beauty, unperturbed by billboards, unpatrolled by traffic cops.

Recently we ate, slept and drove through 3800 miles of scenery west of the Rockies. We brought back some huge impressions and the memory of many little things. We brought price lists, road maps, hotel bills, post cards—some useful Tips for Travelers which you may not find helpful at all, and we made some mistakes which you will enjoy repeating.

Our starting point was a garage in Beverly Hills, California. We left at noon on a beautiful Tuesday, in a convertible crammed with film, cameras, flash bulbs (which we didn't use), guidebooks, notebooks and a few—very few—clothes. Our first destination: Sequoia National Park in the High Sierras.

We aimed to get as close as possible to the Sequoia gate before stopping for the night, as we wanted to enter the park early in the morning. It is worth remembering that most of the parks close their gates at night—there aren't enough rangers to work around the clock.

We began looking for a Likely Place to stop. There are several schools of thought on this subject. There is the school of the Road-map Scientists, who always know When they are going to be Where, and make reservations in advance. There is the school of Early Starters & Stoppers, a special breed of mankind who tumble out of bed at the crack of dawn, make a day's mileage by the time most people are having lunch, and check in at the desk just as the rooms are swept out. It is the third school, the Potluck or "No Vacancy" school, to which we belong. It is the cheerful motto of our school that "there'll be a pretty little place just around the bend." It's surprising how often there is.

But not this night. We finally pulled into a cabin camp whose name we would love to print in a spirit of revenge. We paid $4.00 for a cabin with a rickety old double bed and washbowl, and Otto, our photographer, paid $2.50 for a single cabin with multiple mosquitoes. It was not an auspicious first night; however, it taught us that getting off onto less traveled roads does not necessarily mean lower prices—it means there is less competition and standards are apt to be lower.

In the morning we entered Sequoia National Park, and paid a dollar to the Park Service ranger at the gate. The dollar, he explained, goes into the public treasury, and doesn't even meet the expense of maintaining the park roads. He handed us a nice little booklet containing a map of the park, a description of the main attractions, rates at the Lodge, and rules of the park. These are:

1. No smoking on roads or trails during the dry season. Smoke only in camp or when stopping at stations.
2. Make fires only in camps or authorized picnic spots. BE CAREFUL WITH FIRE.
3. Do not litter roads and trails with paper or trash. Burn or place in receptacles.
4. No dogs, cats or firearms allowed.
5. Do not cut living brush or trees or pick flowers, or in any way harm beauties of the park.
6. Obey all signs.

The ranger apologized because he could give us only one copy of the little booklet. Congress simply hasn't appropriated sufficient money to print enough booklets to go around.

Breathing was invented for a place like Sequoia: it is such a pleasure there just to breathe. The air is marvelous, cool and fresh, and you wouldn't believe it could smell so wonderfully of pine.

We had lunch at the Giant Forest Lodge and then wandered around and saw the famous

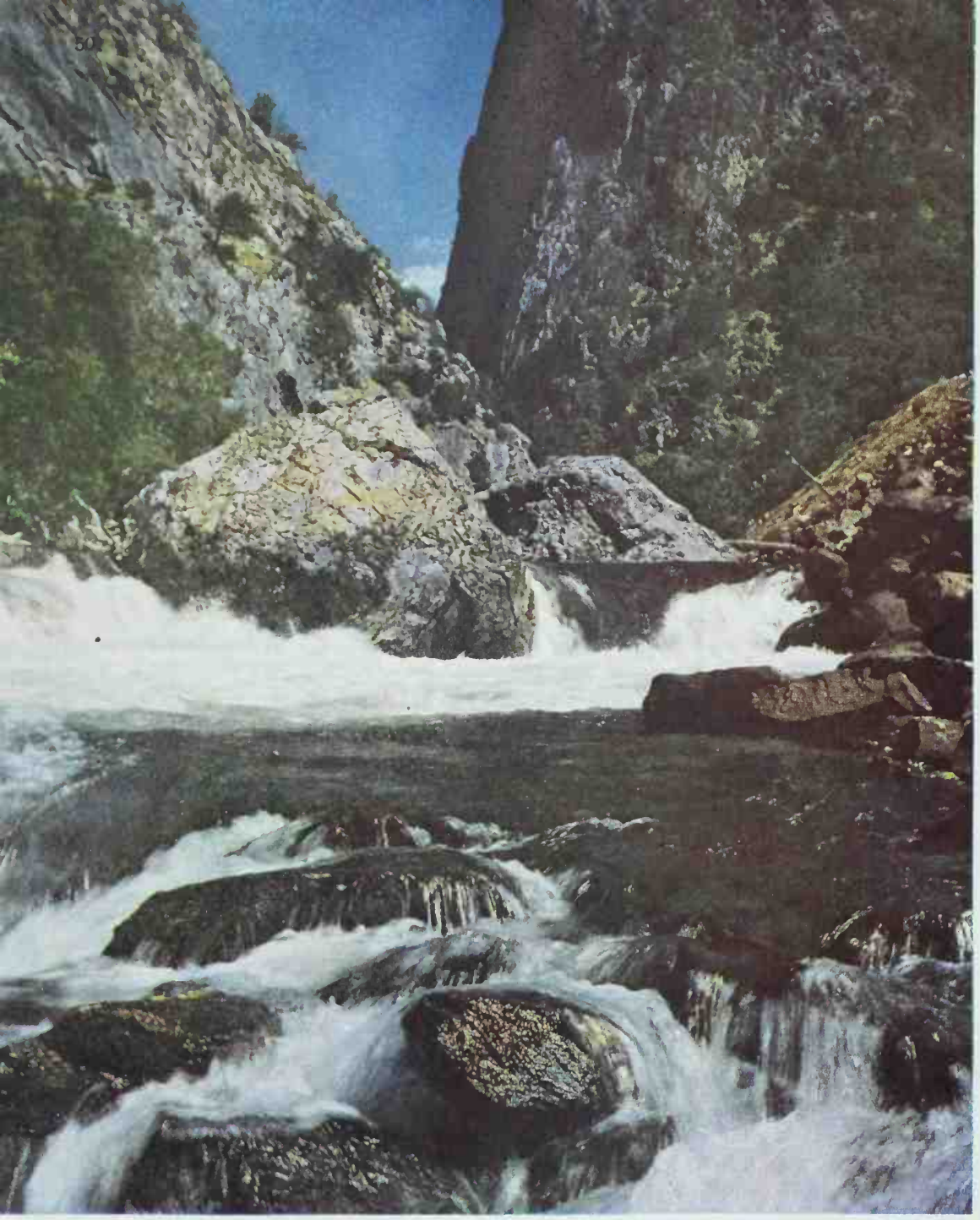
(Continued on Page 237)

Yosemite

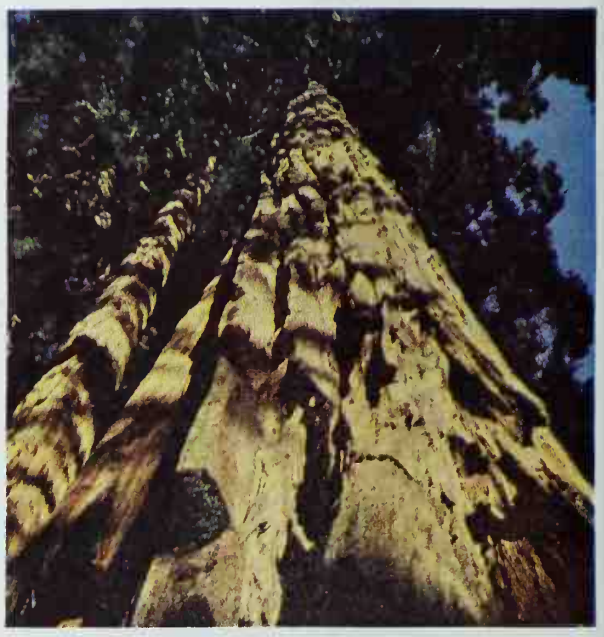
Truly a park of the people, Yosemite attracts almost a million visitors a year to this quiet green valley *(opposite page)*, hemmed in by gray granite cliffs such as El Capitan *(left)* and Half Dome *(distant right)*. Yosemite has five great waterfalls and many little ones. Loveliest of all, in the opinion of most visitors, is the Bridalveil Fall *(right)*, a 620-foot drapery of water which billows from side to side in the breeze. In late afternoon the sun makes a falling rainbow of Bridalveil, and the rocks behind are seemingly stained with every hue. The falls are at their best in late spring. This is the view from the parking place at Inspiration Point, known to all tourists who enter at Wawona.

Sequoia–Kings

Side by side in the High Sierras are the sister national parks, Kings Canyon *(left)* and Sequoia *(below)*. In Kings Canyon the clear cold water comes rushing as though from a giant faucet high in the mountains. Sequoia is a place of peace and quiet where voices naturally drop to whispers in the presence of the world's oldest living things. Both parks are open the year around. Fishermen are attracted by the rainbow trout, hikers by miles of scenic trails, mountain climbers by peaks that range all the way up to Mt. Whitney (alt. 14,495), tallest in the U. S. Azaleas and dogwood bloom in the spring, and there are leopard lilies, Indian paintbrush, larkspur, shooting stars and Queen Anne's lace.



Kings Canyon, carved by the impatient waters of the Kings River, is a natural highway into the High Sierras. A fine road follows the canyon for 20 miles; there campers hit the trail.



Sequoias soar skyward straight out of the earth. Their bark is so moist it is virtually fireproof (note charred spots).

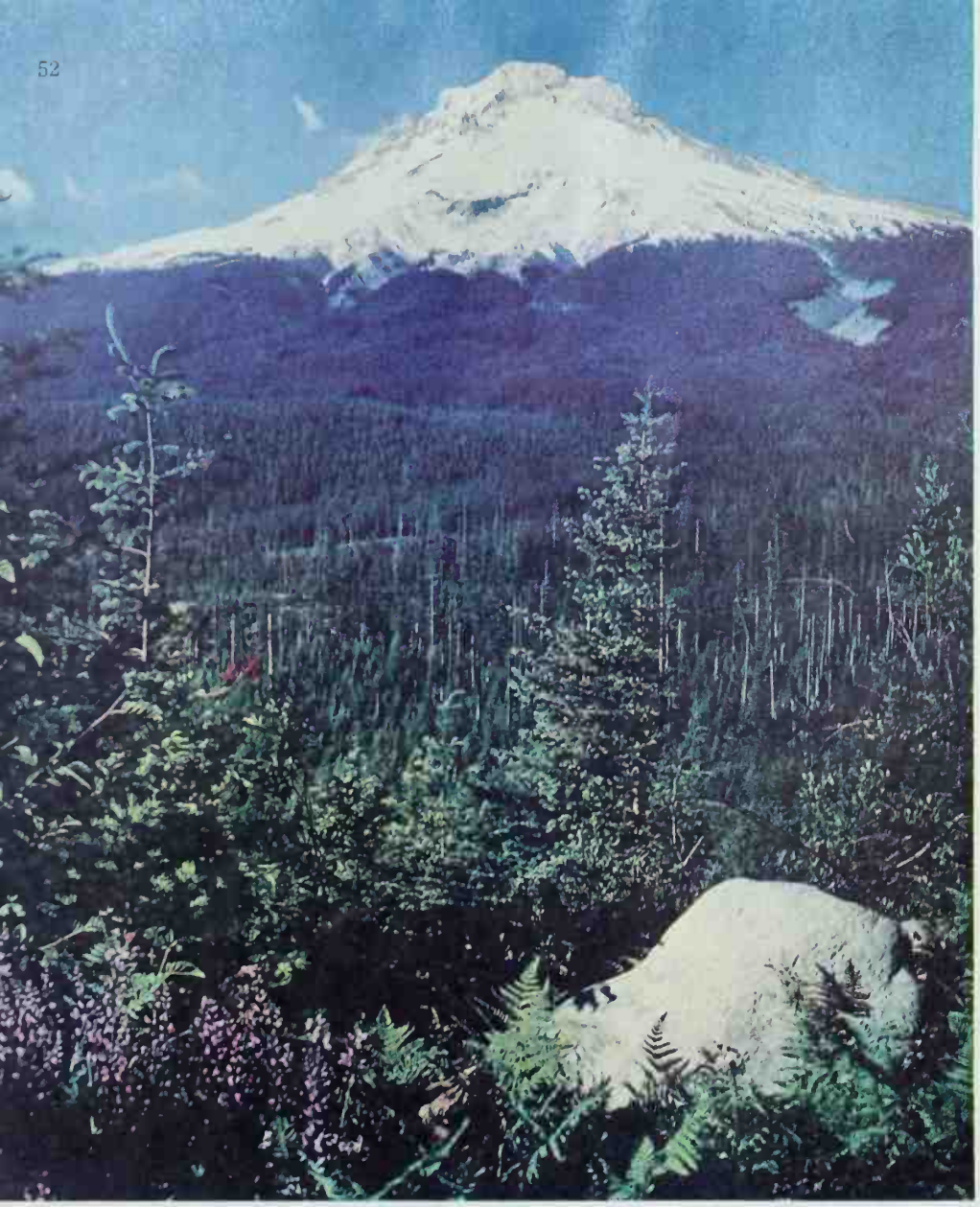
Mule deer in Sequoia National Park are so confident they will come right to the door of your cabin. But don't invite them in; it's against the rules.



The tangled undergrowth of the rain forests is a damp paradise for nature lovers. Lichens and vines cling to the trees, while green moss carpets the ground.

Olympic Forests

Olympic National Park was created by Congress and Franklin Roosevelt to preserve the forests of the Northwest. Occupying the heart of the vast Olympic peninsula across Puget Sound from Seattle, it is a wilderness kept in touch with civilization only by the road (U.S. 101) which encircles it. Now known largely to Indians, anglers and woodsmen, it is a storehouse of surprise for the tourist who ventures off the beaten track. On the Pacific slopes rain beats down 140 inches a year and vegetation *(above)* is semitropical. Behind the mountains is land so dry it must be irrigated. Altitude varies from zero along the Pacific Coast to 7915 feet on snow-capped Mt. Olympus. Open all year, Olympic Park is a living museum whose exhibits include hundreds of species of wild flowers and wildlife, ranging from raccoons, marmots, mink and otter to black bears, mountain goats and the Roosevelt elk.



Like the hat of a French Revolutionary, Mt. Hood stands alone in the Cascade Range.



Mt. Hood

Oregon's outstanding resort center, Mt. Hood is a busy mountain the year around. In winter, when snow stands thirty feet deep at timber line, there is skiing and tobogganing on its slopes. In spring, as the snow slowly melts, wild flowers bloom, and in June come the rhododendrons. Center of activity is Timberline Lodge, a million-dollar monument to the craftsmanship of the Northwest, and a hotel which is both massive in construction and cozy in feeling. From Timberline go hikers, horseback riders, fishermen, mountain climbers and a ski lift which will take you another mile up Mt. Hood.

Mt. Lassen

Its best days done, Mt. Lassen sprawls lazily in the sun of Northern California. Technically an "active" volcano, Lassen has not been heard from since 1914–17, when in a series of eruptions it spewed forth the lava and gases which laid bare this slope, toppling trees like toothpicks *(below in foreground)*. Lassen Volcanic National Park is full of geological curiosities, with names like Chaos Jumbles, Devils Kitchen, Sulphur Works and Bumpas Hell. Accommodations in the park are simple, but there are seven free campgrounds popular among anglers. The park is partially open for winter sports.

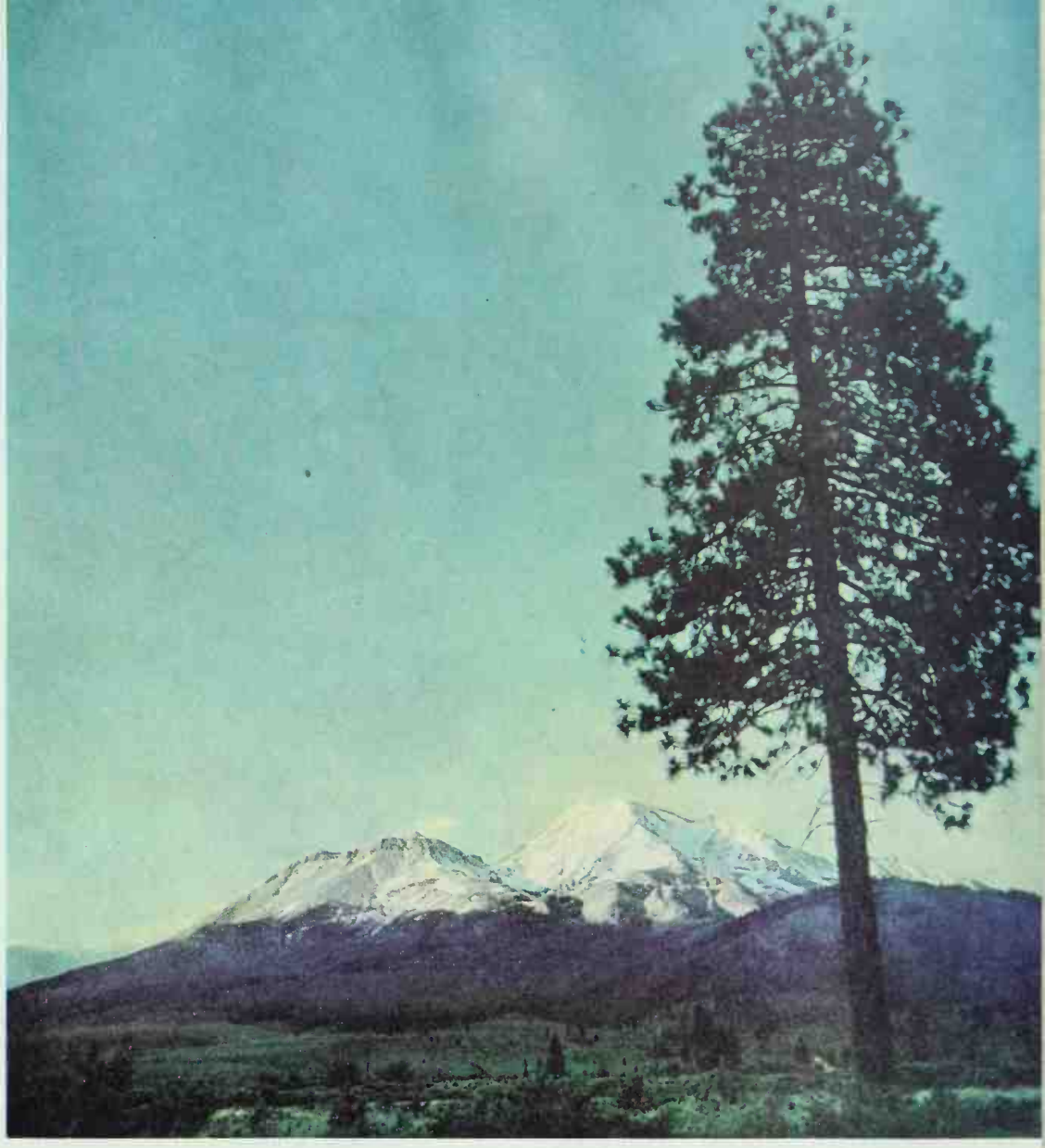
Volcanic refuse from Mt. Lassen's last eruptions in 1917 covers the peak's northeastern slope. Scrub pines are only now getting a foothold in the lava.





Mt. Shasta

An eminently satisfactory sort of mountain, Shasta sits serenely at the head of the Sacramento Valley in the northern part of California and looks benignly in all directions. In early summer its slopes are covered with wild flowers and in winter there is fine skiing. Shasta is one of the easiest peaks for amateur mountain climbers, requiring eight to ten hours for the round trip. Climbers are advised: "Wear calked shoes, heavy clothing, colored glasses and carry food for at least three meals, and water, an alpenstock, and a gunnysack or a piece of carpet for sliding down the mountain."

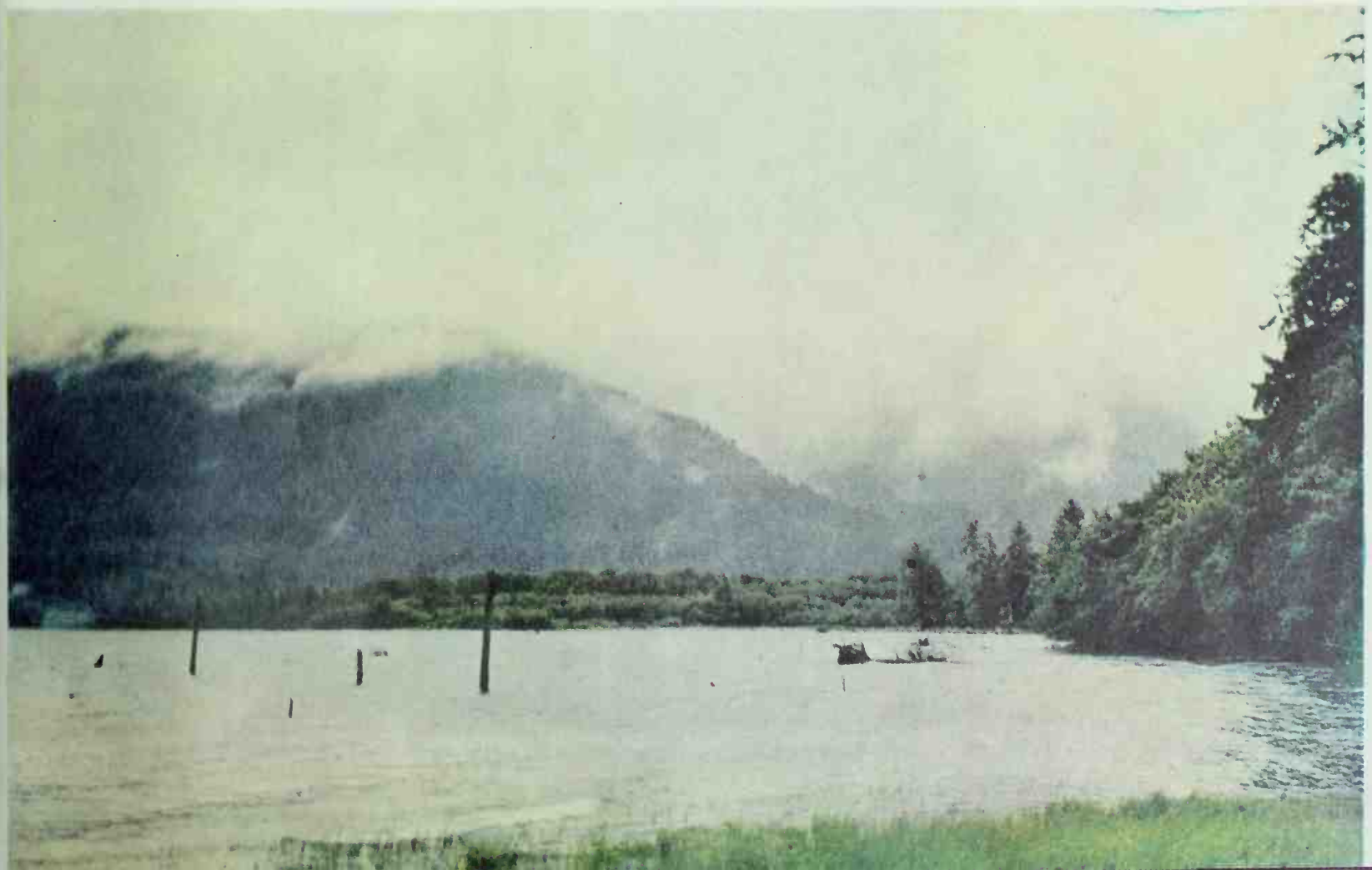


At sunset, a pine tree stands in solitary silhouette as the afterglow settles over Shasta.

Mt. Rainier

As its names implies, Mt. Rainier is not so much to be seen as felt. The weather is whimsical, and sometimes dense fog will close in over the mountain for days. Only a few hours' drive from Seattle and Tacoma, Mt. Rainier National Park is the great playground of the far Northwest, and attracts upwards of a million visitors annually. Its twenty-six active glaciers constitute America's largest icebox. In the spring their melting waters transform the meadows below the mountain into lush carpets of wild flowers. In the wintertime its six hundred inches of snow make sportsmen happy.

A temperamental sort of mountain, snow-capped Rainier disappears in mist across a mountain lake—perhaps to return in an hour, perhaps not for a week.







Crater Lake

When the wind is still in Oregon, the surface of Crater Lake is like a mirror held up to heaven—a place for fleecy cumulus clouds to sit and admire themselves. A geological accident, the lake lies in the crater of an extinct volcano—Mt. Mazama. The mountain air is so crisp and the water so clear and deep (up to 2000 ft.) that the lake is unbelievably blue in the sunshine. The 35-mile drive around the rim is one of America's most beautiful roads. While the average visitor to Crater Lake National Park comes just for the day, there are free campgrounds, a lodge and cabins, and devotees of the rod can fish on Crater Lake without a license.

The Slip-In

IT WAS A RASH THING TO DO. BUT FROM A GIRL LIKE THIS—WHAT ELSE CAN YOU EXPECT? • BY LUCY FURMAN

AFTER supper Aunt Narciss came out on the porch of Big Log, seated herself in a straight-back chair, and spread the ample skirt of her blue-checked gingham frock.

"Hosey was minded to fetch his youngest hisself," she began. "Allowing two days in the saddle—one coming and one going—was overmuch for me at three score and ten. But I laughed him to scorn, being every bit and grain as able as when I brung my oldest gal to you school women forty-four year gone."

She looked it. Her skin was as pink and firm, her eyes as brightly blue, her body as erect, though heavier, only the crinkly white hair telling the tale of age.

"I even tuck a start at dawn this morning so as to be here by three, and see these young'uns, after books, scatter out in gaily gangs to work for their keep in fields and gyardens and stables and shops and kitchens. 'Tain't only that I favor larning tied up with labor; it remembers me of my young days, and my maw leading her string of young'ums up to the fields to hoe corn or pick beans or bug taters.

"How many did she have? Well, about fourteen that she raised—one, little brother Hosey, named out of the Bible, died a yearling. Me, I never done my stint in offsprings; never had but ten, and one of them, the prize of all"—her voice dropped—"not the child of my body, but a slip-in I married along with my man.

"How did it come? It's a tale I don't foller telling. But having knowed you many a year for a confidential woman, I don't care to tell you.

"You've seed master-cows, that horns and pushes everything afore them and lords it over all. Jane Turner was just such a master-woman. She mastered her paw and maw, she mastered her brothers and sisters, she mastered her man Aaron, when she got him, till he tuck to buying cattle to get away some and see a little peace. For ambition, nobody ever knowed the like of Jane. Work, work, work was all her thought. She driv herself, she driv Aaron, she driv the sharecroppers and their young'uns, till nobody wouldn't stay on the place. Crop time it was up at three of a morning, hoe corn till eight of a night, Jane allus in bottom row, setting the pace, and God help them couldn't keep up. And everly her cry was, 'Clear more new ground, tend more corn, feed more cattle and hogs and sheep, weave more kivers and linsey and linen, make more money'—and Aaron already owning the biggest scope of land, and the mostest head of property, in that end of the county, and them with nary child but one to leave it to. Yes, Jane raelly worshiped Mammon, which you know the Scripter says is adultery.

"Young Aaron he growed up the best he could under her trompling and after his paw died, had to take fullbrunt. Allowing his birth cord was still tied to her apron string, she wouldn't hardly let him out of her sight. Old Aaron had laid down one law—that his boy should get education—and had left two thousand dollars cash money in bank to send him off to high school and college. But would Jane leave him go? Eh law, no—she said books was the mother of idleness, she wasn't aiming to have her son sp'ilt. And she was hell-bent he shouldn't look at a gal—if she kotched him eying one at a babtizing or a funeral occasion, off she'd snatch him, that minute.

"The Almighty puts up with a sight from folks—too much, I think—but at last He tuck a hand with Jane: laid her out so bad with rheumatiz she couldn't lift hand or foot to another job in life, from then on had to run things from her bed. And though she had allus sot up for a godly church member, she faulted and scandalized God pure blasphemious.

"Young Aaron, just turned twenty, couldn't work both in and out, had him timber contracts anyway, winters, so they had a bound to find somebody to cook and tend on Jane. But nobody on the creek, neither sharecroppers' gals, wives nor widders, wouldn't noways come. At last they heared of a orphant gal from another creek, by name Almiry, that had allus lived around from hither to yan, and had found her two wood's colts along the way, which their paws had tuck to raise.

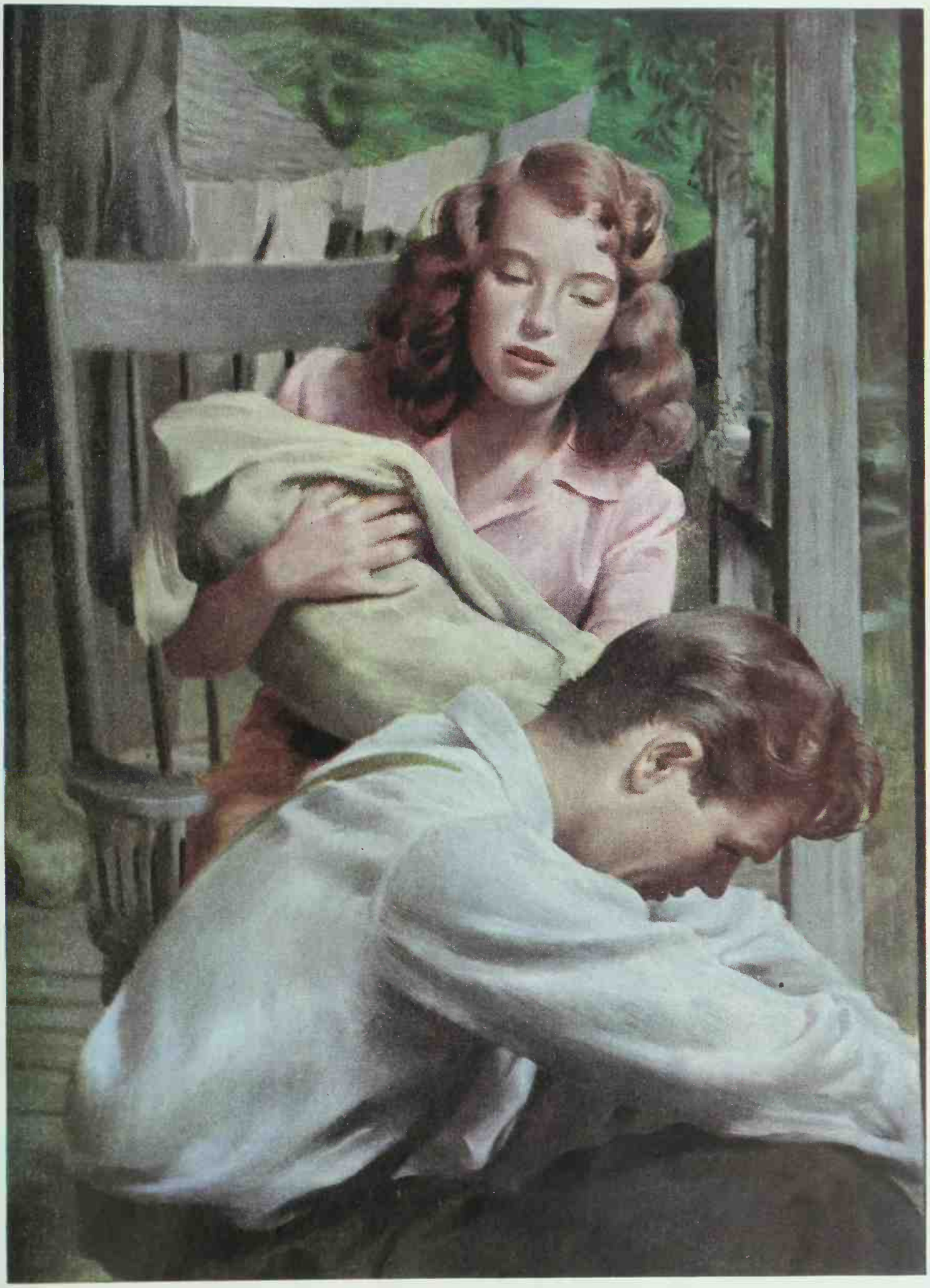
"Being so righteous along with proud, Jane balked at the wood's colts, allowing she wouldn't have such as Almiry in her house. But necessity knows no nay, it was Almiry or nobody, so she come—the biddablest, easiest-put-upon gal ever was. She slept in main-house with Jane, and it was up and down all night, then rise afore day to start breakfast and begin work, Jane all the time ill to her as a hornet, and everly harrying her to hurry. Allus Jane had the door sot open into kitchen-house when Aaron and Almiry was eating.

"Sooner or later, such folks oversteps theirselves; and when cornhoeing come, peared like it would kill Jane dead to see Almiry at piddling house jobs. The sharecroppers being minded, now Aaron was in charge, to try it again, he had rented the most of the land to them, and hisself was tending just one fine newground holler—a big, spready swag high on the ridge yan side the creek, which Jane could see the best part of from her bed. She was in a pure swivet till she sont Almiry up to holp Aaron; and would lay there, craning her neck, and watching at the two, back and forth in the rows. The lowest part she couldn't see, but she'd calculate how long it ought to take. All of June, and into July, they was at it.

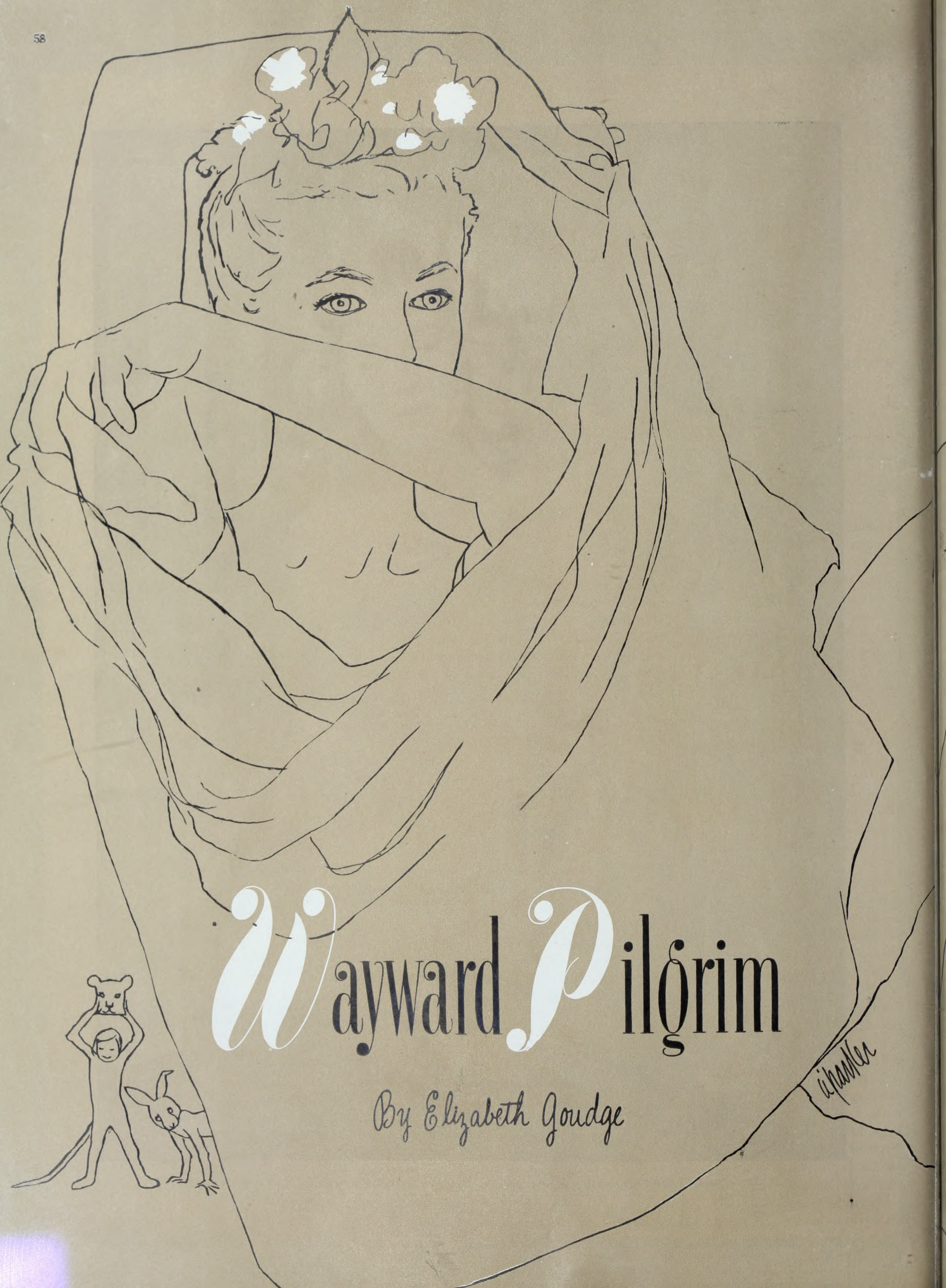
"Well, time rolled around till the first cold spell in December. Then one night when Almiry was up piling dry wood around the backlog to keep Jane's bones from shaking, here Jane seed something quare with her shape, and throwed up to her she was with child. Almiry couldn't deny it, but just wept. And no manner of abuse couldn't get out of her who was its paw—of course Jane allowed it was some of the sharecroppers. She told Almiry no strumpet and whore shouldn't stay another night under her roof, and for Almiry to get her things and go. And whilst she was gathering them—awful few and thin they was for such a night—Jane berated her so fierce it woke Aaron,

(Continued on Page 114)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT G. HARRIS



Aaron said, "I don't hold nuthin' again' you, Narciss. You were just young and didn't onderstand."



Wayward Pilgrim

By Elizabeth Goudge



CONCLUSION

IT was Tommy's turn to be returning home. He was thrilled, but not quite so thrilled as Caroline had been; so much less so, in fact, that he had felt he could bear to delay his return for a couple of days in order to spend the week end with a friend and possess himself of a secondhand motor bicycle. A motor bike of his own had always been the chief desire of Tommy's life. Now it was his, and he had named it Boanerges. There was, of course, the little matter of paying for it, but that could be seen to later. From school he had sent a hurried post card to his mother:

Home Wednesday. Sent box in advance. Bringing my Christmas present from you and father, so if you've got anything else for me you can keep it till my birthday. Glad you've got Auntie Rose for cook now. What about wild duck for supper if father can shoot one, with water cress? Love, Tommy.

And now in the crisp winter dawn he stood in the stable-yard of his friend's home. He pulled on his leather gauntlets, bestrode his precious bike, kicked the engine alive, and with a terrifying volley of backfiring and a fearful stench—the machine was exceedingly ancient—went roaring out of the yard and down the quiet country road beyond. Luck was with him. An absence of obstruction and the law, aided by a miracle of speed, got him to the Hard at eleven-ten, and by a further stroke of good fortune the gate leading to their lane was open. He turned the corner and, with a lift of the heart, greeted Knyghtwood upon his right and the orchard upon his left, and the bright gleam of the river down at the bottom of the lane. Then he accelerated and went roaring down the hill. He managed to rock to a vociferous, odoriferous standstill at the foot of the garden steps. "Poop-poop, all!" he yelled. "Toad's home! Toad's home!" Summoned by the shouting, the household came pouring out of the Herb of Grace: George was first, with the twins at his heels; then Jill and Caroline, Annie-Laurie and Malony; but not Nadine. His father came striding to him. "Mother's gone to look for that water cress you commanded for supper. I shot a wild duck the day before yesterday. It's hanging." His hand gripped his son's shoulder. "What the dickens?" asked George, eying Boanerges. *(Continued on Page 76)*

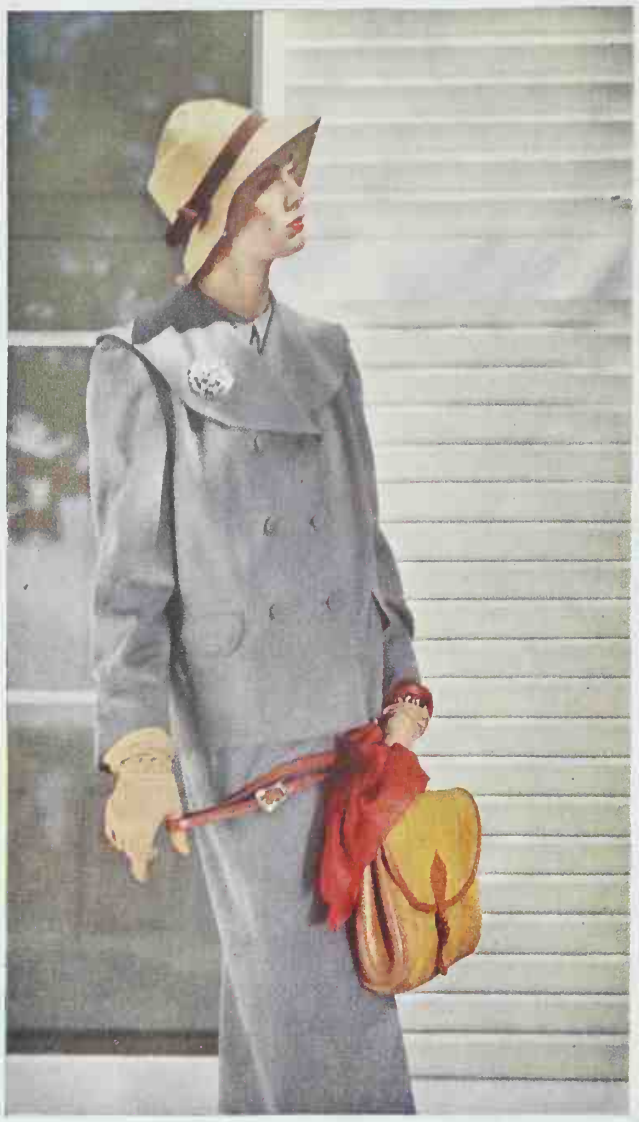
Copyright, 1948, by Elizabeth Goudge. The complete novel has recently been published by Coward-McCann, under the title Pilgrim's Inn.

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER



BY NATHAN BADER

oomy coat in soft chamois-color wool, arm but summery; goes over everything.



SUIT BY VERA MAXWELL, BAG BY VAN S

World-around travel suit—gray flannel with chamois-color accessories; wool-and-leather bag, medallion pin.



BY LARRY ALDRICH, BAG BY

1948 basic black—rounded shoulders, unpre pleats; patent-leather accents, leghorn

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CU



BY JOSET WALKER, PUMPS BY EVINS

l-day Paisley silk print; leghorn hat or ndeaux, linen or patent-leather pumps.



SUIT BY ADLER

High-temperature shantung suit, with coarse white veiling, large or small hats; linen or patent pumps.



This year's casual cotton: seersucker or stri chambray; bare top, Empire fashion—linen bol

Wherever you go... however you go

THERE HAVE BEEN MANY FORMULAS for travel wardrobes. Much has been written (and rightly) about traveling light, fabrics that don't wrinkle, hats that pack, accessories that interchange. Not enough has been said about taking the dress that may give you the most pleasure and all the small things that make a wardrobe jell. Summer vacation basics that provide for every time and place and temperature can be reduced to seven, each chosen for multiple use.

YOUR COAT must look and feel right wrapped around you in a deck chair or a high-altitude plane, worn over an evening dress or in a car. For your own and fashion's sake, it must have roomy rounded shoulders, big handy pockets, free and easy lines, but not a bulky flare. **THE SUIT** that could go around the world and can be worn anywhere in cool weather is gray flannel. This year's slightly flaring boxy jacket, soft shawl collar and straight-but-easy skirt seem bred for comfort, ability to shed travel fatigue. Its soft felt hat matches the coat, is crushed to becomingness, packed in a roll or carried in your pocket.

YOUR HIGH-TEMPERATURE SUIT will be sea-green shantung, tireless and beautiful. The eternal **BLACK DRESS** must be appraised for midday-to-midnight wear, with or without a hat, must be capable of the long-pearl or the short-glove mood. The patent-leather belt that comes with it this year goes also with your print or your evening skirt. Paisley is the fashion for **YOUR PRINT**—pure silk, multicolored, practically unspottable, a pretty pickup for any color. **YOUR COTTON** should be a beach dress without its jacket, a casual hot-day sight-seer with it. **THE EVENING DRESS** that is all things to all travelers will be a sweeping black taffeta skirt, chameleon for changes with black silk jersey, bare-top organdy or beloved shantung blouses.

TAKE ALL THE SCARFS you own or can afford—silk, chiffon, printed wool—brightest, quickest change we know. Take cool linen and patent-leather pumps, calfskin walkers, gold flats or high-heeled evening slippers. Take a little wardrobe of gloves—the new longer chamois-yellow doeskin pull-ons, elbow-length black suède, short washable cottons in white and black, a pair of silk ones to match your shantung. Take interesting belts—white calfskin, gold kid, colored shantung, and a new wrap-around jersey cummerbund. Take one roomy wool or calfskin bag and a small patent leather. Take veiling, baudeaux, crownless hats, gold and pearl and multicolored stone jewelry in lovely topaz, amethyst, tourmaline pink and jade green.

ALL THESE CLOTHES have the double and triple personalities that make the best travelers. Turn the page for additional fashions keyed to shipboard and car, train and plane.

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

PHOTOGRAPH BY FONTAGR



BY CEIL CHAPMAN

Glamorous answer for any evening—black taffeta skirt, with change-about tops. This sheer black silk jersey is most basic.

Travel and destination extra

IF you're going cross-country by car, stopping to picnic, to swi
to dine or dance at a country inn . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMA



Shorts and shirt, part of the four-piece linen.



Orange shantung dinner skirt, turquoise blouse, flats.



Quick-dry gingham bath ing suit by Frances Sider



Four-part rayon-linen for color and comfort in a car by Toni Owen.

Noncrushable lightweight wool knitted dress



IF you're traveling by plane, or air-conditioned train, to New York, San Francisco or any city destination . . .



City cotton print by Ceil Chapmanwornwith black.



Week-end polka-dot silk play suit and skirt by Frances Sider.



Basic taffeta skirt with polka-dot organdy top.

GOLD FLATS BY MACKAY, LINEN PUMPS AND RED GHILLIES BY CAPEZIO, STRAW BAG BY SIMON.

IF you're crossing the Atlantic, or going for a cruise with island stopovers—a page of additions to choose from . . .



Flannel skirt with new lines, worn with halter top of a wool bathing suit by Arpad, and jersey cummerbund by Phelps.



White sharkskin classic, darling of ship or shore.



Strapless white sharkskin, Carolyn Schmurer.



Gabardine slacks, white pull-over, red cardigan.



Plaid taffeta shirtwaist dancing dress, new and lovely with linen belt, by Clare Potter. Seaman Schepps' long pearls.



For tennis, deck tennis: white crepe, Joset Walker.



Two-piece washable pink chambray, perfect sight-seer.



Two-piece white piqué for evening, by Syd Rappaport.

al crash sun suit, by Clare Potter;
cloth cape and beach rug, straw belt.

lted, printed glamour skirt in cotton,
se in rayon jersey. By Ceil Chapman.



WE'RI



Sailcloth bathing suit, one-piece, sun-back and belted, with casual jacket for many uses. By Carolyn Schnurer.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



ot silk bare-midriff dress by
otter, with Mackey sandals.



ıh printed cotton, blue butterfly cotton, picturesque necklines and petti-
ats. Blue and violet slippers. Left by Tina Leser; right, Mildred O'Quinn.

ENDING THE SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY

ENDING THE SUMMER AT THE SHORE

Fashion this summer is a country and a seashore girl at heart. Lovely pink and blue printed cottons with tip-the-shoulder necklines and touch-the-hemline petticoats were designed for far-from-the-city afternoons. There is more calico on famous beaches and Connecticut-to-California country lawns than stocked the shelves of the country store a generation ago—now in bare-backed, full-skirted dresses with matching jackets, three-cornered scarfs or long-pocketed shawls. Crash linens come in bathing suits and catch-the-train suits for a day in town. Adored-by-the-young full bell-shaped skirts are everywhere, in flower-garden chintz and quilted cotton, ankle- or grass-length for evening, shorter by day. A sailcloth bathing suit may have a matching jacket that can be worn with a sharkskin skirt or a sun-back dress. A pink chambray or a printed lawn evening dress may have a matching parasol—just for fun. One or two such bathing suits and calicos, one commuter, one swishy cotton print and a couple of skirts and tops will spend the summer thriftily—or week end disarmingly—from now on. ★ BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

Fashion Editor of the Journal



(Above) Beach or lazy lawn dress in gayest calico, sunback style with a stole, by Carolyn Schnurer.



Flax-blue linen commuter has a short jacket, full skirt, by Dorothy Cox; linen pumps.



e-to-sunset chintz skirt by Stein; white eyelet blouse.



Blue-on-blue print with shirred bodice, full skirt, muslin petticoat, by Tina Leser. Chin-tied picture hat, John Frederics.

STARS UNDER A SUMMER SKY

Have you ever wished that you could dress jus
your favorite movie star? That you could look as ch
glamorous as she does? We photographed these
stars in our collection of Vogue Patterns just to
your wish come true. So that you could have an ev
dress just like Elizabeth Taylor's . . . or a wo
ful linen duster like the one beautiful Deborah
wears . . . a pink chambray like Janet Leigh's. You
can be a star under a summer sky. ★ BY NORA O'L



GLOVES BY VIOLA WEINBERGER, SANDALS BY PALTER DELISO

A delightful polka-dot silk that could fall into any wardrobe and be the prettiest dress there. It has a youthful, feminine charm so becoming to lovely Dorothy Malone. The captivating neckline can be worn on or off the shoulders; the flared skirt falls from an elongated basque bodice. Vogue Design No. 6377. Matching parasol and gloves.



Romantic white eyelet organdy with a generously full tiered skirt for summer dancing. The mint-green slip peeks through the eyelet, and the tremendous sash forms a lovely bustle bow. Vogue Design No. 3204. The youthful beauty is Elizabeth Taylor, who has a passion for lovely clothes and an exceptional talent for wearing them.

Back Views and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 161

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, postage prepaid, from



The chic of a linen coat, an adaptation of the famous linen dusters so popular in the Gay Nineties, is surpassed in beauty only by its wearer—the beautiful English actress, Deborah Kerr. The coat has an easy swing to the back, nicely detailed yoke and deep pockets. Vogue Design No. 6398.



RHINESTONE CIRCLET BY ACCESSOCRAFT, LINEN SHOES BY CAPEZIO

A "love" of a dress set off by the radiant beauty of Janet Leigh. The finely detailed bodice has small tucks, a mere suggestion of sleeves, and a tiny collar. Graceful four-gored skirt has an easy flare. The pink chambray will wash like a hankie, and will keep you cool through the hottest days of summer. Vogue Design No. 6454.

© VOGUE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ENGSTEAD



BAG BY CLAIR KENNEDY, SANDALS BY BERNARDO



Crisp white with gold accents is an accepted summer fashion. The classic shirtmaker becomes the lithe fashion figure of lovely Lauren Bacall. Vogue Design No. 6438. A simple silk shantung dress topped with a brilliant

IF YOU ASK ME

By Eleanor Roosevelt

★ ***Is it true that at the time of Winston Churchill's speech at Fulton, Missouri, you reprimanded him? It was reported over the radio that you told Mr. Churchill that he had torn down all that your husband had believed in and worked for regarding Russia.***

Of course it is utterly untrue that I reprimanded Mr. Churchill. It would hardly be fitting for me to do so. If Mr. Churchill had asked me for my opinion on his Fulton, Missouri, speech, I could not have told him what my husband would have felt about it, because I do not believe in trying to say what people who are not here to speak for themselves might have said. I certainly would have told Mr. Churchill, if I had been asked, that I thought it an unwise speech to make, and that I regretted it. He probably knew what my attitude would be if he even bothered to think about it when he made the speech. Therefore it would seem to me that offering any comment without invitation would have been foolish.

★ ***I am at a loss to know how to sign a greeting card or small gift to a lady I admire who was the wife of my son and is now married to another person.***

It is a little difficult, for anyone who does not know your personal relationship with your former daughter-in-law, to suggest the way you should sign a greeting card. If your affection for her has not changed, why not express it and sign your name either as you did before, or as you would to anyone outside of your own family with whom you are on friendly terms?

★ ***I am a young wife and mother who would appreciate some advice. My husband is from a very fine family who have always had the better things of life. I, on the other hand, haven't a very good education. It was quite a struggle for my parents to send me to high school and one year of college. My husband and I love each other very much and his sister and parents treat me as if I were really one of the family. But I fear the day will come when, if I don't know how to carry on a conversation about something other than the daily news and the baby's newest tricks, I shall be left out. Could you help me by telling me what books I can read? I have three or four hours a day which I can devote to reading and study, and want so badly to learn. I feel it is necessary for my husband to have a wife who can carry on an intelligent conversation with his clients and our friends.***

My dear, education is not entirely a question of what you learn in school or college. It is largely a question of the opportunities you have to talk with intelligent people and to become acquainted with as many facets of life as possible. One cannot give you a list of books which in themselves will make you a person of culture. To have read some, at least, of the classics is valuable to anyone. You can get good translations of some of the old Greek philosophers and old Greek plays. You can read some history, books about art, modern philosophers, biographies of famous men; and, of course, some of the best-known fiction writers in American and English literature, such as Dickens, Scott, Hawthorne, and so on, as well as poets and modern writers, all add to your background.

The field of learning is so wide that none of us can ever say we know much; and perhaps if you find one or two things that interest you, you might read a little more deeply along those particular lines and, above all, think about anything you read so you will have something to contribute that is the expression of your own character and personality. It is what you sift through your own mind and think about which makes you a more interesting person and therefore better able to interest other people.

★ ***A columnist who has been branded as a warmonger insists a third world war is inevitable. How does this fit in with freedom of speech and the press? Should we give certain sensationalists the opportunity to talk us into another war?***

I doubt if any columnist can talk us into war. If we curtail their right to speak, we could not speak ourselves against some of their statements. Freedom of speech and of the press is essential to all of us, but education and a thinking public are also essential, because where there is a freedom of expression, there must always be an ability on the part of the listeners to think and to sift the good from the bad of that which one hears or reads.

★ ***I have read that you were such a splendid wife because you were trained by your mother-in-law. This is an old European custom. Why don't more American mothers of sons give the new bride or bride-to-be a few pointers on how to be a good wife? Don't you think that if this custom were more generally observed there would be fewer divorces?***

I do not know where you read that my mother-in-law trained me. I think I said she taught me a good deal about housekeeping and her own way of doing things. I do not know that I was a very good wife. One can only do one's best. I do not believe anybody, no matter how wise, can teach another woman to be a good wife. I am afraid the older generation can rarely give advice to the younger. I think training from a mother-in-law would result in more divorces rather than fewer.

★ ***Recently you wrote, "We may in time come to a world government, but we are not yet prepared for it—too much haste—harmful." I would like very much to know your reason for feeling this way.***

I feel that world government is rather beyond what most nations are ready to accept as yet, and if it is forced upon them, the nations which have come together in the United Nations may fall apart. Whereas if we work together within the framework of the Charter of the U. N., we may come in time to be willing to create a world government.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

REPRINTED COURTESY OF COLLIER'S



"I've been listening to Winchell and Drew Pearson and, frankly, I'm worried. I haven't been feeling nearly as depressed as I should."

SCIENCE LOOKS AT *Love*

SCIENCE HAS WORKED OUT A FEW THINGS MOTHER DIDN'T TELL YOU—THE FACTS OF LOVE. ★ BY JOHN E. GIBSON

TWO schools of thought exist about this thing called love. The first, to which most people are a party, finds it a strange and nebulous thing which can be *felt* but not understood, *sensed* but never assessed. Psychiatrists, psychologists and sociologists will agree with them that you can't track love down and say, "There—that's love." But these authorities have been able to approach love scientifically by thorough studies of courtships, marriages and divorces. Their findings about what makes love "tick," and why it affects us as it does, provide answers to many interesting questions—ones you can take with a grain of salt, or which may help you find a deeper understanding of an illusive phenomenon.

Q.: What is love?

A.: Perhaps the best definition of love—and, incidentally, a very scientific one—was written by the poet Shelley: "That profound and complicated sentiment which we call love is the universal thirst for a communion not merely of the senses, but of our whole nature, intellectual, imaginative and sensitive."

Q.: Can some people get along without love?

A.: No. We are all born with the desire to love and be loved—and this urge *must* be satisfied in one way or another. There are two basic things that every individual strives for: (1) love, in the widest sense; and (2) a feeling of security. Psychologists say the second is impossible without the first.

Q.: Do men fall in love more often than women?

A.: No. It's just about a tie. The impression that men lead the field is largely because man is much more prone to talk about his romances than is woman.

Q.: Do most women marry for love?

A.: A startling percentage do not. In a poll of 18,000 recently married women, the Institute of Marital Relations found that only 56 per cent married for love. Principal reasons why the other 44 per cent took the vows: (1) security; (2) fear of becoming an old maid; (3) desire for children. Women are more apt to enter into loveless marriages than men. Psychologists deplore this fact because unless both parties are in love the chance for a successful marriage is slim.

Sociologists are further alarmed because it's so easy for a girl to get a husband—*if she's willing to overlook the fact that she doesn't love him.* Dr. Robert N. McMurray, psychologist, made studies of courtship and marriage which show that a girl has merely to employ the principles of "moral dominance"—that is, choose a man whose personality she can easily dominate. This system works faster if the girl keeps sentimentality to a bare minimum, and tries to make the man "feel like a dog." While usually accomplishing the immediate end, this formula seldom results in anything resembling a happy or a lasting marriage.

Q.: Do people tend to fall in love with their opposites?

A.: No. The person you fall in love with is likely to be similar not only in mentality and temperament, but in complexion and stature as well. Tall men are attracted to tall women; blonds tend to marry blondes; and a man seeks a girl who is similarly endowed intellectually.

Q.: What are your chances for an ideally happy marriage?

A.: Roughly, about one in twenty. You will probably be *reasonably* happy, however. The New York Bureau of Hygiene found, in a study of 1000 women selected from all walks in life, that while less than 6 per cent considered their marriages ideal, 80 per cent were "moderately happy," and only 14 per cent were definitely unhappy.

Q.: Does love thrive best when the man is the "boss"?

A.: No. Couples are happiest when neither "wears the pants"—and issues are *(Continued on Page 198)*

HELP WANTED!

"Give us pleasant, personable, well-groomed girls," says the head of a leading employment agency.

This is the summer you are going out to look for your first job. You are eager and hopeful and nervous—because you are young and the business world is big and strange. So you equip yourself the way a woman knows best. You make yourself look SO RIGHT that somewhere within you a spark of courage is kindled to spread its kindly warmth clear out from your heart to the ends of your rather cold finger tips!

You begin by scrubbing yourself thoroughly. Lots of suds, lots of body freshener. Newly shampooed hair, too, and a vigorous brushing afterward.

Such basic treatment is for the good of your soul. A fresh body makes a fresh spirit, and when you are starting out to conquer the world you want to feel as newly minted as a bright penny!

Your make-up will be carefully done—the kind of good job that breeds confidence in the onlooker and shows you have a sense of GOOD TASTE.

Your clean, smoothly controlled hair will show you to be a person who understands DISCIPLINE.

The discreet color and length of your nails and their careful manicuring prove you to be a MODEST, FASTIDIOUS young woman.

Your dress, which you will have selected thoughtfully from your wardrobe for its good, simple lines (and which you will have pressed and freshened to a point of perfection) will indicate your SOUND JUDGMENT.

Your trim hat and your spotless gloves will show your awareness of STYLE CONVENTIONS.

Your polished shoes with tidy heels, your stocking seams, your slip straps and dress hem are all in such perfect order they speak up for your SENSE OF DETAIL.

Your cologne is a cool and delicate scent, for you are a TACTFUL PERSON.

And last, you wear your boutonniere of fresh flowers (completely unadorned) as a gracious way of showing the importance of the occasion.

What a wonderful feeling, to be proud of the way you look on this day of days!

BY DAWN CROWELL
Beauty Editor of the Journal



PHOTOGRAPH BY

Why her appearance helped get her the job.

She's wearing a hat.

Her hair is tidy.

She looks alert and pleasant.

Her dress is immaculate and cool-loo

She left her jangling jewelry at hom

Her make-up is attractively applied.

Your Manners Speak Up for You Too!

GRANTED your first impression depends on the way you look, the second depends on the way you act, and so, on this particular day, you can bless your parents and schoolteachers for what they have taught you regarding everyday courtesy and respect. For now that you have graduated from the realm of casual "Yeah's" and "Hi-ya's"—of sprawling in chairs and mumbling in monosyllables—this knowledge of the "right thing to do" will add immeasurably to your own self-confidence and enhance you in the eyes of the business world. Here are some important things to remember if you really want that job:

BE ALERT. Inform yourself about your prospective employer's type of work *before your interview*. It will show you are seriously interested in the job.

BE NEAT. Fill out your application blank carefully and completely. It is an immediate indication that you are an orderly person.

BE PROMPT for your appointment. If you're late for this occasion, you'll probably be late on the job.

BE POLITE. Know the exact pronunciation of the name of the person you are to meet. When you are introduced, say, "How do you do, Mr. X?" or "I'm very pleased to meet you, Mrs. X." And don't forget that smile!

BE LADYLIKE. Wait until you are asked to sit down before you do so—and then make a point of sitting gracefully. Slouching indicates slovenliness!

BE SMART. Let your voice help get you the job by keeping it low and pleasant, by avoiding slang expressions!

BE COURTEOUS. Let the employer lead the conversation. Remember *you* are being interviewed. Overtalking might lead to talking yourself out of a job.

BE ATTENTIVE. Listen carefully to what is being said and avoid interruptions. Answer questions clearly and pleasantly.

BE APPRECIATIVE. When the interview is over, be sure to thank the person who has taken time to see you. "Thank you very much for seeing me, Mr. X," or "I do appreciate having this opportunity, Mrs. X."

You Report for Work

THE interview was successful—the job is yours. Monday morning finds you entrusted with new duties—surrounded by new people—and on your own! Here, for the first time, your assets are evaluated according to *your capability in handling your work* as well as the way you behave and look.

From the beginning, no matter how small the job, you will start to learn a brand-new way of living that will make you a more interesting, understanding and intelligent person for your furthered career—or your married life.

You find firsthand information on how to spend your *time*, your *energy* and your *money* to the best advantage. You welcome the chance to become a *truly dependable person* in your employer's eyes, for you know it can be a lifelong tribute to your friends and to the people you love, as well. You view with a new and clear perspective the problems and aims of others—and can more accurately measure your own. You put more *trust in your own capacities*—so that you will have a better chance to unearth hidden talents you never dreamed you possessed.

Going by the theory that temperament is an indulgence that can be afforded only by executives, you are a happier person for your *cheerful disposition*. Your awareness of the trials and hardships packaged in your employer's day gives you a basic and invaluable training for becoming a sympathetic and understanding future wife. You rebel at petty office gossip by hearing as little as possible and repeating less, for you know the leaders in that field cannot be trusted or respected.

You use your feminine intuition to discover what your employer approves and disapproves regarding your own office habits, and you conduct yourself accordingly. You avoid the little things—the jangling jewelry, the harsh voice, the poor posture, the airing of personal problems, the careless grooming—because you know they only act as irritating proof of bad taste!

Your "clock watching" has to do with getting to work on time and keeping appointments straight, but you don't lag on lunch hours or leave a few minutes early because you know it's a way of showing insincerity about your work.

At the end of a week or a month on the job, look back to review your appearance, your behavior, your achievements. If you are proud of them—you're getting ahead!

Are you ambitious?

Spend a few after-office hours each week extending your workday interests. Night classes in schools and colleges offer excellent opportunities.

Know your organization. Gain some knowledge of at least two companies similar to the one for which you work. It will give you a better understanding of the problems and aims of your own.

Learn everything you can about the working ways of the people considered leaders in your field.

Your ability determines your promotions. Avoid using "There's no chance for advancement in *my* job" as an excuse for laziness!

Don't be a job grabber in the mistaken idea you are displaying "ambition." Your employer has to see you do consistently good work in your own job before he'll consider you for a promotion.

Don't invade the office with an overpowering personality! Beginners should consider cheerful anonymity for its appeal value.

Show that you are willing to do odd jobs and work overtime on occasion *without complaining!*

Be poised and pleasant when you meet and talk to your employer's business associates. The word will be sure to get back to "the boss" . . . and he will be proud to have you as a member of his staff. THE END

MENU II

(For Fathers Not So Young)

Fried Chicken, Cream Gravy, Glazed Apricots

New Potatoes and Early June Peas

Mustard Pickles

Cottage Cheese
Wilted Cucumbers

Biscuits Jam

Perfection Salad
Mustard Dressing

Chocolate Layer Cake

Ice Cream Coffee

Serves 8

HERE'S TO FATHER!

BY ANN BATCHELDER

When Mother's Day got started, it soon rolled up a majority around the nation that must have wilted the collars of some of our better-equipped politicians. But father didn't get a pass. He was the forgotten man around the middle of May, but it's my guess that he was always well remembered around June first. Bills come in then, and how necessary is father.

CAME THE DAY. Then someone awoke to the neglected man of the house. It was increasingly evident that father was still there, no matter what a background piece he had become. And someone came



PHOTOS BY STUART-FOWLER

up with the bright idea: if mother has her day, why not dear old dad, as by that time he had come to be known?

So a day in June, the month of brides and orange blossoms and June roses, was picked—and lo, we had Father's Day. Now fathers young and not so young can sit around and rock and kick their worn old slippers off. They'll be due for new ones—plenty of new ones when morning comes.

PICTURE OF FATHER. I can just see him settled in his favorite chair, smoking his favorite pipe, with a good ham-and-egg breakfast under his belt. Then the presents are brought out. If all the neckties already filling drawers and racks that father has received, admired and—sometimes—worn were laid out end to end, I estimate they'd reach from here to Panama. And that's conservative. (When I say conservative, I mean bear to the right.) Then the slippers, dressing gowns, smoking jackets, cigarette lighters, and on and on, until dear old dad is a one-man Christmas with a one-man Christmas tree—and when he gets used to the idea, I guess it's all right with him. He's no longer the forgotten man. Father has a Day!

(Continued on Page 210)

Line a Day

BY ANN BATCHELDER

1 Best sellers come and go, but one that I've enjoyed "to the last drop" is Jim Farley's Story, THE ROOSEVELT YEARS. Whichever side of the fence you're on, you will get a good deal of wit, wisdom and practical politics out of Mr. Farley's book. And somehow you won't lay it aside and forget it.

2 Green peppers are as helpful as a small boy at a Sunday-school picnic, and you don't have to keep your eye on them *all* the time. Pick out four nice big peppers, polish them, split lengthwise and remove the seeds. Parboil in boiling salted water till tender but not done.

3 *Second Movement:* Now mix 2 cups of cooked ham or chicken or both, chopped fine, with ½ cup of cooked rice, 2 tablespoons of butter or margarine, a chopped tomato, salt, pepper and sweet basil to taste, and a beaten egg. Stuff the peppers. Bake with a little stock or water in the pan. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Serve with tomato sauce.

4 Soon you will be having that corn you've dreamed of all the year. Just a word as to corn fritters, in case I forget it later. Beat yolks and whites of the eggs for your batter separately, and *don't* forget the pepper. Now I have done.

5 *1st:* One of the most delicate dishes is the shad roe, but not just tossed in a frying pan and let go. Take the roe from the can and cut in slices. Sauté in butter or other fat until brown. Cut slices of bread to fit the roe slices. Sauté these too. Scramble 2 eggs, with 1 tablespoon of cream and 1 teaspoon of anchovy paste. Season and cook until the eggs are just set.

6 *2nd chapter:* Spread the eggs over the croutons of bread and arrange the slices of roe on these. Garnish the roe with slices of green olives. Heat in the oven. Serve *very* hot with lemon and water cress.

7 Cinnamon bread sticks are just the thing to serve with fruit salad. Remove crusts from bread, brush both sides of the slices with melted butter or margarine. Cut into finger strips, roll in a mixture of sugar and cinnamon and toast in a moderate oven (350° F.) until crisp and golden brown.

8 Individual lobster salads are an elegant luncheon special. Arrange very cold, crisp lettuce on the plates. Add pieces of chilled cooked lobster meat with some of the tommi and coral (if you're lucky). Season with lemon juice. Serve with mayonnaise into which you've mixed a spoonful of chutney. Sounds good. *Is* good.

9 I am aware of the sandwich situation, as picnics are on the way. Spread slices of buttered white bread with chutney, slices of dark bread with minced chicken moistened with mayonnaise, and put them together, one light and one dark. Bread must be thin. *And* fresh.

10 There are few boilable "greens," such as spinach, dandelion or beets, that aren't 100 per cent—well 75, anyway—better for being boiled with a piece of bacon or salt pork. Needn't be a big piece, just a small nubbin. But it does something that is all to the good.

11 Very young string beans—the little tender open-eyed ones, you know—are pretty tempting when cooked with a teaspoon of sugar added to the water. Drain them perfectly dry. Then toss them in melted butter or margarine, salt and pepper and hot cream.

12 From "Ole Virginny" came the First Families of Virginia. And now come fine pastry shells, handy for a party, to be filled with your best canapé mixtures.

13 Frankfurters and macaroni go together congenially. Cut the frankfurters in thin slices and layer them in the casserole next time you make baked macaroni.

14 A good change from the scallops fried in batter—the way you mostly get them here and there: Drain them dry. Put them on a greased baking pan and brush them well with melted butter, margarine or bacon fat. Broil on one side until done. Then turn them and finish broiling. Serve with lemon baskets of tartare sauce. A water-cress salad is wanted here.

15 For one of those June bride's parties, little tartlets filled with delicately flavored custard and topped with crushed and sweetened berries, or glazed slivered almonds, are only a little less popular than the prettiest bridesmaid. Have the pastry rich, the custard well flavored, and have plenty of fruit.

16 For your file of clever sandwich ideas: add raw apple, thinly sliced, to ham sandwiches.

17 *From an old cookbook:* "It has come to my notice that some women have fallen for the green tomato craze. This must not be tolerated by real cooks anywhere. The *ripe* tomato is not yet clear of the implication of extreme unhealthfulness. What, may I ask, can be the status of the green impostor?" Impose it on some folks, any time. Give it a good going over in the frying pan.

18 Another soup—and this is party fare. Take ½ cup of blanched almonds and 1 cup of diced white meat from a cooked chicken. Grind or mince them together very fine. Add this to 1 cup of cream. Season and *then* add 3 cups of rich chicken broth and simmer in a double boiler for an hour. Season to taste. Pour the soup over croutons of fried bread.

19 Lighter than mayonnaise and hollandaise and cheese sauces for that elegant fresh asparagus is a simple and delicious egg sauce. Heat and season well 1 cup of cream. Add 2 riced hard-cooked eggs that have been beaten quite smooth with a little of the cream.

VIGNETTE

The place to be in June
Is a sweet country lane.
Follow it as you would the lark's tune,
Until you come to a pair of bars
Where two white-faced colts watch,
Then gallop away.
And if there's a brook near by,
You might include that in your day.

20 A potato puff that is as light as a hummingbird's wing and as delicious as something dreamed of by fairies is done in this way: Beat 3 cups of freshly boiled and riced potatoes with 1 egg yolk, salt, pepper (to taste), a little nutmeg and enough hot milk to make the mixture like a croquette mixture—only a *little* softer. Let this stand overnight.

21 When wanted, beat until light, shape into spoonfuls, dip them in beaten egg white, then in fine crumbs, again in egg and crumbs and fry to a golden brown in deep hot fat. Garnish with paprika.

22 Cream of pea soup is cream of pea soup in anybody's language. But it's just a little different this way: while it's heating, mince some fresh mint leaves very fine. Cook them in a little butter or margarine, and just before the soup is served, stir in the mint. Serve with croutons.

23 For the hors d'oeuvre tray: Blend cream cheese with one third as much blue cheese and add a drop or so of Worcestershire sauce. Chill. Shape into small nuggets, roll in finely crushed potato chips, insert a wooden pick in each and chill until serving time. They will disappear as snow before the sun.

24 Stewed fresh or canned pears are one of the finest desserts. Place them in a deep glass dish, grate a little crystallized ginger over them, cover with vanilla-flavored custard; and when really chilled and ready to serve, pour over ½ cup of caramel sauce.

25 Just by way of contrast, make up a good quantity of the lightest mashed potatoes ever. Pile this around the edge of a deep hot platter. Fill the center with codfish in cream, bound with an egg and served with sliced hard-cooked eggs sprinkled with paprika. Beet salad is a fine N. E. touch with this simple dish.

26 For an excellent supper dish, make a good snappy Welsh rarebit. Stir in a beaten egg for smoothness. Open a can of the best salmon. Flake it and stir into the rarebit. Now a small onion, minced and sautéed, is added, and this job is served on hot buttered toast.

27 To serve with roast lamb, try grape jelly sprinkled generously with finely chopped mint. Even leftover lamb perks up when garnished so.

28 Does anybody remember an old-time dessert which bore the name of "Lillian Russell"? When served, this meant half of a ripe cantaloupe filled with vanilla ice cream and fresh raspberries. Good now as then. In case anyone has forgotten.

29 Quite a wonderful hot-weather salad is put together with melon slices or balls, grapefruit segments, avocado and—what do you think? Some slivers of preserved ginger!

30 Soon I shall invite my friends to lay aside their tasks and come up with scissors and baskets to cut sweet peas. They should be cut every day. If all goes well, this is going to pay off, for of course they'll take their booty home. A sweeter flower never grew.

DRAWING BY R. C. ATHERTON

IT'S BEEF THAT MAKES THIS NOODLE SOUP



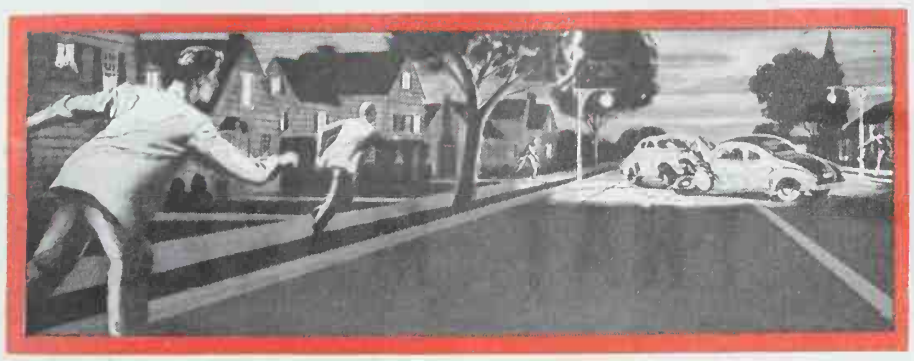
YOU TASTE BEEF ALL THROUGH IT!

Have you tried this fast-growing favorite?

The taste of beef through and through—that's what you get in Campbell's Beef Noodle Soup. That's what has won it a welcome everywhere, though it's still one of Campbell's newer soups. Fine lean beef is slow-simmered to make a rich invigorating broth. Steeped in that good beef broth are golden egg noodles. And generously measured in are tender pieces of beef. Campbell's Beef Noodle is a soup to know in times like these —a main dish soup that puts the hearty taste of beef in many a lunch and supper.

Campbell's
BEEF NOODLE SOUP
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

It's good! It's new!
In favor fast-growing;
It's BEEF straight through—
A soup worth the knowing!



What can you do till the DOCTOR comes?

Q. Do you know what to do if there's an accident?

A. If you know and can use First Aid after an accident, you may prevent a lasting injury, even save a life. Accidents will injure 9 million Americans this year. One may happen where you are, and it's up to you to know what to do—*and what not to do* until competent medical help arrives. To learn the new, approved First Aid methods, register for the classes held by your local chapter of the Red Cross.



Q. Do you know what not to do?

A. Don't try to *be* the doctor! Do whatever is necessary to save the victim's life, and to prevent shock by keeping him warm and quiet, *but no more*. Don't move the patient unless it is absolutely necessary. Don't give unconscious persons water or liquids. Remember, doing the wrong thing may be worse than doing nothing, and a good rule to follow is "If in doubt—DON'T."



Q. Have you a First Aid Book in your home?

A. About one half of all accidents occur in the home, and a first aid book should be a "must" in your medicine cabinet. If you don't have one, *send today for Metropolitan's booklet, "First Aid."* It gives the proper immediate treatment for bleeding, stoppage of breathing, poisoning, burns, broken bones, and many other emergencies. To get your free copy, simply fill in and mail the coupon below.



Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet 68-J, entitled "First Aid."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

State_____

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

WAYWARD PILGRIM

(Continued from Page 59)

"Didn't mother show you my post card?" asked Tommy. "It's your Christmas present to me, yours and mother's. Secondhand. I told Clive you'd send a check for it. Wizard, isn't it?"

Pandemonium had broken out as the twins, shouting, swarmed over Boanerges.

Malony competently detached them and handed them over to Jill, who removed them, yelling, indoors.

"Grand machine, sir," he said to Tommy. "I'll wheel her round to the yard and give her a clean right away."

Tommy found himself quite glad to dismount. He was, he found, slightly staggery about the legs, and did not disdain his father's hand beneath his elbow as they went up the garden path, Caroline dancing joyously backward in front of them. Annie-Laurie, who had run back into the house, came running out again with her tweed coat on, her eyes shining. "I'm going to find Mrs. Eliot and tell her Tommy's come," she said. Tommy grinned at her as she ran past them.

They went inside the Herb of Grace and, as Tommy had foreseen, there was a gorgeous log fire burning on the hearth. Tommy passed his forearm over his forehead and tousled curly hair with a gesture of relief. He let out a sigh. He was home.

Twenty minutes later, he was striding toward the kitchen. He flung open the door and entered. Auntie Rose was there, at work at the kitchen table. Tommy had seen her only once before, but she had remained vividly in his memory as a woman after his own heart; no nonsense about her, brisk, pretty and a good cook. He took two steps toward her, flung his arms about her and gave her a smacking kiss.

"Now the place is itself again," he said.

She laughed delightedly, and fetched from the dresser a brilliant geranium-colored fluted tin. Inside was a cake literally stuffed with fruit. Tommy's eyes sparkled; he hadn't seen such a cake since his childhood.

"There, ducks," said Auntie Rose, cutting a large slice and setting the tin beside him. "Early home, aren't you? Come on a motor bike? Thought I heard you. Starved, you must be. Eat what you like of that cake, love. We've plenty of fruit. I've a nephew in the grocery business who got me a few little extras for Christmas."

"Auntie Rose, did you scrap with your daughter-in-law, that you've come back?" asked Tommy, munching cake.

"You mind your own business, young man," said Auntie Rose. "I'm here to help your mother over Christmas. After that, what's to be will be."

TOMMY finished his cake, peeled apples for Auntie Rose and told her about his bike, the boil he'd had at the back of his neck and the rotten food they had at school.

Auntie Rose inspected the place where the boil had been, and fancied that she saw dark shadows beneath his eyes. Undernourished. She made a sudden decision. She'd stay on at the Herb of Grace. She had lost her heart to the general and Ben, and Mrs. Eliot had been tact itself, but yet she'd not been quite sure if she wanted to stay. Tommy decided her.

"Now you get along with you," she said. "I've the Christmas mincemeat to see to, and scones for tea. If you haven't seen Master Ben yet, he's upstairs with Mr. Adair."

"What, Old Beaver? Gosh, I want to take a look at him," said Tommy, and went bounding off up the turret stairs. He knocked on the studio door, but entered without waiting for an answer. "Hullo," he said, and stood looking round him, taking in the essential details of the scene: the two artists, the stacked canvases, his mother's portrait, some sort of brown mess of a picture that Ben was working at.

The brothers smiled at each other surprised to find how glad he was to other, and each mortally afraid of show

"Hullo," said Ben. "Got your haven't you? Thought from your po you'd got hold of one somehow."

Tommy swung round and stood sl to shoulder with him before his eas templating the brown mess. "Jolly," He didn't think it was. He thought i mess. But as he looked, compre dawned. "Why, it's the staircase!" "It looked just like that when I cam just now, like a man—I hadn't notice fore." He gazed a bit longer. "I like h Looks like Pickwick. Or Johnny One of those jolly beery fellows."

JOHN ADAIR moved forward and st hind the two boys, looking over their ders at the picture. It was no longer sketch, but a fair-sized affair in oils. only during this last week that B really got going on the face, and his tion had not yet been invited. But having, so to speak, unveiled it, h now take a look. He was pleased wit He had not swung the picture round the day when Nadine had come in un edly. He even laughed.

"Got the nose too red," Ben said.

"I don't think so," said John "That's not the complexion of ineb but of a healthy, middle-aged man just come in from a tramp in the woods. Take another look, Tommy."

Tommy took a look. The man' were brown an bright, with a trating look in t though they saw deal. He was no ally laughing, b humor that t the eyes and lip one feel that a burst of kindly laughter was on th and gave his face that look of jovialit Tommy was accustomed to associat Pickwick and Johnny Walker. It wa

"Good will," murmured John "Very rare, as rare as peace. When has both, the angels make quite a so dance about it. Was it not prophesie that Christmas would show you the this man?"

"Christmas and the chapel walls, Ben. "He put his whole heart into t coes." He paused, looking anxiously artist. "Is it all right?"

"Yes, it's all right. That's mine h Pilgrim Inn and the painter as reve his work. The color needs toning dow here and there. Here, for instance

The conversation became technic Tommy left them to continue his coming tour of inspection. He ran do stairs, opened the door of what had on the storeroom and went in. "Gosh!" claimed in astonishment. The wall finished now, and the little room w nished as a chapel, though very sim as not to detract from the glory of t coes; merely with a plain old oak ta neath the painting on the east wall, few benches. A couple of beautif wrought-iron branched candlesticks upon the table, and a pot of winter g in whose perfect arrangement T thought he detected his mother's han jumped up. Mother was looking for cress to garnish the wild duck he h manded for supper. He'd go and find

Nadine had wakened that morning astonishingly lighthearted. Tomm coming home today, and then she woul all her children gathered under her w

As she dressed she thought of Laurie. Hilary had hoped that she soon find some way of winning Laurie's complete confidence.

(Continued on Page 79)

Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought to be, as we do to disguise what we really are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.

—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.



Every face sends out its own magic

The delightful magic of her friendly self comes right out to meet you in Mrs. John Roosevelt's lovely young face.

Nothing reveals the *inner You* so truly as your face. It can send out from you an aura of sparkle and brightness that makes everyone happier just for seeing you. But—to keep your face heartwarming and lovely, you need to give it understanding help.

Never miss the precious few minutes of daily care that keep your facial contour firm, your skin clear and bright. Especially now, when fashion says complexions should look softly pink and pretty, your face cleansings should be *particular.* The new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's will set your skin glowing like a rose—freshen it, soften it beautifully!

Try it on you—tonight!

Mrs. John A. Roosevelt

Before her marriage to the late President Roosevelt's son, she was the popular Anne Clark of Boston . . . The minute she enters a room you are captured by the charm that radiates from her witching face.

"this new Outside-Inside face treatment gives wonderful results," she says

No face in the world is just a blank. In your face others see the true expression of the warm lovable *inner You* that dwells in back of it.

Don't, don't dim its chances to speak happily for you by any halfway care. This new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream gives the lovely, *thorough* beauty-cleansings faces *need.*

Acts on both sides of your skin

As with a window pane, it is not enough to clean your skin on one side only. From constant scientific study of the needs of facial skin, Pond's brings you this new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment that *acts on both sides of your skin at once.*

From the Outside—Pond's Cold Cream works for you. It wraps softly around surface dirt, and make-up, as you massage—sweeps them *cleanly* away, as you tissue off.

From the Inside—each step of this treatment stimulates healthy circulation. Tiny blood vessels speed up—carrying off skin-cell waste—bringing up skin-cell food.

At bedtime always (and for your day face-cleansings, too) give your skin Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment—this way:

Hot Water Stimulation

Press face cloth, comfortably hot and wet, against your face—to stimulate blood flow to your skin.

Two Creamings—to "condition" skin

1) Cleanse—Work Pond's Cold Cream briskly over warm, damp face to sweep dirt from pore openings. Tissue off. *2) Rinse*—With more Pond's massage briskly to rinse off last traces of dirt. Tissue off.



Pond's—used by more women than any other face cream

Cold Freshener Stimulation

A cold water splash, then pat on the tonic astringence of Pond's Freshener.

Look now at your face, pink-flushed—prettier! Like young Mrs. John Roosevelt, you'll say "—this new Pond's treatment is *just* what I've wanted—my skin feels beautifully stimulated, extra clean and soft." Yes—*this* is beauty care you'll never want to skip—because *it works!*

Remember . . . the You that others see first is in your face

Never think it is just vanity to develop the beauty of your own face. Beauty's self-disciplines can make your whole personality grow. When you look lovely—you feel a happy confidence. It glows in your face. It sends a magic sparkle out from you that brings the real YOU closer to others.



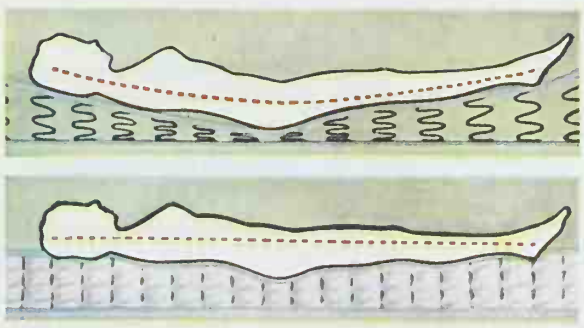
You can make your Beautyrest beds even more luxurious with beautiful new Simmons Decorator Headboards, shown above.

THE WHOLE WORLD SLEEPS ON A BEAUTYREST —OR WANTS TO!

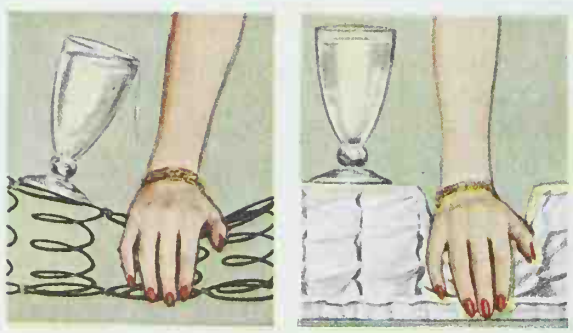
1. What a new world of comfort you nestle into—the very moment you sink down blissfully on your Beautyrest!

Almost immediately you feel so rested! So peaceful! So free of strain or fatigue. So utterly and completely relaxed in every nerve and every muscle!

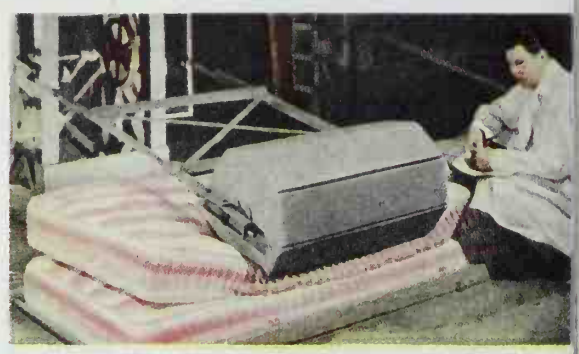
It's hard to believe that any mattress could yield such blessed benefits—but a "luxury comfort" Beautyrest *can* and *does!* And the simple *reason why* it does is plain to see, below:



2. The reason why: Above, see how an *ordinary* inner-spring mattress can sag beneath you, make *hollows* that rob you of your rest. But, below, see how Beautyrest's 837 coil springs "give" only in the right places. Offer *firmer, more natural* support!



3. More proof! Left, see how wired-together springs in *ordinary* mattresses sag down together under pressure, tip the water glass! But, right, see how Beautyrest's *individually pocketed* springs act without tipping the glass!



Built to last and last! In rigid "torture" tests being made regularly in the laboratories of the United States Testing Co., Inc., Beautyrest took over twice as many poundings as any other mattress tested. Proof of its better workmanship, finer quality!

Facts for shoppers: Based on its ten-year guarantee, all it costs to own a Beautyrest is about *a penny and a half* a night. What a value! Beautyrest is so well built it needs turning only 4 or 5 times a year, too. Has pre-built borders, no-sag edges, eight side ventilators to help keep interior fresh! Plus the very finest of cover fabrics. Only $59.50.

Suggestion: When you buy your new Beautyrest, don't put it on an ordinary bedspring. Get a Beautyrest box spring—and enjoy the world's *most comfortable* spring-and-mattress combination! Hand-tied, matching Beautyrest box spring same price as your Beautyrest mattress. See your dealer today!

Only SIMMONS makes BEAUTYREST*

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Other Simmons Quality Products: Electronic Blanket, Deepsleep Mattress, Ace Spring, Babybeauty Crib Mattress, Hide-A-Bed Sofa

(Continued from Page 76)

"You can't force it, I know," he said. "That would be fatal. But if you could find some way—I've been talking to Malony and I can see he's anxious about her."

Since then she'd had no chance to be alone with Annie-Laurie, and this morning she must go and find some water cress for Tommy. Sally had told her that there was a stream in Knyghtwood, beyond Brockis Island, and that she had a feeling she'd seen water cress growing there. She had offered to go and see, but had been busy packing for a few days' visit to London to buy Christmas presents, and Nadine had told her she'd go herself; with Auntie Rose to do the cooking, she was so much less tired and had more time.

Nadine put on thick shoes and her cherry-colored coat, took a basket and set forth, Mary, her nose in the air, bouncing at her heels. She went swiftly through the wood. The ground that had been so hard with the frost had now a delicious elastic softness beneath her feet, and the sun striking through the bare branches warmed her lifted face. She was not a countrywoman, and she had not before felt quite this sense of comradeship with the earth. It made her very happy.

When she came to the oak tree, with the leaves of the herb of grace growing around it, and recognized the background that John Adair had chosen for her portrait, she felt, after the first moment of shock, a curious sense of home-coming. She stood still, her heart beating fast. She had caught up, now, with that woman in the picture. She bent down, picked a few leaves of the herb of grace and put them in the lapel of her coat.

She went on until she came to Brockis Island. That was the heart of the wood to Ben, because his painting of it had been the first he had done with John Adair's encouragement. A second little bridge had now been placed by Ben from the island to the farther bank, and Nadine and Mary crossed it and walked on and came to the stream in the clearing. Nadine moved slowly upstream looking for water cress.

ANNIE-LAURIE ran, light-footed, through the wood. She wanted to get to Nadine as soon as possible with the news of Tommy's arrival. She knew he was Nadine's favorite child, and her eyes were bright because she was bringing joy to Nadine.

She came to the clearing, and found herself unexpectedly thinking of Sally. Then she saw something that stabbed her with almost unbearable pain. To her left, the stream ran into the river, bog-myrtle bushes arching overhead, and enclosed within their branches, as in a frame, she saw a white swan floating on the silver sunlit river. Her baby's favorite toy had been a celluloid swan that accompanied her into the bath, to bed, out in the pram, everywhere. The creature had been in her cot with her when she died, and Annie-Laurie had put him into her little coffin.

Annie-Laurie knew suddenly that she must sit down. Her head was swimming. It was all coming over her again, the nightmare and the madness, just when she had hoped she was getting better. She pushed her way through the bog-myrtle bushes, out into the silver dazzle of the sunshine, and sat down on the riverbank, her head on her knees. She did not cry, for it was one of her misfortunes that she could scarcely ever cry, but a familiar icy coldness slid over her body and pain throbbed in her temples. She was in for it again. There'd be sleepless nights and that awful nervous desperation that was harder to bear than any pain, and she'd snap and snarl at poor Malony and for a week or so life would be miserable for them both.

An arm slipped round her shoulders and she looked up. Nadine, in her cherry-red coat, was sitting on the bank beside her. She looked glowing and lovely and she smiled. Annie-Laurie let out an unconscious sigh of relief, but her pride caused her unconsciously to stiffen a little under the encircling arm, and Nadine withdrew it. They were neither of them women who cared much for endearments.

"I was coming to find you," said Annie-Laurie. "Tommy has come home and I thought you wouldn't want to lose a moment."

NADINE laughed. "That was understanding of you, Annie-Laurie," she said. "But I don't mind losing a few moments. I'm not used to tramping about in woods and I'd be glad to sit and rest for a bit. You're not in a hurry, are you?"

"There's the laundry ——"

"That can wait. You're a dear, Annie-Laurie, coming all this way to tell me about Tommy. But of course you would. Mothers understand mothers." The girl beside her shivered, but Nadine went on inexorably. "Were you thinking about your little girl just now?"

"She had a toy swan," said Annie-Laurie, her eyes fixed now on the beautiful creature on the water in front of her. "She took it everywhere. It got awfully battered."

"Had she? Caroline had a frightful rag doll with a patch on its nose. I believe she's got it still. I've never lost a child, but I can imagine how all the little things would stab one till the end of time."

"Especially when it's your fault," said Annie-Laurie.

"You mean you blame yourself because your baby died?"

"Yes. She had bronchitis. I went out one night to work; I thought I ought to—I'd our living to get, for Luke was too ill to work at that time. He said he'd look after her. But I ought not to have gone. She wasn't fit to be left. It was a cold night and he opened the window on her."

There was a pause. Nadine asked quietly, "Deliberately?"

"Yes."

For two days Nadine had been thinking over the story that Hilary had told her, wondering about many things, but in particular what it was that had turned Annie-Laurie's love for Luke to hatred. Something, of course, to do with the baby.

"Annie-Laurie, now that you've told me this much, I think it would help you if you told me everything. Was your husband very ill? If so, perhaps he was not in a normal state of mind when he opened the window."

"No, he wasn't. And he was insanely jealous of my baby's father—of Jim. And of Midge because she was Jim's child."

"Try to tell me everything, Annie-Laurie. It is never fair to anyone to tell a half-truth. It is a form of lying and it confuses judgment."

If Annie-Laurie had hesitated, she did not after that. All her life she had taken her stand upon truth. Bit by bit, bravely, she told it all.

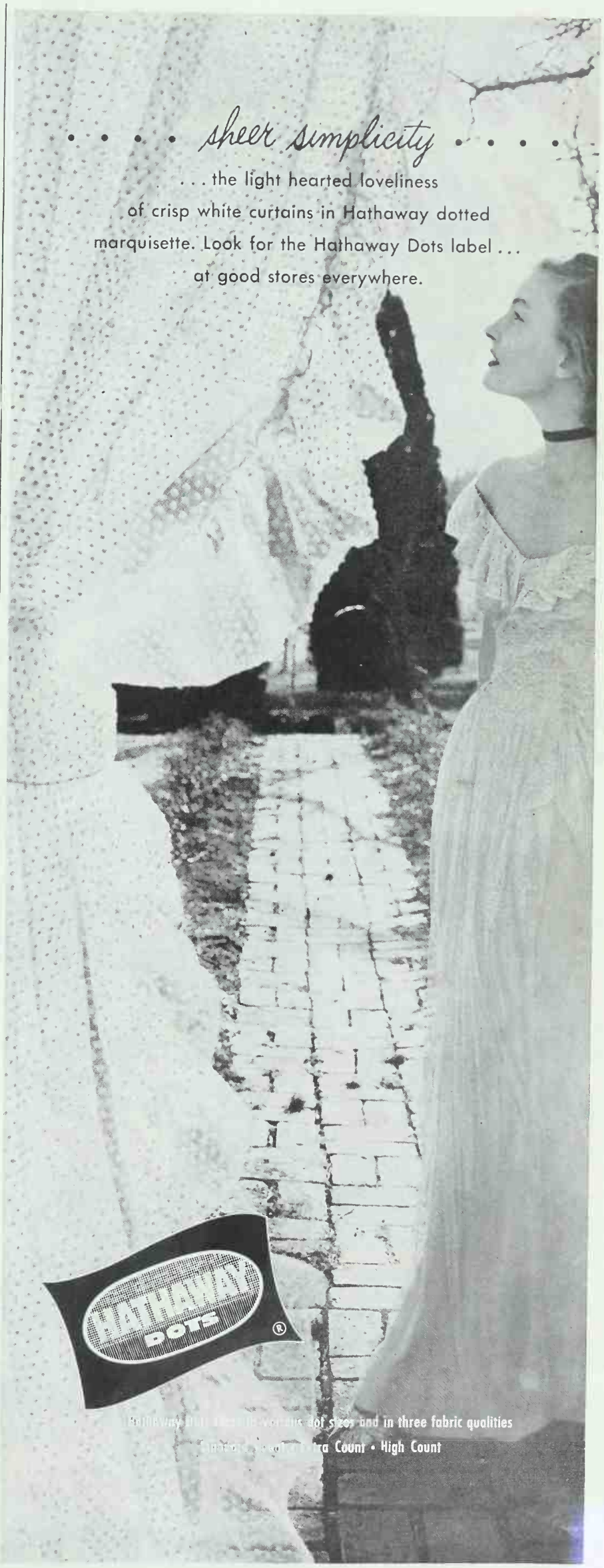
Though Annie-Laurie had been in an anguish of fury over the open window, though she had bitterly reproached Luke for it, she had not suspected him of more than gross carelessness until the evening of his death, when he had told her that he had exposed Midge deliberately. They had had a row over Malony, and Luke had not cared what he said if only he could hurt her enough.

"He had suffered so much that he was not sane," she kept saying to Nadine. "He was not to blame. He did not know what he did or said. And I could not make him understand how I felt about Jim. I never loved him as I loved Luke—I never shall—but I felt safe with him. I was grateful to him and he needed me. It was awful, that evening he told me he had—almost—murdered Midge.

Double-Edged Law

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

The early bird will catch the worm,
Or so the proverb likes to state.
The moral: wise birds rise betimes,
But even wiser worms sleep late.



Don't wash another Dish

UNTIL YOU GET

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1 *Whee!* What a sudser! Ounce for ounce in average water, Dreft makes *more suds* than any dishwashing product known.



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4 *Sure!* Every package of Improved Dreft weighs more—goes farther—lasts longer. Seeing's believing! Improved Dreft washes a quarter more dishes.

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More dishes are washed with Dreft today than with any other brand in America.

Dreft was first

. . . to cut dishwashing time in half!
. . . to give you greaseless dishwashing!
. . . to perform miracles *no soap* can match!
And here's another famous "first" . . .

Dreft makes Dishes Shine —even Without Wiping!

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I cried out, 'I hate you, Luke.' The people in the next flat heard me."

But she had not meant to bring back the wrong tablets from the chemist. It was not until Luke was taking the first one that she saw her mistake. Then, as deliberately as Luke himself when he opened the window upon Midge, she held her peace and let him take the second. She had not known, of course, what it was that he was taking. But she had not bothered to find out. When she had found him deeply asleep, she still had not bothered.

"It was as though what he had told me had been a blow on the head," she said. "I was stunned. I didn't come to myself till the next morning. So you see that verdict of not guilty was a wrong one. I killed Luke."

"I'm sure I'd have done the same," said Nadine. "I believe any mother would."

She sat quietly beside Annie-Laurie, not touching her, but willing that the warmth of her understanding might reach to her.

After a while Annie-Laurie straightened and, with both hands, pushed the hair back from her forehead. "I ought to have told at the trial," she said. "But I was afraid of what they might do to me. I'm a coward, you know. I've always been afraid of things—I don't know why. But I tried not to tell any lies. Perhaps—do you think I ought to tell Jim?"

"Yes, I think you ought. Why did you not tell him before? Were you afraid you would lose his love?"

"No. I don't think anything I could do would make him love me less—he's like that. It was for Luke's sake I did not tell. He would have asked how I had come to hate Luke so much. I did not want him to know what Luke had done to Midge. You see, I had loved Luke and—you'll think this odd—after he was dead I loved him again."

"Yes, I can understand that. Death has a way of wiping out hatred. But I think you'll find, when you tell Malony what Luke did to Midge, that he won't hate him for it. He'll understand that he did not know what he was doing. . . . Annie-Laurie, why haven't you remarried Malony and had another child?"

SHE knew, but she wanted Annie-Laurie to tell her, and Annie-Laurie told her.

"I promised Luke I wouldn't. Once, when he was very ill and thought he might die, he made me promise."

"That was a promise Luke had no right to ask, and you have no right to keep."

"I have to keep my word," said Annie-Laurie stubbornly. "You were talking only a little while ago about the importance of truth."

"It's difficult," said Nadine gently. "In my own life I've found decisions about truth almost the hardest of all to make. When to speak out and when to hold one's peace. It's dreadfully difficult. Generally I think it's a question of charity. Those who are leaving the world have no right to impose their will upon those they leave behind them; that's a sort of seeking after power that's deadly selfish. And no one has the right to seek ease of conscience at the expense of another's happiness; that's selfish too. You can see from Malony's face that he's a most unhappy man. He wants proper married life, children and a home. You've no right, just because keeping your promise to Luke eases your remorse, to keep Malony on the rack."

"You see," said Annie-Laurie slowly, "it's Luke I really love."

Nadine looked at her. So that was the likeness between them. Annie-Laurie couldn't let go of Luke any more than she had been able to let go of David. She had gone with Malony, even as Nadine had gone with George, but not with the single mind.

"Let your love die," she said sharply. "People with divided allegiance are unhappy and make others unhappy. Let it be Malony, and Malony only, with what he stands for, now and until the end."

Annie-Laurie wrung her hands in an unconscious gesture of wretchedness. "It would be like killing Luke over again."

"Nonsense. That's sheer sentimentality. When I said, 'Let your love die,' I meant die out of your conscious mind, out of the part of you that has to deal with daily living. I've no right to talk, Annie-Laurie. I haven't practiced what I preach. But I'll try—if you will."

ANNIE-LAURIE said nothing and Nadine didn't look at her. She leaned back against a rock and shut her eyes. She'd probably made a complete mess of everything.

There was a trampling in the wood, and the sound of a boy's voice calling, "Coo-ee!"

"Tommy come to find you," said Annie-Laurie.

Nadine opened her eyes. Annie-Laurie, very white, was standing up, holding the basket of greenstuff. Nadine got to her feet and followed as Annie-Laurie led the way upstream. They reached the clearing at the same time as George, Ben and Tommy.

"Long past lunchtime, mother," explained Ben.

"With apple dumplings getting tougher and tougher in the oven," said Tommy reproachfully; but his eyes sparkled, and in two bounds he was subjecting her to one of his bear hugs.

Though bruised, she gloried in his strength for a moment; then, feeling the bruises more than the glory, held him away from her and gently touched his cheek with her fingers.

"Forgive us, darling. We sat down and talked, and the sun was nice and hot and we forgot about lunch. But I've got your watercress. Look!"

Ben surveyed the basket, and looked at his mother with laughing eyes. "That's not watercress, mother, it's watercress, because, well"—he grinned—"people get mixed up between the two sometimes."

Tommy roared with laughter. "Just a decent of you, mother, all the same."

Sally also was returning to the Herb of Grace, speeding home in the train after her few days' shopping in London, and she had a suitcase bursting with presents for everybody. She had spent many hours choosing the presents and they were exquisite and very expensive, and as well suited to the recipients as Sally's loving understanding could make them.

She felt that her gift for David was probably a failure. She had not known what to give him. She had gone into shop after shop but nothing she looked at had commended itself to her as suitable for a woman to give a man she loved when the man didn't love her. That afternoon when they discovered the frescoes David had seemed to come suddenly most gloriously close to her. A wild hope had sprung up in her and had burned brightly for a week or so, while they toiled together at the cleaning of the walls. Then, as the time passed and nothing happened, and David got more and more absorbed in the chapel the hope died and bitter shame took its place. Her own arrogance appalled her. Who and what did she think she was, that she should expect this famous and accomplished man to love her? But at this point her reasonableness would give way beneath her and she would find herself back where she started from: shamed and miserable and not knowing what on earth to give David for Christmas. This morning before she caught her train, in a mood of complete hopelessness, she picked up a bit of Venetian glass from a counter, meekly paid the high price demanded and stowed the parcel away in her bag. She had not opened it since. It was in the suitcase with her other presents.

She was tired and her head was aching in most unaccustomed state of affairs with her

(Continued on Page 82)

Take a long walk; read a good book; make a new friend. —JOHN H. FINLEY.

(Doctor Finley stated that to all people who came to him in trouble for counsel he advised the above three courses of action.)



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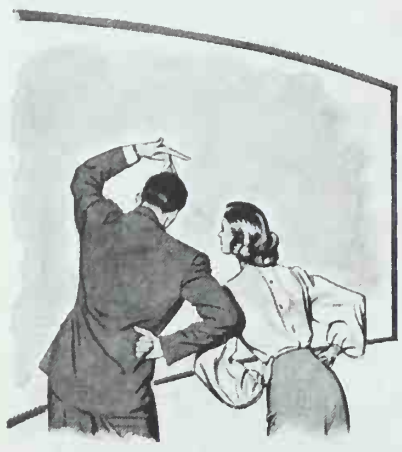
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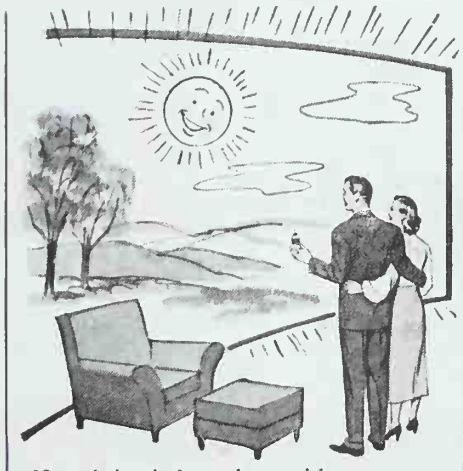
Her wedding gown looked dowdy
(Poor Lucy could have cried).



But WINDEX on her mirror proved
She'd make a lovely bride.



The Berrys loved their solar home
Except on cleaning day.



Now their windows gleam with ease
The handy WINDEX way.



A cloudy fishbowl saddened
The goldfish, Tom and Jerry.



Mom sprayed some speedy WINDEX on
And soon they both were merry.



Spray it on, wipe it off,
That's all the work involved.



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TUNE IN: DOROTHY KILGALLEN, Thursdays. See local paper for time and station.

(Continued from Page 80)

She pulled off her hat, lay back in her corner seat and shut her eyes.

Lucilla, meanwhile, was giving her favorite grandson a piece of her mind. Margaret was out and they were having an early tea together in the Damerosehay drawing room.

"You must do one thing or the other, David," said Lucilla. "You must either ask Sally to be your wife or you must take yourself off out of her way. You must know that you are an extremely attractive man, you must know that she loves you, and to be perpetually with her as you are, perpetually battening upon her youth and strength and draining her sympathy, and giving nothing whatever in return, is cowardly and so selfish that I cannot reconcile the man that you are now with the man I have hitherto known. I do not know what has come over you, David, I simply do not know."

"Grandmother, why should you think that Sally loves me? Has she told you so?"

"Don't be ridiculous, David! Of course not. Can you sit there and tell me that you do not know that Sally loves you?"

David put down his teacup and faced her squarely. "No, grandmother, I don't sit here and tell you anything of the sort. I didn't know for some while, and then—it was the day we found the frescoes—I suddenly did know. But I knew, too, that not to be loved in return would do her no harm. She's too fine a creature to let frustration embitter her."

"Really, David," said Lucilla with indignation, "you are an extremely hard man. I do not know when I have heard a more cynical or arrogant remark. Has this dreadful war made a sadist of you?"

SHE'D got him there. He went white and could not answer. "How you can *not* want to marry Sally I am unable to understand!"

"I do want to marry her, grandmother. With all my heart and soul I want to marry her. But look at this from the viewpoint of Sally's eventual happiness. Can I make her happy? Much older than she is. Not particularly healthy. In a rotten state of nerves. Worst of all, not really in love with her."

"How can you say you're not in love with her when you want, so you say, with all your heart and soul to marry her?"

"I don't feel about her as I have, in the past, about . . . other women."

"*One* woman," corrected Lucilla. "David, do you still feel yourself bound in spirit to Nadine?"

"No!" said David softly, yet with a sort of violence. "She's—pretty effectually—cut me right out ——"

Lucilla, as she paid a startled silent tribute to her daughter-in-law, saw light. So Nadine had done it, completely and wholeheartedly, at last. But she'd done it too suddenly, as all things that are desperately hard to do are done as a general rule too suddenly. David, wanting release, had nevertheless been stunned by its suddenness, perhaps its apparent brutality. She smiled at him with tenderness. Naturally he needed time to recover his balance.

"Darling," she said in sudden penitence, "I don't think it was quite fair of me to say that you battened upon Sally and drained her. I'm sure you did not mean to do that."

"No, I did not mean to do it, but I see now that I did," said David. "But lately, I've been careful. Sally and I have scarcely been alone together. We've been working all the time on the frescoes with her father and Ben. She's been more interested than any of us. She's not given me a thought."

"Really?" said Lucilla dryly. "We must get this clear, David. You think you do not love Sally because you do not feel for her the passion you felt for Nadine. You'll never feel that again. Nature knows what she's doing and she does not allow us to be torn by passions we've not the strength for. You're too old and tired for that sort of thing."

"There you've put it in a nutshell, grandmother. Sally isn't. She's young and ardent."

"Not in the way you mean. Don't you know *anything* about women? Don't you

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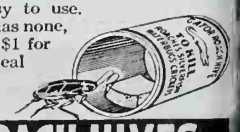
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CLEAN HOME PRODUCTS, INC., CHICAGO

know the difference between a woman like Nadine and a woman like Sally? Nadine—she can't help it, poor dear—was born a hungry, unsatisfied woman. Her perpetual search after perfcetion is a lovely thing in her; because of it, her home and her person will never bc less than exquisite; but it makes all thc normal relationships disappoint her by their imperfection, so that she looks beyond them for happiness. At least she did until now. I think that perhaps, just lately, a glimmering of sense has been vouchsafed to her. Sally—and she couldn't help it either—was born the other way round. She does not demand gifts of life; her humility makes her feel that what she is given is always far too much. She'll feel exactly the samc about you as she does about life. You won't disappoint her."

"I'd give my right hand to bc sure of that," said David.

"There's no need to do anything so dramatic, dear," said Lucilla dryly. "*Look* at the time! Weren't you to meet Sally?"

David jumped up. "Plenty of time if I step on the gas."

He was opening the front door when he found Lucilla beside him. "You know what a child she is for giving presents. Or perhaps you don't know. I do. She'll havc Christmas presents for everybody. You haven't got a thing yet, I know. You always leave everything till the last moment." Shc held out her hand. On thc palm lay the glorious emerald ring, her greatest treasure, that she had worn all her life. He took it, and kissed the palm.

Nobody ought to go to dinner who is not a good listener and, if possible, an intelligent one. To listen with a show of intelligence is a great accomplishment.

—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER: The Dinner-Table Talk from As We Were Saying (Harper & Brothers).

The train stopped with a jolt and Sally woke up. Radford! She grabbed her two suitcases and half fell out of the carriage, leaving her hat and gloves and handbag behind. The cases were dreadfully heavy. She set them down in front of her and fastened up her fur coat.

Where was daddy? He'd promised to meet her. She stood quite still, looking about her, not knowing what to do.

David, arriving late in spite of having driven to the public danger all the way from Damerosehay, saw her before she saw him. He had never seen her look like that before: a piteous, frightened little girl. Something seemed suddenly to break in him, some hard shell of self-pity that had formed about his long miscry, keeping it in, hindering its dispersal. In his thoughts of them both it had always been he who suffered, and she, always so happy and strong, who must eternally give. Suddenly he saw that it wouldn't be always like that. Even the strongest and happiest had their times of weakness and turned for support to those they usually supported. He was suddenly gloriously elated, relcased.

"Sally!" he called, striding toward her. "Sally!"

She looked round, her white face going suddenly pink with delight. Shc took a step toward him and fell ovcr one of the suitcases. He caught her arm, but the suitcase fell smaek upon thc platform.

"Sally, what is it? Are you all right?"

"I'm all right," she laughed. "I'm tired, I think. And I fell asleep in the train and only just woke in time to get out, and—where's my hat?"

"Not present," said David. "Nothing here but Sally and two suitcases."

"It's gone on," said Sally, eying the departing train. "My gloves too. And my handbag. Ration book, ticket and all."

"It doesn't matter," said David, picking up the two cases. "I'll ring up about your bag when we get home. Are you properly awake now? I haven't a hand left to hold you up with."

Shining clean..yet this floor hasn't been washed since 1939!



Home near Minooka, Illinois. Richly grained black cherry floor was laid in 1939 . . . never washed since.

The Secret: it's dry cleaned with polishing wax in liquid form!

Washing and scrubbing floors is hard . . . hard on you, hard on floors. Water warps thc wood, raises the grain, leaves the surface dull and ugly.

You'll find it so mueh bettcr to care for floors with Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax. Then they'll be both clean *and* gleaming. A special cleansing ingredient in Johnson's Liquid Wax does the washing without water . . . actually *dry* cleans floors as you apply it. And this genuine Johnson's Wax in liquid form quickly buffs up to a rich, protective polish . . . a luster that grows more beautiful with age. Three or four times a year, just do this:

1. SPREAD a little Liquid Wax over a small floor area . . . rub lightly to loosen dirt and grime. (Note how evenly, quickly and thinly Liquid Wax spreads, how easy it is to control.) Next, let wax dry for 30 minutes.

2. POLISH with dry cloth or easy-to-use electric floor polisher for a smooth, rich luster. An occasional dusting keeps your waxed floors shining-clean. Doorways, etc., can be touched up with Liquid Wax when necessary.

Throw away your scrub brush . . . order Johnson's Liquid Wax today!

TUNE IN
Fred Waring Shaw. Man. and Wed. marnings—NBC

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PEPSI-COLA

GOOD NEIGHBORS CLUB

MEET YOUR NEIGHBORS, EXCHANGE IDEAS AND RECEIVE $1500.00 IN CASH PRIZES EACH MONTH

A service to the women of America by the Pepsi-Cola Company



$700.00 paid to Fern Evelyn Lewis of Mount Vernon, Ohio, for this idea:

For the past two years, our High School art students have been commissioned by our local Retail Merchants' Association to decorate the City Square for Christmas. As a result, we're training good neighbors and better citizens, through the creative satisfaction, civic mindedness, and sense of community responsibility this project develops.



$250.00 paid to Mrs. G. R. Schreiner of Pittsburgh, Pa., for this idea:

Our non-profit lecture society has proved an outstanding community achievement. For eight years, season subscribers have filled the auditorium, gaining a keener insight into the world we live in and its problems from the distinguished men and women who have spoken from our platform. Tickets cost less than a movie.



$125.00 paid to Mrs. James K. Nelson of Colorado Springs, Col., for this idea:

As a registered nurse, I know how often hospitalized children suffer boredom and homesickness. A simple party, arranged with the assistance of doctors and nurses, gives them a wonderful lift. Furnishing paper cups and plates for refreshments relieves the hospital staff of extra work—and you'll leave genuine happiness behind.



$75.00 paid to Mrs. J. Gordon Bennett of Garfield, N. J., for this idea:

Instead of a toy, why not give your child a young tree for his birthday? Let him help plant it, and let the care of it be his responsibility. Thus he learns a true respect for the wonders of nature, feels a closer partnership in his home and its surroundings.



$50.00 paid to Mrs. R. Malcolm Chandler of River Forest, Ill., for this idea:

Hospitals welcome gifts of reading matter —and my idea makes it easy to supply them with the newest novels at very little expense. I simply clip out the installments of magazine serials and staple them together, making complete books, light enough in weight for a sick person to handle easily.

* * *

In addition to these top five prize winners, each of the following 30 contestants was awarded a $10 prize:

Miss Oneita Allen; Miss Jean Amey; Mrs. Norman H. Bonter; Mrs. Anna Book; Mrs. Gene Bowen; Mrs. Darold Brown; Mrs. M. Bruner; Mrs. John Carrabina; Mrs. Warren J. Clark; Mrs. M. Cohen; Mary Covington; Mrs. W. R. Cox; Mrs. Marjorie Dietrich; Mrs. William Furlow; Mrs. Ray J. Gallagher; Miss Carrie V. Gibson; Mrs. Carter H. Harrison; Mrs. Melvin D. Hartog; Mrs. Hollis Herod; Mrs. Harold A. Jayne; Miss Carolyn John; Mrs. Clark Kennedy; Mrs. H. A. Maguire; Mrs. H. A. Marvin; Mrs. Arthur H. Moore; Mrs. Edith Nibert; Mrs. Marguerite Richards; Mrs. R. K. Sidway; Mrs. C. E. Smith; Mrs. William Spaeth.

Send in your entries now . . . read these simple rules

1. These contests are being offered *every month* as a public service of Pepsi-Cola Co., to be of help to women in their daily lives.
2. Here's all you do: Write out in 50 words or less, the best idea you have which will help your neighbor. Then write your reasons for selecting the idea you did. Ideas can deal with any subject of interest to women.
3. Submit your entries in your own words . . . literary style will not count. The originality and aptness of the subject matter, and your reasons for selecting it, are the things for which prizes will be awarded. You may enter these contests as many times as you wish. Write each entry on a separate sheet with your name and address on each.
4. Mail your entries to Pepsi-Cola Company, Dept. L, Good Neighbors Club, P. O. Box 230, Long Island City 1, N. Y. All entries that are received during June, will be judged in the June contest.
5. Every month, 35 cash prizes will be given totaling $1500.00, in order of excellence as follows: 1st Prize: $700.00; 2nd Prize: $250.00; 3rd Prize: $125.00; 4th Prize: $75.00; 5th Prize: $50.00; plus *30 prizes* of $10.00 each.
6. Checks will be mailed to prize-winners in the June contest not later than July 31, 1948.
7. Pepsi-Cola Company shall have the right to publish all prize-winning entries in any form desired, with or without editing, and including names and addresses of winners, and also pictures of the five top prize-winners. Do not send any pictures with entries.
8. Judges will be a nationally-known judging organization. Their decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries returned.

PEPSI-COLA

Enter the Pepsi-Cola "Treasure Top" Contests and Family Sweepstakes, 51 separate cash prize-winners . . . every state . . . every month. Ask your dealer.

"I'm awake," she said, and followed him down the platform.

At the barrier he dealt in a masterly manner with the ticket collector, defrauded of Sally's ticket, and then tucked her up in a rug in his car.

"Daddy?" she asked anxiously.

"He's all right. But his car's conked out. The magneto. So I've come instead. I've shoved your suitcases in the back."

"The case I kicked over has my Christmas presents in it," said Sally sadly, as they slid down the street. "Some of them smashable. I wish I wasn't such a clumsy idiot!"

David stopped beneath a lamppost. "Would you like to open it and make sure everything's all right?"

"Yes, please, David. The blue one."

He lifted it over and put it on her lap and she opened it.

"I have one of those ships in a glass bottle for Ben," she said, but he noticed that her fingers went quickly to quite a small package, thickly wrapped in tissue paper. She gave a cry of distress.

"Smashed?" asked David.

"Yes."

"Not Ben's bottle? It looks too small for that."

"No; it's . . . yours."

She was far too tired to hide her distress or her love or anything whatever. David gently took the parcel out of her hands and unwrapped it. A few fragments of exquisite glass fell apart on the paper, like dropped lily petals, but the curved handle of blue-green was unbroken. It was a lovely little lion, the lion of Venice.

"Sally!" cried David. "A lion. A perfect little lion. Look, he's not hurt at all. Sally, darling, it's yourself you've given me. Sally! . . . Here, let's get out of this!"

He shut the suitcase and put it behind, wrapped up his lion and stowed it in the little recess on the switchboard, and raced them out of Radford. Out in the country, he stopped the car and hugged her.

"Sally, could you marry me? I've wanted you for a long time now. Please, Sally."

Sally saw no necessity for answering. Anyway, she couldn't. She was crying with the utmost joy and luxuriance, nestled against him like a five-year-old. Ten minutes later they drove on again, laughing and talking softly. With the resilience of youth and strength Sally had shed her fatigue, her headache and her pathos, as though they had never been. She was her usual warm, glowing, sturdy self; though not quite her usual self, David noted: the last few minutes had brought a new enrichment, a sparkling light upon her such as comes when a parched garden has been made new with rain, but the rain has passed.

"Sally, forgive me," he pleaded.

"What for?" asked Sally.

"For a great many things."

"I don't know what they are," said And indeed she did not know. She never know when she needed to forgi because whatever he did would alway right to her because he did it. "D whispered Sally, "let's not go back Herb of Grace. Let's go home!"

"Home?"

"To Damerosehay. To grandmothe got my night things in my bag. I'd spend the night at home. Daddy mind. We can ring him up."

"Bless you," said David, and sw down the rutted lane. "I tell you Sally," he said gaily. "Let's get solem gaged in the oak wood. It ought, re be in Knyghtwood, the place where v each other. But I love the old oak wo

"I do too," said Sally.

They were in the oak wood. T twisted trees gathered them in as th gathered so many Eliots returning The car glided silently over the moss drive, then stopped.

"Now then, Mrs. Eliot, hold ou hand, please."

Sally held it out and he slipped L ring upon it. Sally was speechless. kissed each other lightly, gently, w passion, but they kept nothing back. though sadness for the last time thro him somewhere, knew it was all right

Every grownup at the Herb of Gra at Damerosehay was determined th should be the children's Christmas; Christmas as they had not known As if the preparation of festival meal not enough, the decoration of a large mas tree, the purchasing of Christma ents when you hadn't a single coup were not enough to try the temper had decreed that there must be matic entertainment, and a carol ser the chapel.

"Must we have both?" Nadine had "Wouldn't the carols be enough?"

"But we said when we first cam we'd have a play at Christmas," B minded her. "They always did in t inns. We'll have the stage at the foot stairs, and use the stairs for exits a trances. Part of the show we'll stage ally on the stairs, where they branch i of the alcove. It'll be awfully effectiv and father needn't have anything to d it, mother. Tommy and I and Carolin the twins will do it all. Sally will coac the carols, won't you, Sally? And, of c David must do something spectacula

Only Sally showed enthusiasm for th assigned. David groaned, for he had t fessional actor's hatred of getting mi in amateur efforts.

(Continued on Page 86)



"It's no trouble at all getting Junior to do the dishes. I just put a few coins in the bottom of the sink."

OUT-PERFORMS ALL OTHER SHORTENINGS!



An utterly different shortening, Swift'ning* gives you a combination of important advantages you get in no other kind. Swift scientists worked 18 years to perfect it!

*Swift'ning is the trademark for Swift & Company's new, improved Bland Lard.

ONLY IN SWIFT'NING—THIS SPECIAL "QUICK-MIX" INGREDIENT FOR CAKES! Whether you use the new, speedy mixing methods or conventional recipes, with Swift'ning your cake comes out of the oven—a masterpiece! For delicate, snowy-white Swift'ning contains an exclusive "quick-mix" ingredient that makes it a miracle of blending—that gives you light, lusciously moist cakes.

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Swift'ning is superb in any recipe!

Try Swift'ning in all your favorite recipes, new or old. Try it for cakes, pies, light digestible fried foods. See if you don't get finer all-around results than ever before.

PINK SWIRL CAKE *Mixing time: 4 minutes*

MARTHA LOGAN'S "HELPING HAND" RECIPE POINTS THE WAY TO SURE SUCCESS

So, you've never made a cake? Don't worry—with Swift'ning *and this* beginner-tested *recipe, you'll make a light, tender,* beautiful *cake! Just watch for the little hands—they warn where there's a chance of error.*

Preparation: ☛ *Have all ingredients at room temperature.* Pre-heat oven at 375° F. Line bottoms of two 9-inch or three 8-inch round layer pans with waxed paper.

Ingredients: (Use standard, level measures)

- 2 squares chocolate
- ½ cup Swift'ning
- 2¼ cups sifted cake flour
- ☛ Be sure to sift flour before measuring. Spoon *lightly* into cup.
- 1¾ cups sugar
- 1½ teaspoons soda
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1½ cups sour milk (or 1½ c. sweet milk + 1½ tbsp. vinegar)
- 2 eggs

Step 1: *Melt chocolate over hot, not boiling water.* Place Swift'ning in bowl. Sift together flour, sugar, soda and salt into bowl. Add vanilla and 1 cup of the sour milk. Beat 2 minutes—by hand, using about 150 strokes per minute; or at medium speed of electric mixer. ☛ *Keep scraping batter off sides and bottom of mixer bowl with rubber scraper.* After 2 minutes, scrape beaters or spoon and bowl thoroughly.

Step 2: Add the unbeaten eggs, melted chocolate and remaining milk (½ cup). Beat 1 minute. Scrape beaters and bowl thoroughly. Continue beating 1 minute. Pour *equal* amounts of batter into prepared cake pans. Bake about 30 minutes. ☛ *When done, cake will spring back quickly when pressed with finger.* Cool on cake rack 5 minutes; loosen sides carefully with spatula, invert on rack, remove pans. Cool *thoroughly* before frosting.

Pink Mint Frosting: In top of double boiler, mix thoroughly 2 unbeaten egg whites, 1½ cups sugar, 5 tbsp. water, and 1½ tsp. white corn syrup. Beat constantly over rapidly boiling water with hand or electric beater until frosting stands in a peak (about 5 to 7 min.). Remove from water, add ½ tsp. mint flavoring and small amount of red coloring. Beat until thick enough to spread. Tint 3 tbsp. of frosting a deeper pink. Fill and frost cake, making swirls with back of spoon. Fill center of swirls with deeper shade.



CHOPS carrots, celery, radishes, green pepper, onions in 10 secands. Combine in appetizing, crisp salad.



GRINDS leftover meat in 8 seconds! Use delicious results for tasty croquettes or sandwich spreads.



MAKES smooth, creomy banana milk shake from milk, vanillo, sugar, ice, banano, in two minutes.



GRATES bits af leftover cheese in 3½ seconds! Sprinkle in casseroles or salads for tongy flavor.

There are dozens of ways the K-M LIQUIDIZER helps you...



SAVE food money! Makes light work of leftovers, adds appetizing variety to meals, to snacks. No waste, your food goes farther!

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Easy os 1-2-3. One, flip the switch; two, put in the ingredients; three, pour out the deliciaus results.

Modern Magic! Here's some more! See them at your K-M store.



K-M Speed Iron — only iron with the MagiKurve for ruffles, armholes, collars. Sole plate one-fourth larger. All-cool top. Three heats for every fabric!



K-M Double Table Range — Portable. Three heats for each grill—take it wherever there's electricity. Perfect for small kitchenettes, for buffets.

Knapp-Monarch Co.

ST. LOUIS 16, MISSOURI

Mfrs. of Sparklets, Repel-A-Mist, Magik Mist. K-M Appliances alsa manufactured in Canada.

(Continued from Page 84)

"What are you thinking of doing, old boy?" he asked gloomily.

"The first part is just a sort of mime about Mine Host of the Inn. The twins say there is an old buckpen in the heart of the wood, where the deer used to be fed. They found it in the summer and then went again the other day and came back with a story about a little chapel in the middle of the buckpen, and seeing a man with a brown beard looking after sick animals there. I've written A Legend of Knyghtwood in blank verse, and I'll read it while Tommy and Caroline and the twins and John Adair act it so you needn't bother with that. Then you and Sally can do the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet ——"

"*What?*" interrupted David in horror.

Sally, who had glowed with delight at the thought of the carols, now went pale with dismay. "Oh, I couldn't, Ben."

"Why ever not?" demanded Ben.

"The size of me!" cried Sally. "And I can't act, either. And with David ——"

"Won't you like acting with David?" asked Ben in surprise. "You're engaged to him, aren't you?"

"That's why!" groaned Sally.

"Leaning over a balcony, no one will notice your size," said Ben. "We'll rig up the balcony across the stairs, in front of the alcove, with a lamp burning behind your head in the alcove, making your hair all golden. It'll look grand. I've thought it all out."

"It just can't be done," said David firmly. "I'm having a rest cure."

"You've had it," said Ben heartlessly. "And by this time you ought to be able to play Romeo in your sleep. You'll help with the costumes, too, won't you, mother? And father will manage the lighting."

"Malony's better at that kind of thing than I am," suggested George.

"I know, but Malony and Annie-Laurie will be taking part in the show."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated David. "What are they going to do?"

"Some sort of turn on their own."

"You've asked them?"

"No. I thought you could."

"Not on your life!" said David violently.

"Then Sally will," said Ben placidly. "They won't like to refuse Sally when she's just got engaged."

"If we're all in this, even your poor old parents, it beats me where the audience is coming from," said George.

"Grandmother, Aunt Margaret, Uncle Hilary, Jill, Auntie Rose, and all the people round here who have been nice to us," said Ben. "This is an inn, isn't it? If we aren't hospitable this first Christmas, then we don't deserve to live here."

"But they'll expect to be fed!" gasped Nadine.

"Oh, not much, mother. Just a few sandwiches and drinks and things."

AND so it went on, like a snowball rolling. The exhausted elders would have died of the orgy of preparation had they not been sustained by the laughter of Tommy and Ben, Caroline, Jerry and José ringing through the house from dawn to dusk.

One evening, after tea, Sally took a box tied with scarlet ribbon out of her drawer, slipped on her coat and went across the stableyard and up the steps to the flat above. She had chosen a moment when she knew that Annie-Laurie was alone. She knocked at the door and stood waiting. She had no idea how Annie-Laurie would take this intrusion.

The door opened and Annie-Laurie and the cat, Smith, stood upon the threshold.

"Could I come in a moment?" Sally asked shyly. "Or are you too busy?"

From force of habit Annie-Laurie had stiffened defensively at the sight of an uninvited visitor. Then she relaxed and smiled. "Please come in. I haven't congratulated you, have I? I'm so glad for you."

Sally sat down in one of the chairs before the fire.

"I'm glad for myself," she said simply. "I didn't know one could be so happy. Yet I'm scared of not being equal to it. Letting David down. You know what I mean. Though Damerosehay will be our real home, we'll have a flat in town for the working times and I'll have to be a good hostess, and that sort of thing."

"You'll manage," Annie-Laurie assured her. Not for years had she sat like this with another girl in the firelight and talked over the trivialities that make up the warmth of life. "You'll have a big wedding?"

"Oh, no," cried Sally. "As quiet as we can have it. In Uncle Hilary's church, with him to marry us."

The talk flowed on for a little while, and Sally was not shy any more. She leaned forward and put the box on Annie-Laurie's lap.

"It's for you. For Christmas. It's two little Rockingham lambs. You see, Uncle Hilary told me that you used to look after the sheep in your mountains. And I worked with the sheep, too, in Cumberland, during the war."

ANNIE-LAURIE, smiling and murmuring her thanks, was undoing the red ribbons, lifting the lid of the box. With a cry of delight, she held the lambs in her hands. They were snow-white and they had blue ribbons and bells round their necks, and they carried Annie-Laurie straight back to her happy childhood.

"Sally, they're perfect! I used to tie bells round the lambs' necks at home. It used to make the old shepherd furious. But he couldn't swear at me as he wanted because he'd given me the bells. Very old morris dancers' bells, they were." She looked up at the bright bunch hanging from the beam. "There they are."

"I thought of your bells when I saw the lambs," said Sally. "Are those the ones you wore for your Christmas-tree dance that David told me about?"

"Yes."

"Annie-Laurie," cried Sally with impulsive eagerness, "I wish you and Malony would come back on the stage again. It would be lovely to have you in London. We'd be friends and help each other."

Annie-Laurie had felt her reactions to be normal again . . . almost . . . not quite. Suddenly the old terror gripped her. "No, Sally, I couldn't! I can never go back."

Sally's cheeks went crimson with shame at her blunder. "I'm so sorry, Annie-Laurie. Please forgive me. I'm the most blundering fool who ever lived."

Annie-Laurie stood up and put the lambs on the mantelpiece. "No, you're not. You say straight out what's in your mind and I like that. I know I ought to go back, for Jim's sake—but I can't." She sat down again. "Tell me about Damerosehay. I've not been there."

They fought their way back to the trivialities and were at ease again until the clock struck six.

"Those carols!" cried Sally. "We were to have a carol practice at six. You're coming? Without your voice we're just no good at all."

"We're no good with it," said Annie-Laurie gloomily. Then she brightened. "They always say depressing rehearsals make a good performance. If things go too well in rehearsal you crash on the night."

"If only all these outside people were not coming!" sighed Sally, struggling into her coat. "Ben keeps thinking of more and more he'd like to come—and Juliet in the balcony scene gets worse and worse."

"Poor Juliet!" laughed Annie-Laurie. "How is the children's animal thing going?"

"Ben says it's dreadful. He's written A Legend of Knyghtwood. But the twins are very naughty. But perhaps they'll be good on the night."

(Continued on Page 88)

There could be no marriages in heaven, because women were there no doubt in plenty, and some men; but not a man whom any woman would have.

—Unidentified Philodelphia womon quoted by Agnes Repplier in Americans ond Others. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

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(Continued from Page 86)

Annie-Laurie had moved to put out the lamp, and while she did it Sally looked up at the bunch of bells over her head.

"Annie-Laurie! Do your Christmas-tree dance for us, you and Malony! Just at the end. If everything else is a mess there will be that one perfect thing. Annie-Laurie, you must!" She had put her arms impulsively round Annie-Laurie. "Please. You owe it to the Herb of Grace."

As a rule Annie-Laurie disliked endearments, but there was no suggestion of an endearment about the embrace of Sally Adair. The strength of her arms, the wholeheartedness of her hug, were more like some act of Nature, like a great breath of spring wind that nearly takes you off your feet. "You owe it to the Herb of Grace." It was true. She did.

"Very well," she said. "I'll do it."

Together they went out into the moonlight and down the steps to the yard.

Through the blue dusk of a perfect Christmas Day, the guests drove to the Herb of Grace. Light streamed from every window and from the open front door. To most of the occupants of the cars the world seemed a dark enough place, but at the sight of that light radiating from the inn their heavy hearts lifted a little.

George and Nadine stood at the door to welcome them, with the children behind. Within were Lucilla, Hilary, Margaret, John Adair, Sally and David.

As they were divested of their wraps, they exclaimed in delight at the appearance of the wide old hall, with the yule log blazing on the hearth and the holly-wreathed lights burning in their candle sconces round the walls. Seats had been arranged diagonally across the hall to face the L-shaped stage, with its exits to stairs and drawing room. At its angle stood the glorious Christmas tree, bright with lighted candles.

The guests became conscious of a glow of hospitable warmth wrapping them round. Somewhere in the depths of the old house young voices were singing Adeste Fideles. "Will you come this way?" said Nadine, and she led them through the hall to the kitchen, garlanded with greenery, and up the turret stairs to the chapel. They had heard of the discovery of the frescoes and they caught their breath in amazement. Candles had been lighted in the branched candlesticks on the altar, and the pots filled with holly and fir, and above them rose the strange figure of the great white deer with the crucifix in his antlers. They sat on the benches and looked about them with delight.

SALLY, Annie-Laurie, Malony, Jill and the children finished Adeste Fideles and embarked upon The First Noel. Annie-Laurie led the singing, her sweet, clear voice rising in carol after carol. They were all so absorbed that only Malony looked at Annie-Laurie. And he could not take his eyes from her face. She was coming round, his girl. At last she was coming round. This place, this blessed place, had healed her. It was a sweet look that she gave him, over the heads of the twins, the kind of look she had given him when Midge was a little thing. That was the last carol. When it was over, Annie-Lauri opened the door and the guests went down stairs to laugh and talk in the kitchen, and b told about the frescoes, and eat homemad fudge, until a bell rang and Nadine led the back into the hall.

WHAT next, they wondered, settling int their seats while the lights round the wal were put out and the hidden footlight shone. There was a moment of thrilled e pectation, and then the drawing-room doo opened and Romeo in his silver-gray double and hose, a short orange cloak over on shoulder, came onto the stage. There was gasp and then silence. They were to see on of the most famous actors of their generatio playing his most famous part.

"He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.
But, soft! what light through yonder windo breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Road Closed

By Sara King Carleton

Should any stranger passing
through this place
Find the small pool still shimmering
in the sun
And take the path that circles back
upon
A ledge of birches, he might stop to
trace
These letters on a tree that interlace,
So deeply carved, so intricately
done,
Yet never hear the step of anyone,
Nor feel a cobweb finger brush his
face.

He might see meadows where the
path descends
And rocky pastures, tight-curled
laurel budding,
Long reaches of blue sky, white
wind clouds scudding,
But never know who followed him
beyond
The cautious branches and the
secret pond,
And stood there watching where
the wood road ends.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The familiar word floated out into th room like music. Th incomparable beaut of the golden voic the silvery figur gripped their heart Especially Lucilla' She sat between Na dine and George i the back row to whic the family had bee relegated. Though sh was unaware of i she looked beautifu in her old but wel cut, full-skirted black velvet dress. She sa upright, her blue eye fixed on the man o the stage, and he hands folded quietl in her lap.

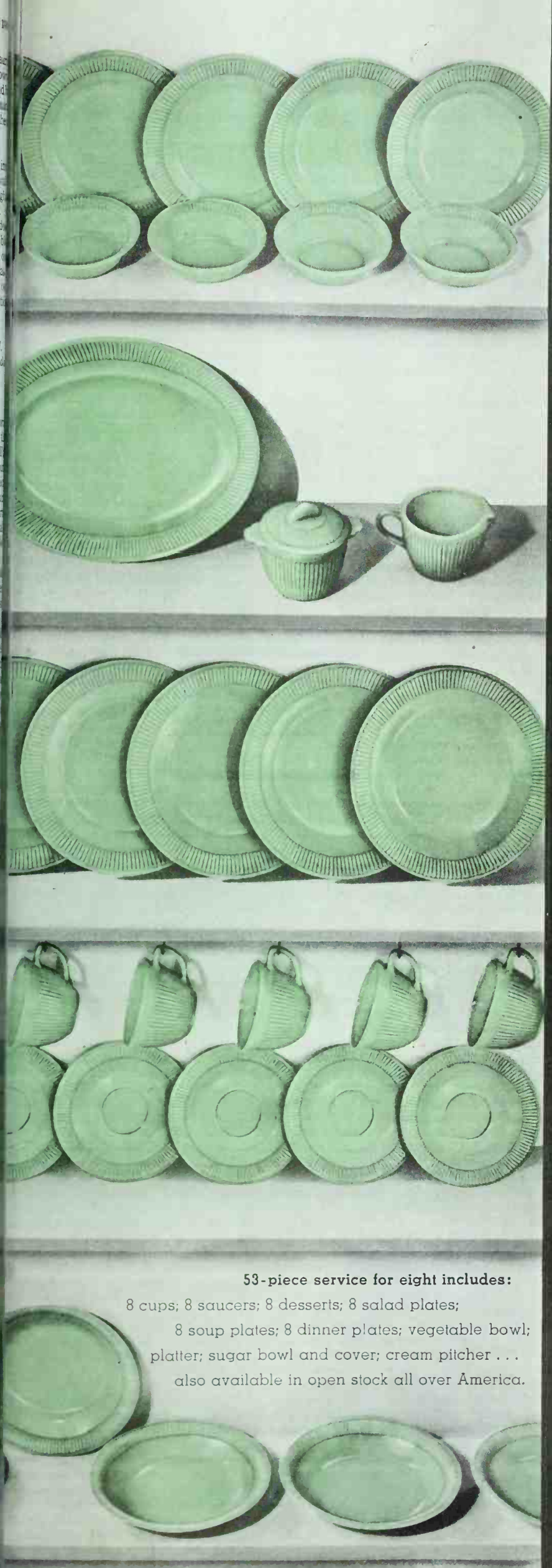
"Romeo . . . take a myself."

With a sigh, Lucill relaxed and looked u to the balcony. Sall was doing well, dea child, but she was nc hoodwinking her au dience into forget fulness of her perso ality. She was nc Juliet, but merel Sally Adair playin Juliet to the best o her ability under th circumstances. Bu she looked ver lovely. A piece of scarlet brocade stretche across the stairs was her balcony, the i lumined alcove was her window. Her pea cock-blue gown made a wonderful splash c color and the light, behind her, set her hai on fire. David had taught her to spea her part very prettily, and Lucilla could fe that all shrinking and fear had left her, leav ing her utterly glad to be his foil.

"For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt."

Is it well with the child? That eterna question that goes with the begetter of lif through every moment of every day an every night was very alive in Lucilla thi evening. All was well with her grandchildren David and Sally. She thanked God for i and remembered the son and daughter upo either side of her. She put out her hand im pulsively and took George's. He turned an smiled at her and she saw the happiness i his eyes. All that he had to give he had give Nadine long ago, all that love could do t make her happy he had done. Had she le him in at last? For the first time sinc Romeo had stepped on the stage to mak love to the young Juliet, she dared to look a the woman beside her.

(Continued on Page 90)



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1 recipe Jell-O Chocolate Pudding 6 squares of cake

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1 recipe Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding 8 to 10 marshmallows

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(Continued from Page 88)

Nadine met her look with a steady, smiling glance. Her face looked worn in the light of the fire, but peaceful as Lucilla had never seen it.

Hilary was beyond Nadine; he was a happy man. And Margaret on the other side of George looked tired but happy; and when they were settled in Lavender Cottage Lucilla hoped she wouldn't even look tired.

Lucilla shut her eyes in unspeakable thankfulness. It seemed to her that she had hardly a thing left to wish for. The lovely rhythm of voice answering voice flowed on like music, but the words singing in her mind came from another play of her beloved Shakespeare. "If it were now to die, 't were now to be most happy; for . . . my soul hath her content so absolute ——"

It was nearly over. The girl's voice, and the man's answering, for the last time:

"Good night, good night: parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow."
"Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!"

Ben had opened the drawing-room door and Romeo had stepped into the wedge of darkness. Juliet had gone away up the stairs and the balcony was empty. There was a moment's sense of almost intolerable loss, and then the lights were lit and everyone was laughing and talking, and congratulating Lucilla on the brilliance of her family.

"Are you getting tired, mother?" Nadine asked Lucilla.

"Only nicely tired," said Lucilla. "I doubt if I've ever felt so happy in all my life. Nadine, my darling, you have done everything I wanted you to do and you are my very dear child."

People are generally better persuaded by the reasons which they have themselves discovered than by those which have come into the minds of others. —PASCAL.

"I'm glad you're pleased with me, mother," said Nadine, meekly but with a flash of slightly sarcastic humor.

George, concerned that Lucilla should be even nicely tired, was shoving an exceedingly hard velvet cushion behind her.

"It's the children's show now," he told Lucilla.

THE drawing-room door opened again and a slim young stripling in striped tights and a striped cloak came through, wearing a realistic badger's mask that hid his face. But his grace and lightness of movement proclaimed him Ben. He had his Panpipe in one hand and a long white scroll in the other, and he bowed before he sat down at the foot of the Christmas tree and began to read the Knyghtwood legend.

Ben's story began with the founding of the great abbey beyond the river by King John as an act of reparation for his sins, and told how for forty-five years the monks labored at its building until at last the glorious place was finished and they could take up their work of prayers and labor, carried on until Henry VIII drove them away. But before that evil day came there lived at the monastery a lay brother, a fine artist and craftsman, a man of jovial disposition, bountiful and warmhearted with good will to all God's creatures. He was appointed by the father abbot as host of the Pilgrim Inn, where pilgrims visiting the abbey were lodged and entertained. A great host was this brother, with a huge welcome for all who came. The animals and birds also were God's sons, and for them also he built a maison dieu within the woods. Here in the cold winters he would feed them, the deer and the rabbits, the badgers, the foxes and the birds. There was one animal in particular who was his special friend, a great white deer who was always with him in the woods.

No one quite knew at what point in the earlier part of Ben's narrative they became aware of the figure who stood at the branching of the stairs, a bearded, burly figure clothed in the rough habit of a Cistercian monk. His arms were held wide in welco and his hooded head was thrown into re by the illumined figure of the white deer the alcove behind him. First one and t another saw him, and when their awed tention had been entirely captured, I paused in his reading, glanced at the fr door, which mysteriously opened at t point, and then with his eyes followed progress of unseen pilgrims across the l and up the stairs to their host. It was cleverly done that those pilgrims were as r to the audience as though they had been tors of flesh and blood.

THEN the door softly closed and Ben gan reading again of how the animals, t had had their sanctuary, and the drawi room door opened and two little animals through, a water rat and a mole, soft furry, with brown bright eyes peep through the masks that covered their fa They ran upon all fours, but Mole held his left hind foot because he had hurt it, Rat kept stopping and holding a paw thetically to one eye, which seemed to h something in it. They ran up the stairs the Brother, and he held out his arms them and bound up Mole's paw and moved the obstruction from Rat's eye. magnificent but extremely wicked-look fox was the next animal, whom one gathe from his size to be Tommy. Halfway acr the stage he paused and groaned, holdin stomach obviously a good deal too full stolen goose. Everyone was laughing n and their amusement was echoed by big man above. His laughter rolled do to meet poor Fox, w hung his head comica and then lolloped up stairs to lap a healing d from a big brown bo He was followed by sweet-faced rabbit wit torn ear, who must Caroline, and who followed in turn Mary and the cat Smi

Their entrance was the sign for Ben finish his narrative, pick up his pipe, pla sweet air and begin to sing the song t Annie-Laurie had written, the other ani joining in with their clear high voices.

During the last verse a chiming of b was heard and the children came troop down the stairs. When they reached stage they divided, and a fairylike figur silver and green floated out from am them. It was Annie-Laurie in a wide ba dress of frosted fir-dark green. Her b were round her waist and she had a wreath Christmas roses on her hair. Malony, Father Christmas, came through the dr ing-room door at the same moment, w David, unseen in the drawing room, pla the air of their dance upon the piano.

The genius of Annie-Laurie was, as Da had said, unforgettable. She was like a c in her unself-consciousness and absolute sorption in what she was doing, and her s ple movements had a clean perfection t was like light. The softly chiming little b the half-smile on her lips, the arms held now and then in welcome to the Christ tree peopled the shadows with unseen c dren. She was like one of the flames on tree behind her. And now she was hold out her hands to the invisible fire and sing the bell song, the children accompanying softly. Then singing still more softly, t trooped noiselessly away, led by Fat Christmas, and only Annie-Laurie was l To the music of her own bells, she drif once more round the stage and then up stairs. Then the lamp that illumined the cove went out and only the Christmas t was still shining.

The stand-up supper in the kitchen t followed was uproarious, by reason of laxed tension. For Annie-Laurie's ge had swung them rather high, and they turned to earth with a bang. The guests and drank, waited upon by the actors stil their costumes. Not for years, they said, l they been to such a splendid party; not years had they felt so welcomed, so ha

l so hopeful—or so safe. It was not only family, it was the house. There was something about the house.

But they had to go home. One by one they l their reluctant good-bys, went out into night and drove away, looking back at lights still streaming from door and windows. The family and household were left sit for a little round the fire, congratuing themselves upon the success of their ning.

"It was worth it," said Nadine, exhausted happy. "I'm glad we did it, George."

yawned and leaned shamelessly against n, one of her hands in his, the other rest- on Ben's shoulder.

"Everything," murmured Caroline, curled sleepily against George's other shoulder, as turned out just perfect."

"Yes, darling, it has," said Lucilla.

Annie-Laurie and Malony sat together on settee by the fire, his hand in hers, Jill l Auntie Rose on the other settee, each h a twin asleep in her arms. It was a er thing, but an extraordinary lack of erve seemed to have fallen upon them all. oking round, David perceived that he, nmy and the cat Smith were the only s who weren't propped against somebody, holding somebody's hand. He sat down the other side of Annie-Laurie and took hand gently.

"What about it?" he murmured. "Didn't ome back?"

he looked at him inquiringly.

"The love of it," said David softly. "It e back to me. A little while ago I felt I er wanted to be behind the footlights in. Tonight I knew it was the only place ere I ever really do want to be; apart n in my home with Sally. We belong there, and I and Malony." Beyond her, David ld feel Malony's passionate encouragement. "Shall we go back, the three of us?" asked.

"Yes," said Annie-Laurie.

Malony let out a deep sigh of relief and ed himself to the last mince pie.

The clock struck a very late hour. "Those children should be in bed," said Lucilla, regarding the twins. "And so should I. My dears, this has been a perfect Christmas Day. A gift to us, I think. Whatever happens to us all, we'll never forget it. Hilary, dear, where did you put my coat? Sally, darling, you're coming back for the night, aren't you? Nadine, my dear, good night. This is a wonderful home, this Herb of Grace, and to be the mistress of it will be the crown and glory of your life, I shouldn't wonder. Good night, George. Annie-Laurie, I'm glad I've lived to see you dance. . . . Good night. . . ."

She talked on at random as the Damerosehay party got under way, trying to ease for them all the hard parting from this perfect day. . . . *Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow.* . . . She kissed the flushed happy faces of her younger grandchildren and went out into the night. Sighing with thankfulness, she was tucked up in the back of David's car, with Hilary and Margaret on each side of her, and David and Sally in front.

Yet as they drove away under the Christmas stars it was of the two old houses that she was thinking, Damerosehay and the Herb of Grace. When they got home they would find the drawing-room fire burning brightly and the lamps lit, with two old dogs dozing on the hearth. The house would welcome them and gather them in, and when they had talked a little in front of the fire they would go to bed and, the spell of this happy day still upon them, sleep deeply and happily, wrapped in its peace. And in the Herb of Grace, too, the lights would go out one by one in the windows, and the sleepers would be at rest. But the houses would not sleep. Lucilla fancied that they would greet each other across the quiet fields and through the night. Each had its long and living history, sap rising in the wood of the old tree to nourish the new branches. Tomorrow would be a new day, and a hard one. But the sap rose from inexhaustible depths, and the spring would come again. THE END



xciting NEW TYPE e... these 3 ways

1. It's as delicate as Angel Food—and more moist.
2. It's just as rich-tasting as "butter"-type cakes.
3. It's easier and quicker to make than ordinary cakes.

cker recipe below makes 8 to 10 has been developed for Gold Medal any other flour!

Sunburst "Chiffon" Cake

50° (moderote).

nount of GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen*-ed Flour onto a square of paper.

- 1 cup *sifted* GOLD MEDAL Flour (spoon lightly into cup, don't pack)
- ¾ cup sugor
- *1½ tsp. double-oction boking powder
- *½ tsp. solt

- ¼ cup cooking (solod) oil such as Wesson or Mozolo
- 3 unbeaten egg yolks (medium-sized)
- ⅜ cup (¼ cup plus 2 tbsp.) cold woter
- groted rind of 1 oronge (obout 1½ tbsp.)

on until *smooth*.

large
- ½ cup egg whites (about 4)
- ¼ tsp. creom of tortor

hites form *very stiff* peaks (picture uld be much stiffer than for Angel ngue. Do NOT UNDERBEAT.

k mixture gradually over whipped *gently* folding (picture 2) with er *just* until blended. Do NOT STIR.

greased square pan, 8x8x2-in. or mediately (*see NOTE next column.*) *minutes* in *moderate oven* (350°), or rings back when *lightly* touched.

NOTE: Recipe may also be baked in a 5x10x3-in. bread pan for *45 to 50 minutes* in a *slow mod. oven* (325°).

Immediately turn pan upside down, resting edges of square pan on 2 other pans (picture 3). Let hang, free of table, until cold. Loosen from sides with spatula. Turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen.

If you live at an altitude of 3,000 ft. or over, write Betty Crocker, Minneapolis, Minn., for recipe adjustments.

*If you use Self-Rising Flour, omit baking powder, salt.

TRY THESE ICE CREAM SERVING IDEAS

(You can make all of them from the squore coke obove)

1. Mary Janes . . . cut ½-in. wide strips of cake. Trim off top and bottom crusts of slice with very sharp knife. Spread chocolate sauce thickly (about 2½ tbsp. per serving) over strips. Wrap each strip, chocolate inside, around scoop of ice cream. Press to sides of ice cream to hold in place. Serve with additional chocolate sauce.

2. Ice Cream Sandwiches . . . cut pieces of cake the size of a slice of brick ice cream. Split each piece in half (crosswise) . . . place a slice of ice cream between layers of cake. Top with whipped cream, or a favorite sauce. (For smaller servings, cut sandwiches in half.)

3. Butter Pecan Fingers . . . cut ¾-in. slices from the square cake . . . lay each slice on side, cut in halves lengthwise. Cut each long strip into 3 pieces. Ice each small piece on all sides with Browned Butter Icing (*below*). Roll in finely chopped pecans. (If icing is *too thick* to spread easily, thin over hot water.) Serve with ice cream.

Browned Butter Icing: Melt, then keep over *low* heat until golden brown ¼ cup butter. Remove from heat. Blend in 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugor, 2 tbsp. cream, 1½ tsp. vonillo. Stir in 2 tbsp. hot woter. Stir vigorously until cool and of a consistency to spread. (If it gets too thick to spread, warm slightly over hot water.)



1. Whites must form VERY STIFF peaks
2. Fold down—over—up—over . . . DON'T STIR
3. "Hang" upside down free of table



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• When you spill something on the table . . . on your hands . . . or in the refrigerator—zip! Just tear a clean ScotTowel off the neat, white roll. Use it—then throw it away. No laundering, no rinsing.

You'll love these towels you don't have to wash . . . for draining bacon, wiping greasy pans, drying hands. Made of thirsty cellulose. 150 to a roll. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

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Vanilla-Strawberry Cream

With Jell-O Pudding's special vanilla goodness!

1 recipe Jell-O Vanilla Pudding 1 cup fresh strawberries

Here's a truly *elegant* dessert, with Jell-O Pudding's unmatched vanilla delicacy! Prepare Jell-O Vanilla Pudding as directed on package. Chill. Serve with a sauce of sweetened quartered fresh strawberries. Or serve with quick-frozen strawberries. Makes 4 or 5 servings.



Chocolate Cream Squares

Jell-O's super-rich chocolate pudding is the secret!

1 recipe Jell-O Chocolate Pudding 6 squares of cake

Prepare Jell-O Chocolate Pudding as directed on package. Chill. Split squares of cake and put together, spreading the chilled pudding between layers. Sprinkle confectioners' sugar over top. Makes 6 servings.

Smooth as satin, with a through-and-through chocolate flavor all its own—that's Jell-O Chocolate Pudding!

JELL-O Puddings THREE MARVELOUS FLAVORS

FOR FABULOUSLY GOOD DESSERTS

Jell-O Puddings

A Product of General Foods—mode by the mokers of Jell-O

Jell-O is o registered trode-mark of General Foods Corporotion



Butterscotch-Marshmallow Medley

It has Jell-O Pudding's buttery-brown flavor!

1 recipe Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding 8 to 10 marshmallows

Prepare Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding as directed on package. Quarter marshmallows. Fold into pudding just after removing from heat. Makes 4 or 5 servings. So *good*—with Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding's yummy, brown-sugary taste!



Just the mention of food makes Flyer feel melancholy, but his eyes light up at anything held before his nose—pea pods included.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

I SUPPOSE maturity might be defined as a willingness to shell peas. When I was growing up, I would do almost anything to avoid sitting down with a mess of peas to shell. No matter how fast and hard you work, you get a bushel basket of pods on one side and a scattering of small peas just covering the bottom of a small pan on the other. I found it absolutely maddening.

But now I don't mind. I like the smoothness of the pods and the clear green color. And I appreciate the delicate savor of new peas enough to feel rewarded for the effort.

Besides, I have learned that the mind can wander at will while one does the routine tasks, which is one reason housework never has to be dull. Sometimes when the peas plop softly in the pan, I remember places I have been. Like Williamsburg when the redbud is a singing color against the Virginia blue sky. Or crossing the James River at Jamestown about sunset with the sun going down in a deep sky and the lonely stone church tower of the old settlement slowly sinking into the first dark. Or walking on the beach at Ephraim, in Wisconsin, with the lake water rolling in pure and cold over polished white stones, and the sky there is a darker, cooler blue than the Southern sky.

I never dream of a place without seeing the sky there, for no sky looks the same as any other sky; the quality of the color is different, and I wish there were words to describe the variations, but there are none.

The sky over New York City is farther away, the color usually not so intense. I think this may be because the eye is carried to the tops of the skyscrapers and they seem like the top of the world, so that any farther distance is unbelievable.

Here in Connecticut, I often feel I could pick a bouquet of stars on a June night, but I never have that feeling in New York, for the stars are remote there, and impersonal, and diminished by the glare of the lights on Broadway and Times Square.

But in the country, the earth grows dark at night, dark is the meadow and dark are the hills. So the glory of the sky is fully visible and country folk look up a good deal.

Up along the white beaches on Cape Cod—down on Cape Cod, I must say—the sky has an infinite arc, the stars burn wi immortal fire. Nothing can make one feel less consequence than to sit on the beach Nauset and watch the surf come in under starry sky. It is obvious that man is sm and should be humble. It is good to humble. To know briefly that the sm concerns we have are not all-important.

Thinking of the places I have been, I c find the peas are all shelled and I have n been bored at all. And there is a nice panf to cook with a mint leaf for lunch.

Star used to love to eat pods and peas I shelled, but most of the dogs do not ca for them. Flyer, however, will eat anythi held in front of his nose. He even eats sul pills when Maeve spits them out. She w taking some for a cough, and did not wa them. So Flyer just nipped them up and a them, feeling they were a new and differe candy.

Maeve has doubled in size now, and s can clear any fence on the place with o long leap. She climbs the highest one like cat and she also opens all doors at wi Moreover, she can stand outside the hou and look in the windows, being so ta When she is ready to come in, she goes the window nearest us and looks in, tappi on the pane with one paw. She gets qui service too: the old bubbly glass pan might fall right in any minute, we feel, she applied much weight.

The worst problem with her has been h willingness to open the gate for Linda a then lead her out on an expedition into t great wide world. They were gone t hours one day while we beat about t country hunting frantically. Linda is t blackest and smallest cocker we have a Maeve is the reddest and largest setter could imagine. After two hours they turn up at a neighbor's, Linda still toiling alo right with Maeve. Poor little thing; Mae had leaped over all hummocks and thicke but Linda had gone doggedly through. S was wet and full of briers, but she had c tainly proved that a cocker in the field c hold her own even with the long legs competition.

Maeve goes over to help George with t milking in the morning. She then plays wi

(Continued on Page 94)

A Dream with Ice Cream . . .
this Cake Discovery of the Century!



BETTY CROCKER
"Chiffon"

Recipe at right features 4-egg Betty Crocker "Chiffon" cake pictured. Look for recipes for other types and sizes of "Chiffon" cakes in many Gold Medal sacks or write Betty Crocker, Dept. 120, General Mills, Minneapolis, Minn. Ask for folder of Gold Medal "Chiffon" cake recipes.

THE most sensational new-type cake since the discovery of baking powder a century ago; that's Betty Crocker "Chiffon"!

Yes, these cakes are NEW! In taste, in texture, in the way they're made! They combine the *best features* of all other cakes. And they *stay moist and fresh much longer!*

You make "Chiffon" cakes by a simple method, perfected by our Betty Crocker Staff. It calls for a shortening heretofore rarely used in cakes.

The world's most delectable cake, "Chiffon" is equally delicious plain or iced. Try it with the ice cream serving ideas shown.

And, you can make it with Gold Medal "*Kitchen-tested*" Enriched Flour! The flour millions use for biscuits, rolls, bread, pies, cookies . . . everything. The recipe has been worked out to suit Gold Medal's special baking characteristics. For really elegant eating, try a high-volume Betty Crocker "Chiffon" cake tonight!

General Mills

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It's an exciting NEW TYPE of cake... these 3 ways

1. It's as delicate as Angel Food—and more moist.
2. It's just as rich-tasting as "butter"-type cakes.
3. It's easier and quicker to make than ordinary cakes.

The Betty Crocker recipe below makes 8 to 10 servings. Recipe has been developed for Gold Medal only. Don't risk any other flour!

Recipe for Sunburst "Chiffon" Cake

Heat oven to 350° (moderate).

Sift an ample amount of GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Enriched Flour onto a square of paper.

STEP 1

Measure (level measurements thru-out) and **sift** together into mixing bowl
- 1 cup *sifted* GOLD MEDAL Flour (spoon lightly into cup, don't pack)
- ¾ cup sugar
- *1½ tsp. double-action baking powder
- *½ tsp. salt

Make a "well" and add in order
- ¼ cup cooking (salad) oil such as Wesson or Mazola
- 3 unbeaten egg yolks (medium-sized)
- ⅜ cup (¼ cup plus 2 tbsp.) cold water
- grated rind of 1 orange (about 1½ tbsp.)

Beat with spoon until *smooth*.

STEP 2

Measure into *large* mixing bowl
- ½ cup egg whites (about 4)
- ¼ tsp. cream of tartar

Whip until whites form *very stiff* peaks (picture 1). They should be much stiffer than for Angel Food or meringue. DO NOT UNDERBEAT.

STEP 3

Pour egg yolk mixture gradually over whipped egg whites—*gently* folding (picture 2) with rubber scraper *just* until blended. DO NOT STIR.

Pour into *ungreased* square pan, 8x8x2-in. or 9x9x2-in., immediately (*see NOTE next column.*)

Bake *30 to 35 minutes* in *moderate oven* (350°), or until top springs back when *lightly* touched.

NOTE: Recipe may also be baked in a 5x10x3-in. bread pan for *45 to 50 minutes* in a *slow mod. oven* (325°).

Immediately turn pan upside down, resting edges of square pan on 2 other pans (picture 3). Let hang, free of table, until cold. Loosen from sides with spatula. Turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen.

If you live at an altitude of 3,000 ft. or over, write Betty Crocker, Minneapolis, Minn., for recipe adjustments.

*If you use Self-Rising Flour, omit baking powder, salt.

TRY THESE ICE CREAM SERVING IDEAS

(You can make all of them from the square cake above)

1. Mary Janes . . . cut ½-in. wide strips of cake. Trim off top and bottom crusts of slice with very sharp knife. Spread chocolate sauce thickly (about 2½ tbsp. per serving) over strips. Wrap each strip, chocolate inside, around scoop of ice cream. Press to sides of ice cream to hold in place. Serve with additional chocolate sauce.

2. Ice Cream Sandwiches . . . cut pieces of cake the size of a slice of brick ice cream. Split each piece in half (crosswise) . . . place a slice of ice cream between layers of cake. Top with whipped cream, or a favorite sauce. (For smaller servings, cut sandwiches in half.)

3. Butter Pecan Fingers . . . cut ¾-in. slices from the square cake . . . lay each slice on side, cut in halves lengthwise. Cut each long strip into 3 pieces. Ice each small piece on all sides with Browned Butter Icing (*below*). Roll in finely chopped pecans. (If icing is *too thick* to spread easily, thin over hot water.) Serve with ice cream.

Browned Butter Icing: Melt, then keep over *low* heat until golden brown ¼ cup butter. Remove from heat. **Blend** in 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar, 2 tbsp. cream, 1½ tsp. vanilla. **Stir** in 2 tbsp. hot water. **Stir** vigorously until cool and of a consistency to spread. (If it gets too thick to spread, warm slightly over hot water.)



1. Whites must form VERY STIFF peaks
2. Fold down—over—up—over . . . DON'T STIR
3. "Hang" upside down free of table

"Me for the life of Reilly!"



Yes! *Twenty-three* wholesome ingredients scientifically blended into a flavorful, nourishing food. Every vitamin and mineral dogs are known to need for vitality and growth. That's Gro-Pup, the only Ribbon-type dog food—so toasty, tasty, nourishing.

"Me for saving plenty!"

Why pay for water? by dry weight a box of Gro-Pup gives about as much food as *five* 1-lb. cans of dog food . . . many contain 70% water! *Gro-Pup is 92% food!* Save with Gro-Pup. Handier, no can to open, no spoilage, no refrigeration. (Made by Kellogg's, in *Meal* and *Pel-Etts*, too.)



The Biggest Box on the shelf



Dogs Go For GRO-PUP

(Continued from Page 92)

Shep, his shepherd, for a while and hangs around to see if she can go help George and Shep cut wood. Shep is very fond of her, as all the world seems to be, but she makes life hard for him. He may have a nice pile of fresh bones from the butchering and George may be starting the truck to go up in the meadow. In the old days, Shep could leave his bones, take the ride and come back without worry. Now he looks at the bones, looks at Maeve's open mouth, looks at the truck, worries, hesitates, runs back and forth, has to decide between safety for the bones and a ride with his master.

We tell him beautiful females always do complicate life for a man.

Now that the days are warm, we can eat out most of the time. And hamburgers are my first choice, provided they are done just right and neither dried to a frazzle nor running with rawness. There are so many variations a book could be written about them.

When Louella Shouer and I get together conversation usually turns to food. Louella grew up in a small Illinois town where I used to visit a lot, and her cooking heritage is much the same as my Wisconsin one. We can always talk about those hot August nights when everyone picnicked at Krape Park. Which is the worst name a park could have, but is really a nice place. Woods, and rolling hills, and barbecue fireplaces and tables and lots of room for everyone.

Louella likes hamburgers with a Roquefort-cheese spread. We like ours sprinkled with garlic vinegar before broiling—steak likes that treatment too.

Herb mustard is good, spread on steak or hamburgers before broiling. We keep four kinds of mustard on the shelf always, and they all have their place. The Bahamian mustard is my choice for cold bland meat; it is hot enough to burn and so delicious. The herb mustard is good with ham, cold cuts, in salad dressing, as a spread with Swiss cheese on rye. The other two kinds are just enough different—one is sharper, one smooth and mild. The sharper goes in mayonnaise and French dressing, the milder in club sandwiches and sour-cream dressings.

Desserts are no longer a problem with us. We make up a batch of assorted pies and freeze them, thaw them in time for dinner baking and have no fuss or bother. We like them frozen just ready to bake, then they are hot. A friend of mine likes them best baked and then frozen; she says the crust does not soak at all. But I stoutly maintain that freezing the raw dough tenderizes it extra.

About the only thing all freezer-mad people will agree on is that you must freeze fresh not-too-ripe fruits and vegetables. Old tough beans will come out old tough beans and overripe peaches come out just ready for the garbage can. We pick when tender and just beginning to mature nicely.

There are a lot of new freezing aids on the market and they are all good. But the best help of all is to keep everything on one shelf ready to use: the wrappers, containers, seals, string, labels. It is so easy to freeze a couple of boxes of something if you have the supplies handy.

Another thing we have discovered is that keeping a shelf for supplies to be sent abroad helps a great deal. When we shop, we simply buy a few extras each time and put them on this shelf, and then when we get a boxful, it can be packed with a minimum of effort. An extra can or two of this and that can be picked up at every trip to the grocer's.

And it is surprising how much better a bacon-and-noodle casserole tastes for supper if a can of bacon and a box of noodles are tucked on that shelf at the same time.

We shop, too, for the little foster son we adopted under the War Children plan. This is great fun. Roberto is eight and a half years old and lives somewhere in Italy. It has been so long since Don was that age we have to learn all over again what eight-year-olds wear and play with. But shopping for a child is such fun that I think everyone would enjoy being a foster parent. I like to think of Roberto bouncing a nice red ball at the edge

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Ask for Penit INK 5 Color Set

f the Colosseum or wherever he is. With a
a r of good shoes and a clean jersey suit on.
u d supper at the end of the day.
It is the kind of thing that keeps hope alive
p us in this desperate time. I feel more
o peful when I look at Roberto's picture.
I is smiling a smile wider than he is, and
i eyes are bright and hopeful.
Hopeful is a good word. Better than words
k e Red Menace, cold war and a lot of
n ones in the papers.
What a fine world it
e lly is when right here
n our green summer
a ley a line of friend-
n p can reach across the
o rld to England, to
n rope, to Italy. This is
y way of being a modern
m racle, I think, a testa-
m nt to the victory of
b otherhood over the
c ces of hate.
I wish I could elect the
n t President, person-
l , all by myself. I
w uld ask a couple of
s mple questions and
h w who is the right
c ndidate with no fancy
p itics at all! I would
s , "Will you bend
e ry scrap of energy you
h ve toward a plan for feeding and educat-
i all the children of all the nations? And
I you make your basic effort toward
h mony among the leaders?" Then, being
a Yankee, I would add, "Will you prom-
i not to spend recklessly money we can't
?"
Any politically wise person could knock
questions into that everlasting cocked
. Finance, world relations, economic prog-
s—there are a million or more complexi-
s which a countrywoman cannot under-
nd.
But a countrywoman knows you have to
along with your neighbors. If the barn next door is on fire, it is yours to help put it out. Your own child needs that school as much as the children on Poverty Hill. And a countrywoman knows the land gives back according to what you give to it. It will raise enough, if you till it and feed it and weed it. And plant healthy seeds. And a countrywoman knows that a farm can bear only so much debt before bankruptcy sets in. And this countrywoman at Stillmeadow believes the world is only a larger valley and a higher hill.

The leaders can work it out with their superior brains and experience. But if they have the basic belief which we simple country folk have, there will be a good time in store.

The early morning is cool and sweet these days, and the air filled with birds singing. The flutter of wings is everywhere. The roses are pearled with dew before breakfast and the delicate gossamer of silver webs is on the deep, soft grass. The rabbits have been about, nibbling tender garden shoots, or so the cockers say as they tear out, nose down.

As we eat breakfast on the terrace in the clear gold sun, the whole day spreads a breathless beauty before us. The cats shake the dew from their velvet-gloved paws. The red and shell-pink ramblers are opening on the white picket fence and the Silver Moon is budding in clusters of pearl.

It will be a busy day, of ordinary living—peas to pick, border to weed, kennels to scrub, cockers to brush, chicken to fry for supper, laundry to hang out betweentimes, a walk to the mailbox with Honey.

A wonderful day in June! THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Margin for Error

By Thomas Usk

Every mistake
Is sure to impress on
My penitent hoy
An indelible lesson;

And he would he wise,
Except that he makes
Bigger and better
Different mistakes!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Y; indeed, la Province de Québec welcomes you to t scenic playground of North America. Explore the p uresque charm of its old-world towns and villages, ked by thousands of miles of splendid highways. Yo will be welcomed with truly French-Canadian h pitality in comfortable modern inns and hotels.

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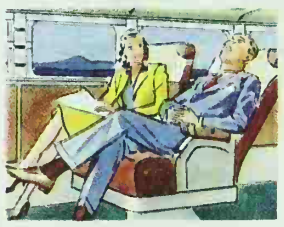
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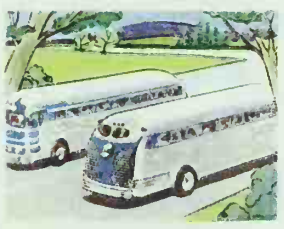
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Vacation is a lot more fun when you go early, and get exactly the room or cottage you prefer, at the place of your choice. Early birds have *first choice* of desirable vacation places, sports facilities, hunting and fishing areas. Greyhound takes you to the most popular vacation spots in all the 48 States, Canada, Mexico.



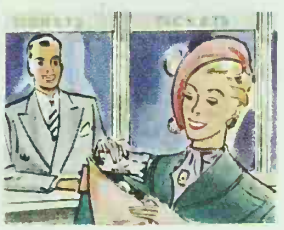
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Greyhound Super-Coaches are tailored to measure for the modern traveler. The whole vehicle is balanced and cradled for easy riding . . . individual chairs recline to your favorite position for sightseeing, reading, relaxing, or catnapping. The costliest private limousine can't give you more comfort and relaxation.



First Choice IN CONVENIENCE

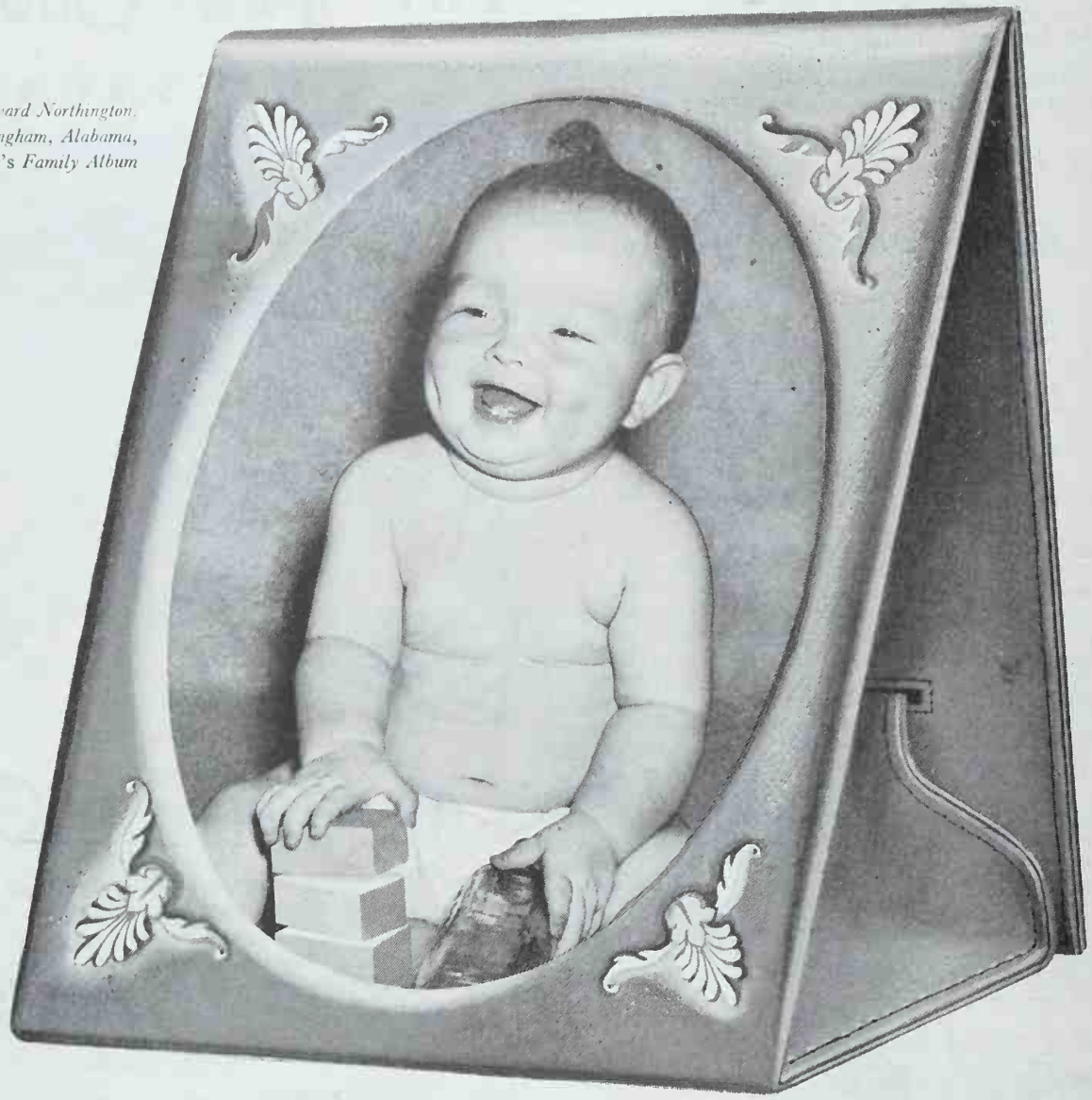
One secret of Greyhound's popularity is the frequency of schedules between all major cities, thousands of smaller towns and communities. Day or night—you'll almost always find a Greyhound bus leaving at a time that's best suited to your travel plans. The result is a saving of hours on many trips—less delay at connecting points.



First Choice IN ECONOMY

Greyhound trips actually cost less than one-third as much as operating a small private automobile. The fares are a lot lower than those of other forms of public transportation. In fact, 1948 is *bargain year* for Greyhound travelers—because fares have remained near pre-war levels, while nearly all other living costs have soared.

GREYHOUND



Gene Edward Northington
of Birmingham, Alabama,
one of FORMULAC'S *Family Album*

Young man with a job

A big job, too, that of growing up strong and sturdy and healthy. His doctor prescribed FORMULAC Infant Food for him and his picture speaks for itself.

Many doctors are prescribing FORMULAC for their own babies, as well as for infants under their care. As one doctor writes: "My own baby has taken to FORMULAC and grew wonderfully well. It is a grand milk product with the right ingredients. I shall certainly continue to recommend it for other babies."*

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Ask your doctor about FORMULAC. He'll tell you it has been clinically tested and proved—and that it has the acceptance of the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association. FORMULAC is thriftily priced, and on sale at grocery and drug stores everywhere.

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Formulac is a product of National Dairy Research, distributed by Kraft Foods Company

**For ethical reasons, we cannot include this doctor's name in advertising. His letter is in our files.*

THE BOY WHO LOVED BERGMAN

(Continued from Page 46)

...s pulled back, to be plunged into a pocket ...his green-and-orange lumber jacket. It ...e out clutching a scrap of paper, which ...s thrust at me.

"Will you get her autograph for me? I'll ...in school. Anyway, I know she wouldn't ... *me*," he begged.

"Sure." I took the crumpled scrap and ...t it on my desk. Now he would go.

"When can I get it?" he asked.

"Tomorrow. About this time. If I'm not ... it will be stuck in my typewriter."

"You won't forget?"

"No, I won't forget."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure, I'm sure. Now run along, will you? ...ve work to do."

...e picked up his cap and I put a piece of ...er in my typewriter and began typing. I... ould at least let him hear the clatter of ... machine as he went down the stairs. I ... d do that little for his self-respect, if he ... any. I banged away on "Now is the ... for all good men...."

"Excuse me." The cap reappeared on my ...c. "Those pictures—what do you do ... them when you're through with them?"

"Throw them away. I'm through with ...e. Want them?" I asked.

I scraped the entire pile up and held them out to him. He looked at me with suspicion, then his eyes glowed like a cat's and he pounced on the pile.

"Can I sit here for a minute? They're kind of messed up and'll be hard to carry." He sat down at the next desk and started pawing his treasures.

He was completely insensitive, I decided. I was fascinated by him now, and repelled. With his glittering shallow eyes and trembling fingers he hunched there like mad Midas in his counting room. There was nothing of the monarch in Wiley, however. His large bony skull lolled forward on the scrawny neck that held it to a famished frame. The repellent pallor of his skin was embellished with angry pustules, some of which had leaked a little yellow fluid. The rest of him was gray—his eyes, lips, hands. Even his hair seemed gray and sparse.

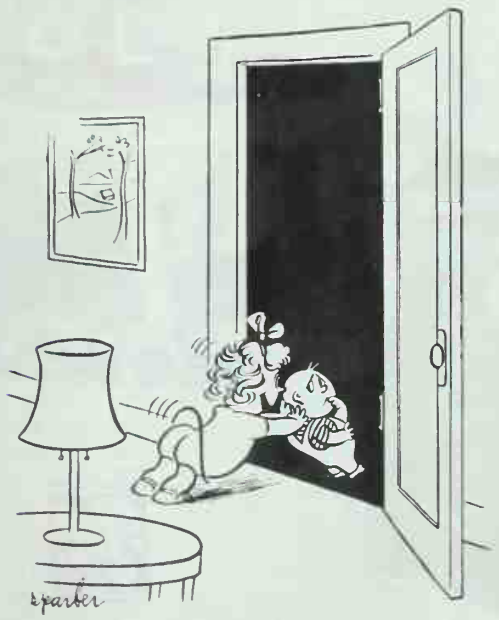
He is dead, I thought, *dead with awful malnutrition of body and spirit. The last sputtering spark in him, constantly stoked with celluloid images, is being fanned with those glossies. Only Hollywood keeps him moving about in a semblance of life. And lets him dream that he lives.*

(Continued on Page 99)

Bringing up Parents

DR. BARBARA BIBER, Consultant
Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

WHEN a child balks at going into a dark room, it isn't the *dark* he's afraid of. It's rather that darkness shuts out the familiar way things look, making it easy for his young and active imagination to fill in the blank. And chances are he'll fill it in with the symbols of what he's afraid of anyway. When a child insists there are "robbers" in a dark room, just assuring him that they aren't there probably won't help much. For the robbers are just his expression of a general layer of fear that exists in all of us. Don't make fun of the child's qualms about darkness—for that will push him away at a time when he needs your help. It's better to give him sympathy and a light or an open door—to make him feel he isn't facing his fears alone.



"Don't be afraid, brother—I chased most of the goblins out last night."

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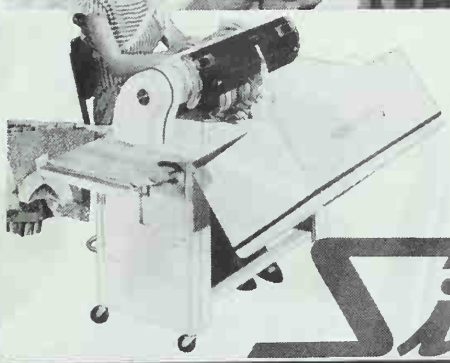
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There's only one CLOROX... it's always uniform... always dependable!

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Be a "fresh up" family. Let sparkling 7-Up add its fun to your family activities. Order 7-Up . . . the *all-family* drink . . . where you see those good looking 7-Up signs.



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YOU LIKE IT IT LIKES YOU!

(Continued from Page 97)

...ook, here's one of Miss Lamour. Will ...please get her to autograph it? And ask ...will you, if she'll say something special?"

..."Something special?" I asked.

..."Yes, please. You know, like 'To my ...d, Wiley.' That's so it won't look like ...others I got by writing off for them. If ...'d just do that much for me I'd sure thank ... But if it's any bother a-tall I wouldn't ... you to go out of your way for me. I ...wouldn't."

...had never seen anyone so determined in ...ervility. Nevertheless, I took the picture ...promised him I would have Miss Lamour ...graph it. He told me how to spell his ..., fawned on me over his loot, and ...ied off.

...hen I saw Miss Lamour I did not forget ...y, and she autographed the picture ... "something special." He came for it ...e I could leave the office. I was sur...d that he did not look at her signature ...e he put the picture in the Manila ...lope he had brought, and I was even ... surprised when he left in obvious ... As I watched him go I thought of a ... who has received a long-awaited letter ... his beloved and hurries to a secluded ... before he gives himself to the ecstasy ...ading it.

...e next visit Wiley paid me, about a ... later, was not so brief. This time I *was* ..., but, by his very urgency, he made me ... to him. His obsequiousness was dis...d by the intensity of his desire to ex... himself to me. He stood very close to me ...here was the odor of poverty on him, the ... that shrieks of squalor and misery. ...rings with it dismal, ill-heated houses, ...y food, filthy linens, ...ts and clothes, and a ... of desolation and ...avity.

...s story was nothing, ... He loved movies. ...lived for them. He ... to all he could scrape ...her the money for. ...read his big sister's ...e magazines and pasted the pictures on ...wall by his bed. His autographed pic..., the ones for which he had sent ten cents, ... filed in a wooden soapbox. He had quite ...lection. Would I like to see them?

... my well-fed, well-tended body there ...the pity that made me say I would like ... much to see his collection. The moment ...d it I wished I could retract it, for his ... burned with the same unholy light I ...seen in them when he had hugged those ...es close to his concave chest. He leaned ...r.

..."Now, can you come now?" he asked.

..."Not today, I'm afraid. You see, I ..."

..."Tomorrow?"

..."Well, not tomorrow. But sometime ..."

...E next day? Thursday?" Those eyes ...d not leave mine and the boy's whole ... was twisted in subservience before me. ...ll right, Thursday," I agreed.

..."I'll come by about this time and walk ... with you. It's kinda hard to find," he ...

..."Fine. That will be fine." I knew I could ... some kind of cowardly excuse at the ...minute.

... the last minute, though, I had not the ...of cowardice I needed, for I could offer ...cuse. I could not watch what it would ... that disgustingly humble face. Down ...t to the slums with Wiley to see his ...h.

...en now, almost five years later, I can ... a room where a fire burns on the hearth ...oses blaze in a vase, and close my eyes ...shudder at the thought of Wiley's house. It ...s I had imagined it, with an important ...tion. It was dark and wretched, that is ... but it had not the filth I had expected. ...d, instead, a scoured cleanliness that ... me think of a chicken carcass with its ... picked clean by greedy hands and ... There was no coal in the black stove that ... the center of the living room and the house was cold—cold and bare and scoured, smelling of a gritty cleansing powder. I felt as if a dread disease had recently robbed the house of its occupants and a charwoman had been ordered in to scrub away every trace of humanity that remained. There were no pictures or curtains or rugs. There were one floor lamp with no bulb or shade, one couch, two straight chairs, and a magazine rack which was empty. On the floor was a strip of flowered linoleum.

"They're in the kitchen," Wiley said.

The three people in the kitchen, father, mother and daughter, looked of a pattern, except that in the daughter's face there was more restrained fury and less apathy and crafty suspiciousness. They were animals at bay, too frightened, too slow-witted and too bone-tired to do more than snarl and slink before their common enemy, the defeatism and stupidity which was their heritage.

WILEY'S gabbled introduction was acknowledged with a mumble and a twitch from each mouth. Silence followed while Wiley waited for them to speak. Why should he wait? They had nothing to say to me. They had nothing to say to one another or the world or to Almighty God. Thoughts were dried gourd seeds that rattled like pebbles in their skulls, irritating and unproductive. The words they owned were those of complaint, reproach, fear. No one wanted such words. They did not speak.

Wiley's "room" was a large closet at the rear of the one-story house. There were, of course, no windows, but it was well illuminated by an unshaded bulb that hung from the ceiling. In the closet there was space for an iron cot, a table, a chair and a clothes tree. The walls were covered with pictures of movie stars which had been cut from his sister's magazines. I glanced at the clothes tree. It held one clean shirt and a tan sweater with blue denim patches on the elbows. That was Wiley's wardrobe. It accounted for his odor. Though his mother was maniacal about cleanliness, she could not wash her son's only pair of trousers and lumber jacket when he was in them.

Life is a grindstone, and whether it grinds a man down or polishes him up depends upon the stuff he's made of.
—ANON.

I tried to be enthusiastic about his pictures, which were carefully catalogued in the soapbox, but I could not stay long in that silent, stony house, so I suggested he go with me to cover a movie. I do not know why I asked him. Something about that peaked face, alight over pictures of affluent actors and actresses being relentlessly casual at Palm Springs, Ciro's, the Brown Derby and Santa Anita nagged at me, I suppose. I really do not know.

On the way to the Westminster Theater Wiley told me he had never been there before. He went to a neighborhood theater where prices were more nearly adapted to his purse. Even then, he had not seen a movie for eleven weeks.

It is really not so difficult to understand what happened to the boy that night. The difficulty is in believing that the effect of it could be so enduring. Wiley, in the space of ten minutes or so, walked out of the chill of a house of desolation into the warmth of a carpeted and amber-lighted theater foyer. He went from the sight of his bleak and bitter parents straight to the breathlessly beautiful image of Miss Ingrid Bergman. I have never seen a mortal so transfixed as Wiley became after the first ten minutes of the film. When For Whom the Bell Tolls was ended I prepared to leave, but Wiley did not come with me except as far as the foyer to explain that he could not—that was his choice of words—he *could* not go with me. He thanked me over and over and over, then hurried back to his seat.

I was in the corner lunchroom having a cup of coffee the next afternoon when Wiley found me. His eyes had the too-bright look of a consuming fever, and on his face there was the exalted expression that occasionally comes to the dying, in that second required for their souls to leave their bodies, as they see out beyond mortal vision. He said noth-

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(REAL PREWAR TAPIOCA—GENUINE MINUTE TAPIOCA)



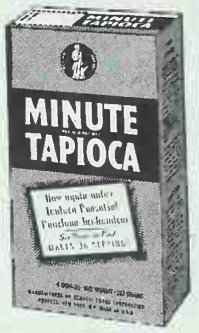
Dazzle 'em with STRUM-M-M-BERRY TAPIOCA!

1 egg yolk
2 cups milk
3 tablespoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
1 egg white
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 cup sweetened crushed strawberries

Mix egg yolk with a small amount of the milk in saucepan. Add remaining milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, salt, and Minute Tapioca. Place over medium heat. Cook until mixture comes to a full boil, stirring constantly—this takes 5 to 8 minutes. (Do not overcook . . . mixture thickens as it cools.)

Beat egg white until foamy throughout; add 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, and continue beating with rotary egg beater until mixture will stand in soft peaks. Add hot tapioca mixture, stirring constantly. Add vanilla. Cool, stirring after 15 to 20 minutes. Chill. Just before serving, divide strawberries and place in sherbet glasses. Cover with tapioca cream. Garnish with additional strawberries. Makes 6 festive servings of tempting, melt-in-your-mouth Minute Tapioca!

Dazzle yourself! Discover dozens of uses for versatile Minute Tapioca! It keeps juicy fruit pies from running over, thickens soups, s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s main dishes! Tapioca desserts can be garnished in countless exciting ways, too. See box for recipes.



Brides-take note!

If you are one of this year's crop of cooks—you may never have used real, genuine Minute Tapioca! (It was not available during the war years.) So try Minute Tapioca now, and discover all the fabulous desserts you can make with it. For real old-time goodness—Minute Tapioca desserts take the bows.

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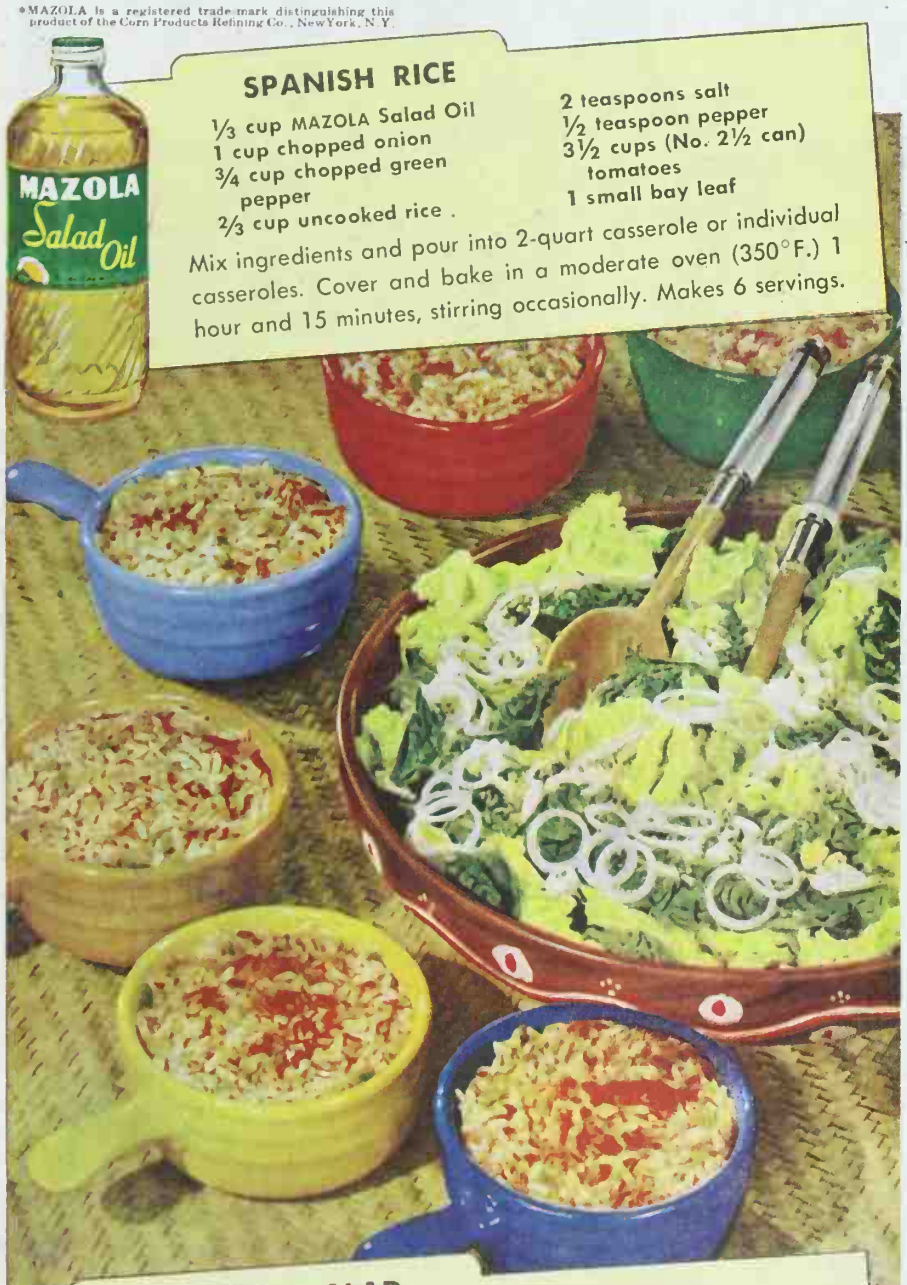
YOUR FAMILY won't ask for meat when these appetizing dishes appear on the table.

Spanish Rice is a hearty meal in itself, with its tempting flavors blended and enriched with MAZOLA*. And zestfully different *Western Salad* again proves MAZOLA the master salad oil.

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*MAZOLA is a registered trade-mark distinguishing this product of the Corn Products Refining Co., New York, N.Y.



SPANISH RICE

1/3 cup MAZOLA Salad Oil
1 cup chopped onion
3/4 cup chopped green pepper
2/3 cup uncooked rice
2 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
3 1/2 cups (No. 2 1/2 can) tomatoes
1 small bay leaf

Mix ingredients and pour into 2-quart casserole or individual casseroles. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 1 hour and 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Makes 6 servings.

WESTERN SALAD

1 clove garlic
1 egg, hard-cooked
1/4 teaspoon dry mustard
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1/2 teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup vinegar
1/2 cup MAZOLA Salad Oil
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 onion, thinly sliced
1/2 pound spinach
1/2 head lettuce

Place hard-cooked egg yolk in salad bowl which has been rubbed with cut clove of garlic; mash with wooden spoon. Combine with seasonings. Stir in vinegar and MAZOLA Salad Oil. Chop egg white and add with parsley. Beat well to thoroughly mix dressing. Add onion slices; spinach and lettuce, which have been broken into bite-size pieces. Toss lightly until well mixed. Makes 6 servings.



For other MAZOLA recipes, write Home Service Department, Corn Products Refining Company, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y. © C. P. R. Co., 1948

ing except, "Can I sit down?" I called a waitress and ordered beef stew and hot tea for him. When she had gone he slid an envelope from one of his schoolbooks across the table to me. In it was a picture of Ingrid Bergman, lighted so the splendid bones of her face showed in soft and exquisite contours.

"Look on the other side," he said.

On the back he had written "'Twere all one, that I should love a bright particular star."

"We're studying All's Well That Ends Well in English class," he explained.

"You have not finished the sentence." I meant only to tease him, but his face flushed so painfully I was sorry I had said it.

"I couldn't even *think* of that," he said hastily. "I wouldn't dare. But what I wrote there—that much—is true."

I suppose that every boy at some stage in his growing has had a crush on an actress and it always amuses me a little, for I remember my own yearning after Miss Theda Bara. Wiley's infatuation did not amuse me, however. In the barren wasteland of his life there had suddenly appeared this single flowering of beauty beyond his dreams. I could not laugh as I might have if he had been a boy who had love or respect or compassion, or a combination of them, somewhere in his life.

"She is very beautiful," I said. I was, even then, unprepared for the quick rapture that suffused that tight, pimpled face.

"She's everything!" he exclaimed. "Everything there is that's beautiful and perfect and—well, everything you ought to work for."

"Wiley, to you Miss Bergman has much of the loveliness of greatness and goodness; is that it?" I was trying to make it easier for him to speak.

"She has all the loveliness," he said. He did not continue.

"She makes you think of music and good books and things like that?" I suggested.

"Yeah, and sunshine. And when you look at her you think of green grass and trees and little puppies playing around and people laughing and singing and—well, a whole world that's all golden and green and blue and clean and new." Wiley's voice soared as his panegyric became poetry.

I told him that Intermezzo was to play at one of the neighborhood theaters the next week and I would have a pass left at the box office in his name. He thanked me and left. His stew and tea were untouched. Human beings have no hunger in their stomachs when they first become the victims of a greater hunger in their hearts.

PERHAPS I should have mentioned this at the beginning, and I must certainly say it here before I write another paragraph: this is not a formal stylized short story that is drawn firmly to a plausible and dramatic climax and is gently tightened and concluded with a happy denouement. It is simply the chronicle of a boy's growth that began in a motion-picture theater in 1943 and has known no ending. Actually, I have reached the climax of my story if you believe the climax arrives when the protagonist has passed through a crisis which irrevocably alters his philosophy and affects the future directed course of his existence. His first awareness of Miss Bergman was the crisis that changed Wiley's l but was far from being its climax, for, as y will see, he weathered the crisis with temer but has only recently arrived at its clim

JUST before Christmas I made Wiley "assistant." At the head of each reviev always ran the list of actors and actres and the roles each played, including names of at least fifteen supporting playe Below this list I gave credit lines to producer, director, writers, and stu through which the film was released. T was the job I gave to Wiley. Every Tuesd he would come by to assemble and type t information for the six pictures I would view on Wednesday and Thursday, th being the days the first-run theaters chang attractions. This saved time when I ca back from a movie. I had only to write review and was no longer bothered with t tedium of culling facts from publicity b letins. For this service I paid Wiley t dollars a week. He was not being overpa because, until he l came more facile wi the typewriter k board, it was a tw hour job for him. delivered newspap in the morning a had odd jobs in t evenings, but t money went to mother for room a board. I persuad him to keep my t dollars for hims which was not di cult, because Wil had suddenly disc ered two things which he need money badly: boo and phonograph r ords.

His discovery gan when I had ask him if Miss Bergm made him think music and good boo and such things. T or three weeks lat he reminded me of and asked, "Do y really think she g for books and mu and stuff like that

"I'm sure of it It was not vani that prompted me profess a knowled of Miss Bergma tastes. I simp thought it would Wiley no harm to come aware of the worlds.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Welcome

By Pauline Havard

Gates have latches and doors have locks;
Gardens are hemmed by hedges of box,
High board fences or dainty pickets,
Stone walls laced with wild-brier thickets.
But I live in different circumstances.
Courting the sun's capricious glances,
My house in a meadow is fenced with the foam
Of daisies; wild columbines guard my home.
While the only guests that are really free
To enter are ones akin to me;
Their password: "Joy in the commonplace"—
In simple treasures like Queen Anne's lace;
The wild rose scattering her scent
After a rainstorm; a spider's tent.
Oh, my latchstring's out and my kettle sings
For all true lovers of country things!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Immediately he wanted to be presented the literary editor and the music crit Fortunately these two positions are co bined on our paper and personified by a kin vague, erudite man who is my closest frie and with whom I share an office. I intr duced Wiley to Sam one Saturday mornin and from that moment on Sam became t boy's mentor in what to read and what hear. Wiley was a student with no intere in his subjects, but a determination to lea them. If Miss Bergman lived among the things, he would make his home there too.

For Christmas I gave him a record play which I had bought from a couple in t next apartment when they found a barga in a secondhand de luxe job. I also gave hi the recordings of the Grieg Piano Concer in A Minor, Schönberg's Verklärte Nach and the César Franck Symphony in D Mino which I believed were exciting enough appeal to him and brilliant enough to lu him on.

His present from Sam was two books, t authors of which were Robert Benchley a S. J. Perelman. "The kid doesn't lau enough," Sam explained.

I had not been conscious of Wiley's la of humor, but that is because I had seen home and met his parents. Sam had not.

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- Positive Grip Won't "Roll" in Hand.
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*Based on Food Prices in Chicago December 21, 1947

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was natural, I suppose, for me to assume that a boy from such an environment could know nothing of laughter.

The next time I saw Wiley I asked if he had enjoyed the books.

"Those guys are slap-happy," he said, scornfully dismissing Messrs. Benchley and Perelman.

I mentioned the importance of humor to sane and wholesome growth and, very slyly, told him that one thing I admired so much about Miss Bergman was the humor which so easily lifted her mouth in her less tragic moments. He went home and reread his books. A week later he read them again. Then he quoted passages from them to me, and as he did, he looked a little startled, then his eyes lighted and he chuckled.

"By gosh, it *is* funny. Specially when you tell it to somebody else."

From then on I kept him supplied with the magazines in which articles by the two humorists appeared regularly. At first he read only their articles. Gradually he began reading the other articles and the stories, until finally he read the magazines from cover to cover. After this he could wade through a whole book in less than a week.

It was wonderful to watch the metamorphosis of Wiley. The change that began while he sat, still and dazed, through For Whom the Bell Tolls was first manifested in his conversation. At the beginning he parroted Sam when music or books were mentioned, but he had an excellent memory and his secondhand opinons issued forth as glibly as if he had long ago threshed them out in his mind. Months later his opinions came haltingly and poorly expressed, but they were his own, and Sam would argue with him as seriously as if they were on the same intellectual footing.

WILEY continued as my assistant, and I had the exceptional opportunity of watching a boy struggle out of the bog of accepted ignorance to become a man worthy to "love a bright particular star." He had a smaller picture of Miss Bergman now which he carried in his billfold, and on the back he had typed the lines from the first act of All's Well That Ends Well. I don't know how often he looked at the picture and read those lines, but I have seen him take it out three times in a single hour. When he typed my cast list he would put the billfold out on the desk, opened so he could glance at the picture frequently. Wiley's appearance as he bent over the typewriter was anything but appealing. He scowled so the pustules on his forehead always seemed about to burst as the skin stretched taut under them.

With the coming of spring, though, Wiley's appearance was altered. It was not a happy accident or the processes of nature working without his co-operation. He read in a movie magazine (he still looked through his sister's magazines, but only to find pictures or stories about Miss Bergman; he was superior to that type of literature after the months of Sam's tutelage) that Miss Bergman was an "outdoor woman, fond of all sorts of sports, particularly of long walks." So that, too, must be his world. He began taking long hikes on Saturdays and Sundays.

Whatever she found in the trees and fields and wild flowers, he was determined to find too. I am sure, though he did not tell me, that he walked always with an imaginary companion close beside him and tried to love the earth as he believed she loved it. If the walks did not give him an appreciation of flora, they did give him an awareness of his appearance. It may have been the fresh air, to which his skin was unaccustomed, or it may have been the exercise that caused his blood to flow more freely, or it may have been simply the passing of adolescence; but whatever it was, it began healing his face.

By the end of May many of the pustules had disappeared and, miraculously, had left no scars. Others now had dry scabs on them and seemed to be healing. His eyes became green instead of gray, and his hair seemed thicker, for it no longer lay wispy and dry on his scalp, but sprang up from the clean part. I don't think the boy ever looked in a mirror

(Continued on Page 103)



grandma snorted, "New Fangled Nonsense!"

but you should have heard her Coo-o when she saw my Norge Electric Range!



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(Continued from Page 101)

t home, if there were one there. He made i discovery one day in a department-store rror and came racing into the office to ask had noticed any change in him.

'She did it," he said when I told him I d indeed noticed the change and warned i n that he was likely to become a handsome ung man if he did not take precautions.

"How did she do it?" I asked.

'It's like the Great Stone Face story. If I on lov—— admiring her then, sooner or er, I'm going to be something worthy her," he explained impatiently.

"You want to look like Bergman?" I ed in mock astonishment.

"Don't be obtuse," he said, borrowing one Sam's favorite words.

That June I was called to Washington to an editing job for the Quartermaster rps, and in the year I was there I lost ch with Wiley. Truthfully, I forgot all ut him until just before Christmas, when m wrote and tactfully asked if I wanted n to buy a present for me to give to Wiley. had kept Wiley on as his assistant, though needed his services even less than I had. ent Sam a check and asked him to get iley some symphonic records.

Wiley's bread-and-butter letter came mptly: "Thank you for the albums. I've ved away from home and the record yer you gave me and the albums sure ke things nice and homelike." I thought Wiley's home and wondered what "home- e" meant to him. The letter continued, "I w Rage in Heaven in a return at the East ast movie the other night. She's more autiful now than she was then. There was louble bill, but I didn't y for it. I guess I've t my taste for movies. u know, Miss Bergman 't a movie star to me. e's a person. The most nderful, exciting, real, nest-to-goodness, alive rson in the world. In- lentally, my pimples are gone. Girls in high hool are beginning to talk me now. They never did before. But I don't ther with them. They're so silly and ob- se. Thanks again for the albums."

I returned home in time to be invited to iley's graduation, and I went with Sam to plaud as Wiley received his diploma. He s graduated fifth in his class and I con- atulated Sam on his role as a pedagogue. "Congratulate Ingrid Bergman," Sam d. "I led Wiley to the waters of knowledge, which he most certainly did not thirst— t *she* made him drink."

Wiley was not exactly a handsome boy, for still walked with the stooped shoulders d dangling arms of an anthropoid, but he s a far more personable specimén than had been twenty-two months before. here was a great external change, of course, t the real difference was in an air of aware- ss, a poise that had stamped out the last ces of subservience, and a direct, almost allenging, attitude that is not unattractive a man so young. From the odious creature o had been willing to suffer supreme indig- y for the sake of an autograph and a few ssies of movie stars, Wiley had become, in adoration and necessity, a young man th dignity and self-respect. I looked at m often during the weeks that followed his duation, before he entered the Army for two-year stint, and mentally swept my t low to the ground at the feet of Miss grid Bergman. She was making a man of mole.

MANY times Wiley invited me to see how melike my presents had made his room. offered no explanation for leaving home, d naturally I asked for none. I do know at each week he took money to his mother, ving out of his inconsequential earnings ly enough to pay room rent and buy two eals a day.

Two nights before he left for camp I finally cepted his invitation. He had found a ge room which had once been the grand lon of an affluent family of gentility and taste and no ability on the tobacco market. When it was built the house had been on a quiet residential street which had, after fifty years of progress, become the heart of the business district. It was fenced in with iron grillwork and stood between an auto-repair shop and an electrical-appliance company.

WILEY'S room had a high ceiling, huge bay windows and a parquet floor. For this he paid three dollars a week because the property was in disrepair and the room was unfurnished. He had built bookcases, an open record cabinet, end tables and a large oval coffee table. His other furniture was a couch of generous proportions which he used for a bed, two comfortable armchairs arranged before the fireplace, and a mammoth chest of drawers that resembled an old-fashioned buffet. The chairs and couch were covered with monk's cloth which had been dyed green, and natural monk's cloth was used as draperies at the seven windows. A thick yellow rug lay before the hearth. There were scores of books, evidences of Wiley's vigilance in attending book sales. It was a gracious room, loved by the man who lived there. I could not help but compare it with the closet with its iron bed, all-but-empty clothes tree and wooden soapbox.

"It's funny, but I really like all this," he said. I must have looked confused, because he continued, "I didn't have any use for books and music at first. I just *wanted* to, because you said she liked them. But now they belong to me too. And look! Flowers, even." He pointed to a copper bowl that held yellow chrysanthemums. "I do jobs for a florist in the evenings and he lets me bring some home every now and then."

Wiley boiled coffee on a hot plate and as we drank it he glanced frequently at the door.

"I'm expecting somebody," he said.

It would be very effective if I could say that the door opened and Miss Ingrid Bergman walked in, put a hand on Wiley's arm, and said, "Yours was not a vain obsession," or words to that effect. Actually, the girl who did come was as unlike the tall, fair Swedish actress as a short, square, black-haired girl can be, and yet—and yet —— I watched her carefully during the playing of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony. (Wiley preferred Tchaikovsky, Wagner and Stravinsky, which is natural, I suppose, in a young man who is just developing a taste for music.) There was something about the girl, Jane, that was Ingrid Bergman, something elusive and subtle and haunting.

She was a quiet girl, and soon became completely absorbed in the music. Occasionally she would look at Wiley or me and smile. Her gestures were graceful and restrained. There was animation there, but it is difficult to define except to say that life seemed to have struck fire deep within her and it glowed steadily, powerfully, radiantly.

Jane had to leave early, and when she had gone I told Wiley how the resemblance bothered me, and asked if he could explain it.

"Of course," he said. "She is the earth." That was the eighteen-year-old boy's eulogy for two women: the one for whom he had changed his life, and the one to whom it was now dedicated.

That is all of Wiley's story. He has told it to Jane, for he loves her. She is the fulfillment of his dream, the flesh-and-blood answer to his obsession. The obsession is gone; the dream remains in Jane.

Wiley will be all right. His two years in the Army are over. He is at the University of North Carolina on a G. I. allowance, preparing to be a writer. And I believe that out of the harshness and loneliness of his childhood, out of the lofty obsession of his adolescence, out of the knowledge that man must identify himself with the constructive and productive goodness of the earth before he can gain maturity, there will come a voice strong with hope and rich with compassion for a suffering world. THE END

To be busy is the secret of grace, and half the secret of content. Let us ask the gods not for possession, but for things to do.

—WILL DURANT: Quoted in The Living Way: Chas. C. Conner. (Driftwind Press.)



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PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ENGSTEAD









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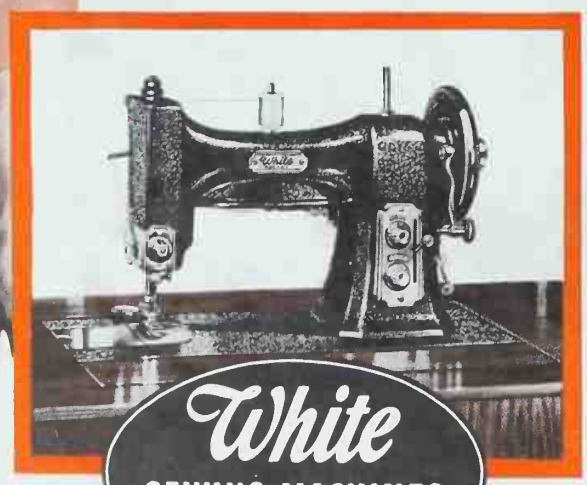
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WHO SHOULD GO TO COLLEGE?

(Continued from Page 40)

mothers are under strong temptation to think of educational problems in highly personal terms. Discussions of the future of schools and colleges are apt to revolve around the experiences of the small group of children of whom we have intimate knowledge. The successes or failures of a few individuals and the conditions in one or two educational institutions are apt to be taken as the premises in any educational debate. Valuable as may be this detailed information, it obviously presents a small sample. Furthermore, while the education of one's own children or those of relatives and close friends is quite properly the focus of personal attention, the planning for the future of our schools obviously must be considered on a much wider basis. The point of departure for a thoughtful consideration of the question to which this article is addressed might well be a quick look at the distribution of the population in terms of geography, occupation and family income. These considerations, rather than preoccupation with one's own adventures as a parent, are necessary for a fruitful debate about the kinds of college education required to insure a successful development of the United States.

The statistics gathered by the Army on the intellectual capacity and previous schooling of all recruits indicated clearly that opportunity for education is not open on the same terms to all young Americans. A college education was made possible for large numbers of servicemen who would not otherwise have been able to enroll. Their records would seem to indicate that we have not been providing opportunities for college education to the intellectually best qualified section of our population.

This same conclusion had been reached by any number of studies of various groups and regions. The investigation carried on by the University of Minnesota in the early '40's is properly regarded as reliable and fairly representative. It found that "for every [high school] graduate who ranked in the upper 10 per cent of his high-school class and entered college, another graduate who also ranked in the upper 10 per cent did not." Students who stand in the upper 30 per cent of their high-school classes are regarded by the large majority of American colleges as better-than-average candidates. The Minnesota study found that for every member of this top 30 per cent who went on to college, two did not.

It is clear that we are failing to develop our potential intellectual resources. The barrier that most frequently prevented the intellectually qualified high-school graduate from proceeding to college was the economic status of his family. This fact we should all bear in mind as we prepare the blueprints for the development and extension of our higher educational system.

People can quarrel about education as readily as about any subject. Very often the disagreement, however, turns out to be a difference about methods rather than about ends, and arises because some of the basic issues have been ignored. A consistent and rational view of the future of education should logically be a product of one's social philosophy. Therefore, to the degree that we are able to discuss schools and colleges in impersonal terms, we would be well advised to consider just what we deem essential for the well-being of the entire nation. Or to put it in a few words, we might start by trying to answer the question: "What kind of society do we wish to develop on this continent in the coming years?"

Candid answers would reveal real differences in outlook. If one were a revolutionist, for example, who saw hope for the world only in the liquidation of the present system of private ownership, then one would wish for an accentuation of the differences between economic groups. From such premises one could work for the development of one type of education for the "working class," another for the "bourgeois" (my hypothetical revolu-



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tionist would think in these highly artificial categories). The greater the success in dividing education in the United States along class lines, the sooner the explosion, or so the secret argument would go. Or, to take another extreme, imagine a well-to-do gentleman with his eyes fixed on early Victorian England and high hopes that in time the United States could be transformed into a society resembling his ideal. Like the revolutionist, he too would quietly do his bit to develop American education along class lines. He would favor special privileges for members of those families whose wealth and status qualified them to wear "the old school tie." But in this case the plans would call for but a brief exposure to schools for a large proportion of the population (particularly in rural districts and factory towns). There would be other differences, of course, but the consequences of each type of extreme radical and reactionary thinking would be curiously alike.

There is the third type of possible answer, a third position; indeed, the one to which most Americans would almost automatically subscribe. This involves the acceptance of certain uniquely American ideals: equality of educational opportunity, the minimum of class distinction, the maximum of individual freedom, wide distribution of centers of initiative. These ideals would be coupled with a high degree of confidence in the future of our economic system operating on the basis of private ownership and the profit motive. The very fact that so many of us would accept as obvious some such statement of the American position obscures our realization of its significance in world history. Few appreciate

> **Very few men live at present, but are providing to live another time.** —JONATHAN SWIFT.

how unique are certain of the elements in the social philosophy of the average American citizen; **still fewer realize the implications for the future of education of our American point of view. Or perhaps one should put it the other way round: Not many people appreciate the potential power of our educational system to strengthen or destroy our characteristically American ideals. I mean not by words, but by deeds; I refer specifically to the ideals of "equality of opportunity" and "a minimum of class distinction."**

Before explaining further these dogmatic statements about the interconnection of our educational plans and the future of our society, let me try to answer the inevitable reaction of the cynic to any mention of ideals. "The ideals of our unique society? What nonsense," he may say. "Only starry-eyed teachers and reformers take any stock in the notion that America is historically against hereditary privilege. You talk of our belief in competition and rewards for merit, you assume that the members of each new generation must start from scratch, but look at the facts," the cynic cries. "Look at the facts and then be convicted of hypocrisy every time you open your mouth to utter the words 'equality of opportunity.' "

Such remarks are to be heard in certain quarters, no doubt of that; furthermore, no one but a complacent Pollyanna would refuse to admit that the American scene is far different from the American ideals. But this type of destructive thinking (which often goes under the name of hard-boiled realism) completely misses the fundamental point. In a country with our traditions, ideals are goals; almost by definition they can never be reached in practice. But we can tell from year to year whether we are moving toward them or in the opposite direction, and the direction of movement is of the utmost significance. Every decade that this republic becomes less bedeviled by the intolerance and bigotry of racial, religious and economic prejudice, every decade that equality of opportunity expands, the power of the American tradition thereby multiplies manifold. It multiplies as a binding force giving solidarity to the nation. Furthermore, with

(Continued on Page 109)



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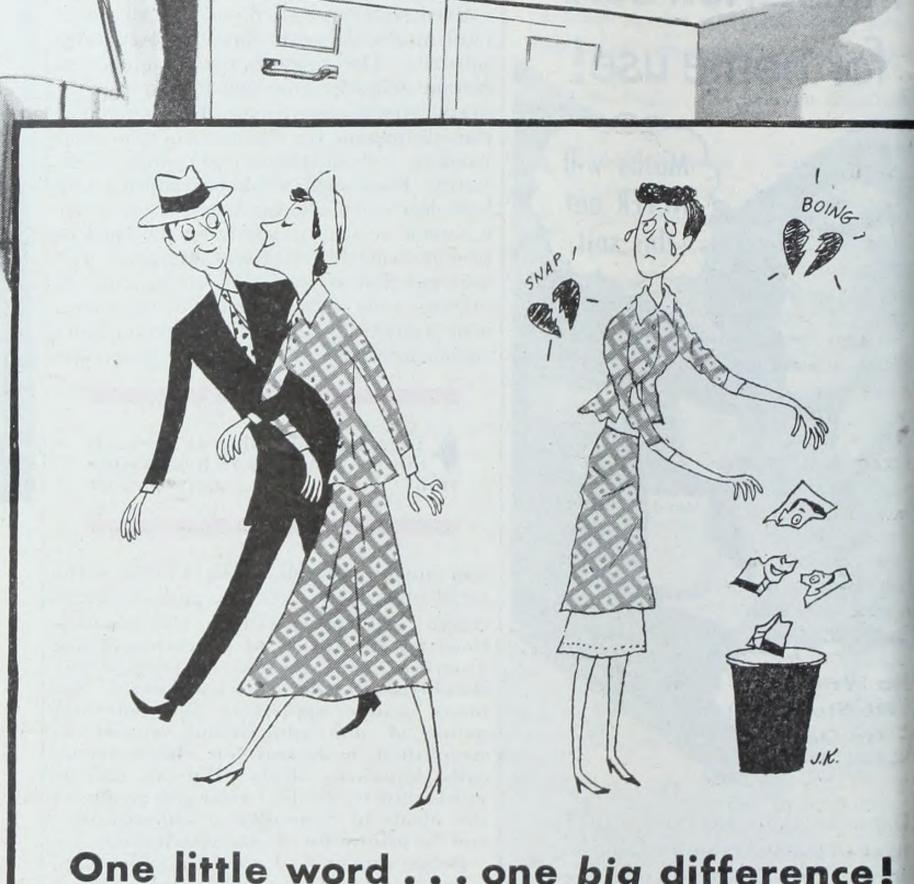
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(Continued from Page 107)

ach advance toward our historic goals the signal to other countries brightens; we proclaim to those in other democratic lands that the ideas in the American creed are no mere myths or legends. On the other hand, if we were to lose ground in our attempts to move toward our social goals, we should jeopardize our future as a free people; more and more we should turn to coercion as a method of holding our society together. One does not have to be a prophet to foretell that once our confidence in the unique nature of our democracy is shaken, we shall either disintegrate or take the sharp turn that leads to a police state of a fascist or communistic type.

But what has all this to do with college education? the impatient reader may well ask. Everything, unless I am much mistaken. Every year a million or two boys and girls leave our schools and colleges and look for jobs. Unless they can be fitted into a dynamic economy, our democracy will fail. The American people, through their elected representatives in state capitals, Washington and on local school boards, have vital decisions to make about post-high-school education. If you accept the social philosophy I have just designated as American, one set of decisions will appear correct. If you accept an alien ideology, you will come out with different answers. In the first case, you will plan to make our post-high-school education an instrument for preventing our society from becoming stratified into a caste system, as has happened in older lands. In the second, you will do your best to defeat this plan because you have no conviction as to the desired goal, since your hope for the country lies in other directions.

Let me make it plain that I do not wish to leave the impression that all that is required is to decide one's social philosophy and then vote the straight American educational ticket, so to speak. It is far more complicated than that. Let us assume that we are in agreement as to our fundamental aims. Even so, we may quarrel among ourselves as to the details of our plans. For it is no easy matter to expand our post-high-school facilities in accordance with American ideals. Nor are the perplexing questions to be found only at the college level. There are a vast number of problems to be solved in connection with the operation of our high schools—problems of finance, of staff, of curricula, above all, of counseling and guidance. This last is of prime importance.

IT has been well said that guidance is the keystone of the arch of public education. A satisfactory answer to the question, "Who should go to college?" must presuppose intelligent guidance at the high-school level. The student on graduation should, in at least a majority of cases, make an intelligent choice as to the next step in his or her educational journey. Unless one can look forward to the rapid development of a fairly satisfactory system of counseling and guidance, any plan for expanding college education in the American pattern will fail. Psychologists have made real progress in recent years in constructing various types of tests and interpreting the findings. Therefore, we can assume with some confidence that in the next few decades teachers and counselors in our secondary schools will be able to offer adequate educational advice to a large proportion of the ambitious students. On the basis of this assumption, let us inquire as to whether we need to expand the size and number of our colleges beyond the prewar figure; and if so, in what manner.

BELIEF in the importance of local control of education is ingrained in American thinking. Therefore, the public planning for education must be essentially a state and city or town responsibility. That being so, the situation will be different in every one of the forty-eight sovereign states. Nevertheless, we can discuss the problem on a national scale at least in general terms. Such a discussion should start by noting that the demand for education is mounting; the pattern of our industrial life seems to preclude the entry of many youths into full employment before the age of 19 or 20.

The extension of formal education on a very large scale beyond the twelfth grade (the end of high school) therefore seems inevitable. This being the case, we shall want our post-high-school education to provide the maximum degree of opportunity in each locality, and also to furnish the nation with the many specialized skills requisite for the operation of a highly complex industrial society. The latent talent of each generation should be found and educated to the full. Yet, if we are to have a stable society, those who receive a long, specialized training must be able to find satisfying employment. Furthermore, the costs to the taxpayer must be kept as low as is consistent with doing a thorough job. How shall we reconcile these somewhat conflicting aims?

Technical discussions of educational problems soon turn into a jungle of details in which the average reader becomes lost. To find a trail, let us start our exploration by considering professional education. To the traditional professions of law and medicine, modern society has added many others: engineering, architecture and various scientific and scholarly activities. All these require long periods of training which can be given in only a relatively few centers in each state. In addition, we recognize the need for specialized education beyond the high school for those who are to staff our vast system of public education, for those who are to practice agriculture in a modern way, and for many types of employment in our industries and in government.

At this point someone is sure to say: "Wait a minute. I'm lost. When is a vocation a profession?" My reply would be, "When a university training is a prerequisite for practice." But definitions aside, it is evident that there are a certain number of vocations essential for the operation of our present economy, including the recognized professions, all of which can be entered only after at least four years of post-high-school

(Continued on Page 111)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Inner Ear

By Helen Howland Prommel

Grandfather has grown dull of ear —
He claims that he can scarcely hear
The words we speak, unless we shout
And aid our speech by pointing out
And indicating what we say
With gestures made a certain way.

But go with him to any wood
And, though his hearing is not good,
He listens to the talk of trees
And nods agreement to the bees
And says he knows the clear-cut note
Each hairbell holds within its throat
That sounds whenever hairbells sway
In rhythm with a breezy day.

I cannot catch a thing he hears.
It makes me wonder if his ears
Have grown beyond the commonplace
And are atuned with time and space
Outrunning ordinary ken
Of all of us who, now and then,
Would give a lot if we could hear
The music of some unknown sphere.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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So trust always to Veto—if you value your charm!

TRUST ALWAYS TO VETO IF YOU VALUE YOUR CHARM!

(Continued from Page 109)

taining. Our universities (or institutes of technology) have the responsibility of providing education for the men and women who have the capacity for this type of intellectual work. It is essential for the future of the nation that those who enter these institutions of advanced education should be the most promising who can be found. Professional education is expensive. Whether the funds come from private philanthropy, the individual students or the taxpayer, we should see that they are well spent. This means not only effective teaching, but the selection of a student body of high quality.

This last point is worthy of special emphasis. **Leaving aside entirely for the moment the American ideal of equality of opportunity, it is clear that the nation needs the very best doctors, public-health officials, lawyers, engineers, research scientists, scholars and teachers. To the extent that we now fail to educate the potential talent of each generation, we are wasting one of the country's greatest assets. In the world today a highly industrialized nation cannot afford this type of waste.** Yet there can be no doubt about it that every year many boys and girls who, if properly educated, would become leaders of professions do not proceed with their advanced education. In part this is a failure of our high schools; in part, a failure in terms of the preparation; in large measure, failure in guidance. But to a considerable degree the talent is lost because of geographic and economic barriers. As the President's Commission on Higher Education has said, "The old, comfortable idea that 'any boy can get a college education who has it in him' simply is not true. Low family income, together with the rising costs of education, constitutes an almost impassable barrier to college education for many young people."

Success comes only by carving through a mountain with your fingernails.

The opportunities for professional education at low cost are very unequally and unfairly distributed in the United States. For those who live in large cities the economic barrier is low. Almost every city of any size has one or more universities (often tuition-free); by living at home, the student can receive professional training with only a small outlay of hard cash. On the other hand, those who grow up in smaller cities, towns or rural areas are, with rare exceptions, beyond commuting distance to a university. For these young men and women to attend a university means living away from home, with a consequent high expense. To some degree, scholarships and part-time work enable boys and girls from a distance to attend universities, even if they come from low-income families. But it is clear that the scholarship funds of the endowed universities should be greatly enlarged. Public money should likewise be used to assist specially gifted students to obtain the type of professional education they require.

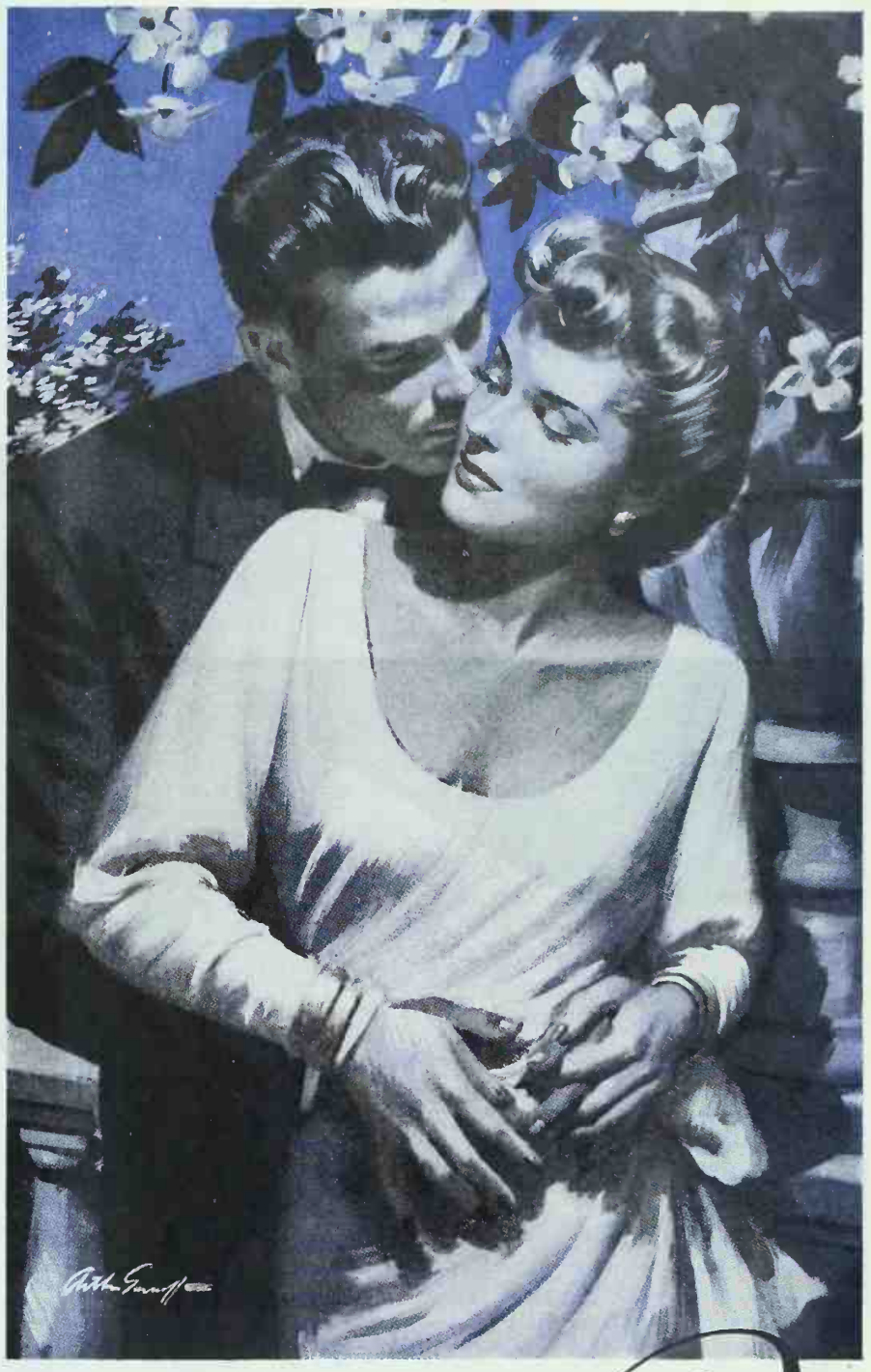
It is beyond the scope of this article to discuss the complex and thorny problem of financing education. Therefore, I leave aside at this point the pros and cons of using Federal funds to assist university students of high caliber. I pass on to the equally difficult question: "How many professional men and women should we train each year?" Here I find myself unconvinced by the figures presented by the President's Commission. In the first volume of their report they call for an expansion of about 170 per cent in the enrollments in graduate and professional schools." The evidence they submit to support this recommendation I, for one, find unsatisfactory. I am quite willing to assume the correctness of their statement that "at least 32 per cent of our population has the mental ability to complete an advanced liberal or specialized professional education." (These figures are based on highly significant data supplied by the Army and Navy as a result of their wartime college programs.) I feel sure, however, that the subsequent professional performance of the top 25 per cent of this group (8 per cent of the age group) would be of a very different quality from that of the bottom half. **I suggest that the immediate objective should be not a large expansion of our facilities for graduate and professional training, but the substitution of better students for the lower half of the present group. The composition of our prewar student body in the professional courses was too largely determined by geography and financial status. By lowering the economic barriers, we should be able to recruit a vastly superior group of young men and women headed for the professions. In no area is this more important than in the fields of public health and medicine.**

Someone may ask, "Is this caution of yours about expansion of our universities based merely on frugality or a timidity about spending public money?" By no means, though I do believe we must be very critical of the money spent on education. There is no more reason to waste money in this area than anywhere else. My chief worry, however, comes from a fear that we may educate more doctors, lawyers, engineers, scientists, college professors than our economy can support. It has happened in the past, though not in the United States. There was serious unemployment in the learned professions in Germany between the two World Wars. There might be a similar unemployment in this nation even at a time of prosperity if we fail to diversify our post-high-school education. No one can do more than sound a warning; the facts are not available to warrant a firm conclusion. It will take a more exhaustive survey of the national scene than has yet been made to enable us to arrive at the first approximation as to the number who should be trained for each profession. The figures will then serve to guide those who control the destinies of our private and state universities. If the study is continued, the enrollment in our professional schools can be adjusted within limits every decade, and something approaching a reasonable assurance given to the graduates that their training will not have been in vain.

"But why worry?" you may say. "What harm does it do if a man is trained to be an engineer or doctor, a librarian or chemist, a philosopher or museum director, and then can't find a job? He can always run a filling station or work on an assembly line, and will be a better citizen because of the long advanced education he has received." This is intriguing argument, and by no means rare. But is the basic premise right? May not advanced *specialized* education make a man a desperately unhappy citizen and hence an unstable member of the body politic? It is a rare individual who is not deeply frustrated if he has spent years in acquiring certain skills and knowledge and then finds society unable to find a place for him to function according to his expectations; and from frustrated individuals with long education and considerable intelligence society has much to fear. From such people come the leaders of antidemocratic movements, whether they originate from the right or from the left. This professionally trained but unemployed "intellectual proletariat" provided centers of agitation which played a considerable part in establishing Hitler's dictatorship. We may say this need not happen here, but it is both cruel and unwise, as well as wasteful, to operate a public educational system that produces many of this sort. Therefore, quite apart from the waste of money involved in giving expensive training to those who cannot use it, would it not be a wiser course to graduate somewhat too few rather than too many from our universities in any given year? So it seems to me.

This last statement leads directly to another question: "What sort of post-high-school education should be provided for non-professional men and women?" The employment situation for youths under twenty being what it is, we have no choice but to expand in some fashion our post-high-school educational plant. On this subject I find myself in agreement with the report of the President's Commission. **As far as possible we should provide post-high-school education locally, and the course should be two**

(Continued on Page 113)



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(Continued from Page 111)

...rs in length. If education is provided ...ally, the saving in money is very large ...cause, as I have already pointed out, the ...f item of expense for college and uni...ty students is the cost of living away ...m home. In almost every state we need ...increase the number of this type of col...e. To my mind, these "community col...es" should be clearly defined as *terminal ...-year colleges*. For this reason the ...me "junior college" would seem inappro...ate, even though occasional transfer to ...niversity should not be barred. But by ...l large the educational road should fork ...he end of the high school: By improving ...guidance program in the schools we can ...d professional talent at any age and by ...viding adequate scholarships we can send ...talent to the universities for the four, ... six or seven years of professional educa... that are required.

...he movement to establish more two-year ... colleges locally has been gaining ground ...he past few years. For these colleges to ...ll the desired function, however, will re... genuine public support, not merely the ...cators' blessing. Before such support is ...ncoming there will ...e to be a rather ...plete change in ...lic opinion. By and ...e, people think of ...eges as four-year ...eges or universities. ... new status of a ...l two-year institu... will in many states ...ire careful and re...ted explanation. ...ve all, the new in...tions will have to ...made as attractive ...ossible; if they are ...ely the colleges for ... "also rans," they ... surely not suc...l. I believe that the ...-year community ...eges should be au...rized to grant a ...helor's degree. This ...e badge of respect...ity for most Amer...s; indeed, the letters have almost mysti... significance in the United States. To give ... same degree as the four-year college (the ...B. or B.S.) would merely be confusing to ... concerned. But a two-year degree of ...helor of general studies (B.G.S.) might ... represent the final degree for a majority ...college students. More important than ...rees is the type of education and social ... These colleges should provide general ...cation and vocational training of various ...es to accommodate a spread of interests ... aptitudes. There is no reason why the ...cation thus offered—a combination of ... training and education for a full life of ...c responsibility—might not be superior to ...t provided in many a liberal-arts curricu... in a large and crowded university.

...hose of us who believe the two-year com...nity colleges are a significant step forward ...ur march toward the goal of equalizing ...cational opportunity have high hopes ...t they will prosper in every state. But we ...ize that such colleges must be first ac...ted by the leading citizens of each locality, ...rticularly by managers of industry. The ...sent emphasis by employers on the im...tance of a degree from a four-year college ...ld be quite disastrous if continued—...strous, that is, for the development of ... new educational picture in which the ...-year college plays so significant a role. ...nittedly the adjustment of the com...nity to the idea of the respectability of a ...-year college will be a slow process, ...rticularly in certain states; but if the case ...ut up squarely to the taxpayers, I be...e the issue will be understood at last. ...inessmen will then gradually come to ...ge applicants for "white-collar" positions ... in terms of the length of the college ...rse; they will regard a two-year degree as ...quate education for the first step on the ...petitive ladder. Furthermore, they will ...w their faith in these new institutions by enrolling their own sons and daughters, reserving the four-year college for those who have professional ambitions and the requisite capacity for "book learning." At present many of our leading four-year colleges are in effect the first stage in the professional journey; more than half of the graduates of a number of these institutions go on to universities for professional work. I am inclined to think that in the next few years the percentage will and should increase. There will always be some students, of course, who decide that four years of a liberal-arts college are sufficient and enter business life on graduation. This is inevitable under any system; even in the professional schools there always will be some who drop out at every stage.

There will be many people who at first sight are unsympathetic to an expansion of the enrollment in our two-year colleges and a decrease in the numbers in four-year institutions. But I think the alternatives to this proposal are either costly or unwise or both. Let us look at some of them. We may reject out of hand the "cheap solution" of stopping all expansion, of letting advanced education become more and more a matter of economic privilege, of hereditary right. We could not halt the imminent educational flood if we would; and to make the attempt would be to reverse the course of history and give up our belief in our American ideals. On the other hand, to expand our four-year colleges and universities to include all who desire post-high-school work and to provide scholarships for those large numbers who must live away from home is to embark on an undertaking of very great expense; that is to say, if we are to approach thereby the goal of equality of opportunity. For the wartime studies indicate clearly that as many as 50 per cent of each generation of youth has the capacity to benefit from some sort of post-high-school education. Not only would a large expansion of four-year institutions be an extremely expensive affair, but the possibility of an overproduction of professional men and women would thereby be greatly increased. The line between various types of four-year "college" work and university training in the professions is hazy at best. The possibilities of having a large number of frustrated individuals who are unable to use their post-high-school education are increased the more we expand our four-year offerings.

If there be any merit in my analysis of the problem, it should not be too difficult to persuade the leading citizens of this nation to revise their thinking about colleges. The need for funds to improve our public secondary schools is urgent. The burden on the taxpayers will be far from negligible if these needs are met as they should be in the near future. Therefore, in terms of both financial solvency and wise social planning, a concerted effort to establish and support local two-year colleges should warrant the attention of all thoughtful men and women. If we can make headway in this direction and at the same time lower the barrier to professional education by an expanding scholarship policy, we shall have gone a long way in developing our unique American concept of education. We shall have answered the question, "Who should go to college?" neither in reactionary and defeatist terms nor with sentimental generalities. We shall have been realistic about the prospects for a stable yet dynamic society, and constructive in our action. For if the next development in universal education can give added meaning to our American ideal of equality of opportunity, we shall thereby have demonstrated the vigor of our American social philosophy even in the distracted postwar world. THE END

MRS. GRUNDY

This character is unknown to actual history, but she does have a place in dramatic fiction. In 1798 Thomas Morton published a play, *Speed the Plough*. In this play a mother, whose daughter had got herself into a compromising situation, is much more concerned about what Mrs. Grundy will say than she is about the condition of her daughter. Since in that play the question concerned the proprieties, Mrs. Grundy has come to be regarded as an invisible feminine deity presiding over censorship of morals. The term as used today applies to a conventional and critical busybody whose opinion is regarded as either the moral salvation or destruction of a reputation.

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.



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THE SLIP-IN

(Continued from Page 56)

sleeping in company-house next, and when he pult out a piece of chinking and seed what was going on, all the man in him, that had been stomped flat these twenty year, riz and biled over, and he throwed open the door and stood over his maw, saying, 'No you don't send her out into no night, neither. The young'un's mine—I'm its daddy, and at worse fault than her, having had better raising; if she goes, I go with her!'

"Jane rared and pitched and hooved and set, but he had tuck his ground, and helt to it. He laid down to her that but for Almiry's past two wood's colts, he'd feel he had a bound to marry her; and that he would now either do that, or she'd stay where she was till the young'un was borned, and then he would take it off her hands, and send her away with every cent he had in the world—that Jane could take her choose of which.

"Seeing she had run afoul of a rock clift, Jane after while climbed down off her high nag, and put in her strength begging Aaron not to marry Almiry, but let her stay till the wood's colt come, and then keep it. Which was done. At proper time in March, by paying a sight extry, Aaron got a old, settled woman—a granny woman—to come and tend Almiry and look atter Jane. And when the babe was about three weeks old, and Almiry rested up as never afore in life, Aaron sont her off with the two thousand dollars his paw had left for his education, in cash money, well knowing that amongst sharecroppers and such, where she belonged, the two thousand would make her big rich, and she'd be snapped up and married in a blink. Which turnt out just so. Yes, inside of a month, thanks to Aaron, pore, kicked-about Almiry was a lawful, wedded wife, with land, and a roof over her, where she could raise all she might bring forth. And Aaron he kept the wood's colt, moving up to the loft over company-house so's Jane wouldn't hear its crying, and tending it nights hisself, whilst Sary, the old woman, minded it by day.

"Of course, living on another creek, I never heared the full straight then, though much was bruited. But late in July, maw, being kin to Jane, allowed, for a change from funeral meetings, she'd ride acrost the gap and visit her. And me being fifteen then, and gaily as ever stepped, I put on my frilled white sunbonnet and best blue cotton frock, and hopped up behind.

"We found Jane bemeaning God and groaning over bedrid and so much to do—I couldn't see it was no great of a change from a funeral occasion—and maw she groaned with her. Right off, I begun to speir around for the wood's colt; but neither hide nor hair of it could I see, in main-house, or company-house, or kitchen-house, which I got up and santered through. It seemed quare. I wondered if Aaron could have tuck it with him—they said he was off for the day on a timber job.

"Then, when me and maw and Sary sot at eating-table in kitchen-house for our dinner, what should I hear but a low soun betwixt a mew and a wail, coming peared li from nowhere.

"'What's that?' I says.

"'Tain't nothing at all,' Sary says.

"Soon I heared it again, right behind n in the boxed stairs that run up to the loft. jumped for the door, and shore enough, the on the top stair, in a old wool basket, tangled up in a dirty quilt, was the pore pindlingest, wizendest babe ever I laid ey on, and when I started to lift it, likewise t wettest and smelliest.

"'What's this babe a-doing here in all tl nastiness?' I says.

"'Sh-sh—don't let Jane hear you; i Aaron's wood's colt he's fetching up.'

"'He won't fetch it much furder—if ev I seed death on a face, it's here. But o thing sartain—it ain't aiming to die dirt Bring me a pan of warm water and soap a towel!' I says.

"'Now, now, Narciss,' maw says, 'y know how brash you air—don't go too fa nor too far.'

"'I'll go where I see call!' I says.

"'Take it to the far loft—Jane can't abi its crying,' Sary says.

"Up I went, basket and babe; and wh she brung the pan and kettle and soap a towel, I says, 'Fetch me clean clothes for i

"'It ain't got none,' she says in her whin ling way. 'Aaron he bought things for it, b Jane keeps me so on the run I ain't h chance to wash for two-three weeks.'

"I all but throwed the biling kettle at h 'Maybe you can't find me no clean shee and pillowcases for Aaron and the bab bed, neither—it ain't fitten for a hog to l in,' I says.

"'There's a lavish of those,' she say 'Jane allus did pride herself on her linen

"'Fetch me three of both!'

"I made up the bed first of all, so's t babe could have place to lay when clea Then I run down and fixed a right suc bottle, and put it in a pot to bile—Sary h just been warming, not biling it. Then come back up and washed the babe, wh there was of it—nothing but a skull piece a a few little picked bones. Then I tore up o of Jane's fine sheets for diapers, and one her fine pillowcases I cut holes in, and p on the babe for a frock, and then I helt it clo in my arms, a-warming, till Sary brung t suck-bottle. Then, being minded to sew up a rael frock out of another pillowcase, started to lay it on the bed, with its suc bottle. But would it go? No, it just tur away from the suck-bottle and hung on me with its pore little claws, like you've se a onfledged bird gripping the bottom of nest, and wouldn't noway turn me aloo

"'Why, you pore little lonesome creatur I says. 'Hain't you never had nobody to lo on you afore? And would you ruther ha love than a suck-bottle? Why, you ain't wood's colt at all, but just a pore, pitif little slip-in, dying for a little love! We

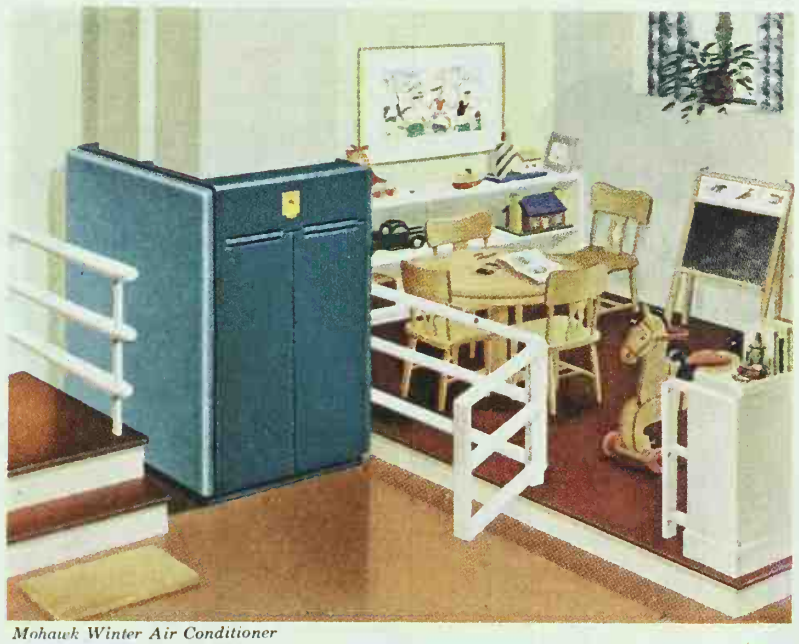
(Continued on Page 116)



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(Continued from Page 114)

God pity you, love you shall have!' And with that, I hugged it up, and kissed it, and wept over it, too, for it had helt on to me pine-blank like little brother Hosey, that maw had said at birth, when I was nine, was my special young'un to mind and love on, and that then had died of the choking-disease a year old, everly breaking my heart and tendering it to all babes. And now here was a pore little throwed-away, with nobody to love it—of course Aaron didn't, or he'd never have seed it come to this pass—a-fixing to die, but with nigh its last breath holding on to me! I just sot and sot, loving on it and weeping, and it looking up at me like to say 'I've found me a resting-place at last!'

"When, atter a long spell, maw hollered up it was time to go, I just couldn't and wouldn't leave that babe behind. I wropped it in some of the diapers, and marched down-stairs, and says to maw and Jane, 'I'm a-taking this babe home, to see if I can't get it to live—it's a-dying here, where all hands wants it to!'

"And maw she says, 'You're brash to franzied, Narciss; you can't talk to Jane that way—neither can you take off Aaron's young'un. Your red head has led you beyand all reason!'

"Then I spoke up, feisty as a jaybird, 'I will, too, and nobody can't keep me from it! This babe loves me pine-blank like little brother Hosey, and I ain't aiming to leave it here to be kilt by them with murder in their hearts.' And off I put for the horse block, and into the saddle, and maw couldn't do a thing when she come but get up behind.

"Home I tuck it, and what with biled milk, and catnip tea every hour, and being loved on every minute, the diree stopped on it straightway, and it begun to pick up and look like a human, and I named it for little brother Hosey.

"It was a-Tuesday I tuck it, and next Sunday, when tothers was all gone to another funeral occasion, and me setting on the porch, babe in arms, here come riding up a tall, thin, black-haired feller I couldn't tell whether he was young or old, he come up the walk so bowed down by care.

"'I'm Aaron Turner,' he says timidlike, 'come acrost to see about my babe.'

"'Take a cheer,' I says, scornful—for I was then faulting him as much as Jane. I hadn't seed him, or him me, since I was five and him eleven, so we was strangers.

"Atter while he spoke up, difficult, 'It was main-kind of you, Narciss, fetching my babe home to doctor on—already it looks a big grain better.'

"'It was dying of the diree,' I says. ''Pears like anybody would know what to do for that!'

"'I AIN'T got sense about young'uns—it's a pure sight how much I don't know about 'em! What I knowed, I done—walking it nights with the colic, warming its suck-bottle, trying somehow to peacify it. And then when it got sicker, I rid, three times, the twenty mile to town to get physic from the doctor, which only worsened it, seemed. And what with troubling, and not getting my sleep, I was at wit's end when you come.'

"'Sary could have told you what to do, being a granny-woman,' I says.

"'She kept allowing she'd make it some herb tea, but appeariently couldn't find the herbs, and is so doless and dirty she ain't no help nohow.'

"'Jane calls herself the smartest woman in the county—she could have told you.'

"'Oh, I don't never name the bab maw,' he says. 'She won't even have it s of, much less look at it. She allows though she has to shelter shame unde roof, she don't aim to have it under her r He drapped his head and turnt it away. who can fault her, a upright woman her, with a son like me?'

"'I can!' I says. 'Who's she to s judgment on anybody, with all her s

"'Sins! Maw?' and he looked dazed.

"'HAIN'T she driv herself, and your and all the hired hands and share crop and you, too, plumb to death's door, al time a-lashing out at all, too, with to sharper than a whiplash? And, wu hain't she been laying there with murd her heart, hoping this pore little inn slip-in would die?'

"He fell back like he had been hit, says atter while, 'I expect maybe mav allus have too much ambition for her good, or them about her. But she black-hearted as that last, Narciss.'

"'Maybe you praise her because you the same wish in your heart,' I says, as a razor blade.

"'Narciss!' he says, his black eyes one misery and horror.

"'Well, you got your wish—it's dea you! I tuck it when it was dying as muc love as from diree, and save life, and it love and I love it, don't aim ever t with it! I've ever out on the creek ary boy want marry me will to marry the too. So there!'

"'Narciss!' h again, leaning fo just one flush, the same miser horror in his 'How could you so evil of me, t wanted it to di

"Up to now babe had just l my arms a-look him. But wh leant forrerd, it a sudden raise with a little cry, and grabb him—yes, act wanting to lea for him! He tuck it, and when it hugg neck, busted out a-crying something behind its head, whilst I just sot there foundered, watching at it loving on h

"When I could finally gether my says, 'Oh, Aaron, what wrong I have you! It loves you better than me allus a babe knows, same as a dog, wh it! And I'm too brash and sinful to liv like maw says—it's my red head me that way—and the babe's you course—you'll have it back just as s you're fixed to take it!' And I bust weeping, too, for shame.

"Aaron he finally says, 'I don't nothing again' you, Narciss—you we young, and didn't onderstand. A oughtn't to have give way like I d wasn't the part of a man. But I been up and onstrung I ain't at mysel seemed like your words was the last And then, when I cried still harder, punish so—all's forgot betwixt us. Y save the babe's life, and I'm everly be to you, and now, if you want it, thou allus pay its cost, it's yourn. Here, back—it ain't got no chance at home with maw so sot again' it, and Sary so

"He put it in my arms; and atte over my cry, I studied a long spell. A says, 'There ain't no chance I can see and the babe, Aaron, but to get you wife, one that's got heart in her to lov young'uns same as her own—which has. Take you a start looking arou for God's sake go careful; and soon

(Continued on Page 118)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Full Moon

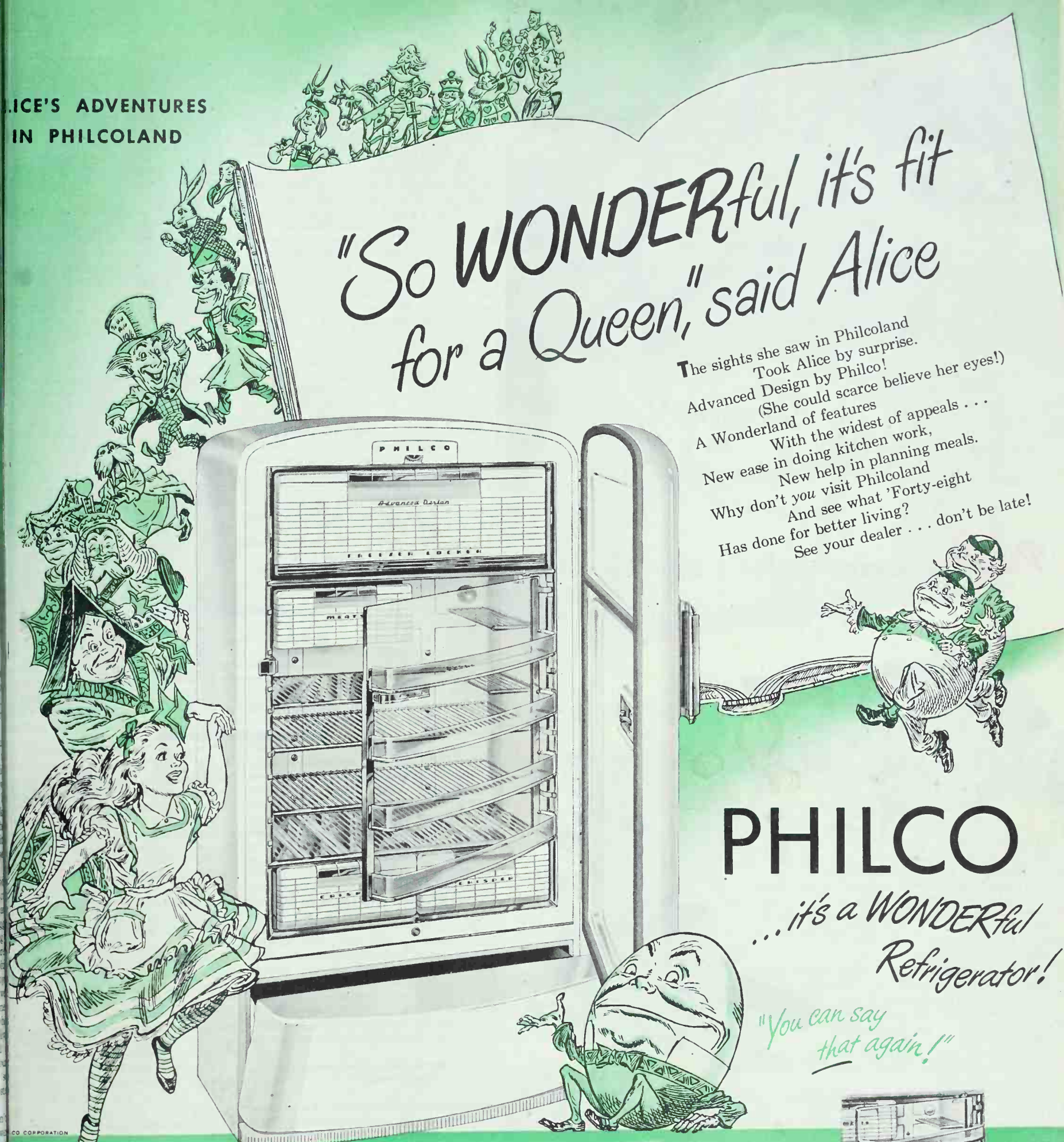
By Catherine Haydon Jacobs

Slowly, slowly
Out of the cloud,
The moon moves gracefully,
And proud.

Slowly, slowly
Into the sky,
The moon moves beautifully,
And I ——

Quickly, quickly
From the hill
Run to the valley,
And stand still.

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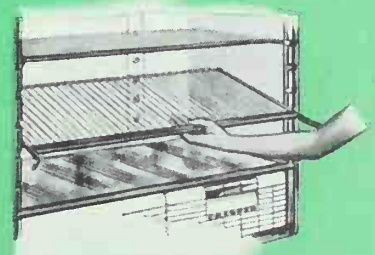
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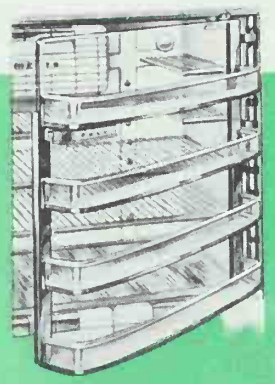
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(A)

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(D)



(B)

(C)

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(Continued from Page 116)

find you a right woman, though it'll break my heart, that minute I'll turn the babe over to you.'

"He was setting, elbows on knees, all humped over, the picter of misery. 'But what right woman would look at me, atter my downfall into sin?' he says.

"'Sin it was, Aaron—bad sin—which far be from me to belittle. But if ever a feller done his best to righten it atterwards, you did; if ever a feller repented in sackcloth and ashes, you have. And what does our sweet Saviour say? "There's more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over all the old whitewashed grave-houses that needs no repentance." Yes, them words is my onliest hope, being such a torn-down sinner myself, like maw is everly telling me, with the meanest tongue ever a body had, and likewise a desperate-wicked heart. That day I come down the stairs at your house, to take off the babe, nothing but there not being a good rock handy kept me from flinging it at Jane's head, and killing her dead—yes, your own maw, Aaron! That's the way sin biles up and overflows me! Atter I had simmered down some riding home I says to the Lord, "Now You see again what a master-tough job You got on Your hands!" And He says to me, "Well, I expect I'm equal to it, Narciss—what about Peter and Paul, and Mary Magdalene, and the feller with the whole legion of devils? Just forget it, and take new heart!"

"'And He's saying the same to you, Aaron—that you've sorrowed overtime; that He knows your heart, and has already forgive and forgot your sin, and why can't you do likewise, and lift up your head, and play the man? Your main-chiefest business now being to find a right maw for your babe.'

"He sot silent a long time, not moving. Onct he said, to hisself like, 'I guess I had forgot about Him.'

"Then, atter another long spell, he drawed a sigh clean up from his toes, straightened his back like he was throwing off a world's weight, and says to me, 'I guess you're right, Narciss—God knows I'll try to take heart and play the man now, like you say! But as for a right maw for my babe, the onliest one I would ever want I can't hope to get, she's so young and fair and good—a rael saint, with the onderstandingest heart ever beat!'

"'I'm proud you think you've found such,' I told him. 'But as for saints, take it from me, Aaron, they're more scarcer than hens' teeth. A gal may look like a saint, and allow she is one; but ricollect them old words, "Saint abroad and devil at home," and do for pity's sake, *don't* court her till you know her better! For the babe's sake, Aaron, I beg to you to take time about it, and go slow—for if there's any folks on earth I don't confidence, it's them that sets theirselves up for saints!'

"'But she don't even suspicion she is one—allows she's a vile sinner!'

"'THEN there's hope for her, Aaron—that she'll make a right maw for the babe, and a right wife for you. Such being the case, if I was you I wouldn't lose no time, but would freshen up a little, and mount my nag and go court her this day, afore some other feller gets in his licks. It's my opinion the Lord is leading you, and that she'll take you, and then all your troubles, and the babe's troubles, will be over—though not mine, having to part with it.'

"'Narciss,' he says, 'are you bat-blind? Can't you see it's not no other woman in the world I want but you—that you are the onliest can ever do for me and the babe what we need?'

"'For goodness' sake why couldn't you say so, then? Not put me in all this swivet about a saint for its maw? I tell you right now, I don't thank you for it! With me, of course, it's different—I know I'd love it good and treat it good!'

"'But could you love me good, and tre me good? I wouldn't want you to marry just for the babe—I need you wusser than does, being the lonesomest and dow heartedest feller in the wide world!'

"To keep from weeping, I spoke u briggaty enough, 'Yes, you need me, throw rolling pins and broomsticks at yo and bawl you out over everything you d

"'I'd be thankful for even that from yo Narciss!'

"At that I couldn't stand it no longer— just busted out crying and flung my arr around him, babe and all. 'Oh, Aaron,' says, 'you're the onliest man I ever could would marry! And I need you just as mu as you need me! You'll swage me down much as I'll holp you up! We're both ju pore sinners for the Lord to love on!'

"IF the babe had been hungry for lov Aaron was a sight starveder. It was pitif to see how he couldn't noway savor h happiness—would hold me and the babe o and look at us, kind of onbelieving, and th snatch us back like he allowed we would tak wings.

"Atter it seemed to be sinking into hi some, a thought struck me all of a hea 'Aaron,' I says, 'I'll marry you glad—b I'll never on earth get grace to marry Jane

"'I'd never ax you to,' he says. 'There the prettiest house-seat a half mile down t creek from maw's—I'll raise our house ther out of the finest poplar logs you ever see already cut and seasoned, but not y snaked down. You won't never have to s maw, or hear her voice, if you don't feel to

"'I ain't that dog-mean,' I says. 'Her bein your maw, I'll go see h frequent, and treat h good as I'm able; bu being me, will allus ha to set nigh a door I c run out at quick, not harm her if she goes slandering the babe! If was you, Aaron, I'd sta snaking down them lo tomorrow!'

"Inside of three week he had raised the house, and me and th babe and him was all moved in, happy birds. It was a sight to see him and the bab bloom out, in the sunshine of love. Night Hosey would lay betwixt us, so he could lo on whichever he felt to. Days I'd pack hi on one arm and work with tother. And nig my first act was to have Aaron ride to tow and make Hosey his lawful child and min And then I give it out on the creek anybod dairst to call him a wood's colt was both liar and had me to settle with!

"The onliest one had nerve to name it w Jane. When I'd go up to see her, allus wit Hosey in arms, a-hugging my neck like l follered, she'd say, 'Yes, wood's colt, yo better be getting what you can now—whe her own comes, your nose will be bad out jint!' And I'd say, 'His nose won't never b out of jint!' But deep in my heart, hearin so much fool-talk about mother-love an mother-milk and such, I never raelly knowe

"I never knowed till my first-borne Hennery, was laid in my arms, and, stout a a calf, tuck the teat in the same fierc guzzling way a calf does, hurting me so ba I hauled off and slapped him plumb acro the bed. Yes, that was the first thing I don to my first-borned! And it wasn't but th beginning. The onliest use Hennery had fo a maw was the same little pigs has: suck on—suck and sleep, suck and sleep w all he knowed, or cared. And when he begu to set up, he was pine-blank like Jane—n for looks, for he had my red head, but f meanness and grabbiness—a pure dog the manger, not wanting love hisself, b with a bound Hosey shouldn't have it- allus hitting out when Hosey come anigh m I put in my time whipping him, but muc good it done.

"One day when we was all up at Jane and he landed a fist on Hosey's jaw, purposely passed it over, just to see wh she'd do.

"'You got the meanest, masterest young' ever was borned,' she rips out. 'Tain't ha

Women, deprived of the company of men, pine; men, deprived of the company of women, become stupid.

—CHEKHOV: quoted in The Treasury of Wit and Wisdom: Norman Lockridge (Biltmore Publishing Company).



to know where he kotched it from—where he got his red head!'

"I was biling, but tickled, too, and living with Aaron had already gentled me a sight, so I held my peace.

"'He treats that-air good little Hosey the worst ever I seed; and because he's yourn, you don't do nothing about it! Come here to your granny, Hosey—your pore little nose is everly out of jint now with her that calls herself your maw, but your granny won't see you trompled on by no such bear-cat!'

"She drawed Hosey up on her bed. And from then on it was 'good little Hosey,' 'pore little Hosey,' and she'd make me send him up to her to take the day and get away from Hennery. And Hosey, with his little loving heart, could love even her, and would stand by the bed and pat her old bony hand and say, 'Pore granny—haf to hurt all time!' It had all come about just like I wanted; but of course I never let on, nor whipped Hennery when with her.

"I allowed I would sartain get some love and comfort out of my other ones as they come along. But every single one, both boys and gals, was that healthy and stout they never, seemed like, had no need for love. (Pears like healthy folks are that way—and like a heart has to be broke afore it's woke.) They was all main-pretty, with smart; but seemed like, but for Hosey, Aaron and me never would have knowed no heart-joy in our children.

"And Hosey was the best thing to tothers ever you seed—I allus said without him I couldn't have raised 'em. He had more patience than me, and they was better to him, and fit less amongst theirselves when he was around. And Jane she got so she couldn't live a day without seeing him; and it was him had to set by her continual at her end.

"When he got older, he allowed he wouldn't leave me and the young'uns to go to town to high school. But me 'n' Aaron put our foot down on that, made him go. We aimed to send him off to college, too, but about that time Aaron he died—yes, like the old song says, 'My head and stay was called away'—the bestest man ever drawed breath! I was so beat out peared like I couldn't live on. But Hosey said naught could ever part him from me now, and home he stayed from college, and worked the farm, and raised cattle, and sold timber and land, and sont Hennery and John and Lewis and Jeems every one to college—would have sont the gals, too, but they married too quick. Hosey hisself never married till he got tothers all lanched in life, and then tuck a gal of my pick.

"Not nary child of my body would so much as think of staying on the farm with me—all was too ambitious. Hennery he follered lawing, got to be big rich as lawyer for the timber and coal-mining companies, with his fill of fighting in the courts. John has him a big apartment store in one of the towns, and makes money hand over fist. Lewis is a tooth dentist, with all the snatching he craves. And Jeems tuck to rael estate, lays out whole towns, sometimes. All, both boys and gals, has prospered grand, and lives awful stylish in the towns. Jane shore would take pride in 'em if she was here. When I visit 'em, which I don't frequent, they buy me things I don't never put on no more—corsets that squeeze the life out of me, shoes with stilts under 'em, and frocks that's a scandal to the toadfrogs, actually showing the calves of my legs. And they ride me around by the hour in their nautimobiles, but never get time to set down for a rael spell of talk. And all their offsprings looks at me like I was a side show. All the good I get out of it is coming home to the house my dear man raised for me, and the old gray mare I foller riding, and Hosey and his woman and young'uns that loves me beyand telling. And when my time comes to farewell this earthly spere, and step down into the chilly waters, all I ax is for Hosey, child of my sperit, to hold on to my hand till I ketch sight of Aaron and Jesus starting acrost to me from tother side."

THE END

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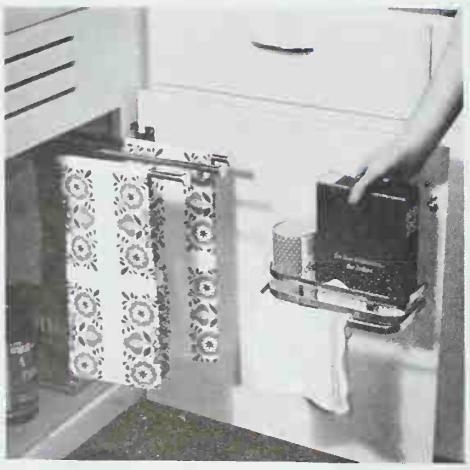
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PHOTOS BY STUART-STE



● *Attach this garbage can to door of sink cabinet. Lid opens as the door swings.*



● *Add sliding towel bars and soap rack to provide needed convenience at the sink.*



● *Store more dishes on one shelf by using cup shelves and rubber-covered wire plate racks.*

The Bride Equips her Kitchen

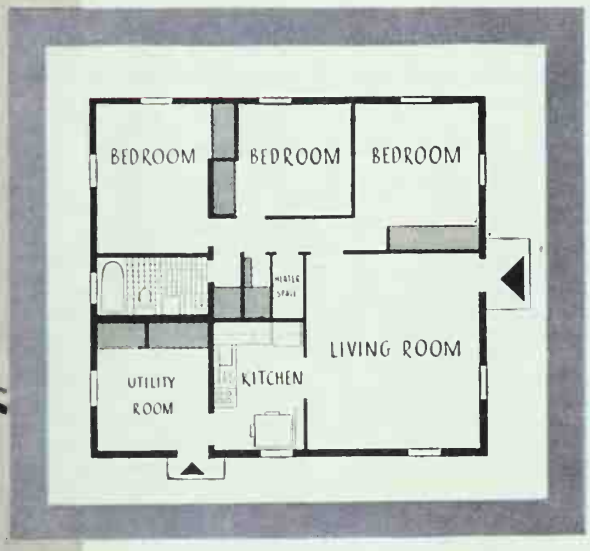
BY GLADYS TABER

THE kitchen in which I began my epic battle with lemon pie was a drab and dreary place. Old stove, single low sink, rough floor, small high window in the corner, and a bevy of doors opening on nowhere. And as for equipment—well, I did have a lot of cross-stitched towels and some pot holders with mottoes on them, and a few assorted utensils grabbed up at the last minute at a hardware store.

I remembered that kitchen and my own first hazardous meals when I found that this month we were to help the young brides who are struggling with their first run-of-the-mill kitchens.

The plan for our bride's kitchen was taken from a typical housing-project home. I have seen dozens of such kitchens; you find them in modest houses that are in pleasant small towns or suburbs with lawns and flower borders and neighbors running in. The house is compact, as the plan illustrates, and is priced under ten thousand dollars. The kitchen is sizable; there are built-in wooden cabinets; the sink is modern, and the range and refrigerator are small but complete.

But in this kitchen, the sink was on an inner wall, and the whole room was rather bare and uninspiring. There just didn't seem to be any place near the range and sink to put the things you wanted there. No drawers for the cutlery, no place for the garbage can, and you missed the sink window. Cabinet space was good, but limited, and it looked as though the dishes used daily would have to be kept in the next room in a china cabinet.



A BRIDE moves into this typical small-house kitchen. What will she need to equip it? How can she add more storage space? What storage accessories can she buy? How shall she treat the windowless wall over the sink? Here is one answer.

Kitchen toweling curtains the windows and open shelves which hold most-used dishes, toaster and radio. A gay corner for serving a frosted drink on a summer afternoon.





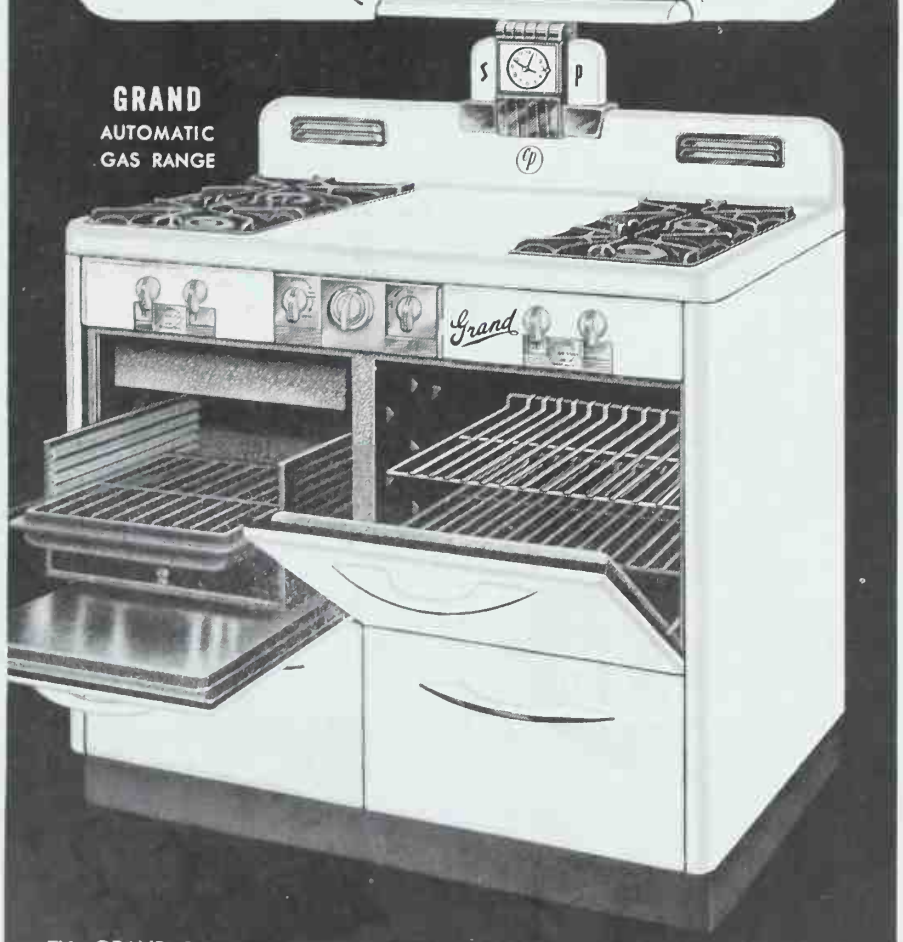
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Nevertheless, with this basic equipment, a little extra expenditure and some imagination, there emerged a livable, workable, well-equipped kitchen which really invites a bride to get out the flour sifter and whip up an extra-good cake for supper. This is what happened.

As a first aid to the new bride, the JOURNAL provided a list of the basic utensils needed to equip the kitchen. As a long-time cook, I was just as grateful for the results as any bride. And I am sure many a veteran housewife will welcome it. The trouble today is that there are so many gadgets made, you can buy a special thing just to cook one solitary frankfurter!

Some of these are all very well if money is no object and you have a world of storage space. But just what do you really need *first* in order to cook conveniently and well?

Things that will serve several purposes, are easy to use and quick to clean, come first. Cheap equipment in necessary items that are used often is no bargain. A few sturdy pieces are better than a lot of poor ones.

My own list would add a Dutch oven, with which I could almost keep house alone and by itself, but you can do very well with the pressure cooker. When I started housekeeping and had eighteen mixing bowls but nary a good can opener, I learned the hard way that a nail was no good for opening a can of juice.

I think this list is the best guide for any kitchen you could dream of; and with this equipment, no cook can go wrong!

The Bride's Check List of Kitchen Equipment

This is a basic list of kitchen essentials. Each bride will want to make substitutions and additions. After considering her special needs and favorite foods as well as storage space, she will be able to judge what is needed for her kitchen. As a clue to storage, the letters after each item indicate placement in the kitchen: A—near the refrigerator or food-preparation center; B—near the sink; C—near the range.

Cutlery and Small Equipment

1 slicing knife A
1 utility knife A
2 paring knives A
1 dull-edged case knife A
1 narrow spatula A
1 broad spatula A
1 rubber bowl scraper A
1 long-handled two-tined fork C
1 short-handled fork A
2 sets measuring spoons A
2 tablespoons A
1 rotary beater A
1 wire whip A
1 knife sharpener A
1 cake tester C
1 pancake turner C
1 can and jar opener B
1 juice-can opener A
1 potato masher C
1 flour sifter A
1 colander B
1 wire strainer B
1 tea strainer B
2 wire cooling racks C
1 vegetable brush B
1 set of graters B
1 pastry blender A
1 chopping bowl and knife A
1 fruit juicer A
1 rolling pin A
1 pastry board (if not in cabinet) A
1 glass measuring cup (for liquids) A
1 metal measuring cup, or
1 set graduated measuring cups (for dry ingredients) A

Cooking Utensils

1 set of four mixing bowls A
3 covered saucepans (1, 2, 4 qts.) C
1 small pan or skillet C
1 large covered skillet C
1 double boiler (1½ or 2 qts.) C
1 roaster-broiler pan (if none in range) C
1 pressure saucepan C
2 covered casseroles (1½, 2 qts.) A
6 ramekins (custard cups) A
1 muffin pan A
2 baking sheets A
1 piepan A
2 layer-cake pans A
1 loaf pan A
1 square cake pan (8") A

Miscellaneous Supplies

1 good cookbook A
1 dishpan (if no dish washer) B
1 sink strainer B
1 towel rack B
1 paper-towel holder B
1 wax-paper dispenser A
1 garbage can (if not in sink cabinet) B
1 wastebasket A or B
1 vegetable bin (if not in cabinet) B
1 cake box (if not in cabinet) A or C
1 bread box (if not in cabinet) A or C
1 set canisters A
1 salt and 1 pepper shaker C
1 set refrigerator dishes A
2 trays A or C
2 or 3 moistureproof zipper bags A
1 electric toaster
1 coffee maker B

Now that we knew what was to go in this kitchen, the next step was to provide convenient places to put everything and to make this bare kitchen a livable and cheerful place.

First, and most exciting to me, that dead blank wall over the sink was given a set of shelves just deep enough to hold canisters, a gay salt dish, pungent herbs, a clock and a decorative plant. Behind the shelves, the wall was covered with a mirror, which gives the effect of a window, and adds color and light to the whole room. Being farsighted, I cannot stand anything too close to my nose and I especially liked the fact that the shelves do not extend very far, as if they would bash me in the face, and they did give a mirrored vista to rest the eyes.

On either side, red shutterlike panels were built, which not only added to the window effect but gave an extremely useful place to hang a set of knives and kitchen utensils plus removable, highly decorative fish molds. Extra hooks were added for those elusive kitchen shears and a can opener. This brought a lot of useful things over the sink where they can be reached easily and where you need them most often. A gay curtain ruffle too high to be splashed at dishwashing time added to the window feeling.

Fortunately, we can now buy many simple accessories for cabinets and sinks, and very reasonably too. These add much needed storage space and convenience and may be taken with you when you move. A turn-around spin wheel under the cupboard near the refrigerator holds small cans of seasoning or spices, a wonderful help. Cutlery trays and dividers, which make deep drawers twice as convenient, may be bought. Metal bars with hooks from which to hang egg beaters or stirring spoons may be attached where needed. The rubber-covered racks for storing dishes, shallow metal shelves for cups, racks for soaps and cleaners, sliding bars for towels, folding step shelves are all accessories any one would find convenient.

When a refrigerator and range must be purchased from wedding-gift funds or on the budget, the type shown as standard equipment for this kitchen would be an excellent choice. They are typical of the better planned

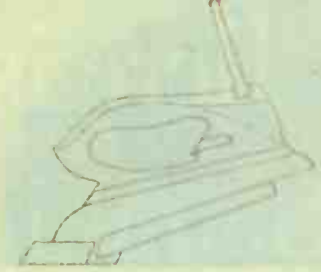
(Continued on Page 124)



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TipToe by YALE

Made by The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., makers of famous YALE locks, builders, hardware,

(Continued from Page 122)

space-saving models available for slim budgets today. For these economy-model refrigerators, extra containers for salad greens, leftovers and meat may be purchased separately as needed. The range has three top units, all with seven-heat controls, and it has a slanting panel where the switches are located, which I liked, easy to clean and easy to see the dials and switches.

An attractive set of table and chairs was fitted in under the real window. I usually dislike dinette sets, but this was nice, with simple metal legs, durable blue upholstery on the chairs, blue table top, and extra leaves that pull out to extend the table for company.

On the empty wall next to the window, open shelves were built, where china is accessible to the table and adds beauty to the room. Draw curtains for the shelves, the table cover and the napkins match the fast-color toweling used for curtains.

Any local carpenter or most young husbands could make the shelves and shutters and screw on the accessories. The bride could run up the straight hanging curtains in no time.

Fruit cup on the table, vegetables in the pressure saucepan—which I consider important on any gift list for the kitchen—coffee piping hot, broiler ready to slide in the range for the main course. Dessert on the counter ready to serve in a jiffy. What could be more fun than dinner for two, set out in this kitchen, so efficient, yet so gay and young in spirit?

A CANDLE FOR ST. JUDE

(Continued from Page 35)

"To begin with, yes."

"Besides, my dearr Lion, you can't compare me. That is rridiculous! I needed a big company, a big audience, a big stage. I could fill it."

"Doesn't every dancer feel that?"

"But often it is not trrue."

"Sometimes it is," said Lion.

Of course they used her. Everyone who came near her used her. "Everyone wants something," she would sometimes say when she had grown exhausted—and nowadays she was frail. "Keep them away, Ilse. Shut the door. They are oll selfish, inconsiderate."

Miss Ilse Holbein was not a participant in the Holbein Theater and Ballet School; she was a part. To make confusion worse, Miss Ilse was Madam Holbein, while Madame was Miss: Miss Ilse had married Jan Holbein, Madame's brother; Anna, Madame, had not married at all.

"I did not need to," said Madame.

"No," agreed Miss Ilse, and said no more.

"One must be adult in these things," Madame said. "Besides"—with a twinkle in her otherwise grave eyes—"I have olways said you can have your cake and eat it."

On a table in Miss Ilse's office in the school was a pair of Jan Holbein's shoes under a glass dome, and his death mask. Jan had been Anna Holbein's teacher and adviser till the day of his death, though he was a fine dancer and choreographer in his own right. "He never was mine. He was all for Anna," said Miss Ilse. She said it without rancor; she belonged to Madame too. Her heart and body and mind were given to Madame; her soul, firmly, to God through the medium of the Catholic Church, in particular the Church and Convent of the Presentation, opposite the school; it did not occur to her that she had nothing left for herself, but moments of depression came on Miss Ilse when everything she had been taught to believe seemed to her wrong. She had tried to be the things she felt she should be: gentle, considerate, unselfish, patient and as truthful as she could; and yet she had little of life, while Madame, who was willful, inconsiderate, passionate and not always strictly truthful, had life in abundance.

"I like life whole, in the rround," said Madame. "I don't want to—how do you

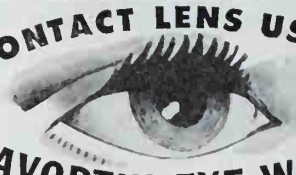
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say?—dodge any of it. I think that is important."

"Then why are you always grumbling?" asked Miss Ilse.

"My grumbling is part of the whole," said Madame haughtily. "Besides, I don't agree. I don't grumble."

"But you do, Anna. You grumble at everything: at the east wind, at the soup, at your timetable, at your exercises, at the children."

"Then I have to. To balance what I love. I love so many things."

"What things?" asked Miss Ilse suspiciously.

"Universal things," said Madame dreamily. "You would not understand but I shall explain to you. Universal things that are for everybody and things that are for me, personally. I olways feel, for instance, that red and white roses together are for me. Don't ask me why. They are for me. Yes, red and white roses, and then, the Gulf Stream."

"The Gulf Stream, Anna?"

"Yes. We in England ought to love the Gulf Stream. It keeps us from being frozen—quite. And I love spires and May trees, and views, some views; and houses, some houses; I love mahogany and the smell of spices; peculiarly I love the smell of spices, and food, the taste of that salmon at lunch. I love so much, everything; this minute. And today"—she shut her eyes—"today, say, anemones in flower."

"But anemones are not in flower. They are over long ago."

"That makes not the slightest difference."

Madame loved and cherished her little theater. It was at the side of the house, opening on the avenue; it ran back into the garden and here she had built the stage. Its frontage was only the width of the old stables and its glassed entrance had been made where the harness-room door had been, with the scrolled iron balcony above it.

He who does not stretch according to the coverlet finds his feet uncovered. —GOETHE

The theater had been blasted in the war and all its glass broken. It had had to close. Now Lion had arranged for the glass to be mended and the walls to be repaired.

Then Madame made an announcement. She was reopening the theater for a five-week season, and the opening night was to coincide with the anniversary of her debut, fifty years ago. "It will be my jubilee," Madame explained. "Only I do not like that worrd. Fifty years ago, I made my debut, though I had danced many times before that at the Maryinsky but, of course, unnamed. It will be my diamond jubilee, if you must say jubilee. I was seven," said Madame, and added, with a twinkle, "Now at last you know how old I am."

Rehearsals had begun. Though the theater was miniature, it was real. The old coach house was the auditorium. Lion had repainted its walls; they were cream with small gilt sconces that Madame had had regretfully to electrify.

Cream walls, gilt sconces, red plush seats; she added a small orchestra pit with a brass rail and curtains of Indian cotton. The stage curtains were blue velvet, worn and faded now, their cords and fringes red. There was a full range of lights from the first old-fashioned battens and footlights to the recently imported spots and floods. Lion had found a young man, Edwin, and Madame had coaxed him into doing the lights. Besides Edwin, there were Glancy, the stage carpenter, and Emile, Zanny's husband, who helped in the house and acted as porter when the theater was open. Then, too, there were a girl for the box office, and Miss Parkes the secretary's married sister, who came as a program seller and usherette; behind the scenes there were Zanny and Miss Porteus, the timid little red-nosed dressmaker who made many of the dresses.

The stables had been converted into dressing rooms, a loose box for the men, an-

(Continued on Page 127)

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(Continued from Page 125)

er for the girls, while the stalls made
icles for two principals. The loft above
been turned into a wardrobe room with
sses hung along rods behind green cur-
is, and properties in dress baskets down
center. A big sewing table was pushed
inst the window, and beside it stood a
idle sewing machine and ironing boards.
e Miss Porteus spent most of her day.
ss Porteus wore a little hard black velvet
cushion in the shape of a heart pinned to
dress. To her niece, Lollie, it seemed that
was Miss Porteus' heart, withered and
n, stuck with sharp pins.
Lollie had come to live with Miss Porteus
that she could work with Madame; Ma-
ne had seen her for the sake of Miss
teus; she kept her for her own. "I wonder
at she will become," said Madame. "She
y end up with a rabbit face like Miss
teus or she may have beauty."
The theater box office was in what had
n the harness room that, painted and
en a deep red carpet, made a foyer.

With the coach house, of course, went the
se. The house was always secondary to
theater.
"But we want a home," said Miss Ilse.
"Anyone can have a home," said Madame.
"Anyone but
," Miss Ilse
ght have said.
Miss Ilse loved
erliness and light
l white curtains
l the more deli-
e flowers. Some-
es she could not
r the very rich-
s of the big dark
se. She was dis-
ssed by the crowd
it, the continual
ise and hurry,
Madame's swift
anges of mind,
d the children
ving their shoes
the stairs, and
nny, Madame's
dresser, now her
id, who never did
she was told. No,
house had never
ceeded in estab-
ning itself as a
use; it was wiped
t, first by the theater, then by its characters.
Music from the dancing school went over
wall into the road and the sounds of the
d broke into the music: cars passed,
sses, horses, footsteps on the pavement,
ces, and the voices of sparrows, but the
ldren's voices on the stairs often sounded
e sparrows.

MADAME and Miss Ilse were so conditioned
living with music that neither of them
ard it but, if Madame had listened, each
ce or repeat or motive or end or tag had its
ociation.
"You don't hear music as music any
re," Mr. Felix accused her.
"I do!"
"No, it isn't possible for you. You never
d. You understand nothing about music."
"What nonsense!" cried the indignant
Madame. "It was brred in me."
"You should have been bred in it," said
Mr. Felix. "No. You distort it, and color it
til it isn't music."
She had to admit it. "Yes, to me music is
dance; that is trrue," said Madame.
Sometimes it was a dance, simply; some-
mes, someone in a dance; sometimes, very
en, that other was herself. *That is my*
Impromptu, thought Madame, listening. *The*
Lily Impromptu. I remember the little pink
ves I wore, apple-blossom pink. That is
Epiphany Hymn. That ballet was a failure.
was Lion's first and only attempt at
reography.
"Lion doesn't understand music. He
ouldn't write ballets," said Mr. Felix.
"Nonsense," Madame told him. "Lion is
te musical."

"Quite musical people shouldn't experiment with music," said Mr. Felix acidly, and added, "There is only one of you here who has that understanding."

"Caroline has exceptional feeling."

"None of Caroline's feelings are exceptional. I was talking of Hilda."

"Hilda! She plays, yes, but she doesn't play so very well."

"She knows more than she plays, then. I have never heard her play. She doesn't know yet what she knows." He paused and then said, "She is old. I call her the Egyptian."

"That isn't in the least like Hilda. Egyptian is another name for gypsy."

"Not that kind of an Egyptian. It is odd, sometimes, that you should be so stupid," said Mr. Felix most politely.

THE house vibrated from the passing of the busses in the road and vibrated from the thud-leap-thud of the classes in its rooms. The busses were reflected in its mirrors, with the sky and leaves and the dancers in the rooms. Nothing had an end in those mirrors.

"But you shouldn't look in the mirrors too much," said Madame. "You must feel. Feel to the tips of your fingers."

She said this to the small ones of the beginners' class, struggling with their five positions with Rebecca Clarke, her assistant. She said it to her advanced pupils, most of them taller than herself. "What you are doing now is verry likely more difficult than anything you will be called to do on the stage," she told them. "But it is far more difficult to feel it on the stage, I warn you. You not only have to prresent your dance, you have to give yourself to it as well. You must have temperrament." Madame's eyes would look along their ranks as if searching for that temperament among them.

It was Hilda who heard the sadness in Madame's voice. *A dancer shouldn't grow old*, thought Hilda. *It is better if they die young; but if Madame had died, there would have been no Ballet Holbein and no theater.*

The sound of the evening Angelus fell with a gentle peremptoriness into the office where Miss Ilse sat answering Madame's personal notes. Miss Parkes, the secretary, answered the rest, but so many of Madame's notes were personal. Miss Ilse sighed.

"Dear General Cook Yarborough," she wrote. "Madame Holbein asks me to tell you she has not the least intention ——"

Ding. Ding-dong, went the bell. Miss Ilse underlined "least"—it made it sound more like Madame—and laid down her pen and stood up.

"Hail Mary, full of grace." She shut her eyes, her lips moved. "Blessed art Thou ——" The words and thought were like dew to someone parched with the heat of the day. "And blessed is the fruit ——"

The telephone rang.

" —— of Thy womb, Jesus," Miss Ilse continued steadily.

Ding. Ding-dong. . . . "Hail Mary ——" The telephone rang again.

"Ilse, can't you not answer that telephone?"

Madame came in angrily, but stopped when she saw Miss Ilse standing with her eyes shut and her lips moving. Though so gentle, Miss Ilse was like a stone in her religion. She would admit no other.

"But oll are good," argued Madame. "I can understand fire worship, and sun worship, and the worship of ancestors. That is trradition. A dancer reverences trradition,

Next Month

"DO you usually," asked Helen, "make love to girls when they're engaged?"

"Never. I'm just telling you how risky it is, unless the girl is like you and has a strong head," Jeremy replied.

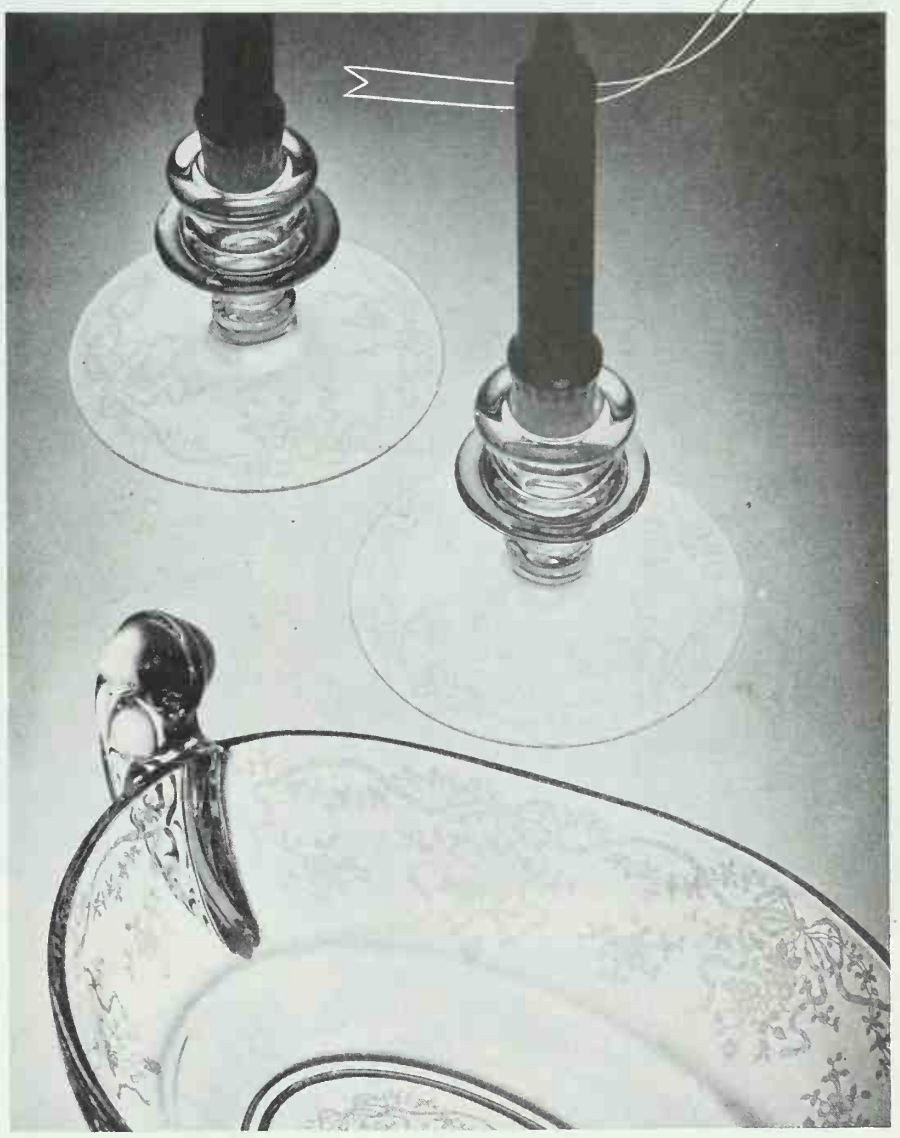
But even to a woman used to being boss, being accused of having a strong head about love is irritating. Helen could see that any climbing down she might do would have to be singlehanded. Read Elizabeth Cadell's novel

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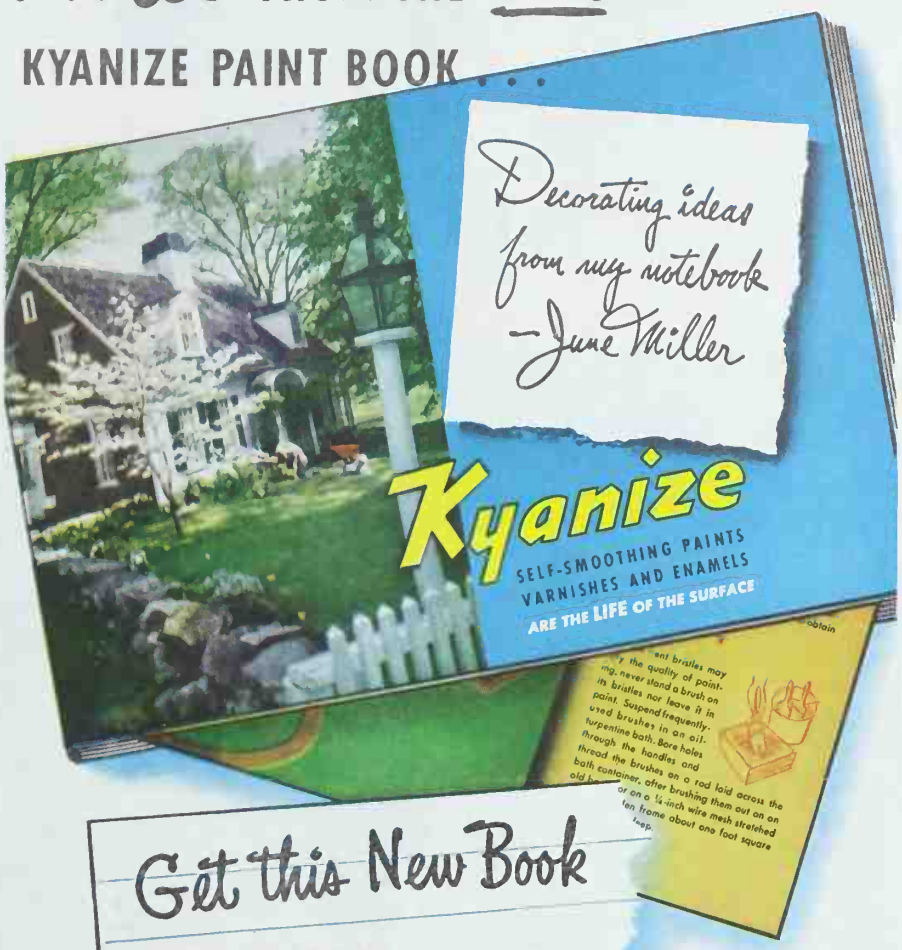


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THE LIFE OF THE SURFACE

peculiarly. And my own Russian Orthodox Church, so old and filled with beauty; but to hear Ilse, you would think that there is only one in the whole wide world, her own."

"Only one," said Miss Ilse.

"You are narrow. Bigoted."

"I can't help it. That is what I believe."

It had not occurred to Madame that dancing was her religion and she was remarkably intolerant about it. "Ilse, and her saints and her prayers," said Madame, but she who ruled Miss Ilse had not been able to stop her slipping over the way to see the nuns or light a candle or say a prayer, in all the ups and downs of their life. Miss Ilse said prayers for a great many people, but most of her candles and prayers were for Madame.

Once, long ago, in Copenhagen. . . .

"Yes, it was in Copenhagen," said Miss Ilse, who often told this to the children, "the winter of nineteen-eleven, just after Christmas. I remember how beautiful the snow was, and the sleighs coming in from the country. There was a sleighing party and I asked Anna not to go. I had a foreboding." . . .

"Anna. You shouldn't go. I feel it in my bones."

"Don't be a fool, Ilse."

"Don't go, Anna. Not on a Gala night."

"I am going with ——" Miss Ilse could not remember his name, but she saw him clearly still: young brown eyes and brown mustache and black frogging on his coat.

"Anna. He drives so fast. Suppose there is an accident."

"Tchk-tchk! Why should there be an accident?"

"It is a command performance, Anna," Miss Ilse had said. "Suppose you couldn't dance. Anna . . . if the sleigh overturns!"

"Why should it overturn?"

But it did, as Miss Ilse had mysteriously known it would, and Madame's foot was caught and bruised. She stormed and wept and pleaded, but it was hopeless. The placards outside the theater announcing the Gala performance in the presence of the King and Queen had her name, *Anna Holbein*, in large letters, but Madame could not stand on her foot. How could she dance?

Zanny was with them. Zanny pushed Miss Ilse aside and ran out to a cabmen's eating house and came back with an apron of hot potatoes. "Hot potatoes for bruises," said Zanny.

"I never heard of such a thing," said Miss Ilse, but Zanny opened potato after potato and applied them, like poultices, to the foot. Miss Ilse pressed her lips together, and took down her cloak. Miss Ilse had gone silently out into the twilit snow. She had found what she had been looking for, a church, and in it, the saint she was looking for. "St. Jude," said Miss Ilse, and smiled, remembering. "Yes. I lighted my candle to him there."

"St. Jude. Why St. Jude?" asked Madame scornfully, trying her shoe, and biting her lips with the pain. "It's no good, Ilse. I can't dance."

"St. Jude is the saint of lost causes."

"ST. JUDE!" said Madame more scornfully, but presently, after more poulticing, she was able to stand in her shoe, presently to stand on her *pointes*, to turn, then to warm up a little and, finally, though in pain, to dance.

The lace upstairs in the cabinet, the filigree holder, was from a bouquet she had that night. "Was it from the Queen?" asked Miss Ilse. "Or did the Queen send the bracelet? I remember something from the Queen, or was it that young man with the mustache? Did he send the bracelet or the bouquet?" She did not know, but she knew Madame had danced that night.

"It was the potatoes," said Zanny.

"It was St. Jude," said Miss Ilse.

Now in the office Madame looked at Miss Ilse with irritation and disdain, but she answered the telephone.

"Was it important?" asked Miss Ilse. "The telephone hasn't been quiet all day."

"What do you expect, the day before the opening?" Madame said crossly. "It was Edmund White. The prroducer. Broadwoo Studios. He says he will give Lollie a audition, here, tomorrow at four. I said h should see her in the theater."

"In the *theater!* The *afternoon* of th *opening!*"

"It should be empty then."

Miss Ilse sighed. "Even if you won't b using it, there is still the cleaning, and th florists will be there; you know the childre are having it decorated for you. It isn't as it were anything important."

"It may be important for Lollie."

"You may even be rehearsing."

"Surely not then, *still!* But we may," sai Madame, and sighed and turned away.

Miss Ilse looked up. "Anna. What i wrong?"

"EVERYTHING is wrong. Everything! Thi is a terrible day, Ilse. Now at the eleventl minute I know that I, Anna Holbein, hav made a mistake. And what am I to do?"

"But what mistake?"

"It is that ballet of Hilda's. I listened t Felix, to Lion, when I should have truste myself. I have never liked it."

"Then why ——"

"I don't know why," said Madame wea rily, and shut her eyes. "We oll, oll of us, d stupid things. I liked the dance of *Peace* i it. I liked her *Evocation.*"

"Then ——"

"I still like them. But I know now it i wrong."

"But if you liked it before —— Perhap it is just that you are tired."

"It is *wrrong*, Ilse," Madame said severely "Now is not the old days. Then, for every thing, everyone, there was something, some one, we could put in it place. We had a repertoire The company was experi enced, more or less, bu now—they are young, un tried. If I cut it, I have n alternative that I care t give, and I have no alter native but to cut it."

> You may expect from one person that which you have done to another.
> —LABERIUS.

"If you cut it, you will *have* to put some thing in its place."

"Don't be a fool, Ilse," said Madam tersely. "Send Hilda to me."

"Anna—the poor child." Miss Ilse had a inexplicable liking for Hilda, inexplicable t Madame. From the first time Madame sa her, Hilda had always made her think of a little snake.

Madame Holbein had a propensity for likening her pupils to animals. In an atmosphere where personalities ran high, each was likely to find himself with two, his own and the one Madame had given him. It was in her class that Lion had first become Lion. "And Caroline must be a lamb, a ewe lamb." It was Hilda who said that, slit-tongued Hilda. Some of Madame's names were cruel, but all of them were apt: Francis, who was inclined to be stout and had pink-rimmed eyes, was a polar bear; Lao-Erh, the Anglo-Chinese child, with her neat eye, smooth head and broad foot, was a mandarin duck; Archie, both in looks and manners, was a street sparrow.

As if this were catching, Madame herself was like nothing so much as a little foreign monkey, sad in the English climate. If she was tired or excited—and she usually was tired or excited—she shivered and huddled her purple woolen coat round her like a monkey's jacket. She was thin and small and light and agile and she had beautiful nutshell-shaped eyes; they were full of comprehension, sensitive and expressive; as Madame grew older, more and more of her seemed to go into her eyes—and to her pupils, most of whom were bounded by their teens, Madame was very old indeed.

"Anna, you should retire. You burn yourself out."

"We can sit quietly when we are dead," said Madame. "I hope I shall work until I die."

The school at Holbein's existed for the theater. "And not the theater for the school," said Madame sharply to each pupil. "Don' you think it. It is not to be your lazy way in

(Continued on Page 130)

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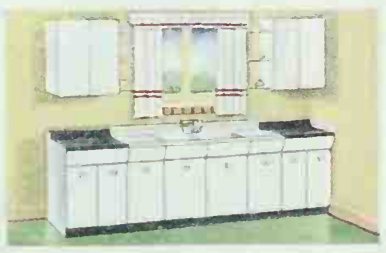
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(Continued from Page 128)

They use me," said Madame. "What am I but a spriningboard, yes, a springboard, for their careers?" No pupil who had ever passed through her school was more implacably bent on using her than Hilda.

Between Madame and everyone she taught was a direct strong personal link; too personal, her critics said. Pupils had either to be in entire submission or in conflict. Hilda was doomed to be in perpetual conflict.

The girl was not pretty, though she had a beautiful slender body, exceptional legs, straight and strong, and feet long but finishing squarely, the toes remarkably even. "A dancer's foot," Madame might have said, but for some reason she grudged saying it. "She is like a snake," said Madame, and that was almost all she ever said of Hilda. It was true that Hilda's neck was a little long and that made her small wedge-shaped face look smaller; her hair was sandy brown and thick and fine, spread like a hood in small crinkled waves down to her neck. She had a very white skin: "One of those skins that do not change," said Madame. "They are insensitive." She liked the apple-blossom cheeks of the little Russian, Luiba Rayevskaya, or Caroline's fair coloring—"But Caroline has a beautiful complexion," said Madame. Hilda's eyes were green, faintly slanted; their lids were unusual: the lids were white and heavy and showed their veins in pale blue markings, hyacinth blue. If her skin was not sensitive, those eyelids were, but Madame did not look at them.

"Why don't you like her better?" said Miss Ilse.

"I don't like her at all."

"She is talented. Very talented."

"Yes. But her talent is too strong."

"Can talent be too strong?"

Madame did not know the answer to that herself. Hilda puzzled her. She did not know the answer to Hilda.

The list of names of past pupils at Holbein's was illustrious; none of them so illustrious as Madame herself, but illustrious enough. Dancers from the Holbein ballet covered the world. "And you can say they are pedigree dancers," said Madame. "They have been taught by me and I was taught by Marli and Galina Shumskaya herself. I, a pupil of Shumskaya, who was a pupil of Semyenova, who was a pupil of Krassouskaya. We are in dirrect tradition. Yes. There are not many like me," said Madame. "And I was not fit to kiss her hand," she said reverently of Marli. "She was verry great artist."

Now she had only this handful of young ones in the school. "And only a school, not a company," said Madame. Over and over again she would go over their names. "John. Luiba. Yes, Luibochka does very well, but no more than that," said Madame with a sigh. Luiba Rayevskaya was to dance the *Eldest Pupil* in *Cat Among the Pigeons*, with John as the *Interloper*. "I am giving them their chance," said Madame. She had hesitated between Rayevskaya and Hilda, but had finally given Hilda the second part, the *Second Pupil*, and cast her as the *Waiting Maid*, second to Caroline in the last ballet on the program, *The Noble Life*.

"Then Hilda is not to have anything?" asked Miss Ilse.

"What do you mean, 'anything'? She has two good parts."

"They are not good enough for Hilda," said Miss Ilse with unaccustomed boldness. "Felix thinks so too."

"Felix can keep his nose out of the pie."

"And so does Lion."

"What does Lion know? A boy like that?"

"He isn't a boy," Miss Ilse told her. "He is a young man. You allow him to help you with rehearsals."

"That is for his sake, not for mine," said Madame coldly. "I am teaching him."

No one, not even Miss Ilse, knew what would induce Madame to take one pupil, or refuse another. Some who appeared promising, she refused; others, for no apparent reason, she took. It was the same with the fees. "They should pay me hundreds of pounds," said Madame. "For what I teach them they should pay hundreds of pounds." Then she would take someone, like Lollie, for nothing.

Lion had been taken for nothing. Years ago he had come, by himself, and rung the bell and waited two hours outside the door for an answer. "And it was winter," said Madame. "What a little gamin he was! An arab from the street, dirty, thin, a ragged little boy. Now he had grown to this immense black-haired, gold-skinned young man, muscular, lean, with wide shoulders, narrow-hipped and beautiful." He was now with Caroline in the Metropolitan Theater Company. Very often they were cast as partners.

Caroline and Lion were Madame's two almost realized hopes. From her first lesson, Caroline had begun to make a career for herself.

"She had an easy way in," said Miss Ilse. "She has rich parents who give her all she wants."

"That can make no difference to her dancing."

"It can make her path smooth. She has never had to struggle. One day ——"

"One day I shall show her to Gustave," said Madame dreamily. "Ilse, I have heard that Gustave is in London. Then why hasn't he come? Does he think I have no one now to show him? But one day I shall show him Lion and Caroline."

(Continued on Page 132)



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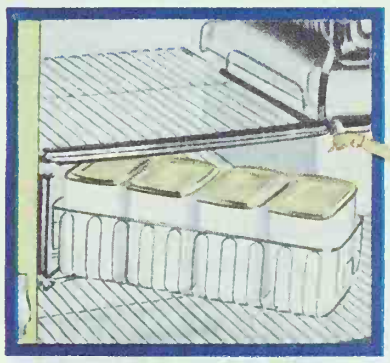
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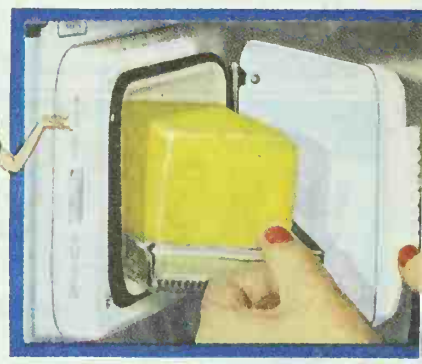
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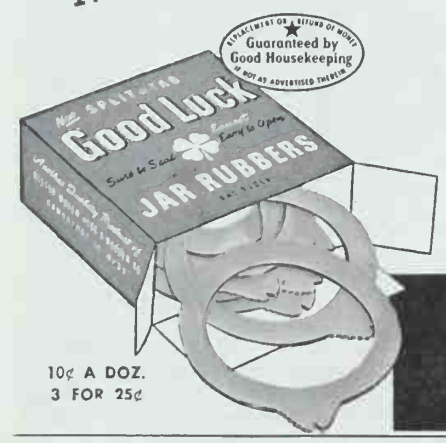
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(Continued from Page 130)

The students in the school called Lion "Golden Sirup Lion," from the lion that was a trade-mark on the tin of a certain brand of golden sirup. Madame, when she heard it, was indignant.

"It is right," said Mr. Felix. "He is too sweet. He agrees with every word you say."

"Lion has sense," said Madame. "Naturally he agrees with me. He knows where I can help him."

"He knows too well. Still—he may turn out all right," said Mr. Felix, "but I should watch Caroline. She has sharp elbows."

"It is my plan," said Madame, disregarding him, "that Lion shall have this company when I die, and he shall marry Caroline."

"I think he might, for that."

It was said in the school that Mr. Felix had once upon a time been a concert pianist. He had been musical director of the little Holbein Theater since it had started, and before that had been with Madame on her tours and often acted as her accompanist. He was a small old man with sparse, white, silky hair; his skin was the color of yellowed ivory. He played with dexterity, considering he had lost the tops of three fingers of his right hand. "Considering that, not otherwise," said Mr. Felix. He played for such of Madame's classes as had music with perfect accuracy, while he read a book propped up in front of him on the music rack.

It was Mr. Felix, more than Lion, who had made Madame direct her attention to Hilda. Madame knew that Lion often danced through these ballets of Hilda's with her, and criticized and helped her. Lion was attracted by Hilda—Madame knew that, too, and did not want to know it—but Mr. Felix had no reason for praising Hilda except that he thought her worth his praise. *And Felix knows more about dancers than most people have forgotten,* thought Madame.

I think breakfasts so pleasant because no one is conceited before one o'clock.
—SYDNEY SMITH.

She sighed and beat her hands together, one into the palm of the other, in distress. "Ilse, send Hilda to me."

When Hilda came she was in tights and her practice dress and she was breathing quickly. "I was . . . warming up," she said breathlessly.

Madame could see she was in a glow of excitement. *Well, I always was,* thought Madame involuntarily. *Each time. Yes. I was arrdent. So is she.* But she smothered that thought and returned to the worry over the ballet. Her voice was crisp and cold as she said, "Hilda, I have sent for you because I am not satisfied with your *Lyre.*"

Hilda's eyes widened in astonishment. "But . . . I thought ——"

"Never mind what you thought," said Madame. She did not know why she spoke so cruelly. "I need not tell you that it is quite extraordinary for so young and inexperienced a choreographer—though you are not yet a choreographer, of course—for so young a girl, then, to be allowed to prroduce her worrk on an occasion like tomorrow."

"Yes, Madame." Hilda hardly opened her lips.

"It is a chance for you," said Madame severely. "An enormous chance. A girl of only seventeen."

She remembered when she had first discussed the ballet with Hilda, how obstinate she had been and how she, Madame, had then a feeling of acting against her better judgment.

"Well, what is this ballet?" she had said. "Tell it to me."

"It is called *The Lyre with Seven Strings.* There is *Man.* You could call him *Adam*—or *John Smith.*" Hilda explained that she had taken the idea from a novel of George Sand. Man's aspiration was like the lyre, and he could attain to harmony only after he had learned to play on all the seven strings.

"Nonsense!" said Madame. "You can have harmony with two or three or four."

"Not full harmony," said Hilda. In the ballet, the strings were dancers who embodied their qualities. "*Man* dances with each in turn," said Hilda. "The strings are *Peace, War, Sorrow, Joy, Evocation, Love* and *God.*"

"You can't have *God* in a ballet."

Hilda explained that when it came to *God, Man* danced by himself, alone.

"Then how does one know it is *God?*"

It was certainly hard to tell it to Madame. Hilda found herself wishing that she had chosen something more simple. "I have the synopsis here, and my notes," she said and, in spite of herself, her hurt dignity showed in her voice.

Madame looked up. She knew how much work and earnestness Hilda had put into this ballet and she curbed her tongue. "Let me look at them," she said, and gave Hilda the recognition of looking at them carefully. "It is an idea," she said slowly. "Well, I should like to see one or two of the dances."

HILDA'S lids flew up and her eyes shone with faith and hope. "Would you?" she said.

Now her voice is like an ordinary young girl's, thought Madame. She looked at Hilda and she had a sudden and surprising pang of jealousy. Hilda's green eyes were incandescently pure. *That is because she is young and untouched,* thought Madame. *My eyes are far more beautiful than hers, even now. But they can never look like that because I am old and she is young.* Suddenly she hated Hilda for being young.

"What is your music?" she said, and added sarcastically, "Scriabin?"

Hilda said with dignity that it was not Scriabin, it was Moussogorsky.

"I never heard of him."

A smile flickered at the corners of Hilda's mouth. "He is a contemporary Czech composer," she said gently, but Madame had seen the smile and did not forgive her.

"Mr. Felix helped you with that."

"No," said Hilda truthfully.

Mr. Felix had refused to help her. "If you want to find out music you must find it out for yourself. That will teach you!" said Mr. Felix, though whether he meant it as a threat or a fact, Hilda did not know.

"Once—I showed him some music ——" She hesitated. "It was recorded. He said h thought it should make a good ballet. That was a year ago, but I couldn't forget it and ——"

"Is there anyone here who knows this? Who has danced any of it?"

"John and Alma know it, and Francis, and Luiba. They are here. I can fetch them in a minute. I have the records."

It was all arranged promptly. Madame immediately liked the dance of *Peace* with *Adam,* or *John Smith.* What surprised Madame was the restraint of the ballet's whole conception. *That is unusual in the work of so young a girl.*

She did not like *Sorrow,* or *War:* "They are gloomy, heavy." Hilda said she thought they should be gloomy and heavy; after all, they were sorrow and war. "They are overdone," said Madame.

Neither did Madame like *Love.* "It is dull and flat and staid," she said. "It was good to begin with, but it should have gone quicker, quicker, quicker, more fast, and then he should have swept her up and taken her away. Not go back to the firrst rhythm like that."

"But that—what you are thinking of," said Hilda, "is only one aspect of love. I want to show it all."

"My dearr child! Who are you?" said Madame and she returned to the argument. "It gets tedious. You should *not* go back to the first theme like that."

"The music does."

"Then change the music."

Hilda answered with austerity that she did not think *she* should change the music.

"But you *should,*" said Madame. "You should change it and chop it and do anything with it rather than spoil your ballet. I olways did," said Madame.

(Continued on Page 134)

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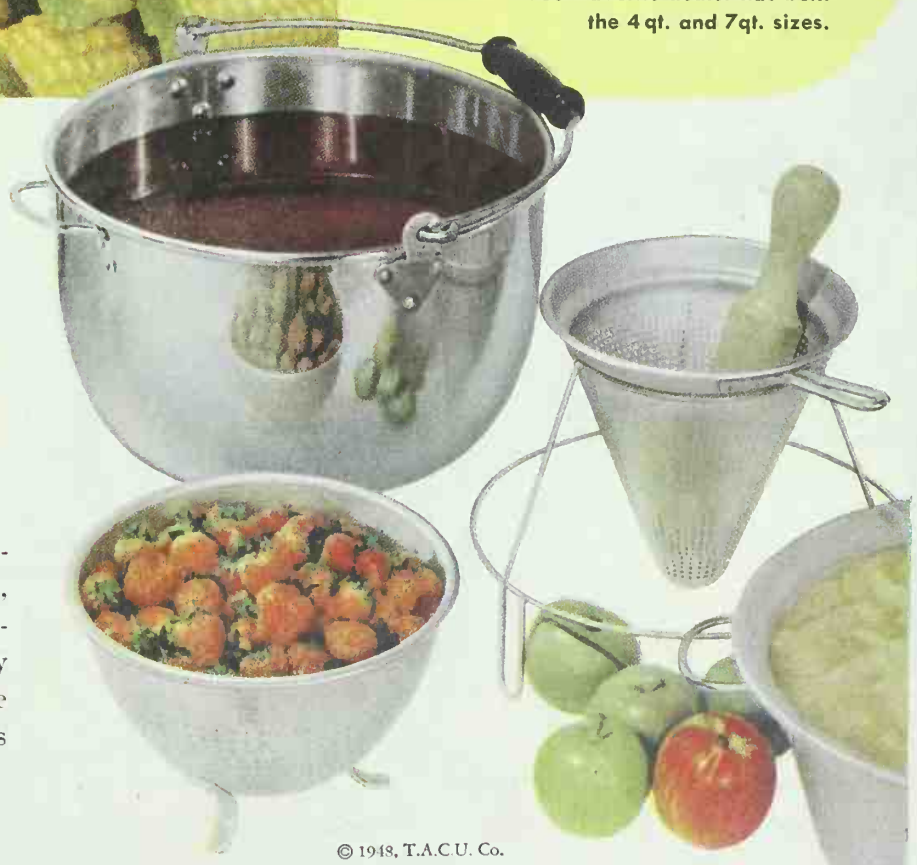
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(Continued from Page 132)

Hilda was superiorly silent. *What a little prrig she is,* thought Madame, and then *Evocation* made her smile. "I said you had wit, Hilda," she cried. "This is delightful." When Hilda saw that smile she knew that she had succeeded, though for a long time it was a mystery to Hilda that she, who was so serious about her work, should be able to make people smile with scarcely an effort; and still more mysterious why Madame and, later on, other people for whose opinion she had the deepest respect should think that far more clever than her serious work. It took years for Hilda to discover that it was her serious work.

"You will write a real ballet one day," said Madame when she had seen *The Lyre with Seven Strings* through.

Hilda did not know whether to be proud or offended. "But is it good?" she asked. She always remembered Madame's answer.

"Why should it be good?" said Madame. "Think what it takes to make something good, what brrains and knowledge and experience. Who are you? You are oll the same, you young ones. Is it good? You should thank God you can do it at oll."

Hilda still wanted to know if it was good. Now she had to stand before Madame and wait for her to continue this laceration.

"I am sorry I have to tell you this," said Madame. "I blame myself. We must be frank, Hilda, not? I have made a mistake."

"A mistake?" Small white patches showed round Hilda's nostrils, her voice was tight, otherwise she showed no emotion at all.

"We shall have to cut it."

Hilda said nothing, but Madame could see the breast of her tunic rising tempestuously as she breathed, and she could see a quiver in her throat.

"I shall have to cut it," said Madame aloud, "unless ——"

Hilda's lids flicked up, flicked down. There was a knock on the door and Mr. Felix came in with Lion. Now Hilda felt as if she were facing an inquisition.

"I am telling Hilda I am afraid we must cut *Lyre*."

"Cut it? Altogether?" asked Lion.

"Perhaps I need not do that," said Madame slowly. "I have wondered if we couldn't make of it a suite of dances." Hilda's head came up sharply and her eyes opened, looking at Madame with even more astonishment. "A suite of dances," repeated Madame. "We should keep four, I think. *Peace, Joy, Evocation* and *Love*—with my alterations, of course, yes?"

"No," said Hilda.

There was silence.

"Do you say 'no' to me, Hilda?" asked Madame.

Hilda's eyes were level with Madame's. She looked desperate and defiant. "It won't be my ballet."

"It will be the best part, with the worst cut away," said Lion. "The dances Madame has chosen are the best and they won't be spoiled by the faults of the others."

Hilda looked past him to Madame. "Isn't it better to have your own faults?" asked Hilda, and Madame knew she was right.

Cut it. Throw it out. Be cruel. Execrate it, misjudge it, but don't persuade her to change it against her will, said something in Madame. *Take it or leave it,* said Madame silently to herself. *Why should she produce a faulty thing on my stage? If I put on ballets like this I should soon have no audience at oll. One must be expedient.* She caught herself up. That was a word she had blamed other people for using and said she should never use herself.

Beginning to be angry, she tapped her foot impatiently and said, "Well, Hilda?"

Hilda could not answer.

"The dresses are made, and the set," said Lion, "and after all, Hilda, Madame has paid for them. I think you should think of that."

"I do think of it," said Hilda desperately.

"And think of all the work—Mr. Felix's, the company's, mine and Madame's. Above all hers. You are under an obligation to Madame Holbein, Hilda."

"She is under no obligation," said Madame coldly. "It's not her fault that I made a mistake."

(Continued on Page 138)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Weather Breeder

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

The day is like the glass plate
  paved with diamonds
 Our grandmothers ate off,
  the Sandwich one:
Not even a lamb of the clouds
  that mean fair weather;
 From east to west a glass
  sky, a glass sun.

The darkest evergreens drip
  molten silver,
 A mile of diamonds spills
  across the bay,
A house with pepper dots in
  rows for windows
 Is only the next narrow field
  away.

A church too far for a church-
  goer of fifty
 Is close enough for a short-
  legged one of three,
All the houses in a steep high
  harbor
 Are ivory dice spilled down
  into the sea.

The world is under waterless
  deep water
 That shines above a sunlit
  boiling spring,

And if you flicked the blue sky
  with your finger,
 The blue sky from the east to
  west would ring.

But the old fisherman shrugs
  his high shoulders:
 "This is a weather breeder
  now for fair!"
He is sure the morning is so
  pleasant
 It means there's something
  dangerous in the air.

He seems to be so dyed-in-the-
  wool New England
 He is bound to set sweet off
  by sour,
It's like the tough New England
  brier roses—
 Fifty wicked fishhooks to one
  flower.

Next morning comes in thick
  with squalls, wild horses
 Are coming white from sea
  with manes uncurled,
And on the misty headlands the
  low briers
 Are starred with the loveliest
  blossoms of the world.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

All's Fare on a Picnic!

by

Virginia Coates



Good food makes the picnic! So, let's pack something extra special—devilled eggs in a new way. The recipe's in the panel at the left. The real zip in this comes from Durkee's Famous Dressing. It's rich with blended spices and has a tantalizing flavor that's marvelous with eggs.

• • •

Tempting and colorful! Try this egg platter. Mix strained peas (canned baby food is fine for this) in the fillings of half the eggs and tuna fish in the other half. Top with Durkee's Paprika for color and flavor. For eating on the lawn, pile the filling high, but for a long trip, press the egg-halves together and wrap in waxed paper.

If you have some filling left over, use it in sandwiches. And carry along a bottle of Durkee's Famous Dressing to give tang to the sliced ham and cheese!



Only the best sandwiches will do on a picnic. So—spread them liberally with thrifty Durkee's Margarine. Use day-old bread and cream the Margarine for easier spreading. Durkee's is the perfect spread because it's mild, sweet and always country-fresh. It's churned from fresh, pasteurized skim milk and pure vegetable oils. Highly nutritious, too—with 15,000 units of Vitamin A in each pound the year 'round.

• • •

Crunchy Fruit Drops! So spicy, so crunchy and ideal for picnics. This recipe (see it at the right) has been in my family for years and I'm happy to pass it along to you. I use Durkee's Cinnamon in this recipe for the very good reason that all Durkee's Spices are fresh, full-flavored and expertly blended.

• • •

For other interesting recipes, write to Durkee Famous Foods, Dept. L6-8, Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.

Basket from Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

Stuffed Devilled Eggs

6 hard-boiled eggs
4 tbsp. Durkee's Margarine
1 can tuna (7 oz.) flaked
4 tbsp. Durkee's Famous Dressing
½ tsp. salt

Slice eggs in half lengthways. Remove yolks and mash with fork. Cream Margarine, add yolks and blend well. Add tuna, Dressing and salt and mix well. Fill into egg whites. Sprinkle with Durkee's Paprika. Serves 6.

For variety, substitute a can of strained peas (4¾ oz.) for the tuna—or use both, filling half the eggs with the peas, half with tuna.

Dress it up with Durkee's Dressing

Crunchy Fruit Drops

½ cup Durkee's Margarine
1 cup brown sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1¾ cups all-purpose flour
½ tsp. salt
2 tsp. Durkee's Cinnamon
½ tsp. Durkee's Powdered Cloves
1 tsp. baking soda
1 cup nuts, chopped
1 cup raisins
½ cup sour milk or buttermilk

Cream Margarine. Add sugar slowly and beat until light. Beat in egg. Sift flour. Sift again with salt, cinnamon, cloves and baking soda. Add nuts and raisins to flour mixture and blend well. Add mixture to other ingredients alternately with sour milk or buttermilk and mix to form a stiff batter. Drop by teaspoons on greased cookie sheets. May be decorated with nuts and glaced fruits (optional). Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F) about 10-15 minutes. Approx. 40 cookies.

Durkee's Margarine—country-fresh flavor

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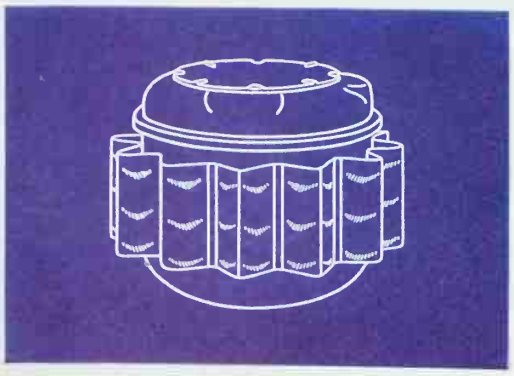
NOW! Not 1... Not 2... 3 Great New



1. NEW FRIGIDAIRE COLD-WALL IMPERIAL for families that want the finest money can buy: combination refrigerator and home freezer. Upper door opens to Locker-Top for freezing foods, keeping up to 70 lbs. safe for *months*. Like a frozen storage locker in your kitchen! Super-Moist Cold-Wall Refrigerator below keeps food flavor and appearance for days without covering—the famous Cold-Wall method invented by Frigidaire. 10 cu. ft.



2. NEW FRIGIDAIRE MASTER for families that want maximum storage room, generous freezer space, utmost *value*. Up to 50% more room for food storage in same kitchen space! See all the room for bottles; ample shelf space; full-width, glass-topped Hydrator for fruits, vegetables. As in all Frigidaires, Quickube Trays give instant ice service. Isn't the new flat top smart-looking? It's a handy extra kitchen shelf, too. Sizes: 6, 7, 9, 11 cu. ft.



ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS THE METER-MISER, the mechanism that makes the cold in all these new Frigidaire Refrigerators. It's the simplest cold-maker ever built—and, of course, "parts that aren't there just can't cause trouble or wear!" Safe Freon refrigerant. Oiled for life, sealed in steel; backed by 5-Year Protection Plan.



Listen to Frigidaire's "Man Called X," Sunday nights. See newspaper for time, station

But...
Frigidaire Refrigerators!

Whatever the size of your family, wherever you live—there's a new kind of Frigidaire for you!

9 MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM

Yours is a particular *kind* of family. There are just so many people in it. You have a certain size kitchen in a certain size house or apartment—in a city, small town, or on a farm. You like to cook your own way, keep house the way you like, store foods the way that's handiest for you.

All this means that, to meet your requirements exactly, you need a certain kind, as well as certain size, of refrigerator.

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So, see your Frigidaire Dealer—you'll find his name in your Classified Telephone Directory. Ask him when you can see these thrillingly new refrigerators. Many dealers are already proudly displaying their new-model Frigidaire Refrigerators; other dealers are being supplied as rapidly as Frigidaire's great production lines can turn them out.

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3. **NEW FRIGIDAIRE DE LUXE** for families that want everything the Master offers, *plus* (1) big Super-Freezer Chest which gives more space, lower temperatures for longer storage of frozen foods; (2) large food compartment, cooled partly by gentle diffusion of cold air from Super-Freezer, partly by cooling coils concealed in back and bottom of cabinet. Result: less air circulation to dry out foods. Aluminum Basket-Drawer for eggs and other small articles. Sizes: 7, 9, 11 cu. ft.

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MADE ONLY BY **GENERAL MOTORS**

Gel-Cookery with KNOX Gelatine

Let's make this favorite Chocolate Sponge Gel-Cookery at its best

Soften: 1 envelope Knox gelatine
in: ¼ cup cold water
Combine: 1½ squares chocolate, melted *or*
4 tablespoons cocoa
⅓ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup boiling water

Bring to boiling point. Remove from heat. Add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Cool slightly.

Beat slightly: 3 egg yolks
Add to the chocolate mixture
Add: 1 teaspoon vanilla
When mixture begins to stiffen
Beat: 3 egg whites until stiff

Fold into mixture. Pour into one large or individual molds that have been rinsed in cold water. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk. Makes 6 servings.

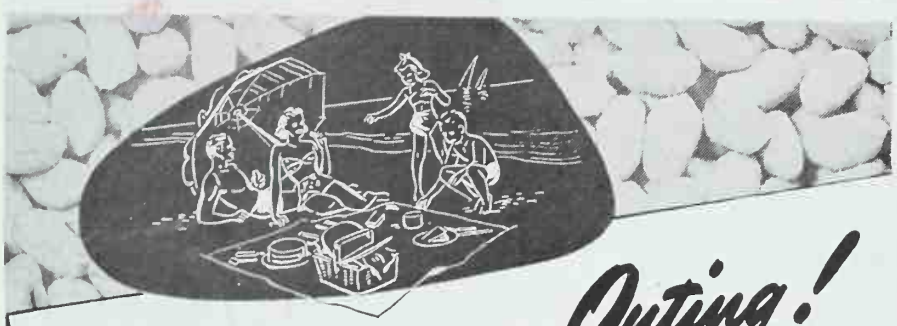
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KNOX Gelatine
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The open road is calling. The great outdoors. With bird songs overhead—a stop beneath tall, cool trees for some good things to eat. The sort of things PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS make taste so much better. A salad—peanut cookies—ice cream with chocolate nut sauce. But they must be PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS. The finest, big Virginia peanuts, roasted and salted by PLANTERS exclusive process. Oven-fresh because vacuum packed. Always have a can in your glove compartment. They're wonderful to nibble on while riding. Just say PLANTERS at your favorite food shop. They're Planterrific!

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These PLANTERS products are also made in Toronto, and sold everywhere in Canada.

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PLANTERS IS THE WORD FOR PEANUTS

(Continued from Page 134)

"Hilda," said Lion with his extraordinary sweetness, "Madame must know better than you."

"Yes. I know, but ——" said Hilda, trying to find words to defend herself.

"Then?"

"She doesn't know my ballet as I do. She—she can't." It was torn out of her and she knew it sounded young and crude. She turned from them in despair. They were all against her. Then she looked up and saw Mr. Felix watching her.

If one looks at the faces of most young girls, they have two halves to their faces; one shows what they are now, the other what they will become. Hilda had only one face and it was set, implacable as a little stone, on what she intended to do.

"I can't agree," said Hilda. "Madame, I'm sorry, but I can't. I know what you all think and I expect you are right, but—you must have it as it is, or not at all." She stood, her eyes on Madame, beseeching her to understand.

"You are arrogant and conceited," said Madame. "Then—not at oll." She walked out of the office.

Outside the door she almost stepped on a small girl who, instead of backing away, stayed where she was.

"What do you want, Lollie? What are you doing here?"

"You sent for me," said Lollie calmly.

She had been in the hall for quite a long time, but she did not mind that. The floor was in black and white marble squares, cool and polished. Lollie remembered the first time she had seen them. "Marble? Is it *real* marble?" she had asked. She liked to be alone with its opulence. Lollie had a capacity for reverence, but not even Madame could have called her a chameleon. For instance, she revered Madame, but, as Madame had already noticed, she remained firm.

"*Lollie!*" cried Madame when she had first come. "No one is called Lollie."

"I am."

"But it isn't a name."

"It is my name."

It was not her name. She did not intend to tell Madame her name, because she very justly thought that if Madame knew it, she would approve of it and use it. Lollie's name was Ingeborg. It was years before she came to appreciate it. She was the niece of Miss Porteus, who sewed in the theater. "Now how does Miss Porteus with her red eyes and her arthritis come to have a niece like that?" asked Madame.

"Backgrounds don't matter here." Madame said that often, but it was not true, because all the dancers carried something of their backgrounds with them like a halo or an aura. Lollie was a refreshing child with an antiquated, staid little turn of speech that made people smile, though she said nothing that was funny; she herself had what Madame called a two-edged smile that sprang joyfully to her eyes, while it was woebegone and curiously touching on her lips. She had a fine, slender, small physique with the promise of what Madame said might be classical beauty, and she was remarkably gifted, but she showed very clearly the poverty of her upbringing, not only in food and clothes and knowledge, but in ideas.

MADAME remembered coming on Lollie standing ignominiously outside the door of Rebecca's class. "She told me to be the wind in a field of corn," said Lollie. "How could I be? I have never seen a field of corn."

So much of my dancing, thought Madame, *came out of my childhood.* Her childhood had been spent in her grandmother's house in the country, or traveling with Jan. *At Lollie's age* —— thought Madame, and sighed. However gifted she might be, no one could make that difference up in Lollie.

Now Lollie wondered why she was sent for. It was no surprise to her to be scolded, any more than it was a surprise to be cold or tired or hungry. She had heard the angry voices in the office. *It's a funny time to scold*, thought Lollie. *Just before the big rehearsal*, but she knew what she had done. *It's the shoes*, thought Lollie, and she burned wearily with guilt and shame.

Shoes were auntie's and Lollie's nightmare. The shops for ballet shoes were in Soho, and it was necessary to be there early and to queue for them, and that meant being late for school. Lollie needed blocked shoes now, and unblocked shoes and heeled shoes for character dancing, and they were eight-and-six a pair. No matter how carefully she looked after them, they soon became worn.

"YOU must practice, Lollie. While you wait for your aunt and the rooms are empty, you must practice." Yes, but if she practiced her shoes wore out. The others had mothers and fathers to buy shoes for them and so, when they had gone home, Lollie took their shoes out of their pigeonholes and wore them to practice in and save her own.

"Lollie." Lollie looked up sharply. "Why do you look so frightened?" asked Madame. "You look at me with eyes like a hare. There is nothing to be frightened of." She sat on a chest in the hall. "You have never danced on the stage, have you, Lollie?"

"Yes, I have." (Then it was not the shoes.) "I have danced at the Coliseum, in matinees, twice. I was the *Seed Pearl* in the *Under-the-Water Ballet*, and next time I was a *Half Pint of Milk*. I wore white for both."

"I see," said Madame. "Did you like it?"

"No, I get stage fright."

"Every dancer that is worrth anything olways gets stage fright."

"Doesn't she . . . *ever* get over it?"

"Never. The greater she is, probably the more she is nervous and strung up, because more is expected of her. She will be in a state of nerves each time she waits to dance."

"*Each* time?"

"Each time," said Madame firmly.

"Well, I'm too young to get a license," said Lollie comfortably. "My cousin was in *Puss in Boots* at Croydon last Christmas."

"You have no need to dance in pantomime."

"Three pounds a week," Lollie sighed.

"You have other things to do," said Madame. "Now listen to me. You have worked well this year and I am pleased with you; though I should be more pleased," said Madame with a sudden riposte, "if I had not had to see that capriole you showed me this morning, or what you called a capriole; from the arabesque, jeté, glissade, *pas de chat*, and off with the capriole. Remember?"

Lollie winced and hung her head.

"But still, I am pleased with you and I have decided to give you a chance. It happens that a friend of mine, Mr. Edmund White, of Broadwood Studios, is looking for a child dancer to appear in his new film. He had asked me to find him such a child and I have thought of you. You will have to pass a test, of course. A screen test, but first Mr. White will give you an audition. He is coming here at four o'clock tomorrow."

"But Madame ——"

"Lollie!" Madame fixed her with a stern eye and Lollie quailed.

"What—what shall I dance?"

Madame thought. "The variation I taught you in class. You know that well."

"But it's not even a dance," said Lollie. "Couldn't I do my Polish dance and wear my Polish dress?"

"No. In a charracter dance you will be that charracter, that is if you dance it as you should, which you don't olways. He will want to see you as you are. You will dance the variation."

"But I am no good at auditions."

"You have been prroperly taught. You have only to keep your head," said Madame unsympathetically.

"But ——"

"Then you would like me to give it to Zoe? Or, perhaps, to little Miette?"

(Continued on Page 140)

No one thinks he looks as old as he is. —E. W. HOWE: Country Town Sayings (Crane & Co.)

Sweet? ☑ Rich? ☑ Tender? ☑ Yes—Del Monte!



What's more—this corn comes in two styles. Do you know them both?

You really should—if you like your corn brimming over with sweet country flavor. Just ask anybody who's ever had himself a big helping of Del Monte Corn—either style!

You'll find out how creamy-smooth and hearty Del Monte Golden Cream Style is—that there are plenty of nice, bright kernels, too.

And as for Del Monte Golden Whole Kernel, those plump, tender, *extra* thin-skinned kernels meet with everybody's approval.

Same wonderfully rich flavor in *both*. That's the *big* reason to be sure you always ask for Del Monte Brand Corn.

STAR CORN PUDDING

- 3 tbsps. chopped onion
- 2 tbsps. butter or margarine
- 1 tbsp. flour
- ½ cup milk
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 No. 2 can Del Monte Golden Cream Style Corn
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 4 firm tomatoes

Sauté onions in butter till limp. Blend in the flour. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly till smooth and thick. Stir slowly into beaten eggs. Add corn; season. Wash and core tomatoes. Cut 3 times across blossom end to within ¾ in. of stem end. Place in shallow 1½-qt. baking dish and open segments. Pour corn mixture around tomatoes. Place dish in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 40 min. Garnish with parsley if desired. Serves 6. (Delicious with broiled sausages or bacon.)



Del Monte CORN

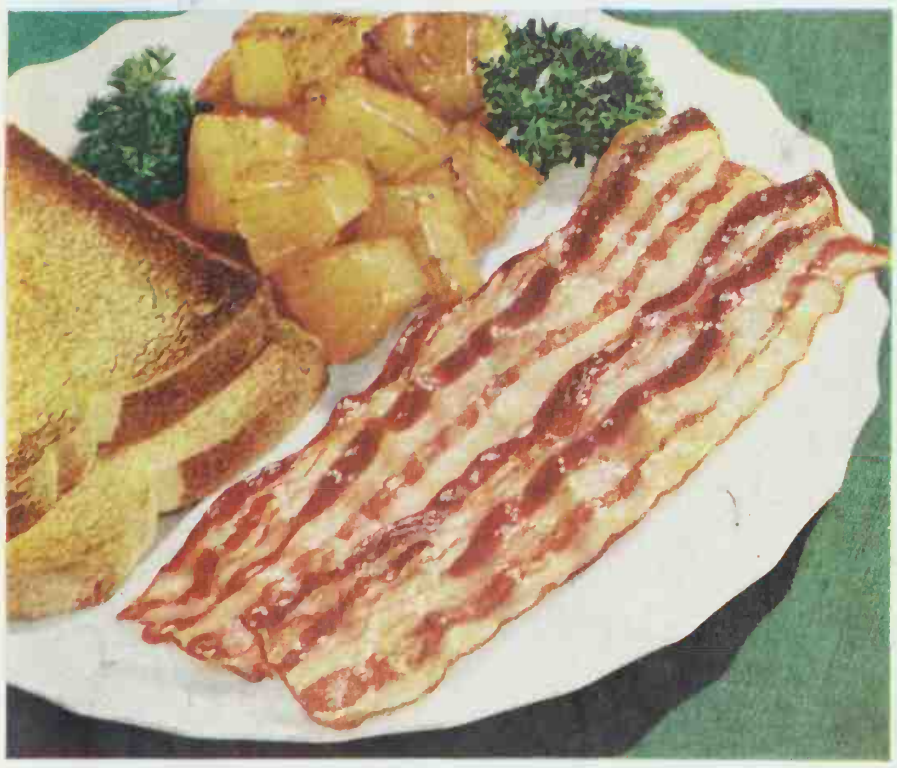
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Brighter Breakfasts!



YOU'RE USING BACON WISELY when you bring it on for breakfast. For nutritionists say breakfast is the day's most neglected meal, and bacon—zesty *Swift's Premium* Bacon—has the "come on" that wakes up morning appetites, plus rich, needed nourishment.





CAREFUL COOKING SAVES WASTE: Place Swift's Premium Bacon in cold frying pan; do not overcrowd. Cook slowly; turn often; drain on absorbent paper. (*Canned pineapple chunks fried in bacon fat taste grand with it.*) So matchless is Swift's Premium's *sweet smoke taste*, so mild and yet so zesty, that America actually prefers this famous bacon to the next *25* brands combined!



Swift's Premium Bacon

with the sweet smoke taste!

(Continued from Page 138)

Lollie flushed. She had suffered from Zoe, and Miette was the youngest and latest joined.

Suddenly Madame softened. "Auditions are nothing to be afraid of, any more than a bridge," she said. "They are a means of traveling, that is oll. If you get this parrt, if you don't get it, makes no difference to your dancing; but what *does* matter," said Madame severely, "is if you dance well."

"Yes, Madame. Will you be there?"

Madame paused, looked down at her. "Do you want me to be there?"

Lollie nodded.

"Your teacher can't hold your hand forever," said Madame, "but I shall be there."

"Well, you have lost an opportunity," said Lion.

"I know," said Hilda in a tense, proud little voice, and walked to the window. When Madame left the office Hilda had walked blindly past her and Lollie and into the classroom.

"H'm!" said Mr. Felix and wiped his forehead on his handkerchief. He looked satisfied.

"What a little fool!" said Lion.

"Yes. You can't please God and Mammon," said Mr. Felix.

Lion glared at him, hesitated and went out after Hilda.

He was genuinely astonished at Hilda, astonished and distressed. Lion went with the stream; he believed there was a tide in the affairs of men and, if he saw it, he promptly took it. Hilda had done what he would not have done; that did not attract him—it rather shocked him—but more and more Hilda herself attracted him. She drew him like a little magnet. His future appeared to be bound up with Caroline and, up to now, he had made no objection; he liked Caroline, he depended on her, in a way he had come to love her; but the tawny-haired Hilda, with the lidded eyes, acted on him in a strange, heady and exhilarating way. It was not only Hilda herself; it was Hilda's dancing. There was a quality in it that was not in Caroline's, that he did not think was in his own.

He had fallen into the habit of staying behind when he came to the school and talking over her ballets with Hilda. At first he had not been particularly interested in the ballets, then, as Hilda explained them and they danced excerpts, he had become interested. One evening, in the last week, she had unfolded to him her latest secret, a ballet for two dancers, based on the loud, uncanny music she had shown Mr. Felix. It had excited Hilda more than any work she had done and, as she read the notes to Lion, she was breathless and flushed. Lion suddenly realized he was in danger; eyes, voice, music, the whole idea of the new ballet were sweeping him away.

"Let's try it," said Hilda, but Lion did not trust himself to dance with her. He was so overcome that he was rude and abrupt. He stopped the phonograph and put down the book.

"I'm going now," he said.

It was like a slap in the face to Hilda. She blanched, and he saw her eyes for a moment before the lids came down. Lion's heart turned over in a strange way. He saw that he had made things worse. Till then, Hilda had not been conscious of him, but now she knew by her own hurt how much she cared.

Lion tried to defend his panic. "I'm a busy person, you know, my dear. I can't be always on call."

Hilda had not forgotten or forgiven that. She had meant to be quite implacable to Lion after it, but when he had come to her, in her stress in Madame's office, his nearness and the warmth of his presence had touched her in spite of herself. Now, in the classroom, she was intensely aware of him.

"Hilda." Lion came up to the window and took her elbows into his hands. Her elbows were warm, rounded, but in their softness he could feel the small, hard, strong bones. "What strong bones you have," he said.

"I haven't," said Hilda with a sob.

"Hilda, dear!"

He heard her catch her breath again and felt the tumult of misery sweep up in her. Emotion is catching and Lion began to be in a tumult too. He rested his cheek against her hair. It was not like Caroline's hair that was heavy, like silk; it was not as beautiful hair; it was feathery, almost like a child's, and it brushed his cheek and his eyes very lightly. For no reason he found that he was trembling and he drew back quickly.

"Hilda," he began, "couldn't you ——"

She turned and faced him. For her he had always been Lion, dazzling, overpowering; but since the day he had snubbed her and left her she had known he was human, like herself. She had grown up; she felt old and serious and tired, because to grow much in a short while is very tiring.

His arm came round her and he said, "Hilda, give in. If you wanted to ——"

"Do you think I don't want to?" she cried, and gave another, more heartbroken sob.

Before he could answer the others came in. The news had spread through the company. Now Francis, who was *War*, May, the scholarship girl from Cardiff, who took *Sorrow*, the little Italian, Lippi, who had been inappropriately chosen for *John Smith*, and *Peace*, and the *Teacher* from *Evocation*, had come in. *Love*, Jessica Anderson, had been kept by Madame for a sharp scolding on her make-up. Alma, who was now in the first ballet, wore her dress as *Peace*.

The dancers gathered round Hilda, talking, pleading, arguing. She could only stand in the middle of them and say, "I am sorry."

"Hilda, *please!*" . . . "Please, Hilda."

"No," said Hilda.

"But why?" . . . "*Why*, Hilda?"

"Tell them why," said Lion treacherously.

Because . . . if I had given in I should have hated myself. Now you only hate me and I can bear that, Hilda might have flung at them and him; but she said nothing, and stood there, tears stinging in her eyes.

"Won't you change your mind?" . . . "Hilda, dear."

Then Lion put his arm round her shoulders and said, "Stop bullying her. She can't do what she thinks wrong. Leave her alone. She shall do exactly what she likes."

Hilda, whose face had been as white and hard as if it were carved in stone, flushed again. Her lips and her eyes and her voice quivered as she called out, "Very well. Have it. Have it as *Meditations* or as anything else that you like."

Lippi and the *Teacher* wrung her hands, Alma kissed her. Francis and May looked at her as if she were a traitor.

But they would have been on the other side if their dances had been chosen, thought Hilda wearily. *Everyone has their price. Well, mine isn't very high.* The stinging in her eyes and throat grew sharper and she burst into tears.

She was aware that Lion had sent the others away with a jerk of his head. She was intensely aware that his arm was round her and that she hated his arm.

"You have done a wise thing, Hilda," said Lion, and he laid his cheek against her hair. He knew it was dangerous, but he wanted to feel that light brushing again. He felt it and his lips traveled over her hair to her cheek and Hilda was filled with such despair that her tears almost choked her. She jerked her cheek away from him and turned back to the window.

Sounds, voices, music, the sharp clapping of a pair of hands reached them through the open garden door of the theater. The rehearsal had begun. They should both have been there, but they did not move.

"You can't go in to rehearsal like that," said Lion. "Listen, they are playing Luiba's first dance with John. It's such a calm little dance that it will calm you. Come and dance it with me."

(Continued on Page 144)

Gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation; you do not find it among gross people.
—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

ANY TIME is coffee time with NESCAFÉ*



Have you ever tried to make only *one* cup of coffee in your present coffee maker? It's mighty disappointing, isn't it? Ah, but when you use Nescafé, each cup you make is full-flavored, delicious coffee.

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SIX-QUART PRESTO PRESSURE COOKER. With pressure volve weight it's a pressure cooker. Remove the weight—and it's o mighty useful deepwell caaker! Either way, coaks autamatically—heat turns on and off by itself, with split-secand timing!



ONLY PRESTELINE GIVES YOU THE WEL-COM-UP that brings up faurth surface coaking unit when you need it. Instantly! Just lift aut Presto deepwell-pressure cooker—slide faurth surfoce unit up and lock in ploce. No tongs required even when unit is hot.



FOURTH SURFACE COOKING UNIT IN PLACE—ready to cook. This extra coaking unit can be used far *autamatic* cooking—another outstanding Presteline feature. Coaking unit slides down whenever you wish to insert Presta deepwell-pressure cooker.



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Big enough for all your cooking needs. Takes 30-lb. turkey. Caaks 2-day supply af food far 6 grown-ups in just 2 hours. Fully autamatic. Turns an and aff by itself. Gives you mare time far ather things.

*** THE BIGGEST STORAGE COMPARTMENT!**

So large, Presteline is virtually a combination range ond kitchen cabinet! Keeps pots ond pans right at your fingertips. Four half-shelves ond six rock positions permit many different arrangements, to suit speciol needs. Saves hundreds of steps every day. Note handy door rack for spatulas, spoons, ladles.



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See the Amazing New 1948 Presteline Automatic Electric Ranges—and see what's really new! PROOF! Only the big 40-inch Presteline gives you a choice of four different top arrangements, to meet every need and preference. PROOF! The biggest oven of them all. PROOF! Broil-R-Roaster with 3-position rack, another Presteline exclusive feature. PROOF! The largest storage compartment. PROOF! Quick heating ThermOrod† surface units. PROOF! Super-fast oven preheating.

See all these years-ahead features—plus prize-winning beauty that brings thrilling new smartness to your kitchen!



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Without question, the most advanced electric range money can buy! It's a dream come true—with two huge automatic ovens, a warming drawer that keeps cooked foods piping hot, high-speed broiling-baking elements, Wel-Com-Up that combines automatic Presto deepwell-pressure cooker and automatic surface cooking unit, two appliance outlets—one automatically controlled. Plus every new and exciting feature that means automatic electric cooking at its finest.



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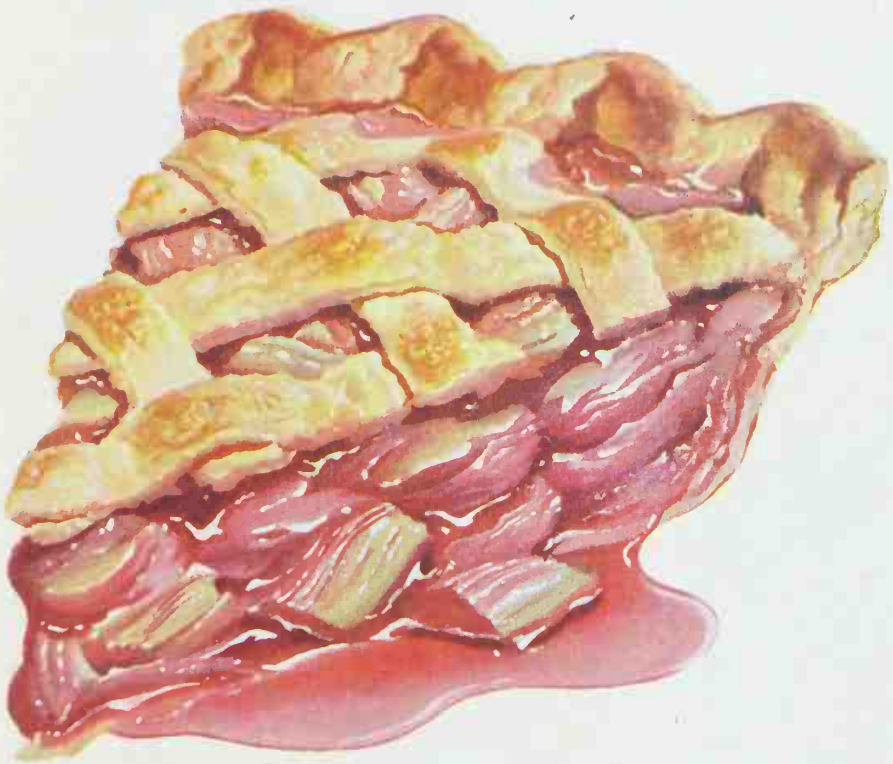
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Flatter him—even pamper him—with wonderful pie you baked yourself. And so easily, too. So quickly with the new Pillsbury Pie Crust Mix. Makes light, flaky crust every time. Try it soon, with fresh rhubarb or any of your husband's favorite fillings.

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You and Ann Pillsbury can make a great team

Ann Pillsbury has developed a new pie crust mix in *her* kitchen to save you time in *your* kitchen, and give you perfect results every time.

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(Continued from Page 140)

He could not, at that moment, have said anything better to Hilda. She answered, "No," but Lion took her hand and led her into the middle of the floor and, in the twilight, to the music coming from the theater, they danced.

Lion would have said before that Hilda was not tall enough for him; now she filled what he could only feel was a womanly place beside him—she seemed exactly the right height. She danced with him, and he took her strong responsive little body in his hands, and could feel her taut against him; he could feel her muscles harden and change under his hand as he held her against him, swung her, lifted her and put her down, and held her again. He saw, with a tinge of amusement, that though her nose and brows and chin were all severely straight, her eyes were tilted. Hilda's eyes had been closed with tears, but now they were wide open and warm and bright. Lion held her more tightly.

Hilda was shaken out of herself by emotion. She had been angry with Lion because she was disappointed in him; then why was she so helpless and pliant? To dance with Lion was to forget him, all except the fact that he was Lion, the superb young man. The dance between the *First Pupil* and *Interloper* was tender as well as calm.

"I have never known you dance like this, Hilda," said Lion.

"Haven't you?" said Hilda demurely.

They were both breathing a little faster than usual. Then he loosed her and said, "This is a boy's dance. It's too young for me. What was that ballet you started to show me last week?"

Hilda flushed. "You hadn't time to see it."

"Yes, I know, but I remember it. Let's try it now."

There is only one healthy rule for living: cut your losses and start again.

Hilda went to the phonograph and took two records off the shelf. She put the first on the disk and switched on the phonograph and set the needle. The music swelled out into the room. It began gently. "That is my *adage*," said Hilda. Then it rose. It was not polite music; it was raucous and savage, sweeping through the room. "Watch," said Hilda. "This is your part." She had begun on the rush of music, where it grew louder.

Lion watched. They switched back the phonograph and he went through it, Hilda beside him. Then they started again, Hilda in the solo *adage* with which the ballet opened. Though she should have been unconscious of him, Hilda was very conscious, but when the opening theme ended and he came in the savage overbearing rush that she had worked out but never seen, she shrank back in real fear and surprise and cried out:

"Lion, no!"

"Why? Why, what is the matter?" Lion was angry at being stopped. "Why did you stop me? Isn't that right?"

"Yes, but ——"

"But what?"

"It's too . . . strong," said Hilda faintly.

"It can't be," said Lion. "It has to be strong. Begin again," he ordered.

She began and this time, though again she had the giddy feeling of being violently overthrown, borne backward and mastered, she danced with him.

"I don't envy her. I shouldn't like to dance that," said Alma later, watching her. "Nor should I," said Rayevskaya. "I think it's shocking."

As Hilda danced, more and more her power came up to match Lion. *It's only a dance,* she thought giddily. *It's only a dance.* Her hands clung, she felt his thigh lift her, force her, his breath came on her cheek and his head bent over hers. She gave a little gasp. His eyes were shut.

"And *what* is the meaning of this *deafening noise?*" asked Madame's voice in the doorway.

The rehearsal was not going well. Madame had not come to it in a good mood. On the stage *Cat Among the Pigeons* had begun. Its music came in a warm, sparkling torrent, with the infectious clicking rhythm of castanets, to Madame where she stood in the aisle between the stalls. The *Convent Pupils* in their white skirts fringed with black were circling, stamping their heels between tubs of orange trees in blossom.

"Gently! Crrisply!" called Madame. "You sound like horses in a forge. Carrt horses!"

The company knew Madame's mood to a hair. Madame was in a temper.

The gay, insouciant *Cat Among the Pigeons* was the best of Jan Holbein's ballets. Madame had chosen it for this anniversary because of that and because sixty years ago she herself had danced, as a small child, the part that Archie was to take, the *Hummingbird.*

"A boy for the *Hummingbird?*" asked Miss Ilse. She said it as if it would be sacrilege.

"He will be perrfect," said Madame.

He was. With his extreme lightness and quickness and polish, Archie made an impression, all the more because he was a boy. Madame felt she could not have borne it had he been another girl. Every movement, every dart and line of those dances was in her still.

The *Hummingbird* danced against the green of the Spanish-styled Brazilian garden, the black and white of the nuns, the white and black of the *Convent Pupils;* the music had the sound of bells dropping from the square bell tower and was warm like the sun-baked little town beyond the walls, broken by the quivering passage of the *Hummingbird.* Now, though it should have had all its old enchanting quality, it was not the same. To Madame it seemed that the music dragged, that the bells were flat, the pupils lumpy.

"No! No!" cried Madame, beating the orchestra rail. "I will not have it like this. Luiba, you were late on that entrance. Felix! You are taking it too slow. Your tempo is oll wrong."

Mr. Felix said courteously that the tempo was the same as yesterday.

"Then yesterday it was too slow. Now start again." She looked along the line of *Convent Pupils* and said, "You are not oll here. Who isn't here?"

Several voices replied that it was Hilda.

"So! She thinks she can disobey me as well as—as *flout* me," said Madame, and turned to speak to someone at her side. There was no one there. "Where is Lion?" she asked.

After a pause, a voice said that he was not there. There was a longer pause.

Lion had always been by Madame when she needed him—as far as it had been compatible with his own ends; they both knew it was as far as was compatible. It was necessary that he should be a great deal at the Metropolitan and with his own wide circle of useful friends, but tonight there was no excuse. A storm of anger began to come up in Madame.

"Go strraight on! Gaby, go into Hilda's place," she said. Her eyes had a dark glitter. Then her voice shrilled above the orchestra. "Luiba! You were late on your beat again."

The gay, small-limbed Luiba Rayevskaya stopped almost in mid-air, turned pale and then red, her eyes bright with dismay.

"Luiba Andreevna Rayevskaya, have you no earrs?" asked Madame in a deadly small voice across the silenced orchestra. "Can—you—not—hear? Ah, why do I have to waste my time with dolts?"

No one answered. Mr. Felix began Rayevskaya's introduction again. She went back to her place. She was late again. Mr. Felix stopped the orchestra himself. The dancers held their breath. Rayevskaya burst into tears. Madame walked out of the theater.

Outside the theater door she leaned against the wall and closed her eyes. She felt dizzy and sick. "Ah, no!" she whispered. "This isn't what I came to do. This is . . . fiasco." Madame Holbein did not have fiascoes. Well? "Yes, I know," whispered Madame. "It is in my hands." Her hands were firm

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and experienced, but sometimes they were too hard. Experienced hands can mold what is malleable almost to what they will, if they know when they have gone too far. She saw the little Rayevskaya's terrified blue eyes. "Ah! No. No!" cried Madame. "She will never dance like that. Ah, no!"

To calm herself she began to walk up and down the garden. It was cool in the garden after the crowd and heat inside; its coolness fell on her face and neck and hands, but to her it was cold and she huddled her shoulders in her jacket.

She began to think of the ballet, and now, as she had wanted, she began to see it as a whole, to see what was needful and what she must do. She began to work it out. It was sixty years since she had run across that far-off stage in Buenos Aires; fifty since she had made her debut as a finished dancer—*but a dancer is never finished, never.* It seemed to Madame now, truthfully, that she had not rested for a day since, *because even when I was resting I was planning.*

ALL at once Madame became aware that, while the theater was muted, music was streaming from the house where all but the dressing-room windows were dark. It was blatant, loud music of a curious impoliteness.

She stood for a moment, listening, startled. *Where is Ilse?* she thought. She should have been in the office, but the office was dark. *She has gone over to see the nuns,* thought Madame furiously. *She is never here when I want her, never!* Madame could still move quickly; she went up the back staircase like a whirlwind and threw open the classroom door.

"And *what* is the meaning of this *deafening noise?*" asked Madame's voice in the doorway.

Madame did not know what it was that Hilda and Lion were dancing; she saw only that they were dancing together while she, Madame, was left to take the rehearsal alone. The whole of her changed to spite. *How dare you!* she could have cried to Hilda. *Let me tell you that oll this is nothing at oll that you think. He is Lion. Lion—and you are a crude little girl; conceited and vain and sly. No, he is not for you.* . . . "Hold your tongue. Don't speak to me," cried Madame as Hilda raised her head, but neither of them had said a word.

Hilda had been standing with her back to the door so that the shock of Madame's voice had been greater. Lion had seen her and stayed his rush. He did not look very disconcerted. He took a long leap toward Madame and finished in front of her.

"I have been talking to Hilda. She has come round," he said triumphantly. "Now we can all agree."

For a moment Madame was more angry than ever. She felt cheated. *I can't even be angry in peace,* she thought. Lion had brought her up too sharply.

"You are pleased? Say you are pleased."

She had to be pleased, though she still hardly knew how she had come to be in this position. Hilda, she felt, had turned the tables on her. "I am pleased, if it's trrue," she said grudgingly, and glared at Hilda.

Hilda was angry too. Madame, in the doorway, had given her a shock and a nasty little premonition of knowledge that she would rather have been without. She was angry against Madame, angrier with Lion, and most angry with herself.

"Is this true, Hilda?"

"Yes, Madame," said Hilda and closed her lips, but she knew she had closed them too late. She felt she was a Judas.

"Then if you have finished . . . being talked round," said Madame dryly, "we had better go to the theater."

As they came into the theater they were greeted by stricken silence. *Did they think I should never come back?* thought Madame. *I wonder what they would have done, not?* It did not occur to her that they might have gone home, nor to them. Her amusement left her as she saw Rayevskaya's round face nearly haggard with unhappiness.

Madame came down to the orchestra rail. "Luiba," she called. "Luibochka, come here.

(Continued on Page 147)

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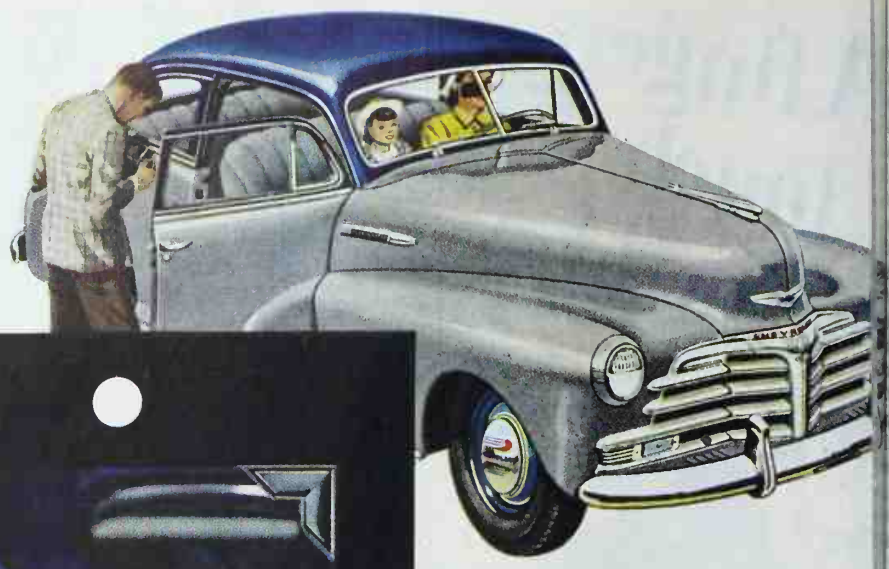
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(Continued from Page 145)

vant you to go back from the dance of the
wo pupils. Hilda, go and dress and take
ur place. Now Luibochka, dearr child,
om where you brreak away towards John:
titude . . . pirrouettes . . . entrechat
ée. . . . You remember? So! Yes. . . .
ion, I want you to watch this particu-
ly. . . . I have never seen you, Luibochka,
as well before. . . . Now! Do you see,
on?" Rayevskaya, encouraged, let herself
nce. "Ex-cel-lent! Go on from there."
ayevskaya, surprised and dazzled, went on,
adame nodded to Mr. Felix, the others
pped into their places and the rehearsal
gan again.

Soon Madame saw it was gathering the
petus it needed; it grew smooth and clear.
ayevskaya was heartened and relieved by
e praise just as Madame had meant her to
, and began to dance with the grace of a
tle swallow. *How artless they are*, thought
adame, and sighed.

She had to think of Hilda's ballet. She
d a strong impulse, now that she had won
r point, to leave it alone. *Leave it alto-
ther or cut it*, said Madame's instinct. *That
eans cut it*, said her brain. *And you have
thing to put in its
ace.*

With final quiet-
ss in its music, *Cat
mong the Pigeons*
as drawing to its
d. The curtain came
wn. The dancers
aited tensely, but
adame said noth-
g. She looked at
em as if she did not
e them and then
used herself to say,
That will do. Now
and change, oll of
ou"; and to Ray-
vskaya, "Bravo!"
hen she called Hilda
nd told her to fetch
e dancers who had
les in *Lyre*. They
me down off the
age and stood round
hile Madame ex-
ained the new dance
der to them.

"Each separate. No
tempt to link them.
es, Hilda?"

"Yes, Madame."

Madame made
ilda try the *Medita-
ons* through, stand-
g at her side. When
was finished, there was complete silence.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked
Madame. "Is it better or isn't it?"

Hilda could not say because she did not
now. She had only one feeling about it:
"It isn't my ballet." She spoke quite unlike
Hilda, she spoke stupidly, but Madame
gain knew that she was right. Before, it
ad at least been a ballet, now it was
eaningless.

"It won't do," said Madame. "I can't
ave it."

"Then . . . what ——" began Lion.

"I don't know," said Madame, "but not
is. Not this."

"Let me call them tomorrow at ten," said
ion. "We can work on it."

"Ah, Lion! Don't conflict me so. I am
etting tired out. We shall go strraight
n to *Noble Life*. Everrybody go and
hange."

The Noble Life had been arranged as a bal-
t for Madame at the height of her career.
t had been her own idea, taken from the
apestries in the Cluny Museum.

MADAME'S dress as the *Lady* was too small
or Caroline. That was disappointing. She
ad given one of her own parts to Archie, but
his was far more personal. She felt that it
as only to Caroline that she could have
iven this, because no one but herself had
ver danced the *Lady*. Now the dress would
ot fit. *But I was wrrong for the Lady*, said
Madame generously. *She should have been
fair and tall as Caroline is, and I was not.*
Still, she was disappointed.

Why do I mind about this ballet? she asked herself. *Was I perhaps a little in love with my partner?* But she could not remember who those partners were, and there had been two or three of them as the *Nobleman*. *No, I wasn't in love—not with my parrtner*, said Madame. *Was I ever in love? I suppose I was, but I can't remember it now.*

She turned her attention to the stage. "Tell them we shall go strraight on, Rebecca."

"But we can't go straight on," said Rebecca. "Caroline hasn't come."

Madame asked for Lion.

"He is telephoning, Madame."

MADAME knew he was telephoning the Metropolitan. In a few minutes he came back and his face was clouded. "She is on her way, Madame. She will be here directly."

Madame asked quietly, "Who is her understudy?"

"Hilda," said Rebecca.

Madame frowned. "I should like Luiba to try it."

"She doesn't know it, Madame."

"Then let Hilda stand in until Caroline comes." Lion was ready to go on in the *Nobleman's* silks and velvets. She knew he wanted to dance it with Hilda, and that made her struggle all the sharper.

The curtain came down and went up on the first scene, *The Walk*.

With Lion on the stage there came to Madame a complete sense of rest. Lion, as a dancer, had come into his prime; she had no need to trouble about him, she could take her reward and joy in the sureness of his power. Lion was male, with male zest and male strength. *Yes, you are a lord of creation*, thought Madame, watching him.

He was singularly beautiful in the *Nobleman's* clothes. She had a pang of sheer jealousy when she thought of Hilda in her place as the *Lady*. *Hilda won't hold a candle to him*, she thought with jealous satisfaction, but when Hilda came on, Madame was surprised to see how well she looked. Though Hilda's head was not on a level with Lion's cheek, she had a dignity that made her tall.

For a moment the figures of Lion and Hilda swam uncertainly in front of her eyes. She was on the stage, under the lights, the pearls of the headdress touched her cheek and she tossed back the ermine lappets of her sleeves and saw her hand coming small from the frilled cuff of the embroidered undersleeve. Watching Caroline's interpretation, she had forgotten her own. Now Hilda brought it startlingly to life.

She—she —— thought Madame, and she cried, "Who taught her this?"

"No one," said Rebecca.

"The little upstart. How dare she?"

For the second time that day, Lion danced with Hilda. "Take it calmly," he whispered to her. "You can do it, easily."

He did not know the half of what Hilda could do and, as he danced with her, he began to be puzzled. It was different from Caroline. As they danced, he felt Hilda draw more and more away from him and he wondered more and more why, until he saw that she was in part; he was not Lion, he was the importunate *Nobleman* and she the aloof *Lady*. That piqued him.

Lion knew, without a shadow of doubt, of his effect on Hilda. He had had adulation

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Rail Fence

By John Robert Quinn

Covered with woodbine now, a
stopping place
For wearied time, sweet fern and
Queen Anne's lace,
The living fence you built with
brawn and dreams
Is sagging down. Yet always here,
it seems,
I find you most, your spirit like the
scent
Of clover from these fields, your
testament.
And I am certain, pausing here
within
The crooking silence, I can sense
the thin
Far music of your ax. And that is
why
You built this fence that will not
let me by.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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and flattery, sometimes even adoration. He knew that this young, serious, green-eyed girl loved him in spite of herself, and because he was innately gentle it touched him; he was beginning to have a tender feeling for Hilda that was quite apart from her attraction for him.

"Hilda, we dance well together, don't we?"

"Hush."

His arm was holding her, a stage arm it was true, but Lion's arm. She was pressed against him, his cheek was against her cheek. The stage spun round her, but it still had an axis on which it could spin and she remained cool and clear in her head.

"Hilda, you are a little iceberg."

"Hush."

But then he had to turn her, hold her, with her face toward him; before she bent backward and away from him, she smiled at him from under her lids, and it was a smile of pure happiness.

Madame clapped her hands. The orchestra stopped and there beside Madame was Caroline.

Caroline was gracious. She had a wait in the wings and Hilda, as her *maid*, was beside her. She could have ignored Hilda, but Caroline was gracious. "You danced that part very well. Very well, did you know?"

"I know," said Hilda. That was a queer, rude answer for a pupil to give to a dancer in Caroline's position, and it was accompanied by such a blaze in those green eyes that Caroline's own, always wide open, opened wider in astonishment.

Once Caroline was on the stage it became obvious that Hilda had no real beauty at all. *Now they are in their rright places,* thought Madame, satisfied. They were where she would have them be, Caroline partnered with Lion. Caroline's every movement was pure, classical—*arristocratic,* thought Madame, watching her, and surely that was right for the *Lady?* But . . . was Caroline's *Lady* a little moonfaced? Did she lack spice after —— Madame caught herself up, but she could not help remembering the precision and lightness of Hilda's attack.

Flattery, if judiciously administered, is always acceptable, however much we may despise the flatterer.
—LADY MARGUERITE BLESSINGTON.

She watched more closely. Caroline had been on tour with the Metropolitan Company in Holland. One of the leading dancers had been ill and Caroline had been given some of her roles. She had had a small ovation and notice in the press and, when they came back to London, she found herself promoted. Now she had come from her larger world to this small outworn one.

What has happened to her? thought Madame. The answer began to be plain. Caroline was not trying. "So," Madame whispered, "she doesn't think it worrth her while to try for me."

Miss Ilse had come in and stood beside her. "Anna, you want your supper?"

"Supper! How can I think about supper?"

"You must have nearly finished, Anna."

Madame shook her head again.

At last it was over. The curtain fell, went up, everyone waited and again Madame said nothing.

It was Lion who spoke. "Madame, some of the girls have to catch a bus or a train home. They will miss the last if you don't let them go now."

Madame opened her lips and said, "Very well."

"Do you want them tomorrow?"

"No. Not before evening." She saw consternation on his face. "I shall see tomorrow," said Madame.

Caroline came to say good night. "Madame, you look so tired."

"I am not tirred. I don't allow myself to be tired until I have things right." Her eyes had a look of disdain that Hilda knew well but that Caroline had never seen before.

Caroline hesitated. Then she kissed Madame smoothly and went away. Madame's face as she looked after her was tired and very old.

None of them knew what was to happer but Hilda knew in her bones that neithe *Lyre with Seven Strings* nor *Meditation* would be done. *Then why did she say it wa good?* asked Hilda bitterly. She said mor bitterly, *And I needn't have given in. It di no good to give in. Why did I give in?*

She had come up to the classroom to pu her notes and records away, but now sh was too tired even to do that. She stood b the window as she had stood that evening she had fallen into the same pose, but sh was far more unhappy. Outside it was dark though the theater was still lit. *I suppos Madame is still there, tearing me to pieces* thought Hilda. *Lion has gone home, perhap he has taken Caroline home, or he is wit Madame, discussing me. Why did they say i was good?* asked Hilda, a tear rolling dow her nose. *Madame isn't fair. She gives wit one hand and takes back with the other. Wh did she say it was good?*

There was a rustle beside her and she looked down. The child Lollie was at her elbow.

"Lollie! You here at this time of night You ought to have gone home hours ago."

"I can't go home," said Lollie. "Auntie can't have me alone in the flat and Mrs. Zannager kept her."

"Your aunt is Miss Porteus?"

"Yes."

Like Hilda, Lollie was oppressed, but she had boundless tenacity. She had, under her fears and starts, more tenacity than anyone in the school, almost more than Madame.

Hilda stood leaning against the window and then stood back and pushed it up and leaned out. The light wind blew from the theater and brought with it a scent of flowers.

"It doesn't smell like London, does it?" said Lollie.

Hilda paid no attention to the flowers. *Could I hear talking in the theater from here?* she was wondering. *The lights are still on. Is she still thinking or discussing? Or is it decided now?* She felt it was decided. *Yes, my ballet is gone,* thought Hilda. *Gone.*

She had no inkling of feeling that she would write others; for her, tonight, it was finished The thought that there would be others had not come to her yet, or if it came she discarded it.

"Look at the lights," said Lollie.

"Yes," said Hilda. She did not want to look at them.

"It's hard to tell where the lights leave off and the stars begin," said Lollie. "I have been learning the names of the stars in school."

"I used to hate that," said Hilda. "When they used to say we were a pin point in the universe, I used to feel as if the whole earth dwindled away and I was lost. It used to frighten me."

"I don't know," said Lollie judiciously. "When they say that, then I think, 'Well, we are a star as well.'"

"Don't wait for me, Lion," said Madame. "I will put out the lights." Everyone else had left the theater. Lion, waiting for Madame in the doorway, looked broad-shouldered and heavy and comforting. *But I had better not be comforted,* thought Madame. *I have work to do.* "Go," she said to Lion.

Lion went home. One by one, lingeringly, she turned out the lights. She locked the outer doors, and went into the passage where small cubicles made Lion's and Caroline's dressing rooms opposite each other. Caroline's was immaculate. *Well, it should be. She has a dresser, not?* It smelled faintly of Caroline's scent. The *Lady's* dress hung on its hanger. Madame went in and touched the fur on the sleeves of the dress. *Mine was ermine. We could not do that for Caroline.*

"Let me take it off yours, Madame," Zanny had said, but she would not let her dress be touched. "But, Anna, you don't want it."

"I do," said Madame. "I am going to be buried in it."

(Continued on Page 150)



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(Continued from Page 148)

Now it seemed to her cheap and pitiful that Caroline's ermine should be white rabbit fur sewn with black. "It looks as good from the front," said Zanny.

That was the whole point, of course, and Madame concurred in it, but it still seemed to her cheap. The quality was gone. That might be the wrong point of view, but it was Madame's.

Madame put out the lights and went back into the theater and through it to the foyer. There were photographs along the walls, chiefly of Lion, and Caroline, but also of Rayevskaya, Hilda, John, Francis, Lippi, Alma. On a stand was a large one of Madame as the *Hummingbird* in Buenos Aires sixty years ago and, in the corner of the frame, a small one of Archie. Madame had half a mind to take Archie out. There were others of Madame in *Lac de Cygnes, Scheherazade, Giselle, Snowflakes, Tamar,* as the *Princess Aurora,* as the *Lady.* Tomorrow the whole foyer would be heaped with flowers. *They are sure to send me flowers,* said Madame.

She stepped outside into the garden and closed the door.

MADAME went upstairs and found Miss Ilse in her bedroom, where she had been feeling the bottle Zanny had put in Madame's bed to see if it was really hot. She thought Madame was Zanny and jumped. "Anna, how late you are! Has it gone worse? Is it still wrong?"

"No. Not at all!" said Madame bitingly.

"You are tired out," said Miss Ilse. "Your supper is ready in the sitting room. I am going to bed."

Madame let her go. She went to the window and looked down on the road. She said, forgetting Miss Ilse was not there, "Ilse, do you remember the nightingale?"

Miss Ilse could not remember the nightingale. The nightingale was before Miss Ilse, before even she, Madame, had become Anna Holbein, when she was a child and lived in her grandmother's house in the country, a child called Niura. "Listen, Niura, that is a nightingale." She remembered the words, but not who had spoken them.

She went into the sitting room, familiar with its colors and comfort and warmth. The fire was bright. In front of it was a small table with a white lace-edged cloth. It was set for supper and with candles in a two-branched gilt candlestick. *Like a little altar,* thought Madame. *Ilse knows I love candlelight.*

She sat down by the fire. There was a tumbler with red wine in it and, balanced across it, a spoon with a lump of sugar; beside it was a hot-water jug wrapped round in a napkin. As Madame lifted its lid, steam came out. She poured in the water and dropped the sugar in and sat stirring it round. *Such horrible wine,* thought Madame, making a grimace, but Miss Ilse thought it was good for her and put it for her every evening. It was at any rate warm and comforting. She sat holding it, watching the sugar turn dark.

She lifted the dish cover and began her supper; it was one of Zanny's ragouts with a chicken, a few button mushrooms and very small carrots.

Miss Ilse had added brown bread and butter, a salad and strawberries and cream. Madame left the salad—she knew Miss Ilse's salads—and ate the rest.

She rolled a strawberry in sugar and ate it thoughtfully, slowly, looking into the fire. She thought of the way she had come since the days of Niura. It seemed to her like a road winding and winding, round loops and bends and corners and up steep places with precipices and chasms and barriers to make it difficult and longer.

When she thought of the road, particularly the precipices, she thought of Hilda. It was provoking. *And why think of Hilda, when it is Caroline I love?* The thought of Caroline gave her a stab. *How little she cared for you tonight,* it said. Madame lifted her chin. *If you love people, you must be prepared to suffer them. I shall speak to Caroline in the morning. She will take it from me. Caroline is always sweet-tempered and*

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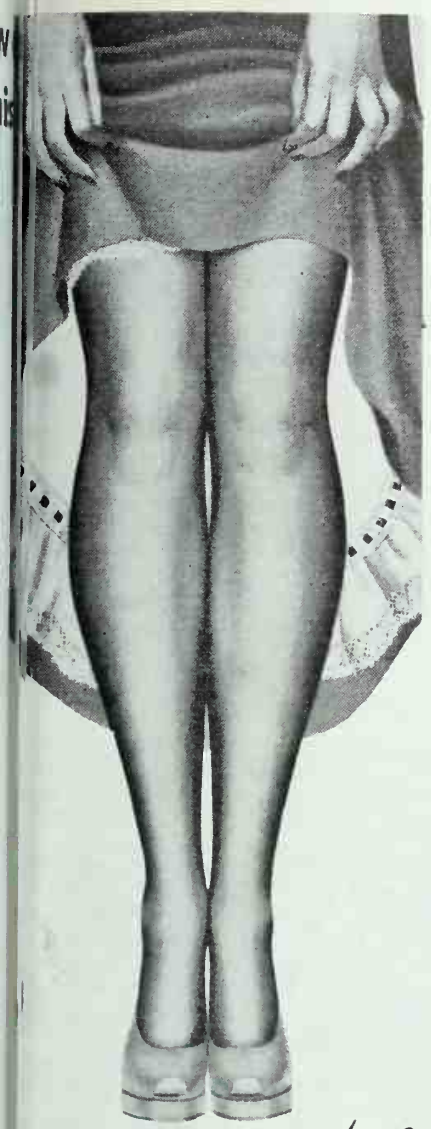
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it is natural she should get swollen head, not? The wonder is that it hasn't happened before. I shall speak in the morning and it will be oll rright, but Hilda ——

That brought her back to the trouble of the ballet. *It isn't oll right,* cried Madame in despair. *Hilda. Why did I ever see Hilda? It is a fiasco. A fiasco! Never before,* said Madame, *have I had nothing new to show; nothing to make the a talk, worth while to remember. A young dancer, a new ballet, a new idea. A nest egg of ballet,* said Madame bitterly, *with not one single egg in it! Nothing to show. Nothing to bring them to see, only the old, with no new blood in it. Adequate? Ah, yes, of course, but that is oll, and it isn't even adequate with a third of the program gone.*

It was very quiet. Time seemed to be suspended in the house, but if she listened, she could hear the clocks ticking. She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes.

"Listen, Niura. That is a nightingale."

She could not remember the name of that boy. There were others. There were Serge and Paul. She had not thought of them for a long time. *There was that young Englishman, Gerald . . . Gerald? Well, Gerald,* said Madame. There was Kuprin, her first partner, and into her mind came a strange old Scotsman who had followed her last tour all through South America, from place to place, never speaking to anyone in the company, never writing or asking to meet her, but always in the theater to see her dance; *I used to bow to him,* thought Madame, *but he never sent me any flowers. I suppose he thought he had spent enough in following us abod, and it must have cost him a good deal,* thought Madame fairly. She remembered the Gala performance, Swan Lake. She remembered

The trouble with Napoleon was that he tried to do too much, and did it. —ARTEMUS WARD.

kissing the Queen's hand in its white glove and she remembered the bouquet. They had stiffened its lace, and that had shocked Miss Ilse. She had washed it lovingly. *I have it still in the cabinet on the stairs.*

Yes. There were many who had loved Anna Holbein, but whom had she loved? *I suppose I loved them,* thought Madame. *Perhaps I loved them oll—or none.* A flame came up from the glow of the coals and shone, reflected in the polish of the chairs and tables, in the glass and silver on the table, in the candlestick, in the mirrors and on the walls.

"Anna. My darling. Darling Anna."

The first season she gave *The Noble Life. . . . It is because we do it now that I think of him, because I am tired, but* —— She could not remember him clearly; instead she saw Lion.

She thought of Lion. Of Lion's golden skin with olive lights, of his hair that was crinkled with curls like the pelt of a lamb, of his eyes. She saw him in his silks and velvets as the *Nobleman. Well, Lion is not for me,* she said, but however firmly she said it, she felt again that rebellious pang of jealousy. *Ah, don't conflict me so,* said Madame to herself. *You are old. For years you have been old. You should be used to it. It has been peaceful to be old, till now.*

She raised her head and listened. The emptiness of the house answered her. *In the night,* she thought, *when everyone is asleep, that is the time, when the moments are emptied of the thoughts of others, cleared, that is the time to think.*

She lifted her head. Under the blinds that Miss Ilse had drawn, the light lay in the angle of the window frames, an angle of light and an angle of darkness, that she had seen before. She could hear the first sound of a chirp in the garden. *It isn't night,* she said. *It's day.*

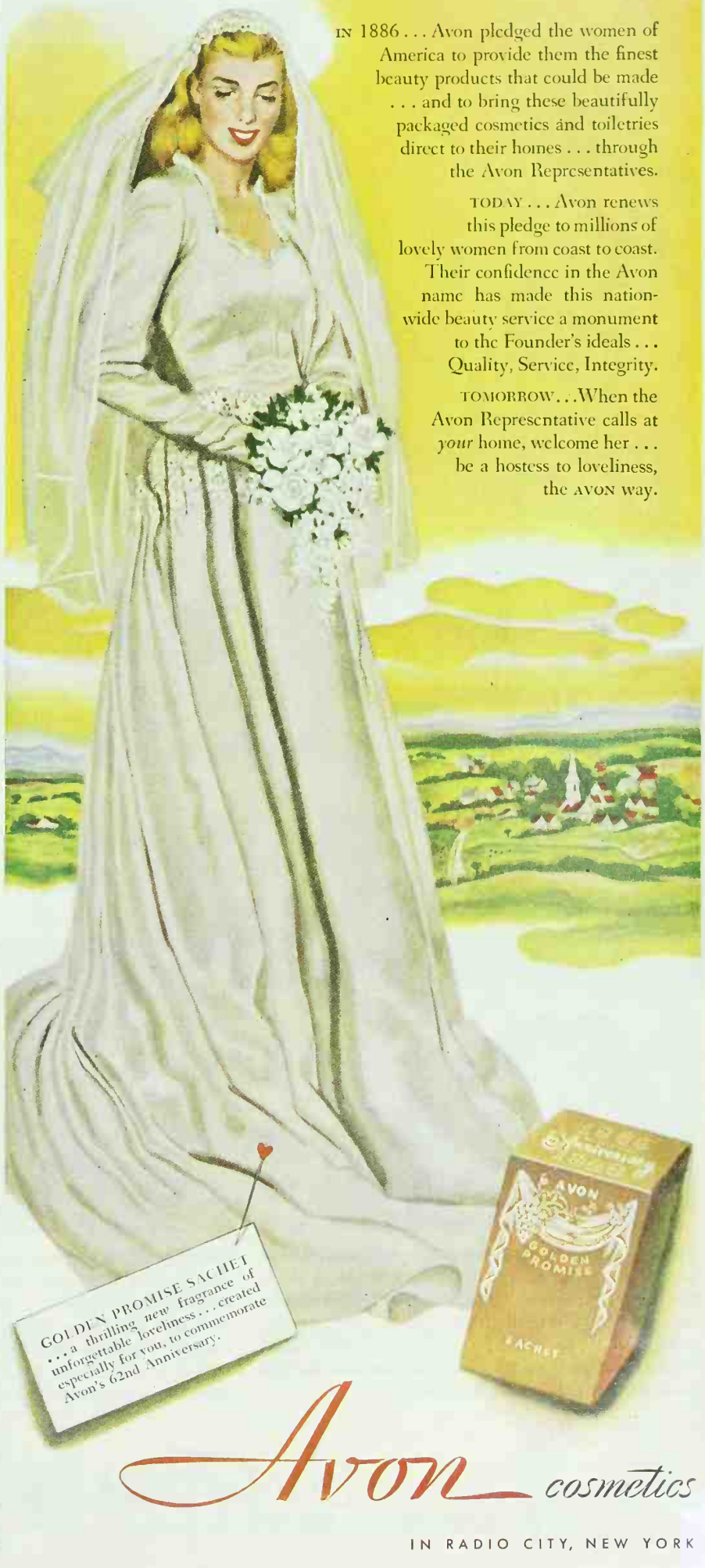
She was reluctant to meet this day. To go into it with its troubles and difficulties and strain and work. *I am not fit for it,* said Madame. *I have had no rest, no sleep, and it will be a calamitous day. I feel it.* She felt

(Continued on Page 153)

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(Continued from Page 151)

ld, beaten, too tired, too cold to deal with it. Her eyes felt as dry as paper, her body ached.

She began to walk about. The room, with ts blinds drawn, the ashes in the fire and its ised supper table, seemed dead and depress- ng. She opened the door and listened and vent down to the first classrooms where here were no blinds to pull, no curtains to raw and shut out this necessary day. Here he could meet it, as it had to be met.

Someone had left the window open. A ave of cool, dew-filled air met her and, hough it chilled her, it was freshening.

Here in this room were all the habits of her fe and work; all her discipline, her inspira- ion. She looked round it as if she were call- ng to it, asking it to rally to her now. The oor, dusty, dry with the lines of its boards; he embossed old darkened paper; the *barres* n their iron clamps; a pair of shoes left on he floor, their tapes trailing; the phono- raph. Madame's eyes stopped.

The phonograph was open, its lid raised, nd on it was an open notebook. She walked ver to it. On the disk was a large record; he could not read its label without lifting it p, but she picked up the notebook; the riting was as large, sprawled and untidy as er own. "Solo, Leda," she read. "Leda ravels backward on line five to center: en- rechat quatre, relevé passé derrière on alter- ate feet, arms fifth en bas." *Leda?* asked Madame, and turned the pages back. "Leda, ooking for shells on the lake shore," she ead. *Tchk-tchk!* said Madame, and carried he book to the light and read on: "And now, oward the reeds and the girl, the swan omes with a rush, the wings beat round her, naking her stagger and reel dizzily, bearing er backward." *Tchk-tchk!* said Madame.

She turned the book over. In the front vas written "Leda and the Swan." *Hm!* aid Madame. *Now why did no one ever think f making that into a ballet before?* It seemed o her now an inevitable theme. She read the otes through and then went to the phono- raph. She took off the record and, holding t close to her eyes, was able to read it: Fantasia and Variations: Carlorossi. *Never eard of it,* said Madame, and put it back gain, switched the phonograph on and re- eased the catch. It began quietly, then the aucous impolite music she had heard in the arden burst into the room. *Tchk-tchk!* cried Madame, recoiling in surprise. *Tchk-tchk-tchk!* but she listened.

There was no hiding that music. It broke its way into every corner of the house and woke Miss Ilse and brought her running down the stairs.

"Anna! What are you doing? It's five o'clock. You haven't been to bed all night."

"No," Madame agreed abstractedly. Her voice was buoyant and full of life.

Miss Ilse stared at her. "Anna, what have you been doing?"

"What should I have been doing?" asked Madame, not thinking of her.

"You—you look like you used to do, almost like a young girl. Anna, what did you do last night?"

"Last night?" Madame could not remember last night. Last night was over. It was today. "Ilse, you must get Lion."

"Now? Do you know what the time is, Anna?"

"Yes, you have told me," said Madame, and she said urgently, "There isn't a minute to lose. And Felix. You must get Felix. Wake Zanny, and Miss Porteus." She turned on Miss Ilse. "Why are you standing there, not even dressed? I said you should get Lion. Then get Lion, at once."

"But how shall I get him? He will be in bed. No one will answer the telephone."

"Then you must go in a taxi and fetch him."

"Where shall I get a taxi at five in the morning?" Miss Ilse dissolved into tears. "You are so unfeeling, Anna. I don't understand what is happening. How do you expect me to understand when you don't explain?"

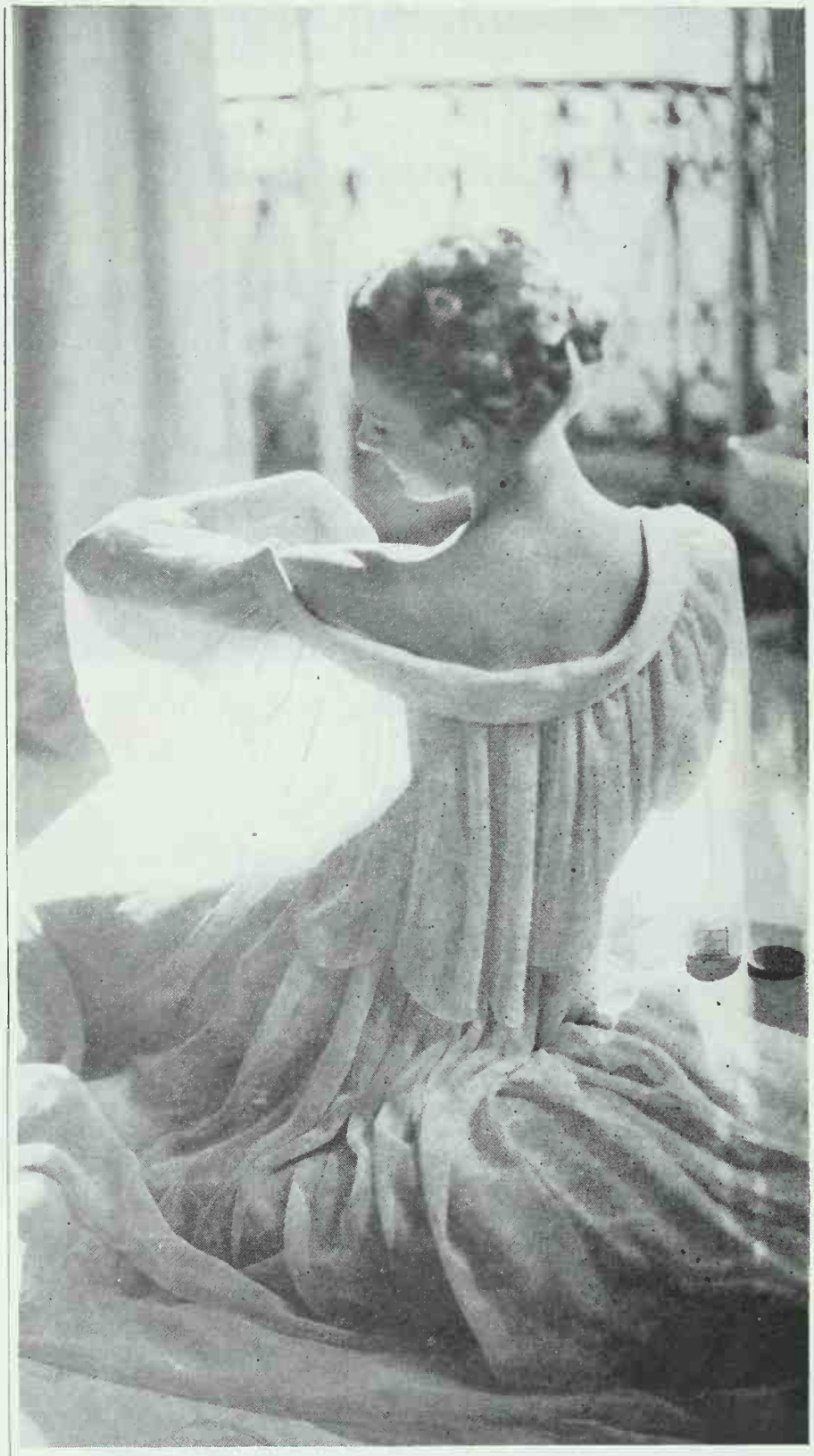
Madame had a moment of exasperation, then she came and put her arms round Miss Ilse. "Do you remember the time when you went to Milan and fetched my shoes? It was just at the opening of the Covent Garden season and Baretti had sent my shoes and sent them oll wrrong. I was in despair, remember?"

Miss Ilse nodded.

"And you went strraight to Milan to get them. No one else but you would have gone."

"There was no one else to go," said Miss Ilse, but she sniffed back her tears.

"There is no one else now," said Madame. "There never has been. You know that. Ilse. I haven't time to explain more than this: I



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think I have discovered something that may—only may, Ilse—solve us for the perrformance tonight. If I have, it will save us from disgrrace."

"Is it as bad as that, Anna?"

"Well, no," admitted Madame, "but any fall, at our height, would be hard to bear, Ilse, not? Last night I was wretched. I didn't see how it could be saved and now I have found, what do you think? A new ballet."

"A new ballet! Now! Oh, Anna!"

"It isn't a ballet, not a complete—but I think it *is* complete, and it's more than a dance. It is a ballet, a ballet for two." She paused and went over to the phonograph and picked up the notebook. "Ilse, this book is Hilda's, not? It's her writing."

Miss Ilse was able to say that it was.

"It would be!" said Madame.

"Mother of God, a new ballet!" Miss Ilse was praying. "*Now!* Mother of God, Mary, help us. It isn't possible, but she will make it possible. Oh, help us. Give us strength." Panic broke through. "How is it possible?" cried Miss Ilse. "There are only a few hours before the curtain goes up. Who is to dance it? Learn it, rehearse it in the time? It isn't possible."

"It is," said Madame. "Before I lose my temper, go and get me Lion."

Lion came. "I know about it." He looked sideways at Madame. "It was that I was dancing with Hilda when you stopped us yesterday."

"Why didn't you tell me?" She gave him no time to answer. "How good is it, Lion? It is good?"

"I think so."

"Why didn't you tell me about it instead of about that *Lyre?*"

"I didn't know what it was until I danced it with Hilda last night."

"And last night I was in despair and you knew and you still didn't tell me." She stopped. "You wanted it for the Metropolitan."

"I didn't." Lion flushed.

"You did."

"It never occurred to me."

"You are oll, oll the same," said Madame with scorn. "I don't know what to make of you, Lion."

"No, you don't." Lion was surly and offended.

I don't know in the least if he did it or not, thought Madame. She felt angry and hurt and uncertain. Lion walked away to the window and whistled. *He doesn't seem to care what I think,* said Madame, perplexed. *What is the matter with him?*

Silence is a true friend who never betrays. —CONFUCIUS.

"Anna, you want some breakfast," said Miss Ilse.

"No."

"Some good hot coffee," said Miss Ilse, moving toward the door. "I will get it at once. You will be better after some breakfast."

Miss Ilse could almost have followed her own loved St. Catherine, who lived on salads and water, but Madame had to have food; she liked it and needed it and ate it. It was almost mortifying to see how much better she felt after the coffee and toast and fruit.

"And so does Lion," said Madame. "He isn't nearly as quarrelsome, not?"

"And now," said Miss Ilse, content, "I can go and call Mr. Felix and then I shall go on for Miss Porteus and Edwin."

Some people are different, said Madame, touched. *There are a few, a faithful few, who burn like those altar lamps that never go out, that are always lit by care and devotion. A lamp always lit, steady, because it is tended. It is devotion that tends them, not like fitful candles,* said Madame, looking suspiciously at Lion again.

"Ilse," she said with love. Then her tone changed. "*Ilse!*"

(Continued on Page 157)

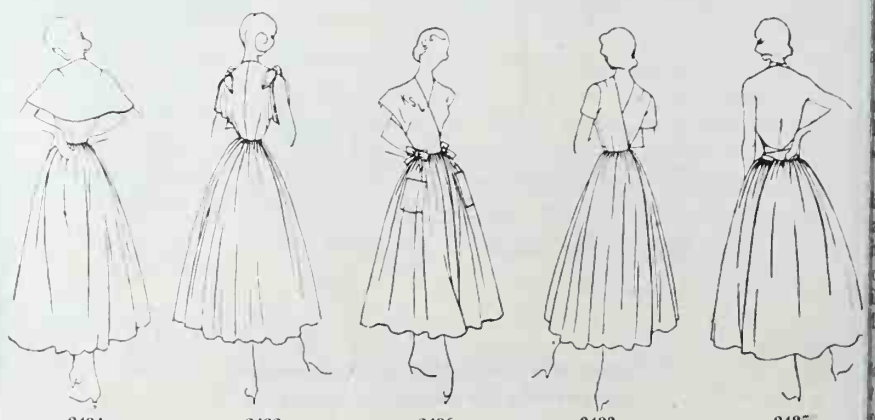
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2484 2482 2486 2483 2485

(Continued from Page 154)

...lse had not gone to fetch Mr. Felix. ...w is standing just outside the door, her ...r pt, her eyes shut, her lips moving.

...g, ding-dong went the convent bell. It ...le Angelus.

"...il Mary, full of grace."

"...se, must you spend time now?"

...answer.

"...e would pray when Jericho was fall...g," said Madame.

"...at would be the time to pray, wouldn't ...said Lion.

"...u must see Hilda before you do any...g further," said Lion. "You can't ar...e all this without her."

"...hy?"

"...cause it's hers. She may not want you ... t. She didn't particularly like the way ...eated her over *Lyre*."

"...eated her over *Lyre!* To give her a ...rful chance like that! It was a chance ...if it didn't happen," said Madame. She ...l. "Lion," she said slowly, "Hilda will ...o dance *Leda* herself."

"...ho else?" said Lion. "Or do you want ... give it to Caroline? I had better go ...etch Hilda. I have a taxi outside."

...dame did not ...r. She felt as ...d felt about the ... She did not ... to relinquish ...art to anyone. *...quish,* cried ...me to herself. *I ...ever had it.* If ...ad to—to give ... I thought Ma... and in spite of ...she felt she gave ... then she could ...only to give it ... Caroline, and ... Hilda danc... was more her... *But I am talk...bout the Lady,* ...ht Madame. *...is another part. ... hate to be old!* ...ried silently. *I ...be old! I don't ... anyone else to ...his part.*

...nyway, *Leda* ...'t matter. She ...ly a counter... to the Swan."

"...ow can you?" said Madame, up in ... but Lion only smiled at her quite cer... and went away to fetch Hilda.

...s is doing something to Lion, thought ...me, looking after him. *Something he ... He is . . . emerging. But is he hard ...h, strange enough for this Swan? It is a ...e, wild, white part. It is bird ferocity, ...ale, more cruel, than an animal. "The ... comes with a rush"—a rush of love,* ...Madame. *Lion doesn't know that—or ...e?*

...ng together the component parts. But if ...arts are in conflict, how will they ever ...ound? *They must compound,* said Ma... The conflict began with Hilda.

"...mean . . . you want to have my *...and the Swan* if you like it instead of *...with Seven Strings?*"

"...f course," said Madame impatiently. ...rr child, Lion is changing. Go and get ...your practice things and come back to ...re and let me see it."

"...hen . . . you think *Leda and the Swan* ...d?"

...she doing this on purpose? thought ...me. "Why should it be ——" she be...loud and stopped. "The idea has pos...ies," said Madame as judiciously as ...ould.

...da had several things she meant to say ...adame: *Are you going to change it and ...t and spoil it? . . . Will you pull this ... pieces too? . . . Is it going to be my ...or yours?* Now she went to change ...ut a word.

Hilda, when she came back again, wore a white tutu and, because it was early and cold, she had wound her bodice and shoulders with an old scarf of poppy-colored silk sewn with sequins. As she came in, with her sleek small head and scintillating scarf and fine legs in their tights and ribbon-laced shoes, she had a springing, radiant vitality that surprised Madame.

I seem to be continually surprised at Hilda, she thought, *as if she has a fund of life to draw on. But that is what I had,* thought Madame jealously. Hilda's eyes were radiant, her skin fresh—*as dew,* thought Madame. *That is because she is young,* and her jealousy grew more biting.

MADAME looked at her curiously as she went across the floor and stood in *Leda's* first pose, waiting for Lion to set the needle and release the phonograph. As she took the pose, Madame saw her smile at Lion. Hilda thought the smile was secret, but it was completely palpable to Madame. *She has been kissed in the taxi, that one,* said Madame.

Lion released the catch and the music began. "*Leda, looking for shells on the lake shore.*"

Because Madame had liked the theme of the ballet, she watched it all the more severely. She stood, a stern scrutator, watching Lion and Hilda dance.

There was no help in the room. The light was bleak and cold; they were in practice dress, though Hilda had the warm color of the scarf; the room was too small, the music sounded too loud and blatant in its narrow space. Madame was in no mood to be pleased; she was tired in mind and body. She watched intently. They had several stops: places where Hilda had to stop Lion and explain to him, or read directions; they stopped again and then again. Hilda threw a quick look at Madame, but Madame remained patient. Presently it took shape. They went back to the beginning and it began to move; it moved swiftly.

One of the things Madame saw and noted with approval was its pace. *Older people, many older, will envy that,* she found herself thinking. *Where did she get it from?*

Choregraphy, the science and design of dancing, is not to be arrived at easily, in five minutes, or five years or, for most, not in fifty. How, then, had this young, silent girl achieved it? Madame did not know, but she saw, as the pattern of the ballet unfolded, how deep and firm were the strata of Hilda's knowledge. *And so they should be,* said Madame. *I taught her;* but she knew that few, perhaps none, of the others had learned from her like this. Hilda had something Madame had not taught her, and had it in more degree than Madame herself.

The ballet was short and as tense and dramatic as even Madame could have wished. *Leda,* the young unconscious dreaming virgin, is attacked on the lake shore by the *Swan* in all his force; then in his preening solitary love dance he dances alone until, under his renewed savage force, *Leda* abandons herself and is carried away. It was an extravagant theme, but Hilda had discarded extravagance; it had no lifts or fireworks such as might be expected with the strength of the theme and her slight experience. It had technical strength and it had drama. *And it has beauty,* said Madame, and she paused.

It's bold, she said, *very bold for a young girl's work, and strong. No wonder I felt her too strong in the classroom.* And she looked at Hilda with that surprise again. *It's a long*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Art Critic

By Ethel Jacobson

Chilled, arthritic fingers stroke
The silver-bearded chin.
Pale eyes studiously frown.
Querulous and thin,

The voice drones on of "over-
tones . . .
Dynamic symmetry . . .
Impressionism . . . brush
strokes . . .
A palette's muted key. . . ."

The painted nymph upon the wall
Grins back with dancing eyes,
Impertinent with pity and
Unconscionably wise.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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time since I saw a ballet that is romantic without nostalgia. As if romance must be half dead, not? This is alive. I feel it, my pulses feel it. I didn't know I had such pulses, said Madame.

Lion and Hilda stood, shoulder to shoulder, their cheeks hot and their eyes bright, waiting for Madame's verdict. Her excitement had communicated itself to them as theirs had to her.

She said, "Dance it again."

They danced and, watching them then, Madame thought they were never again to dance it quite as they did this time. They were excited, and their feeling for each other was in its first flush and so, after all, was the ballet in its first flush. Afterward must come the toil of its production, when it would become real with properties attached to it, built up round its first conception. Now it was itself, still visionary though fledged. *I should like it to stay like that,* said Madame, though she had no intention of allowing it. *I wish it could keep that—that pristine quality, but they don't. They don't because they can't; they can't be new again forever, or only a few—a very few. It isn't to be supposed that this is one of the few, but . . . I said her talent was too strong,* said Madame. *I was right in the wrong way. There is something more than talent here, and she is going to do something for Lion, if he is wise.*

It was over in a few minutes. Then, "I think it is beautiful," said Madame gravely. Those five small words meant more to Hilda than anything that was said to her in her life again. She shone with happiness.

But I was right, thought Madame. *She is too dominant for Leda, too strong.* At this moment Hilda could dance *Leda* because, at this moment, she loved Lion and was subservient to love. Now she was in the state of being eager, trembling, pliant, *as they oll are,* thought Madame and, in a curious way, again it pleased her to see that the serious, conceited, cold little snake Hilda was not exempt. *She is ripe for Leda, exactly ripe now,* diagnosed Madame, and she wondered how long it could last. *You may lose it in any second,* she said silently to Hilda. *Any single little thing may spoil it. It's brief, it's brittle. You can break it easily.* But in spite of this warning Hilda looked as safe and unconscious as anyone caught up out of the world to a separate pinnacle. *But you will have to come down,* said Madame jealously.

She tried to turn her thoughts away. "How did you write this? What made you think of it?" she asked Hilda.

"I . . . don't know," said Hilda. "It came to me."

Madame nodded approvingly. "That is rright," she said gravely. "It came to you. You didn't make it up. That is what so many of them say. It came to you, it was *vouchsafed* to you," said Madame severely. Afterward, when she came to write other ballets, Hilda often thought it was.

"I found the Carlorossi Fantasia," she said. "It gave me the first idea of it. I thought it fitted. I showed it to Mr. Felix. He thought so too. That is how it began."

Mr. Felix came. He heard, listened and saw. "And when do you want it?" asked Mr. Felix. "*Tonight?* You want to have it in the program tonight? My dear Anna!"

"I mean to have it in the program tonight," Madame corrected him. "It's quite shorrt and Hilda has arranged the music down to the last bar."

"Off records," said Mr. Felix dryly. "Then you will use the records? For tonight?"

"I have an orchestra, not?" said Madame. "Why shouldn't I use it?"

"Because there isn't a score of that Carlorossi in London. I tried to get a score for Hilda," said Mr. Felix. Hilda looked surprised. "I tried everywhere."

"But there must have been a score, to make the records. We must go to the makers."

"It would take all day, perhaps two days, to unearth it, even if they could find it. Still, we might try."

"Miss Parkes, go and ring up. Take the records and see what you can do. Lion, you will have to go personally, to Broadcasting House."

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"That would take me all day," said Lion.
e's think of something."
Oll of you think," urged Madame.
Anna," interrupted Miss Ilse, "I was
xing of Madame Rosa."
Madame Rosa? *Yes!* Madame Rosa!
t on to her Ilse, im-me-diate-ly."
Madame Rosa?" asked Mr. Felix.
She is Spanish," said Madame. "She is
vidow of Miguel, the conjurer. She has
y score that is in existence, prractically.
as not Miguel who was the collector. It
s his father. His father was head clerk
Pasquals' in Madrid."
Pasquals'! They had everything."
Of course. Why do you think we have
talking? He collected scores and, when
as not a Fascist or a Franco or whatever
others were, he brought them to Eng-
t. He died and Madame Rosa has kept
n. I hope she has kept them. Ilse, you
go to her at once. She lives in Clap-
."
Can we telephone her first?" asked
a.
adame Rosa's number was found and
Ilse telephoned. Madame Rosa said
would look for the score, but it was early
first she must have her coffee.
Coffee!" cried Madame. "When have I
coffee?"
Ages ago," said Lion.
You must be reasonable, Anna."
f I am reasonable," Madame said, "this
t won't go on."
iss Ilse telephoned again in a few min-
and five minutes after that. Madame
n then said she had, as a favor to Ma-
e Holbein, looked for the score.
And she has it?"
She has it."
Tell her a thousand
ks. Say I shall send
ickets. Say——"
Wait," said Mr. Felix.
e parts, the orchestra
s. The score is no use
out parts."
Ilse, ask her, has she the parts?"
o. Madame Rosa regretted, but she had
There was silence.
You could wrrite them," said Madame.
By tonight?"
Of course. You could. Felix. There are
so many. We could shut you up oll day
yourself."
Thank you," said Mr. Felix, but he did
say no. He said, "I shall need three
ists. Pah!" He threw down his pencil.
hat is the use of talking? Where will you
three copyists today? They are all work-
n films. No, it's impossible."
Lion," said Madame, "go and get me
und White on the telephone. Edmund,
onally."
But shall I get him personally? Won't
be a battery of secretaries?"
Tell them it is Madame Holbein," said
ame grandly.

M. FELIX refused to become excited, but
ame had not, from the beginning, a mo-
t of doubt that he would do all in his
er to help. The artists were another
g. Noel Streete had no telephone; she
the unwilling Miss Parkes to his rooms,
his landlady said he had only just come
nd gone to bed and no one dared wake
"until he has slept it off."
Ah! Why does everyone conflict me so?"
Madame. "Very well. We must get
on. Pierre Moron. I don't like his work
ell, but he is very fashionable."
He did the re-dress for *Cimarosiana*,"
Hilda.
t wasn't a success," said Lion.
A re-dress never is," said Madame sweep-
g. "I have told you, Lion. It must be
choreographer, artist, composer must
arrtners, but for this, this ballet we shall
to contrrive." She looked at Hilda.
Are what is the matter, Hilda?"
f it isn't to be properly set, I had rather
sn't done," said Hilda mutinously.
Who said it shouldn't be properly set?"
anded Madame. "Because I say we shall
to contrrive it doesn't mean that we
ld compromise, be expedient." Now she could use that word derisively, *as it is meant to be used*, thought Madame. "We must use our wits," said Madame. "You don't trrust yours. I trrust mine."

Pierre Moron saw the ballet, and was immediately filled with compliments and hope. "It's exquisite, *but* exquisite!"

They were in the theater to give Pierre Moron the proportions of the stage, its height and depth and lighting and fittings.

"He ought to know them," said Lion. "As well as *Cimarosiana* he did *Orientales*."

"AND just as badly," said Madame. She was beginning to be cross with Pierre. Time was passing every moment and he did nothing but admire and flash his eyes at Hilda. "Well, Pierre," she said. "I'm waiting."

"I see it," said Moron, half shutting his eyes. "I see the *Swan*. A close-fitting all-over costume, like tights, but all over, arms, head, everything, fitting the whole torso and painted, painted in flaky gray-white, tempera perhaps, to give the idea of coldness, close-fitting over the head, even the hands; non-human, stiff, cold as a shrroud. We could make a mask to cover the face. A mask of mosquito netting, stiffened with plaster of Paris, perhaps, and plaster-of-Paris feathers on the shoulders and knees."

"How should I dance?" asked Lion. "How should I breathe?"

Pierre considered. "We should leave holes for you to breathe through. It would be a little stiff, but very effective."

"The *Swan* must have wings," said Hilda.

"Wings?"

"I don't see him with wings," Pierre objected. "I don't see him that way."

"I do," said Hilda. "He must have wings."

"*Leda* should be blue."

"Blue all over?" said Madame caustically.

"She is virginal, yes?" Pierre ignored Madame.

"No," said Hilda. "That isn't her quality."

"That is how I see her."

"Then you see her wrong."

Lion stared. If Hilda had been Madame she could not have been more crisp.

"Pierre. Come now. Try," said Madame.

Pierre, injured, opened his eyes. "I *am* trying, but if Miss—Miss—quarrels with me, all the time, what can I do?"

"You can do nothing," said Madame fiercely. "Nothing at oll. Miss Parkes, take Monsieur Moron away, and Hilda, if you must be so difficult, you will please to hold your tongue. I am giving you this production, not, and how can I if you upset the cart oll the time?"

"The *Swan* must have wings," said Hilda.

"Lion, you must go for Noel. You must bring him. You must get him awake somehow and you must make him come."

Noel was still in his evening clothes when Lion brought him. He sagged with illness and tiredness; his face was yellow-green and the whites of his eyes were yellow-brown and bloodshot; he looked at the light obliquely as if it hurt him and he was sullen and apathetic.

"Noel. I have to ask you ——"

"Damfool to ask me an'thing now, this time a'mornin'. Have y' a black handkerchief?" said Noel.

"A black handkerchief?"

"Yes, want it for m' eyes. M' eyes feel wrong."

"They mustn't feel wrong now," cried Madame in anguish. Then she rallied herself. "Lion, you have a black scarf. . . . Miss Parkes, fetch Mr. Streete a large whisky and soda."

"No soda," said Noel.

When the whisky came, she guided Noel into a seat. "Now, Miss Parkes, go and tell Zanny to make a large pot of strong black coffee, and bring it back here."

She let Noel sit still, let the whisky soak into him before she signaled to Lion. She did not explain anything. She said "Look." *He could understand that no matter how bad he is*, thought Madame.

(Continued on Page 161)

To be ignorant of one's ignorance is the malady of the ignorance. A. B. ALCOTT.

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(Continued from Page 159)

She had been afraid that the music would
nt Noel's head, but he seemed unmoved
t. He sat by her, his hands hanging loose,
s head pushed forward at the stage, his eye-
ds, that were puffy and red, heavy over his
es. *He smells sodden,* thought Madame.
i whole body is sodden. And to think of the
i gs that are shut up in that body. Poor
o l. She was angry with him too. *He isn't*
t ful, he is wicked, she said.
Once he spoke. "What is it?"
"*Leda and the Swan.*"
"Hmmph! You want me to do it for
n?"
"Yes, Noel."
"For when?"
Madame took a breath, looked at his face
away again and said, "For tonight,"
waited for his explosion.
But Noel only nodded and said, "I
ught so. When you sent for me at this
nfool hour of th' morning. I would do it
you, if I could."
"You *could,* Noel."
"M' dear, with what? I can't make a set
dresses out of th' air."
"We can improvise."
"Like a damfool village pageant?"
"No! No!" said Ma-
ne in a flash of temper.
se your sense, Noel, if
t have any left. No.
rst decide what you
nt and then we shall
nsack London to find it.
el, you are not to go to
p. . . . Miss Parkes,
ere is that coffee? Give Mr. Streete some
fee and then tell Hilda to come here."
Hilda, too, was tired with a bad night,
tinual dancing, much emotion and no
akfast. She did not like the look of Noel.
He stood up when Madame introduced
n, holding on to the seat in front of him
h one hand. "It was clever of you to write
t," he said. His voice was husky and
ared, but he looked at her intently from
der his weary lids. "How old are you?"
"Seventeen."
"Seventeen. Lucky," said Noel. "Lucky."
held the back of the seat more tightly
d turned away from Hilda. Presently he
ned back again and asked, "How do you
nt it dressed?"
"I want the *Swan* to have wings," said
da immediately.
"How can he dance in wings?" said
dame.
"He can," insisted Hilda.
"What about his lifts?"
"They must be swinging wings. Not
fly fixed, fixed so that they can swing."
"I see what you mean," said Noel. "I . . .
. . . what . . . you mean. Great wings
d feathered, like Icarus."
"Even bigger."
"Even bigger," said Noel. "What else?"
Hilda, who usually had so many ideas that
could hardly choose between them, hesi-
ed. "Anything I think of seems banal,"
said. "Feathers, tights—they all give
idea of an imitation, an unreal swan.
I . . . haven't been able to think what else he should wear."

"Because he shouldn't wear anything else," said Noel. "He is savage and wild." Her eyes closed to think of that and then widened, bright with interest. "Isn't he?"

"Yes. Yes, he is."

"Except for the wings," said Noel, "he should be naked."

"But he can't be naked on the stage, Noel," said Madame. "Not on my stage."

"It doesn't matter what damfool stage," said Noel irritably. "He must be whitened, his whole skin. He can wear a G string, feathered with the feathers just fitting the hipbones. And, like a savage wears, feathers round his wrists. Yes, he must be whitened, his face and his hair."

"A white wig?" said Madame doubtfully.

"A wig won't do," said Noel violently. "It must be his own hair, whitened with something that thickens it and mats it and makes it stiff, so that it suggests a casque of feathers, but stiff, not soft. I will do you myself, Lion."

"You watch while Joe does it," said Lion prudently. "Go on."

"The webs," said Noel. "Those webs are important. They are a horrifying part of a swan, big, powerful, black. You must have black shoes and your eyes must be made up to look heavy, painted with that stuff Indians put on their eyes, kohl, and you must have a red spot on your forehead between the brows. We must try it now. Get wet-white and whitening. Better get whitewash ready as well, in case, and grease paint—let's see, black and a blue and a vermilion, I think—and the trunks, not trunks but a covering, and the feathers."

What we do not understand we have no right to judge.
—H. F. AMIEL

"Zanny and Miss Porteus can take those off the *Swan Lake* dresses, Miss Parkes. Tell them."

"Yes, Madame."

"And the wings. You must get great white towering wings," said Noel, "almost as high as Lion himself."

Madame, Lion, Hilda, Miss Parkes looked at one another in silence.

"But Noel. Can you think ——"

"How can I think if you go on talking to me? Come here," he said, jerking his head to Hilda. "Listen."

"They had wings on the dream boat in the last act of *Swan Lake,*" said Miss Parkes.

"Those were wooden," said Madame witheringly.

"Even paper wouldn't do," said Lion. "It would rustle."

Miss Ilse came in, spent and white, but with a look of secret elation that Madame knew. *Like a cat that has been at the cream,* said Madame *She has been in, over the way.* She turned her back on Miss Ilse.

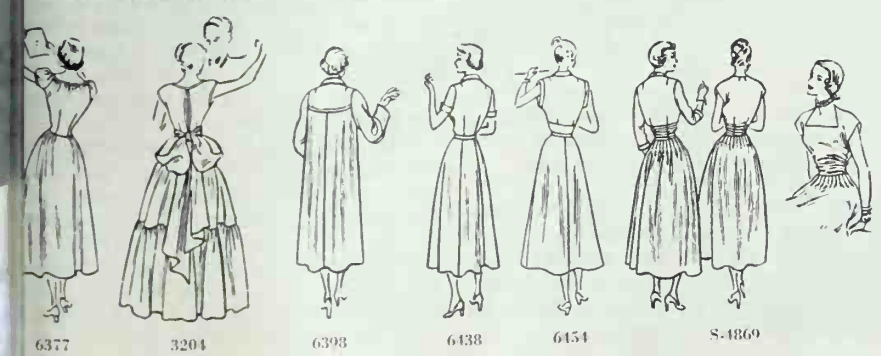
"Zanny, Miss Porteus," she said. "We have to make Lion a pair of wings."

"Wings take days, Madame."

"These can't take days. We must have them this morning."

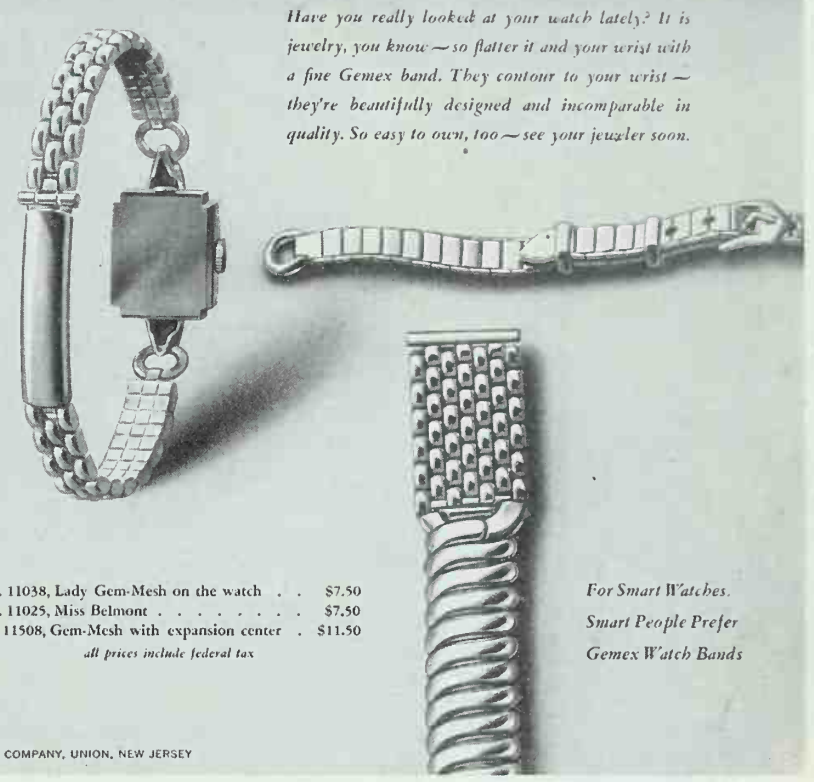
Other Views, and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 66 and 67

Vogue Design No. 6377. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 60c.
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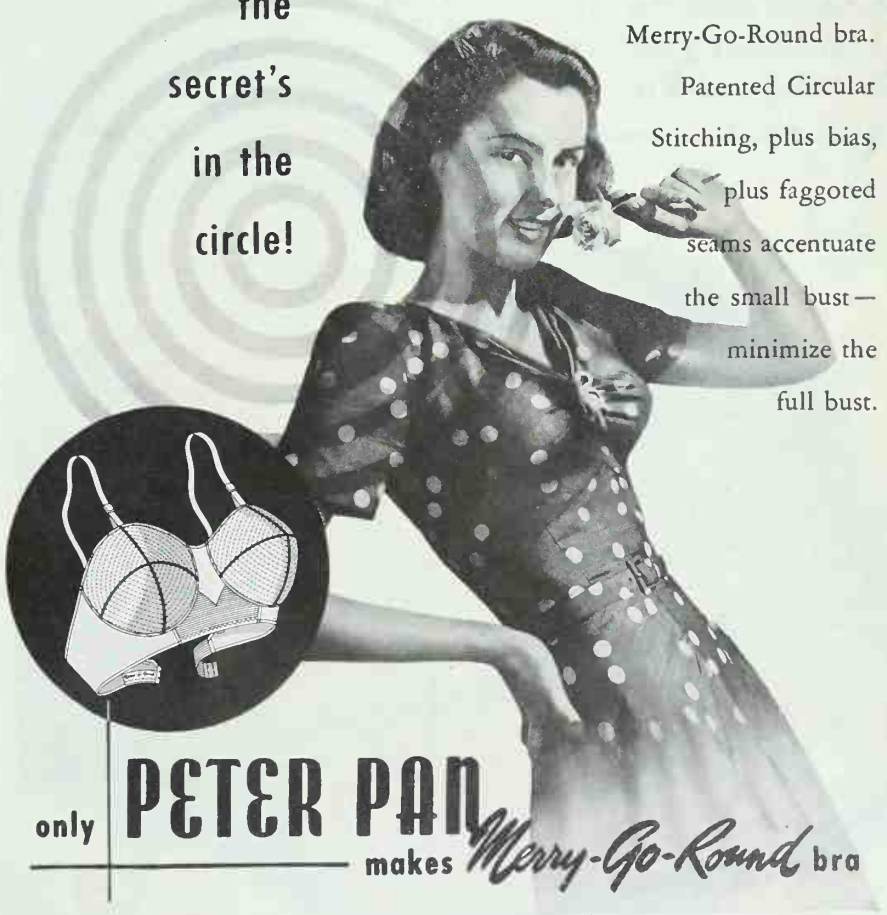
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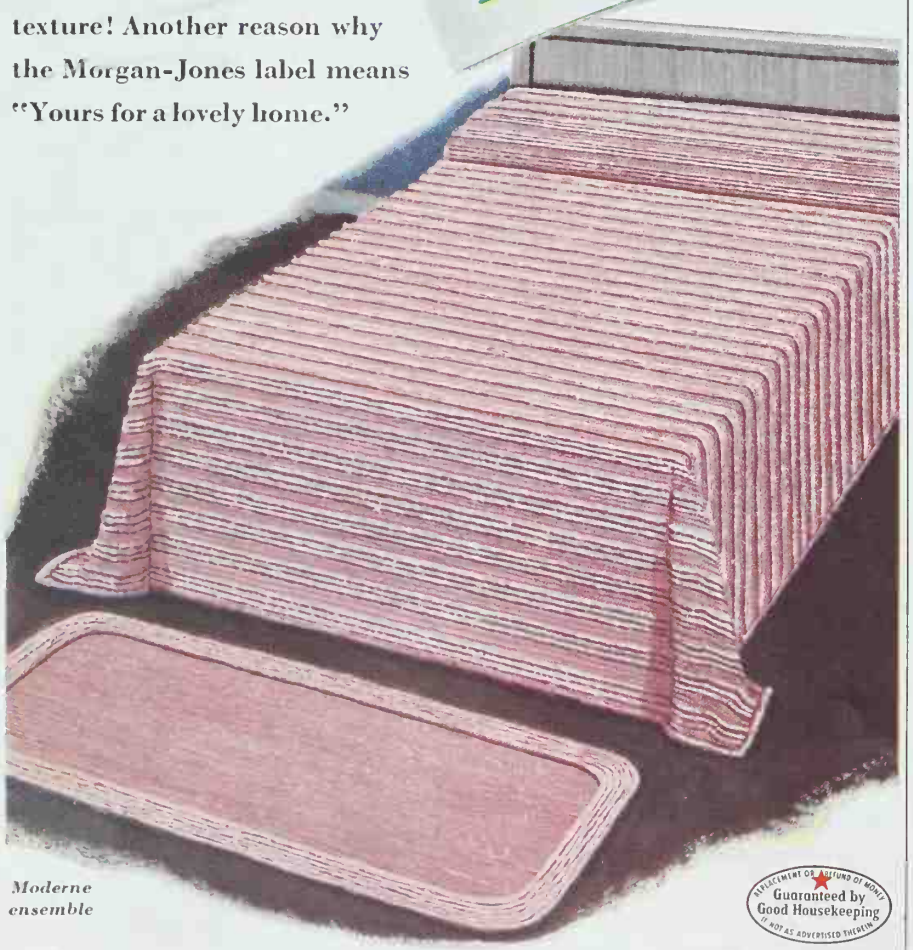
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"That isn't possible, Madame."

"It must be possible."

"Anna."

"Ilse, *will* you not interrupt. I say we must get those wings today and we shall get those wings."

"You had better ask Miss Ilse to work a miracle for you," suggested Zanny tartly.

"I can," said Miss Ilse. "Anna, I have been trying to tell you. The convent has wings. They have most beautiful, great feathered wings, shaped right to the ground from the shoulders; all made of long white feathers, on stiffened frames. They use them for the Archangel Gabriel and for angels in the tableaux. They move most beautifully when they walk; the nuns will lend them. I knew Hilda wanted them so I went in to ask."

Hilda and Noel were talking of *Leda*. "She will have to have her dress torn off her," said Noel.

"Not on my stage," said Madame again.

"It's difficult to find a suitable dress for that," said Noel, as if he had not heard.

"There is a picture," said Hilda hesitantly. She was respectfully hesitant with Noel. "You—you know it, of course. The Nativity of Piero della Francesca in the National Gallery. Do you remember the dresses of the choir of angels?"

"We seem full of angels, not?" said Madame, and she said sharply, "What are they like?"

"They could tear off," said Hilda, "leaving only the underdress. There—there would be a contrast between the high-necked looped gown and the underdress, limp and soft. I think . . . dark deep red, a brown-red for the overdress and——"

"Scarlet underneath. The color you are wearing," said Noel, his eyes looking down on Hilda in the sequined scarf. "I'm not sure of the shape of the gown. Let's take a taxi to the gallery and see."

Madame opposed this. She did not want to let Noel out of her sight. "No. I can send Miss Parkes for a copy of the picture."

"Oh, very well," said Noel. "I suppose we needn't go. Have you a back cloth without dye on it? Get it put down; and what color curtains have you? I shall need them to mask in the sides."

"They are gray," said Madame.

"Good," said Noel. "Couldn't be better. Get someone to ring Elibanks. They can probably send two of their boys or a girl along. Tell them to bring two buckets, mixed gray-green and brushes and a stipple brush."

"I don't want it stippled, Noel."

"Not stippled, to finish it off evenly," said Noel. He was looking at the stage, measuring it with his eyes that were so nearly closed that Madame was afraid he was going to sleep again standing up. He looked up. "Was it the Gossip Review," he asked, "that showed those French post cards in a cut cloth of paper lace?"

"Post cards? In paper lace?"

"Yes, it was small, quite small. I believe it would do—if we can get it. If they have still got it. Lion," he called. "Come here."

"But Noel, you are not going to put *Leda* into a frame of paper lace?"

"Wait," said Noel abstractedly. "Wait. Lion, is Glancy here? Good. Now listen. You must get on to the Gossip, the Gossip Theater, and ask for Munro Jennings and ask him." He walked away with Lion. "Might fit here—no time to make it." He was showing Lion what he meant, measuring with his hands; now he did not look shambling, or as ill, and his voice was clear.

"I think he is going to do it," said Madame to Hilda, who was standing near her. "I think he is going to be oll right."

Hilda left Madame and went to them. Glancy joined them. They stood in a group talking, oblivious. Then Edwin, the young electrician, came on the stage.

Miss Porteus came down with a tape measure and measured Lion as he stood talking. Madame could hear her sniff as she paused and wrote the measurement down on her little piece of paper. *Poor Miss Porteus,* thought Madame. *I mustn't forget Lollie at four.*

"Has anyone gone to the gallery for Noel's picture?"

"Yes. Alma came in. I sent her."

"And Felix? How is Felix doing?"

"He has shut himself in the classroom. Miss Ilse has put a table for him there. She has taken him some breakfast."

"The copyists should be on their way from Broadwood," said Madame.

Now Lion went to the phonograph. "Where are the records?"

"Mr. Felix has them," called Hilda.

"Get them from him, Miss Parkes. Say he must give them up for a little while. We shall brring them straight back. Lion and Hilda have to rehearse to show Edwin for the lights."

As they danced, a back cloth came down and Madame saw Noel with a boy, and a girl in an overall, her hair tied in a handkerchief, come on the stage with buckets and a stepladder. Behind the dancers she saw Noel explaining to them; he had a sketch on a piece of brown cardboard. He and the girl conferred, went to the buckets and stirred up the paint. Noel tried it with a brush. Then they began to lay it on in the same color as the curtains. Neither boy nor girl paid the slightest attention to the dancers, and Hilda and Lion modified their steps so as not to crash into the buckets.

"Now they are oll working in together, not?" said Madame with growing satisfaction. "I tell you," she said to Miss Ilse, who had come up, "it is worrth oll the pains when you see it grrowing like this. Slowly, slowly grrowing."

"It isn't slow. It's marvelously quick," said Miss Ilse.

"It isn't quick enough," said Madame, her eyes brooding. "I feel anxious about those copyists for Felix."

"Madame"—it was Noel—"I want something for feathers, drifting down. At the beginning, before the *Swan* comes, when *Leda* is alone, gathering shells."

"Real feathers?"

"No. Either too insignificant or too heavy."

"Anna——"

"Wait, Ilse. I am trying to *think!*"

"But Anna——"

"*Ilse!*"

"What is it?" asked Noel, turning to Miss Ilse.

"I'm trying to tell her," said Miss Ilse, flushed. "I used to cut paper feathers when I was a child. They wouldn't look like snow because they are shaped. Cut-paper feathers would be the right weight," said Miss Ilse.

"They would," said Noel. "They would. Here." He was holding in front of Madame the cardboard sketch she had seen him showing to the two young painters. "I have had to do everything roughly. Couldn't make anything but sketches for the dresses and I roughed out this."

Now she saw what he meant to do with the frame. It was narrow, of white feathers framing the stage. *Feathers? I suppose they are feathers, but they might be white coral or seaweed, but anyhow white.* The back cloth was gray-green, stormy.

"We shall make it look more stormy and then change it with the lights," said Noel, but its gray-green was stormy already, deep with a tinge of greengage. "The curtains are the right color, or as near as," said Noel.

Miss Porteus and Zanny came back about Hilda's dress. The picture had come, and from it Noel had sketched a rough design.

(Continued on Page 164)

It is the dance, and the dance alone, which brings out in full measure all the essential and fundamental properties of the human organism: its delicacy and its strength, its intelligence and its skill, brain and body working together in the achievement of beauty through the very substance of the human animal. Here alone we may properly exclaim: What a miracle is Man!

—HAVELOCK ELLIS: My Confessionol.
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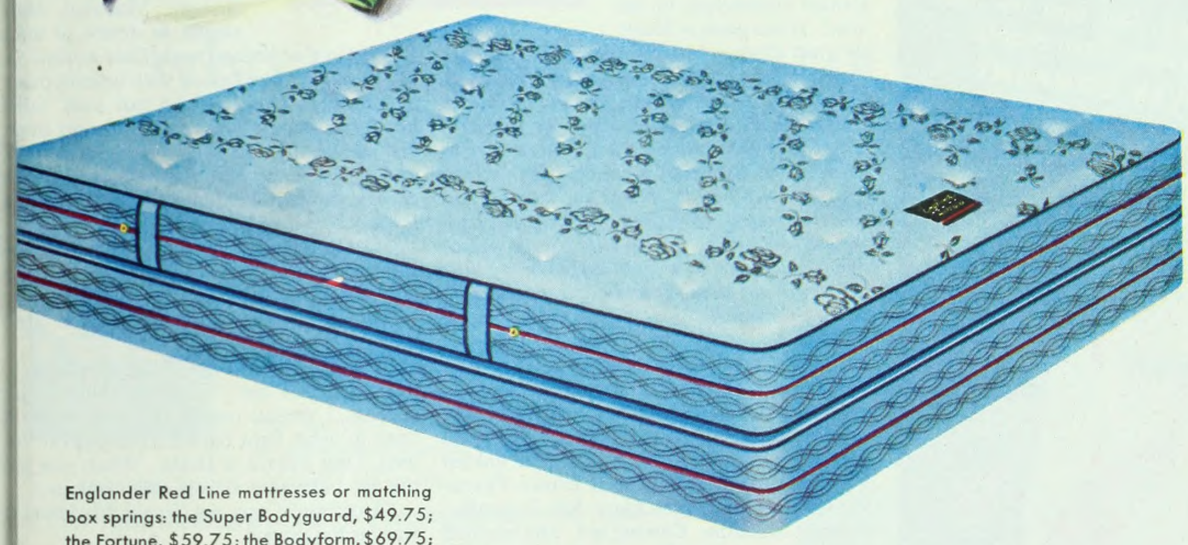
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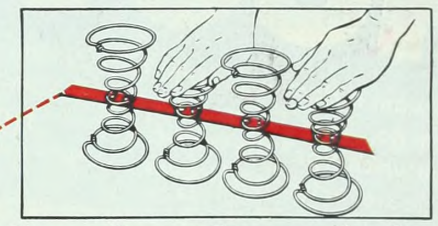


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(Continued from Page 162)

"We can get the dark red, more maroon it is, from one of the mantles from *Collage*," said Zanny, "but for the scarlet underdress . . . there is only that scarlet gauze sari of yours, the Benares sari, Madame."

"You wouldn't cut *that*," said Miss Ilse. "That lovely thing!"

"What else then?" said Zanny. "Perhaps you have time to go all around London looking for it, and you can look till you drop and you won't find that color, and it has to be made."

"Ah, don't quarrel oll morning, I can't bear it," said Madame. "Is there time to quibble over this and that, I ask you, Ilse? Cut it, Zanny."

She and Miss Ilse stood and watched Hilda and Lion working together on the stage.

"Anna ——"

"Yes, Ilse."

"Caroline is here."

"Caroline?"

"Yes. She is watching Lion and Hilda," said Miss Ilse. "I don't think she is pleased."

Madame had gone to her sitting room. "I need a few minutes, Ilse. I must think what this oll is, I must reckon it. If anyone wants me I shall be in my room."

She was sitting at her desk that, every day, Miss Ilse arranged tidily and that, in the first five minutes Madame spent at it, she made untidy again. On it were lists, block sheets of designs, letters, a wire basket of bills. There was an edition of the child's book, Peter Rabbit, in French, that she had found in a bookshop the day before, and there was an oblong red case of which the velvet was worn. She picked up the red velvet case. She pressed the catch, and as the lid came up she saw the old diamonds sparkle from the dark rubies and she smiled. *You have hearrd me speak of this, often,* the words formed themselves in her head. *It was given to Marli, the great Italian ballerina, when she came to St. Petersburg as guest artiste for a single performance of Giselle. It was given to her by the Czar, with his own hand, when she was presented. She gave it to me when I came back to the Moscow festival as a guest artiste. I had been her pupil while I was in Italy. I had meant to keep it olways, till my death, but I see that I should allow it to go on. Now you have come back to me, as a guest artiste in my little theater. I am giving it to you. I want you to have it, Caroline.*

In love only the awkward are punished—like the Spartan thieves. —ANONYMOUS.

She saw Caroline, her head with its plaited bronze hair, the eyes, the curved face, the white neck, soft shoulders, lovely arms; she saw her in the parts she had had, *so far*, said Madame: Prelude in *Sylphides*. The golden Valse in *Nutcracker*. One of Prince Florestan's sisters in *Prince Igor*. *She is coming*, thought Madame. *Coming fast.* She touched the cross with her fingers. *But you didn't choose to dance for me last night.*

She found herself advancing reasons and excuses, she who never allowed excuses. *She had been working oll day. She was tired. I know she will dance well for me tonight.*

There was a knock at the door. It opened. It was Caroline. "I am sorry to disturb you, Madame."

Madame looked at her with love and indulgence. "You don't disturb me. You give me rrest, dear child. Come in and shut the door. You may sit down."

Caroline did not sit down. She stood opposite Madame, her hands holding the back of the chair. Her face was angry and her knuckles showed white as she held the chair.

"What is it, Caroline?"

"You didn't mean me to come here this morning, did you?"

Madame stared, amazed. "What are you talking of, dearr child?"

"You didn't mean me to know anything about this until tonight, till it was too late to change."

The love and indulgence left Madame's face. "It is too late to change," she said.

"I shan't accept that," said Caroline.

"What do you mean?"

"I refuse. Madame, I can't be tre like this."

"How are you treated? Pre-cise-ly before."

"I came here as prima ballerina ——"

"Ballerina? What are you thinking Caroline? We have no ballerinas here. are our guest. You have gone further, a li further, than the others, so I give you biggest parrt, the principal role tonight. favorite part. A bigger role than any have had so far. Then what do you mea

"It—it's out of all proportion," said C oline, indignation in her eyes. "First you Hilda put on *Lyre*, and I could have told it wouldn't be a success, and now this."

"You have seen the new ballet, then?

"Yes."

"You thought it was promising?"

"It's beautiful. It's one of the m beautiful things I have ever seen."

"You didn't object to *Lyre* because y didn't think it would be a success. You obj to this because you think it will. Then ar rright in saying you are jealous of Hilda

"Of *course* not."

"Then?"

"She didn't dance herself in *Lyre*, b this . . . it will take everything," sa Caroline slowly. "You know it will. It w take the whole program."

"I hope it will take its place in the pr gram. We needed it, Caroline."

"You can't put a young untried danc beside me."

"Not if she puts herself there?"

"It's such an indignity. She is no one

"If she is who you say she is, no one, h can she hurt you? If s isn't, she is in her rrigh ful place. Then why a you afraid?"

That stung Carolin "I'm *not* afraid."

Why is it, how is thought Madame, *that should be driven to takin the part of that little serpent Hilda against yo my Caroline?* She looked with infinite miser at Caroline. Caroline did not look full beauty now; she looked fearful and angr *and stupid*, thought Madame suddenly. *Ye and soft. Things have been too easy for yo olways*, thought Madame. *You have had the too much your own way.*

"Caroline," said Madame, and her voic was very gentle, "you have gone so high. Ar you not going higher?"

"Of—of course I am," Caroline stam mered. "I hope I am."

"I wonder if you are," said Madame.

"That isn't fair," cried Caroline. "Jus because I defend myself. You know we al have to fight, fight hard for our places. Ver well, I am jealous of Hilda. When you wer my age I expect you were often jealous."

"I certainly was not," said Madame. " was far too prroud."

"You kept your position."

"Of courrse I kept it, but not by being hard to other people, by being hard on my self. Of course I kept it. No one could take it from me. You should watch that for your self, Caroline. Perhaps you are right to feel yourself in danger. I tell you, Hilda gave the better performance of the *Lady* last night. She danced it with her whole body and soul, you danced it with the tip of your little finger."

They faced each other across the desk. Madame felt she was turning to stone. She had been trembling, but now she was not trembling; she was cold with a numbness that was creeping up from her feet, up her legs and thighs to her heart.

"I have to be trruthful about these things, Caroline."

"Very well. I shall go," said Caroline. "Then you may have Hilda. But you have forgotten one thing." She looked at Madame with triumph in her eyes. "If I go— Lion will go too."

"Lion came here as my pupil, firrst," said Madame. "He is still my pupil, learrning with me."

(Continued on Page 166)



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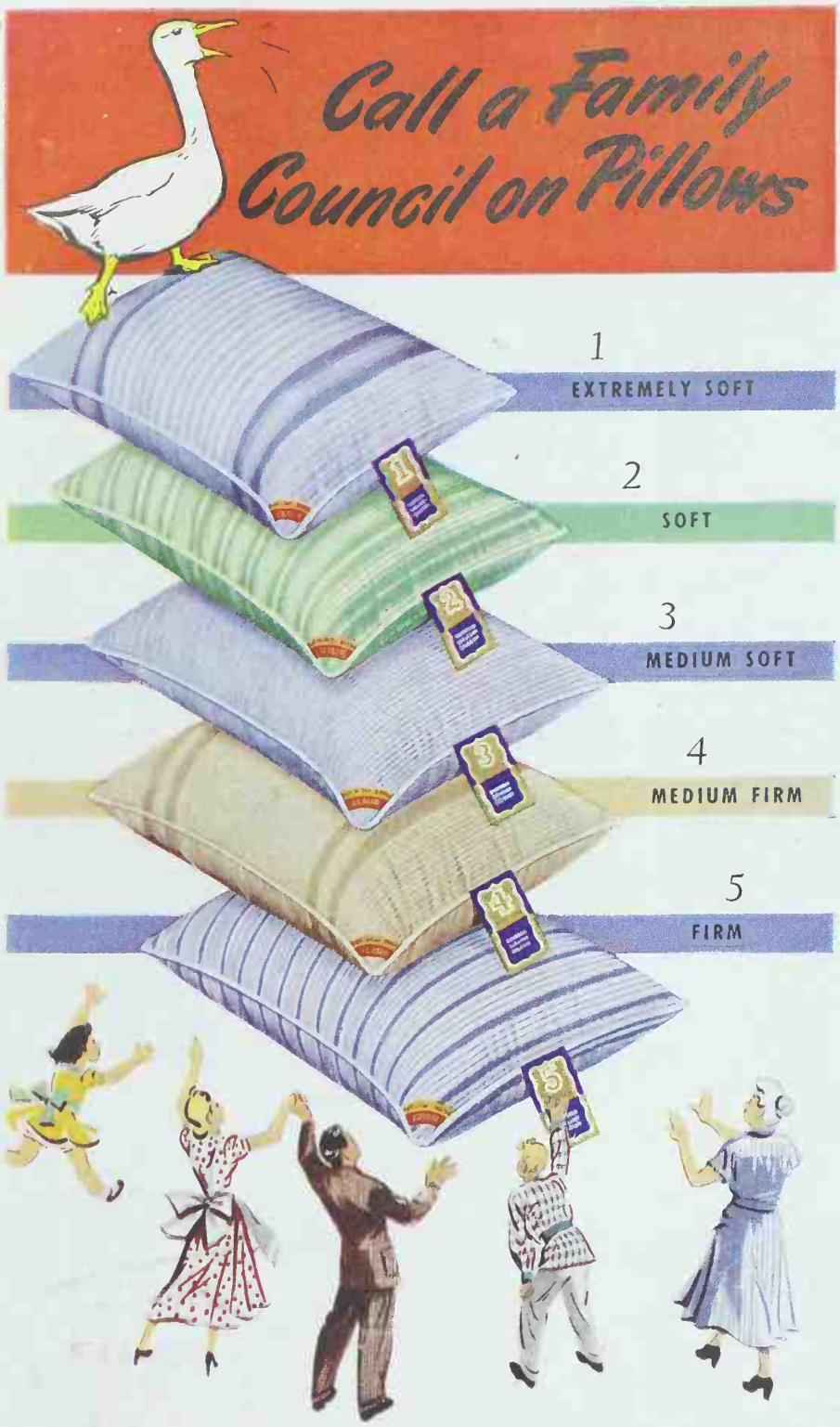


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(Continued from Page 164)

"Only out of hours," said Caroline. "Only as a hobby. If I go, he will go too."

"You belong to a trade-union, then?"

"No, of course not, but he is my partner, not Hilda's. I chose him."

"The Metropolitan lets you choose your partners, not?" said Madame caustically.

"I am not talking of the Metropolitan, but of something else. Something I was looking forward to telling you. I have a chance to get into the Ballet International—with Leonid Gustave."

"With Gustave?" Madame's voice could not help warming. "Ah, Caroline! That is what I have olways wanted for you. Ah, Caroline! I am *delighted.*"

Caroline did not warm or waver. "Lion wants to go with me. There is a chance he might, but, of course, if he stays here without me, I shouldn't dance with him any more."

"I see," said Madame.

"You can't blame Lion if he leaves," Caroline said. "He is only thinking ——"

"That you are more use to him than I," said Madame. She sprang up, knocking her chair backward, and hit the desk top with her open hand. "Did Lion think you could come here and say these things for him? No, he must say them himself. Fetch him. Fetch him here in front of me."

Lion came. He stood in front of her desk in his dark blue sweater and tights, and the sun fell on his face and on his broad shoulders and curled dark hair, but his face was sullen and his eyes would not look at Madame, or at Caroline.

"Lion, is this true? Do you do this to me?"

Lion looked up angrily as if he were caught and trapped in this nest of women. "Can't we arrange something?" he said. "Perhaps Hilda would be content if you gave her her production with Caroline in the part. After all, *Leda* doesn't matter very much, it is the *Swan*. I want to dance the *Swan*. I want to dance it," said Lion to Caroline, who made not the slightest response. "Or why shouldn't you double the part, Hilda one night, Caroline the next? You have the *Lady*," pleaded Lion. Caroline still did not answer.

"THERE has been enough of this discussion," said Madame. She had to hold to the desk and the coldness was on her neck, in her head, in her lips so that she could hardly make them speak. "I cannot be told, and not told, what I am to do with my own theater. By you, you *children!*"

"We are not children."

"Children, that you should trreat me as if I didn't know; that you should think so little of the thing you do, you would destroy it wantonly." She said, as she had said at the end of each class that they had ever had with her, "Very well, you may go."

"Madame ——" began Lion.

She never heard what he had to say. The desk and the lists, Caroline, Lion, the room were suddenly swung sideways. A dizzying cold whiteness came up from her knees and hummed in her ears.

But color hasn't a sound, she said, and then she heard Caroline cry out and knew that she was falling.

"Lion!" cried Madame. "Lion." Sl felt his arms come round her and catch her : she fell.

Zanny's hand had drawn the blind so tha the room was wiped out in darkness. Ma dame was left in a pool of quiet where ther was no noise, no cold, only the grateful co and warmth and quiet. She tried to grip h senses, but she was sliding into sleep. Sh needed sleep as if it were healing, and sh slept.

REST was not long for her. She was rest less. Now she was the *Hummingbird*, danc ing instead of Archie, as Archie, that nigh Now she was grown and it was long gauz skirts that fell away from her as she moved the Queen's hand in the white glove wa held out for her to kiss and the black tut of *Odile* tilted round her as she curtsied *Perhaps I am going to die*, said Madame *Perhaps at last they have killed me.* She fel sorry for herself. *I have never fainted before and in the last few minutes before you die th past comes back to you not? Time passes, bu that is what it doesn' do.* Past, present an future. Her past an her present, her futur if she were not goin to die, were all danc ing.

No-one-no-one-no one, ticked the clocl and, deeply tired out Madame slept.

She was wakenec by Hilda asking, "*I it good?*"

"*Why should it b good?*" she answered exasperated. "*How d I know what it is? I haven't seen it.*"

She did not know which answer she had given, but she was wide awake. The coldness and whiteness had gone, she could sit up, on her elbow, and see the darkened room.

Madame's head ached, and her bones. Her eyes felt as if they had not slept, but the sound of the clock, the thought of Hilda, had come between her and her pillow and presently she lifted herself and sat up again and thought, *What is the time?*

The room was too dark for her to see. Giddy, she swung her feet onto the floor. Then, in her stockinged feet, she walked uncertainly over to the window and pulled up the blind. The light made pain leap in her head and dazzled her eyes, but she stood there until she grew used to it. She turned to look at the clock. It was five minutes to four.

Something is to happen at four, said Madame, *but what? . . . Where is Ilse?* she thought. *Why isn't she here? She never is here when I want her. You would think she didn't understand what had happened. And what is to happen?* asked Madame.

She called, "Ilse, Ilse," but there was no answering flutter and rustle.

Then into confusion came one small clear thought: *Lollie's audition at four. I promised her I should be there. You cannot go back to bed*, she told herself. *You will go down and keep your promise and take Lollie into the theater to Edmund White. When it's most difficult to keep a promise, that is the time you should, that is its proof.*

She went to the mirror that hung over the fireplace and looked at herself. *Better not to look*, said Madame quickly and, without going into her bedroom to tidy herself—"Not even as much as to pass a comb through

(Continued on Page 169)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Four Poplars

By Cosette Middleton

Shivering in the moon splash,
poplars lift
And curve and straighten where the
clean, cold spill
Of light and star spray singles out
their hill;
Delicate tangled webs of shadows
drift
Over the dew-stroked grass that
travels east
And east and east, its fluid silver
flowing
With the forever of the west wind's
blowing,
Where gray sheep nibble, posing
silver-fleeced.
In slow affirmatives the trees
approve
The ribbons of the moon, the
crystals of
The stars, and all the alchemy above
This hill, and forces that amass, that
move
To make this night a souvenir for
those
Who see four hilltop poplars on
their toes.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★





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(Continued from Page 166)

ır hair!" as Miss Ilse said to her after-
ard—she went downstairs. *I expect I look*
ke a witch, she said. *A witch without a potion*
a brroomstick to ride away on. She ceased
think and went on her way down the
irs.

There was no one in the hall, but on the
st two men's hats were lying, a broad
lite scarf, a stick and a pair of gloves. She
ked at the two hats. *Someone else has*
ne with Edmund. They have come and Ilse
taken them over to the theater. I must go.
She went through the classroom. As
passed the window she saw that the
ater lights were on. They glittered
rough the rain. She opened the door to the
k staircase and met Miss Ilse.

'Oh, Anna!"

"Oh, Anna!'" mocked Madame. She
s suddenly furious. "I could have died up
re by myself. Where were you?"

'Anna ——"

'Answer me. Where have you been oll this
ne?" She looked at Miss Ilse with suspi-
n. "You have been over to the church."

'Only for a moment, Anna. I went to
t a candle to St. Jude. That seemed to me
best thing to be done. The *best!*" She
ked back firmly at Madame. "You see, I
ieve. But Anna, what am I thinking of?
ame to tell you ——"

"Tell me nothing," said Madame rudely.
Don't speak to me at oll," and she brushed
st Miss Ilse and went down the stairs.

Lollie was waiting in the girls' dressing
om, and with every minute she grew more
aid. "What do you do when you are thor-
ghly frightened?" she had asked Miss Ilse.

"Say a Hail Mary; that always helps me,"
d Miss Ilse kindly.

LLIE did not know how to say a Hail
ary. She did not know what a Hail Mary
s. That was no help to her.

Auntie was no better. Miss Porteus had
nd time to come from the theater to
ook the child over" as she explained to
nny. That was exactly what she did do.
e looked Lollie over and over despairingly.

"Your tunic is too short," she said. "You
k all legs." She tightened Lollie's bows
at were already too tight, but Lollie said
thing because auntie had bought the rib-
n for those bows.

"Well, I hope you get it," said auntie.
But I don't suppose you will. Seems to me
for the cinema they would want curls. You never had the vestige of a curl. Still, you never know. Unlikely things *do* happen. We could do with it with my arthritis. I'm crippled today, crippled! Well, don't let's meet our troubles till we get them."

"No, auntie."

IT seemed to Lollie they had several troubles now. Food, for instance. She was hungry. She thought of what of all the things in the world she would like best to eat, if you could get all the things in the world. *A banana sundae*, thought Lollie.

"We are not very hungry, are we?" auntie would say. "Let's put the kettle on and have a nice cup of tea and some bread and butter, or a bun or a pie from the little shop round the corner, or a kipper."

"A dancer must dance on her stomach," Madame said, which made the others giggle. It did not make Lollie giggle. She understood it; she understood it sharply. She had such difficulty to dance on hers.

She heard that in Lion's company, the Metropolitan, the *corps de ballet* started on five pounds a week.

"Five pounds?" said Lollie. "A *week?*"

"Yes, how little!"

"How—how much!" said Lollie.

Five pounds, thought Lollie. *Auntie and I could live on that. I could buy four hundred kippers and one thousand two hundred cups of tea. Why, I could keep auntie and she could have arthritis in peace!*

As soon as auntie left her, she took off the tunic that was too short. Lollie did not know much, but she knew it was not wise to look leggy at auditions if it could be avoided. There was a way round every difficulty, Madame said. Lollie knew of only one way round hers, and that was to do about the tunic as she had done about the shoes, and take someone else's. She stepped over to Zoe's shelf. She chose Zoe because Zoe was the best dressed child in the school. She shook out Zoe's nicely folded tunic and tried it against herself. The tunic was rose-colored, which made her look less pale, and, given a tunic of the proper length, she did not look leggy at all. Lollie put it on.

It isn't stealing, said Lollie. *It's only borrowing and I shall be found out because Archie may be in the theater and if he is, he will tell. Oh, well!* said Lollie, and she might have added, *Beggars can't be choosers.*

She looked up and saw Madame. "But . . . Miss Ilse said you couldn't come."



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"Ilse is a fool," said Madame. "I promised you, not? You must learn, Lollie, that people keep their promises."

Lollie was silent. That had not been her experience, but certainly Madame had come. She looked at Madame. Madame looked odd; her clothes were puckered as if they needed what auntie called "a good pull down"; her stockings were wrinkled and her hair looked like a thatch and her skin looked tired and—*pouched*, thought Lollie.

"*Are* you better?" she asked doubtfully.

Madame said she was, but when she held out her hand to Lollie and said "Come," her hand was colder than Lollie's own. "They have arrived," said Madame. "We must not keep them waiting." Hand in hand, she and Lollie walked silently across the garden to the theater door.

In the garden Madame took a deep breath. The rain fell against her face, quick and soft; it chilled her, but it was freshening and she stopped and lifted her face; there was a smell of wet soot and earth and grass, and from the wistaria a wave of scent came out to her, warm and wet with the fresh rain. *I pinned my faith to that wistaria*, thought Madame. *I was a fool. You shouldn't pin your faith to things, or people . . . but you have to. If you are to live at all you have no choice.*

As she opened the door, a gust of music swept past them: The Carlorossi theme overfilling the theater.

"It's too big for here," said Madame.

ABOVE the orchestra, on the stage, the curtains were pulled back and Noel's set was there: the frame with its painted white curling feathers set in gold and the stormy gray-green background lit so that it looked threatening and deep.

The first white swan feather floated down and Hilda was on the stage. *Leda, looking for shells on the lake shore.* Madame watched her walk on, always a critical moment to Madame, but she saw that Hilda had it easily in her grasp; she watched, nodding approval as, in the contained little looped maroon gown that, swinging open, showed a sudden line of scarlet, Hilda passed into the opening of her *adage*. Madame did not know how long the passage lasted; she watched enthralled.

Then the music changed to that loud downbearing whirring rush and Madame suddenly gripped Lollie's shoulder so that Lollie cried out. Lollie, staring, saw an immense white swan, towering with its wings, with swept-back feathered hair and black marked eyes; Madame saw that the *Swan* was Lion.

Lion! "But ——" said Madame. "But ——"

Lollie twitched her sleeve.

"Wait, Lollie."

"But Madame ——"

"Wait."

"Madame . . . are those them?"

"'They,' Lollie. 'Are those they?'"

"Yes, but are they? Which of them is him?"

"'He,' Lollie. Who?"

Madame reluctantly tore her eyes away from the stage and followed Lollie's gaze to where two men stood talking, with Miss Parkes and Rebecca standing respectfully by. She saw first the one she had expected to see, the flat pink face, gray hair and monocle of Edmund White. She looked past him to the other, a little square man with a Mongolian forehead and skin and eyes and small gesticulating hands. She gave a cry.

"It's Gustave!" cried Madame. "Gustave!"

Hilda had not heard the quarrel between Lion and Caroline. She did not know there had been a quarrel. When Lion had leaped off the stage she had waited for him to come back. She did not understand that he had left her with the ballet half rehearsed, without warning and without apology.

"Where is Lion?" she said presently to Rebecca. "I'm waiting for him."

"I don't know," said Rebecca. "Caroline was here, very angry with him and with you."

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"With me? Why?"

"She is jealous."

"*Caroline*, jealous of *me?* Don't be absurd."

"Well, she has gone storming off to Madame and Lion has run after her."

"Lion has run after her." The impact of what that meant hit Hilda between the eyes. "Lion, run after Caroline when he—when I ——" and Rebecca saw Hilda blush as she had not known that Hilda could blush, a deep, burning, painful red.

A kiss can be a very big, or a very little thing. *It depends on who you are*, thought Hilda. She had let Lion kiss her and she had kissed him and now it seemed to her that, as Madame said she overdanced, as she had overdone herself in *Lyre*, she had given too much away to Lion, been generously reckless or recklessly generous. She blushed now and burned to think how strong she had been, and this was not from modesty but from pride. *When am I ever going to learn?* thought Hilda despairingly. *I hate myself. I hate—hate Lion.*

However she tried to belittle him, he stayed as Lion. Even as she said she hated him, she felt again the way he lifted her, the way he turned her toward him and let her slip down, her body against his, held firmly and, she could have sworn, loved in his arms. She felt the warmth and smooth health of his skin, the way his eyes looked into hers, teasing and commanding; Hilda had never been teased or commanded by a man before. She remembered how angry and hurt she had been against him in Madame's office yesterday—*Was it only yesterday?*—and how, as soon as he touched her, she had melted. She argued and burned with shame and still he still was Lion.

I have learned by experience that friendship is a plant that must be watered and nursed or it withers.
—SARAH ALDEN RIPLEY.

But there is a difference, thought Hilda proudly. *Nothing I do now will be done willingly. Before, I gave in completely. I capitulated. He has killed that. If ever I give in, it will be with reservations.* She saw those reservations as high impenetrable fences that no Lion on earth could hope to scale or look over.

"Caroline says she will refuse to dance tonight," said Rebecca.

"Let her." Hilda, naturally, did not mind that in the least. "I can dance the *Lady*."

"Without Lion?"

"Without Lion? Rebecca, you don't mean —— They couldn't do that to Madame. It would be dastardly."

"What words you use, Hilda. It would be dastardly, but they could do it. Here comes Miss Ilse with the news." said Rebecca, and she said seriously, "It *is* that news, Hilda. She is crying."

"God help us, what shall we do?" wept Miss Ilse. "Anna. Anna. It's the first time I have ever known her to take off her hand for a single moment. Now she—she —— God forgive them!" cried Miss Ilse. "I can't. He went after Caroline without a word."

"Will they be *allowed* to do this?" Rebecca was saying. "Will the Metropolitan countenance it? To Madame? Madame is someone, after all."

Miss Ilse dissolved into tears again. "Such a thing has never happened to us. What shall we do with the performance tonight?"

"Give it," said Hilda.

"But how can we do that?"

"We must do that. There is nothing else that we can do. You must call an immediate rehearsal," she said to Rebecca.

"I? But I have nothing to do with the theater and the ballets."

"That doesn't matter. It's the authority that matters. You have authority. I will tell you what to do. If I do it myself there will be quarrels and objections."

(Continued on Page 173)

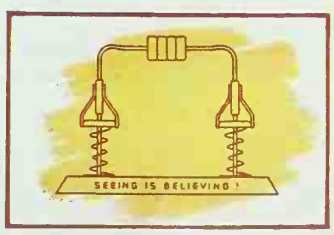
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(Continued from Page 171)

'She is right," said Miss Ilse, her tears ing.

'But," said Rebecca to Hilda, "can you e upon yourself, in Madame's absence——"

'Yes," said Hilda, quite certainly. She them stare at her and she said, "What ld Madame do? Give in? Recriminate? wouldn't waste her time. We shall have rehearse *Noble Life* and *Leda*. Francis st do the *Nobleman*. After all, he has n the *Attendant* all this time, he ought know it. Lippi can take the *Attendant*, Hugh."

'And the *Swan?* Who for the *Swan?*" Hilda stopped. She had written it for n, built it on him, built it round him.

'John?"

'No, John wouldn't do," she said slowly. e is too slight. John would be wrong."

'Could Francis do it too?" asked Rebecca ıbtfully.

'You can have a plump *Nobleman*, but ı can't have a plump *Swan*," said Hilda. t must be Lippi," she said suddenly, "and gh must be the *Attendant*."

'Lippi? But he isn't up to the others."

'I know, but he is the most like Lion. ss Parkes and I will get on to the tele- ones. I shall get Lippi first, he has the st to learn."

'But Lippi?" Madame said afterward. ou chose Lippi? He is more like a bois- ous young eagle than a swan."

'Whom would you have sen?" asked Hilda. Madame had to admit at she would have osen Lippi.

As Rebecca went to ephone, Hilda suddenly lled her back. "Re- cca," she said, "don't l Lippi it's to dance n's part, nor Francis. Tell them it's to derstudy."

"Rebecca said I was to understudy Lion," d Lippi when they were resting in the ngs, she panting and tired, Lippi fresh and ger. "Lion isn't coming back, is he?"

"We don't know," said Hilda. "We are ing this in case he doesn't."

"Madame wouldn't take him back."

"We don't know what Madame will do. isn't for us to judge."

"But he won't."

Hilda was too tired to argue. She had en dancing since early morning in a rising isis of emotion, and now nothing seemed t in her but the ability to dance; all anger, l feeling of mortification, had left her, but e had an inescapable yearning for Lion. o dance *Leda* to Lippi's *Swan* after Lion's as like dancing with nothing at all. She lt tired of heart as well as in body and ind.

Ironically, now that Hilda's whole reason r it was no longer there, the ballet was mplete. Elibank's young painters were eaning their brushes; Noel had finished the inting of the last spine and curl of the last ather. The members of the orchestra had me in and sat waiting; now Mr. Felix peared and began distributing the parts. Hilda went down to him. "Shall we re- arse with you now, straight away?"

"Why do you think we are here?" asked Ir. Felix, who was in no amiable mood.

"You know Lion has gone. We are man- ing," said Hilda not without pride. "Lippi dancing the *Swan*."

MANAGE with whom you choose," said Ir. Felix. "I'm here for the music. I attend o my business. You attend to yours." hough he was grumpy, Hilda had the eling that he thought she was attending o it well.

When he started to conduct his arrange- ent of the Carlorossi music, pride and ex- tement welled up in her. *He has done it eautifully, beautifully—but without Lion . . . h, what a waste! Lion! How could you do hat to me?*

She had been called upstairs to try on her ress and had kept it on to dance in so that Noel could watch it.

"That will do," said Noel; "or I think it will. Can't tell till I have seen it from the front. Come in front and see it," he told Miss Porteus. The task of whitening Lippi had still to come. "But before I do that," said Noel, "let him put on the wings and trunks and come on the stage with Hilda. Better dance it. I can't see what those wings will do until he dances in them."

"But don't stop Mr. Felix," Hilda warned Noel as he went. "We can come in with him. You don't need to see it all through. Let Noel get down in front," she told Lippi. "He wants to see how the wings look as you come on." She listened. The ballet was nearing its end. "It's just before the climax. We can pick it up there. Where I go on and you come after me, and take me in the big lift."

LIPPI nodded obediently. He was obedient—*and that is the last thing the Swan should be*, thought Hilda. *This was where Lion——*

In all the times she had danced *Leda*, Hilda had still not lost the terror of this swoop of Lion's when he came down on her from behind and bore her up, higher than his shoulder; the power of his grasp left her almost paralyzed. Lippi could lift adequately, gracefully, but no more than that. *Well*, sighed Hilda, *it will have to do.*

"Now," she called to Lippi. She had her back to him as she danced.

She had not danced this with the orchestra before; after the phonograph it was new, loud, strong and hotly alive. It made her dance as if she were new, too, with fresh life. *Ah, if only* —— cried Hilda, but she had to curb that and wonder if Lippi were coming, if he had timed it or would be late; then she was swept off her feet from behind with such a force that she cried out realistically with fear and surprise. She was held high, brought violently down and crushed in Lion's arms, against his breast and shoulder as he carried her off.

There cannot be too much merriment, but it is always good; but on the other hand, melancholy is always bad.
—SPINOZA.

"You have been busy, haven't you?" said Lion as he put her down. He was furious. "Who put Lippi in my part?"

"I did," said Hilda icily, but she was shaking with surprise and joy. "He did it very well."

"Lippi!" said Lion. "You little busybody!"

"Lippi is at least reliable."

"Shut up!" said Lion. "On again," and he turned her round to the stage.

"Gustave!" Lollie did not recognize Madame's voice, flattered and shy.

"Anna! Dear Anna!" He kissed her hand, *as if she is a queen*, thought Lollie.

"Gustave, tell me, what has brought you here?" Madame asked. "Whom have you come to see?"

"Why, you, Anna. Who else, today? It is today, not?"

"Of course, it is my anniversary," said Madame slowly. "I—I had forgotten it."

"I have come to pay my respects to you, Anna. My profound respect. Oll London should be here tonight; the part that counts to us will be, not?"

They began to speak in French. *Always French*, thought Lollie, and of course far more quickly than she could follow. As she talked, Madame's fingers absently smoothed the hairs on Lollie's neck, between the dragged plaits, but her eyes were looking over Lollie's head to the stage.

Gustave was watching the stage as well. "That is a very remarkable little girl you have here, my dear Anna. How old is she? And it is her work?" He watched again. "She should have a chance, Anna, not?"

Madame, with a pang, answered "Yes." Noel had painted Lion, made up his eyes, whitened his hair. Gustave did not say anything about Lion in the full panoply of the *Swan*.

These words fell into the air over Lollie's head and reached her ears. She looked at the gentleman, with startled eyes. How did he know she was a remarkable little girl when he had not seen her dance?

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When the ballet was ended he said, "Anna, I should like to see that again."

Will he want to see me twice? thought Lollie. *I didn't know Lion and Hilda were having an audition too.*

They began again, and as suddenly as he had asked for it, Gustave stopped it. "No, I have seen enough," he said. "I shall come again tonight. I con-grat-u-late you, Anna. Well, we must go until tonight. Then I shall want to meet your little dancer. I think you will let me have her, not? And we shall do her ballet, perhaps. The young man too. They are good! I mean it. Well, we must go. Good-by."

"But," said the other gentleman, Edmund, "I must see my child."

"What child? Where? I have an appointment at five."

"I came here to see a child, for *Starlight*."

"Well, Anna, give him what he wants. Here," he said, catching Lollie by the shoulders. "This one will do."

"This is the child, Edmund," said Madame, laughing. "Lollie, this is Mr. Edmund White. Say how do you do."

Lollie stiffly held out her hand. Mr. Edmund White looked down on her doubtfully.

"You are very small," he said.

"Yes," said Lollie in a whisper, and then she rallied herself. "There are plenty smaller than me."

"Than '1,' Lollie."

He bent down and looked at her closely, holding her hand. "Can I see you smile?"

"Yes," said Lollie, not smiling. She had come prepared to dance, not to smile.

"Smile," he said.

It was a command, so definite that Lollie recognized it. She smiled her two-edged smile obediently and immediately.

"Does she smile like that always?" he asked. "Smile again."

Lollie smiled.

"She smiles with her eyes," said Edmund White. "That is ve-ry satisfactory. Send her up on the stage."

"Of course," said Madame. "Lollie."

It had come. Lollie felt she had no legs, that she was all forehead and eyes and beating heart but, mysteriously, she was up on the stage. She saw Mr. Felix ready for her and took her stance for the opening of the variation.

"No, not to dance," said Edmund White. "Walk over to the left and look back at me and imagine you are asking for something."

That was easy. She imagined she was asking for a banana sundae.

"Superb," said Gustave. "What more do you want, Eddie?"

"Smile again." Lollie smiled. He smiled too. "But can she dance?"

"Oll Anna's children can dance. Do you think she would have shown her to you else? Anna knows much more than we do about dancing."

"I like her," said Edmund White to Madame. "I should like to have her along for a test. I should like George to see her. I love that smile—woebegone, wonderful!"

Lollie waited patiently, nerved to dance. She stood ready, her ear cocked to Mr. Felix, her eyes and her smile waiting for Madame's nod.

"Good-by."

"Good-by, Anna. Till this evening. You are coming, Eddie?"

"Good-by." Mr. White came down to the orchestra rail. "Good-by, Lollie. I shall see you soon. You smiled very nicely."

Lion and Hilda stepped out of the wings. Mr. Felix had stood up and turned round to bow. Madame and Miss Ilse, followed by Rebecca and Miss Parkes, were walking with them to the entrance. Everyone had turned his back.

"They . . . he—he hasn't seen me dance!" said Lollie.

No one heard her. Lion and Hilda, full of excitement, had run down to the dressing rooms. Mr. Felix was arranging his music, and the men were climbing out of the orchestra pit one by one. Emile and Zanny and Mrs. Pilgrim, the charwoman from the house, had come in and were sweeping between the seats and up the aisles.



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A woman in a dark dress and two girls in green overalls came and began carrying in boxes and tubs of flowers, flowers such as Lollie had only seen in shops; they were all white and red carnations, green ferns and white jessamine. The air had been full of the dust from the brooms; now it was heavy with scent. Even in her hurt and dismay Lollie breathed it in with reverent admiration. *What it must have cost!* thought Lollie.

"Please, dear," said the woman in the dark dress, coming across the stage and pushing Lollie out of her way. Then Miss Parkes came on with her notebook and pencil.

"What are you doing here, Lollie?" she asked. "Run away and change."

Lollie walked slowly off the stage.

"To appear like that before Gustave," said Miss Ilse. "Your clothes all pulled round, not even as much as to pass a comb through your hair. How could you, Anna? I was so ashamed."

"He didn't look at me," said Madame comfortably. "Ilse, I have a feeling he will take them both."

"Lion doesn't deserve it," said Miss Ilse.

"He came back."

"Yes, like a lord," said Miss Ilse. "Caroline ——"

"Caroline." As she said it the happiness and excitement passed out of Madame's face.

"Hilda should move into Caroline's dressing room," said Miss Ilse.

"She told you to ask for that?" said Madame quickly.

"No, she didn't."

"Tchk-tchk!" said Madame.

Miss Ilse led the way backstage and into the dressing rooms. They paused in the narrow passage between the cubicles. As they paused, Lion came out. He was matte-white, his eyes darkened and deepened by the kohl, his hair stiff with whitening. He stopped when he saw Madame.

Women gauge men's devotion less by what they do, than what they fail to do for them. —M. T. ANTRIM.

"What are you doing here?" said Madame.

"I am going on to let Noel see me again under the lights."

"I thought you had left my theater, not?"

"No."

"You are very firm."

"I am very firm," said Lion. He looked at her with warm affection in his eyes. "I carried you upstairs," he said. "Why are you standing about? Why do you let her stand?" he asked Miss Ilse, who gave an indignant little snort and went past them into Caroline's dressing room.

"Caroline?" asked Madame.

Lion's eyes looked grave. "It's a pity about Caroline," he said. "I tried but she wouldn't listen. I think she will be sorry."

Madame went into Caroline's dressing room. Caroline had taken her things away, but on the dressing table was a litter of powder dust and face tissues and cotton wool. Miss Porteus was there, unpacking a box that was filled with tissue paper.

"What is that?" asked Madame.

"It's your dress of the *Lady*. Caroline's is too big for Hilda. She will have to wear yours."

"You should have asked me first," cried Madame.

They looked at her in astonishment.

"Isn't it enough," cried Madame, "that she should oust ——" They thought she meant Caroline, but she did not mean Caroline, or not only Caroline. Caroline was a small part of it. "Hilda is *not* to have my dress," said Madame. "Even if you sew oll night. She is *not* to have my dress. Put it away."

"Take it upstairs, Miss Porteus," said Miss Ilse; and when Miss Porteus had gone, "You are wicked and ungrateful," she said to Madame. "When you think what Hilda has done."

"She should be grateful to me," flashed Madame. "Gustave ——"

"Gustave! What would you have shown to Gustave but for Hilda?"

"It works both ways."

"It does indeed. Do you know what Hilda deserves?"

"She deserves anything I can give her," said Madame with sudden meekness.

"Then you should give her the Czar's cross that Marli gave to you. *She* should have it, not Caroline."

"Yes," said Madame.

"And I shall fetch Zanny to get this room ready for Hilda."

"Yes," said Madame.

"Caroline will be sorry when she hears Gustave has been here," said Lion. He did not say it spitefully, but thoughtfully, as a fact to be regretted.

"Caroline deserves all she gets," said Miss Ilse. "I shall get Mrs. Pilgrim to sweep in here and Zanny can move Hilda's things."

"Wait," said Madame suddenly. Miss Ilse looked up. Madame was standing in the doorway, her hand on Lion's arm. "Hilda doesn't need this dressing room. Don't change anything. Wait a little while. Lion, let Noel see you and then take oll this stuff off and go to Caroline. Tell her what has happened, about Gustave, you understand. Then tell her . . . she is wanted by Madame."

Lion left Caroline with Madame and came back into the theater. He met Hilda in the passage outside his dressing room. She was dressed in the petticoats of the *Second Pupil* with her sequined scarf wound round her. She was not made up, nor was her hair done, but tied back plainly with a white ribbon. She looked as plain as she had looked well that morning, but Lion did not know if she were plain or not. She was Hilda.

"Where have you been?" asked Lion.

"Having a bath. I needed it."

Lion hesitated. "You know Caroline has come back?" He watched to see how she would take it, but it did him no good. Hilda dropped her lids and he could gather nothing of how she felt. "Are you surprised?"

"Nothing that happens today will surprise me."

"Oh, well! You have plenty," said Lion. "Where are you going?"

"Into the theater."

"Can I come?"

"No."

"Hilda." He put his arm round her and felt her quiver under his touch.

"Lion. Please. Let me go."

"Why?"

"Because now I—I want to be alone."

"Kiss me, then."

"Not in the passage."

"In the passage."

She kissed him and suddenly she felt his lips quiver under the kiss; his, not hers. *He—he cares*, thought Hilda. A new exultant certainty came into her.

"I want to come with you," said Lion. She shook her head. "I want to come," he said like a child.

"You can't," she said like a grownup, and gave him a gentle push away. She let her hand cling to his a moment and left him.

The florists had gone and the theater bloomed with flowers, banked along the stage, by the orchestra and in the niches. Except some for Caroline, few were for the company; they were for Madame: bunches and bouquets and baskets, a basket of red roses, a wreath of laurel leaves tied with a white ribbon. Now, for a little while, the theater was empty. Swept, filled with the scent of the flowers, it waited.

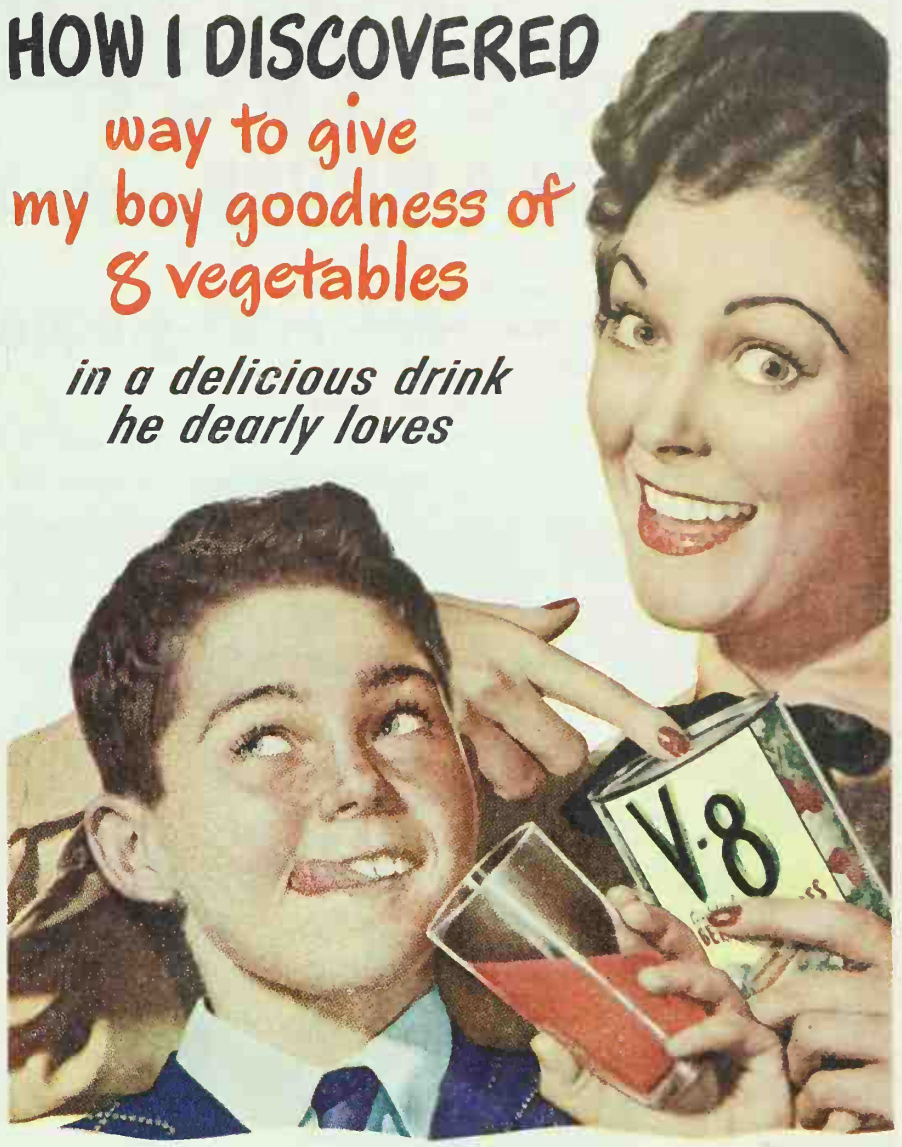
The curtain was down. Behind it the stage was set for *Cat Among the Pigeons*. In the dressing rooms the freshly ironed clothes hung ready on the racks. The dancers had brought in their good-luck charms and mascots, Alma had a Polish marionette and Rayevskaya a little Christmas tree with red wax buds. Hilda had nothing at all. She felt her luck was in the theater itself.

"How do you feel?" they had all asked her.

"I feel just the same."

"After Gustave—and your ballet. A ballet of your own with Gustave!"

HOW I DISCOVERED way to give my boy goodness of 8 vegetables in a delicious drink he dearly loves



THIS IS HOW IT HAPPENED...





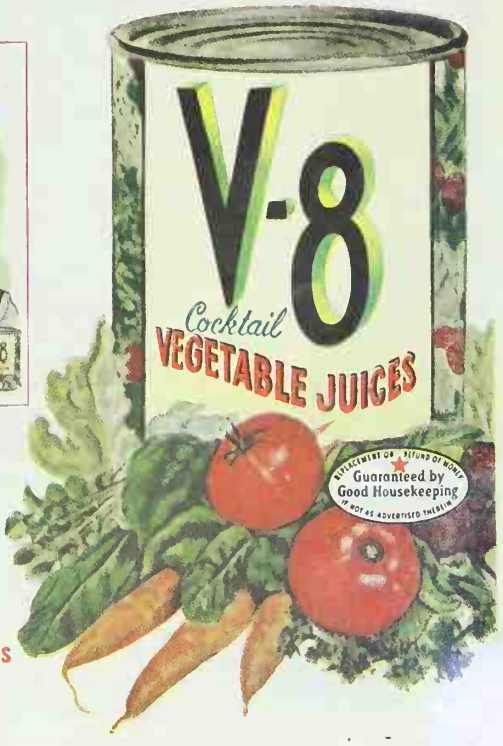




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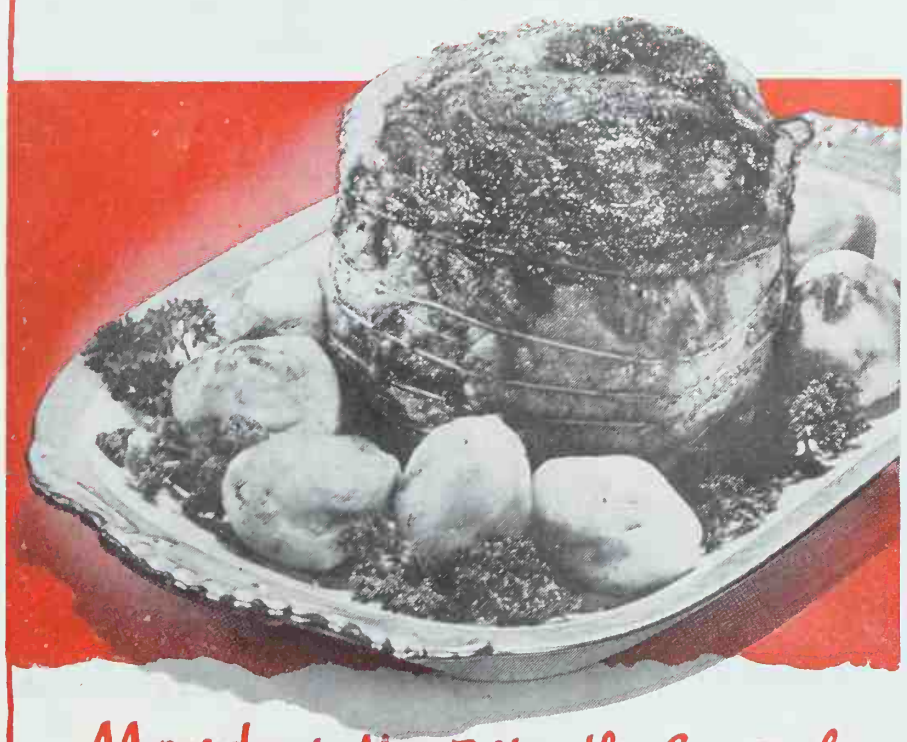
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Feature a ROAST WITH A FUTURE

For Sunday—Roast Beef. There's nothing finer . . . and you needn't feel like a spendthrift either—not when you can have four wonderful meat meals all for the price of one roast.



Monday-Meat Noodle Casserole

WORLD'S BEST BEEF AND NOODLES. Mix in cosserole 3 cups cooked egg noodles, 1 smoll chopped onion (soutéed in 2 tablespoons fat) . . . ½ cup groted cheese, 2 cups diced left-over beef, ½ cup Heinz Tomoto Ketchup, ½ cup woter, solt ond pepper to taste. Sprinkle with ¼ cup grated cheese. Boke 30 minutes 350° F. Serves 4 royally.

Tuesday

BARBECUED BEEF CUTLETS. Dip beef slices into mixture of ½ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup, 3 Tbs. Heinz Prepared Brown Mustord, 3 Tbs. Heinz Worcestershire Sauce, ½ tsp. salt and ¼ cup woter. Dip slices in bread crumbs. Fry in hot fat till crisp on both sides.

Wednesday

HOT ROAST BEEF SANDWICHES WITH GLORY-GRAVY. To 2 cups thickened beef gravy odd ¼ cup Heinz Tomoto Ketchup. Heot. Arrange slices of roost beef between slices of breod. Pour on the Glory-Gravy. Gornish with chopped parsley. This dish will make four hungry people very hoppy!



Made from the world's finest tomatoes . . . rare spices and fine vinegar . . . that's

HEINZ 57 Tomato Ketchup

She felt the same. She had always had these things in her. She had known that. It was only they who had not known. A week ago, yesterday, she might have said it. It was an older, wiser Hilda who held her tongue.

"But all in one day!" they said.

Not in one day. Years. Seventeen years. Ever since I was born, thought Hilda.

In the orchestra pit the lid was open on the piano, the clavichord for *The Noble Life* behind it; the harp stood to one side uncovered, its gilt strings shining in the one light Emile had left burning.

The light made a quiet pool on the cream walls, caught the angle of the blue stage curtains, the gilt rail, the cream and red and blue patternings of the orchestra curtains. For the rest the theater was dim except out in the little foyer which gleamed with light and was filled with flowers. Emile had put the basket of roses under Madame's photograph on the stand; it was from Gustave. Later Gustave would lead her out on the stage before the audience, but now, for a few minutes, the theater was alone, except for Hilda.

Outside in the road, the late-afternoon light was growing richer as it drew toward evening. The rain had stopped and the smell of wet stone and asphalt rose into the air, but the little theater smelled inside and out of flowers. The sun lay on its façade, on the scrolled iron balcony, on the new bills, still wet with printer's ink and limp with paste as Emile had put them up.

BALLETS HOLBEIN

Tonight at 7 and for a limited season.

CAT AMONG THE PIGEONS (Holbein) THE NOBLE LIFE (Holbein Bellini)

LEDA AND THE SWAN (Hilda French)

Evenings at 7. Wed. Sat. 2:30

A small queue began to form outside the gallery door, not yet opened. The dancers were slipping in in ones and twos and threes, to make themselves up before they came down to warm up with Rebecca, as was Madame's rule.

Caroline had come. She came from Madame and went to her dressing room without a word to anyone. She, too, met Lion. Lion stepped back to let her pass and did not speak and she went into her dressing room and shut the door.

On her table was a small package. It was from Madame. She recognized the careless sprawling writing. Caroline was still smarting from the things Madame had said and she picked it up and put it down. Then she picked it up again and sprung open the lid warily, and diamonds sparkled up at her from rubies and she opened her lips in surprise. She read the note pinned to the velvet:

You have heard me speak of this often. It was given to me. . . . Marli . . . the Czar. . . . I had meant to keep it always . . . now you have come back to me . . . I want you to have it, Caroline.

LION met Caroline again. She had come out of her dressing room in tights and practice dress. He thought she had been crying and he felt peacefully sorry for her. He had a peaceful, utter friendliness for Caroline. It was peaceful not to want anything from her, not a place in Gustave's ballet, not even love. *Of course I have all these things,* he admitted, but it was true that Hilda had immunized him from his old practices.

Now he paused. "Hullo. Where are you going?"

"To warm up with Rebecca."

"But ——" Caroline's face warned him to stop. "But you are not on for nearly two hours."

"All the same," said Caroline; and she argued, "I can rest and warm up again."

Lion did not whistle or show his surprise. He held out his hand. "I'm going to her, too," he said. "Come along."

"Now you see, if I had put off Lollie's audition as you wanted me to, Ilse, this would never have happened. If I had not sat up oll night ——"

"If Hilda had not written the ballet," said Miss Ilse dryly.

Candles were lit on Madame's dressing table.

"You make yourself up by candlelight and then it is all wrong," said Miss Ilse.

"Never mind. I like what I have to see best by candlelight, now I am old," said Madame.

Zanny was busy and Madame had been calling for Miss Ilse to hook her dress.

"Where are you, Ilse? You are never never here when I want you."

Miss Ilse had been going once more all through the theater to see that it was all well, all arranged. She had paused to watch the dancers working quietly with Rebecca.

"Can you imagine? Caroline was there!" she told Madame.

"Ah!" said Madame softly.

"And she was crying."

"Ah!" said Madame more softly still. "We shall have a very good performance from everyone tonight. Sometimes, Ilse, do you know what I think? I think I don't deserve so much goodness, so much happiness. I haven't forgotten how to manage, have I, Ilse? There is some life left in me, not? But I confess it to you, Ilse, I don't know myself what it was that I did for tonight. I don't know how it happened. It was a miracle, Ilse."

"I lit a candle to St. Jude," said Miss Ilse to explain the miracle.

"Don't talk such nonsense, Ilse. St. Jude! It might have been Lollie and the audition and Edmund bringing Gustave—but if we had not done *Leda and the Swan* what would he have seen? If I had not sat up oll night and found it, we should not have had *Leda and the Swan*. If Felix had not helped . . . if Noel had not come. They have oll worked well, oll of them. If they call me on the stage tonight—and they *may* call me, Ilse, not?"

"Of course they will call you, Anna."

"Then I shall call them oll. Every one of them. From Caroline and Lion, down to them oll."

"I think you should call Hilda first, by herself."

Madame was silent. She said slowly, "I shall have to call Hilda. I shall call her and then . . . I shall leave the stage. To her. By herself. Yes. I shall have to do that. It is rright." It was right, but it was still disagreeable. "Hilda will not stay with us," she said. "There is nothing more for her here. Yes. We have served her purpose," said Madame. It was bitter, but it was a fact. She knew that Hilda had passed her and was going out of sight. "Tonight, for me, is perhaps the end," she said, "but for Hilda it is only a milestone." She had again, and not even finally, that same jealous rebel pang. "Tchk-tchk!" said Madame. "Ilse, will you hook my dress, not? What are you standing there for? It is late and everybody will be waiting." She paused and said, "Still I don't know what it was. Not one thing by itself, but the way it oll turned out, not? I wonder what it was," said Madame.

And Miss Ilse said as she bent to hook the dress, "It was my candle to St. Jude."

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Memo to My Son, Age Two

BY G. M. WHITE

A little girl requires great tact,
However rough she wants to play.
If she should hit you, hit her back;
If she should kiss you, run away.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE MEAT PAGE

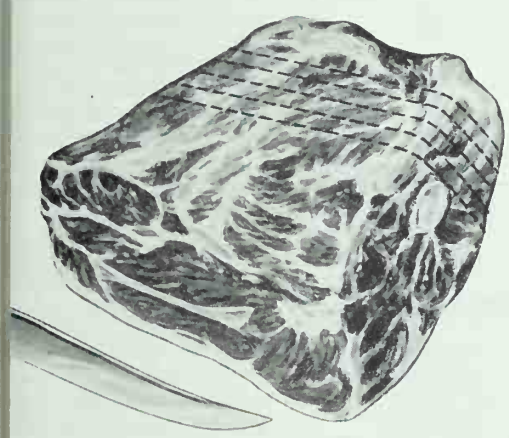


How Mrs. Anderson saves on meat ... and shopping time, too

Mrs. R. O. Anderson of Minneapolis has three children, ages 6, 4 and 1, so she tries to budget not only money, but her time, too. Her idea, shown below, does both. To save shopping time she buys a single cut of meat that will make a variety of freshly cooked meals. More important, this thrifty use of meat helps to keep nourishing meat, with its complete protein, in more meals and at lower cost.

Make Three Freshly Cooked Meals From a Pork Shoulder Butt

One of the beauties of a fresh pork shoulder butt is that it has only one small bone. Another is that you don't have to cook it all at once. Try this way to get three fresh-cooked meals from the one you buy.

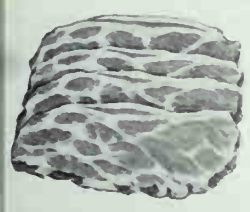


Select a 5 to 7-lb. pork butt, according to your family's requirements. With a sharp knife, cut the whole pork butt into two halves. This is easy to do because you cut through solid meat.



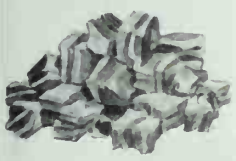
1. Pork Roast

Roast the piece with the bone uncovered in a 325° oven until well done (45 to 50 minutes per pound).



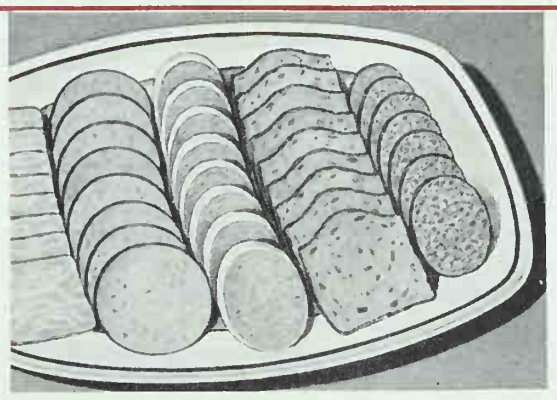
2. Pork Steaks

The remaining piece is clear, solid meat. From it, cut boneless steaks one-half inch thick. Braise and make gravy with the drippings.



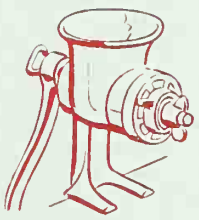
3. Chop Suey

As you get to the small end of the boneless piece, cube the remaining meat. Use it for a meat-stretching dish of delicious chop suey or a corn-and-pork casserole.



Cold Cuts Offer Good Solid Meat

Ready-to-serve meats are every bit tempting, nourishing, easy-to-digest food. You know them best in refreshing cold meat platters and in sandwiches. Apply their solid meat economy and good meat flavor to these other dishes, too.



Put bologna or luncheon meat through your food chopper and use in your favorite ham loaf recipe. Use cubes or slices of luncheon meat cooked in a casserole with rice, or macaroni and cheese. Make frankfurters in blankets—wrap in biscuit dough, bake and serve with mustard sauce.

The man who cuts your meat can help you cut corners.

Shop early in the week and early in the day when your meatman has more time. Explain your meat problems. Ask for suggestions. Remember, he is a meat expert and his advice can be mighty helpful in times like these.



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A roast cooked in a 325° oven from start to finish will give more servings than one cooked at higher temperatures. That's because it shrinks less.

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Beef (medium)	325° F.	160° F.	26-30 min. per lb.
Veal	325° F.	180° F.	30-40 min. per lb.
Lamb (medium)	325° F.	175° F.	30-35 min. per lb.
Pork Loin	325° F.	185° F.	35-40 min. per lb.

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When you decide who's to get the last helping on the platter, remember that even by the time they're 10 years old, children need as much body-building protein as a grown man. Since the protein of meat has all the building blocks essential to growth as well as tissue repair and maintenance, meat has an important place in the meals of both young children and grownups.

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Ideas that help you keep meat in more meals on your budget . . . planning suggestions, meat-stretching tips . . . news on what meats are in best supply . . . all to help you plan and shop.

Listen to the Fred Waring Meat News Service on Tuesday and Thursday mornings before you shop. The Fred Waring Show—NBC. See your newspaper for time and station.



SEND FOR THIS BOOK. "Thrifty Meat Recipes." Contains help in buying, menu planning. Send your request with your name and address and 5¢ to the American Meat Institute, Box 1133, Chicago 77, Illinois.

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Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

With Kraft Cheese Spreads...

MORE PICNIC FUN FOR EVERYONE



● *For Mother* . . . no pre-picnic fuss and bother making sandwiches! Just tuck two or three glasses of Kraft Cheese Spreads in the basket "as is." In goes the sliced bread and whatever other fixin's you want. In goes the thermos and you're off to the woods or beach . . . cool, relaxed, *ready* for fun!

And how the kids and dad *enjoy* making their own sandwiches with the delicious Kraft Cheese Spreads! Take along one or two of the *creamy* Kraft kinds—Kraft Pimento, Olive-Pimento, Pineapple and Relish Spreads. Then include at least one zestful Kraft variety: "Old English," Kraft Limburger Spread, Roka or Smokelle.

Such an array of yummy-good spreads for sandwiches and snacks! Get to know *all* of the Kraft kinds; keep the refrigerator stocked with at least three. Kraft Cheese Spreads are *essentials* in families that really have summertime *fun!*

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THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY KRAFT

REFORM IN RICHMOND

(Continued from Page 23)

from this same soil, breathed this same air, walking with them. Some were recently back from World War II, eager to make their world more like the world they had dreamed of when they faced death far from home. There were editors and newspapermen who felt the bigness of even the smallest incidents; there were young people, high-school students, factory workers and executives—there were even Southern belles who never thought it quite nice before for ladies to vote.

And together they rallied out the Richmond vote with a speechmaking, baby-tending, doorbell-ringing, free-transportation-to-the-polls campaign that was a success beyond their dreams. Together they formed the Richmond Citizens Association and pledged themselves:

1. To promote a continuing effort to make Richmond citizens conscious of their individual responsibilities for the good government and progress of their city.
2. To make available to the city government the experience and intellectual resources of its citizens.
3. To maintain for constructive development a continuing study of local government and administration, including organized municipal research.
4. To develop the interest of youth in affairs of local government.
5. To advance through aggressive nonpartisan effort the general welfare of the community by providing an opportunity for organizations, as well as private citizens, to co-operate in planning and advancing the economic, social, political, cultural and educational phases of urban life.

While the opposition (composed largely of City Hall politicians) called itself "The Organization to Protect Our Democratic Form of Government" and charged that the Association was at once "pro-Negro" and "country club," "communist" and "big business," it got nowhere. As Ed P. Phillips, manager of the Association's campaigns and now president, put it: "They are being more frightenin' than enlightenin'. All the people of Richmond have to do is to consider the number of citizens' organizations and just plain people who are working for us. We've no political ax to grind—we only want a better city for ourselves, our families and our neighbors."

Their first taste of victory came when the city signified its desire to streamline its city government by approving the Association's slate of seven men selected to draw up a city charter. A year later came the big task: getting out the vote on the charter. By this time, the Association could count on over 2000 members—each of whom spontaneously had already begun the charter campaign.

THE young people—who found out about the charter in their civics classes—carried the excitement (and the questions) home to their parents; the women carried their interest to their husbands and their children; the teachers from Virginia Union University (which is Negro) carried the news to the colored neighborhoods; the labor leaders (united on a municipal issue for the first time in their history) talked to their unions about it; the businessmen discussed it in "the club"—when, that is, they got time to attend club meetings, for many of them were the most active leaders of the Association. And so it went. The groups lending support to the Association ranged from the Junior League to the Central Trades and Labor Council (AFL), from the Chamber of Commerce (Jr. and Sr.) to PAC (CIO), from the Business and Professional Women's Club to the Housewives' League.

The Association did not rest on membership enthusiasm alone. To increase the number of potential voters, it went actively t work on registration. It advertised, ran doorbells, brought the City Hall to outlyin districts through open-evening booths in fiv outlying neighborhoods.

And in the Association's center-of-tow office, Chairman Ed Phillips called a meet ing of top advertising and merchandisin men from the city's department stores t chart campaign strategy and prepare litera ture. His cochairman, Mrs. Jacob S. Cohn president of the League of Women Voters meanwhile organized women workers ("ou success was 60 per cent due to the wome workers," Mr. Phillips said). And Iren Stickler, office public-relations chief, took o as her special job the junior-high- and high school students, who, packing the literatur prepared by the planners into the 2400 kit of the workers, learned about governmen the hard way. The city was divided into 5 precincts, each of which was then divide into areas, blocks and sections, and assigne to canvassers who, trotting from door t door, paid personal calls, sat on the sofas an chatted with the folks. Just to make sur they didn't miss a trick, professional wome made it their job to take "Hooper" rating by telephone in the evenings.

BUT they didn't miss much. Before they went into the field, they attended schoo under Dean Raymond Pinchbeck, of Rich mond College, who, for two weeks, two hour nightly, coached 600 teachers, doctors, law yers, housewives, mothers and just plain pe ple, who in turn then held classes for wor ers on their staffs. And, just in case th charter and its provisions for council an city-manager government still weren't clear there were always the excellent Richmond newspapers to turn to—the News Leader edited by Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, and the Times-Dispatch, edited by Virginius Dabney.

At voting time, a nursery was set up in the Association's office, where four-year-old, red-haired Mike Phillips, a chip off the old block, played host to children parked while their parents voted. Volunteer baby sitters were available for homes where the parents couldn't get out easily to vote. Transportation to the polls was provided for hundreds. When one man telephoned, "I want to vote, but I can't leave my store," one of the Association's men promptly went out and took over for him. An elderly white-haired lady who years ago marched through Washington with a suffragette banner postponed a visit to her son in New York to vote for the charter. Housewives who were not being encouraged to vote stood up for themselves and maintained that it was just as important to shop for good government as it was for good groceries.

> **Men who argue with women almost invariably reach the point where they just have nothing more to say. Hence the adage about women always having the last word.**
> —WARREN HENRY GOLDSMITH: Crumbs of Common Sense.

The vote turned out was overwhelming. Some 30,000 Richmond citizens went to the polls on that November day. The vote stood 21,657 for the charter, 8060 against when the final tally was made. In February, the State Assembly, not without a bit of finagling, approved the charter. The Association breathed a long sigh of relief, and then took another deep breath.

"Now," said big, dynamic Mr. Phillips, "all we've got to do is to elect nine good men, conduct another campaign, keep up the interest, increase the membership—and make good. But don't worry—we will."

If they don't, it will not be because they have not taken the pains to lay their cornerstones straight and true. Let us trace their activities from the beginning.

Because their arousal was kin to the slow awakening of a listless and weary old man who is aware that he must get up sometime—but not necessarily right now—the first restless movements of the city stretch back many years. In 1907, neighboring

(Continued on Page 180)

The only door that isn't waste—
look how handily food is placed
That's first of many features more
you HAVE IN . . .

CROSLEY Shelvador*

NEW 5 WAY REFRIGERATOR









FREEZIN-COLD COMPARTMENT
For Frozen Storage

Near zero-cold keeps more than 50 pounds of frozen foods safely up to 3 months. Quick-freezes ice cream, pounds of ice. Transparent door.



STORM-COLD COMPARTMENT
With Meat-Holder

Perfect temperature for all perishables requiring normal refrigeration; ideal for fruit, beverages, packaged dairy products.



MOIST-COLD COMPARTMENT
Food Conditioner Section

Keeps vegetables, pastries and other delicate foods fresh . . . prevents drying-out of left-overs. Convenient crisper for leafy greens. Transparent doors.



EVER-DRY STORABIN
Extra Dry-Storage

Keeps cereals, crackers and other moisture-absorbing foods dry . . . sugar and salt free-flowing. Provides 1½ cu. ft. handy storage.

ONLY CROSLEY HAS THE Shelvador*



Time-and-Work-Saver

You have twice as much front-row food at your fingertips every time you open the Crosley Shelvador*! And in addition to that extra convenience, which women everywhere prefer, this classically beautiful Shelvador* gives you the *complete* 5-Way refrigerator!

It's impossible here to tell you of all the other improvements that make the new Crosley Shelvador* the choice of smart women everywhere. You must actually *see* features like large, full-visibility food compartments and easy-to-release ice tray equipment to appreciate how much they mean.

See Classified Telephone Directory for address of your nearby Crosley Dealer.

*® TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CROSLEY

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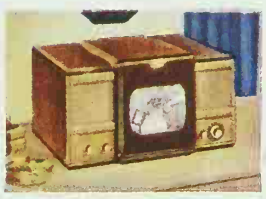
OSLEY FROSTMASTER—mpact frozen food cabinet; er 100-pound capacity. rifty to own, to operote.



CROSLEY HI-BROILER RANGES—Gas and electric models... with the BASIC 4 features for better, easier cooking.



CROSLEY AM-FM TABLE RADIOS—Smart styling, advanced engineering; for fine reception anywhere in your home.



CROSLEY TABLE MODEL TELEVISION—You're *really* there with a smart new Crosley table model televisian set.



CROSLEY PorTABLE—Take a tune wherever you go. Handsome alligator-brawn leatherette case; AC, DC, or battery.



CROSLEY FM-AM RADIO-PHONO—New beauties in radio and recards. Rich mahogany Cabinet by Carrollton.

Every smart woman has a

Secret up her sleeve

She firmly refuses to suffer the embarrassment of unsightly perspiration . . . to let an ugly stain spoil a pretty dress. She guards the underarm of every garment she owns with Kleinert's guaranteed† Dress Shields. Money can't buy any better protection!

Sew-ins from .35 to .75
Pin-ins from .39 to .55

†Read the guarantee on the package.



*Kleinert's
DRESS SHIELDS

*® at your Favorite Notion Counter





YOUNG SUITER... to wear lunching with *him*, our perforated tie, Current, cool as your summer suit. Current's wide silk laces tie in flirty butterfly bows below your pretty ankle. Mate your suit with black, white, Balenciaga or grey suede; red or green calf.

Paradise Shoes

BRAUER BROS. SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS 8, MO. • WRITE FOR NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

(Continued from Page 178)

Staunton shook off the shackles of its ancient legislative body and acquired a city manager. In the twenties, the League of Women Voters pondered at length how Richmond could become more civically active—but failed to arouse enough support to do anything. In 1934, a city survey of the Richmond First Club—a study group of civic-minded citizens—found the city government lacking—but not in problems. And all through these years there was an endless humming of complaints about the inefficiency of the $17,000,000 City Hall setup, and its cumbersome, outmoded, extravagant ways.

It took, however, the mayoralty election of 1944 to shock the city into action. For this election, a mere handful of the city's 225,000 population turned out—fewer than the number of city employees—only 2987.

Concerned and alarmed, a group of the city's citizens called upon the Inter-Club Council (a group comprised of representatives of Kiwanis, Rotary, the Chambers of Commerce, and so on), asked them to sponsor a public gathering to consider forming a citizens' organization, the primary purpose of which would be to awaken an interest in municipal affairs. The meeting was held the following February—and 300 persons attended, and decided popular government with popular backing was what their city needed. A year later, laws and bylaws of a popular organization were completed, officers were elected and the Richmond Citizens Association was ready to function—provided it could overcome that feeling peculiar to most Americans that anything political is automatically suspicious, and attract enough members to carry out any plan of action.

Two factors were basic to success: first, that the Association be soundly constructed so that its members and leaders had confidence in it; and second, that these members and leaders were willing to work for what they believed in.

Now it is possible, when reform sweeps through a city, for the reforming group to be as power-pushed as the group it sweeps out. If it is, however, its superficial efficiency carries within it the seeds of deterioration, as all dictatorships do; over the long haul you cannot push people around and count on their good will. The men who planned and formed the Richmond Citizens Association were men of principle; they were aware of this. From the start they built their citizens' association as a truly democratic force. Because they needed money with which to function, they offered three classes of membership—membership with no dues, with $5 dues, with $25 dues. The income therefrom was carefully budgeted for a full-time paid secretary (Hugh Thompson), an office, and the rest for voting campaigns. (The charter campaign cost $25,000.) Then they took a stand against the poll-tax policy of their state and gave each member, whether he paid dues or didn't, a vote—but only one, no matter how large the dues. Flatly, they stated that they based this policy on the principle "that no person should be prohibited from expressing his or her opinion on governmental affairs merely because he or she cannot afford to make a financial outlay."

Nor were any other barriers to active membership raised. Any person—regardless of sex, race, creed or occupation—over eighteen who was a resident of Richmond could become a member and have a vote; while those in outlying areas affected by city policies could become associate members. And to make sure that the Jim Crow laws prevailing in their state could not operate against their principles, all large meetings were held in the Y.W.C.A. building, instead of in the larger but closed-to-negroes mosque where most public meetings are held. Meetings of the board of directors were held in the Association's office, popularly placed on the main street of the city, well marked with arrows, and open to all citizens. So popular have these popular policies been that colored and white serve together on the board, on committees, in the Association in working harmony.

AIR-COOLED FLATTERY



Soft and airy, with self-corded swirl on cape-sleeved bodice...the curve repeated above the smartly placed skirt fullness. American Silk's wrinkle-defiant "Peek-a-Boacle" all rayon. Powder blue, beige, lime, rase, navy. Sizes 12½ to 22½. About $15.

Wynette
SPECIALIZED HALF-SIZE DRESSES

FOR STORE NEAREST YOU, WRITE
The Gottfried Company
Dept. D-8, 1778 East 30th Street, Cleveland 14, Ohio

★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★

MEET A TVA FAMILY

by HILDEGARDE DOLSON

World that power built—in the lives of the Ed Hodges, of Boyds Creek, Tenn., shines a generation's miracle, the land's rebirth.

IF you stopped to ask directions, along the red clay country road of Eastern Tennessee beyond Knoxville, your guide would say, "Hodges Brothers' store at Boyds Creek? Go on down the road a piece and you'll see a new brick two-story building. Gas pumps out front. Big electric sign. You can't miss it." And you *can't* miss it, any more than you can miss the revitalized green of the rolling Tennessee land, or the power cables stretching like life lines, bringing TVA electricity from near-by Douglas Dam to the farm community of Boyds Creek: population 449. Looking in the wide, cross-paned windows along the front of the store, you get a preview of the changes taking place in this area: a sleek pop-up electric toaster is displayed beside a denim work shirt, and a gift-boxed set of pale blue sheets and pillowcases sits next to shiny new bathroom fixtures. Customers' cars parked at the side beyond the gas pumps, ranging from a jalopy to a new Chevrolet, testify that Hodges Bros., now a year old, is doing very nicely, thank you. And up the slope behind the store is proprietor Edward Hodges' brick house, sitting handsomely, a little self-conscious in its newness—eight rooms, two baths, four occupants—electrically equipped from the shining modern kitchen to the fireplace logs that glow at the flick of a switch.



Ed and Amaline with John, 4, and Harry.

The house and store are part of the wishful planning Ed and Amaline Hodges started eight years ago as newly-marrieds, when Ed was graduated from the University of Tennessee with a degree in agriculture. Two other top-priority parts of the plan are Johnny, aged four, who has his father's blue eyes and his own solemn, towheaded charm, and Harry Gaines Hodges, II, born last October, now curvy as a dumpling, and a crowing extrovert.

As far as looks go, twenty-nine-year-old Amaline and Ed are exact opposites. She's dark-haired, five feet four in flat heels, with a perkily uptilted nose, wide matching smile, and a voice that ripples too fast to be called a drawl. Ed's a brawny, blond six-footer, easy and deliberate in his manner, inclined to consider a question from every available angle before he gives an answer. But one of the similarities you notice is their unaffected pride in each other.

Amaline says, "Ed drew up the plans for both the store and the house. He even figured out the laundry chute by the baby's bed that carries the clothes down to the electric washer in the basement."

Ed points out the pleasant framed still lifes on the walls of the long, sunny living room and three downstairs bedrooms. "Amaline painted all these. We took art together in high school, but me, I never got beyond lettering." He mentions that Amaline's father had a store in near-by Sevierville for almost thirty years. "She encouraged us to open the store here," he says.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MYRON DAVIS



Harry Gaines Hodges, 8 mos., finds the world very much his oyster.

It wasn't leap year,

but Amaline "got up the nerve and did

the asking" for her first date with

Ed in 1937. "We played word

games and had a wonderful time."





Naptime for boys means hobbytime for Amaline, who drops housekeeping chores to tend her African violets, paint or give the piano a workout. "If I'm blue, I start at the beginning of the hymnbook and pound away till I feel better."

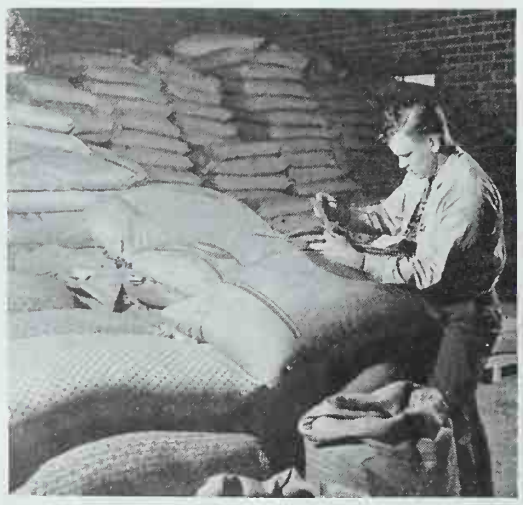
The "us" is Ed and his older brother Theron, co-owner of Hodges Bros., who lives in one of the two solidly old white farmhouses just up the road. Theron, now thirty-eight, has been superintendent of schools in Sevier County for fourteen years, and is leaving at the end of this school term to spend most of his time in the store. The second white farmhouse, between Theron's and Ed's, belongs to their father, with whom they farm the surrounding 500 acres and share in the crops: tobacco, corn, wheat, barley, oats, hay and a large truck garden. (There are also seven tenant farmers on the property.) Until Hodges Bros. opened for business, in March of 1947, Ed was a full-time farmer.

The tradition of farmer-storekeeper goes a long way back, in that family. Ed's great-grandfather and grandfather were farmer-storekeepers in this same section of Tennessee. His father, Harry Hodges, now sixty-seven, with kindliness and innate dignity weathered deep in the seams of his face, mentions that he himself kept store thirty years ago, in one room of his farmhouse. His face crinkles with amusement as he says mildly, "Kind of a different proposition than the storekeeping Ed and Theron are doin' down there now."

Different indeed. Follow Ed through the left-hand white door of Hodges Bros. and you're in a big, fluorescent-lighted room lined with shelves neatly stocked with groceries, nylons, bolts of bright cottons, children's socks—like a supermarket that's gone in for dry goods on the side. A U-shaped stand in the center has cigars, cigarettes, and a streamlined cash register that clangs a sale every other whipstitch. The electric meat case sets off fat steaks like the jewels they are. A freezer holds ice cream and familiar-brand frozen foods. The jar of sour balls seems the only link with the old-time country store. But then you notice that Ed, behind a counter now in shirt sleeves, greets every customer by name. "Get your truck fixed, Sam? . . . How's your kid



"A team of horses, a few cattle, 20 acres." Ed's dad started from assets like these, ran one-room store on farm. Son's business grosses over $4000 a month.



Ed checks a shipment of feed and fertilizer. TVA's farming and flood-control programs have helped to raise Valley's income level about 75% in 10 years.



Sevier County families meet to vote on starting a farmers' co-operative. As president of County Farm Bureau, Ed chairs debates on problems and progress.



Competition for carrots: Babies are better fed, the community is better nourished since TVA's soil-reclamation program has improved crop quality.



Kerosene lamps and oilstoves used to be best sellers before TVA. Today, Hodges' store carries streamlined models of everything from stoves to new-look dresses.



Farmers' war-and-postwar prosperity has brought the Hodges prosperity too. Ed had $800 when he married, now nets between 5 and 10 thousand a year.

since you got her home from the hospital, Mrs. Evans?" A boy lugs in a vacuum cleaner. "Ed, ma wants to know if you'll take this into town next time you go, and get it repaired." He names the Knoxville store the machine came from, and Ed says amiably he'll be glad to take it in tomorrow. You begin to get the personal flavor of the place. Then wander over to the auto-supply section, partitioned off from the main room, and you find yourself spang in the middle of an old-style cracker-barrel session. Six or eight wind-burned farmers sit around in checked shirts and work pants, discussing the price of hogs and the coming political conventions, or kibitzing on a checker game. The checkerboard sits on a small barrel; there's a waddle-legged oilstove with an electric fan on top; chairs are tilted in a feet-up, what's-the-rush attitude.

Ed planned this section with its own separate entrance from the outside. That way, women shoppers don't have to scramble over muddy boots to get to the grocery shelves, and the men don't have their checkerboard joggled, or lose the thread of a perfectly good argument in the wake of feminine intrusion. On rainy afternoons, the cracker-barrel club swells to fifteen or twenty members. One evening a week, the G. I. agricultural school meets in the second-floor storage room, to practice farm-machinery repair, using Ed's electric welder. Often the G. I. wives come along and visit downstairs in the store.

Socially, Hodges Bros. is an undeniable success. Closing time—anywhere from 8 P.M. to 11—depends on when the customers can tear themselves away. Commercially, it's just as successful. Business is now so brisk that the sales force includes proprietor Ed, his sister Pauline and young Hugh Manis, who also mans the gas pumps. On Saturdays, three part-time employees—high-school-age neighbors—help take care of the crowd. Since the store opened its doors (regular and stag entrance) to the public, the first day's dribble of customers has grown to the now steady trade of about 250 regulars, mostly farmers and their families within a radius of five miles. Douglas Dam, completed in 1944, on the French Broad River, seventeen miles from Boyds Creek, had climaxed the need for a modern community store. With 1000 farms in the county newly serviced by TVA power in the past year, Hodges Bros. has had to hustle to fill customers' demands for electric appliances. Farmers and their families not only want automatic washers, stoves, refrigerators; they can afford them. Incomes from farm products in the valley increased 148 per cent in five years, as compared with 125 per cent average rise in eight Midwestern states. That 23 per cent difference can be chalked up to TVA's multiple program of flood control plus electric power plus soil conservation.

On the lazy May day fifteen years ago when Congress passed the law establishing the Tennessee Valley Authority, to harness the great





Ice cream, flatirons and friendship are equally in demand at Hodges' store. Although aided by his sister and a boy to man the gas pumps, Ed puts in full 12-hour day, admits an all-too-scarce commodity is time off with his family.

For men only: Farmers kibitz at checkers and gab in auto-supply dept.



TVA: "The yield is that of nature and science and man in the bounty of harmony."

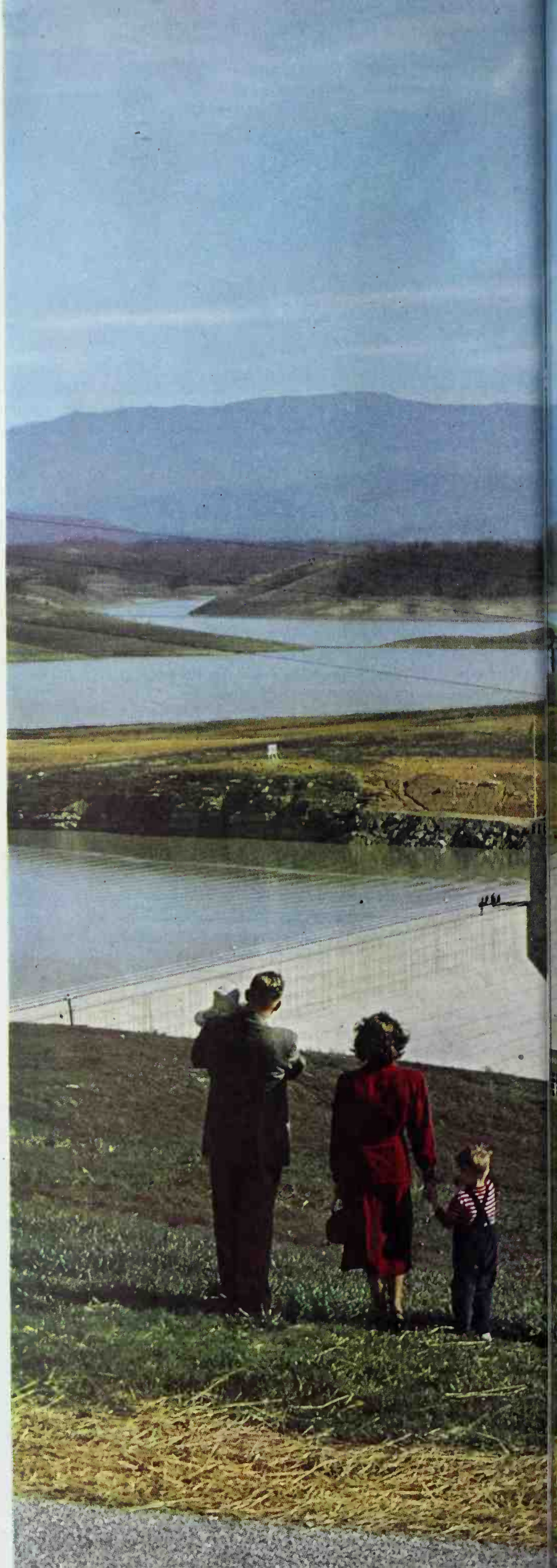
river and its tributaries in a series of dams, Amaline Whaley and Edward Hodges sat in the same classroom wishing summer vacation would hurry up and start. As freshmen in the high school at Sevierville (county seat, population 2500) they were only mildly conscious of each other, and even less conscious of the lofty legal phrases being written in Congress, which were to help weave the pattern of their lives. Amaline's father ran the corner dry-goods store in Sevierville, and she was the youngest of four daughters. (There are also two stepsisters and a stepbrother from Mr. Whaley's first marriage.) "Both Ed and I are the youngest, and we tell each other we weren't spoiled a bit," she says cheerfully. They weren't. Ed, who has the build for a halfback, says, "I didn't go in for sports, because I had too much to do on the farm." Amaline helped out at her father's store Saturdays and vacations, and after one year at Maryville College, near Knoxville, she worked in the store full time, selling and doing the window displays. Her sisters had already married, and her mother was a semi-invalid with heart trouble, so Amaline took over most of the cooking. Sundays, she sang soprano in the Baptist choir.

It was December of 1937 when she decided to ask Ed Hodges to a New Year's Eve watch party at the church. "I didn't know him very well and I kept talking it over with my best girl friend before I got up the nerve to invite him." Ed, a sophomore at the University of Tennessee (where he'd gone after one year at Carson-Newman College), accepted the invitation with seeming casualness. "But I found out he'd broken another date to come," Amaline explains, beaming. "So that made me feel a lot better." Ed says he'd been thinking "for quite some time" about asking the youngest Whaley girl to go out with him. Pressed for details of this long premeditated first date, both of them say with happy vagueness that they "played word games and had a wonderful time."

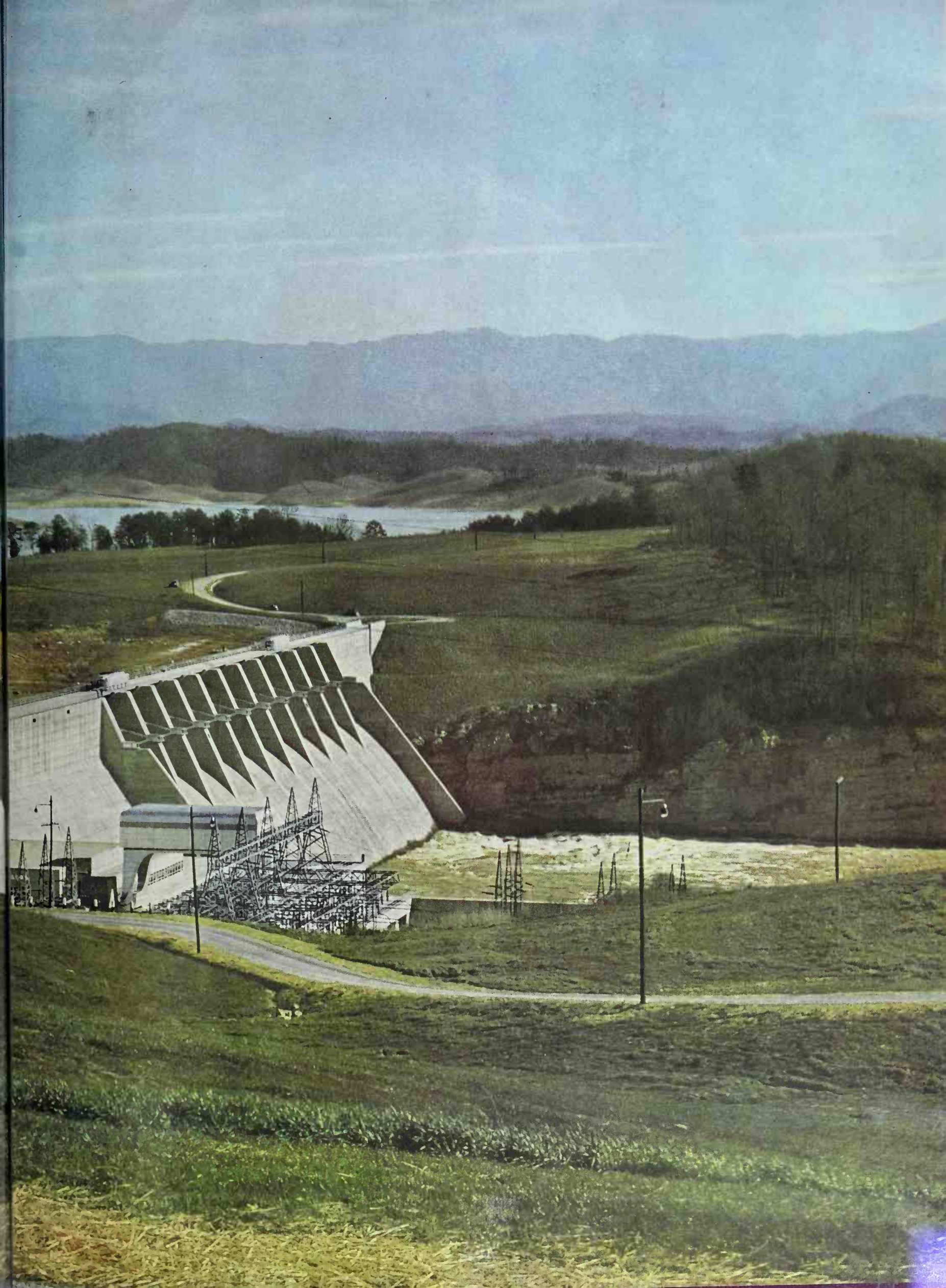
From then on, they saw each other three evenings a week, going to basketball games or concerts at the university. "He took me to the annual spring banquet and sent me an orchid to wear," Amaline says. (At this point in the conversation, Ed cut in aggrievedly, "Hey, wasn't it two orchids?")

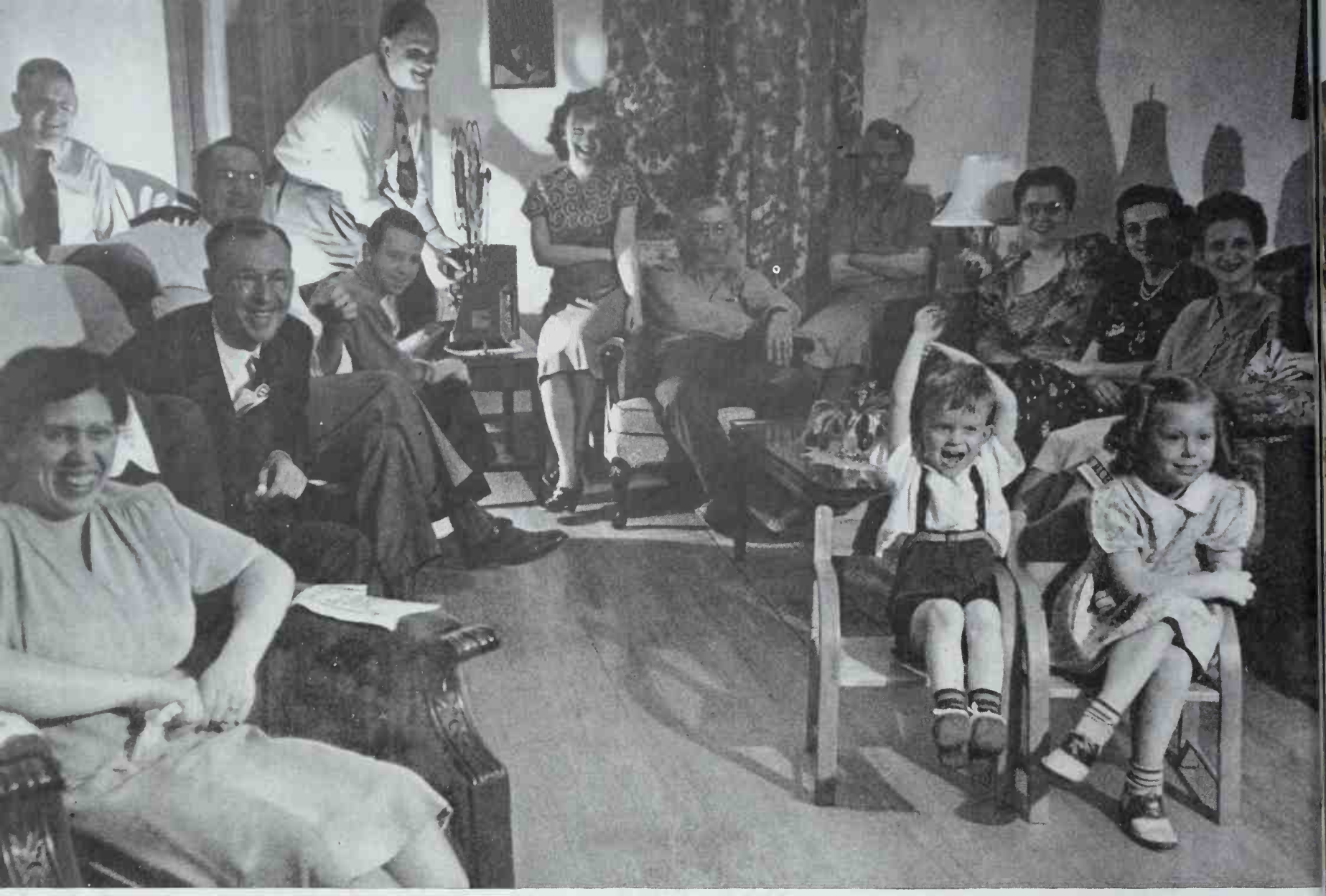
By the spring of 1939, it was a diamond engagement ring. Ed insists he didn't propose until the night he presented the ring. His wife, with feminine practicality, adds, "But we knew long before that." They were married on Christmas Day of 1939 in the Whaley living room, by the local Baptist minister. "It was a lucky thing Christmas came on a Monday that year," Amaline says. "I was so done in after the Christmas rush at the store that if I hadn't all day Sunday to rest, I couldn't have stood up on two feet for the ceremony." She wore an ivory satin, princess-style dress with finger-tip veil, and her maid of honor supplied a handsome Yuletide contrast in full-skirted, deep green velvet. Amaline has samples of the fabrics in her scrapbook, along with pressed gardenias and lilies of the valley from her wedding bouquet.

Right after the ceremony, her parents left for a few weeks' stay in Florida, and the newlyweds were to live in the house until the Whaleys returned. However, the local paper's account of the wedding carried a slightly confused headline: "COUPLE LEAVES ON FLORIDA HONEYMOON." Amaline shows this with an apologetic, "I declare, I don't know how they got it so mixed up." On New Year's Day, the Whaley



"The South is tired of the dark." Douglas Dam broke a world building record when it was constructed in 1944 to provide electric power for war. Since its erection, many farmers, like Ed's father, have doubled their products' value, and last year a thousand Sevier County farms had new lights in their windows.





Home movies—with John and Harry as stars preferred—entertain the Hodges clan and assorted neighbors on Ed's rare evenings off store duty.

"We don't have to strike a match in the place," say the Hodges of their "hundred per cent electric" house.

water pipes burst, during a severe-for-Tennessee cold spell, and as the bridegroom waded in to repair this damage he muttered, "So we're honeymooning in Florida, are we?"

Ed still had another term to go before he got his B. S. in agriculture, but he says now, "I've always been glad we got married young, because it gave us more time to plan our life together."

At the time of their marriage, he had $800 in the savings bank. Since he and Amaline lived with Ed's parents until 1946, they were able to salt away much of Ed's share in the income from the farm for those six years. This nest egg paid for the new house, and Ed says reticently that the store "was financed in the family." Even the house is an example of the Hodges clan's one-for-all projects; it was built on a piece of the jointly owned farm. The red oak used for the doors and woodwork came off the property. Tenant farmers dug the foundation, at day-labor rates. Ed drew the plans on graph paper, had them blueprinted, hired his own carpenters, and a local foreman to boss the job. He himself superintended the building of the peaked stone doorway that's his special pride.

The all-in-the-family savings applied even to the interior. Amaline and Ed bought most of the furniture and electric equipment at Ed's uncle's store in Knoxville, paid a lump sum down, "and the rest whenever it was convenient." They painted the bathrooms and kitchen themselves, and varnished every inch of the woodwork. Pointing to the oak mantel, Amaline says, "If you knew how many times we rubbed it down before the final coat!" *(Continued on Page 200)*







"We're glad we married young—it's given us more time to plan our life together." Ed and Amaline study samples for a paint job on the walls of their new house. Until 1946, couple lived with Ed's father and helped him to manage his test-demonstration farm, one of first in the county.



Gay Simtex *Cloths*... for Every Summer Table

Whether it's a backyard barbecue or a dress-up dinner, there is a SIMTEX Tablecloth just right for your table. You will find attractive weaves in plaids or checks (as illustrated); smart hand-prints and, of course, the lustrous SIMTEX Damasks in white or delicate pastels. . . . And, if you're "budget-minded" you'll appreciate SIMTEX economy prices and long-lasting quality. Identify them at your favorite linen counter by the garnet-and-grey SIMTEX "Made *right* in America" label.

You'll find much useful information on table setting in the new illustrated booklet,
"Table Talk for You, the Homemaker."
There is no charge. Write to:



SIMTEX MILLS (*Dept. M*)
40 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.
Division of Simmons Company
Makers of the famous BEAUTYREST Mattress

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED HEREIN

THE SIMTEX FAMILY OF PRODUCTS:

Tablecloths & Napkins • Bedspreads • Flannelette Sport & Utility Shirts • Nightwear Flannelette • Mattress Tickings • Furniture Fabrics

Glide through your ironing with the new G-E Combination Dry and Steam Iron!



IRON RIGHT OFF THE CLOTHESLINE!

You can iron half of your clothes without dampening! You steam out wrinkles as you *glide* this new General Electric Iron over spun rayons, cotton seersuckers, creped materials, and other lightweight fabrics.

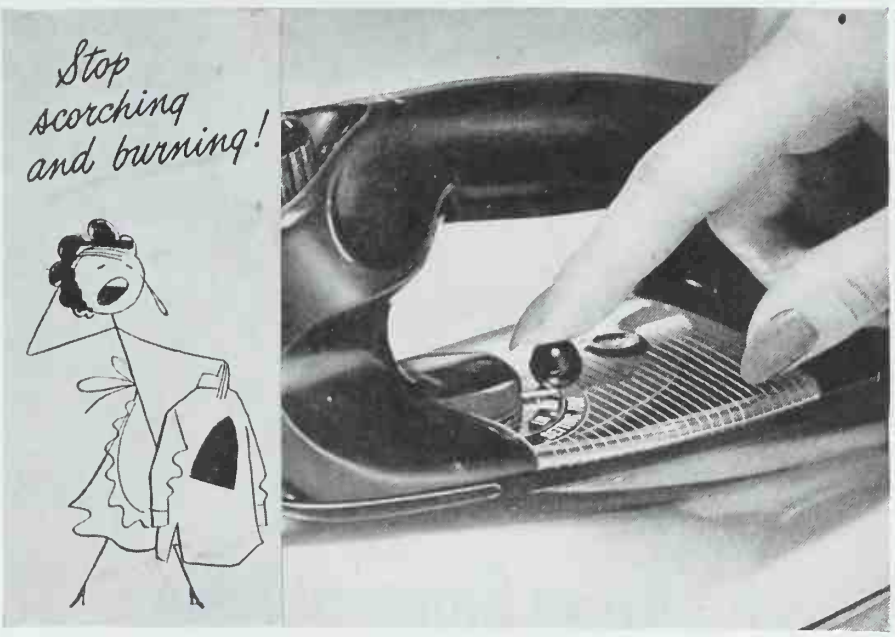
This new iron has no bulky boiler. Instead, water—one drop at a time—turns into steam as you iron.



IRON CREASES EXACTLY WHERE YOU WANT THEM!

Now, you don't need a "blinding" pressing cloth between your iron and the fabric. With this remarkable iron you can do a tailor-like job—*no shine*—on suits, trousers, skirts!

This new General Electric Iron also has built-in double thumb rests and special button nooks for easier handling.



"DIAL THE FABRIC" CONTROL SELECTS RIGHT HEAT!

This is the famous Control that helps you select the right heat for every fabric when ironing dry!

You switch from steam ironing to dry ironing and back again by turning a knob.

Also: Between the iron and the handle there's space for air to circulate, keep the handle c-o-o-l.



YOU CAN SIT AND WORK IN COMFORT!

This new General Electric Combination Dry and Steam Iron is so light you'll wonder how you ever managed with an old heavyweight! *It weighs only 4 pounds!*

Yet, it has an extra-large working surface—a full 27½ square inches—to help you iron quickly, easily, efficiently. See it today at your G-E retailer's. General Electric Co., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

GE IRONS

MORE WOMEN BUY G-E IRONS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Yesterday's romance with today's comfort is the theme of this little bedroom, decorated with crisp calico in the tradition of the Tennessee region. HAROLD FOWLE

Calico Guest Room

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

THE secret of a successful guest room is comfort, simplicity and a touch of romance in the decorations. Half the fun of entertaining a guest, or being one, is to have everything gay and rather special, charming to guests and hostess alike. These days we don't shut off the best room in the house for guests, but make practical use of a really truly "spare" room, often the little back bedroom which the family has outgrown. Small, undistinguished and bare to begin with, such a room offers you a wonderful chance to try out pet ideas which you might not attempt in more formal rooms.

A small bedroom is apt to be only four walls and a window until you give it personality with a beautiful color scheme, a quaint fabric or a romantic theme. When you can combine these three, you are sure to have a successful room.

Doing a special little bedroom is really the simplest decoration there is. Mrs. Hodges' country guest room, which you see in the color photograph, is a basic room with all the essentials, and to this you may add the touches that make it yours. A regional historical theme is always delightful and lots of fun to do. Make yours a New England theme, Pennsylvania *(Continued on Page 236)*



Without trimness and style, a room lacks interest.

Take an ordinary little room, give it a romantic theme and fresh, simple decorations, and it charms the most critical guest.

One Word Led to Another



DISGUSTED—What woman wouldn't be disgusted?—when the lure of mysterious washing miracles and other 'inducements'—ends in the same old weary wash days and dingy, half-clean clothes.



DELIGHTED—Any woman will be delighted—when sparkling, fragrant washes, done easily with the help of golden soap *and active naptha*—prove there still is nothing like Fels-Naptha Soap.

In many a 'clothes line chat', the Fels-Naptha Story is told again and again. The plain, straightforward story of two great cleaners—mild, golden soap and active Fels naptha—combined to do a thorough, gentle washing job, in machine or tub.

No mysteries. No 'inducements'—unless whiter washes and easier wash days can induce *you* to try Fels-Naptha Soap.



Golden bar or Golden chips—

FELS-NAPTHA banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



Easy ironing begins with proper sprinkling—warm water (it spreads more evenly than cold) tossed lightly from a sprinkler-topped bottle or a brush, using just enough to moisten, not wet. Mrs. Hodges smooths wrinkles and straightens edges as she dampens, groups rolled clothes of similar fabrics together in a basket lined with a moistureproof plastic sheet, where they stay for a few hours, sometimes overnight. A longer period of holding, especially in the warm summer, invites mildew.

Ironing Day is

"MY ELECTRIC IRONER IS SUCH A HELP."

★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★



Mrs. Hodges' ironer was a 1946 Christmas gift from her husband. Seated in a comfortable chair, near a window in her sunny kitchen, with the radio close by, Mrs. Hodges quickly turns out smoothly finished sheets, napkins, tablecloths, all the other flat pieces that make up so much of a family laundry. Wisely, she did only simple things until she became really familiar with the feel of her ironer and its controls.



Some pieces, such as this little knit shirt of Johnny's, or baby's nighties, may be ironed entirely dry. Mrs. Hodges' ironer is a rotary type with hand control for moving the heated shoe away from the roll. Some rotary ironers, like the one at the left, have knee or foot controls, leaving both hands free to adjust clothes as they pass through the ironer.



Ironers like this, with a flat, padded, tablelike top, are operated by lowering the heated flat shoe onto the material to be ironed, working at your own speed. The pleats of this skirt are pinned flat at the bottom, to give a professional, knifelike crease. When pressing wools, silks, rayons or other heat-sensitive fabrics, use a press cloth—as in hand pressing.

erfectly possible and per- y simple to iron ruffles on a ironer, placing the ruffle he open end at a slight angle stretching the fabric flat as s over the roll in a semi-. Small portable ironers like offer lots of ironing help, less storage space (and less t space) than cabinet iron- or comfort, use on low tables.

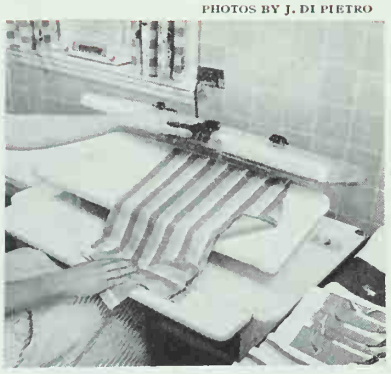


Easier Now —

. MRS. HODGES ★ BY JUDY BARRY

PHOTOS BY J. DI PIETRO

y pieces of clothing can be d for smooth and speedy r ironing. The trick is to nge the fabric so it can be ed as flatwork. Men's shorts, example, may be folded flat by ng one leg through the other. ued sleeves are folded through center and ironed like ruffles. er ironer owners buy garments are easily ironed.



•

ts on an ironer? But of rse; it just takes practice and lying of the routine. One se- is to iron all double thick- es entirely dry, pausing a sec- or two to apply a little extra t. Otherwise, hems and seams pucker. On the ironer which show here with two open s, the shirt back is done by ing from the tail to the collar.



•

pful as ironers can be (and 'v're able to handle about three rths of the average home ndry, once you've acquired knack), some things are done er and more easily by hand. s. Hodges finds that many of own dresses, with gathers and d tops, need an ironing board iron. Mrs. Hodges, Senior, s that compared with the way ironed when her children e young, with sadirons heated a coal stove or in a fireplace, the ironing today is child's play!





"Satina in my starch makes ironing 3 times easier!"

WRITES MRS. BOB PRINGLE OF JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

MRS. PRINGLE, pictured above in her Florida home, writes: *"I positively love Satina! When I add Satina to my starch, it makes my starched clothes 3 times as easy to iron."*

Satina is a wonderful ironing aid you use with boiled or unboiled starch.

It dissolves easily in boiling water or the boiling starch solution.

It not only makes ironing *lots* easier, it makes *clothes smell fresher, look newer, stay clean longer, too!*

FREE FULL-SIZE PACKAGE



WE'RE SO SURE *you'll* love Satina, if we can just get you to try it once, that we're offering you a *free* full-size package. Enough for 4 big starchings. Just you try it and judge Satina for yourself.

SATINA, Dept. 39, Battle Creek, Michigan

Dear Sirs: Satina sounds good to me. Now I'd like a free full-size package to see how much easier it makes *my* starched ironing.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS

Women II say: Put SATINA in your starch!

It makes starched ironing 3 times easier."



Modess .... *because*

For Lovelier Skin

BY DAWN CROWELL
Beauty Editor of the Journal

Healthy, flawless skin results from good eating habits, calm nerves, thorough cleansing (inside and out), and consistent care.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE BARKENTIN

Mrs. Hodges, young mother of two, knows daily and proper cleansing, rest, fresh air, fresh food, will clear up her oily-skin condition.

FINE SKIN FOODS. A large glass of fresh fruit juice and a helping of whole-grain cereal at breakfast will provide vitamins C and B-complex, which help make vital skin. Tomatoes, lettuce and cabbage will put iron in your diet and color in your cheeks. Leafy green vegetables, parsley, water cress, onions and beets are a few of Nature's "ironclad" gifts to warm-weather luncheons. Carrots will enrich your system with vitamin A—a protective against scaly, dry skin. Broiled lean meats, calf's liver and kidneys, eggs, cream cheese, skim milk and buttermilk are all members of the body-building associates to promote good health and clear skin.

Inside Out. The human body resents neglect and often pays back the unsuspecting offender by secretly storing up body wastes *on the inside.* These wastes are absorbed by the blood and frequently cause skin trouble, for they rob the blood of its cleansing and invigorating power. Internal "house cleaning" means external loveliness. Here are the implements you need:

EXERCISE. Walking, swimming, tennis, riding and bicycling are all excellent means of relieving sluggishness and encouraging regular elimination

FRESH AIR. When you walk out of doors, pull in your abdomen and breathe deeply.

WATER. Drink it often during the hot summer days. Twice weekly add the juice of a quarter of a lemon to a glass of water as an extra purifier.

REST. Regular sleeping habits accompanied with short rest periods throughout the day do their bit to promote prettier exteriors too.

Gentle Care for Gentle Skin. Although your skin is one of the hardest-working organs of your body, it also consists of the most intricate network of delicate fibers and tissues. As we grow older, these fibers and tissues dilate and our skin becomes less firm. Harsh rubbing and artificial stretching tend to break down the tissues and accentuate the dilation. Massage and care for your face, *firmly* but *gently.*

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP. Cream the backs of both hands and place them directly under your chin. Hold your head erect and massage in upward and outward strokes, each hand going in the opposite direction, toward your ears. Twenty strokes. Remove cream and pat area with cold water or skin astringent.

SMOOTH BROW. Cream finger tips of both hands. Begin at the bridge of your nose and use deep upward and outward strokes, hands going in opposite directions toward hairline. Fifteen strokes with each hand. Refresh skin with a splash of cold water or astringent.

If Your Skin is Oily. Twice daily use warm-to-hot water and a facecloth lathered with a bland soap. Rub it well over your face and neck, especially on the nose, forehead and chin, where your oil glands are most active. When your face is immaculate, douse it with cold water or pat on a liquid skin astringent to close pores and to give you a wide-awake feeling.

LIQUID CLEANSING CREAMS are less greasy than solid creams and kind to oily skins.

CLEANSING GRAINS OR MEALS are mixed with water to make a paste for your face and neck. These preparations help clear your face of the tiny particles of dingy top skin that cling and camouflage the fresh clarity of your new skin underneath.

SLOW, JUDICIOUS SUN-TANNING (no more than ten minutes the first day) can do much to dry up excessively oily skin. But too much sun can do serious damage to your skin—and your health! As an extra precaution use protecting lotions to ward off sunburn.

TRY THIS FACIAL TREATMENT ONCE A WEEK! After your skin is clean and dry, apply a light mask—the kind that tightens the skin as it dries. Smooth it evenly under your throat, over your face and forehead. At the end of twenty minutes remove the mask with clear water. Then pat your face briskly with skin freshener.

If Your Skin is Dry. Dermatologists agree that the healthiest—and prettiest—skins are those treated to daily soap-and-water washings. For immaculate skin has a greater capacity to resist infection. Except in rare cases of skin afflictions, soap and water should be included in everyone's skin care.

DRY OR DELICATE SKIN, however, deserves fewer rubs and scrubs. A mild soap, warm water (not hot) and a gentle nudging at grimy areas, followed by a cleansing-cream cleanup at nighttime, for you.

TONING UP. Choose one of the lubricating creams rich in grease, oil or fat bases. It will supplement your natural oil—and tend to make your skin more flexible. With one of these creams give yourself a deep, stirring massage. Use your knuckles and "walk" them (sturdy steps) up from the base of your neck to your forehead. Then knead and pat until you feel a tingling sensation. Allow the cream to remain on your face for a few minutes. If dryness is a serious problem, allow a light film (not enough to scare your husband!) to remain overnight. Speaking of husbands, there is a less elaborate treatment for dry skin to try on alternate nights which won't keep you behind closed doors for more than five minutes. Choose a light, cream-to-liquid softening lotion. Apply sparingly and smoothly over your face and neck. Massage it gently into your skin until the color of the lotion has disappeared. Then blot (don't wipe away) the excess lotion. What is left is barely perceptible to a man's discerning eye—but enough to work away at skin softening just the same.

A FINISHING OR FOUNDATION CREAM spread lightly over your face and neck will afford a good base for powder and protect your skin too. Try one of the excellent creamy-base make-ups which can be used with or without powder.

Club Aluminum

How to make fried chicken juicy and tender



Here's How... cut the chicken into serving-size pieces, wipe dry, and roll in seasoned flour. Put a little fat in the Chicken Fryer, over *medium* heat. When fat's hot enough to "sizzle" a bit with the chicken in, brown each piece. Now turn the heat *very low*. Cover, and let the Chicken Fryer do the rest. Your chicken will be juicy and tender, not dried out. Golden color, moist white meat and dark, "Full Flavor"—that's the Club way. 10-in. size shown, $4.95; 11¾-in. size, $5.95. Still at low prewar prices.

FULL FLAVOR



HEATS FROM ALL SIDES

Heats evenly. Flavor-laden steam rises to the moisture-sealed lid, falls back again to flavor, reflavor food. Vitamins, minerals stay in. Low-heat method saves fuel.

OTHER CLUB PIECES TO CHOOSE FROM



Club Aluminum Dutch Ovens—4½-qt., $5.95; 6-qt., $6.95; 10-qt., $8.95



Club Aluminum Saucepans—1½-qt., $3.15; 2-qt., $3.45; 3-qt., $3.95; 4-qt., $4.75

NOT ILLUSTRATED—*Open Fry Pans*: 6¼-in., $1.75; 8¾-in., $2.45; 10-in., $2.95; 11¾-in., $3.45. *Oval Covered Roasters*: 15-in., $7.95; 18½-in., $9.95. *Handled Griddle*: 10-in., $2.89

You'll actually be amazed to learn what you can do with chicken, fruits, vegetables, meats, all foods in *Club Aluminum Hammercraft Waterless Cookware.*

You'll get the "Full Flavor" that nature put in and the Club method keeps in.

Four million women have already learned the Club way of improving foods, saving precious vitamins and minerals, cutting down fuel costs, and saving cooking time, work, worry.

Why don't *you* start with Club? Sixteen pieces, all in that exclusive hammered "jewelry store" finish, at leading retailers, still at prewar prices.

And isn't the Club Idea a beauty for wedding or birthday giving?

CLUB ALUMINUM PRODUCTS CO., CHICAGO 14, ILLINOIS

Other distinctive Club lines: Club Glass Coffee Makers

Club Coffee Dispensers . . . Club Pot 'n' Pan Pads . . . Club Aluminum Hot Dish Pads

Tune in "Club Time," ABC Network Tuesday mornings, and hear favorite hymns of famous people



Mrs. Hodges adds one more batch of home-canned vegetables to her already well-stocked storage shelves.

Preserving the Plenty

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

COOK a fine dish and your creation is soon gone the way of all good cooking. Not so when you can, or make preserves, jams and pickles. Your products stay on the shelf for all to admire until, months later, they appear on the dinner table. Canning and preserving provide another womanly satisfaction—that of knowing you have put by some of summer's plenty for another day. This year, with so much of the world going hungry, the more you grow and preserve at home, the more food can be freed to help feed stricken people. Sugar and canning equipment are now in plentiful supply, and even if you don't have a garden or fruit trees of your own, you'll want to can a few special things through the summer season to make next winter's meals more interesting.

Preserving partnership. Nearly all the women in Boyds Creek are canners. Their average family canning quota is about 400 quarts. Young Amaline Hodges and Mrs. Hodges, Sr., do most of their canning and preserving together. Amaline had never canned before her marriage. Mother Hodges has taught her all she knows. "With the two youngsters to look after, I wouldn't get much canning done," she says, "if it weren't for Mother Hodges."

Four hands are always better than two when there's canning on the calendar. Peeling a bushel of peaches, for instance, can get to be monotonous after the first couple of panfuls, if you're doing it singlehanded; but if you have someone to help you and chat with, the going is easier and much more fun. Some women tell me they like to do their canning in the evening when their husbands are home to give a hand. It's cooler too. Even the children can help with the preparation chores. Make it a family affair!

If you've never canned before. Follow directions carefully and there no reason why you can't be just as su cessful with your first canning as an one with considerable experience. Tw leaflets published by the U. S. Depar ment of Agriculture—one on home ca ning of fruits and vegetables, another o the home canning of meats—give com plete and foolproof directions for almo anything you wish to can. Each step an process is carefully explained and illus trated with photographs. Single copie will be supplied free upon request.*

If you have a pressure canner, famil iarize yourself with the specific direc tions for its use given in the bookle supplied by the manufacturer when yo bought the canner. The Department o Agriculture booklets give directions fo use of all pressure canners in general but your own canner's directions shoul be studied along with them.

If you do not have a pressure canner confine your canning to tomatoes an fruits, as it is not considered safe to proc ess nonacid vegetables (this includes all vegetables except tomatoes), meats, poultry or fish in any other way than in a steam pressure canner. Many women have written of their success in canning these foods without failure, using the hot-water-bath method, but it is not recommended because a temperature high enough to insure safety against spoilage cannot be secured in the water-bath canner.

Canning bit by bit. Some women like to can two or three pints at a time in their pressure saucepans. To can successfully, your saucepan must be

**Home Canning of Fruits & Vegetables—AIS 61*
Home Canning of Meat—AWI 110
Single copies available free—U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington 25, D. C. Order by No. and title.

★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★

deep enough to hold pint jars on a rack when the cover is on, and have a gauge that allows pressure to be maintained accurately at 10 pounds' pressure. One thing must be remembered, too, if you're going to try canning vegetables in the saucepan—*allow 20 minutes longer processing time* than that given for pints at 10 pounds' pressure in the Government canning leaflets when the large pressure canner is used. The reason for this is that saucepans heat up more quickly, exhaust their air content quicker and cool more rapidly than the big canners.

Farm specialties. Practically everything the Hodges can and preserve comes from the farm. Besides vegetables and fruits, they also can chicken and sautéed sliced pork tenderloin, which Mrs. Hodges, Sr., packs in pork fat before processing. All summer long, in between canning bouts, they make pickles, jams, jellies and good old-fashioned things like peach or apple butter. Here are two recipes from the farm and a group of three spreads you might like to try as the fruits come into season.

MRS. HODGES' VEGETABLE SOUP MIXTURE

You may can together any desired mixture of vegetables. Use them in soups and casserole or serve them as a vegetable. An excellent mixture is made with tomatoes, corn, diced carrots, diced celery and green beans cut into 1-inch pieces. Prepare each vegetable as if it were to be canned separately. Cut vegetables into small uniform pieces. When they have all been prepared, put them in a small quantity of boiling salt water and blanch by boiling 5 minutes. Pack vegetables loosely in hot sterilized jars. Cover with the water in which they were blanched. If you're using tomatoes, however, vegetables will cook in the tomatoes and no water is necessary. (Bring the tomatoes to boil before adding other vegetables.) Add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart, ½ teaspoon to each pint. Adjust jar lids. Process in pressure canner at 10 pounds' pressure. Mrs. Hodges processes hers for 60 minutes, but it's safer to process for the time required by that vegetable which, when canned alone, requires the longest processing. For instance, the Government directions call for a processing time of 85 minutes for whole-kernel corn canned in quarts. As soon as you remove jars from canner, complete seals, if closures are not of the self-sealing type.

MRS. HODGES' SOUR-CUCUMBER PICKLES

Wash small cucumbers with a brush. Dry. For 6 quarts cucumbers, heat together ½ gallon cider vinegar, ½ gallon water and 3 tablespoons salt. Bring to boil. Drop in cucumbers. Let stand a few minutes, but do not boil. Put cucumbers in hot sterilized jars. Pour boiling vinegar over them and seal. Add spices if desired. Pickles do not require processing.

CURRANT-AND-PINEAPPLE MARMALADE

Combine 1 quart washed and stemmed currants, 2 cups grated fresh or canned crushed pineapple, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, ½ cup orange juice and 4 cups sugar. Cook slowly until thick, about 45 minutes, stirring and skimming occasionally. Jams and jellies thicken on cooling, so test the mixture now and then on chilled plates. Pour at once into hot sterilized jelly glasses. Seal with hot melted paraffin. Makes 6 eight-ounce glasses.

CHERRY-RASPBERRY JAM

Combine 3 cups crushed raspberries and 3 cups pitted sweet cherries in preserving kettle. Add ½ cup water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Cook until cherry skins are tender. Add 5 cups sugar and cook until mixture thickens. Pour into hot sterilized glasses and seal with hot melted paraffin. Makes 6 glasses.

APRICOT CONSERVE

Peel 3 oranges. Cut into sections, removing membrane. Cut 4 pounds washed fresh apricots into halves. Remove pits. Combine in preserving kettle with the grated rind of 1 orange, the juice of 3 oranges, the juice of ½ lemon, 1 cup white raisins and 3 pounds sugar. Cook until thick, adding 1 cup blanched almonds, chopped, in last 5 minutes. Pour into hot sterilized glasses and seal. Makes 10 glasses.

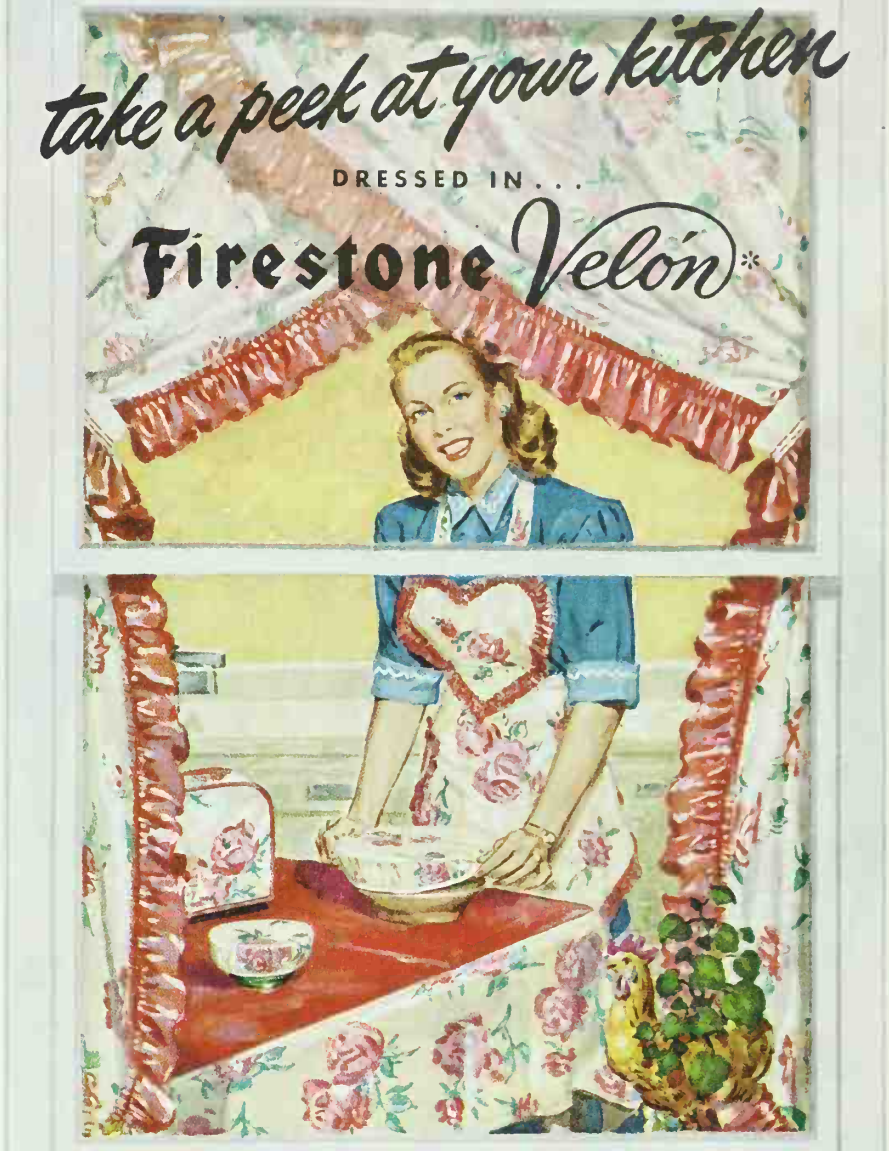
PHOTOS BY J. DI PIETRO



Mrs. Hodges' pressure canner is kept busy all summer. The family is fond of what she calls "Shelly Beans." This is a half-and-half combination of sliced green beans and shelled mature beans which she processes in pints at 15 pounds' pressure for fifteen minutes.



When the grapes are ripe at the farm, the Hodges can batch after batch of grape juice. During the winter months they make jelly from this juice whenever the jelly supply runs low. Another project during grape season is the making of old-fashioned grape butter.



Now—dress up your kitchen lovely as your living room with color-bright *Velon film* in curtains, table covers, shelf-trim. Choose from striking prints and colorful patterns in *Velon's* smooth, satiny texture that doesn't give dirt a chance to cling. Food and drink stains wipe clean with just a whisk of a damp cloth.

Velon protects as it beautifies. Foods keep fresher, tastier under *Velon* bowl covers. *Velon-protected* household appliances stay free from clogging dust.

Get your money's worth. Get the *best*. Be sure to ask for Firestone *Velon* film in made-up products or by-the-yard—now on sale at your favorite department, variety and hardware stores, today.



Listen to the Voice of Firestone Monday Evenings over NBC



Most Washers Have a SINGLE WALL Flat Bottom Tub

Most washers have just o single-woll, flat bottam tub balted down on o "pedestal" base with bolts running through tub. This construction provides na "back-bone"— no pratection for parceloin tub.

Speed Queen Has a DOUBLE WALL Bowl-Shaped Tub

The Speed Queen has o fast-washing Bawl-Shaped tub which is nested inside a full-length steel chassis. This construction is stronger, protects the tub, and provides double walls ta keep water hat.

Yes, it really pays to "look inside." More than 1½ million Speed Queen users *know* that it pays. You will too, by going to your Speed Queen dealer and have him show you how a Speed Queen (1) saves you money, (2) how it washes faster, (3) how it washes cleaner, (4) why it lasts years longer, and (5) why upkeep cost is virtually nothing. See him this week or write the factory direct for folder "D".



...the Double-Wall Washer that COSTS LESS than most Single-Wall Washers!

Barlow and Seelig Mfg. Co.
RIPON, WISCONSIN
SINCE 1908

Speed Queen
WASHERS and IRONERS

SCIENCE LOOKS AT LOVE

(Continued from Page 69)

decided by mutual agreement. If someone must be the "boss," however, it's far better that it be the man. A marriage has the lesser chance of succeeding when the woman dominates.

Q.: Where is a man most likely to propose?

A.: He's most likely to pop the question while taking the girl for a drive. Next most popular locale is the lady's home. Many proposals are made by phone or letter (principally by overbashful swains), but the odds that your beau won't propose in person are comparatively slim.

Q.: At what age are you most likely to fall in love?

A.: A woman's susceptibility to Cupid's darts is greatest between 16 and 20, and reaches peak during her eighteenth year. Men are less likely to fall in love in their teens, their most vulnerable period being their early twenties. After their peak period is passed, both men and women grow less susceptible until they reach their early forties. Then—something happens to both sexes. Men's susceptibility takes a sudden upswing; with women: it's a zoom! A woman is twice as likely to fall in love in her forties as she is during her middle and late thirties.

Q.: How many times does the average person fall in love?

A.: Psychologists studied 896 serious love affairs at the University of Minnesota and found that students with an average age of 22 averaged two and a quarter love affairs each. One hundred women studied by the N. Y. Bureau of Hygiene had been seriously in love with 677 men—almost 7 love affairs apiece. One hundred men in the same survey accounted for 661 serious love affairs.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Read Between the Lines

By Rhina P. Espaillat

In this last letter you will never find
One word of pain; I meant it to be gay—
But read between the lines, and you will know
How many things I thought and couldn't say.

It seems to mean that all is quite forgotten,
And all I felt for you no longer real—
But read between the lines, and understand
How much I miss you, dear, how lost I feel.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Q.: Does being in love have an actual physical effect on us?

A.: Yes. Scientists have found that love acts as a stimulus upon the entire nervous system and quickens our mental powers—making it possible for a person in love to accomplish tasks which he might otherwise regard as too difficult.

Q.: How does disappointment in love affect us physically?

A.: Frustrated love not only lowers bodily resistance, but may cause profound organic disturbances. Its effect on a person's health is greater than most of us realize. Life-insurance tables show that a man happily in love has twice the chance of attaining a hale and hearty middle age as the man whose love relationship has been frustrated. And mortality rates for men with unhappy love lives are two to four times greater. The mortality rate among women who have lost their men, while appreciably increased, is still only half as great.

Q.: What is the principal reason for incompatibility between the sexes?

A.: Most authorities agree with the psychoanalyst, Dr. Alfred Adler, that the basic reason for all incompatibility is the fact that men entertain the baseless fallacy that they are superior beings. Doctor Adler says this belief "introduces such tension and resentment in all love relationships that it actually threatens every chance of happiness between the sexes."

Q.: What makes us fall in love?

A.: Dr. David Harold Fink, the psychiatrist, has found that during adolescence all of us form a multidimensional picture of our "dream mate." This picture is assembled slowly from hundreds of different sources. When the composite portrait is finished, it represents the perfect complement to our physical and spiritual affinities. Then we begin to search—consciously and subconsciously—for a flesh-and-blood facsimile. Doctor Fink found that those who married their "dream mates" almost invariably achieved a permanently happy relationship, while among those who did not, varying degrees of incompatibility were found to exist—and the divorce rate was high. The psychiatrist advises young people: "Don't be stampeded into marriage by secondary considerations, such as the desire to escape from living alone, or from family ties; or fear that the right person may not come along. Hold out for the girl (or man) of your dreams—and don't settle for less." According to his studies, if a man does not marry his "dream girl," he will be vaguely dissatisfied—and never know why.

Q.: What if your "dream man" jilts you—or the Only Girl turns you down? (One proposal in three is rejected.)

A.: Love frustration may have far-reaching mental and physical effects. One authority estimates that the condition of fully 50 per cent of his patients is directly due to disappointment in love. The thing to do is to forget it—*but quickly!* It's possible scientifically to accelerate your forgetting processes to the point where you can forget *most* things as soon as they happen, and *anything* in a fraction of the normal time. First, however, you should know two facts: (1) Before an experience can be thoroughly embedded in your memory, it requires time to crystallize into a concrete impression. (2) An unhappy emotional experience can be almost wholly obliterated from your consciousness if new impressions and experiences are immediately imposed on it. Your memory is like a slab of fresh concrete on which someone has etched an unpleasant picture. If, before the concrete hardens, you draw some other pictures over it, the first one will be almost completely obliterated. When your "dream mate" has just turned you down cold, the *worst* thing you can do is isolate yourself and brood. Fight down this impulse the instant it rears its ugly head. Instead, take a brief vacation if you can. A complete change of scene, new faces, new experiences will effectively blur memory associations linked with the one you're trying to forget.

If you can't get away, *keep busy*. Work hard and play hard, and don't worry about finding new interests—they'll find you. And so will a *new* "dream mate"—one that's tailored to fit your own individual prescription.

There isn't one special *person* in the world for you—there's one special type. And fortunately, while there are hundreds of types, there are also countless thousands of each type. It's not the least bit like looking for a needle in a haystack! THE END

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MEET A TVA FAMILY

(Continued from Page 188)

Ed says, "After the place was finished, a contractor told me it was worth twenty thousand dollars, but of course it cost me a whole lot less."

His annual income from both farm and store "should average somewhere between five and ten thousand." (He says he can't figure it any closer than that until Hodges Bros. has been operating at a profit for several years.) Since most of their food comes from the farm, or wholesale through the store, and even their 1947 Oldsmobile and 1942 Chevrolet truck are jointly owned by all the Hodges, living expenses only total about $3000 a year, well below Ed's income, and the co-operative clan arrangement seems a boon all around.

The family affections are as closely interwoven as their finances. Amaline says, "There just never were such wonderful in-laws. Johnny was born in 1943 while we were living with Mother and Father Hodges, and he's so crazy about his granddad he still trails him all over."

By the time his first son was born, Ed was working at fever pitch on the farm. Labor was scarce, and the wartime demand for food kept farmers everywhere humping. In college, he had majored in animal husbandry (with a B average) and polished his own natural flair for machinery with a course in agricultural engineering. This latter came in handy during the war, when, after farming all day, he often stayed up half the night to repair a tractor or baler. The county agricultural agent, talking to me about the Hodges, said, "Ed helped out his neighbors time and again, working nights to repair a fan belt or weld some machinery part it was well-nigh impossible to replace in wartime. He and Theron are smart businessmen too. They handled the marketing of their farm produce, and it gave them good practice for opening up a store. And I'd say Theron has done more for the schools in this county than any other superintendent we ever had. As for Harry Hodges, their dad—there are people who talk as if going to college automatically makes a person intelligent, but Harry has a kind of wisdom you don't get wrapped up in diplomas. And I'd say of him 'He's a man of absolute goodness.'"

THE name "Hodges" has been rooted in Tennessee soil since the first members came from England about five generations back. The first court in Sevier County was held in the home of Harry Hodges' grandfather, and he has a copy of the 1859 grant deeding 500 acres to his father, with the gently resigned words fixing a boundary as "thence to the meanders of the river."

"They were kind of at the mercy of the river in those days," he says. "My daddy's store at French Broad was washed out in the flood of 1875, 'fore I was born." His father died when Harry Hodges was a small boy, and his mother remarried, sold the farm, and moved with her new husband and children into a near-by county. Small Harry was bitterly homesick for the land he'd been born on. When he was thirteen, he came back to Boyds Creek to work as a farmhand, and bit by bit he bought back 500 acres, including part of the original family tract. At the time of his marriage, he was only a small way toward realizing this loving ambition. "Owned twenty acres, a team of horses and a few cattle. You might say I was worth three hundred dollars, all told." Today, the Hodges' livestock includes 86 hogs, 36 head of cattle; the farm itself is one of the largest and most greenly flourishing in the county.

When TVA set up its soil-development program ten years ago, working through county agricultural agents of the land-grant colleges, the Hodges' farm was one of the first chosen by a committee of neighbors as a model test-demonstration. (There are now 10,000 of these test farms in the valley.) Hub of the program was the highly concentrated phosphate fertilizer manufactured at TVA's Muscle Shoals plant. The soil in this area, burned by sun and eroded by the

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twenty-eight-inch rainfall, has never been naturally fertile, and farmers had concentrated on soil-costly corn and tobacco crops. The phosphate was furnished to test farmers on the condition that it be used only for cover crops, such as clover, that would enrich the soil and prevent washing away. The Hodges grew alfalfa (successfully) as part of the test, experimented with new seeds, and sat in on the informal meetings at the county courthouse, to swap information with fellow farmers. "Sometimes a group of us would spend all day goin' from one test plot to another, comparin' and checkin,'" Mr. Hodges explains. "First few years, you could pick out the test-demonstration farms right off, because they mostly looked so much better than the other land around. Now there's so many farms copied the same methods that the improvement's gone right through the valley. Farmers got to figurin' if a new fertilizer could do that much, it was worth payin' good money for." He, Ed and Theron estimate that their own crop yield has almost doubled in ten years; part of this gain is due to mechanized equipment (3 tractors, 2 combines, a hay baler), but they attribute a fat share of the credit to TVA phosphate.

Not only crops but community spirit have flourished in the path of TVA. Sevier County farmers raised most of the money for the new consolidated school now under construction, and for the new Baptist church being built up the road from the Hodges'. Ed is in the thick of these activities. He's a director of the Tennessee Crop Improvement Association (140 members from test-demonstration farms), president of the County Farm Bureau, director of the Tennessee Seed Producers, and a member of the Lions Club. Since he spends ten hours a day running the store, including three weekly buying trips to Knoxville, the amount of leisure he has could be put in an eyecup.

His and Amaline's day starts before 6, and Ed is down at the store at 6:30 (opening time in summer) after a hearty, if hurried, bacon-and-eggs breakfast. Most days he manages to get home for lunch at 12 and dinner at 7. These meals are lively occasions, with the baby bouncing up and down in his high chair, and Johnny bolstered up to table height with books. Quite apart from these attractions, the meals are well worth coming home for: smoked ham or the pork tenderloins Amaline puts up every year, hot breads with butter fresh from the electric churn, vegetables and lettuce from the truck garden, and pies and cakes for dessert. Ed's favorite is pineapple upside-down cake, but he gives honorable mention to Amaline's fruit pies.

CAREER COUPLE

CAN a marriage be really happy when both partners work? "Emphatically yes," say the Gerald Curtins, seven-year veterans of a career-family combine that's produced two kids and countless problems—but a shared belief in more of the same.

And the Curtins should know, since their chosen professions don't stick to the rules of an eight-hour day. Virginia's one of four doctors who run the Watonga, Oklahoma, clinic; while husband Gerald owns, operates and publishes the Watonga Republican, a weekly newspaper.

Share the fun (and occasional frenzy) of a "working" marriage—

They Knew What They Wanted

By DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

How America Lives
The July JOURNAL

The Most Feminine Face Powder Color Ever Created

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Here's something wonderfully new and *different* in a shade of face powder! A color that is so truly *feminine* it not only flatters, but brings you a charm that is entirely new and completely captivating.

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Lady Esther Face Powder is sold at the best stores in 50¢ and 25¢ sizes. Get your box of Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" today!



Lady Esther

© 1948 Lady Esther

Amaline works quietly and efficiently in her blue-tiled kitchen with the new sink unit, electric stove and refrigerator. For a housekeeper who keeps eight rooms and two children so shiningly spick-and-span, she's surprisingly flexible in her schedule. "Some days I do the baby's wash right after breakfast, and other times I let it go till evening after Ed is back at the store or gone to a meeting," she explains comfortably. "I fit the cleaning and canning in whatever time works out best. We got into the habit of letting Johnny stay up as late as we do at night, so he takes a two-hour nap afternoons." She mentions tranquilly that for an hour of the children's nap time she makes a point of doing something not connected with housework. "Like fixing my African violets or playing the piano and singing. If I feel upset or blue, I start at the beginning of the hymnbook and pound away until I feel better." She hasn't had time to paint since Harry was born last fall, but hopes to start again this summer. "Even before the baby came, I spent a lot of time with Johnny, because I wanted to show I loved him extra much so he'd never have cause to feel jealous."

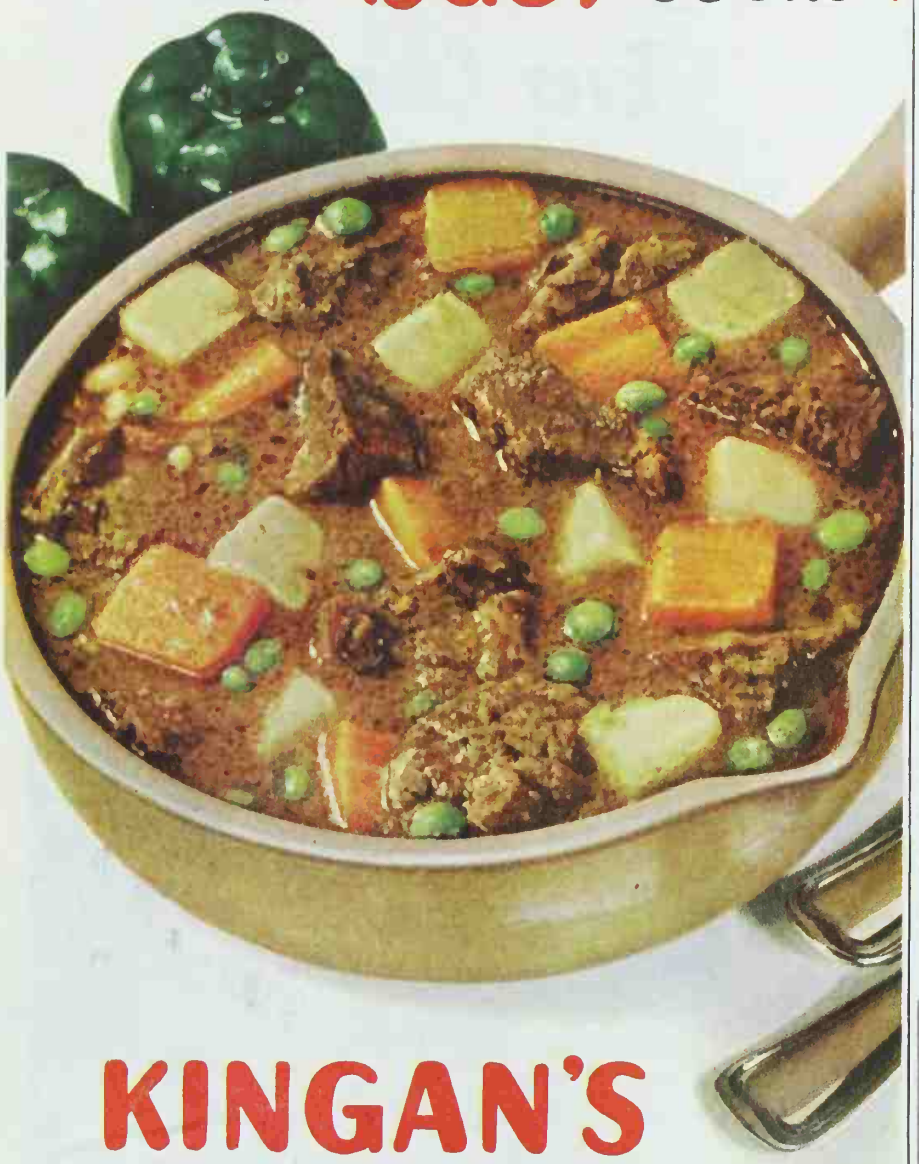
This sound psychology seems to have paid dividends. Johnny, who will be five next September, is already talking happily about the time when "Harry and me will sleep in a room together, all our own."

Perhaps because he's been so much with adults, his manners have an endearing formality. Lunching with an aunt, he praised the cookies. "These are delicious, Aunt Pauline. Will you write down the recipe for mother?" He plays serenely by himself, working on Mother Goose puzzles, or climbing up on a chair to put records on the phonograph. He's been a record fan since he was two, and his taste in music is all-embracing, from the Lord's Prayer and Jingle Bells to something called My Tiny Two-Wheeled Scooter which is rather startlingly sung to the strains of Humoresque. His own two-wheeled scooter is down in the basement playroom, along with a tricycle, au racer, and dozens of other toys. The bas ment, in addition to being an airy big laund and playroom, often serves as an eveni meeting place for the 4-H club from t church. Ed is superintendent of the Sund school, and he and Johnny start off proud together every Sunday morning to t church.

Most of Amaline's outside activities r volve around the church—a Missiona Society supper, choir practice, and so o She explains quietly that both her paren died two years ago, within a few months each other, "and it's taken me a while to fe like going out much again." After their deat Amaline's sister Bessie and her husband, wl had been living with the Whaleys, staye at the Hodges' a year and a half, until the own new house in Sevierville was ready. Eve now that they've gone, Amaline hasn't tim to feel lonely, with Theron's wife Mar Kate, Ed's sister Pauline and his chipp little white-haired mother coming in at leas once a day. During these visits, the baby passed from one doting relative to anothe beaming rosily and impartially. He's a lustily fond of people as he is of straine carrots, and as Amaline says, "I certainl don't lack for offers of baby sitters."

Ed, who is frankly crazy about the chi dren, says wistfully that if he ever gets som leisure, he'll spend it all with his famil When he gets one of his rare evenings off, h hauls out his new movie projector and i vites the Hodges clan in for a special showing mostly movies he's taken of Johnny and th baby with his 16 mm. camera. Occasionall he and Amaline drive in to a concert in Knox ville, seventeen miles away. His wife's fac lit up when she said, "Ed loves music a much as I do. Sundays we always listen t the symphony concerts on the radio." Talk ing on about Ed, she said seriously, "I seems to me he has every single quality I' want in a husband. He's calm-tempered eve when something goes terribly wrong, and h always notices things like a new dress, o

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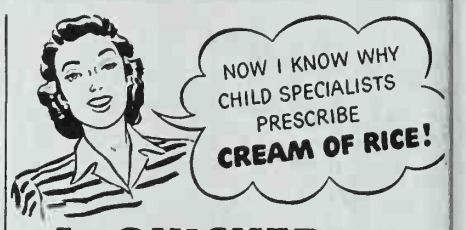
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...ce's I've fixed on the table." She showed ...e of the presents he'd brought her from ...ng trips—a gold lapel pin and a hand-...e redwood salad bowl. "He has such good ...e," she remarked. Then her wide smile ...e on full tilt. "That's why he married ...."

...c would second this statement wholeheartedly. "Even before I started going with ...ine, I thought she was the most natural, ...lly girl around, and I liked the way she ...ducted herself." As a merchant's daughter who worked in a store, she's been a valuable silent partner since Hodges Bros. got ...r way. Ed often brings home samples to ...her, or asks her advice before stocking ...w item. When he drives into town on ...ng trips, she sometimes goes along to ... for a dress—a well-cut dark crepe ... touches of white, or a sassily bright cot-... to wear around the house with flat heels. ... doesn't like flat heels much, so I get ...nice pair of pumps for evenings."

Hodges Bros. doesn't carry shoes, but if a customer tells Ed the size and color, he picks them out in town and "all I can do is hope they fit."

Plus shoes, recent special orders have included a mattress, a dozen wedding-bell molds of ice cream, a glass pane for the door of a 1937 Ford, twenty squares of sunset red asphalt shingles, a pitchfork, a baby blanket, and an electric refrigerator.

Ed says, with quiet pride, "The folks around here wouldn't be taken in by shoddy goods, or a lot of fad stuff. Now that they've got electricity, and got more money to spend, the way they spend it makes sense."

After you've come away from Hodges Bros., and from Amaline and Ed's house, there's another thing that makes sense—the inscription over the entranceways of the 21 TVA dams: "Built for the People of the United States."

People like the Hodges and their neighbors, of Boyds Creek, U.S.A. THE END

How the Hodges Spend Their Money

(Approximate Expenditures for the Past Year)

Food	$500.00*	Maintenance of health, hospital bills, etc.	315.00
Clothing	115.00	Recreation	65.00
Auto Expense	240.00	Church, gifts to charity	325.00
Furniture and appliances	333.00	Sevierville Lions Club, Masonic, Farm Bureau, etc., dues	54.20
Taxes	142.25	Magazines, newspapers	20.00
Home and lawn maintenance	150.00	Miscellaneous	60.00
Fuel oil for oil furnace	134.00	Total	$3,126.23
Electricity	92.40†		
Insurance	280.38		

*Much of the food comes from the farm in addition to the above.
†Includes range, water heater, automatic washer, refrigerator, ironer, iron and many other small appliances. Also lights and electrically controlled oil furnace.

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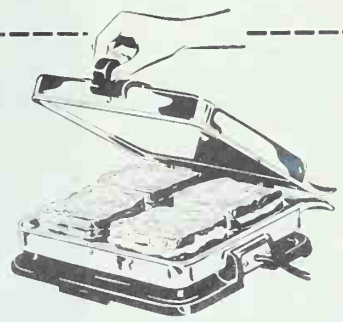
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PHOTOS BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

An alfresco dinner party for a balmy June night: a perfect balance of good food and gracious service with no detail left to last-minute inspiration.

Conversation Piece

BY RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

WEDDINGS are not the only festivities that gain in charm romance if they are transferred to the open air in this rare months. It wasn't a June wedding I planned in the lovely set of Jacque Hahn's garden in Sierra Madre; it was a simple l dinner party of six, but I assure you that the blue sky, the flo and the foliage—and the majestic white macaw—would have made i occasion even if the menu hadn't been as good as my guests ass me it was. In fact, I think the air and the glamorous surround sharpened their critical appreciations along with their appetites. I k of no more sure-fire recipe for a hostess' *(Continued on Page*



Pêches flambées, assembled at the table and served, flaming. from a chafing dish.

PHOTO BY ST

In planning a dinner well, balance is the thing. It's a trickier feat than cooking it.



Uncle John — you darling!
How can I ever thank you for the
wonderful set of Holmes + Edwards
Silverplate. It's my favorite pattern
and definitely the best. Not at all
like other silverplate that's only
overplated. My Holmes + Edwards
will last because it's Sterling Inlaid*
with two blocks of sterling
You probably know all this —
everybody does —
Come and see how lovely
my table looks
love Jean

HOLMES & EDWARDS
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HERE AND HERE
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Donish Princess Youth Lovely Lody

* Two blacks of Sterling are invisibly inlaid at the backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks.

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This registered trade-mark pressed in the glass identifies every Pyrex dish. It stands for top quality. Be sure to look for it before you buy!



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Look for this familiar orange label. It stands for Pyrex Ovenware, made by Corning Glass Works, guaranteed for two years against heat breakage.

(Continued from Page 204)

h than a well-planned dinner in a
ul garden.
ning a dinner well, it's true, is a
feat than cooking it, and I think all
ooks will agree with me there. Each
ust be perfect in itself, but it can't
wed to steal the show—it must take
per place in the composition as a whole.
gepodge of super dishes can be a dis-
p as a meal. Balance is the thing—all
ms must be carefully adjusted to one
r with a fine sense of counterpoint.
must be contrast of texture and flavor,
ition of freshness and richness; and,
, the caloric value of the whole meal
be watched. That sounds frightfully
al, scientific or whatever, but it's just
ommon sense. A meal worth remember-
ould pique the appetite as it pro-
s, and in the end leave one satisfied but
gged down—and it should be remem-
as a whole, not for any one outstanding

better stop generalizing and produce,
, an example in *this* menu, our alfresco
for a balmy June evening.
d jellied borsch, delicately laced with
ream, will get us off to a fine start. This
a dainty version of borsch, and with
l serve crisp wafers or Melba toast.
meat will be glazed sweetbreads
line. I'll settle for sweetbreads, broiled,
ed, breaded or whatever, but this is
vorite recipe for
ring that deli-
meat. And, if
appen to be one
e unfortunates
lon't like sweet-
s or just plain
eat them, veal
be substituted
prepared in the
way. Thin slices
m are involved
s recipe, but I'll
ou about that
On the platter
the meat we'll
small tomatoes
There are so
delicious stuff-
for tomatoes,
he combination
ooked rice and
e I've used for these is one of the best.
it's very pretty, and that's important
A big platter of asparagus vinaigrette
provide salad, a green vegetable and a
taste all in one, and what a dish that
t should be served with the hot food,
n makes things easy.
r this meal we need something rather
al in the way of bread, and brioche is
about as special as anything I know.
made of brioche are so light they
ically melt in your mouth, and they
t a bit difficult to do. The timing is im-
nt if you want them baked at the last
te, but that can be managed; and if you
want to bother, they can be finished
r in the day and reheated before serv-

w the dessert, and this one is going to
uite a conversation piece. *Pêches flam-*
it will be, but there's a lot more than
hes and flames involved. This is a per-
dessert to do at the table so your guests
participate in the ceremony. A chafing
is ideal for preparing *pêches flambées*, but
u don't have one you can use a little
ed-heat stove with an attractive cook-
dish on top. And, of course, you don't
to do it at the table at all—I just think
's fun and it looks so pretty.
ow I must make with my recipes. We'll
for six or eight people.

COLD JELLIED BORSCH

a small veal knuckle or shank bone
some meat attached and have the
her chop it in several places. Wash
to remove bone splinters, cover with
r and add salt, ½ teaspoon whole pep-
1 clove garlic, 1 medium onion,
pped, and a couple of carrots. Cook,
red, about 4 hours; or use a pressure
cooker for this job if you have one. We'll need 6 cups of broth: 4 for the soup and 2 for the sweetbreads. Strain through a sieve lined with several thicknesses of damp cheesecloth. Taste, add seasoning if needed, and if the meat flavor isn't strong enough add some bouillon powder or cubes. Remove all fat—there won't be much because veal is quite lean. The broth will be jellied when cold and the degree of stiffness will depend on the size of the veal bone. If it's as stiff as a gelatin dessert, that's going too far. Set aside 2 cups for the sweetbreads and dilute the rest with a cup of boiling water and some more bouillon powder or cubes. This much should be done a day or two before the party. The soup should be finished the day before or the morning of the party.

Open 1 No. 2½ can of beets, drain off juice and grate enough beets to fill 1 cup. Add grated beets to soup stock with 1 small onion, finely grated, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and a thin slice of lemon with peel. Bring to a boil, remove lemon slice, add beet juice drained from can, and the borsch is finished. Keep it in the refrigerator, and keep your soup cups there too if you have room, so that they will be chilled for serving.

To serve, fill cold soup cups with borsch, add a big tablespoon of sour cream and swirl the spoon around in the soup several times to distribute the sour cream in a lacy pattern. This needn't be a last-minute job because the cups can be filled an hour or so in advance and left in the refrigerator.

☆ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Watcher

By Carlyle Dickson

The rain at dawn upon the leaves,
Soft falls in slim and silver sheaves
Of quietness; like something far
Beyond the touch of earth and star.

A grave and gentle thing is this,
To be the witness of the kiss
Of rain, and solitary tree . . .
These lovers unaware of me.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

GLAZED SWEETBREADS AMANDINE

Get 3 or 4 pairs of sweetbreads, wash well in cold water and soak 1 hour in salted cold water. Put 4 tablespoons lemon juice into 1½ quarts boiling water, add sweetbreads, cover and cook 15 minutes. Drain, cover with ice water and let them stand 30 minutes so that they will be thoroughly chilled and firm. Remove membranes, fat and any hard musclelike stuff, leaving the sweetbreads whole. This is the routine preliminary procedure with sweetbreads whether they are to be broiled, sautéed, creamed or what not.

Remove fat from 6 or 7 big slices of boiled ham, cut about three times as thick as for sandwiches, and cut each slice in half. If you happen to have some baked ham on hand, use thin slices of it, but be sure the slices are neat in shape.

Blanch ½ pound almonds, cut into slivers the long way, and fry golden brown in some butter or margarine or in deep fat.

With these jobs done the day before, the final cooking of glazed sweetbreads *amandine* takes only 8 or 10 minutes. Put ham slices in the top of a double boiler to steam. Cut sweetbreads into slices about ⅔ inch thick and sprinkle with salt and pepper. In the cutting process you'll get some scrappy pieces. We'll use those, too, but we want some neat slices. Put some butter or margarine in a skillet, and when hot and bubbling add the sweetbreads and lower heat under pan. Brown each slice very lightly on both sides, being careful not to let the butter or margarine burn. Heat the 2 cups of veal broth and, when all the sweetbreads are browned, pour it over them and increase heat slightly. At this time ½ cup Madeira or sherry may be added if you like. As the liquid boils down, it will become rather thick and gooey. Baste sweetbreads constantly to give them a fine glaze, and when there are only a few tablespoons of liquid left in the skillet the trick is done. If they aren't to be served at once, cover and keep hot in a barely turned on oven or on an electric hot plate, and just before serving let them bubble up a bit to reduce any moisture that may have collected.

To serve, arrange the ham on a platter and cover each slice with the most perfect pieces of sweetbread. Heap the rest in the center

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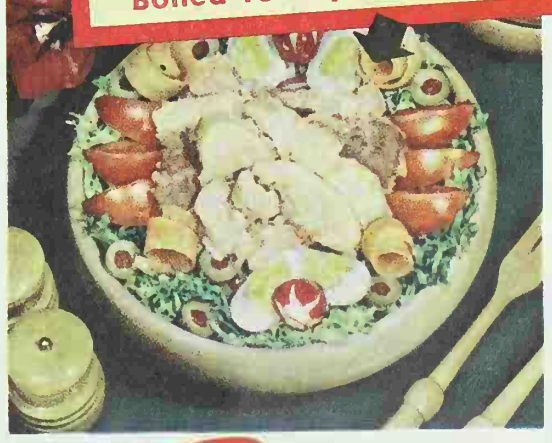
"You'll save budget dollars and kitchen time . . . and serve meals that win loads of praise . . . once you've learned this secret!" says Penny the Swanson Hen. Swanson chicken and turkey is ready to heat and serve . . . less costly than home-cooked poultry. Good? M-m! Best you ever tasted!

Simple . . . Saving . . . Satisfying!

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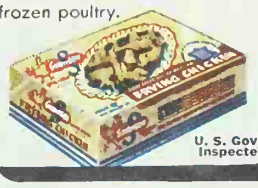
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of the platter and spoon over all the small amount of glaze left in the skillet, and the almonds. Add the tomatoes *farci* to the platter and garnish with parsley.

If veal is substituted for sweetbreads, use pieces of veal cutlets about ½ inch thick. Brown them just as you did the sweetbreads, add broth, cover, and cook slowly for 20 minutes. Remove cover, add enough water to bring the liquid level where it was at the start and proceed with the glazing of the veal.

TOMATOES FARCI

Wash about 12 evenly sized small tomatoes, cut a slice from the stem end and remove pulp and seeds. Turn the tomato shells upside down on a platter to drain.

Wash 1 cup rice through five waters and boil in salted water until tender. Drain, rinse with boiling water, spread on a large cake pan and put in a 200° F. oven to dry.

Grate ¼ pound good snappy-tasting processed cheese. I use a fine carrot grater for this and, while the cheese is soft, it can be coaxed through and will come out in little curls that will melt quickly in the hot rice. Grate 1 clove garlic over the rice, sprinkle on 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine, add white pepper, salt, ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce and the cheese. Toss with two forks until cheese has melted and blended with rice. Do this with the dainty touch—we don't want the cheese and rice to form a heavy mass. Taste and add more seasoning if needed.

Sprinkle inside of tomato shells with salt and minced parsley and fill high with the rice-and-cheese mixture. This much can be done early in the day. Bake in a 350° F. oven for 15 minutes, with a few tablespoons of water in the baking dish to keep the tomatoes from burning on the bottom. Serve on the meat platter or in a separate serving dish.

> If you have beauty he will admire you. If you are witty, clever or profound, he will respect you. But if you have charm he will adore you and lay at your feet the love that a man gives only to a charming woman.
>
> —OLD ARABIAN PROVERB.

SAUCE VINAIGRETTE

The vegetables for sauce vinaigrette should be very finely chopped and should be mixed with the oil and vinegar several hours before serving, so that the tastes will blend.

Combine 3 tablespoons chopped green onions, 4 tablespoons chopped sweet pickle, 2 tablespoons minced parsley, 4 tablespoons chopped green pepper and 2 tablespoons chopped canned pimiento or 3 tablespoons chopped sweet red pepper. Put these in a bowl or jar with 1 cup salad oil, ⅓ cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1½ teaspoons salt and a few drops of garlic juice. Stir well, place in refrigerator and stir again before serving.

ASPARAGUS

Be careful to select asparagus stalks of even size—fat ones for my taste. Cut off the hard ends, leaving only the tender parts of the stalks for the asparagus vinaigrette. (The tough ends make excellent soup if you cook the daylights out of them in a good stock, strain through a potato ricer, press out some of the pulp, and add this and that.) Wash the tips thoroughly through several waters to remove all dirt and sand. The dirt's a cinch, but the sand has a way of hiding and has to be coaxed out. Stack in neat bundles, tie with cord and boil, uncovered, in salted water until barely tender. I add a tiny pinch of baking soda to step up the green color. There's no safe rule for cooking time, so it's a case of watching and poking gingerly with a fork. Even a slight overcooking will make the asparagus limp and dispirited. When the tender stage is reached, drain at once and cover with ice-cold water. This will make the asparagus more firm. When thoroughly chilled, drain again and store in refrigerator. If fresh asparagus is not available here, I use a fancy grade of frozen asparagus spears. They are even in size and delicious, but you have to cut down on the cooking time because they are partially precooked.

To serve, arrange the ice-cold stalks of asparagus attractively on a bed of salad greens, garnish them with water cress and cov with sauce vinaigrette.

BRIOCHES

Scald ¾ cup milk, add ⅔ cup shortening I use half butter or margarine—and s until fat has melted. Add ⅓ cup sugar a 2½ teaspoons salt, stir again and let th mixture cool to lukewarm. Dissolve packages fast dry yeast in ½ cup lukewar water and add this to 4 eggs which ha been beaten ½ minute with a rotary beate Put all liquids together in a big bowl, ad 4½ cups flour, sifted before measuring, a beat hard. I don't use my bread mixer this—I use my sturdy right arm and keep on beating for a good 5 minut lifting the dough from the bottom of th bowl and mixing like crazy. You must be air into it. Cover with a towel and set th bowl in a warm place until very light. Tim depends on conditions in your kitchen 2½ to 3 hours is about right. At th end of this time the dough will have rise high and will have a spongy consistenc

Grease deep muffin pans—iron popov pans if you have them, but the tin on are okay. The dough will be very stick so have a small dish of salad oil handy b fore you begin molding the brioche Moisten your fingers in oil, gouge out hunk of dough a little bigger than a go ball, work it into something faintly r sembling said ball and put it in a pa Then take a much smaller hunk, work into ball shape and put it on top of th larger ball. The dough not manageable enoug to make perfect ball but don't let this wor you. Your finishe brioches will not look e actly alike, but they all look pretty and they taste like dreams.

When the pans a filled, let them stand in warm place until dough is light and double i bulk, this takes about a hour. Bake in a h oven—425° F.—for 20 to 25 minutes. Don let them get too brown—a light delicat brown is right. The work of makin brioches by this recipe is slight, the tim involved is about 4 to 4½ hours in all—s plan accordingly.

This recipe will make about 20 large rolls and if your pans are small it will make mor If you want fewer rolls, I suggest that yo do the whole recipe and bake the rest of th dough in a small bread pan. A slice of toaste brioche is a mighty happy way to start th day.

PÊCHES FLAMBÉES

In describing this dessert I'll begin wit the finale and then give you the preprepa ration, which amounts to very little in deed. The stage is set and here are th props: a chafing dish or cooking gadget o some sort, a platter of whole precooke peaches, a small bowl of pitted bing cher ries, a dish of currant jelly, a big bowl o vanilla ice cream and a small bowl o crumbled macaroons. And, if you wan your dessert to flame, some brandy o kirsch. (We'll use only the top pan of the chafing dish over direct heat.)

Light the burner, put in the currant jelly, and when it has melted add the bing cherries. Let these cook to the bubbly stage, stirring with a big spoon, and ad the peaches. Spoon the sirup over the peaches as they heat. If you want it to flame, pour about ½ cup brandy or kirsch in the center, let it wait undisturbed until hot, then light it with a match. Spoon the flaming sauce over the peaches for a few seconds—it looks too pretty for words—and serve. On each dessert plate put a big spoon of vanilla ice cream, a peach, some of the sauce and cherries, and sprinkle the whole thing with macaroon crumbles.

There is a dessert, and with or without the flaming effect it is delicious and something to remember. Now I'll begin at the beginning.

Select fine big peaches, one for each person to be served. Scald them and remove skin carefully. Drop them into a solution of lemon juice and cold water to prevent darkening. While you peel the peaches, boil a thin sirup made of 1 cup sugar, 3 cups water and 1½ teaspoons vanilla or a

good-sized piece of vanilla bean. Drain peaches. Put them into the sirup, a few at a time, and let them poach gently until barely tender. This takes only 4 or 5 minutes if the peaches are ripe and completely submerged in the sirup. When all the peaches are poached, pour the sirup over them and let them stand. They can be prepared the day before and heated to the warm stage before they are brought to the table.

Remove pits from ¾ pound bing cherries—the lighter-colored ones if you can get them. If fresh peaches and cherries aren't available, canned will do very well. It's difficult to get whole canned peaches, but halves will look pretty. Heat them in their own sirup with vanilla added.

Break 6 or 8 macaroons into small crumbles and have an 8- or 10-ounce glass of currant jelly on hand. I'm not going to suggest that you *make* vanilla ice cream. Of course you can, but why not buy it at the drugstore or the confectioner's?

Service. Here we have our balanced menu: a light but piquant soup; a fairly rich but not too caloric entree; a many-flavored, contrasting salad that sharpens the palate; a dessert that is rich enough but not cloying, one that provides a spectacular finale to a perfect meal.

Serving this meal will not be difficult and the service needn't be in the least formal, but it *will* take careful step-by-step planning so that no detail will be left to last-minute inspiration. Perhaps you've worked out a formula for out-of-door dining that exactly suits your circumstances. If you have that's fine, and if not this is a good time to do it.

I'd like to think you'll have a helper for this occasion—just someone to carry dishes back and forth between kitchen and table and, incidentally, to wash them when dinner is over. With only that much help the pattern is easy to anticipate and the result will be smooth. Without it, I think self-service for the main course would be a good idea. The soup can be on the table before guests are seated. When that is finished, the empty dishes can be stacked on a tea cart or a tray, carried to the kitchen, and you can return with the hot food and the asparagus vinaigrette. These can be arranged on a serving table and guests can help themselves. Or your husband could serve the hot food and you the asparagus. Either of these methods makes for speed, and that's important. No one minds a pause between courses, but once the food is brought in it should be served quickly.

As to the dessert, if I were swinging this without help I'd let my husband clear the table after the main course while I brought in the ingredients for the *pêches flambées*. Once you've started making the dessert, attention will be focused on that dramatic operation. Everyone will want to watch, if not help, and I'd encourage them.

The thing to bear in mind about service these days is that if you can't be smoothly and correctly formal you should be smoothly and unobtrusively casual. No one need be apologetic about the lack of butlers and footmen—don't be silly; I mean a maid, even a part-time maid—and in fact the only unforgivable social error is to be apologetic about anything. Of course formal service is pleasant and easy. It follows a long-established routine which has been worked out in a way to make it as little evident as possible.

But with most of us, that sort of thing is laid away among the memories of the past. And if you or your husband, or both, gather up the plates and carry them out, that operation, too, should follow a carefully planned pattern so that it can be done with ease, with no confusion, no interruption to general conversation, no discomfort to the guests. Trays conveniently placed, advance decisions as to who is going to do what, when and how, can make it go smooth as butter. So long as you yourself are at ease, unflustered, obviously having a grand time at your own party, everyone else will feel the same way and admire you far more than if you had a whole platoon of maids.

Maidless service can be a shambles, and that is inexcusable; but it can be delightfully informal and efficient, and that is a triumph.

THE END



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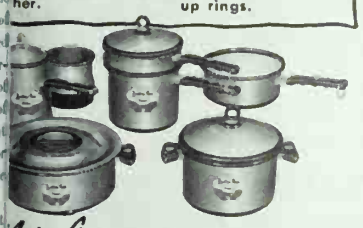




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Upper half has mix-ing bowl contour for hand or mochine mixing and beating. Black form-grip handles with hang-up rings.

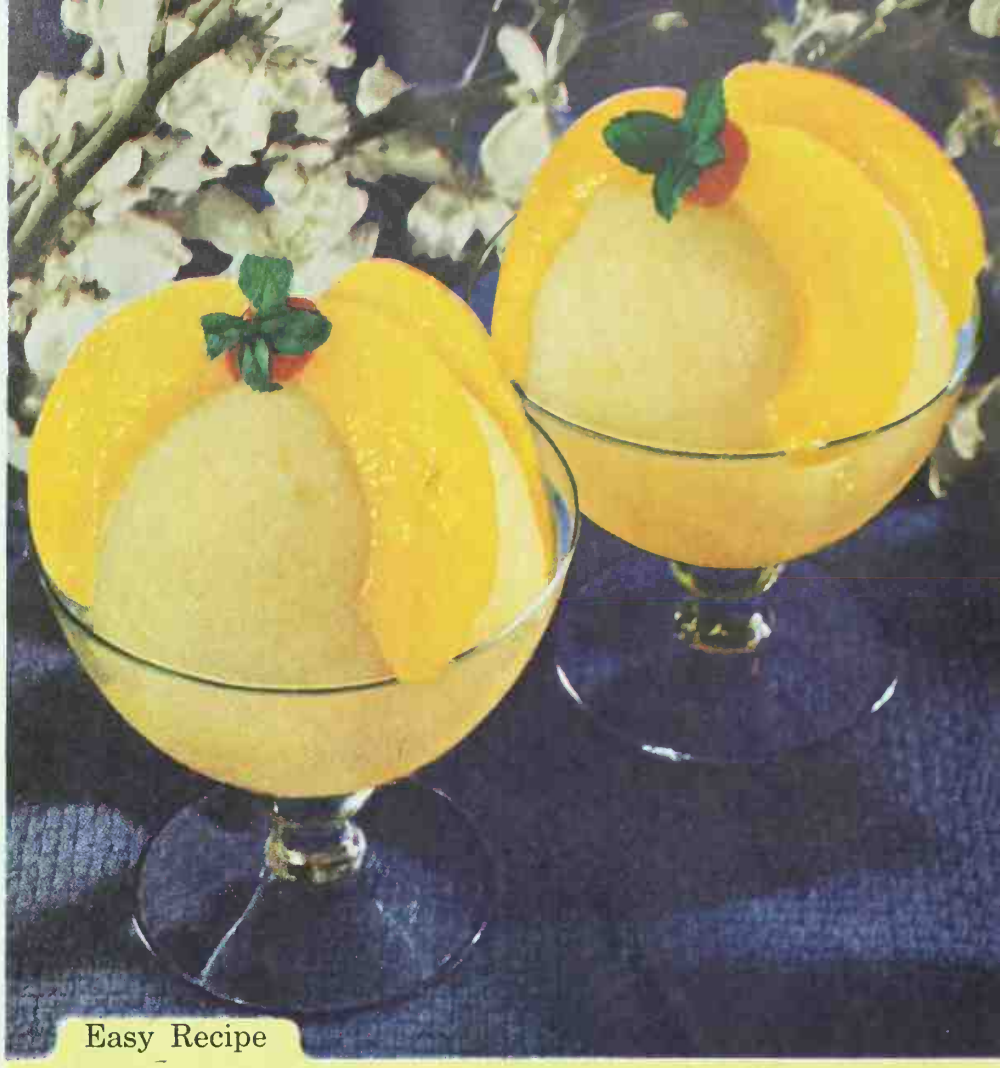


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Easy Recipe

Frosty Peach Sherbet

Smooth! Rich! Delicious! About 7¢ a serving made with canned cling peaches!

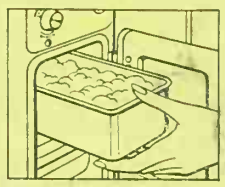
1 No. 2½ can cling peach halves 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
⅓ cup lemon juice ⅛ teaspoon salt ⅔ cup granulated sugar
1 teaspoon Knox gelatine 1 tablespoon cold water



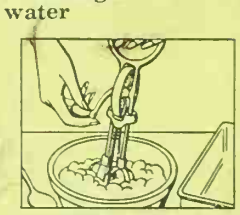
Open can of plump golden cling peaches; drain. Reserve 2 or 3 halves for garnish. Press remaining peaches through sieve to make 1½ cups of pulp.



Blend with 1 cup peach syrup, lemon juice, rind, salt, sugar. Soften gelatine in cold water. Dissolve over hot water. Blend into the peach mixture.



Pour into refrigerator tray. Place in freezing compartment with control set at lowest temperature. Freeze until firm. Turn into thoroughly chilled bowl.



Beat with a rotary beater until fluffy, smooth. Return to freezing compartment. Freeze until firm. Decorate with remaining peaches as shown. Serves 6.

For inexpensive, easy desserts, salads, and broiled meat garnishes keep canned cling peaches pantry handy right through the summer! Lazy ripening in California's sunny valleys gives this gorgeous fruit a deep rich color and just-picked flavor. Both kinds, halves and slices, come in a variety of sizes and syrups for every purpose, every purse.

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Check the label—Choose your favorite brand of

Canned Cling Peaches from California



Canned Halves · Canned Slices · Canned Fruit Cocktail - in tin or gloss





Orange Coconut Angel Food

Frost angel food cake with orange icing and snow it under with luscious Baker's Coconut. For icing, use 3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, dash of salt, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind, and about 3 tablespoons orange juice (or more if needed to spread.)

Joy! Joy! Baker's Coconut is back!

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On swirly frostings and gleaming meringues . . . into puddings, fillings, macaroons, cookies, candy . . . glamorizing almost any dessert quick as a wink!

Get *your* Baker's Coconut at the grocer's today!

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Hint for pie lovers!

Top coconut cream pie with unbaked meringue and garnish with coconut and pineapple. For meringue, combine 2 egg whites, ½ cup sugar, dash of salt, and 3 tablespoons water in double boiler; beat with rotary egg beater. Place over boiling water and beat 1 minute. Remove from heat and beat 1 minute more.

BAKER'S COCONUT

Products of General Foods

Grocers have two kinds of Baker's Coconut—Baker's Southern Style (so good it seems like [illegible] coconut, sweetened) and Baker's [illegible] (more moist and tender than

HERE'S TO FATHER

(Continued from Page 73)

We have done better. Yes, sir, food being our more-or-less province, Father's Day has a look-in. And well it may. For the newest and youngest father who is accustomed to things done the modern way, we've put together one dinner. That's Menu I! Streamlined, and all of a piece, as it were. With this kind of meal, mother can get in her round of golf too. But for the fellow who isn't quite so active on the squash and tennis courts, or who cuts it down nowadays to something less than eighteen holes, we have another simple but plentiful dinner. One reminiscent of other days and other ways. That's Menu II, and one to enjoy without a single reservation—and my personal guaranty goes with it.

It being June. Now, in the days when I was young, peas used to begin to be ripe in June. I remember well creeping along the vines and picking the little stubby pods filled—more or less—with crinkled little peas that were as sweet as honey, and it took an awful lot to "make a mess." But the only place you are likely to find "June" peas nowadays is in a can.

Well, having spoken my annual piece about June peas, I'll go on to the first item on the first menu, in which we have our June peas in a soup—but chilled! And here's the receipt.

CHILLED GREEN-PEA SOUP

Chill 3 cans condensed pea soup in the refrigerator several hours. Open the cans. Add an equal quantity of chilled light cream. A couple of turns with the egg beater makes sure the mixture is smooth. Pour it into chilled soup dishes. Garnish with cooked shrimps, split almost through the center, spreading them butterfly fashion.

> **Years ago I resolved that because I had no ancestry myself I would leave a record of which my children would be proud, and which might encourage them to still higher effort.** —From UP FROM SLAVERY: By Booker T. Washington, copyright 1901, 1929 by Booker T. Washington, reprinted by permission of Doubleday & Company, Inc.

Chicken also has days. There's one thing about spring that just comes up like a puffball at the first thought of what shall we have for dinner or supper or luncheon. Chicken is so good, so versatile, so never-failing, and everybody likes it. So, on this little menu for Father's Day, I give you the kind of dish that goes with spring. Goes with that certain disinclination that overtakes one to eat too much and too long. And if you go along with the present trend toward a whole meal in one dish, you should like this. Don't mind the fancy name—it's our old friend chicken and its old pal rice. And don't let them tell you different.

CHICKEN-AND-RICE MILANESE

Cook a large 4½–5 pound roasting chicken in water with seasonings—salt, pepper, celery, parsley and onion. Remove from the stock when so tender it will fall from the bones. Save stock. Take chicken off bones in nice pieces; be sure there are no skin and no stringy tendons left in. Brown 1 cup raw rice until just golden brown in 2 tablespoons butter, margarine or salad oil, stirring constantly. Add 2 cups chicken stock. Simmer over low heat. While the rice is simmering, add the rest of the ingredients one by one as you get them prepared: 2 cloves garlic mashed to a pulp with 2 teaspoons of salt (do this with the back of a spoon); 3½ cups canned tomatoes; 2½ cups canned spaghetti sauce; 1 cup chopped onion; 1 green pepper, chopped; ½ pound boiled ham, diced; 1 can mushrooms—juice and all; ⅛ teaspoon *orégano*; ⅛ teaspoon basil; ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Last, add the boned chicken. By this time the rice will be almost tender. Mix well and pour into a large casserole. Bake 1 hour in a hot oven, 400° F. It should be still juicy and moist. If it should dry out in baking, add a little more spaghetti sauce in the last 15 minutes.

Those trimmings. Spiced apricots go well with this, but spiced crab apples, if they are handy by, are just as good. The rolls should be hot, the salad—do what comes naturally—and the coffee had better be as hot as steam and as black as burned toast. Now then, to the dessert, which includes fruit and cheese.

PINEAPPLE-CHEESE SANDWICHES WITH STRAWBERRIES

Drain the pineapple slices from 2 cans sliced pineapple. Chill them. Cream together 3 packages cream cheese with 1 tablespoon light cream and 2 tablespoons of the canned pineapple sirup until light and creamy. Add a pinch of salt, 2½ teaspoons grated orange rind and 1 teaspoon sugar. Spread 8 slices of the pineapple with the cream-cheese mixture. Then cover each with another pineapple slice. Serve with sugared sliced strawberries. Garnish with fresh mint. Have everything right cold—that's what refrigerators are for. Pineapple sandwiches may be made ahead and chilled. Sugar your berries and let them get a load of chill too.

The old, old story. I'm leading off the second and more robust menu with chicken in the way fathers of my day liked it best. This is the fried chicken that you hear so much about and don't always get. I have my own way, and, although it's contrary to tradition in many parts of the country, I've found none I like better. The chicken is *always* well done, as it should be, and it's never dry, which it shouldn't be. This is how I do it:

FRIED CHICKEN

Pick out some young, spick-and-span chickens that look as if they had lived a good life in a neighbor's garden—better, to their eyes, than their own. Clean them inside and out, removing giblets to cook and save for another meal. *This is the difference:* Steam your chickens until they're just tender but not at *all* done. Drain them dry. Save whatever broth there is. Cut the chickens into eight pieces, flour them and put in a heavy iron frying pan, or any good reliable chicken fryer—only a *heavy* one—with butter or margarine. Brown all the pieces on all sides. *Really* brown. Then pour off most of the butter or whatever, if there is any left to speak of. Add about 1¼ cups chicken broth or canned chicken broth and set to simmer, not cook hard, turning the pieces once in a while and seeing to it that they don't cook dry. When very tender, season with salt and pepper, and take out the chicken to keep hot. Now add 2 cups scalded heavy cream. Let it simmer, adding 2 or 3 teaspoons flour mixed with a little cold milk. Stir. Don't have a lump. Arrange the chicken on a deep platter. Pour the sauce over it. Garnish with glazed apricots. Serve currant jelly.

Fruit with meat. Take glazed apricots, for instance. They're a real nice thing, and go beautifully with fried chicken. Not very taxing to time or mind, but, as you probably know, the result is first-rate.

GLAZED APRICOTS

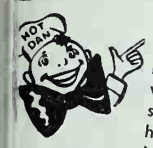
Drain 2 cans whole unpeeled apricots. Put them in a skillet with ½ cup granulated sugar, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup of the apricot sirup and ¼ cup butter or margarine. Cook over moderate heat, turning the apricots often with a spoon. When well glazed, drain; serve hot with chicken.

The side dish. When father was young I'll wager his mother's table was replete with homemade relishes and jellies and several "side dishes." Just to make him feel at home, we've added a side dish of cucumbers and cottage cheese. You may want your cucumbers to be crisp, but for this day we're prepared to take all the crispness out and let them be as limp as the new curate's handshake. And so I give you:

WILTED CUCUMBERS

Peel and score 3 large cucumbers with a fork. Slice the cucumbers thin. Arrange in

Sandwiches



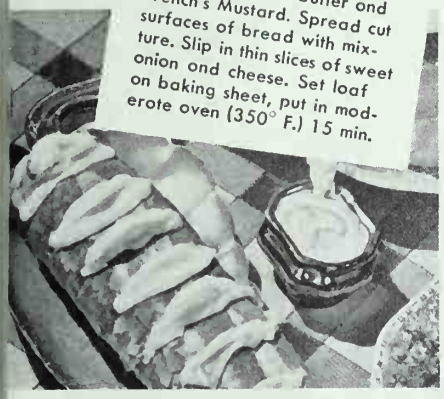
Lunchbox Special—For hearty he-man size sandwiches, French's is the ideal spread. Perfect with sliced hom, liverwurst or cheese. Never harsh or biting, it brings out oll the fine, full flovor af meat or cheese.



are super



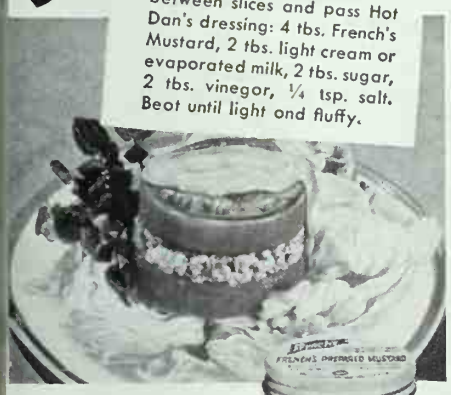
Toasted Party Loaf—Slice a Vienno loaf dawn ta (but not through) bottom crust in thick slices. Mix equol quantities of softened butter ond French's Mustard. Spread cut surfaces of bread with mixture. Slip in thin slices of sweet onion ond cheese. Set loaf on baking sheet, put in moderate oven (350° F.) 15 min.



made with FRENCH'S!



Tomato Salad Sandwich—Cut 2 thick slices from a large ripe tomato. Put minced ham between slices and pass Hot Dan's dressing: 4 tbs. French's Mustard, 2 tbs. light cream or evaporated milk, 2 tbs. sugar, 2 tbs. vinegor, ¼ tsp. salt. Beot until light ond fluffy.



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layers in a bowl, salting each layer generously. This doesn't mean drowning them in salt. Use your judgment. Cover and let wilt in the refrigerator for several hours. Then press out the salt water that forms. Add 1 teaspoon sugar. Dilute ⅓ cup vinegar with enough water to make ½ cup. Pepper the cucumbers and pour the diluted vinegar over them. Let them stand in the refrigerator about an hour to marinate.

Is anything perfect? They say it is. I've looked for some years, but have seldom found perfection. But here I come, calling a salad by that old name "Perfection." If you've forgotten this old favorite and should it now fall short of your expectations, look around; and except for some things in the garden, you will look a long time before you find anything without *one* little flaw.

PERFECTION SALAD

Soften 4 envelopes unflavored gelatin in 1 cup cold water. Dissolve in 3½ cups boiling water. Add ¼ cup lemon juice, 1 cup cider vinegar, 1 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon grated onion. Cool until thick. Divide the gelatin mixture into 3 parts. To 1 part add ½ cup minced green pepper, ¼ cup minced canned pimiento, 1½ cups finely shredded or chopped cabbage. Pour into a square loaf pan. Chill in a pan of ice and water to set the mixture quickly. Then add 1½ cups chopped cucumber to second portion. Pour this over the first layer in the pan and chill this until set. Add 1½ cups diced celery to the third part. Pour this over the second layer. Chill until firm. Turn it out and serve with boiled dressing or a mustard dressing made by adding prepared mustard to taste to mayonnaise, then thinning with cream.

Man or boy. There isn't one alive who doesn't like cake. Father will like *this* cake, which is a superb creation designed for the betterment of the human race, a notable cake, one to restore one's confidence in the good life. And what finer tribute could you pay to father on this day or his birthday than to put before him a cake-and-ice-cream dessert? If there's any left you'll hear him coming down the back stairs or stepping softly in the kitchen to get another piece. In the middle of the night, things clandestine have an added flavor. Like kisses in the dark. Or a peculiar thrill, like holding hands at prayer meeting. I know. I've been around. Also, I have eaten considerably of this cake myself at various times.

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

Cream 1 cup shortening with 2 cups sugar, adding sugar gradually, until light and fluffy. Sift your sugar at least twice. It pays off. Add 2 teaspoons vanilla and 1 teaspoon almond extract. Sift 3 cups cake flour with 3 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt three times. Add alternately to creamed mixture with 1 cup milk. Beat until smooth. Beat 6 egg whites stiff and fold in carefully just as I've so often told you. Just *fold*, like folding baby's crib blanket. You know? Grease the bottoms of two 9-inch, 1½-inch-deep layer-cake pans. Line bottoms with greased paper. Divide batter between the two. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 30–35 minutes. Cool in their pans 5 minutes. Turn out on racks. Remove the paper and cool. Frost with any favorite chocolate icing. (But this one is the best. At least *some* of you think so, including me.)

Melt 6 squares unsweetened chocolate. Beat 3 egg yolks until very thick. Add 2¼ cups sugar, ¾ cup milk and 1½ tablespoons butter or margarine. Cook in a heavy saucepan over very low direct heat, stirring constantly. (Watch and stir—for it loves to do naughty.) Bring to a boil. Boil 1 minute. Remove from the heat. Stir in the melted chocolate, a pinch of salt and 2 teaspoons vanilla. Beat until it will spread nicely and do as it's told. Put the layers together with a good layer of icing, then frost the sides and top of the cake. This chocolate has a gloss, stays soft and doesn't run all over the place. And it's good rich eating. Especially on this cake. Good on other things too. Frosted éclairs and ladyfinger jobs and on cupcakes. Highly recommended.

So here's to father. Call him that, call him dad or pop or the old man, he's a good guy, is father. Sort of stable, always alerted

(Continued on Page 213)







"My A&P is like a Country Fair"

Long rows of carefully chosen fresh fruits and vegetables from famous farms, orchards and gardens ... cases heaped high with fine cheeses, creamery butter and fresh, individually candled eggs... displays of golden-crusted breads and rolls and temptingly iced cakes, rich with the fragrance of oven-freshness ... and plump poultry, meats galore ... steaks, chops, roasts ... and more than a thousand other foods ... the best of good things to eat of famous-name makers. That's *your* A&P Super Market.

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YOURS FOR 47¢ TO 53¢ A PORTION*

SOUTHWEST DINNER

(Serves 6)
Chili Coronodo
Boked Stuffed Onions
Stuffed Green Pepper Solod
Coffee Spice Coke Teo

CHILI CORONADO

Heat 3 tbsps. olive oil. Add 2 lbs. leon beef, cut in cubes; cook until brown. Add 1 cup chopped onions ond 1 gorlic clove chopped. Cook 5 minutes, stirring occosionolly. Add 1 tbsp. chili powder, ¾ tbsp. popriko, ½ tsp. solt, ⅛ tsp. pepper, 1 cup woter, 1 con red kidney beons. Simmer 45 minutes, or until beef is tender. If necessory odd more woter. Gornish os desired.

**Menu and recipe tested and priced by A&P Test Kitchen. Cost based on average prices in A&P Super Markets at time of going to press.*

A&P TESTED

(Continued from Page 211)

he needs and wishes of that little citadel
led with those he loves, and where he
s his happiness and forgets his worries.
to leave them outside or downtown. It's
od idea that father, who gives so many
s to others, has a day, has *his* day. Here's
m, wherever he is. Don't choke on those neckties, and see that the slippers don't slip at the heel. Wear that dressing gown with lazy pride and hang the pipe rack and pipes where they'll be handy. Eat some good chicken, and pick out your own go-with-its. That's the advice that comes straight from the heart of one who is wishing you many Father's Days to come.

BE YOUR OWN SWEET SELF

(Continued from Page 38)

he circumstances fabricated an extrava-
za quality difficult to hold down to the
y level of a dignified self-contained girl.
took herself firmly in hand and coun-
d sensibly, *I refuse to be dazzled; no gee-
z stuff. After all, I, Sarah Martin, am
ebody too.* This proved very sustaining
, unless she ran into something totally
xpected and lost her grip, Sarah felt
nely confident.

She put on her hat and gloves at Santa
bara. Two hours or so later at Glendale,
icaked between passengers, she moved in
addening crawl down the aisle, bending
head at intervals to search the outside
wd for Denise. Surely she would know
nise; and indubitably Denise would know
, after one of mother's excessive descrip-
ns. *No one can miss me, anyway; I'm so
'.* She had forgotten about that, tempo-
ily; now it returned because she was about
meet new people.

A little blond thing in dark glasses and
cks with a hand-span waist dashed up and
braced her fervently, screaming, "Dar-
g! Sarah darling! This is so wonderful.
e adore having you, how is your mother,
u look just like her when—no, forget I said
at. Except, of course, you're taller. My,
w you've *grown.*"

"She means hello." A long-legged man
od behind Denise and
iled tolerantly with a
isted eyebrow.

"Oh, my husband,"
nise added, an after-
ought.

"Hello," Sarah said. "It
so nice to see you both."
is seemed so absurdly
ld and inadequate, it
ade her feel almost rude.

"Well," Denise said,
ome on."

They infiltrated a mined
ld of autograph sharpshooters, and headed
ward a glistening station wagon. Denise
sumed her sprightly monologue all the way
Holmby Hills, interrupting herself to stare
abashed at Sarah.

"But you're so beautiful." She sounded
izzled. "I presumed, of course, Edith was
st being a mother, which is to say the
orld's best press agent; but you are, you
ally *are.* Isn't she, Hezzi?"

"She ought to be in pictures," Hezzi said.

"How silly; I mean that's very kind of
ou," Sarah resisted firmly, "but I'm much
o tall and you know it and I know it, so
ooh-pooh. Is it anywhere near lunchtime?"
e hurried on, hoping she hadn't sounded
orupt, but it *was* silly. "Travel seems to
oaden the appetite too. About all I did
the train was eat."

Denise viewed her with a certain envy.
You mean you don't want to be in pictures,
nd you can eat without having it show?
Welcome to Hollywood, dear. We'll put you
a glass case and charge admission!"

The house was a dynamic ultramodern
ulk of masonry over which two supersonic
rchitects had sweated functional tears, to
ave Denise fill the place with Victorian
weetness and whatnots. They entered it and
resently sat down to a delectable luncheon.
And that was the last Sarah saw of Denise
or two days.

"I'm in production, dear," she explained.
That's a delicate local condition having
othing whatever to do with obstetrics."

Sarah woke up on the third morning and
noved carefully sideways to escape being
ruised by the elaborate top-sheet mono-
ram, and contemplated her surroundings again. Through an open door was her bath-room, about the size of the calf corral at home; across one end it had a dressing table inlaid with mirrors, and when the intricate lighting came on, countless versions of her-self sprang to life—"like an amusement park," she wrote home. Was she supposed to recline in there on the chaise longue before or after bathing?

She arose and ran a tub of bubbles, failing to observe the absence of bath towels until too late. To stand there and scream seemed untidy, and she settled for a series of hand-kerchief-sized linen face towels, working up a pretty good friction with the monograms, D.I.D. She presumed that Denise, sensibly, used her professional initials to avoid the nuisance of changing with every husband.

To a brisk tattoo on the door, Sarah called, "Come in," and jumped back into bed.

Denise entered. "Good morning, darling." She smiled, bright and merry. "Don't be frightened—they paint features on me when I get to the studio." Her face was bald as an egg.

"You mean you're a real blonde?" Sarah gazed at the pale, nearly invisible eyebrows and eyelashes.

"Practically the only one here," Denise admitted, "and what a nuisance; bleaching would be so much simpler. In this extraordinary place, anything genuine is regarded with low suspicion. The artificial result is far more convincing."

"Honestly?" Sarah gaped.

"My, I sound old and cynical, don't I?" As if to contradict this lapse in a hurry, Denise vaulted in frisky ease to the foot of the high four-poster and sat cross-legged in her dark blue slacks, punctuating with the dangled sunglasses. "Sarah, I've been trying and trying to get a minute with you. Tell me honestly, are you having a good time? You don't know how much I want my best friend in the world's daughter to have a wonderful time."

"But I *am.*" Sarah put a lot into it—but not everything.

The week so far had been divine; short of utterly divine. Denise's husband—he seemed to stand by and keep the home fires burning—was called Hezzi, his last name being Tate, and he drove her sight-seeing. He took her to lunch at Romanoff's, and to the Mocambo one night, where absent-mindedly he introduced various people named Pat and Sharl, Baby and Bogey, Edna and Max, also absent-minded. Of course she was terribly thrilled; she went home and practiced being absent-minded. It was all very wonderful; very very wonderful. But didn't they have anyone her own age in Hollywood?

Tonight—that was a lulu. Dinner with an old beau of mother's; feature that. A Mr. Jones, a plain pain in the neck. Some old fogy; she couldn't imagine why mother was so insistent.

Her attention returned to Denise, who sat with the glasses suspended motionless, curiously assessing the oval lovely face against the stacked pillows. "Well, I certainly hope you are, darling. You understand, don't you—if you want anything, ask Addie; if you want to know about anything, ask Jane; and if you want to go anywhere, Hezzi will take you."

"I'm just fine, Denise. I wish you wouldn't worry about me."

> Once an angry man dragged his father along the ground through his own orchard. "Stop!" cried the groaning old man, at last. "Stop! I did not drag my father beyond this tree."
>
> —GERTRUDE STEIN. (Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc.)

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make sure it's

BEST FOODS

OR

HELLMANN'S

Real Mayonnaise



AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING MAYONNAISE

"But I do. Oh, and darling"—lowering her pliant voice to a note of companionable regret—"I checked up on Cary Grant. He's out of town."

"Cary Grant? Why?" Sarah was puzzled.

"Don't you want to meet him?"

"Not especially," Sarah said.

Denise's astonishment endangered her with falling backward off the bed.

"I mean," Sarah amplified, "he wouldn't be at all interested in me, I'm too young; and I don't know what in the world I'd say to him; and anyway, it's more correct for the man to be presented to the girl."

Denise dropped her jaw until a clear view was afforded of the fragile pink rafters in the roof of her mouth. "My sainted aunt," she cried, "the millennium! Too many people like you don't come to Hollywood, honey."

With no defensiveness, modestly, Sarah explained, "I have quite an interesting life of my own."

"Darling, you must have. Do tell me—what doing?"

"Well, perhaps mother has already told you I'm a senior this year," Sarah reminded with polite dignity. "We beat Poplar Falls twenty-seven to nothing; and I've had straight A's so far, all year—but, of course, this is only the Easter holiday. And then my mare, Hoopla—did mother tell you? She's due to foal when I get home."

"Oh." Denise appeared to be stunned. "And boys?" she inquired.

Sarah's gaze deflected to a spot over Denise's head. "No boys."

"No boys! But darling, why? You're beautiful, you're sweet, you're ——"

"So I hear." It was a flat statement, impersonal as a poll. Her defenses suddenly crumbled without warning, and Sarah found herself surrendering her most guarded frustrations. "Denise, you see, I am also too tall and too smart in the head, and a trifle horsy; the boys at home are scared to death of me. I have been the Statue of Liberty on the Fourth of July float for the past three years; can you imagine a boy several inches shorter taking the Statue of Liberty to a square dance? And I may as well admit everything: boys scare me too." She leaned back, exhausted from paying out all this private despair from her emotions.

Denise grappled with the impact, and Sarah finished off the list:

"You know that sweet-sixteen-never-been-kissed joke? Well, I'm it."

> All men desire peace, but very few desire those things that make for peace.
> —THOMAS À KEMPIS.

AMONG this list of staggering problems there was not one that Denise had ever been called upon to face, even remotely, in all her life. She was thrown for a brief loss while trying to establish some tenuous link between Sarah and reality, as she knew it. She groped for soothing, rationalizing words.

"Sarah honey—look at it this way: Ingrid Bergman is a tall girl, and so is Roz Russell; and you have lots of time yet."

Slanting her a bleak, disenchanted look, Sarah glanced languidly away. "That's what mother says; but I'm not getting any younger, and I certainly shudder to think of the irreparable damage all this is doing to my psyche."

Denise held her face appropriately serious. Then she scolded gently, as if she had had the answer all the time, "Why didn't you tell me before? There are any number of tall boys in Hollywood who are not scared of girls; I don't think they are, anyway. It is not occupational."

"That's what I *thought!*" Sarah sat up promptly. "But I haven't seen any. All I've seen is just merely famous people."

Spelled by this startling and faintly painful statement, Denise said, "Dear me. Let me think—Hollywood is such a small place, really, but I never can remember which sons are whose. . . . Oh, Sarah, I know. I know exactly the one; I'll bet he's fully five inches taller than you. And there is a rumor that he has little or no resistance to girls."

Fresh and fetching and totally without guile, Sarah said, "That really does sound wonderful, Denise. I imagine Hollywood can be quite nice if you just know the right people."

Unaccountably, Denise felt a wrench of nostalgia: *Was I ever that naïve? I was, I was, I was too.* She studied the provocative face, framed richly by the mass of dark hair. "You know, the more I think of it, the better I like it. I won't tell you his name, so if he falls through I can ring in somebody else and you'll never know. How's about tonight?"

Sarah's face clouded in swift dejection. "Tonight is the dinner with mother's old beau, darn it."

"No matter; tomorrow is better anyway. And Sarah honey"—her voice picked up the timbre of adroit suggestion—"you could sort of lose the straight A's, and possibly pipe down on the horses, until you know how he feels about horses?"

Sarah lay unmoving under the raspberry-pink blanket, absorbed by a high-frequency meditation. "Denise, tell me this." In a tense voice: "What do you think of putting on an act? Do you find a little pretending helps you over the worst hurdles?"

Touched, her quick emotions stirred, Denise said, "My dear girl, 'a little pretending' is my profession; but a little pretending in the hands of amateurs can be a dangerous thing. Why don't you just let it alone and be your own sweet self?"

"Oh, dear," Sarah wailed. "You too!"

"I too, what?" But she never did hear. A glance at the clock aroused her to frenetic activity, synchronized with insistent yelps from a distant car horn. "Everything is going to be dandy, darling," she said from the door. The horn blatted again and Denise suddenly was an actress going to work. "Oh, this foul life," she bellowed. "How I suffer for a mere fortune a week—and how I love it! Good-by now, precious—see you later."

"If you will please let me off at the Sunset Strip," Sarah said to Hezzi, "I'll take a cab home. I want to look in the shops."

Sitting with his hands passive on the wheel, he studied her in sober uncertainty. "Are you sure you'll be all right? Denise would give me thunder if —— Do you know a wolf when you see one? You won't get lost?"

"Yes and no," Sarah said crisply, opening her door. "And I once shot a wolf; his pelt is nailed to the barn door. So."

Hezzi's laugh enlivened the thoroughfare. "What time will you be home?"

"Oh—five o'clock. Tonight I have to go out with dear old Mr. Jones, cheers and palpitations," she recalled without enthusiasm. "Toodle-oo now, and don't give me a thought. I'm a great big girl and I never talk to strange men."

Proceeding from one sumptuous window to the next, Sarah admired strapless *bouffant* evening gowns, imported cars, elegant jewels, immense photographed faces, modern *décor*—all with a practical detachment, since she had no use whatever on a ranch in Montana for any of these things. At length she arrived at a small antique and gift shop, a little jewel of a shop. She had decided to give Denise a tender Victorian trifle for a hostess gift, and this seemed a likely place to look for it.

She turned in at the door, a radiant, long-legged, coltish girl, moving in flawless coordination, her medium-long brown circular skirt clasping the small waist under a wide tan leather belt, and a yellow blouse, a mossy green corduroy jacket seeming the most perfect things she could possibly wear. She entered the shop, and from then things took a change in Sarah Martin's life.

Only one person was inside the shop—a young man. He stood toward the rear but directly opposite the front entrance, and Sarah saw him at once. In a lightning estimation she figured he would tower over her; but *tower*. Discreetly quickened, she progressed from the all-over impression to details such as hair the color of old brass and a full set of features no girl in her right mind

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could overlook. And he must be all of eighteen. Eighteen. At home no eighteen would look at a sixteen—a really melancholy situation; she dismissed it with fearless intent from her electrically vibrant consciousness.

Pausing and deliberating, she examined a few items, seeing nothing. The young man ambled forward.

"Help you?" he said.

"I am looking for a conversation piece."

The young man stuck his hands in his pockets and a magical grin took possession of his face. "You?" he said incredulously. "My dear girl, you *are* a conversation piece. You don't need one."

Nerves of steel alone subdued the wild flutter in Sarah's thoracic area. "This is for a friend," she explained, hypocritically demure—like a lid on a boiling kettle.

"First, before we enter into vulgar commerce—tell me this. Are you a fugitive from a pedestal?" He smiled down from his lofty eminence.

"Oh, no," she disclaimed, deftly bored as by an old line. "I'm just tall. That's all."

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"A hostess," Sarah amplified helpfully.

"Oh, a hostess!" He swung an exploring glance around the shop. "May I ask what type of hostess? Selective? Accumulative? Resigned? Or hysterical?"

I should have gone shopping sooner, Sarah chided herself. "Really"—she laughed a little throaty trill—"it isn't that important."

"A hasty selection could cause a lifetime of anguish," she was advised. "Think!" His long hands invoked a supple mesmeric spell, his eyes held to hers in a sustained piercing look. Then the whole pose suddenly shattered and he was boyish and embarrassed. "Heck, I'm just stalling so you won't go away," he said.

Sarah turned an appetizing shade of pink, bending closely to examine a rather appalling bonbon dish. "This hostess is in pictures, if that's any help," she offered.

His hand encountered a small Meissen figurine, a shepherdess; he handed it to her. "Now there's a nice little functional bit I can recommend highly for a career woman; very cultured."

Sarah turned it over and looked at the price mark. "She's not that cultured."

"Well—h'm-m-m. What about ——"

From a rear room barged a competent plump woman, bearing in her hands a bulky parcel; she handed this to Sarah's guide and mentor. "There you are, Eric," she said. "And thanks so much for holding down the fort. Tell your mother I did the best I could with it, and if the glue doesn't hold now we'll have to try a dowel; and do give her my love." She turned busily to Sarah. "Could I help you?"

Before Sarah could reply, Eric touched her arm. "She just came along for the ride," he explained. "Shall we go, honey?"

Sarah found herself on the sidewalk being helped into a jalopy that learned to run during the Hoover Administration; departing from the curb with a rejuvenated roar, it lit out for Beverly Hills.

"But my gift ——" she said.

"It'll keep. What's your name, mystery woman?" Eric asked.

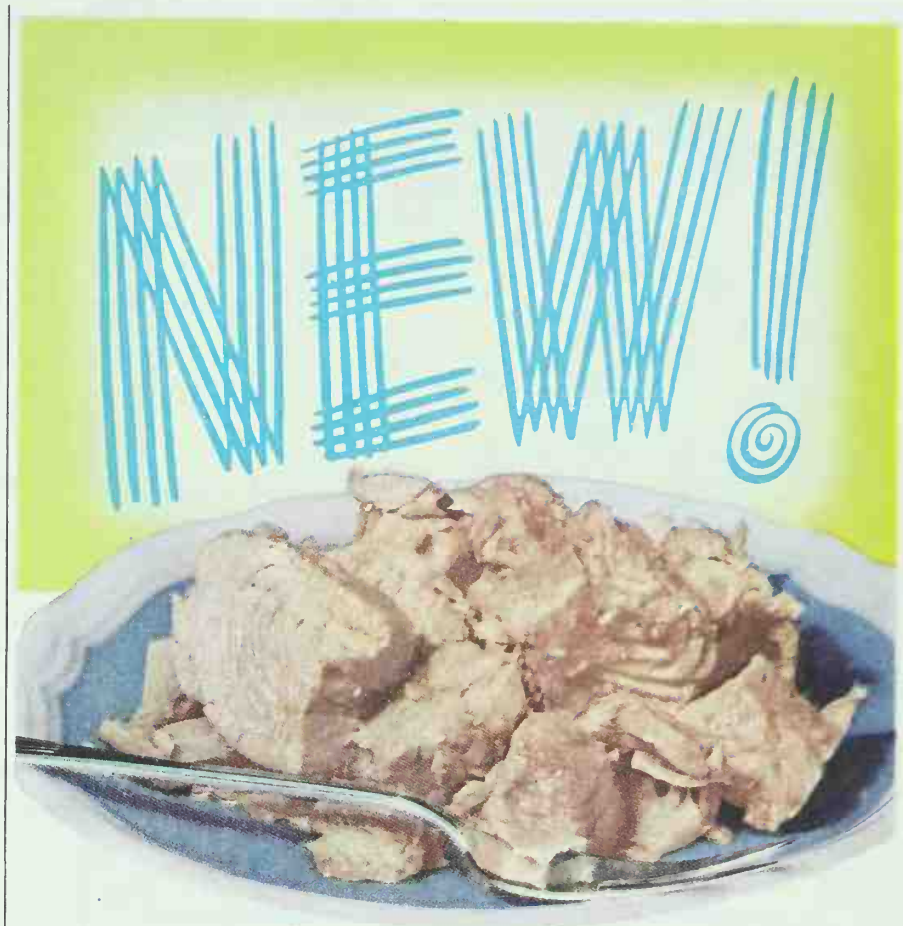
Mystery woman. Never before had she suggested mystery to any human being; all women should be a little mysterious. A bitter rebellion flared hot in her chest. *I am tired of being my own sweet self, it doesn't pay off. And if "Sarah" sounds like a maiden aunt, "Sadie" is grim.*

"Uh, my name? . . . Cynara."

Eric turned to look her full in the face, a politely cryptic look—nonchalantly shaving a limousine on the right. "Of the 'I have been faithful to thee' family, no doubt."

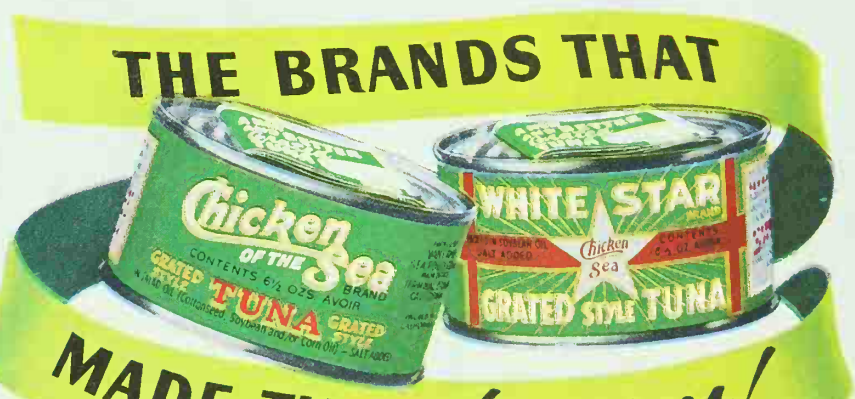
"A remote connection on the distaff side."

"Interesting." Eric considered, seeming to wander down a long corridor of detached thought. "How old are you?" he asked.



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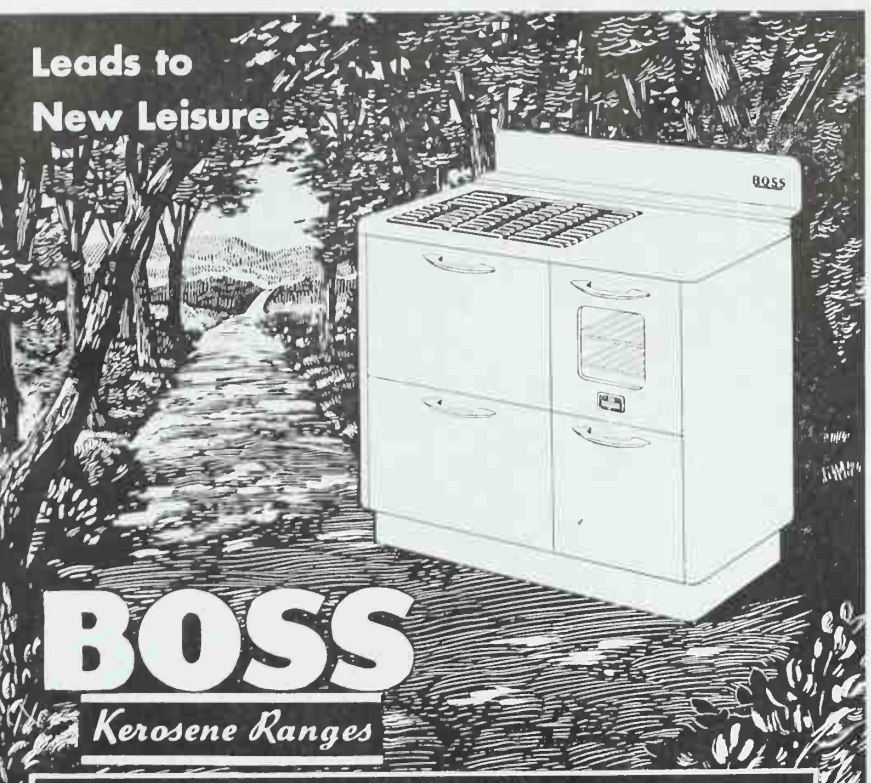
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"Eighteen," Sarah lied in a calm superior voice.

"Interesting, very interesting," he repeated. "To the right—excuse me for not pointing—is the Beverly Hills Hotel, without reference to which no Hollywood novel is considered to be legitimate."

Sarah declined to turn her head. "I have seen the place many times." *And that's no lie. This is the third time.*

"So you live here?"

"Where did you think I lived?"

"Offhand, I'd say someplace in the Middle or North West. You have the inflection and the far-flung look nobody gets riding in a tanbark ring; or even in Griffith Park. Where do you ride?" He turned into Benedict Canyon Drive, saving rubber on two wheels.

"I haven't been riding lately."

"Well, well," Eric remarked with an exasperated forbearance, "some documentary. You're determined to be mysterious, huh? No informative bulletins today. . . . I don't know what gets into women," he brooded.

He did not sound properly impressed, and she was certainly trying; it wasn't easy either. *Telling the truth all your life is terribly habit-forming*, Sarah communed with herself, thrusting down a rising panic.

"Listen, Cy, you're no native," Eric pronounced the result of a deduction. "Telling your life story is the occupational disease around this part of the country."

He turned into a driveway leading through tree roses in bloom to a great sprawl of white stucco, typically one of the older Beverly Hills houses—squat, neo-Spanish, homely, comfortable. Clambering out, he took up the package and walked around to Sarah's side.

"You just going to sit there?"

"Oh. Is this where we get out?"

"This is where I live and it's almost lunchtime. Come on."

Sarah followed while he crashed open the front door, standing aside politely for her to enter. Proceeding through a living room that was so tantalizingly reminiscent of the one at home she almost burst into tears, Eric continued to a small morning room. The woman at a desk glanced up at them.

"Mother, this is Cynara," Eric said. "What's for lunch? Here's your junk." He laid down the parcel. "We'll be out in the game room till the bell rings; make it soon."

Sarah followed the loping strides through the kitchen, where Eric said "Hi, Cutey-pie, one extra," to a dark person, filched a couple of raw carrots and handed Sarah one; and to another smaller house, the game room. Handing her a ping-pong paddle, he took a stance at the far end of the table.

"Ready?" he asked; and served. She stung it back.

They batted violently, using no intelligible words, until the bell.

"You can wash up in there," he indicated. When she emerged, he washed up, and they went back to the house, to the dining room.

He seated his mother, ran fast and seated Sarah; sat himself down and glued a fascinated eye to the swinging door, through which Cutey-pie presently emerged bearing a delightful cream soup.

"Well, dear," his mother remarked invitingly, "how are things?"

"Fine," Eric said, busy.

"And Cynara"—beaming pleasantly—"how do things go with you?"

"Nicely, thank you." She wished Eric had thought to mention his last name, but right now was an awkward time to ask it. This was positively her first appearance as an anonymous luncheon guest; it had disadvantages, but it was rather romantic, and things were remarkably informal in Hollywood—only this was Beverly Hills. She grinned.

"Come now, Cynara, what's funny?" her hostess asked socially.

"I was thinking of all the elliptical approaches there are to Hollywood."

"My, yes! Only yesterday I saw a man walking down the boulevard leading a couple of geese. That's one way."

Cutey-pie took the soup dishes and brought in eggs Benedict.

"We have these often," Eric's mother ex-



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plained, "because we live in Benedict Canyon Drive."

"That's a joke, son," Eric said darkly. "It's time we got some new jokes around here."

"Oh, I think that's a nice joke," Sarah said—and promptly shut up. She had caught herself on the edge of saying *her* family had eggs Benedict all spring, trying to keep ahead of the hens. She imagined very few people in this vicinity kept hens. It was surely a frightful nuisance, being somebody else; you couldn't even *talk*.

When lunch was finished Eric's mother said, "Dear, I wish you'd run down to Jim Hawley's and see how he's getting along; tell him I want it before your father's birthday."

Eric drove down Sunset almost to Cahuenga, turned into a narrow side street, parked in a lot, and entered a small shop with leather stuff in the window. A short, tranquil man in a leather apron was tooling a stirrup, talking to a tall, tranquil man who leaned his elbows back against the work bench.

"Hi, Jim," Eric said. "Hi, Coop."

"Hi, Eric," Coop and Jim said.

"Meet the girl friend," Eric said.

Sarah smiled cordially.

"Hi, girl friend," both men said.

"How's dad's saddle? The little woman's getting anxious."

"Coming along, coming along," Jim said.

I might as well be back in Montana, Sarah thought.

When they were outside it dawned on her: the tall man was Gary Cooper, her favorite—Judge Cooper's son, from Montana. She wanted desperately to go back and give him father's message: "Get out of those dude clothes and climb on your horse, brother"; but the boldness of such a gesture was unthinkable. And anyway, G. C. didn't seem so important right now; she had other things to think about.

In love, the strongest man hides in himself a shy sentimentalist, and the tenderest woman, a hard realist. —PAUL GERALDY: quoted in The Treasury of Wit and Wisdom: Norman Lockridge (Biltmore Publishing Company).

Pausing before the jalopy, Eric said, "Like to see my horse?"

"Horse?" she repeated in a strained voice. "Oh. All right."

He drove up Cahuenga in the balmy spring air and out over the pass. For a short distance they drove beside a station wagon with the radio tuned to a Bing Crosby recording; and the driver sang along with the recording in a voice that was identical.

"Hi, Bing." Eric raised a hand. Bing raised a hand. They went by.

Oh, dear, this is my chance to have a good look—but I can't turn around and stare like a tourist; what would Eric think?

Turning down Riverside Drive, they drove past Warner Brothers', past Walt Disney's, and approached a big green stable somewhere beyond.

"We are now in Burbank, as you doubtless know," Eric said with a wicked grin. "Listen, if you lived in Hollywood don't you suppose I'd have known it long ago?" He halted the car and faced straight into her face. *He has freckles—how wonderful*, Sarah observed.

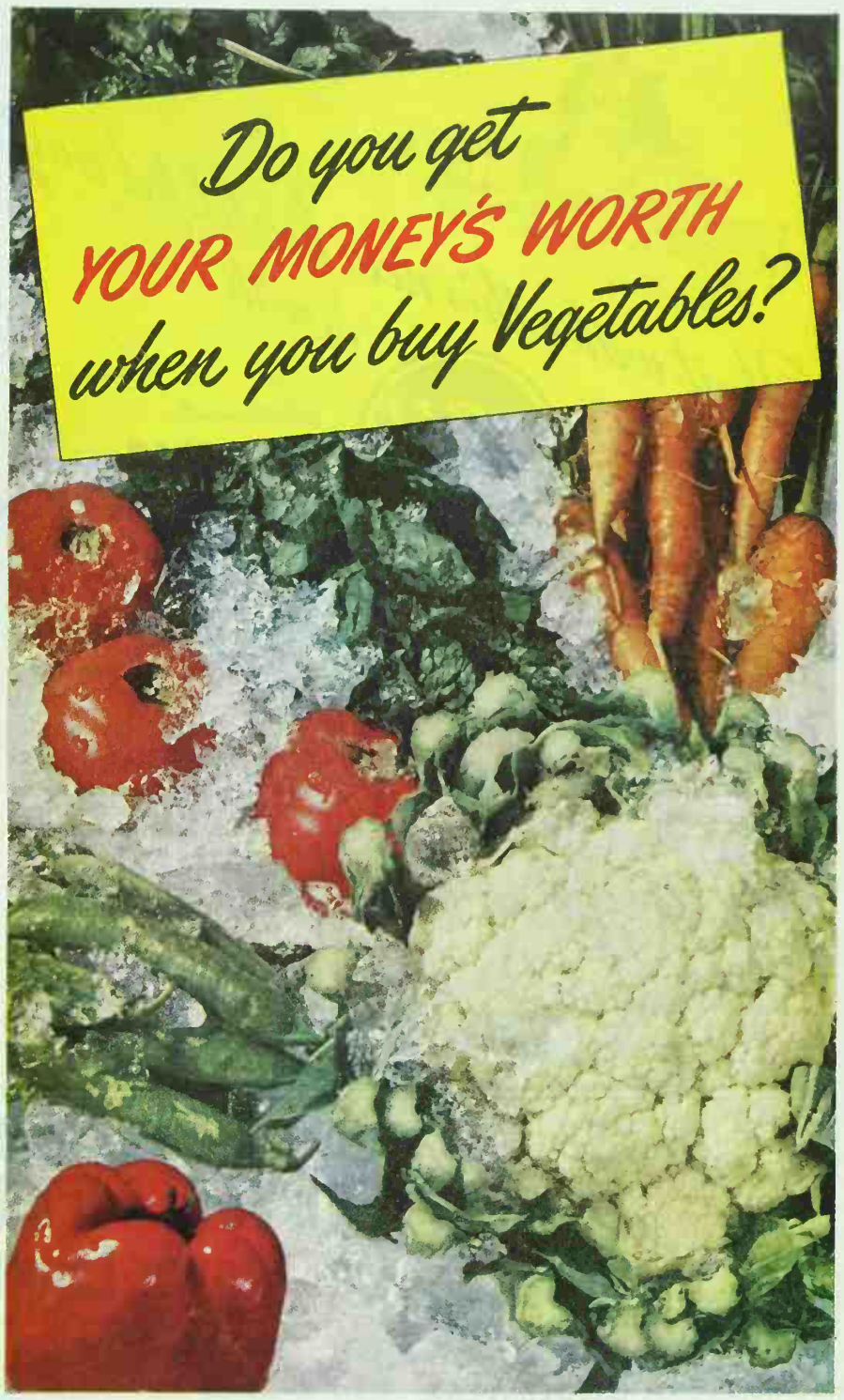
"How could you, when nobody in Hollywood lives in Hollywood?"

Lifting a hand, he gently pressed her nose flat. "Don't try playing dumb with me, Cynara. You ain't dumb. A little off the beam, maybe; but not dumb."

Despair suddenly seized her. *What do I do now? This thing is backfiring. Why did I ever start being mysterious?* She leaped out and ran into the stable.

Eric introduced Ike—and Sarah almost forgot her role then and there. "He's a right nice hunter," she allowed. "A little on the big side—but then, so are you."

"You like horses?" Eric regarded her in suspense.



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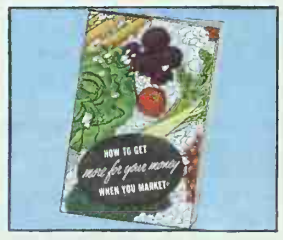
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Think what I could do with that! "Oh, yes, who doesn't?" she flipped carelessly, walking out of the wonderful aromatic atmosphere. "I am afraid I have to go home now."

"What are you doing tonight?"

"Date." *That's the first time I ever said that; how important it makes one feel.*

"Who with?"

Sarah actually didn't realize how her reply sounded until she heard Eric's rejoinder. "Oh—with an old man," she said.

"An old man!" he squalled. "Why would you go out with an old man?"

Well, here goes nothing. "You don't understand." Dropping her eyes to her lap, Sarah laced and unlaced her fingers tragically—youth on the block. "I have to. My mother is making me do it."

Eric sat terribly still, the muscles working in his jaw.

"He's very rich," she added in a small weak voice. *I bet I could, too, be an actress if I tried; it just comes natural to me.*

He swung to her savagely. "You don't run according to type in any direction, and if you want to know what I think, I think you're a pathological liar!"

For some reason she could not analyze, this did not offend Sarah in the least. "That sounds better than plain liar, doesn't it? The trouble is, Eric, I just happen to be telling the truth about this. I *do* have to go out with an old man, and my mother arranged it—and I don't want to go." Every word of it was true—but the emphasis was a trifle misplaced. "So—if you will please leave me at the antique shop, I'll take a cab home." *You get into these things and then how do you get out?* She suffered a momentary weight of longing for her mother; Denise wouldn't do. Mother couldn't get into a size twelve, but she had a bosom you could rest your head on that didn't go around pointing at you.

He drove wordlessly, and when she got out at the shop he handed her a scrap of paper. "Cynara—here—this is my phone number. Please call me. Call me soon." He was bewildered, angry, wistful and exasperated in one pathetic gesture. She felt ter sorry for him.

"Thank you, Eric," Sarah said nob and, committed now to her role, she ad "If I ever need a friend, I'll call you," t ing after a long intense look; entering shop.

All the way home, she stared wretch at the cab floor, reviling herself. Arri home, she was immeasurably lifted with thought of having Eric's phone number; would call him in the morning!

Sarah sleepwalked to her room, cle the dressing-table bench in a running ju and stepped out of her clothes. In pan and bra, she was practicing high kicks w Denise looked in.

"For crying out loud, I thought there a team of horses in here," she declared p lantly. "What are you doing?"

Sarah smiled at her with perfectly bl dreamy eyes. "I'm getting dressed for Jones," she said.

At seven o'clock Sarah sauntered to living room in a sulky mood that would h aroused a brisk word from her mother. A jacket was tossed over one shoulder of first black dinner dress; it was certainl shame to waste this grandeur on moth stuffy old beau, Sarah brooded resentfu leafing through a magazine.

She heard Addie go to the door. Listen with the top of her mind, she heard a ma voice ask, "Is Miss Sarah Martin here? Mr. Jones."

Sarah became immobile, frozen; yet w an extraordinary circulation speed-up a large whirling emotions. By degrees, looked toward the arched door. Stand there in dinner clothes, carrying a cellopha box with two orchids, was Eric. Eric Jon

"Miss Martin?" He advanced stead toward her.

"Yuh—yes," she admitted in a voice had never heard before.

(Continued on Page 220)

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Protects . . . like a smooth, invisible shield. *New* Mennen Baby Oil with Lanolin helps safeguard your baby from many skin irritations, helps prevent diaper rash, urine irritation, sore buttocks. This pure, crystal-clear oil goes on smoothly, leaving no breaks.

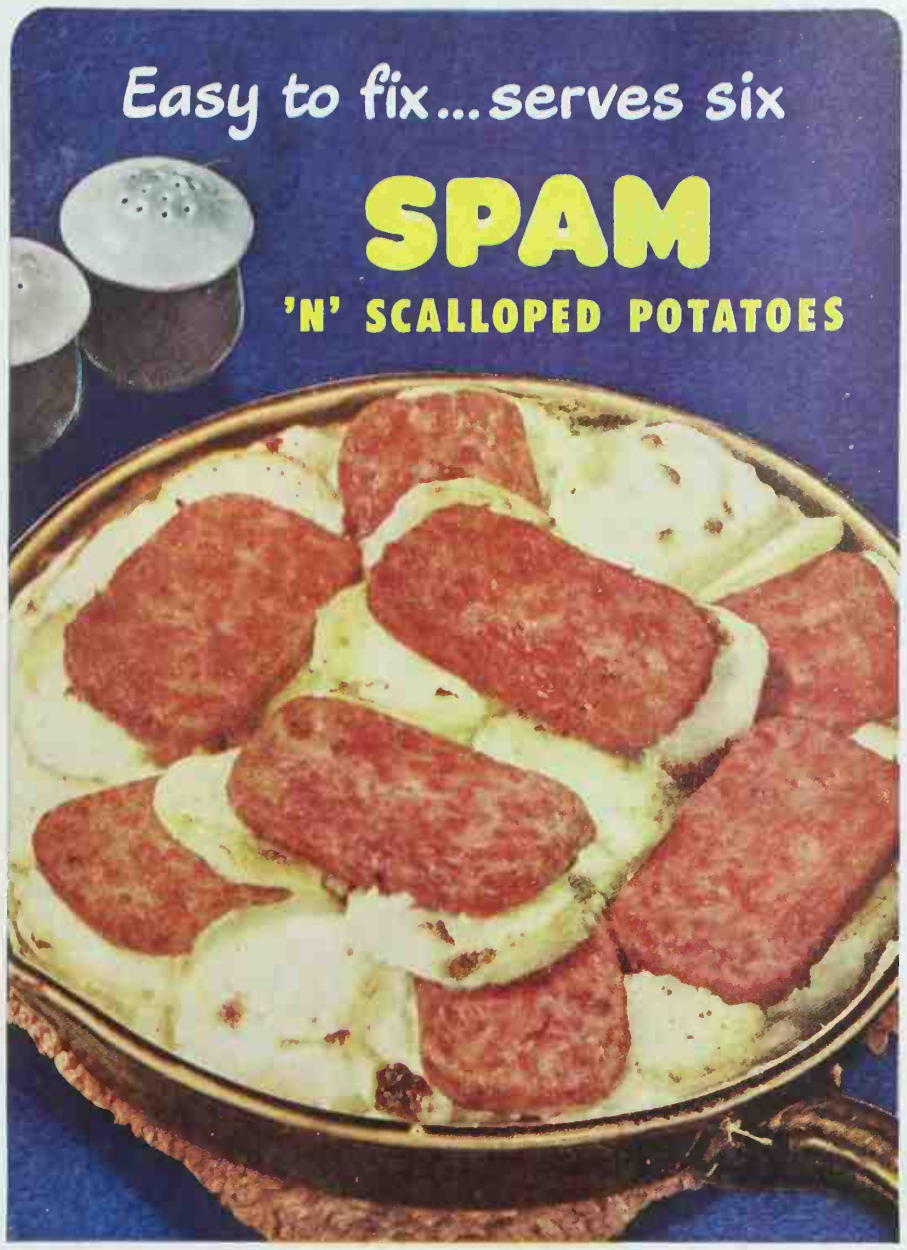
Benefits . . . helps keep skin soft and sweet as a lullaby! *New* Mennen Oil is rich in lanolin, the miracle substance that's next of kin to the skin's own oils. Gives baby's skin healthful lubrication, helps prevent uncomfortable dryness, discourages chafing, chapping, and roughness.

New flower fresh fragrance—sweetest that ever breezed through a nursery! Chosen from over 50 other fragrances in tests conducted among thousands of mothers!

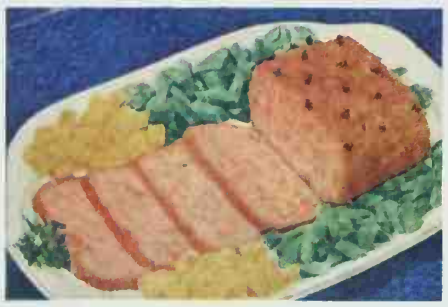
Don't put off baby's protection till tomorrow! Start using *New* Mennen Baby Oil with Lanolin—after every bath and diaper change—today!



new Mennen baby oil enriched with lanolin



MELT 3 tbsp. cooking fat • Stir in 3 tbsp. flour. Add salt and pepper • **ADD** 1 small minced onion, 1 tbsp. minced parsley, 2 cups milk • Stir smooth and cook till thickened • **SLICE** thin four large boiled potatoes to layer in casserole; top with SPAM slices • Pour on sauce, sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs • **BAKE** at 375°—30 minutes. Serves 6.



BAKE A SPAM! Score, stud with cloves. Rub with sauce: ⅓ cup brown sugar, ½ tsp. vinegar, 1 tsp. prepared mustard, 1 tsp. water. Bake 20 min. at 400°; baste.



SPAM DINNER. Ten minutes to fry SPAM and cook limas while potatoes bake. A bright idea for lunch or family dinner—everybody likes SPAM's pure pork flavor.



SPAM STRETCHER—fill a greased casserole with your favorite scalloped corn recipe, insert pinwheel of SPAM slices; 350° oven 30 min. SPAM makes it luscious.



COLD OR HOT SPAM® HITS THE SPOT!

HORMEL GOOD FOOD

SPAM is a registered trademark for a pure pork product, packed only in 12 oz. cans by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota.

(Continued from Page 218)

Not exactly crowing, but still faintly triumphant, Eric said his little speech. "My father wishes me to convey his compliments and his profound regret at being detained in conference; he asked me to sub for him. Okay?"

Sarah stood foolishly nodding her head up and down, feeling numb.

"My mother"—the grin warmed up to a shapely humor—"sends a message too. She says not to be discouraged—pathological lying responds to treatment and good home care, and she used to be terrible: She fixed up a whole Southern background for herself once, and had a terrible time getting out."

Sarah's rigid miserable embarrassment cracked; she smiled.

"She says tell you to be your own sweet self; it works fine. And just to clear the record, my father is neither old nor rich. Here"—he extended the box—"will you take these weeds or shall I give 'em to Cutey-pie?"

Sarah gulped painfully. "All right. I mean thank you. There's two in there." She looked in at the orchids, stupefied, and then up at him. "I never even had one before."

"That's it, that's it"—his tone was large, encouraging—"you're doing better. I never gave anyone two before, either. And when I give a girl two orchids"—he leaned down swiftly and brushed her lips with a quick young kiss—"it means—well, what do you think?"

"I can't imagine," a disembodied voice said. They sprang apart and looked at Denise beholding them in mystified speculation. "Eric Jones, your date is tomorrow night, Wednesday. How did you get here?"

"By mail," he told her. "A little something Sarah's mother and my dad cooked up." He took Sarah's hand and absentmindedly put it in his pocket.

Denise sat down weakly, pondering the odd and unpredictable course of human events. There was something so electrically compelling about these two tall youngsters she could not take her eyes from them.

She remarked, bemused, "In spite of all the prefabricated arrangements, I seem to have the most peculiar feeling that you kids would have gotten together anyway."

"Really, Miss Darrow, you amaze me," Eric said, shooting the sun in his grin. He turned to Sarah. "Come on, Sadie—shake a leg. Let's go eat."

WHAT PRICE PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH?

(Continued from Page 37)

pain is lessened, and also the patient forgets from one second to the next what has actually gone before. The drug which is used to cause forgetfulness is scopolamine, the so-called "truth drug."

There are two main groups of pain-killing analgesic drugs. One is the narcotic drugs, and the other the barbiturates. Physicians draw heavily on both types. Recently, demerol, a new synthetic drug, has become popular. Its action is similar to those in the narcotic group. The clever use of these drugs in combination brings about a drowsy, semi-conscious state popularly known as "twilight sleep." The emotional reaction of the patient determines, to a large extent, the success of this method of pain relief. Some women with relatively small doses of these drugs will go quietly to sleep, and wake up to find themselves in the delivery room ready for the terminal stages of labor. Other patients, even with large doses, will become violent and unmanageable. All patients where amnesia is complete require constant attendance.

The great disadvantage in the use of all these drugs is that the baby is affected similarly to the mother, and there is always a certain per cent of asphyxiated or "blue babies." These babies do not start to breathe of their own accord. This, in modernly equipped maternity hospitals where oxygen is easily accessible and a skilled physician in

Get The Best—Ask For Evenflo!



It's Easier To Travel with Handy Evenflo

Mary Butler, willing C. & O. hostess, brings a warmed Evenflo Nurser for Mrs. Charles O'Keefe, Covington, Ky., and her baby daughter. Mrs. O. says it is fun to travel with Evenflo Nursers. Their handy nipple, bottle, cap all-in-one enables her to seal nipple and formula in one compact, leak-proof unit. When feeding time comes, friendly hands are always ready to warm filled bottles for her. Complete 4- or 8-oz. Evenflo Nursers 25c at baby shops, drug and dept. stores.





Evenflo* America's Most Popular Nurser

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"IT BREATHES AS IT FEEDS"

"JUST THE THING!"

FOR BABY CARE



29¢ 49¢ ALL STORES

STERILIZED Q-TIPS SWABS Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Q-TIPS, INC., Long Island City, N. Y.

KEEP RECORDS OF YOUR CHILD'S GROWTH WITH THE NEW "GROW UP STICK"



This "Grow Up Stick" measures height as easily as Jack climbed his beanstalk. With a place for name, age, and weight, this novel gift has years of usefulness for toddlers up to teen agers. Pretty enough to hang on the wall, a lively green beanstalk forms the decoration. Yes, you'll want one for every boy and girl you know. SEND NO MONEY—Merely send your name, address, and pay postman, $1.00 plus postage on arrival. Or send $1.00 with order and we mail postage paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Dee-Vee Products Co., 82 Ionia Ave. N. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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12 and 20 IN. HOUSEHOLD ROLLS

MATERNITY DRESSES WRITE FOR CATALOG

Summer Styles

Smart, youthful styles for Morning, Street or Afternoon. Also Maternity Corsets & Lingerie. CRAWFORD'S, Dept. A, 729 Balt. Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

dance, is not necessarily too serious a
. The babies can be given artificial
tion by means of a tiny tube which is
passed into the lung area and oxygen
The baby soon awakens and starts to
e and cry. However, this complication
ded whenever possible by restricting
of these drugs to patients who will not
within four hours of the time the
are given.

the actual delivery of the baby, a
l anesthetic is at present the most
r method of obtaining pain relief.
is a multiple of choices: chloroform,
y discarded; ether; and the gases, such
ous oxide, ethylene and cyclopropane.
patient has a natural birth, a few
of the anesthetic are given with each
and a little more for the actual birth of
aby. If natural
does not take
—and it seldom
because the
r is too drugged
sh the baby out
er her own
—an anesthetic
dicated for the
nal stage of de-
. A mask is
d upon the pa-
s face and con-
sness is com-
ly wiped out.
physician then
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th the analgesic
general anes-
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ods have their
ntages and dis-
ntages. "Twi-
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ed to an extreme,
slow down labor
occasionally cost
life of a child.
is especially true
e a general an-
tic is used as
to terminate
. However, when
within reason, it
valuable asset to
patient and safe
both mother and
. General anes-
ics have many
dvantages. There
side effects of
sea, vomiting,
vsiness, and a dis-
eable sensation
awakening. The
ent is completely
onscious and can
no way aid the
sician; the baby
ffected similarly
the mother. Another disadvantage in
obstetrical patient is that often there
o time to prepare the patient. If food
been taken within eight hours of
administration of the anesthetic, there is
danger that particles will be aspirated
the lungs, and this can cause serious
plications, such as pneumonia.

n order to sidestep these difficulties,
mists and physicians sought a different
hod of pain relief. Along about the turn
he century, local-anesthetic drugs were
overed. It was found that it was not
essary to put the entire body asleep. A
re selective activity was possible and the
ient could stay wide awake while only a
tain region was made insensitive to pain.
rious methods of giving local anesthesia
re discovered, and all these methods have
n grouped under the term "regional
esthetics," in contrast to "general anes-
tics."

n regional anesthesia, relief is accom-
hed by blocking the passage of the pain
rent to the brain somewhere en route.
is kills the pain, but has the advantage
t the brain is left active, the patient con-
scious and there are no effects of the drug upon the baby.

The two principal methods of such anesthesia are continuous caudal analgesia and saddle-block anesthesia. Continuous caudal was adapted to obstetrics and utilized by Hingson and Edwards in 1942. At the time when labor is definitely established, the caudal block can be started. It takes the place of both "twilight sleep" and a general anesthesia. A local-anesthetic drug is introduced through the end of the sacral bone into the tissues about, but not *in*, the spinal canal. Those nerves which have to do with labor pains and also the nerves of the entire birth passages are anesthetized. The needle is kept in the sacrum throughout labor. By repeated injections the anesthesia can be prolonged for as many hours as labor lasts. Delivery can be painlessly executed with the combined efforts of the patient and her physician. The disadvantages of continuous caudal are that it requires a high degree of skill and an elaborate working personnel.

Saddle block, on the other hand, has to date appeared to be very easy to give safely, but it should be noted that it has not yet passed the 100,000-case-usage mark that medicine demands before considering it a "proved" method. In approximately 4000 reported cases, however, it has resulted in no increase in either maternal or infant death rates, and no major complications. The chief reasons for its safety are: first, the smallness of the amount of drug needed; second, the simplicity of the single injection—any trained physician or intern can do it; and third, the fact that the drug in no way affects the infant. Saddle block was first used by Pitkin and McCormick in 1928, but was not used again until 1946 under the auspices of Adriani, of New Orleans. The latest and most thoroughly reported cases are those of Dieckmann and Andros at Chicago Lying-In Hospital. Their report, as published in the American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology, includes detailed studies of 719 cases, with *no* resultant maternal deaths.

Their report declares: "Our experience in this large series and in 1800 cases subsequently has convinced us that saddle-block anesthesia as we have carried it out is a safe procedure in obstetrics and one of great value to the parturient and fetus. On the other hand, misapplication of its principles, carelessness in the technique and neglect of the anesthetized patient will result not only in poor success but in an increased fetal and maternal morbidity and mortality. This can be said for any procedure or drug used in labor and delivery. Experience is invaluable and must be obtained cautiously. The procedure has been found to be safe, simple and precise; and the degree of success has been high. The rate of operative interference in delivery was not significantly increased. The complications attributable to the anesthetic procedure have not been a problem. The benefits to the fetus in early spontaneous respiration have been striking. There

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

House of Gold

By Naomi Gilpatrick

Mary's mind, a lit cathedral,
Has aisles for all who pray.
Her grace, a dream-hushed organ,
Makes ritual of day.

Her soul has heard the stations
Of footsore hopes and fears
Who lean on pillared wonder
And tell the beads of years.

Her heart has aureate windows:
Pure quiet, where the world,
Light-touched by God, her Midas,
Partakes of peace empearled.

God gilt her for His chalice,
Held up as man's ideals,
Called in by Host from byways,
Where docile courage kneels.

As wax is struck by spirit
To leave the self behind,
Her smiles give flame to candles
To light the climbing mind.

Whorled lily-nave of morning,
Roof-shadowed by Ghost Spouse,
Mary lodged the mystic Pollen,
Gilt by the One she housed.

Choir:

Love minted Woman wholly
For living in a space
That from her holding golden,
A Voice may come, a Face.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Cool touch for warm weather meals..



HOLSUM

Salad Ring with Built-in Dressing

2 cups boiling water
1 package lemon gelatine
1 package orange gelatine
2 cups cold water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ teaspoon salt
8 *Holsum* Stuffed Olives
1 tsp. unflavored gelatine
2 tablespoons cold water
½ cup *Holsum* Salad Dressing
1½ cups finely shredded cabbage
2 tablespoons shredded pimiento

Cool — and easy! *Holsum* Salad Dressing is *molded* right into this salad. *Olive layer:* Combine first 3 ingredients. Stir well. Add next 3 ingredients. Pour enough of this mixture into mold to cover bottom. Arrange sliced *Holsum* olives in this layer. Chill until firm. *Salad Dressing Layer:* Soften gelatine in water, heat until melted, then blend with salad dressing. Pour over olive layer. Chill until firm. *Final Layer:* Add remaining ingredients to chilled lemon-orange gelatine mixture. Pour into mold and chill thoroughly.

HOLSUM

Recipe for Sliced Ham with Spiced Jelly Sauce

4 servings sliced ham
½ cup *Holsum* Grape or Currant Jelly
2 teaspoons brown sugar
3 to 4 tablespoons vinegar
2 teaspoons *Holsum* Mustard

To give ham that magic touch, serve it this appetizing way! Pan fry the ham slices slowly. Remove to warm platter. Add delicious *Holsum* Grape or Currant Jelly, brown sugar, vinegar and fine *Holsum* Mustard to meat juices in pan. Simmer until jelly is melted. Strain sauce and serve over ham. Or, if a rich glaze is desired, return ham to frying pan and cook 1 minute in sauce before serving.

HOLSUM PRODUCTS
MILWAUKEE



Are you a DANGER-MOTHER?

YOU ARE, for instance, if you don't take Baby *into the store* when you shop. So warns the National Safety Council. For the carriage may drift off the walk. Your baby, unguarded, may be snatched away! The Council has 30 other suggestions we'll gladly send to help keep you from being a Danger-Mother.

We of Storkline are happy to give national circulation to the Council's advice, because our business for more than 30 years has been devoted to better things for mothers and babies . . . nicer and safer, like the carriage shown here. In all the world, we are the largest manufacturer of infant and juvenile furniture and baby carriages.

Be sure to see the Storkline things at local department, furniture, or juvenile stores. You'll find it true, as thousands of parents have discovered: *Storkline thinks of everything.*

STORKLINE FURNITURE CORPORATION
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Free—We'll gladly send you the National Safety Council's excellent leaflet of safety rules for mothers. Address Storkline, Dept. C-2, Box 7570, Chicago 77, Illinois.



Tops in transportation for the youngest generation . . .

STORKLINE ARISTOCOACH

Comfort! Styling! Safety!

Sleek lines and fine fabric give this Storkline super carriage a smart, rich beauty. But its safety and comfort features are even a greater boon to Baby . . . and *you.*

Its Duchess tubular gears and ball-bearing wheels make for smooth sailing along the sidewalks. Just a tap of your toe and the brake takes a firm grip . . . even on a hill.

For convenience, it folds and unfolds like a fan. The pusher adjusts to suit your height. And its *plastic handle* is cooler in summer, warmer in winter. See it and all the new Storkline things!

IN INFANT AND JUVENILE FURNITURE, TOO . . .

Storkline
THINKS OF EVERYTHING

has been no increase in the fetal or maternal morbidity or mortality."

The patients' reactions were also noted; nine out of ten said they liked the method.

In the early stages twilight sleep, or any other form of sedation which the patient or physician prefers, can be used if desired; the saddle-block anesthetic is usually given during the last stages of labor when delivery is near. With the patient sitting over the side of the bed, a needle is inserted into the spine and a single ampule of anesthetic in sugar solution is injected. The patient then lies down again, her head on a pillow. The sugar makes the fluid heavier than that in the spinal canal, so it drops onto those nerves in the lower part of the canal which affect labor pains and the birth passages. Within five minutes the drug becomes fixed and cannot travel higher. Instantaneously, the labor pains cease and the patient has miraculous relief. She is observed closely for twenty minutes; the blood pressure is checked every three minutes and the baby's heart tones are watched. Contractions of the uterus are not affected and labor progresses. The patient can laugh, talk, read, smoke or eat. The baby's head continues to descend through the birth passage to the pelvic floor painlessly. An incision is accurately made in the tissues without pain and the baby's head is either pushed out by the mother or a low forcep operation performed by the physician. The afterbirth is delivered with less bleeding than when a general anesthetic is used. A repair operation is performed to restore the tissues of the pelvic floor, and during this procedure the mother has the joy of hearing her baby's first cry and watching the nurse clean up and dress the baby. The patient leaves the delivery room looking pert, feeling well and wide awake, and the baby has in no way been affected by the drug.

BECAUSE the technique and equipment are simple and the drugs used inexpensive, the cost of saddle block is less than that of a general anesthetic. It is also an anesthetic of convenience. Ideally, a trained anesthetist is in charge of every obstetrical patient at the time of delivery; however, throughout the nation this is the exception and not the rule. Hospitals are understaffed and overworked. Even with the best available setup, occasions arise where no anesthetist is available. Consequently, physicians either depend on untrained help, or the patient suffers unduly. In such a situation saddle block is a boon to both patient and doctor.

The spinal puncture is a simple one, made at the level of the hips. While the length of time the anesthesia lasts varies among individuals and depends on the drug used, an average saddle block lasts about two hours. In the Chicago Lying-In cases, the ages of the patients ranged from eighteen to forty-two years; about half were having their first child, half their second or third. Because anesthesia was given only when they were in the final stages of labor, there was no important increase in the number of forcep deliveries over those usually done in this hospital. And every physician or intern who used this anesthesia was impressed by the benefits of saddle block to the children—most of whom took their first breath immediately after birth.

There are risks, of course: the risk of childbirth itself, and the risk of interference with Nature. *Childbirth with anesthesia is still more dangerous than childbirth without, unless, through training, experience, skill and devoted attention to the patient, we as physicians overcome the problems created and improve upon Nature itself.* Under these conditions we can not only relieve pain and fear, but we can protect both mother and child from the ravages of the natural birth processes. And with our growing body of knowledge about both the physical and psychological processes attendant upon childbirth, with our higher obstetrical skills, and our increasing knowledge about anesthesias, much is being done within the realm of safety to make labor and confinement a fairly comfortable and truly interesting experience.

THE END

"SHOW OFF" GIFTS for Baby



Mother will be proud to take baby visiting in this luxurious pad-pillow-coverlet combination! Wet-proof and completely washable it's a dainty way to keep baby comfortably protected and "sociolly acceptable"! Royan satin in pastel pink, baby blue, white. And, surprisingly . . . it's modestly priced!

QUILTED BASKET LINER



Pretty enough for a dream nursery, yet practical and economical! Washable, wetproof quilted plastic liner with matching pad. Liner is adjustable to fit most bassinets perfectly. Boby pink or blue.



DAINTY DUFFLE

Mother will find a dozen other uses for this smart, over-the-shoulder bag with its adjustable strap. Roomy, reinforced to hold its shape, it's made with waterproof lining for diapers and fittings for bottles, pins, powder, etc. Quilted plastic in red, navy, royal, white and pastels.

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Nursery Needs by "KANTWET"



SOFT-ABSORBENT
100% DISPOSABLE
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QUICK RELIEF—The perfect pad and toe straightener. One piece soft sponge rubber, that flattens in shoe.



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S. C. NASH CO., Box 75, Toronto, Canada

COMMON SKIN DISORDERS IN CHILDHOOD

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN
President, Chicago Board of Health

WHAT in this world is lovelier than the skin of a clean, healthy, well-cared-for baby! It is mother's pride and pleasure to keep every part of by's body unblemished, and matter for ncern when rashes, patches or crusts dicate a condition that needs correcting. Most of the common skin disorders of bies and small children respond quickly proper treatment when mother carries t the doctor's instructions faithfully. One of the most serious of the skin seases affecting infants and small chil-en is impetigo, a highly contagious infec-n. The sores of impetigo first appear pimples which soon change into blisters. These may vary from pinhead size to the diameter of a dime, or even larger. The skin on top of the blister is loose and wrinkled. The fluid underneath the skin is watery at first, then turns yellow. In older children, when the sore ruptures, this fluid forms a hard, dry crust, which eventually falls off.

The individual sore of impetigo will usually disappear in from ten to fourteen days, but the disease itself may go on for weeks as the baby's skin is infected again and again with the fluid from the sores. The most scrupulous care must be taken to prevent its spread, once it gets started. Where the proper technique was lacking in hospital nurseries, I have seen impetigo spread with incredible swiftness.

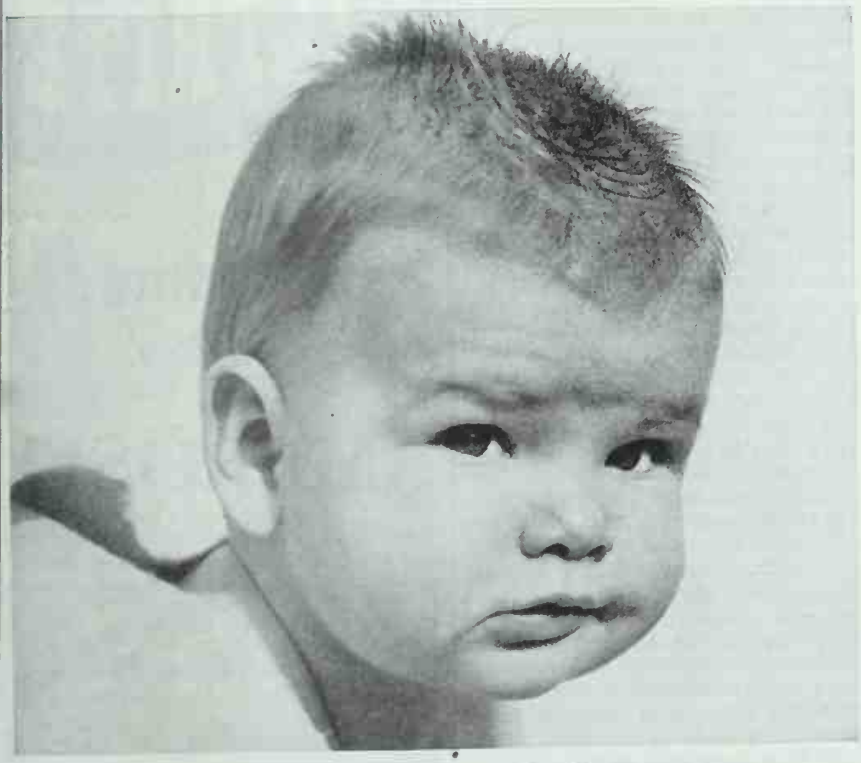
In all fairness, though, you must not always blame the hospital if your baby gets impetigo in the nursery. Even when the technique is irreproachable, some babies can become infected during childbirth from staphylococcus germs in the birth canal. This is unusual, however, and accounts for only an occasional case. At home, the disease may get started when mother bathes or handles the baby without first washing her hands, or when father holds or takes care of the baby in his street clothes.

In extreme cases, impetigo is accompanied sometimes by a kidney infection which may make the baby seriously ill or even threaten life. For the most part, however, the disease is more persistent than dangerous.

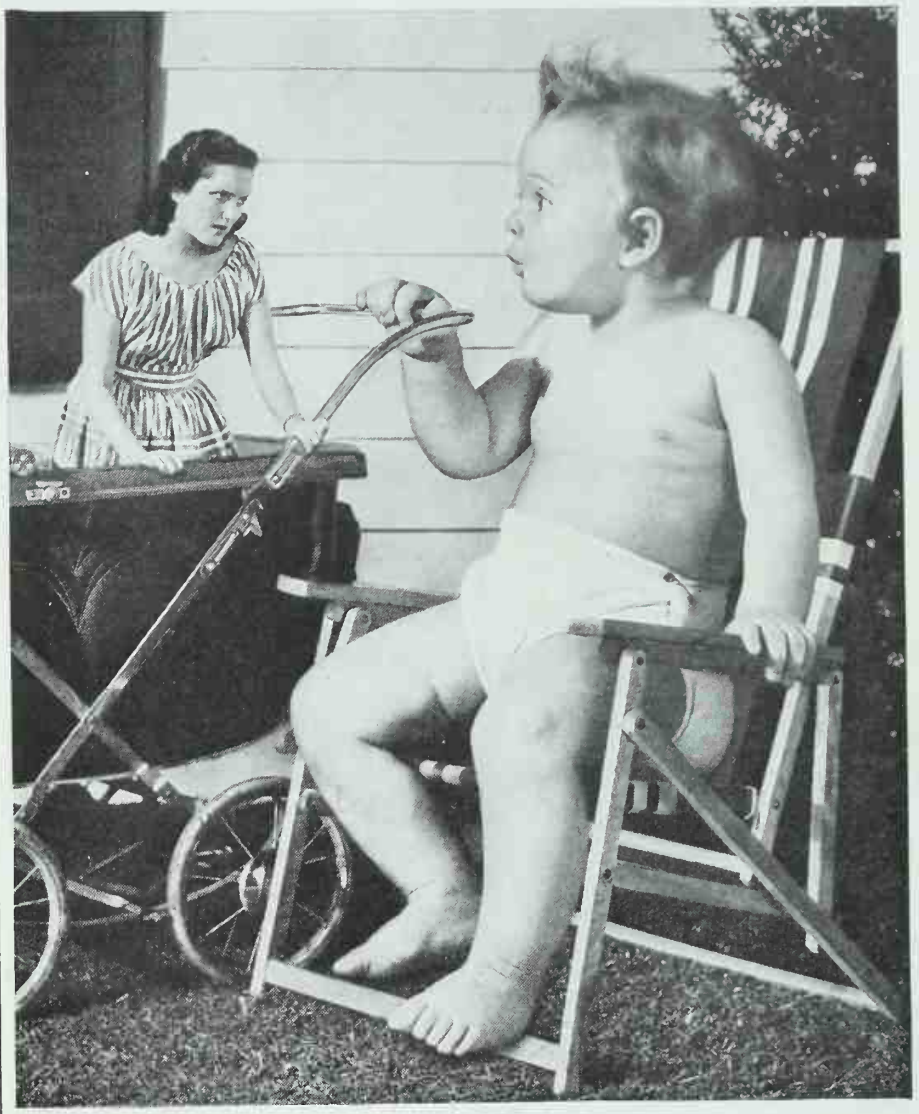
Treatment of impetigo in older children consists chiefly of the careful removal of the crusts and application of a germicidal ointment, such as penicillin ointment, to the sore. A warm boric-acid solution (the doctor will tell you what strength) is often used to wash away the crusts, and the doctor will prescribe a bland ointment to be dabbed gently on the sores once or twice a day. For the young infant, the doctor may break the blisters as soon as they form and apply an antiseptic solution such as 1 per cent gentian violet. The baby's skin may be exposed to air as much as possible.

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS



A baby's skin should be soft and smooth. Most common skin disorders will clear up quickly under a doctor's attention.



"Unhappy, Mom? Glad to hear it!"



BABY: I *thought* it would be educational, mom—for you to be *me* for a day. Not so much fun, is it?

MOM: Fun, lamb? It's pure *misery!* I'm hot and prickly. I'm tired of wriggling around in one spot. My skin's so uncomfortable I could howl as loud as *you* do!

BABY: See, mom? Those howls weren't just to exercise my lungs. In my own infant way, I was trying to tell you my skin needs Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder!

MOM: Something special's called for, pet. But why *both?*

BABY: To take 100% perfect care of me, mom. Pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil to smooth me over after my bath. More of it at diaper changes, to help prevent what my doctor calls "urine irritation."

And you'd better get a BIG can of Johnson's Baby Powder, mom—for lots of cool, soothing sprinkles to chase hot-weather chafes and prickles!

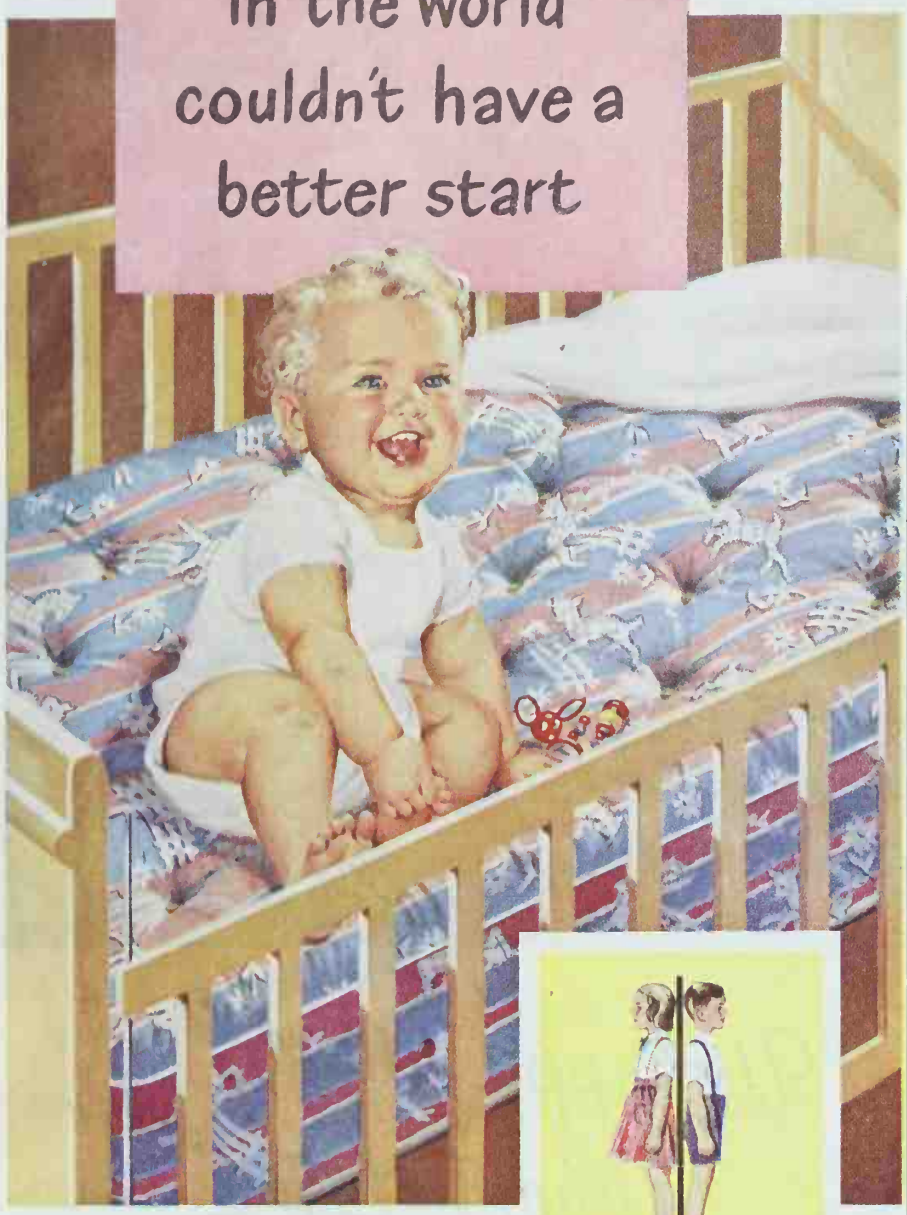
MOM: Angel, your mother's certainly been behind the times! Let me out of here so I can catch up—with Johnson's!

BABY: That's the spirit, mom! You're going to be proud of me—good as gold and smooth as a handful of rose petals!





the richest baby in the world couldn't have a better start



Good Posture and Good Health go hand-in-hand... only KANTWET is "POSTURIZED"!

No other mattress offers so much... yet costs so little!

No matter how much more you pay, you cannot buy a finer crib mattress than KANTWET! It's the *only* "posturized" crib mattress . . . offering the firm, level support that helps strengthen baby's back and build a straight, sturdy posture!

Constructed with *extra* filling where baby's weight rests most heavily, KANTWET is *tufted* to give *lasting firmness . . . double-sealed* to make it *really* wetproof!

Make sure you ask for KANTWET . . . posturized, wetproof, washable with a *flame-retarding cover!* It is America's most recommended crib mattress!

KANTWET* Posturized INNERSPRING CRIB MATTRESS

Be protected—Don't buy unless the name KANTWET *is on the label*

Ask for KANTWET high chair pads, bumper guards, play yard pads, pads for carriages and all nursery furniture. Write for illustrated, descriptive booklet. Rose-Derry Co., 95 Chapel Street, Newton, Mass.

One of the hardest jobs for mother is to see to it that the baby doesn't touch the sores with his hands and thus carry infection to other parts of the body. With the very small baby, it may be necessary to use restraining cuffs or splints which keep the elbows from bending. Prompt medical attention when the first blister appears will help to keep the sores from spreading.

Probably the commonest of all the skin disorders of infancy is eczema, in which patches of skin become reddened and raw, oozing a colorless fluid which later dries and forms crusts. Infantile eczema usually appears on the face, although I have often seen it also on the scalp, arms, legs and body. The sore areas itch and burn and are aggravated by rubbing and scratching. Usually eczema is worse in winter and better in summer.

Allergy or extreme sensitivity to some substance in the food or in the baby's surroundings is the most frequent, though not invariable, cause of eczema. In most cases where food allergy is the cause, the baby is found to be sensitive to egg white, cereals, cow's milk or fruit. When the cause is environmental, feathers, wool, kapok and dust are most likely to be the offending substances.

Finding and removing the cause is likely to be a long, painstaking procedure, and

Punishment is a cripple, but it arrives.

mother should not start experimenting with the baby's foods except under the doctor's direction. In any case, the mother will have to leave regulation of the diet to the doctor and confine her effort to keeping the baby as comfortable as possible and preventing further irritation by rubbing. If restraining cuffs have to be used on the arms or legs to prevent harmful rubbing, they should be removed every three or four hours so the baby can have a period of unrestricted exercise and play. This is important.

Other points I would like to stress are:

1. Avoid overdressing and exposing the baby to extremes of temperature.

2. Don't use soap and water. Instead, cleanse the skin gently with cotton dipped in baby oil.

3. If the doctor recommends using a medicated oil on the baby's skin, cleansing with oil can be limited to every other day.

The infantile type of eczema may recur during the first two years, but usually it disappears after that. In older children, eczema is almost always a definite allergy without other contributing causes.

Commoner than it should be is "diaper rash," caused by an organism that develops when a baby is left too long in wet or soiled diapers, or when the diapers themselves are not properly washed. Appearance of this rash is a sign, first, to change the diapers more often, and second, to give them special handling for a time. Diapers should be thoroughly washed, rinsed and dried after each use. When a rash appears, some doctors recommend that the diapers, particularly those used at night, when the bacteria have the best chance to operate, be rinsed again, after having once been dried, in boric-acid solution. Sprinkling boric-acid powder inside the diapers before they are placed on the baby is an additional safeguard.

A new method which has been even more effective in some cases is to use diapers soaked for ten minutes in a solution made with an ammonium compound. This acts against the germs that produce the irritating substance causing the rash.

While the cause of the trouble is being eliminated in this way, the rash itself may be treated with medicated oil or a bland ointment, such as boric or zinc-oxide ointment. Often it is wise to avoid the use of soap and water on the affected parts while the rash lasts, employing oil instead.

THE END



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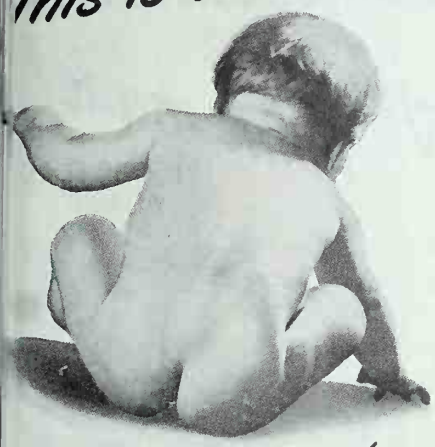
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THE LADY IN THE BEST BEDROOM

(Continued from Page 44)

Bill held up a more than usually casual hand; Candy jumped in, and the Amelia S. rocked reluctantly in response. Candy sat down on the port seat and grinned to herself with mild malice. *These Down-Easters! I'll give them a lesson in reticence they won't forget.*

But she watched Frank under her lashes, as he turned the Amelia S. toward the opposite shore. His hair fell over his forehead in two strong, unmanageable strands. His weather-beaten, long-chinned profile looked competent and self-contained. In any other place his refusal to meet her gaze directly would have seemed shifty; here it was simply and obviously a man minding his own business. Nevertheless, Candy caught the tail of an electric gaze, and realized that Frank would be able to report to his wife, Emma, every detail of Mrs. Bill's store clothes and city ways. She stared placidly ahead.

Twenty minutes later, Bill said suddenly, "There it is!"

Peddler's Point stood out clear against the reach of pearly water—and Candy drew in her breath sharply. She let it out again carefully, without sound. No naked emotions for Buryport, no summer people's gasps and cries. But oh, that house, that enchanting and surely enchanted house.

It was small and square and made of gray stone, with two white-clapboard wings; and it owned the Point completely. Its roof wore a tiny widow's walk as regally as a coronet. Its green lawn sloped down to a miniature crescent of pale beach, a sturdy dock and a boathouse. Behind the house a corner of red barn and a row of thick pines stood shoulder to shoulder against the northeast winds. In the garden the pink of neglected phlox burned in the quiet evening.

Then she was standing on the dock and looking across the lawn at the house . . . and a door was opening in memory, time was spinning backward. Almost, she could feel the tickle of taffeta ribbons down her back, the tight elastic under her chin. The house repeated something long ago and unforgotten—and all at once she knew. The winter afternoons when Aunt Ella used to take her to tea at the Viennese bakery. She used to skip all the way, because the bakery was a wonderful place and you never got to the end of the magical things to eat. Its invitation hung in the air outside the shop as evident as the sign itself: a scented cloud of chocolate and cake batter and almond paste. . . . This house had the same sort of invitation, as insistent as a tug at the hand. Whatever emotions and experiences one had in this house would have to be . . . nourishing. Like the bakery.

"Hey! Stop mooning!" Bill commanded, and she jumped. He started up the path, a suitcase in each hand, as Meriel emerged from the house and came to meet them. Candy followed, hearing all the things she expected to hear.

". . . good trip? . . . looking a little tired . . . house seems rather damp. . . . Emma Locksley is a good worker, but she and Frank have been living in the barn studio all summer." Meriel dabbed at Candy's cheek. "They *say* it's more convenient."

Bill picked up the bags again. "Probably it is."

Oh, no, it isn't, Candy thought with extraordinary certainty. *They've moved because one of them has seen the ghost. I wonder which one? Emma, of course, Emma.*

Meriel turned beside Bill, and Candy followed. Meriel was neither large nor old, but she walked heavily, her arms bent at the elbows as though she continually carried something in her hands—which as matter of fact she usually did: a pair of glasses, a sewing basket, or simply some small object that she was moving from one place to another. She could have been, if not pretty, at least rather handsome. "Supper," she said firmly, "is in half an hour."



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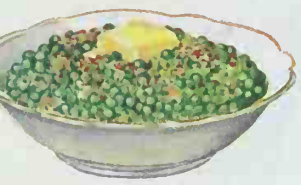


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Candy always forgot that one did not, any longer, see country girls in the country. Consequently Emma's appearance with the hot biscuits was a mild shock. Her brown hair was corrugated in a permanent wave, her sensible blue eyes blinked behind spectacles with emerald-green rims. She wore a white silk dress printed with large, unidentifiable magenta flowers, a mail-order imitation of glamour. It was difficult to imagine Emma in the presence of a ghost, much less aware of it.

After she had left the room, Meriel asked cheerfully, "Did you hear about Emma's aunt's accident?"

In twenty-four hours, Meriel had garnered all the gossip within a radius of twenty-five miles, and most of it was gloomy. Bill raised a polite, inquiring eyebrow, and Meriel said:

"One of those young pilots, stunting round in his plane. Flew right into Emma's aunt's attic last April. It was just a mercy that she had pneumonia—over at her sister's. Nobody was in the house at the time except two plumbers in the cellar."

"Wow!" said Bill, and Meriel winced. "Did they get out?"

"Oh, they were all right. It was the house. Demolished, of course. Just kindling. Dreadful, it was," said Meriel pleasurably.

There was a slight pause, perhaps in memory of Emma's aunt's former residence.

"Well, I always say a house is never the same after you've had the plumbers in," Bill observed sagely.

Meriel cut through Candy's giggle sharply. "It wasn't so funny, I can tell you—with the house shortage what it is." There was a slight and oddly ominous pause. Then Meriel said, too casually, "Speaking of that, I suppose we ought to go into Buryport in the morning, Billy, and talk to Otis Beard about selling the house."

CANDY put down her buttered biscuit carefully. Sell the house—the words were as harsh and breath-catching as an oath. Sell *this* house? She looked quickly at Bill, and saw that he was as taken aback as she was. The difference was, thank heaven, that he was Meriel's brother, and could speak his mind.

"Sell the house?" he repeated stupidly. "Our house?"

Meriel glanced at Candy with bright amusement. "Well, of course, Billy. What else would we do with it?"

"Live in it," said Bill.

"Up *here?* All the year round? How on earth could ——"

"Don't be ridiculous, Meriel!" Bill sounded as rude as only a brother can, and dull color crept up under Meriel's skin. "You take the house for two months in the summer and we'll take it for the other two. I've always loved Peddler's Point."

Meriel smiled tightly. "Well, I haven't. And you seem to forget that it costs money to live here, Billy."

"The taxes," said Bill, "are almost nothing, and I'll pay them. The upkeep isn't much."

"What you don't seem to realize, Billy"—Meriel's voice quivered dangerously—"is that schoolteachers can't afford to live like business executives. It's all I can do to manage as it is. You don't know ——"

Bill said mulishly, "But Meriel, you've got to spend your vacations somewhere."

"I don't have to spend them at Peddler's Point!" Meriel's voice was suddenly shrill. She swallowed and made an obvious effort at self-control. "I shall spend my vacations tutoring—if I can get the work." Then without warning, and rather horribly, she began to cry. She seemed to have no idea how ugly a middle-aged woman in tears can look, for she cried openly, angrily, like a child. "You're so unimaginative. I have n-nothing but my salary. If we sell this house, my half would be a little n-n-nest egg, something to fall back on when I'm . . . old."

Bill looked a little sick. He dug a bent cigarette out of a battered pack and lit it without straightening it. "All right. Don't get upset, Meriel, please. It's just—well, we won't get much for the house, and it's been

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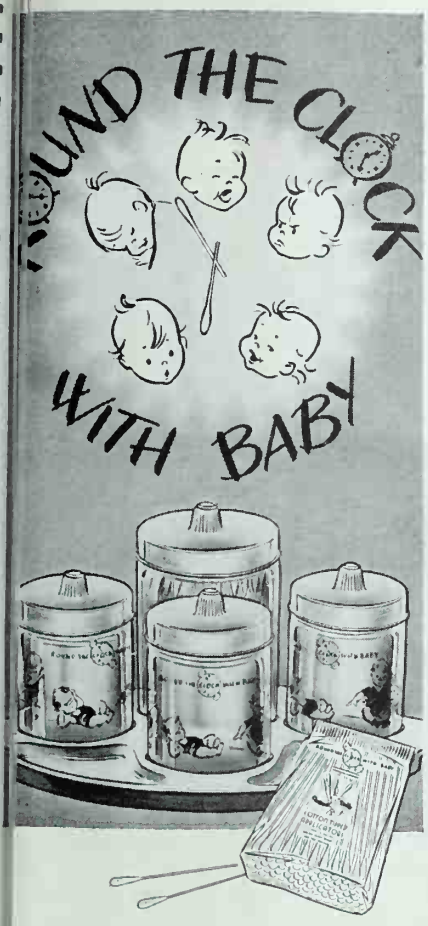


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in the family for four generations. I'd like David to live in it someday."

Meriel's voice came thickly through her handkerchief: "Not a chick nor a child of my own ——"

"All right," Bill said quickly. "All *right.*"

Meriel mopped her eyes. "I hope Candace won't think me very grasping," she said obliquely. "But when one is left a widow with no insurance, it makes a difference in one's outlook."

Candy thought coldly, *Her mother was left a widow with no insurance—and two small children. She never mentioned it.* Candy glanced at Bill; he should say it all. But Bill was staring into his empty coffee cup.

Meriel spoke as though in answer to Candy's thought: "Of course, mother never lived here herself. After grandmother died she rented the place every summer to artists who did a great deal of decoration and remodeling, and so forth—not that I approve of it *all.*"

Candy said, "Couldn't we do that? Bill and I could live here for half the summer, and then rent it for the rest—and give you the rent, of course."

"That's a good idea," said Bill.

Meriel straightened her fork and spoon carefully. When she spoke it was in a queer, stiff voice: "I'm sorry. I really can't accept charity—yet."

Bill said, too loudly, "I fail to see the difference between taking half the sale price and taking your half of the rent."

Meriel stood up. "I shouldn't expect you to. If you'll forgive me, I believe I'll go to bed now. I'm sure you'll get along without me." She threw a little smile at Candy as she passed, as hostile as a dart.

Curiosity is the beginning of useful knowledge. —PERCY WHITE.

After the door had closed, Bill got up with a jerk. "Like to walk out to the Point?" he asked.

Perhaps it was the note of guilt in his voice that snapped Candy's temper. She pushed back her chair and went to the door. Bill's steps padded behind her over the damp grass.

"Now what's the matter with *you?*" he asked, with such weariness that Candy's heart smote her. She slowed.

"Oh, I guess I'm just . . . fed up with Meriel."

"Well, why take it out on me?"

"I don't know. Yes, I do. Because you don't stand up to her."

Bill laughed shortly. "Have you ever tried to stand up to Meriel? People think she's helpless and sort of pitiable. Helpless like a Comanche chief. She'll scalp you to get what she wants."

"But, Bill—you can't let her bully you this way! Just to get a little money. The house is half yours. Surely if you don't want to sell it ——"

Bill sighed in the darkness. "I know. But I keep feeling maybe I ought to help support her. We have so much."

"Money?" Candy asked, and was a little ashamed of the acid note in her own voice.

"Well—no, not money. But everything else. I mean we have David and friends and a life of our own."

"So has Meriel," Candy said steadily.

"She hasn't much, really."

Candy exploded. "Oh, darling, don't be so sentimental! How can you be so taken in by her? Meriel's life is exactly what she's made it herself. You know the chances she's had, the things she could have done."

"I know—but still ——"

Candy stopped in the darkness and seized Bill's arm. "Please don't let her sell the house, Bill! Please! I love this place. I couldn't bear it if we lost it as soon as we'd found it."

"Well," Bill said uncertainly, "we'll see."

Candy found herself shaken by an emotion she did not entirely recognize, but its

(Continued on Page 229)



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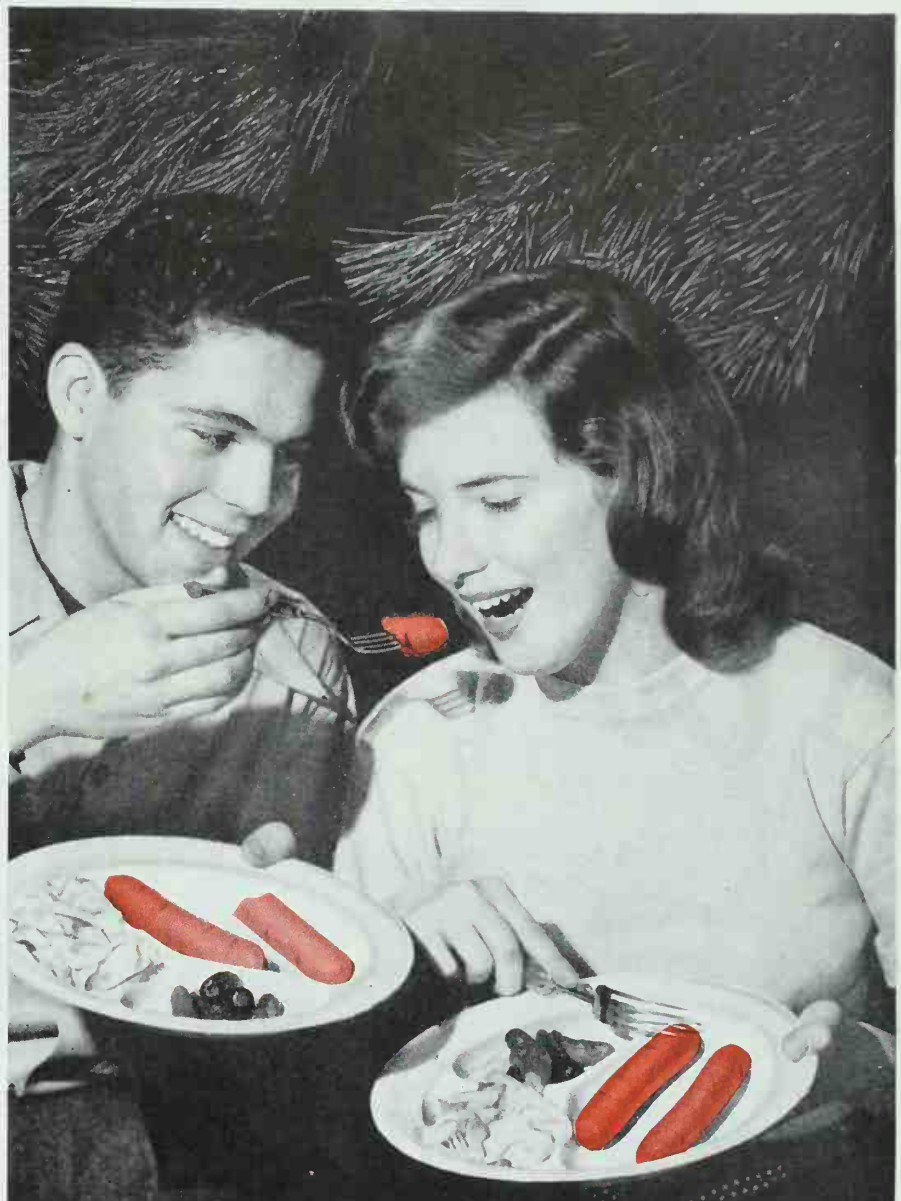
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(Continued from Page 227)

strength astonished her. "But don't you see: this house is as much our responsibility as David or—or Meriel. More, because it can't speak for itself."

"Oh, come, sweet, who's being sentimental now?"

"You *can't* just sell it because Meriel's greedy," Candy told him passionately. "You've got to keep it and take care of it. It's ours."

In the darkness, she could feel him trying to see her face. "I had no idea you cared so much about owning things," he said slowly.

She turned on him fiercely. "You know I don't! How can you say that, Bill Stewart? When we hadn't a penny I didn't care a bit—you *know* that! But this house is *ours*."

Bill sighed and turned toward the lighted windows, away from the lap of the black water on the stones. "I'm sorry you feel so strongly about it."

Candy walked beside him, her disappointment a hard ache in her throat. How curious it was that you could marry a man and live with him for years, and know every line in his face and the way he'd look if he burned his finger on a match or was glad to see you . . . and then you found that you hadn't known him at all. In a single sentence, you were married to a stranger.

As they stepped over the threshold of the living room into the lamplight, she glanced at him sidelong, almost fearfully. *In a burning house or a shipwreck,* she thought, *we could count on him, David and I. But when it comes to his own sister, he's afraid. He's a weakling, a coward, feeble.*

Alone, she crossed the living room and climbed the narrow stairs to the big square bedroom above. Bill followed her, he came into the room with her; but she was still alone. She undressed quickly and crept under the blankets on her side of the tester bed. It was a strong feeling, this loneliness, strong and bitter; but it was also very cold. Hostility and tension seemed to eddy through the little house in a thin, damp fog. The katydids had become the proprietors of the night, raucous in their self-confidence, shouting at one another like fishwives. . . . *Katydid! She didn't! She did! Katydidn't!* Less than six weeks till frost.

Bill snapped out the light and got into his side of the bed. Neither of them spoke. Neither of them said good night.

Candy woke to the smell of Emma's codfish cakes and coffee from the kitchen, and a minor whistle from the bathroom. In his rare moments of depression or indecision, Bill shaved to a sort of plain chant of his own composing. This morning, he broke off and said "Good morning"; he sounded courteous, horribly courteous, and Candy's heart contracted.

They dressed in almost complete silence. *He's just as miserable as I am,* Candy thought, *but if he's too weak to stand up to his own sister —— He knows what I want, and it's what he wants too. Well, he can just choose: Meriel or me.* This was so absurd and melodramatic a statement that she defiantly put on just a shade too much lipstick, and went down to breakfast.

Meriel was already at the table, sensibly dressed for a long drive and a hot Saturday in Buryport. She would never go the short way, across the bay; she considered the Amelia S. to be both loathsome and perilous. She greeted Candy with a reserved smile, which said as clearly as words that while Candy had been—naturally—trying to seduce Bill from the paths of justice and common sense, still Meriel was not a woman to forget that blood is thicker than water, even if only by marriage.

After Candy had waved them off in Meriel's coupé, she wandered slowly back to the house. It was not so lonely, now that she was all alone, and she stood at the living-room door, looking out across the sunny lawn and touching with her thoughts the fresh, unspent hours ahead. Blueberries first. Then swimming.

When she came back with her basket full of berries and her lips indigo, it was noon. She changed into her bathing suit and went down to the little beach. Frank Locksley, surrounded by oily cotton waste, was burrowing in the Amelia's engine. He looked up and nodded briefly. Candy returned his nod, added a smile, and dived off the end of the dock. When she came out, ten minutes later, Frank looked straight at her for the first time.

"Good swimmin'," he said ambiguously.

Candy took off her cap and shook her hair out. "Yes, it was—but there are lots of rocks just under the water, aren't there?"

"Reefs along the channel," said Frank to a small piece of engine.

The sun was a hot shawl over her shoulders and the water danced and glittered. She said, "I don't see how you know, with so few buoys. Do you really know where all those rocks are?"

Frank peered closely at the engine part. "Nope," he said. "But I know where they ain't."

Candy grinned quietly and lay flat on the harsh boards of the dock. Sunshine closed her eyelids. In a few moments, Frank's voice floated over her head:

"Goin' clammin' this afternoon. Like clams?"

"Love them. Do you?"

"Don't care if I never see one ag'in," said Frank dispassionately.

"Oh. Lobsters?"

"Anything that travels under water, you kin have it," Frank said, and Candy asked:

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

CADDIE'S definition: A rich man is one who spends the longest time looking for a golf ball.

Adolescent girl: glass being blown into shape.

One woman describes the cooking burns on her arm as chevrons won in the Battle of the Kitchen.

A bush needs constant pruning, and the character of a child constant shaping.

To accept change without counting it does not prove you "have money."

When our son suddenly realized that according to the ads his father had reached middle age, he almost caused him to have a heart attack by saying, "Here, dad, let me lift that for you."

A child about to leave home is like juice about to jell: loath to leave the spoon.

It is easy to pick out the children whose mothers are good housekeepers; they are usually found in other yards.

A father will understand his son if he *really* remembers how it is to be a boy.

She was able to leave well enough alone, but never had.

The better the house is managed, the fewer the headlines.

To absorb himself completely in an activity is the quality praised in Edison—often criticized in children.

A sense of timing is needed with children; never promise a treat till the job is done!

Of all the radicals on earth, none compares with a woman in the throes of house cleaning.

The sad thing about the goose that laid the golden egg is that she didn't get to keep it.



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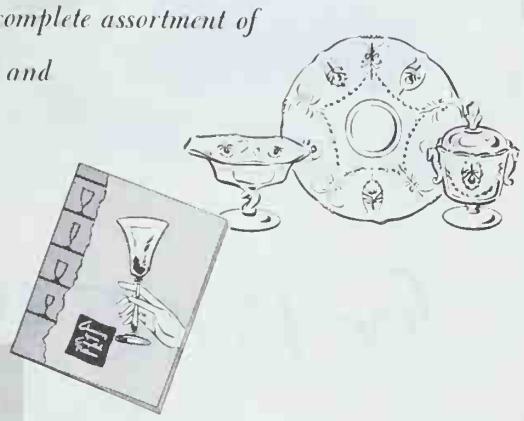


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"Even swordfish?"

"Man and boy," said Frank, "I've et s'many fish, my insides fairly rise and fall with the tide."

"Frank."

"Ayuh?"

"Which one of you saw the ghost—you or Emma?"

Except for the suck and gurgle of water on the dock piles, and the faint scream of gulls, there was silence. It lasted so long that she began to wonder whether Frank had simply got up and gone away. Then he spoke:

"Don't believe in ha'nts, Miz Bill."

"How about Emma?"

Pause. "No'm. Emma neither."

Candy sat up. Frank's profile was apparently carved out of wood. The conversation was clearly at an end.

She was in her room, after lunch, when she saw Emma Locksley cross the grass in the hot midday stillness, and disappear inside the barn. *I might go out and read under a pine tree,* she thought. But she knew she was not going out under a pine tree: this was the moment she had been waiting for, ever since she came.

She began at the top and worked down. A narrow ladder took her to the roof and the little widow's walk. Up here, the world ended where the Atlantic Ocean met the sky. Fat white clouds, like floating cherubs, drifted in the brilliant blue. And along the coast as far as the eye could see, rocks that had withstood water and pines that had battled the wind. *It's so exactly right,* she thought ecstatically. *A wild country all around a strong little house.*

THE attic was small and smelled of tar paper and mice. On the second floor there were three bedrooms and a bath. But there was no ghost.

Does it need darkness? she wondered, as she went down the stairs. *Or a special date, an anniversary?* One knew so little about ghosts—perhaps because they were so terrifying. At least, according to all reports, ghosts were invariably bent upon revenge, or driven by remorse. In either case, one felt an icy cold or a paralyzing panic, or both.

The living-dining room ran the width of the house and overlooked the cove. Back of it were two smaller rooms, one a library and the other a bedroom—long, long ago, the best bedroom. Candy stepped over the threshold of the little library and paused, waiting. Silence settled like dust motes. Nothing was here, nothing except herself. She turned.

Across the hall, the door stood open. The wallpaper was gray, with yellow daffodils and white narcissus, laced with their dark green, ribbony leaves. *I like that paper,* she thought, and walked into the room.

The house was quiet, so quiet. Even the crickets outside were resting in the heat of early afternoon. She stood, perfectly still, just inside the door; a wild exultation rose up in her throat and closed it. It was hard to breathe. *So this is where you are! I've found you, I've found you!*

She took a tentative step forward, toward the big maple four-poster bed. And then another. The sense of welcome was almost as palpable as a touch. But there was no touch, no sound, nothing—and yet something. Oh, yes, something—someone—was here, someone so definite that with every passing moment it grew more vivid. It? She. Of course—she. The welcome in this room was feminine, and full of gentle, sardonic laughter.

There was another woman here.

Candy sat down, very quietly, in the maple rocker; her care was not for the other one, but for herself. She must do nothing to tear this delicate fabric of awareness. She must hold it, as though it were a snowflake caught on her sleeve, a shining crystal that would vanish.

Deliberately, she relaxed in the little rocker, leaned her head back, waited. But no slight figure in sprigged muslin or linsey-woolsey grew in the air. No whispered voice spoke. Only over there, by the window, at her left there was . . . someone who loved the house.

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ove it, too, andy said silently. Imtely, it was hough two streams ran
l er to make "If they sell it, I shall
r get over it. never forgive Meriel."
ience, said tother one gently. And
as though swere smiling, *What an
ient girl you, aren't you?*
n I?" Can was rueful. "Patience
so sort of ntive, so—so blind."
negative— the opposite. A chal-

atience—a denge?"
*much as a to be chopped down, or a
o be put to s.*
ut I want t*!"*
course. But can't always act. Some- you must think. And feel. And ac-

ccept?" Ca was doubtful.
e things as come.
sounds . resigned," Candy said
tefully.
ere was a li flurry like the rustle of
oats. *Not nation—no! Acceptance.
things and ple as they are.*
Without everying to change them?
always w Bill to be perfect, and
when he ist——"
is time thewas no doubt about the
ement, anthe succeeding gravity.
your man.
es," said Cdy softly.
ticism nevewe a man strength yet.
ut—what ill I do? What did *you*

*netimes calhim perfect when I remem- to. He wasays better when I told him
s perfect.*
That was yr . . . man like?"
h a long litation. Then, *Like yours.*

of Cancs mind
ed out, licately,
thingly. "Who are
What is yr name?
are you he?"
at once he other
eceded, fled, was
y gone Candy
ied back h curiosity
uickly offed something else instead.
here's Meel, you know."
other on grew stronger again, came
*I know. here was one for me. They feed
position, tey need antagonism, that kind.
mustn't figt them. It's all a part of it.*
at once a locust rose to a high, hot
ndo. Candy felt, for one endless mo- so vividly and consciously alive that
startling, almost painful. She saw,
minute clarity, the threads in the white
w curtains, the tiny crisscross of cracks
paint on the window sill. Under her
the wood of the rocker felt like satin.
mell of the house was as complex as a
old wood and salt on the wind, yellow
nd gray dust, warm wool and fresh
The house and its contents, for better,
se, till death do us part.
"I death part you?" Candy asked
ft
Th was no answer. Nothing was there
thindow. The room was empty, just a
n-fi, pretty room. But Candy sat on
theker. Somehow there was sunshine
herand, too, or in some place deeper
an hind. She was sure that the blood
her as, the very air in her lungs was
lden. . *Where is Bill?*

s C crossed the grass toward the
arn, B out of the car on one side, and
Meriel he other. His broad shoulders
ere be a weary angle, and the lock of
lack hair which usually rode jauntily over
ne eye drooped on his forehead. Meriel
imply ded.
Candy d a cheerful greeting. Meriel's
esponse in a look, that some people
were borne the workers of the world, and
small tha they got for it. She walked to
the house ough her feet hurt. Bill lit a
cigarette avoided his wife's eye.
"Hello, ng." Candy slipped a hand
through hi.
He glanc her through cigarette smoke.
"Hi," he sncommittally.
"Have a day?"
"Hot."

"Would you like a swim?"
Bill's face lightened. "Swell. Is there time before supper?"
"Oh, yes. We're having steamed clams and blueberry pie."
"Oh, boy," said Bill.
But it was not until they had changed and were on their way to the deserted dock, their shadows long in the late afternoon, that he said abruptly:
"You haven't asked about the house."
"No," said Candy tranquilly. "Tell me."
"We saw Otis. He's coming out tomorrow, to look it over carefully and decide on the price."

CANDY'S heart lunged downward, and for the space of a deep breath the sense of serenity wavered. It was like almost losing her balance—and then catching it again, justin time.
"I hope it'll be a good fat one," she said cheefully.
Bi stopped short. "I thought you were gointo throw a fit."
"Why?"
"Well—this morning ——"
Carly grinned impudently at him. "Lots of thirs have happened since this morning."
"Wat, for instance?"
"Wl, for instance, I saw the ghost."
Bill'black eyelashes flickered. "How do you mn?"
"We, I guess I didn't really *see* her. At least, Ian't tell you what she looks like, and she wa't a gray cloud that you could see the furture through. But I—I met her. We hag little talk."
"Oh said Bill. "What did she say?"
"Sheuld she had a husband like you."
He dropped his towel on the dock. "Like *me?*" he asked.
"That's what she said. Maybe it was your great-grandmother."
"H'm," said Bill. "Maybe." And he dived off the dock.
They re dressing for supper when he said, "Aut that ghost, Candy ——"
She ce close to him. "Darling, don't say it my imagination or that I fell asleep; ase don't."
"Wel said Bill, "it's just that lots of these ths have a psychological origin, and ——
"I kr, I know! I know all about my subconss telling me all the things I want to hear don't want to hear or whatever it is. C this *wasn't* my subconscious, Bill."
"Wel—" said Bill.
"Oh, 't worry, darling. I'm not going all psycl But I think this ghost had something to me, and so it—it just happened that I c hear her. That's all."
Bill her by the elbows. "Is all this whyou weren't upset about the house?"
She kthe smile on her lips; it was not so easy eep it from draining away out of her eyeWhy should I be upset? It was very sil me. I know your judgment is wonderl she told him. "Whatever you do is ri
Bill ined her with an expression of stunnecrise. "It *is?*"
"Wharling, I think you're perfect," Candy softly.
Bill ed his mouth and shut it. "You *do?* W
"Weou're handsome, good-natured, generot—"
"Cle
"As nd's tooth."
"Ho"
She ed. "Intelligent, easy to feed, trustwe ——"
"In the perfect choice for homes with ch."
"Ex"
"Geve you," Bill said wonderingly. "I loveso much that it hurts me. Here."
"Thar, is hunger."
Bill is long arms around her. "It is love. Ya delicious woman. I can't stay away fou. You're irresistible."

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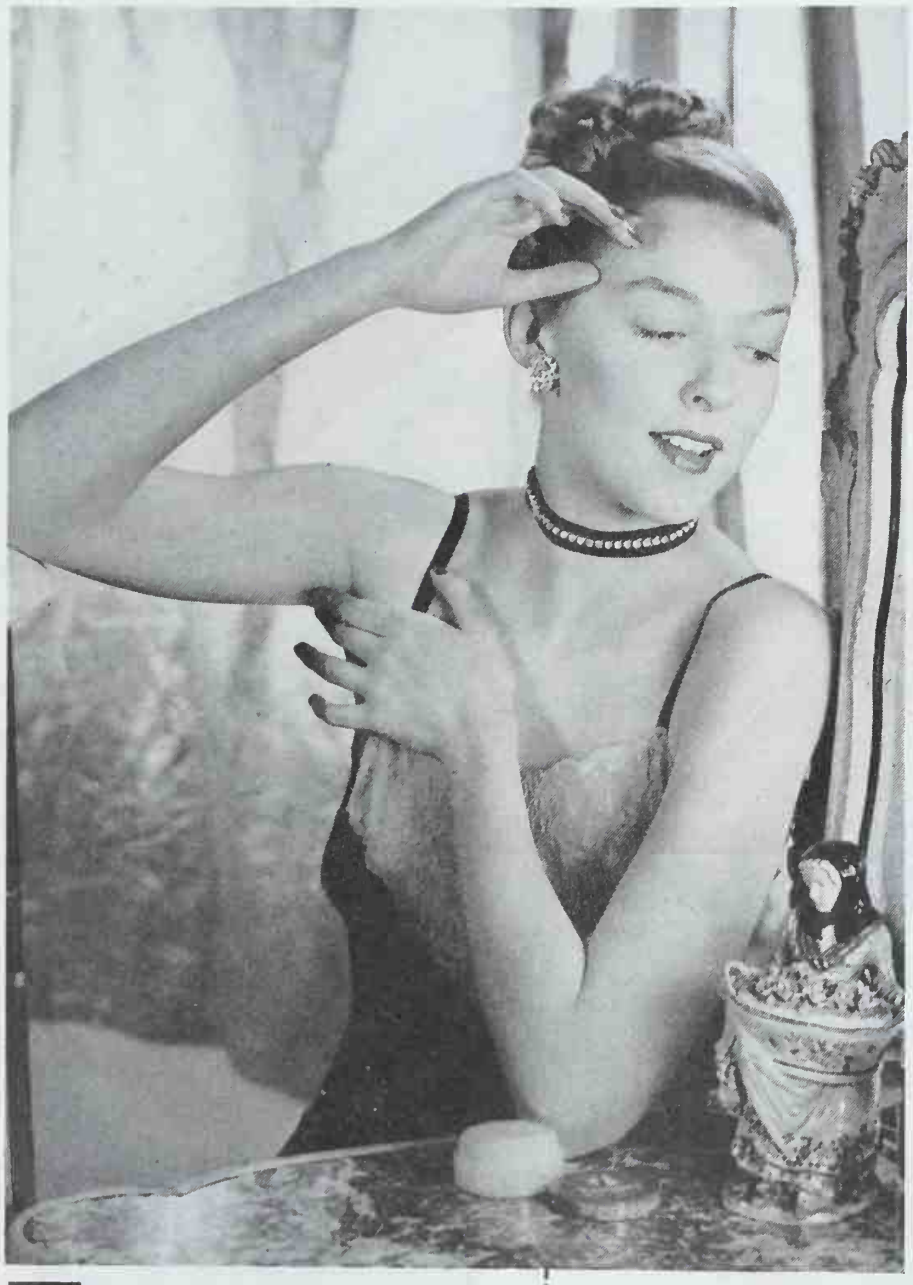
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"I still think you have me confused with a steamed clam," said Candy, but her heart sang. And as they went past the door of the gray-and-yellow bedroom, she waved one hand gently toward a spot over by the window.

The Amelia S. thumped through the slanting rain, like a middle-aged matron on her way to market. Wrapped in Emma Locksley's oilskins, Candy sat beside Frank in the stern and reflected ruefully that there was probably no damper experience than a wet Sunday at sea. At the last minute, Mr. Otis Beard had postponed his visit until Monday; Bill was staying over, but Candy was on her way back to David.

Frank broke the silence—if anything which included the engine of the Amelia S. could be called a silence. "Pity you folks have to sell the house."

Candy nodded sadly at him.

Frank leaned forward and did something unimportant to the engine. "Sure will hate to see that ghost go out of the fam'ly," he said.

Candy sat rigid, her heart pounding louder than the Amelia S. Was he making fun of her? Could he possibly mean what he had just said? She had learned that the direct approach sent Frank bounding away like a deer into the underbrush. She thought for a moment, hard and fast.

"I suppose she frightened Emma," she suggested, matter-of-factly.

"In a way. Emma got mighty nervous about *me* seein' her. The little ghost, I mean. Said it was battle fatigue and all like that." Frank chewed something carefully and spat it over the side. "Maybe 'twas. Them mental doctors in the Army—they'd tell you why you can't see ghosts. But she sure gone all calmed down. And I don't mean Ema." There was a very long pause, broken only by the steady hiss of rain on the water, the slap of whitecaps on the side, and the Amelia S. herself. "I come up here with my disarge and I was in a fine old stew," said Frank, staring ahead. "Couldn't seem to figure out how I was goin' to get me a job. I was airplane mechanic, see, and anyways this caretakin' job is reely Emma's. I just came in on it, like. Well, long about Easter there I was close to crazy with worry—and livin' Emma crazy too. And then one day I was alone in the house, and there she was. The other one. After that I felt a whole lot better. Made me see things different."

"Yes."

"Like as though everything that happens to you is a present somebody give you and you got to use it someway. It's kind up to you."

"Yes."

"So I ain't worryin' no more. Other time, is what I say, and when this is ready to happen, they'll happen. . . Here we are."

Candy looked up at him, where hood in the bow with a boat hook. "How you know I'd seen her?" she asked.

The Amelia S. rocked foolishly alide the dock and Frank pulled the suitcase from under the tarpaulin. "Always tell. I it fer years. Some folks do, and some don't. Never did myself till now. . . . So long. Pleased to've met you."

Forty-eight hours to wait, she thought. *Forty-eight hours before I can prove Bill that I really saw her.* "So long, Frank," she said.

He looked up at her from the boat, eyes bright and friendly. "I'd be obliged to you if you'd kinda keep that story to yourself," he said.

She smiled down at him. "I will, Frank. If you won't tell on me."

"It's a deal," said Frank.

Her excitement lasted until she got to the train at Buryport; and then, inexplicably, elation began to dry up like dew in the sun. *After all,* she thought, slipping her feet gently out of her damp shoes, *after all, why should I be so terribly pleased just because Frank saw her too? What if Bill is impressed? What difference can it possibly make? She didn't want the house to be sold to somebody else, and now*

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I. But it's going to be, because Bill has to do what he thinks is right. That's just something I have to accept.

Candy stared out the steamy window where rain ran in little rivers. It was hard, she discovered, to accept the inevitable gracefully. Especially when it doesn't have to be the inevitable, when it's someone else's idea of the inevitable, not your own.

She sighed, and with an effort of will swept the house at Peddler's Point out of her mind. It was over, it was an incident that was past and, like the little lady in the bedroom, in the past it must stay.

But all during Monday and Tuesday, the memory of the week end clung like a faint and fading scent, like one of those delicious dreams that color reality for hours after we have waked from it. Candy battled with herself, she scolded and fumed; she was, in fact, so preoccupied that David behaved himself like a limb of Satan all Tuesday afternoon, from sheer resentment. And in spite of the determination of her mind, her heart kept right on aching.

She would never see the little house again, nor the sun-filled gray-and-yellow bedroom.

It was nearly midnight on Tuesday before Bill's key clicked in the lock. Candy was curled on the sofa, sleep settling over her in a cloudy blanket. She opened her eyes and smiled foggily.

"Hi, darling."

"Hi!" said Bill. He looked worn and rather grimy. "Got a present for you."

She sat up. "Oh—what?"

"My great-grandmother's house on Peddler's Point."

The difference between kissing your sweetheart and kissing your sister is about twenty-five seconds.

Candy stared at him, while the mists of sleep cleared. "Bill!" she said, almost in a whisper. "You mean you didn't sell it?"

He grinned. "I bought it."

"What are you talking about?"

"From Meriel. I bought her share—with the biggest mortgage in New England. Don't know why we didn't think of it sooner."

Suddenly she was awake, wide awake, her blood racing. She flung herself upon him, her arms tight around his waist. "Darling, I can*not* stand it. I'm going to faint or shriek or die or something. Peddler's Point is *ours?* Honestly ours? What made you change your mind?"

He looked down at her, and his black eyes were as shy as a small boy's. "Well, you said I was always right, so I got to thinking. I sort of had to be right, if you thought so. And I decided maybe I'd been being a dope. Even though you said I was perfect."

Candy put her head on his chest and smiled secretly into his necktie. "I see. Oh, yes—I see."

"And besides, we ought to keep our family ghost in the family."

"That's what Frank said," Candy observed dreamily.

"*Frank?*"

Candy moved away. "Well—Frank had a sort of psychiatric dream too. He sort of . . . saw her."

"I certainly hope that he did," Bill said briskly.

"Why?"

"Well, I've gotten him a good job out at the airport and I certainly don't want him seeing things that aren't there."

Candy looked at him very hard. "Bill Stewart, do you or do you not really believe ——"

"I believe," said Bill, with an air of finality, "that if you say you saw a ghost, you saw a ghost. That's all there is to it."

"Darling, you really *are* perfect. This time I mean it."

Bill grinned at her evilly. "And this time," he said, "I'm hungry." THE END

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While the vegetable soup is warming, spread a plateful of delicious Peter Pan Peanut Butter sandwiches, and garnish with pickle slices and curled celery. (Spreading the sandwiches is the easiest "chore" of all—it's so creamy smooth it spreads with just the touch of a knife!) Now set out the milk and bananas for dessert, and —"Lunch is ready, everybody!"

The makers of Peter Pan also pack Derby Ready-to-Serve Canned Meats

QUICK AND EASY *for two*

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

DEPEND on the young to take to the new. They certainly are taking to the new quick way of cooking in a pressure saucepan. Brides-to-be are putting it way up on their wish lists, along with silver and linen. Young homemakers who have one are complete converts. One of the greatest advantages is that they can have dishes on their quick-and-easy menus that they couldn't have otherwise. It makes some of the toughest meat cuts tender—and they are the ones that cost less—in the time it takes to broil the more expensive steaks and chops. You can even steam cup custards in about two minutes, if you have the type saucepan which can be regulated to five pounds' pressure. Cooking under pressure preserves the natural flavor of vegetables and conserves the food value—besides being speedy.

If you are just beginning to learn to cook in a pressure saucepan, you are wisest to follow the directions that come with your model for a while, until you get the hang of it. Then you can throw off all culinary fetters and experiment with your own favorite recipes. As a timesaver it can't be beat. Here are some dinner menus for two. In each case, the main dish takes no more than fifteen minutes to pressure-cook.

A Matter of Minutes

Chilled Asparagus Soup
Potted Round Steak
New Potatoes Whole Onions
Pear Salad—Roquefort Dressing
Coffee

To get round steak really tender, ordinarily it would take an hour to an hour and a half of slow simmering. Let your pressure saucepan do the main job of cooking the meat as well as the vegetables and you can get this dinner on the table complete in less than a half hour's kitchen time. Here's how:

CHILLED ASPARAGUS SOUP

Plan to have 1 can condensed asparagus soup chilling in your refrigerator overnight. Open the can. Blend the contents smooth with ½ cup thin cream and a good pinch of curry. Thin with a little more milk to desired consistency. Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice and a dash of cayenne. If you happen to have an avocado on hand, dice some in. Pour into soup cups and chill in refrigerator until serving time.

Next, start your main dish.

POTTED ROUND STEAK

Peel 3 or 4 new potatoes and 3 or 4 medium onions. Mix 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper and pound into 1 pound top round steak, cut ½-¾ inch thick. Be rough with it. Do this with the edge of a saucer if you haven't a mallet for this purpose. Put your pressure saucepan on range to heat, melting 2 tablespoons shortening or salad oil in it. Cut meat into 2 or 3 pieces. Sear the floured and seasoned steak in the fat until crispy brown on both sides. This operation may be done in a separate skillet, then the meat and drippings transferred to your pressure saucepan, if you prefer. Add 2 tablespoons water. Place onions and potatoes on top of meat. Season vegetables well with salt. Adjust cover on saucepan. Follow manufacturer's directions for heating saucepan to pressure. Bring to 15 pounds' pressure over high heat. Adjust to maintain pressure. Cook 10 minutes. Cool saucepan according to manufacturer's directions. Remove vegetables and meat to hot platter. Pour a little melted butter or margarine over potatoes and onions. Sprinkle with paprika or chopped parsley, if you have time. Make gravy from pan drippings, adding about ½ cup cold water blended smooth with 1 tablespoon flour. Stir until thickened, adding ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Pour gravy over meat, and dinner's ready. There's plenty of time to prepare the salad and set the table during the 10 minutes the pressure saucepan is cooking your main dish.

PEAR SALAD—ROQUEFORT DRESSING

Use drained canned pear halves or peeled halves of fresh pears for the salad and add crumbled Roquefort cheese to your regular French dressing.

Come on Over

*Down-East Fish Chowder—
Common *or* Pilot Crackers
Pickles and
Raw-Vegetable Relishes
*Peach Dessert
Coffee

Everyone likes a good chowder, and it's a fine dish to serve for an informal party. Fussy to make? Not if you have a pressure saucepan. We'll plan on your inviting two couples—that will be six. Since you're having only two courses, be sure there's plenty of what you have. Prepare the peach dessert first, then you can devote yourself to the chowder; and once it's done, it can wait for your guests and be reheated later.

PEACH DESSERT

Blend 2 packages cream cheese with just enough cream to give it a whipped-cream look. Add 2 tablespoons chopped maraschino cherries, a little orange rind and ¼ teaspoon almond flavoring. Drain 12 canned-peach halves. Fluff some of the cheese whip into each peach half. Arrange in freezing trays. Put in refrigerator. Set refrigerator up to coldest position. Mash 1 pint strawberries. Sweeten berries and chill. When ready to serve, arrange thus: In the center of a chop plate, have the bowl of strawberry sauce. Arrange the cheese-filled peach halves around it. They should be partially frozen by now, or at least icy cold.

DOWN-EAST FISH CHOWDER

Dice ⅛ pound salt pork. Put in pressure saucepan and fry until pork browns. Remove the pork. Add ⅓ cup chopped onions and sauté until yellow. Then add 2 pounds fresh haddock or cod fillets, cut into pieces, 1 cup boiling water, 2 cups diced potatoes, ¼ bay leaf, crushed, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ¾ teaspoon salt. Adjust cover on saucepan. Follow manufacturer's directions for heating saucepan to pressure. Bring to 15 pounds pressure over high heat, adjust heat to maintain pressure. Cook just 4 minutes. Quick, isn't it? Cool saucepan according to manufacturer's directions. Open saucepan. Add 3 cups milk. Bring just to boil. Reseason to taste, if you'd like a little more seasoning. Add the fried salt pork. Break 2 or 3 common or pilot crackers into the chowder and it's all ready to be ladled out into deep soup bowls. If you do this ahead, you can reheat it, but don't let it boil at any time after milk is added. This should be ample for 6. Halve for 2.

Salad Under Pressure

*Hot Potato Salad
Frankfurters—Mustard
Sliced Tomatoes
*Strawberries and Cream
*Quick Macaroons
Coffee

Hot potato salad with fat juicy frankfurters to spread with mustard makes a perfect summer supper. The pressure saucepan makes quick work of cooking vegetables; and if you're just learning to use your saucepan, practice on vegetables first. This time let it perform on the potatoes for the salad, as the frankfurters take only 5–10 minutes' cooking, depending on size. Proceed with your meal in this fashion:

STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM

Wash, hull and sugar strawberries. Chill. Now you can forget about them until serving time.

QUICK MACAROONS

Macaroons are perfect with strawberries. There's a wonderful canned macaroon mix on the market that I hope you know about. To have perfect homemade fresh macaroons, all you have to do is open the can of mix and blend in the unbeaten white of 1 egg until smooth and stiff; drop mixture by teaspoonfuls 2 inches apart on brown paper laid on cooky sheets and bake 15–20 minutes in a moderately slow oven, 325° F. Cool. Wet underside of paper. Macaroons will slide off easily with spatula. If you don't want to bake the whole batch at once, use just part of it—store the rest, covered, in the refrigerator until another night. Of course, if you can't buy the mix you can always buy macaroons at the bakery. If you do bake the macaroons, start the salad while they're in the oven.

HOT POTATO SALAD

Scrub 4–5 medium potatoes with a stiff brush. Add ½ cup water, and potatoes, to pressure saucepan. Sprinkle with 1 teaspoon salt. Adjust cover. Follow manufacturer's directions for heating saucepan to pressure. Bring to 15 pounds pressure over high heat. Adjust heat sufficiently to maintain pressure. Cook 12–15 minutes, according to size. Cool saucepan according to manufacturer's directions. During the time the potatoes are cooking, put the water on to boil for the frankfurters and sauté in a skillet 3 slices bacon cut into small pieces. Add 6 tablespoons vinegar, 1 large onion, chopped, and ⅛ teaspoon celery seed to the fat. Remove potatoes from saucepan. Peel and slice while hot. Add 1 hard-cooked egg, sliced. Bring bacon, vinegar, and so on, to a boil. Pour over potatoes. Toss together. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Keep hot in warm oven. When ready to serve, line bowl with lettuce. Fill with salad. Frankfurters can be cooked, tomatoes sliced in last few minutes before serving.

Tough to Tender

Tomato Juice
*Deviled Lamb-Neck Slices
*Savory Summer Squash
Riced Potatoes
Pascal Celery and Coleslaw
*Apricot Dessert
Coffee

Ordinarily, when you use the tougher, less expensive cuts, you have to plan on long cooking over low heat to make the meat tender. Not so if you have a pressure saucepan. It tenderizes the toughest meats (and neck slices of lamb are one of them) with amazing rapidity. This dish ordinarily would take 1½ hours to cook. In the pressure saucepan, it takes 15 minutes' pressure-cooker time—or about ½ hour from start to finish—a saving of an hour. Devote the saucepan to the meat dish, as the squash and potatoes can be cooked in other pans while the lamb is pressuring.

DEVILED LAMB-NECK SLICES

Brown on both sides in pressure saucepan 1–1½ pounds lamb-neck slices (cut ¾ inch thick) in 2 tablespoons shortening. They look like meat rosettes with a center bone. Add ⅓ cup celery and ¾ cup chopped onion. Combine 2 tablespoons vinegar, ¾ teaspoon dry mustard, 1½ teaspoons salt and some pepper. Pour over meat. Adjust cover. Follow manufacturer's directions for heating saucepan to pressure. Bring to 15 pounds pressure over high heat. Adjust heat to maintain pressure. Cook 15 minutes. Cool saucepan according to manufacturer's directions. Remove meat from saucepan onto hot platter. Pour sauce over it.



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SLIPPER SATIN WHITE CAKE

Preparations: Have the shortening at room temperature. Line bottoms of pans with paper; grease. Use two deep 8-inch layer pans or 10x10x2-inch pan. Start oven for moderate heat (375°F.). Sift flour once before measuring.

Measure into sifter:
2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2½ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
¾ teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar

Measure into mixing bowl:
½ cup shortening

Measure into cup:
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Have ready:
3 egg whites, beaten to meringue* with . . . ¼ cup sugar

*For meringue, beat 3 egg whites with rotary egg beater (or at high speed of electric mixer) until foamy; add ¼ cup sugar gradually, beating only until meringue will hold up in soft peaks.

Now the Mix-Easy Part:
(Mix by hand or at a low speed of electric mixer.) Stir shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add milk and mix until all flour is dampened. Then *beat 2 minutes*. Add meringue mixture and *beat 1 minute* longer. (Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow about 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often.)

Baking: Turn batter into pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 25 minutes, or until done. Frost as desired.

(All measurements are level.)



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SAVORY SUMMER SQUASH

Sauté 2 slices bacon cut into pieces with 1 onion, chopped. Wash 1 young yellow summer squash but do not peel. Cut into cubes. Cook until just tender, 5–8 minutes, in ½ cup boiling water with ¼ teaspoon salt added. Drain thoroughly. Add drained squash to bacon, bacon fat and onion. Reheat, mix well and season with salt and pepper to taste.

APRICOT DESSERT

Fry two ¾-inch-thick slices of bakery-bought pound cake to delicate brown on both sides in a little butter or margarine. In a small saucepan heat ½ cup orange juice, a thick slice of lemon and ¼ cup apricot jam together. Remove lemon. Pour sauce over hot cake slices. Garnish with chopped nuts or sour cream.

Doubling Up

*Veal-and-Ham Creole
Green-Bean Salad
Vinaigrette Dressing
*Marble Ice Cream
Coffee

You may use your pressure saucepan twice, if you wish, or three times for separate items in one meal. Really make it work for you. There will be times when you're having broiled chops or fish, for instance, but want two or three vegetables. Cook first the vegetable that takes the longest—usually it's potatoes, so they may be mashed or prepared in some way while the quicker-to-cook ve tables are pressuring. Tonight you will w to cook the green beans before starting main dish so they can be drained, marinat in a vinaigrette dressing and chilled while meat dish is cooking. Young tender gre beans take only 3–4 minutes at 15 pou pressure. The saucepan wouldn't necessar have to be washed after cooking the bea

VEAL-AND-HAM CREOLE

Season ¾ pound lean stewing veal, cut in ½-inch pieces, with salt and pepper. C ½ pound lean ham into strips or cub Brown the meats thoroughly in 2 tabl spoons shortening or salad oil—right the pressure saucepan. Add ½ cup co water. Add 2 or 3 medium-sized potato cut into quarters, 2 onions, sliced, 3 carro cut into thick slices, 1 clove garlic, mash or finely minced, ½ cup canned tomato 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, a pinch thyme, a pinch of rosemary and a pin of marjoram. Mix well. Adjust cover saucepan. Follow manufacturer's dire tions for heating saucepan to pressur Bring to 15 pounds pressure over hig heat. Adjust heat to maintain pressur Cook 10 minutes. Cool saucepan accor ing to manufacturer's directions. Op saucepan. Reseason to taste. Thick gravy with a little flour and water and he until bubbly.

MARBLE ICE CREAM

Buy a pint of each of two flavors. When yo first get home, alternate spoonfuls of eac in the freezing tray, strewing nuts aud the flavors are amicable, spoonfuls canned chocolate sauce here and ther Let freeze until ready to serve. It's fun devise different combinations.

CALICO GUEST ROOM

(Continued from Page 191)

Dutch, Southern Colonial, or even Western, according to your locality.

Fresh, crisp little calico ruffles, to keep soap-and-water clean, pickup rugs of braided cotton and furniture native to the Tennessee region give Mrs. Hodges' room its charm. This is the place to use your favorite garden-flower colors—clove pink, cornflower blue, maidenhair green or our own buttercup yellow.

Don't skimp on the size or quality of your bed. Let it be big and comfortable, inviting and, in the case of a four-poster, romantic. A big bed with a ruffled canopy centering the blank wall in a small room is fun, and its drama can be the basis of your theme.

Years ago every section of the country had its four-poster bed, and as all but the very big ones are being reproduced today, you can find a style exactly right for your part of the country. These are scaled to standard mattress and spring sizes, which makes their fitting easy. In case you can't pick up an old four-poster, you can buy a reproduction at any of the larger stores in single, three-quarter or full size.

It is a good idea to locate your calico, gingham, percale or printed muslin before you select your wall color—it's easier that way, for then you just match the paint to the fabric and add a bit of white to soften it into a tint. Paint your ceiling and side walls the same color to make the room look larger. To make our particular yellow, add chrome yellow and a speck of rose to white or cream paint.

You will need from thirty to thirty-five yards of fabric for a room such as the one illustrated. Don't be discouraged in locating your fabric, for there is a whole group of cottons resembling calico, but no longer carrying the name, any of which will do nicely. Calico is still about, mostly in yellows, reds and browns, and should cost abou 49 cents a yard. Really fine printed is price at 69 or 79 cents.

If you live in a section of the countr where hooked rugs are made, you can, course, use these instead of the braided one Loomed rag rugs are charming, also; and you want to paint your soft-wood floor, d that, too, in a dark tone harmonious wit your fabric.

The lamps are made from old glass candl sticks, adapted for electricity, and the shade are just paper ones with sewed-on ruffles hemmed calico edged in brown rickrac

Here are a fe things to watch in s lecting the remainin items for your gue room:

An ample, well lighted mirror. chest with drawer that work well an are daintily lined.

An upholstere chair and one straigh chair with the regiona look of your room You can now buy goo substantial reproduc tions of practicall any type chair if yo can't pick up ol ones. The painted chair in Mrs. Hodges room is an authentic copy of an old on and costs $14.95. The upholstered chair i priced at $37.50; the rocker, $19.75.

Old tables and chests may be local pick-ups or good reproductions of old ones. Th chest in the photograph is new, with th upper drawer unfolding to make a com modious desk, yet the outside is an exac copy of an old piece.

Don't make the mistake of using odd pic tures, ornaments and broken-down antique in your period room. Be sure everything be longs there, either for comfort or decoration and looks especially chosen for it.

Make a list of little things guests need and tuck them into specially prepared places such as drawers and closets; and the more artistic you are about it, the more delighted your guests will be. THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Ode to a Baby Boy

By May Richstone

How angelic my boy is going to be!
My wishes he'll never balk;
I'm sure that he won't talk back to me—
At least, not until he can talk!

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YOUR AMERICA

(Continued from Page 49)

sequoia trees, which belong to the redwood family. The giants are the oldest living plants, and the General Sherman tree, the oldest known sequoia, was born long before Hannibal crossed the Alps.

That afternoon, while Otto was taking pictures of the sequoias in the "Congress" group, we sat on a log and read a little of the California state guide. Incidentally, the state guides (the American Guide series, compiled by the Federal Writers' Project and sold at bookstores) proved valuable throughout the trip, both within and without the parks. For example, we learned in the guide that the Indians used to measure a sequoia by the number of men, with hands clasped, it took to encircle it; that when the white men came to this area the Indian chief and his men "sat down and cried"; that the first settlers were members of a socialistic Utopian group, and that they called the General Sherman tree the Karl Marx tree.

We stayed that night in a cabin near the Giant Forest Lodge, overlooking a grassy meadow where the deer come to feed, bold and unafraid. We had comfortable beds in a large clean room with connecting bath, simply but attractively furnished. The rate is $16 per couple per day, including excellent meals, and that is about average for first-class accommodations in the parks we visited. There are so many variations in rates and accommodations, however, that it is advisable to write for rate folders to the superintendents of the parks you plan to visit.

In the morning we descended like vultures on the souvenir shop. There were beautiful Indian things: dolls made on the Wind River reservation in Montana, Zuni inlay clips in the shape of beetles and butterflies and rain gods, Navaho silver rings and bracelets and concha belts set with turquoise, gaily painted little tepees for children. There were inexpensive pins made from redwood and sequoia wood, and lapel flowers made of tiny painted pine cones. And there were the usual pennants and post cards, the comb cases and coin purses, ash trays, Kewpie dolls and pine pillows that you find wherever souvenirs are sold.

Kings Canyon National Park is so close to Sequoia that it is hard to tell where one park ends and the other begins. We drove over on Thursday morning, stopping for a milkshake-and-sandwich lunch at the Grant Grove Coffee Shop, which operates under Government concession. We soon developed a food formula which we recommend as digestion-sure when you're traveling in unknown culinary country: ham and eggs for breakfast, milkshake-and-sandwich lunch, steak or chicken dinner.

The drive into Kings Canyon is spectacular. The rock slabs shoot upward like so many unfinished roads to heaven, while down below runs the small but temperamental Kings River. Its mood constantly changes as it flashes into the sunshine or darts into shadow, rumbling ominously over the larger stones, frothing furiously at the smaller obstructions, chuckling gaily over pebbles, and smashing into spray on the boulders.

Since upper Kings Canyon is only for the more rugged tourists who come prepared to camp out, we turned around toward the sunset. We were bound for Yosemite, to the north, so we headed for Fresno, almost due west. This is just California common sense. Out there, if you want to make time north and south you have to get down into the great Central Valley. It is like entering a warming oven. This is where summer temperatures range up to 120 degrees, and grapes shrivel into raisins. Fortunately there are lots of good air-conditioned motels on the main highway.

In the morning we entered Yosemite. Yosemite is a park endangered by its own reputation. Although it embraces 1189 square miles of the High Sierras, most tourists come to the seven thin miles of the Yosemite Valley—and there may be 30,000 on a summer week end. This means not only a serious traffic problem. It means that accom-

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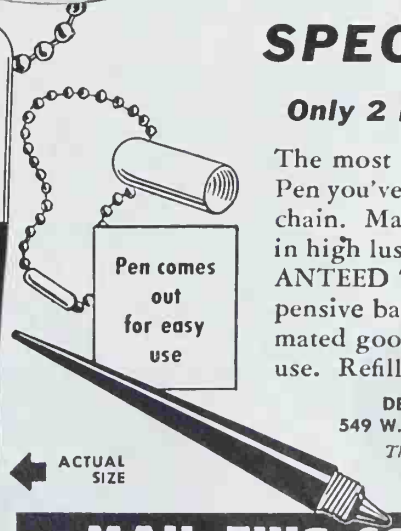
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modations are booked weeks in advance, that you may have to wait in long lines at the cafeterias, that the river bank is crowded with sun bathers, almost like Coney Island.

At Yosemite people sleep in almost anything—from luxurious suites at the Ahwahnee to the open trunks of parked cars. You can have a tent—American plan—at Camp Curry, or a redwood cabin—European plan—at the Lodge. There are housekeeping cabins with or without bath. Besides the Ahwahnee, there are two hotels and three lodges. There are five trail camps high in the Sierras. In the valley you can rent a whole camping outfit, including tent, stove, mattresses, blankets, pans, coffee pot, broom. If you bring your own equipment you can still rent extras such as an icebox ($1.25 a week), pancake turner (5c a week), tea towel (10c), pie tin (5c), mirror (25c) and ax (25c). You can rent bicycles by the hour, umbrellas by the day. You can board your dog at a kennel (50c a day), your horse in a stable ($45 a month) and park your child at the Kiddie Kamp (25c an hour, $2 a day).

Four out of five visitors to Yosemite camp free of charge under the tall trees in one of the big Government camps. These camps, supervised by a handful of rangers, are friendly places, where you can meet the license plates of 48 states in as many minutes; where the trailer from Texas is parked next to the coupé from Connecticut; where the newlyweds who must start back to New Orleans give their remaining firewood to the young couple from Minneapolis.

We were up early in the morning and viewed the valley from Glacier Point, named after the glacier that scooped out the valley 20,000 years ago. We stood at the guard rail and looked straight down 3000 feet into the pleasant valley. We were filled with an overwhelming awe for the tremendous things that have happened to the earth.

Bad officials are elected by good citizens who do not vote.

We left Yosemite one afternoon on the Big Oak Flat road. Our next scenic objective was Lassen Volcanic Park, 300 miles to the north, but our route led through the colorful Mother Lode country, a highway (State 49) marked with the names that have lingered since the Gold Rush—Chinese Camp, Sonora, Mormon Gulch and Jackass Hill. In the beautifully decrepit ghost town of Columbia we paused to photograph the red brick Wells-Fargo office, and then drove on to breakfast in Angels Camp, scene of Mark Twain's celebrated story, The Jumping Frog. These old towns are not unlike old ladies who still dress their hair and wear their bangles as they did in their short-but-merry youth, creating a wistful charm all their own.

It was a filling-station attendant who saved our lives at Mount Lassen—just this side of Mount Lassen, to be exact. It was after dark, and true to the potluck school, we were heading blithely up into the wilderness when we stopped for gas in the hamlet of Mineral, California. The attendant told us that unless we were hankering for a night drive through the Rockies we might as well stop at the tourist court across the road. We did, and it was the best buy of the trip: a brand-new heated cabin with two bedrooms, bath and living room-kitchen—and only $5 for the three of us.

To our way of thinking, the filling-station attendant is the American equivalent of the Saint Bernard. When in doubt, ask the man who gives you gas. Chances are he is not only a peripatetic encyclopedia of road conditions and stopping and eating places, but also knows someone who once lived in your home town. Furthermore, the maps given away in gas stations are about as good as you ever need. Probably the best road maps of all are those put out by the American Automobile Association, and the AAA also publishes a handy Directory of Accommodations as well as regional Travel Guides.

Lassen is an intellectual-type park. To get the most out of it you should really listen to the ranger, or else do a little cramming in the guidebook. Mount Lassen is listed as an active volcano, and this had led us to expect some sort of cross between Vesuvius and Fujiyama. Instead, we found a battered old reprobate of a volcano snoozing lazily in the sun, emitting not even a wisp of steam. However, you can see clearly the devastated path left by Lassen's last eruption, which ended in 1917. Dead trees lie strewn about like so much steamed asparagus, with that same limp look.

Again we drove west in order to progress north toward the Shastas. There are two Shastas: the mountain God made a number of years ago and the dam man has not yet completed. It is hard to say which is more impressive. Shasta is one of the world's tallest dams. If six million cubic yards of concrete can be said to look graceful, that is how it looks. In a jeep borrowed from the U. S. Government, we climbed high to the top of a hill near the dam. Behind it lay the enormous blue reservoir, and off in the distance snow-clad Mount Shasta. In one glance it was possible to comprehend the crucial problem of California: to channel the melting snows of those mountains into the irrigation ditches which give life to the dry Central Valley, while tapping the power as the water flows by. Shasta is one huge step in the process, but there must be more dams, more ditches, more generators to satisfy the growing needs.

Next morning we were in Oregon, driving fast up U. S. 97. Lunch in Klamath Falls, a friendly town. We checked in at the Crater Lake Lodge at dusk and immediately learned how even a beautiful spot like Crater Lake will go sour if you happen to get a bad break in accommodations. The Lodge was closed several seasons during the war and hasn't recovered yet. The whole electrical system had gone out the afternoon we arrived. The help, many of them college boys and girls, were all new to their jobs. There had been a snowstorm several days before, and drifts blocked many roads and paths. But the pay-off was our bedroom: one of the twin beds had a box spring and no mattress, the other had a mattress but no spring.

Prices are apt to vary with the altitude. At Crater Lake (alt. 7100) gas sells for more than at Klamath Falls (alt. 4105). At the Crater Lake Lodge, which is higher than almost any other major resort in the country, we paid $9 just for our double room with bath. Naturally we felt gypped. We wanted to know why, when all such rates must be approved by the Government.

This is what we discovered: accommodations in the national parks are operated as Government concessions by commercial operators. They must make a profit to stay in business. Yet many of the parks are in remote spots, which means high costs. Many of the northern parks have short seasons (Crater Lake Lodge is lucky to stay open from June 15 to September 20), which means high maintenance costs. They must train new help each year. On top of this, the war caused many things to be neglected. At Yosemite you may find a cabin with a hole in the floor big enough to step into. At Paradise Inn at Mount Rainier we were to find plumbing that was practically primordial.

Now comes an unprecedented tourist boom. As a result, accommodations are pitifully inadequate and obsolete in a number of the parks. The concessionaires are unwilling to undertake remodeling and new construction at present costs. The result is a stalemate in which the Government may have to step in. The Director of the National Park Service has, in fact, proposed a ten-year building program, but Congress has been so niggardly with appropriations that even the prewar standards cannot be maintained.

Until this situation is remedied, tourists cannot (in general) expect to find accommodations within the national parks comparable to those in the best commercial resort centers. And during the height of the season, and particularly on week ends, it will be advisable to make advance reservations.

(Continued on Page 240)



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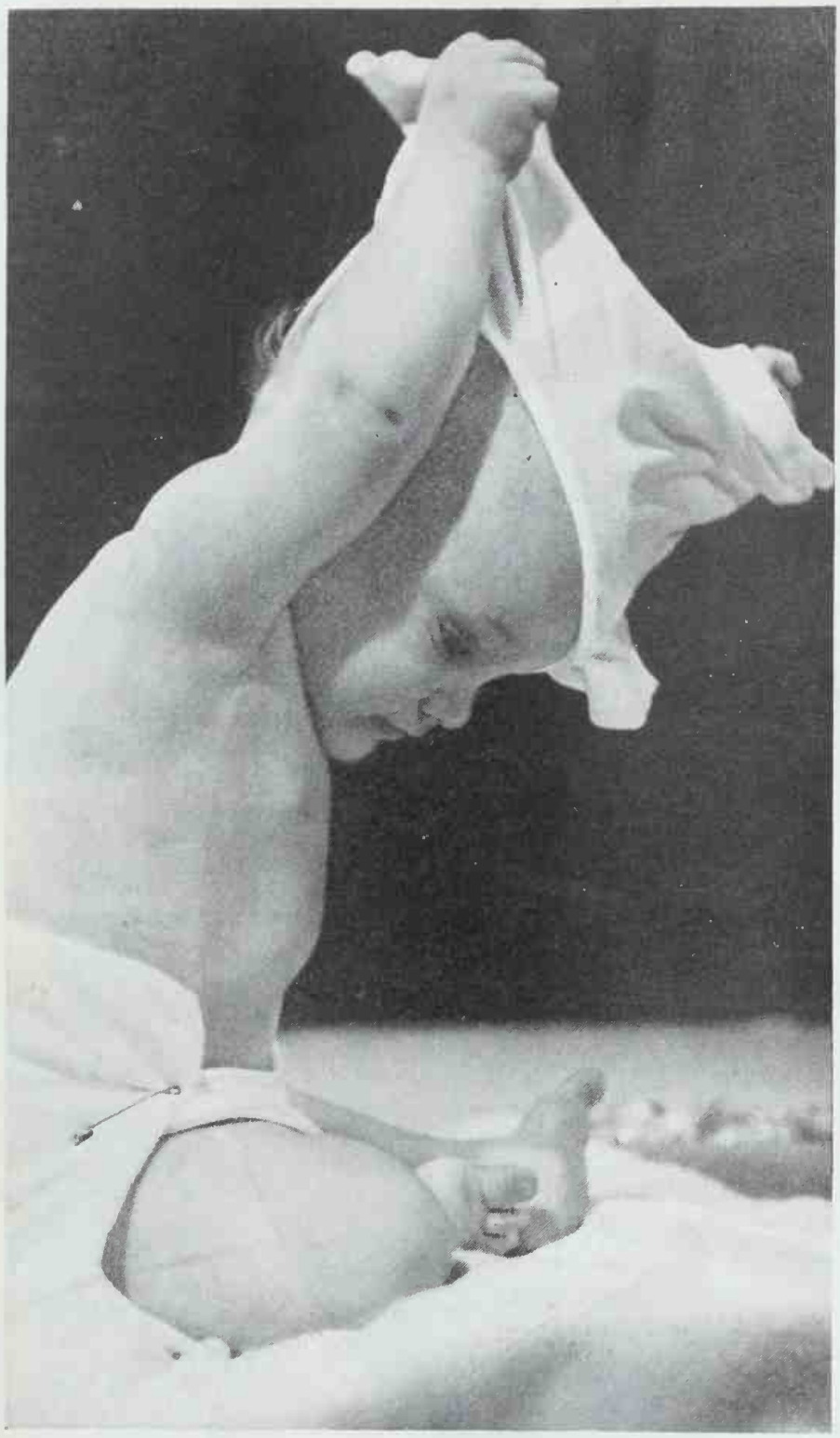
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(Continued from Page 238)

What Crater Lake lacks in comfort it makes up in sheer spectacle. The next day we climbed to a point high on the rim of the crater, and when you look down you feel that your vision has been affected, so blue is the world. The incredibly blue lake mirrors the clear blue sky, and fleecy clouds park over it as though to admire their own reflection in the water. People always ask the rangers, "What makes the water so blue?" One of them grew tired of the question and used to say that twice a year the Park Service poured bluing into the lake.

Going north again, we stopped at Timberline Lodge, on the slope of Mount Hood. The Mount Hood Recreational Area is operated by the Forest Service, so that we were under the ultimate jurisdiction of the Secretary of Agriculture instead of the Secretary of the Interior, who is responsible for the national parks.

When it comes to hotels, Timberline Lodge is truly the show place of Your America. Built by the WPA, it is sturdily constructed of massive timbers and stones; but there is nothing cold or oppressive about it—in fact, the atmosphere is one of cheerful warmth and charm. There are two gift shops, a coffeeshop and skiers' lounge on the ground floor. Upstairs are the dining room and main lounge, and in the middle of the lounge is the famous triple fireplace which rises two stories to the ceiling, with a balcony surrounding it on the second floor. Both lounge and balcony have huge picture windows through which you can look toward the snow-capped mountains. The stair treads are whole logs, bound together with straps of iron, and the newel posts are carved into bears, beavers, cougars, and so on. The bedrooms are just as beautifullydecorated, with draperies hand-loomed from Oregon wool and flax. The large rooms have fireplaces, which should be wonderful in the winter.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Les Débonnaires

By Kingsley Tufts

Blessèd are they who laugh and love,
The gay of heart, the singers
Who walk this earth with rose and glove,
The revelers and bell ringers.

Blessèd are they who dance and dream,
And ride in cabs at dawning
Across the bridge of time's blue stream
Stone broke, and yawning.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

We were delighted to find the ski lift in operation, even though it was summer, and our enthusiasm mounted when we found out we could *ride* back down instead of having to ski or hike down (50c round trip). The lift took us a mile up the mountain, and at the top we stood around throwing snowballs. On the way down we met case after case of soft drinks coming up, nonchalantly riding in the chairs.

We hated to leave Timberline; however, we still had lots of miles to cover and not too much time, so we set out again, this time for Mount Rainier. The drive led down the beautiful Columbia River Valley to Portland, and we stopped for a salmon supper at a place right on the river.

We had our first bad break in weather at Mount Rainier. The fog closed in almost as soon as we checked in at Paradise Inn. We asked a ranger how soon it might lift so that we could photograph the mountain. He said, "Well, we saw it seven times *last* summer." Mount Rainier is best known for its flowers and its fog.

At Paradise Inn—and throughout the parks—informality is the word. Men can get by easily without a tie, and slacks are worn everywhere by women—except perhaps in the dining room of the Ahwahnee in Yosemite, where there are such frills as a full-time wine steward. Low flat shoes, blue jeans, a sweater and sunglasses are a good basic uniform for either sex.

Olympic is the newest of the Western parks, and the last on our list. Except for the hardy campers-out, it is not so much a park as a drive—around the rugged Olympic peninsula which juts out into the Pacific across Puget Sound. The peninsula is a veritable museum of forestry in all stages. There are the sad burned areas of past forest fires where the dead trees stand tall and branchless like lonely ghosts among the living bleached to a silvery white by the rain and sun. There are the equally forlorn spots where loggers have shaved the hillsides like so many drunken barbers. And there are the impenetrable rain forests, where it rains 140 inches a year, and the trees stand virginal in impenetrable jungles of vines, moss, ferns and flowers. The moss-covered earth rebounds with every footstep. It makes you realize that wood is wealth—wealth which would fast disappear if it were not for the protection the Government affords.

All this time, without knowing it, we had built up to a climax. Friends in Tacoma had told us that it would be hard to find lodging for the night on the Olympic peninsula, particularly on the week end, and had thoughtfully lent us their sleeping bags. But it was after dark when we finally struck off the main road, on a tip from a native, in pursuit of a camping place. The road soon turned into a two-rut logging road, and the farther we went the wilder it got. Finally, after an abrupt turn, we came to a bridge consisting simply of two huge logs with their top sides smoothed off. The water churned on both sides and down between them. We drove slowly across only to find that the campsite was not on that bank, so we had to turn around and come back!

We finally gave up the search for dry ground and settled down in the damp with the mosquitoes using the headlights of the car until we got settled. It was not for long. About 2 A.M. it began to rain and as it grew light we agreed to abandon the fight.

Driving out of the rain forest in the early light was like driving through a dream in Technicolor. The constant rain descended slowly in thick misty draperies, wrapping the hills in folds of soft gray chiffon. Trees and brush glistened in the soft half-light that filtered slowly through.

In many ways it was the most exciting part of the trip, partly because it was so unexpected and partly because it was so unbelievable.

We followed the coast road most of the way to San Francisco. It is an exciting road all the way, although not a particularly fast one. Now and again we would go down to the beach in search of driftwood, which we love.

In one place grotesque families of tall rocks waded out into the surf, trying to pretend they were islands. In other places, the road would cling to the cliffs, and we could look for miles at the pattern of breaking surf, wave upon wave. We could never get enough of watching the water, for at every turn in the road the coast line did new and unexpected things.

We caught our first view of San Francisco through a cut in the hills. Across the Golden Gate the city lay, a shining crust on its rock base. The air was so clear it gave the scene stereoscopic depth. The bay was a deep, quiet blue and there was a calmness about everything—the brown hills, the bay and the clear city shining in the sun—that brought to mind the convoys that had crept silently out of that same bay, men already homesick, passing under that bridge, leaving this land—Their America—not so very long ago.

THE END

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